

burst into an agony of grief, exclaiming, 'Why did the Wahconda hate me so much, as to induce me to put my child again into your power?'

"The feelings of the unhappy mother were, however, soon relieved. Mr. Dougherty (an Indian trader), communicated the circumstance of the case to Major O'Fallon, (the agent), who immediately and peremptorily ordered the restoration of the child to its mother, and informed the trader that any future attempt to wrest it from her should be at his peril."

I will give an example of the generous self-devotion of an Omawhaw, to procure the escape of a brother, and with it end the volume.

"Two Omawhaw brothers had stolen a squaw from an individual of their nation, and were on their journey to seek a refuge in the Puncau village. But they had the misfortune in a large prairie to meet with a war-party of Sioux, their implacable enemies. They immediately concealed themselves in a deep ravine, which at the bottom was covered with dry reed grass. The Sioux surrounded this spot, and set fire to it on the windward side of the reeds, in order to drive them out. When the conflagration had nearly reached the fugitives, one of the brothers remarked, that the Wahconda had certainly not created him to be smoked out like a racoon; the Indians smoke this animal out of hollow trees, by kindling a fire at the root: he urged his brother to attempt to escape in one direction, whilst he would attract the attention of the enemy, by sallying out upon them alone, and by endeavouring to destroy as many of them as possible, in anticipated revenge for that death which he considered as inevitable. 'One or both of us,' said he, 'must certainly