

Thirty and odd years ago, Gen. Cass, when coasting upon Lake Superior, was attracted by the sprightliness of the embryo chief, then a mere lad. The General gave him a medal, and a written token of his appreciation of his precocity. It was said the General christened the boy, or gave him his cognomen as chief.

A young lady—Miss C., of Coldwater—who was staying at La Pointe with friends, during the payment, quite attracted his notice and favor. He honored her with a fancy name, as is the custom of his tribe. It was his pleasure that she be christened Wa-ba-nung, or *The Morning Star*. As a matter of course, the young lady courteously accepted the honor, and consented to bear the name.

This chief was an especial favorite with the ladies, and was exceedingly polite to them. To see him, with cap in hand, pass along a circle of a dozen or more white ladies, bowing and shaking hands with remarkable ease and grace, one almost forgets that he is an *unlettered savage*, born in a "*wigwam*"—borne over many a weary trail, a sleeping infant, upon the back of a *squaw*,—nurtured among the wildest Indians in the unbroken forest—the sun, moon, and stars, monitors of his philosophy. Na-gon-ub seems to aspire above the wretched and groveling condition of his race. He evinced high ambition to improve; he appeared to be actuated by generous and noble impulses; he is full of the fire of eloquence; he is a *beau ideal of an Indian chief*.

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### III.—The "Princess"

The Chippewa Princess was very conspicuous at the payment. She attracted much notice; her history and character were subjects of general observation and comment, after the