

Kingston William Henry Giles

**Rob Nixon, the Old White  
Trader: A Tale of Central  
British North America**



William Kingston

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# **Kingston William Henry Giles**

## **Rob Nixon, the Old White Trader: A Tale of Central British North America**

### **Chapter One**

Picture a wide, gently undulating expanse of land covered with tall grass, over which, as it bends to the breeze, a gleam of light ever and anon flashes brightly. It is a rolling prairie in North America, midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. On either hand the earth and sky seem to unite, without an object to break the line of the horizon, except in the far distance, where some tall trees, by a river's side, shoot up out of the plain, but appear no higher than a garden hedge-row. It is truly a wilderness, which no wise man would attempt to traverse without a guide.

That man has wandered there, the remnants of mortality which lie scattered about – a skull and the bare ribs seen as the wind blows the grass aside, – afford melancholy evidence. A nearer inspection shows a rifle, now covered with rust, a powder-flask, a sheath-knife, a flint and steel, and a few other metal articles of hunter's gear. Those of more destructible materials have disappeared before the ravenous jaws of the hosts of locusts which have swept over the plain. Few portions of the earth's surface give a more complete idea of boundless extent than the American prairie. Not a sound is heard. The silence itself is awe-inspiring. The snows of winter have lain thickly on that plain, storms have swept over it, the rain has fallen, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, since it has been trodden by the foot of man. Perhaps the last human being who has attempted to cross it was he whose bones lie blanching in the summer sun – that sun which now, having some time passed its meridian height, is sinking towards the west.

Southward appear, coming as it were from below the horizon, some dark specks, scattered widely from east to west, and moving slowly. On they come, each instant increasing in numbers, till they form one dark line. They are animals with huge heads and dark shaggy manes, browsing as they advance, clearing the herbage before them. They are a herd of bison, known by the wild hunters of the west as buffaloes – countless apparently in numbers – powerful and ferocious in appearance, with their short thick horns and long heads. Now they halt, as the richer pasturage entices; now again advance. A large number lie down to rest, while others, moving out of the midst, seem to be acting as scouts to give notice of the approach of danger. They go on as before, darkening the whole southern horizon. The wind is from the west; the scouts lift up their shaggy heads and sniff the air, but discover no danger. From the east another dark line rises quickly above the horizon: the ground shakes with the tramp of horses. It is a troop of hunters – savage warriors of the desert. What clothing they wear is of leather gaily adorned. Some have feathers in their heads, and their dark red skins painted curiously. Some carry bows richly ornamented: a few only are armed with rifles. A few, who, by their dress, the feathers and adornments of the head, appear to be chiefs, ride a-head and keep the line in order. Every man holds his weapon ready for instant use. They advance steadily, keeping an even line. Their leader waves his rifle. Instantly the steeds spring forward. Like a whirlwind they dash on: no want of energy now. The hunters are among the bewildered herd before their approach has been perceived. Arrows fly in quick succession from every bow – bullets from the rifles. The hunters have filled their mouths with the leaden messengers of death, and drop them into their rifles as they gallop on, firing right and left – singling out the fattest beasts at a glance – and never erring in their aim. In a few minutes the plain is thickly strewn with the huge carcasses of the shaggy buffaloes, each hunter, as he passes on, dropping some article of his property by which he may know the beast he has killed. Now the herd begin to seek for safety

in flight, still keeping in the direction they had before been taking, some scattering, however, on each side. The eager hunters pursue till the whole prairie, from right to left, is covered with flying buffaloes and wild horsemen; the crack of the rifles sounding distinctly through the calm summer air, in which the tiny wreath of smoke ascends unbroken and marks the hunter's progress.

Among the huntsmen rides one distinguished from the rest by his more complete, yet less ornamented clothing; by a leather cap without feathers, and by the perfect order of his rifle and hunting accoutrements.

