

The Indian moved silently through the woods. Ahead, if he remembered right, should be a salt spring. Years ago, deer used to come there. Perhaps they still did. He hoped so, for he needed meat.

From time to time he stopped to look and listen. For this was a dangerous place to be. The white men here would shoot an Indian on sight. It had been so since the battle years ago.

There! He could see the spring! But at almost the same moment he saw a tiny movement on the hill. He waited, holding his breath. A deer stepped out of the forest. The Indian fired. Then he hurried to the deer and slung it over his shoulder.

Suddenly—what was that small sound in the bushes? Was someone there? Quickly he slipped away into the forest.

There *had* been someone there. And he was now racing for home.

The next morning, as the Indian was roasting the meat, he heard footsteps. A man and a boy appeared. For a moment the Indian was terrified, but the man greeted him as a friend.

"I am Squire Catlin," he said, "and this is my son George. We have a small farm nearby. George tells me he almost shot a deer at the salt lick, but you killed it first."

The Indian nodded, pointing to the roast.

"George also says that he almost shot you. He was afraid, for he had never seen an Indian before."

"I am glad the young hunter did not kill me," said the Indian. Then he added,

"My name is Onegongway. That means Great Warrior. I am an Oneida. I have walked many days from Cayuga Lake."

"Why have you come so far?" asked the squire.

"I lived here as a child," said the Indian. "Then came the battle with the white men. There was much bloodshed. My people moved north soon after."

"But why have you come back?" asked the squire.

"Because my father told me of a gold kettle he buried here. I have come to look for it. We Indians are hungry, and gold will buy much food."

The squire sighed. "I am sorry to tell you this," he said. "We found your kettle while plowing. But it is made of copper, not gold. It is worth very little, but I will get it."

When the squire handed him the kettle, the Indian stared at it sadly. "I will return to my people empty-handed," he said.

"Wait until I find you a guide," said the squire. "If you are seen, you may be shot."

But Onegongway did not listen. When George and his father returned, he was gone. Later they learned that he had been killed only ten miles away. Beside his body was the worthless copper kettle.

George Catlin never forgot Great Warrior. He remembered the man's great dignity and sadness. He felt sorry for all the Indians who had been driven from their homes.

When he was older, George became a great artist. And what he painted was Indians. Today those paintings are our finest records of the first Americans.

CHECK YOUR READING

1. **The Indian hoped to find a deer near a**
 - A mountain stream
 - B salt spring
 - C clover patch
2. **As he picked up the deer, he thought he**
 - A heard a small noise
 - B saw something move
 - C felt the ground shake
3. **George and his father appeared as the Indian was**
 - A breaking up camp
 - B roasting some meat
 - C digging a hole
4. **Squire Catlin was a**
 - A carpenter
 - B trapper
 - C farmer
5. **George had gone to the salt spring to**
 - A hunt
 - B fish
 - C swim
6. **The reason that George had almost shot the Indian was that he**
 - A wanted the deer for himself
 - B thought the Indian was a deer
 - C was afraid of the Indian
7. **The Indian wanted to find the kettle and**
 - A bury it near his home
 - B give it to his wife
 - C sell it to buy food
8. **The squire said that the kettle was made of**
 - A silver
 - B copper
 - C brass
9. **Later George learned that the Indian had**
 - A been killed
 - B lost the kettle
 - C reached home
10. **When George grew up he became**
 - A a doctor
 - B an artist
 - C a soldier