

general moulding of the form of the squaw and the Indian, than there is between the white male and female. This seems to be a refutation, directly in point, of the system of those "strong-minded" female philosophers of our day, who assert that the frailer form of the American female, is only owing to the want of exposure and early gymnastic exercises and habits of the male. Yet, it is notorious that the squaw is not only untrammelled by stays and braces, but from the time of her advent into this world, is left to the instincts and actions of nature;—she gambols and frisks through childhood in the open air, and exposed to all weathers;—as years increase, she gradually engages in the out-of-door toils of the Indian woman; she becomes the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for the Indian camp, while her coarse, uncouth lord reposes and smokes in the shade; yet these daughters of the rude wilderness have the utmost delicacy of limb, the fine contour of joint, and a more feminine slenderness of foot, ankle, and hand, than the most pampered daughter of civilized indolence and luxury.

"The Indians, as a race, have countenances that are generally unjoyous, stern, and ruminating. It is, with them, either gloomy taciturnity or bacchanalian revel. They seldom jest—generally speak in an under-tone, and loquacity is with them an indication of a weak mind and trifling character."

Some persons have the idea strongly impressed upon their minds, that a journey through this part of the western country is extremely dangerous, perhaps, absolutely foolhardy and presumptuous to think of. But we