

What, then, of the Indian women? They were the toilers and doers of the commonplace. They would not suffer their husbands or brothers to devote their time to other than the glory of war or the excitement of the chase. On this basis they were treated kindly and throughout their married lives found compensation for their drudgery in the recollection of the happy period of their wooing. As maidens they were alluring and often beautiful, as witness the number who won the love and enduring affection of white men of position. In the heyday and happiness of their youth the Indian paid them the utmost deference and attention, nor was there less of the poetic and the beautiful in his love-making because he was an Indian—rather indeed, the more.

But war was at once his business and his joy. Cunning, artful and courageous, he was a dreaded and a cruel foe. Grateful for favors, which he never forgot to repay, his memory served him not less faithfully when there were insults and injuries to requite. Too scornful to be mean, he was disdainful even of death and showed his contempt of it by going to it un-moved through tortures that are too painful to recite. But nothing, even in the fury of battle, could make him forget his code of honor, and if the punctilious in points such as these are not less so in particulars less worthy we must overlook the failings of the less in the virtues of the greater.

The polished arms and gleaming armor of the European made him, perhaps, a less vulnerable foe in