

whom is furnished by the traveller we have cited. He has preserved the music of a beautiful Indian song called the Chippewa or 'Ojibway Maid,' which was sung with great sweetness by one of the unmarried ladies. The literal translation of it runs thus:—

'Why! what's the matter with the young American? He crosses the river with tears in his eyes! He sees the young Ojibway girl preparing to leave the place: he sobs for his sweetheart, because she is going away! but he will not sigh long for her, for as soon as he is out of her sight, he will forget her.'

Anecdotes like these of the readiness of the Indians, under favorable circumstances, to imitate the customs and to be imbued with the spirit of civilized life, might be multiplied to a far greater extent; but the performance of that task would perhaps add little to the pleasure of the reflections which they must have already suggested. Melancholy indeed it is, to be compelled, by even these beautiful instances of genius and feeling, to reflect, with the anxious doubt which no intelligent mind can avoid, on the probable destiny of the race whose character they illustrate.

THE END.