On a nearer inspection his skin – though tanned, and wrinkled, and furrowed, by long exposure to the weather, and by age and toil – might be discovered to have been of a much lighter hue originally than that of his companions. Old as he was, no one was more eager in the chase, and no one's rifle brought down so great a number of buffaloes as did his. To all appearance he was as active and strong as the youngest huntsman of the band. In the course of the hunt he had reached the extreme left of the line. A superb bull appeared before him. "I'll have you for your robe, if not for your meat, old fellow," exclaimed the hunter, galloping on towards the animal's right flank, so as to turn him yet further from the herd, and to obtain a more direct shot at his head or at his shoulders. There are occasions when the most practised of shots will find himself at fault – the firmest nerves will fail. The old hunter had reached a satisfactory position – he raised his rifle, and fired. At that instant, while still at full speed, his horse's front feet sunk into a hole made by a badger, or some other of the smaller creatures inhabiting the prairie; and the animal, unable to recover itself, threw the hunter violently forward over its head, where he lay without moving, and apparently dead. The horse struggled to free itself; and then, as it fell forward, gave utterance to one of those piercing cries of agony not often heard, and, when heard, not to be forgotten. Both fore legs were broken. Its fate was certain. It must become the prey of the ravenous wolves, who speedily scent out the spots where the hunters have overtaken a herd of buffaloes. Meantime the buffalo, who had been struck by the hunter's bullet, but not so wounded as to bring him instantly to the ground, galloped on for some distance in the direction he was before going, when, feeling the pain of his wound, or hearing the cry of the horse, he turned round to face his enemies. Seeing both steed and rider prostrate, he tossed his head, and then, lowering his horns close to the ground, prepared to charge. The last moments of the old hunter seemed approaching. The cry of agony uttered by his favourite steed roused him. He looked up and saw the buffalo about to make its charge. His hand had never relaxed its grasp of his rifle. To feel for his powder-flask and to load was the work of an instant; and, without an attempt to rise, he brought the muzzle of his piece to bear on the furious animal as it was within a few paces of him. "Rob Nixon never feared man nor beast, and will not this time; let an old bull bellow as loud as he may," he muttered, as he raised his rifle and fired. The bullet took effect, but did not stop the headlong career of the enraged monster, which came on, ploughing up the ground, towards him. The hunter saw his danger and tried to rise, but in vain. He then made a desperate endeavour to drag himself out of the way of the creature. He but partially succeeded, when the buffalo, sinking down, rolled over and over, crushing, with his huge carcass, the already injured legs and lower extremities of the unfortunate hunter. In spite of the pain he was enduring, the old man, raising himself on his elbow, grimly, surveyed his conquered foe – "You've the worst of it, though you nearly did for me, I own," he exclaimed, nodding his head; "but a miss is as good as a mile, and when I'm free of you, maybe I'll sup off your hump."

To liberate himself from the monster's carcass was, however, no easy task, injured as he was already by his fall, and by the weight of the buffalo pressing on him. He made several attempts, but the pain was very great, and he found that his strength was failing him. While resting, before making another attempt to move, he perceived his poor horse, whose convulsive struggles showed how much he had been injured. On looking round, also, he discovered that the accident had taken place in a slight hollow, which, shallow as it was, shut him out from the view of his companions, who were now pursuing the remainder of the herd at a considerable distance from where he lay.

Again and again he tried to drag his injured limbs from beneath the buffalo. He had never given in while consciousness remained, and many were the accidents which had happened to him during his long hunter's life. Would he give in now? "No, not I," he muttered; "Rob Nixon is not the boy for that." At length, however, his spirit succumbed to bodily suffering, and he sank back exhausted and fainting, scarcely conscious of what had happened, or where he was. Had he retained sufficient strength to fire his rifle he might have done so, and summoned some of the hunters to his assistance; but he was unable even to load it, so it lay useless by his side. Thus he remained; time passed by – no one approached him – the sun sank in the horizon – darkness came on. It appeared too probable that the fate of many a hunter in that vast prairie would be his. How long he had remained in a state of stupor he could not tell; consciousness returned at length, and, revived by the cool air of night, he sat up and gazed about him. The stars had come out and were shining brilliantly overhead, enabling him to see to the extent of his limited horizon. The dead buffalo still pressed on his legs – a hideous nightmare; his horse lay near giving vent to his agony in piteous groans, and every now and then making an attempt to rise to his feet. "My poor mustang, you are in a bad way I fear," said the hunter, in a tone of commiseration, forgetting his own sufferings; "I would put an end to thy misery, and so render thee the only service in my power, but that I cannot turn myself to load my rifle. Alack! alack! we shall both of us ere long be food for the wolves; but, though I must meet my fate as becomes a man, I would save you – poor, dumb brute that you are – from being torn by their ravenous fangs while life remains in you." Such were the thoughts which passed through the hunter's mind, for it can scarcely be said that he spoke them aloud.

