

at the mission-house, Mr. Gordon took up a piece of board, and wrote on it, with charcoal, 'Give these men a yard of cotton each.' This he gave to the savage, telling him to take it to Mrs. Gordon, who would give him what he wanted.

"This, however, did not answer Nara-bu-leet's purpose. He told Mr. Gordon that the chief wished particularly to see him, and to get some medicine; and that he had better go to the mission-house.

"Mr. Gordon, pointing to a plate which Mrs. Gordon had sent him, said, 'I have not yet eaten; but—never mind—I can do so at the house.' So, wrapping the plate in his handkerchief, he started up the hill, followed by the native.

"On arriving at the ambush, Nara-bu-leet buried his tomahawk in Mr. Gordon's spine. He instantly fell, uttering a loud cry. Nara-bu-leet gave him another stroke on the right side of the neck, which nearly severed the head from the body; and the others, rushing from their hiding-places, quickly cut their victim to pieces.

"While this was going on, another native, Ouben, went towards the mission-house, and met Mrs. Gordon, who, alarmed at the noises she heard, had come out, and who asked him what all that noise was about? He laughed, and said, 'Nothing: it's only the boys amusing themselves.' She asked, 'Where are the boys?' and turned round.