

ing and merry groupe, till twenty and seven sons and daughters were in the cabin of the Teton Swift Foot. Old age came over the husband, but not the wife. When his knees had grown feeble, and his voice faint, and his eye dim, and his heart craven, her faculties were in full perfection—her cheek still wore the blush of youth, and her step was lighter than the fawn of four moons. And, if time had abated nothing of her wondrous beauty and sprightliness, neither had it of her goodness, and kind attention to the wants of the poor Indians. Her care that they should want for nothing was as much exerted as ever—still their hunting-grounds and their rivers were the best stocked of any in all the land, and their war expeditions for forty seasons were invariably blest with success. Let not my brother wonder, then, if the Tetons almost forgot their duty to the Great Spirit, in their affection for the good being whom they deemed his fatherly care had sent among them.

At length, the Teton warrior, overcome by years, lay down and died. Then it was that deep grief visited the bosom of his still beautiful and still youthful wife. In vain, did the priest remind her that all must die—she would not be consoled. They dressed the body of the deceased warrior in