He would probably again have relapsed into a state of stupor, but that a hideous howl, borne by the night breeze, reached his ears. "Wolves!" he exclaimed; "ah! I know you, you brutes." The howl was repeated again and again, its increased loudness showing that the creatures were approaching. The well-known terrible sounds roused up the old hunter to make renewed exertions to extricate himself. This time, by dint of dragging himself out with his arms, he succeeded in getting his feet from under the buffalo; but he then discovered, to his dismay, that his thigh had either been broken, or so severely sprained by his fall, that to walk would be impossible. He managed, however, to load his rifle. Scarcely had he done so when the struggles of his horse reminded him of the pain the poor animal was suffering. Although he knew that every charge of powder in his flask would be required for his own defence, he did not hesitate in performing the act of mercy which the case required. He uttered no sentimental speech, though a pang of grief passed through his heart as he pointed the weapon at the horse's head. His aim was true, and the noble animal fell dead. "He's gone; not long before me, I guess," he muttered, as he reloaded his piece. "Those brutes will find me out, there is no doubt about that; but I'll have a fight first – Rob Nixon will die game." The old hunter drew a long knife from a sheath at his side, and, deliberately examining its point, placed it on the ground near him while he reloaded his rifle. Thus did the old man prepare for an inevitable and dreadful death, as he believed; yet not a prayer did he offer up, not a thought did he cast at the future. Eternity, heaven, and hell, were matters unknown; or, if once known, long since forgotten. Yet forgetfulness of a fact will not do away with it. They are awful realities, and will assuredly be found such, however much men may strive to banish them from their thoughts. The young especially are surprised to hear that old men have forgotten what they learned in their youth, that they neglect to pray, to read the Bible, to think about God and their own souls; but let them be assured that if once they give up the habit of praying, of studying God's holy Word, of obeying His commands, there is one ever ready to persuade them that there is no harm in this neglect; that it will save them much trouble; and that it is far more manly to neglect prayers, to be irreligious and profane, than to love, serve, and obey their Maker. A downward course is sadly easy; let them beware of taking the first step. Each step they take in the wrong direction they will find it more and more difficult to recover, till, like the old huntsman, they will cease to care about the matter, and God will no longer be in their thoughts. There lay that old man on the wild prairie,

a melancholy spectacle, – not so much that he was surrounded by dangers – that he was wounded and crippled – that wild beasts were near him – that, if he escaped their fangs, starvation threatened him, – but that he had no hope for the future – that he had no trust in God – that he had not laid hold of the means of salvation.

As Rob Nixon lay on the ground supporting his head on his arm, he turned his gaze round and round, peering into the darkness to watch for any thing moving near him. He knew that before the sun set his Indian comrades would have carried off the flesh from the buffaloes they had killed, and that after that they, would move their camp to a distance, no one being likely to return. He probably would not be missed for some time, and when missed, it would be supposed that he had fallen into the hands of the Salteux, or Ojibways, the hereditary enemies of their nation, and that already his scalp had been carried off as a trophy by those hated foes. “They’ll revenge me; that’s one comfort, and the Ojibways will get paid for what the wolves have done.” These were nearly the last thoughts which passed through the brain of the old hunter, as the howls and yelps of the wolves, which had formed a dreadful concert at a distance around him, approached still nearer. “I guessed the vermin wouldn’t be long in finding me out,” he muttered; and, on looking up, he saw through the darkness, glaring fiercely down on him from the edge of the hollow in which he lay, the eyes of a pack of wolves. “I’ll stop the howling of some of you,” he exclaimed, lifting his rifle. There was no cry; but a gap in the circle of eyes showed that a wolf had fallen, and instantly afterwards the loud barking and yelping proved that the savage creatures were tearing their companion to pieces. This gave time to the old man to re-load and to pick off another wolf. In this manner he killed several, and though he did not drive them away, they were prevented from approaching nearer. On finding that such was the case, his hopes of escaping their fangs rose slightly, at the same time that the lightness of his powder-flask and bullet bag, told him that his ammunition would soon fail, and that then he would have his hunting knife alone on which to depend. He accordingly waited, without again firing, watching his foes, who continued howling and wrangling over the bodies of their fellows. Now and then one would descend a short way into the hollow, attracted by the scent of the dead horse and buffalo, but a sudden shout from the old hunter kept the intruders at a respectful distance. He was well aware, however, that should exhausted nature for one instant compel him to drop asleep, the brutes would be upon him, and tear him limb from limb. Thus the hours of the night passed slowly along. Many men would have succumbed; but, hardened by a long life of danger and activity, Robert Nixon held out bravely, in spite of the pain, and thirst, and hunger, from which he was suffering. Never for one moment was his eye off his enemies, while his fingers were on the trigger ready to shoot the first which might venture to approach. More than once he muttered to himself, “It must be near morning, and then these vermin will take themselves off, and let me have some rest. Ah, rest! that’s the very thing I have been wanting,” he continued; “it’s little enough I’ve ever had of it. I’ve been working away all my life, and where’s the good I’ve got out of it? There’s been something wrong, I suppose; but I can’t make it out. Best! Yes, that’s it. I should just like to find myself sitting in my lodge among a people who don’t care, like these Dakotahs, to be always fighting or hunting: but they are not a bad people, and they’ve been good friends to me, and I’ve no fault to find with their ways, though I’ll own they’re more suited to young men than to an old one like me. But there’s little use my thinking this. Maybe, I shall never see them or any other of my fellow-creatures again.” It was only now and then that his mind framed any thoughts as coherent as these; generally he remained in a dreamy condition, only awake to the external objects immediately surrounding him. Gradually, too, his strength began to fail, though he was not aware of the fact. The howls, and barks, and snarling, and other hideous sounds made by the wolves, increased. He could see them moving about in numbers, around the edge of the basin, their red fiery eyes ever and anon glaring down on him. At last they seemed to be holding a consultation, and to have settled their disputes, probably from not having longer a bone of contention unpicked among them. They were evidently, once more, about to make an attack on him. A large brute, who had long been prowling



