

twenty-five, made of logs, which I am informed was presented to him by one of the traders. As we entered, the old chief, bare-legged and bare-foot, sat with much dignity upon a cassette. A blanket, and cloth about the loins, covered his otherwise naked body, which was painted black. His chief men occupied a bench by his side, while forty or more of his warriors sat on the floor around the walls of his room smoking. The old man arose and gave us his hand as we were introduced, bidding us to take a seat at his right, on his bed. As I cast my eye around upon this savage group, for once, I wished I possessed the painter's skill. The old chief had again returned to his seat upon the large wooden trunk, and as if to sit a little more like a white man than an Indian, had thrown one leg across the other knee. His warriors were all feathered, painted, and equipped for service. Many of them wore the insignia of courage, a strip of polecat skin around the head or heels, the bushy tail of the latter so attached as to drag on the ground; the crown of the head was ornamented with feathers, indicating the number of enemies the individual had killed, on one of which I counted no less than twelve.

“One side of his room was hung with an English and American flag, medals, war-clubs, lances, tomahawks, arrows, and other implements of death. The subject of vaccination was now presented to the chief, with which he was pleased, and ordered his people to assemble for that purpose. I stood by the doctor, and kept the minutes while he performed the business.

“Preparations were now making for taking our leave when the chief arose, and, giving his hand to each, spoke as follows, in reply to Mr. Schoolcraft, who had addressed them as ‘My children.’