

sounds, pardon us,) but motion, action, called dancing, of the wild woods style, which it surely was, the war-whoop, the drum, the whole retinue of instruments from which Indian sounds are manufactured, were noticed, at first about the outskirt lodges. These noises accompanied by their voices, not to say keeping time and tune, seemed to much elate these Indian actors, many of whom appeared even enraptured by the music! Ole Bull or Jenny Lind could not have inspired a tithe of the rapture to their ears which their own uncouth and discordant notes gave.

Upon this day of worship and of rest, the better portion of the good people tarrying at La Pointe, including the Commissioner and Agent, had assembled at their places of public worship. It was from 10 to 11 o'clock, A. M., that we, with many others, had gathered around to witness the grand though rustic pageant, to look upon the comico-tragic scene, called *The Beggar's Dance*, instituted for the benefit of widows and orphans of the poorer bands. When we arrived at the theatre of noise and motion, the most ludicrous spectacle was before us. At least one hundred warriors dressed in the most eccentric and fantastic style that the imagination can conceive, that ribbons, feathers, every color of paint, bare legs painted, painted faces, war weapons, &c., could possibly give to human beings, were the active participators. These were in one grand circle, dancing to thumping sounds and guttural songs, in a way which the Chippewas only know how to dance and sing.

Inside the circle were the musicians and persons of distinction, not least of whom was our heroine, who sat upon a blanket spread upon the ground. She was plainly, though richly dressed in blue broad-cloth shawl and leggings. She wore the short skirt, *a la* Bloomer, and be it known that the females of all Indians we have seen, invariably wear the Bloomer skirt and pants. Their good sense, in this particular, at least, cannot, we think, be too highly commended. Two