round, first crept on, gnashing his teeth. The old man lifted his rifle and the creature, with a loud cry, fell dead. Another and another came on, and before he could load, the foremost had got close up to him. He fired at the animal's head. It rolled over, and, the flash of his rifle scaring the rest, with hideous yelps, they took to flight, the old man firing after them directly he could re-load. He could scarcely believe that he was to remain unmolested, and once more loading his rifle, he rested as before on his arm, watching for their re-appearance. Gradually, however, exhausted nature gave way, and he sank down unconscious on the ground, to sleep, it might be, the sleep of death.

## Chapter Two

The sun rose and shone forth brightly on the earth. There was the sound of winged creatures in Robert Nixon's ears as he once more awoke and gazed languidly around. His first impulse was to attempt to rise, but the anguish he suffered the instant he moved reminded him of the injuries he had received. Vain were his efforts; to stand up was impossible. Although the wolves for the time were gone, they, to a certainty, would return at night, and thus, without ammunition, how could he defend himself against them? He might subsist on the meat of the buffalo for a day or two, but that would soon become uneatable, and as he could scarcely hope to recover from his hurt for many days, even if he escaped the wolves, he must die of starvation. Again he sank into a state of mental stupor, though his eye still remained cognisant of external objects. As the old hunter thus lay on the ground his eye fell on a horseman riding rapidly by. He was a Salteux, or Ojibway Indian, a people having a deadly feud with his friends, the Sioux. The sight roused him. To kill the man and capture his horse was the idea which at once occurred to him. Rousing himself by a violent exertion he levelled his rifle and fired. Not for an instant did he hesitate about taking the life of a fellow-creature. That fellow-creature was a foe of his friends, whose badge he wore, and would, he believed, kill him if he was discovered. He had miscalculated his powers – his eye had grown dim, his arm had lost its nerve; the bullet which once would have proved a sure messenger of death flew wide of its mark, and the Indian sat his horse unharmed. He turned, however, immediately, and galloped towards the spot whence the shot came. The old hunter had expended his last bullet. With grim satisfaction he awaited the Indian's approach, and the expected flourish of the scalping-knife, or the kinder blow of the tomahawk, which would deprive him at once of life. "Better so than be torn by the fangs of those vermin the wolves," he muttered, for though he clutched his knife to strike back, he well knew that he was at the mercy of his adversary. The Indian, though a rifle hung at his back, rode steadily up without unslinging it. "A friend!" he shouted in the Salteux, or Ojibway dialect, – "A friend! fire not again."

"A friend! How so?" exclaimed the old hunter. "Your people and mine are mortal foes."

