

rage, must fend for the weak and helpless, must guard the life he holds because it belongs to those who love and trust him, must hate betrayers, must despise a liar. That is the law above all other laws, above all chiefs, councils and tribes of men, which you must obey, big chief up there on the high seat, and you two warriors on guard, and you men who sit waiting to send me to death or slavery.

"My friend here who speaks for me says that if a negro attacks one of your white women, you burn him at the stake. That is good. If an Indian attacks a white woman, you kill him. That is good. If a white man attacks my wife, I kill him. Is that wrong? When I heard her calling to me for help, should I leave her to her fate and fetch a policeman? Would you? The bears and cougars, the wolves and dogs know better than that. Are you lower than the common curs of the camp—you who dare to blame a man for his manhood? Shame on you, your court, your laws which defend the filthy beast I killed, and condemn me for being a man!

"I killed this beast with an ax, too late to save my wife. She died of her own hand to escape dishonor. That is the right and duty of all clean women. If your wives failed to do that, you would almost die of shame."