

the contest, and proposed to the wolf an exchange of shirts in token of amity and forgiveness. To this also the wolf consented, but requested the grasshopper to take off his shirt first as he was the first proposer; but the grasshopper refused, and wished the wolf to commence the ceremony.

"The wolf finally agreed to this, and striking himself suddenly on the breast, his shirt immediately flew off. The grasshopper was greatly astonished, and not being possessed of any charm by which he could strip himself so expeditiously, was obliged to take off his shirt in the common way of drawing it over his head; the wolf now watched his opportunity, and while the grasshopper had his head and arms entangled in the shirt, he killed him.

"The wolf having thus got rid of his troublesome and dangerous rival, commenced his return home. On arriving within a few miles of the Walla-Walla he saw three beautiful Ki-use girls, with whom he fell desperately in love. They were engaged in carrying stones into the river, in order to make an artificial cascade or rapid, to catch the salmon in leaping over it. The wolf secretly watched their operations through the day, and repaired at night to the dam and entirely destroyed their work. This he repeated for three successive evenings. On the fourth morning he saw the girls sitting weeping on the bank, and accosted them, inquiring what was the matter; they told him they were starving, as they could get no fish for want of a dam. He then proposed to erect a dam for them, if they would consent to become his wives, to which they consented sooner than perish from the want of food. A long point of stones running nearly across the river is to this day attributed to the magic of the wolf-lover.

"For a long time he lived happily with the three sisters,—a custom very frequent among Indians, who marry as many sisters in a family as they can, and assign as a reason that sisters will naturally agree together better than strangers,—but at length the wolf became jealous of his wives, and by his supernatural power changed two of them into the two basalt pillars, on the south side of the river, and then changed himself into a large rock, somewhat similar to them, on the north side, so that he might watch them for ever afterwards. I asked the narrator what had become of the third sister. Says he, 'Did you not observe a cavern as you came up?' I said I had. 'That,' he replied, 'is all that remains of her!'

Accompanying the portrait of Kee-akee-ka-saa-ka-wow, is a highly interesting account of the artist's interview with this distinguished warrior, the head Chief of the Crees: who robed himself in his most magnificent costume, and uncovered one of his Medicine pipe-stems, in order to have his portrait taken with full effect. Mr. Kane's ordinary mode of treating his Indian sitters, however, left them little opportunity of getting themselves up for the occasion. "Usually," says he, "when I wished to take the likeness of an Indian I walked into the lodge, sat down, and commenced without speaking, as an Indian under these circumstances will generally pretend not to notice. If they did not like what I was doing they would get up and walk