

than those bands less accustomed to the war path, to meet the Commissioner. These Indians came late last year also, and the goods mainly having been distributed, they received but very little.

The head chief, Na-naw-ong-ga-be, we should say, had seen about fifty-five winters. He is rather less than the medium height and size, an intelligent face and mild expression, a very keen eye, and when animated in speaking, a sort of fiery look or twinkle. Like most of the warriors, his face is highly colored with vermillion. At the head of his warriors and in council, he wears an elaborate turban of turkey feathers over his head and shoulders—giving him a fuller appearance in person than he really has, an *unique* look even for an Indian.

It was not long after this chief arrived, before he became the favorite orator and chief. We saw and noticed much of him and his people. We believe they have innate impulses as exalted as in human bosom ever dwelt. We saw tears of sympathy over the scene of misery before us, when these people landed at La Pointe. On the ground, the day they arrived, by the side of Na-naw-ong-ga-be, stood Aw-ke-wain-ze, his principal, a tall and majestic chief, and a full head and neck above the red warriors seated around on the grass. The Commissioner addressed them, John Johnson, of the *Soo*, a half Chippewa, and a man of intelligence and character, interpreting.

The Commissioner having said that he was very glad to see him and his people, though they had come late; that he felt pained to see them in such a sorrowful condition, looking so poverty stricken, &c.

Na-naw-ong-ga-be, in a manner dignified and earnest, readily replied: "My father, we are very happy to see you also. We have reasons for not coming immediately after we heard your voice echoing through the wilderness. We were all aroused by the sound of your voice. It created glad feel-