

There were, I think, at this Chicago payment, five or six thousand savages of different tribes. It had much the appearance of a fair. A curious episode now occurred. There were at this gathering two young men who were the best of friends, as well as being two of the finest-looking Indians I ever saw. One was the son of Sanguanauneebee; the other, the son of another chief, Seebwasen (cornstalk). Both were courting the same young squaw, the daughter of Wampum, a Chippewa chief living at Sheboygan. They had proposed to fight a duel to decide who should have the girl. She had agreed to marry one of them at this payment, but did not care who.

This was the question being discussed at the council which was held in front of my father's shanty. The two fathers had submitted the question to the council, and it had been decided that the young fellows should fight to the death, the survivor to take the girl. The boys were brought before the wise men, and informed of the conclusion reached.

Then their ponies were brought, one a black, the other a gray. The duelists and their saddles were decked with beads, silver brooches, ribbons, and other ornaments such as the traders bartered with the Indians; the ponies' manes and tails were tricked out with ribbons, and altogether it was like one of those ancient tournaments in France, that I have read of in the old histories. First, the ponies were driven side by side one or two times in a circle around the council place, in front of the store. Then together, the duelists and their friends started out for the place of encounter, swimming their horses across the river, and drew up on an open spot on the north side. Crude flags were hung on poles, which were stuck up in the sand roundabout, an Indian sign that a fight to the death was in progress. Indian guards were placed, to clear a ring of two or three hundred yards; heading these guards, and acting as seconds, were Chepoi and Seebwasen. A little outside the ring, all alone, stood the girl being fought for, apparently indifferent, her arms akimbo. The time was an hour before sundown, and there were present four or five hundred whites