

national pride so great, there could be no doubt, that an acting off of this terrific scene was about to be displayed, in the highest style, and under the most striking and impressive representations.

The Winnebagoes are a proud, high-bearing race, exhibiting more of the native wildness and savage independence of the Indian character, than any nation around them;—looking down with perfect contempt on all other tribes, especially upon their neighbours, the Menomenies. While the Menomenies on the present occasion were by far the most numerous, and exhibiting themselves under the special excitement of the fresh return of a war-party from the Mississippi, who, in alliance with the Sioux, had that summer been waging war with the Saukes and Foxes, and brought into the camp of their tribe at Green Bay some scalps of their enemies, as the trophies of their recent victories.

One of the accompaniments of the war-dance is music—or what the Indians *call* music—instrumental and vocal. And although Indians, when civilized and cultivated, are found to have the most melodious voices, of all human kind, and to be the most passionate lovers of harmony; yet in their savage condition, the character of their music is in perfect keeping with their hearts: wild, discordant, and harsh. I, however, noticed