

plumes, warrior feathers, were in her hair; these bore devices, stripes of various colored ribbon pasted on, as all the braves have, to indicate the number of the enemy killed, and of scalps taken by the wearer. Her countenance betokened self-possession, and as she sat her fingers played furtively with the haft of a good sized knife.

The coterie leaving a large kettle hanging upon the cross sticks over a fire, in which to cook a fat dog for a feast at the close of the ceremony, soon set off, in single file procession, to visit the camp of the respective chiefs, who remained at their lodges to receive these guests. In the march, our heroine was the third, two leading braves were before her. No timid air and bearing were apparent upon the person of this wild-wood nymph; her step was proud and majestic, as that of a Forest Queen should be.

The party visited the various chiefs, each of whom, or his proxy, appeared and gave a harangue, the tenor of which, we learned, was to minister to their war spirit, to herald the glory of the tribe, and to exhort the practice of charity and good will to their poor. At the close of each speech, some donation to the beggar's fund, blankets, provisions, &c., was made from the lodge of each visited chief. Some of the latter danced and sung around the ring, brandishing the war-club in the air and over his head. Chief "Loon's Foot," whose lodge was near the Indian Agent's residence, (the latter chief is the brother of Mrs. Judge Ashman at the Soo,) made a lengthy talk, and gave freely.

Conspicuous in the crowd, upon the back of a stately squaw, and suspended by a strap around her head, was a good sized, and fat—*dead dog*, just killed, and destined for a feast at the close. The precise manner of cooking this (to them) rare and delicious dish, we did not learn.

An evening's interview, through an interpreter, with the chief, father of the Princess, disclosed that a small party of Sioux, at a time not far back, stole near unto the lodge of the