

during the protracted and cruel tortures inflicted on them by the squaws: one of them, on the contrary, did all in his power to provoke his persecutors; observing to the wife of Kis-ke-mas, "I killed your husband, I took his scalp, I drank his blood: I owe my country nothing; I have fought many battles for her, killed many of her enemies, and leave behind me warriors enough to revenge my death, to defend their hunting grounds, squaws, and little ones. I am a man: the fate of war is against me:—I die like a warrior."

Not long after this, I experienced a painful loss. The squaw who had adopted me among her children, and who had treated me with great tenderness and affection, was accidentally drowned in attempting to collect drift-wood during the prevalence of a flood. This circumstance was the cause of grief, apparently more poignant to be endured than is usually experienced in civilized life; because the customs of the Indians do not tolerate the same open expression of feelings, from the indulgence of which the acuteness of grief is relieved, and sooner subsides. The Indians regard tears, or any expression of grief, as a mark of weakness in males, and unworthy of the character of the warrior. In obedience to this custom, I bore my affliction in silence, in order to sustain my claims to their respect and esteem; but nevertheless, I sincerely and deeply felt the bereavement; and cannot, even at this late day, reflect on her maternal conduct to me, from the time I was taken prisoner by the Kansas, to her death, without the association of feelings, to which, in other re-