

river. This appeared quite providential as I should doubtless in a short time have seen no more of them.

Towards eve, a friendly chief of the Ws' came down and told the Foxes to look out for their horses as an Indian was going to leave that night and was intending to steal a horse. The Foxes all took up their horses and prepared themselves to kill the W., provided he came, but to my great joy he did not, as I had no doubt they would have done as they said, considering their horses as of more consequence than the life of a fellow-creature.

The next morning early I set out in company with the old man with whom I had been so kindly entertained, and some others for Rock I. After a short ride came to the Winnebago lodges. As I approached the prophet came out to meet me and shake hands.

When I reminded him of having seen him on his tour with Black Hawk he assented with a half suppressed smile which seemed to indicate that the recollection of the past was to him unwelcome. There was a peculiar air of melancholy resting upon his countenance, and his whole demeanor seemed to show that there was lurking within a mingled feeling of humbled pride and disappointed hope. Then he lives in richly merited obscurity and is remembered only for his past mis-deeds.

Besides the villages now enumerated there are a number of others which hardly seem worthy of the name scattered round in various places consisting of three, four or a half a dozen lodges perhaps, some of which I visited; and others I did not think it worth the while.

In addition to the Sacs & Foxes now described there is a village of 20 lodges upon the Missouri river near the Black Snake Hills and about 40 miles below Fort Leavenworth.

*Disposition to receive Instruction.*

They are generally strongly attached to their pagan rites and superstitions and guard with jealous care against any change. The great object of their pursuit is war and hunting, in the former they glory, and it is a distinction