

sleepless anxiety, and in vain endeavours to contrive some plan of escape.

Among the neighbouring Cherokees was one named Silouée. Besides being a chief, he was also a celebrated *Pow-wow*, or as we should say, a wizard, or a conjuror. This man had known Colonel Bird for a considerable time, and had even eaten with him at his table. Silouée therefore felt a friendship for the colonel, and almost every night came to his tent, and appeared anxious to relieve him. He told him not to be alarmed, and even assured him that the Indians should not injure him. This assurance comforted Colonel Bird in some degree, but as Silouée was only one amongst many chiefs, he feared that his influence could not be sufficient to protect him from the violence of the revengeful savages.

At length a general council of the chiefs and old men of the tribe was held, and contrary to Silouée's expectation, it was determined that Colonel Bird should be put to death in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. It was in vain that Silouée earnestly pleaded for his friend, urging that he had no hand in the murder of their two countrymen—the unanimous decision was against him.

Two warriors were now despatched to Colonel Bird's tent, to execute the cruel sentence that had been pronounced against him. Silouée insisted on accompanying them. On reaching the tent, Silouée rushed in before them, threw himself on the bosom of his friend, and as soon as the two warriors approached, he exclaimed, "This man is my friend—before you take him, you must kill me."

Overawed by the magnanimous determination of Silouée, the warriors returned to the council, and related to their brethren what they had seen. Indians entertain the greatest respect for a *faithful friend*. The consultation was renewed. The noble conduct of Silouée touched their better feelings and altered their purpose. They could not put to death a white man who was the friend of Silouée; they therefore released Colonel Bird,