

to De-co-ra, that I had failed to convey by the use of language. Thus I discovered that he was a man of no ordinary talent and intelligence among Indians, and I determined, if possible, to secure his friendship, and in token of mine, presented them some trinkets. They received them with an air of dignity, and De-co-ra, on their departure, gave me an invitation to visit him the next day, and partake of Indian hospitality. I did so, and was cordially received, and bountifully fed. The conversation soon turned to the subject of the mounds, and De-coo-dah desired to know my object in making pictures of works that were almost everywhere to be seen, adding that white men cared little for them, and were in the habit of destroying them, wherever they came in contact with their convenience, or militated with their imaginary interests, or excited their curiosity.

I replied, that it was in consequence of that fact that I gave my time and attention to the investigation of their form and arrangement. That coming generations might know that this great country had once been full of people whom their fathers knew little or nothing about.

"But why," said he, "does not the white man leave the record on the earth where it belongs?"—"Most of white men," said I, "care but little about things that are not directly connected with their real or imaginary pecuniary interest; but there are some white men that delight in promoting the welfare of others."

He then, with a scrutinizing air, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, and looked me full in the face for a minute, turned to De-co-ra, and exclaimed, "A good man—a good white man!" Again fixing on me his eyes that now beamed with benevolence, he added, "The red man's friend," and extended his hand. I received it with a cordial grasp; he drew from his belt the big pipe of friendship, of antique structure, formed with a double tube for the admission of two stems, and asked for tobacco. I handed him a small plug, which he took, and after mixing it with bark, and rubbing them well together, filled the big pipe, introduced two stems, each about two feet long, sat down in front of me on a mat, and asked me to smoke with him. De-co-ra lit the pipe, and we soon filled the wigwam with the fumes of friendship.

This being my first formal Indian introduction, the exercise on my part was rather awkwardly performed, and gave rise to no little merriment among the females of the De-co-ra family, which was promptly rebuked by De-coo-dah. This was a new feature to me in the