

[56] If the offenses are not between tribes, but between compatriots and fellow-citizens, then they fight among themselves for slight offenses, and their way of fighting is like that of women here, they fly for the hair; holding on to this, they struggle and jerk in a terrible fashion, and if they are equally matched, they keep it up one whole day, or even two, without stopping until some one separates them; and certainly in strength of body and arms they are equal to us, comparing like to like; but if they are more skillful in wrestling and nimble running, they do not understand boxing at all. I have seen one of our little boys make a Savage, a foot taller than himself, fly before him; placing himself in the posture of a noble warrior, he placed his thumb over his fingers and said, "Come on!" [57] However, when the Savage was able to catch him up by the waist, he made him cry for mercy.

Returning to my subject. The little offenses and quarrels are easily adjusted by the Sagamores and common friends. And in truth they are hardly ever offended long, as far as we know. I say, as far as we know, for we have never seen anything except always great respect and love among them; which was a great grief to us when we turned our eyes upon our own shortcomings. For to see an assembly of French people without reproaches, slights, envy, and quarrels with each other, is as difficult as to see the sea without waves, except in Monasteries and Convents, where grace triumphs over nature.

The great offenses, as when [58] some one has killed another, or stolen away his wife, etc., are to be avenged by the offended person with his own hand; or if he is dead, it is the duty of the nearest