

one, and some the other combatant; shouting and betting (for the Indians are great gamblers), till the young men, forgetting that they had no real cause of enmity, fought with the greatest fury. After a short conflict, the taller Indian, seizing the knife which hung by his side, ran it through the body of his opponent, so that he fell, and in a moment after breathed his last gasp.

The alarm was instantly spread through the village, and a crowd of Indians of all ages assembled; whilst the unfortunate murderer, seating himself on the ground by the side of the body of his late companion, coolly awaited his fate; and this he expected to be nothing else than immediate death, for such was the custom of the tribe.

But although he offered no resistance to the stroke of the tomahawk, no one attempted to lay violent hands on him, but on the contrary, after removing the dead body from whence it lay, they left him entirely alone.

Not meeting here with the fate he expected and almost desired, he arose and went into the village, and there in the midst of the surrounding wigwams, he laid himself down on the ground in hopes of being the sooner despatched: but again the spectators retired without appearing inclined to injure him. Probably they considered that he was scarcely more to blame than the youth whose life he had taken—or that they themselves were more guilty than either, in having urged them on to such fatal violence. Be that as it might, the state of suspense he was in, was intolerable to his mind, and he resolved at once to go to the mother of the deceased, an aged widow. He entered her cabin, and presenting himself before her, addressed her in these words—

“Woman—I have killed thy son; his life was thy happiness—I come to give myself up to thee; say what thou wilt have done, and relieve me speedily from my misery!”

To this the poor widow mildly answered—“Thou hast indeed been so unhappy as to kill my son—thou hast taken him away who was most dear to me, and was the only support I had in my old age. His life is already