

The white woman whom I noticed a little back was no way remarkable for any attention to me, which at this period of my life I think somewhat extraordinary; but perhaps, like myself, she had been taken prisoner by the Indians while young, and her sympathies had become enlisted for, or identified with those of the tribe. She had two children, was tall, healthy, and good-looking, as I judge from the impressions made on my mind at that early period of my life. She separated from us in company with her husband and a considerable party of Indians, who had become disaffected, while on a hunting excursion on some of the branches of the Mississippi, during the last year, except one or two that I remained with this tribe; since which, I have heard nothing concerning her. She was much beloved by the Indians, was in the prime of life, and I have no doubt is now living with some of the Kickapoos on the Mississippi, or some of its tributary streams.

Digressing a little, I may here observe that I met three or four white children, apparently of my own age, while travelling among the different tribes. They appeared, like myself, to have been at first forced to assume the Indian character and habits; but time and a conformity to custom had nationalized them, and they seemed as happy and contented as though they had descended directly from the Indians, and were in possession of their patrimony. I also met some, whose parents, either on the side of the father or mother, had been white: they sustained the character of brave warriors; but in general no cast, differing from that of the tribe, is held in repute or estimation. It is a remarkable fact, that white people