

his robe of fur, and then laid it, together with his spear, and bow, and war-hatchet, and sheaf of arrows, and pipe, and camp-kettle, in the house of death(4). While they were rendering the last service to the body of the Swift Foot, the wife sat motionless, looking on—when they had finished, she rose, and spoke to them thus :—

“ We have now dwelt together, Tetons, for forty summers, and, during that time, there has been a pure, unclouded sky in our village. We have been friends, and so we will part. I cannot abide longer on the earth; I go to take the soul of my beloved husband to the mansion prepared for him in my own bright clime of the north. My children I leave to the care of the brave warriors and good hunters, bidding one to protect, and the other to feed them, till the Good Spirit sees fit to deprive them of the life he has given. Be this your recompense.

“ It is known that, among all the red men of the forest, none are so fond of dancing, and none so excellent therein, as the Tetons. Ask any man, or any woman, of any nation, who best and most gracefully perform the War Dance, and the Scalp Dance, and the Calumet Dance, and the Dance of Green Corn, and he will answer, ‘ The Burntwood Tetons.’ Now, if ye will continue to watch over