

hastened exultingly to bear his scalp to their friends at the lodges from which they started. Thus was the prophecy of the prophetess realized to the letter, and herself, in the esteem of all the neighboring bands, elevated to the highest honor in all their ceremonies. They even hold her in superstitious reverence. She alone, of the females, is permitted in all festivities, to associate, mingle and to counsel with the bravest of the braves of her tribe.

We inscribe, not altogether inappropriately, we trust, to this *Forest Maid*, the following borrowed lines:

"The fawn that trips the forest glade
Is not more light nor fair than she,
The young, the bright-eyed Indian maid,
Who lights the wigwam of Kendee.

Not fairer does the violet bloom
Not comelier does the grape-vine curl,
Than far amid the forest gloom
Wanders the dark-eyed Indian girl.

She lights the wigwam of her sire,
And bravest warriors humbly woo,
That she may cheer *their* council fire,
And light *their* gloomy wigwam too.

And happiest he of all his tribe,
And bravest of the braves must be,
Whose heart has proved the strongest bribe,
And robbed the wigwam of Kendee."

IV.—Atte-Konse, Little Carriboo, etc.

Atte-Konse may appropriately be styled the Roman of the Chippewas. With his nation, as well as with the white people, he sustains a reputation for good character, wisdom, integrity and inflexible firmness, of which any civilized white man might justly feel proud. He is ruling chief of the Grand