

hot-headed man, I say, asserted that since the Father rejected the body of his relative, he would revenge himself therefor. This he did shortly afterward; for, when he met the father in the village, he ran to his Cabin for his bow and arrows, and, without saying a word, shot the father, wounding him dangerously. Two arrows struck his breast, but glanced off; a 3rd tore his ear; the next would have killed him, had it not been for the collar of his cassock, which stopped the arrow-head; the 5th was a deadly shot, for the arrow pierced the arm above the wrist, and penetrated to below the elbow; three streams of blood poured from the opened veins and from the severed artery. The father plucked out the arrow, but the stone head stuck in the sinews near the joint of the elbow,—within, as we suppose. All this sportive affair occurred quietly, without a single illinois trying to stop the furious man. At the first shots, the father asked the Savage: “My son, why do you kill me? What have I done to you?” He knelt to commend himself to God; and at the same time, as soon as the wound was inflicted, the father swam, as it were, in his own blood. A good Samaritan, a stranger in the village, and a renard [Fox] by nation, had compassion on the father. He pressed tightly upon the upper part of the arm, and the artery, from which the blood had spurted freely, allowed only a few drops to escape. Then some praying women ran to the poor Father; and, assisted by the renard, who still retained his strong pressure on the father’s arm, they brought poor father Gravier home. An Illinois offered to dress the wound, and the father consented; but we saw, from what happened afterward,