

In one dreadful conflict with the Powtawatimis,⁽¹⁾ I was rash enough to quit our ambush in my ardor to oppose the enemy. The valiant Samachet saw me engaged with and nearly overpowered by three of the Pous* Chiefs, and came to my rescue;—with a never-vering shaft he shot the fiercest through the head,—the other two were vanquished in a short but desperate combat.

From this time forth, in traffick with the stranger, in war and in the chase, we were never separated. Would that it had pleased dark Coughwaw⁽²⁾ still to have left us so!—alas, the noble Samachet hath long since passed the Western Mountains⁽³⁾ to our fathers; while I, his miserable friend, am left like a solitary blasted pine!"

The old man's voice faltered; but he soon recovered and resumed:—"The beauty and the valour of my friend all our tribe admired, save *one*, and him

* Abbreviation for Potowatamis.