"I would be a friend to all the suffering and distressed," was the unexpected answer. "I see what has happened – you have fought bravely for your life; the remains of the wolves tell me that, but before another sun has risen you would have been torn limb from limb by their fellows. Truly I am thankful that I was sent to save you from death."

"Sent! Who sent you?" cried the old hunter, gazing up at the strange Indian. The other having just dismounted from his horse stood looking compassionately down on him. "He who watches over the fatherless and widows, and all who are distressed," answered the Indian. "A generous kind person I doubt not, but I know of none such in this land; he must live far away from here," said the old hunter. "He lives in Heaven, and His eye is everywhere," said the Indian solemnly. "He loves all mankind; without His will not a sparrow falls to the ground; and I am sure, therefore, that it was His will that I should come to you."

"Truly you speak strange words for a redskin!" exclaimed the hunter. "I have heard long ago white men talk as you, but never an Indian. You are one I see; there is no deceiving me. I cannot understand the matter."

"I will tell you as we go along," said the Indian; "but we must no longer delay, father; we have many miles to travel before we can reach my people, and I know not how I can restore you to your friends. It would be dangerous for me to approach them, for they could not understand how I can only wish them good."

"I will go with you, friend," said the old man. "I would gladly dwell with your people, and hear more of those strange matters of which you have been speaking."

Without further exchange of words the Indian, having examined the old man's hurts, gave him some dried meat and a draught from his water-flask, and lifted him with the utmost care on his horse; he then took the hunter's rifle and horse's trappings before moving off. He also secured the tongue and hump, and some slices from the buffalo's back, which he hung to his saddle-bow. "We may require more provision than our own rifles can supply before we reach our journey's end," he observed; as he did so, pointing to the north-east. Robert Nixon without hesitation yielded to all his suggestions.

The day was already considerably advanced, and the Indian seemed anxious to push on. Keeping up a rapid pace, he walked by the side of his companion, who, overcome by weakness and want of sleep would have fallen off, had not his strong arm held him on. Thus they journeyed hour after hour across the prairie. The Indian from the first employed various devices for rendering his trail invisible. On starting he moved for some distance westward, till he reached the bed of a small stream, on which even the sharp eye of a native could scarcely perceive a trace; then circling round, he commenced his intended course. Many miles were passed over; and the bank of a rapid river was reached, when the setting sun warned him that it was time to encamp. Instead, however, of doing so, he at once led his horse into the stream, and keeping close to the shore waded against the current, often having the water up to his waist, for a considerable distance, then coming to a ford he crossed over and continued along in the same direction till he once more returned to dry ground. The bank was fringed on each side by a belt of trees, which in the warm weather of summer afforded ample shelter from the dew, and concealment from any passing enemy. The chief trees were poplar, willow, and alder; but there were also spruce and birch. Bound the latter lay large sheets of the bark. A quantity of these the Indian at once collected, and with some thin poles which he cut with his hatchet he rapidly constructed a small hut or wigwam, strewing the floor with the young shoots of the spruce-fir. On this couch he placed his injured companion, putting his saddle under his head as a pillow. He then brought the old man some food and water, and next proceeded to examine his hurts with more attention than he had before been able to bestow. Bringing water from the river he fomented his bruises for a long time, and then searching for some leaves of a plant possessed of healing qualities, he bound them with strips of soft leather round his swollen limbs. More than once the old hunter expressed his surprise that a stranger should care so much for him, and should actually feed and tend him before he had himself partaken of food and rested. "I serve a loving Master, and I am but obeying His wishes," was the laconic answer. "Very strange! very strange!" again and again muttered the old man; "you must tell me something about that Master of yours. I cannot understand who he can be."

"I will not disappoint you, father, for I love to speak of Him," said the Indian; "I will come anon and sit by your side and tell you what I know. It will interest you, I doubt not, and maybe you will wish to know more about Him." Some time passed, however, before the Indian was able to fulfil his promise. He had to tend his horse and to set some traps to catch any small game which might pass, and to search for certain roots and berries for food. He showed, too, by all his movements that he considered himself in an enemy's country, or in the neighbourhood of an enemy from whom it was necessary to keep concealed. When he came back the old man had fallen asleep. "Let him sleep on," said the Indian to himself: "our Father in Heaven will watch over and protect us both. I would that I could watch, but my body requires rest." Having tethered his horse close at hand, strewed the ground with a few spruce-fir tops, and placed his rifle by his side, he knelt down and prayed, not as once to Manitou, to the Great Spirit, the unknown God, but to the true God, – a God no longer feared as a worker of evil, but beloved as the source of all good, of all blessings, spiritual and temporal. His prayer finished, he stretched himself on his couch, and was in an instant asleep.

