

language of these simple children of nature, and who, in his greater wisdom, deems it but the unmeaning mummery and superstitious rites of an ignorant race, buried in heathenish darkness.

One of the four We-kauns, after addressing a few remarks to the novice in a low voice, took from his medicine sack, the Me-da-me-gis, a small white sea-shell, which is the chief emblem of the Me-da-we rite. Holding this on the palm of his hand, he ran slowly around the inside of the lodge, displaying it to the inmates, and followed by his fellow We-kauns swinging their rattles, and exclaiming in a deep guttural tone, "whe, whe, whe." Circling the lodge in this impressive manner, on coming again to the novice, they stopped running, uttering a deep, sonorous, "Whay-ho-ho-ho." They then quietly walked off, and taking their stand at the western end of the lodge, the leader still displaying the shell on the palm of his hand, delivered a loud and spirited harangue.

The language and phrases used were so obscure to a common listener, that it would be impossible to give a literal translation of the whole speech. The following passage, however, forcibly struck my attention:

"While our forefathers were living on the great salt water toward the rising sun, the great Megis (sea-shell) showed itself above the surface of the great water, and the rays of the sun for a long period were reflected from its glossy back. It gave warmth and light to the An-ish-in-aub-ag (red race). All at once it sank into the deep, and for a time our ancestors were not blessed with its light. It rose to the surface and appeared again on the great river which drains the waters of the Great Lakes, and again for a long time it gave life to our forefathers, and reflected back the rays of the sun. Again it disappeared from sight and it rose not, till it appeared to the eyes of the An-ish-in-aub-ag on the shores of the first great lake. Again it