

ting into a track that led me home, I hastened on and reached my native village as the peals of the bell threw their solemn sound along the hushed sky—it being Sunday. I looked upon what I have been relating as a dream. Reader, as to this, please thyself.

C. M. D.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

AN INDIAN NARRATION.

In the year sixteen hundred and —, a conspiracy was entered into by several of the Indian tribes inhabiting South Carolina, instigated thereto by the Spanish government of St. Augustine, against the inhabitants of that province. Among these were the Yamassees and Huspahs, or rather the Yamassees; for the Huspahs were but a portion of the same government and nation, assuming to themselves the name of a local governor or prince. They occupied a large and well-watered territory, lying backward from Port-Royal Island, on the north-east side of Savannah river, which, to this day, goes by the name of Indian land. It is now included in the parish of St. Peter, in the present local divisions of the state above mentioned.

The conspiracy became known to the Carolinians, through the means of a white trader, before it was sufficiently matured to be carried into execution. Declaration of war was the immediate consequence; and, unsupported by the faithless allies, who, after inciting them to insurrection, refused them all succor, the tribes were, one by one, defeated by the whites, and either wholly exterminated or driven from their possessions.

The war was now drawing to a close.—The resources of the Indians had been almost entirely exhausted; and deserted by the few tribes with which they had been allied, and who had either been destroyed or had submitted to the clemency of the conquerors, the Yamassees, under their king Huspah, prepared to risk the fate and fortunes of their nation on a single battle, at their own town of Cayanoga, (near the site now occupied by the whites, called Perrysburgh.) They had encamped outside of the limits of the town, which they had partly barricaded with logs, closely joined one in another, according with the mode of defence among the whites during their primitive struggles against the rude and commonly ill-directed assaults of the Indians. But what had been a sufficient obstacle to the advance of a band of savages proved no defence against the whites; and, whilst lying upon their arms, the bulwarks were stormed, and their dwellings in flames before they were apprised or conscious of the attack. Nothing could exceed the confusion and disorder among the miserable wretches upon this occasion.—The women and children rushed through their blazing habitations, naked and howling with

affright. The men seized their defences, and although the struggle was hopeless, it afforded the assailed some opportunities for revenge. Many of the whites were slain; and, in one instance, a warrior, who was kept off by his enemy's sword, resolutely rushed upon it, in order to glut his vengeance by strangling his foe, which he did with all the fury of a wild beast. They neither gave nor asked for quarter; and in the confusion and darkness of the night, they were enabled to maintain the struggle against the assailants, with the courage of men fighting for the homes of their fathers, and that conduct which, in a midnight affray, is as much the property of the Indian as of any other people on the globe. But when the day broke, the struggle was over. The first gray of morning found the bayonet at the breasts of the retreating savages, and themselves at the mercy of those to whom, in all their successes, they had granted no mercy. Few escaped. Men, women, and children, alike fell victims to the sword of devastation; and, before mid-day, the fight was ended, and the Yamasee nation ceased to have an existence.

On the morning after this fatal termination of the war, a warrior might have been seen standing upon a small hillock, within a few miles of the scene. His appearance was indicative of recent fight, and much weariness.—The hunting-shirt which he wore, made of finely-dressed buckskin in-wrought fantastically with beads and decorations of shells, was torn and stained in many places with blood and dirt; and, while his features evinced nothing less than manly determination and firmness, it would require no close observation to perceive that he was one of those with whom the strong principle of grief had become a settled companion. His eye had the look of the exile, but not of despair. He gazed anxiously around him; seemed to strain his eyes upon the far groves, as if expecting some one to emerge from their gloomy intricacies; then turning away disappointed, glided down into the hollow, and bending to the small brook that slowly wound its way beside him, he drank long and deeply from its cool refreshing waters. Having done this, he again rose to the hillock he had left, and seemed to renew the search he had made in vain before, and with similar success. He sung, at length, in a low and unexpressed, but unsubdued tone, something like the lament which follows over the fortunes of his people.

“They are gone—all gone—the morning finds them not; the night covers them. My feet have no companion in the chase; the hollow rocks give me back only their echoes.—Washataee! where art thou? On the far hills—thou hast found the valley of joy, and the plum-groves that are forever in bloom. Who shall find thy bones, my brother; who take care of thy spoils? Thou art all untended in