The silvery streaks of early dawn were just appearing in the eastern sky – seen amid the foliage of the wood, when the Indian, impulsively grasping his rifle, started to his feet. His quick ear had caught, even in his sleep, the sound of a distant shot. It might be fired by a friend, but very

likely by a foe, and it behoved him to be on the alert. The old hunter heard it also, but it did not awake him. "Ah! they are on us. No matter, we'll fight for our lives," he muttered in his sleep. "Hurrah, lads! Rob Nixon will not yield – never while he's an arm to strike." He spoke in English, which the Indian seemed to understand, though the observation he made was in his own language. "Our own arms will do little for us, father, unless we trust in Him who is all-powerful to save." His voice awoke the old man, who sat up and looked around from out of his hut. Seeing the Indian in the attitude of listening, he at once comprehended the state of matters. "Few or many I'll stand by you, friend Redskin," he exclaimed, apparently forgetting his helpless condition; "load my rifle, and hand it to me. If foes are coming, they shall learn that Rob Nixon has not lost the use of his arms and eyes, whatever he may have of his legs."

"I doubt not your readiness to fight, father," said the Indian, addressing the old man thus to show his respect for age; "but we may hope to avoid the necessity of having to defend ourselves. Friends and not foes may be near us, or we may escape discovery; or, what is better still, we may overcome the enmity of those who approach us with bad intent."

"Your talk is again strange, as it was yesterday," answered the hunter; "I know not what you mean by overcoming enmity. There is only one way that I have ever found answer both with pale-faces and redskins, and that is by killing your enemy."

"Try what kindness will do, father. Love is the law of the true God," said the Indian; "but we will anon talk of these things. I will go forth and learn what the shot we heard just now means."

"Load my rifle, and give it me first, I pray you," said the white hunter; "I have great faith in my old way of doing things, and am not likely to change." The Indian loaded the rifle and handed it to him, and without saying a word more set off through the wood, and was soon out of sight. Rob Nixon lay still, with his rifle resting across his body, ready to fire should an enemy appear. Over and over again he muttered: "Strange! strange! that a redskin should talk so. I cannot make it out." Several minutes passed by, and the Indian did not return. The old man grew more anxious than he would have acknowledged to himself. He had some natural feeling on his own account should his new friend have been cut off, but he was also anxious for that new friend, to whom he could not but be grateful for the service he had rendered him. At length he saw the bushes move, and the Indian appeared and crept close up to him. "There are foes, and many of them," he said in a low voice; "they are near at hand, but they are not seeking for us; and thus, if they do not cross our trail, we may yet escape discovery."

The Indian had already concealed his horse in a thicket, and, by carefully surrounding the spot where they lay with boughs, their little camp was completely hidden from the sight of any casual passer-by. The boughs he had cut from the interior part of a thicket, for, had they been taken from the outer side, the eye of an Indian would at once have observed the white stumps which were left. Again, by crossing the river in the mode they had done, there was no trail to lead to their camp. For these reasons the Indian and the white hunter had good cause to believe that they might escape discovery. As their enemies were as yet at some distance it was not deemed necessary to keep altogether silent. The old hunter was the most loquacious. "I would, friend Redskin," said he, "that I had the use of my legs and half a dozen of my old companions at my back, and I wouldn't fear as to holding my own against three-score or more of Crees, or Ojibways; no offence to you, friend; for there are not many like you, I guess."

"Your people fight bravely but foolishly, according to Indian notions," answered the Indian; "for, instead of advancing on their foes under shelter and trying to take them unawares, they dress themselves in fine clothes, make a great noise when going forth to battle, and expose their bodies to be shot at. I was once esteemed a mighty warrior, and was a man of blood; I have engaged in much fighting, but would now wish to bury the hatchet of war with all the world. I thank you for what you say of me; but things of which I once boasted, I boast of no longer. I am a chief of many

people; but instead, as at one time, of wishing to lead them to war, I now desire to lead them to a knowledge of the Lord and Master whom I serve – the Saviour of the world.”

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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