

them all for servants, we would take the balance in our nation, to help our women make corn!

I have not time now, nor is it necessary, to enter more into detail about my travels through the United States. The white people know all about them, and my people have started to their hunting grounds, and I am anxious to follow them.

Before I take leave of the public, I must contradict the story of some *village criers*, who (I have been told,) accuse me of "having murdered women and children among the whites!" This assertion is *false!* I never did, nor have I any knowledge that any of my nation ever killed a white woman or child. I make this statement of truth, to satisfy the white people among whom I have been travelling, (and by whom I have been treated with great kindness,) that, when they shook me by the hand so cordially, they did not shake the hand that had ever been raised against any but warriors.

It has always been our custom to receive all strangers that come to our village or camps, in time of peace, to share with them the best provisions we have, and give them all the assistance in our power. If on a journey, or lost, to put them on the right trail—and if in want of mocasins, to supply them. I feel grateful to the whites for the kind manner they treated me and my party, whilst travelling among them—and from my heart I assure them, that the white man will always be welcome in our village or camps, as a brother.

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