

## A Merry Briton in pioneer Wisconsin; a contemporary narrative reprinted from *Life in the West*

A MERRY BRITON IN PIONEER WISCONSIN

Morleigh, pseud

### A Merry Briton in Pioneer Wisconsin

A contemporary narrative reprinted from LIFE IN THE WEST: *Back-Wood Leaves and Prairie Flowers: Rough Sketches on the Borders of the Picturesque, the Sublime, and Ridiculous. Extracts from the Note Book of Morleigh in Search of an Estate* published in London in the year 1842

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### Publisher's Note

In this little book are reprinted the last five of the eighteen chapters that comprise a travel narrative bearing the delightful, characteristically nineteenth-century title *Life in the West: Back-wood Leaves and Prairie Flowers: Rough Sketches on the Borders of the Picturesque, the Sublime, and Ridiculous. Extracts from the Note Book of Morleigh in Search of an Estate*. The volume was first published in 1842 by Saunders and Otley of

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London and was reprinted a year later by T. C. Newby, apparently from the same plates. It is now very rare.

All efforts to establish the identity of the author have proved fruitless, and it seems doubtful whether it can be established at this late day. Both the Library of Congress and the British Museum list "Morleigh" as the pseudonymous author, but even this pseudonym is open to question. For a careful reading of the book reveals that the "Mr. Morleigh" who discourses throughout Chapters II, IV, and VI is presented not as the ostensible author but as a fellow traveler on the transatlantic voyage from Portsmouth of America. The author alludes to him as a grave-looking "gentleman in search of an estate," and in these three interpolated chapters lets him spin his own yarn for the entertainment of the ship's passengers. Thus the phrase *Extracts from the Note Book of Morleigh in Search of a Estate* on the title page of the original edition would seem to represent not an equivalent of the main title but simply an item of enumeration.

No more is heard of Morleigh after Chapter VI. In the remainder of the book the author confines himself to a recital of his own experiences and observations. After landing in America he visits, first, New York and Philadelphia, then travels north to Saratoga Springs, Troy, and Whitehall in upstate New York, vi to Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto in southern Canada, and thence to Niagara Falls and Buffalo. From Buffalo he travels west via lake steamer, disembarking at Cleveland, Detroit, and Mackinac to reconnoiter and jot down his impressions. Eventually he reaches Chicago, to which he devotes a chapter of his book.

Sometime early in the summer he disembarks from a Lake Michigan steamboat at the wharf of Racine, and during the ensuing weeks explores the settled area of Wisconsin Territory. He ends his sightseeing tour with a visit to the Wolf River, where the Menominee Indians are gathered to receive the annuities due them from the federal government in consideration of a land session made earlier.

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If his trip was made for a specific purpose, the author does not reveal it. One wonders whether he may have been a journalist, possibly a journalist executing an assignment. The book is obviously the work of an experienced writer, as is evident in his easy popular style, his choice of colorful detail, and his effective use of dialogue. Moreover, as he states in his preface, three chapters of the narrative had appeared earlier “in the pages of a leading London journal,” which he does not name.

Whatever his mission, there can be little question that he brought to it extraordinary zeal and physical vigor, broad sympathies, a lively sense of humor, a readiness to take all things as they came, and the intellectual equipment to produce a significant record of his many novel experiences. He comments on virtually every aspect of frontier life, from food to frontier justice. All in all, his narrative is not only a valuable historical document but a fascinating story of life in Wisconsin in the year 1841.

The chapter captions have been supplied by the present editor, the original edition having only chapter numbers. No other changes have been made except to correct a very few misspellings vii that seem to be clearly attributable to the typesetter rather than the author. No attempt has been made to modernize spellings or to introduce orthographical consistency.

The Society is indebted to Mr. C. B. Oldman, Principal Keeper of the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum, for his efforts to ascertain the author of *Life in the West* and for his careful comparison of the two British editions, which proved to be identical except for date and publisher's imprint.

Livia Appel, *Book Editor*

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**Travels in Southern Wisconsin WISCONSIN—RACINE—FALLING HOUSE—  
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EN ROUTE**

This is the first time I have set foot on American ground without being hailed by runners, as the hotel porters are called, and still there seems to be a very goodly hotel beside the pillared facade of yon courthouse," said I to myself, as the boat shoved off back again to the steam-boat, leaving myself and baggage on the deserted plank wharf of Racine.

Leaving my portmanteau and carpet-bag to the tender mercies of the winds and grasshoppers, I shouldered my umbrella, and marched up to the hotel; entered the bar, found the bar-keeper, and the boarders, the family, and all inmates seated at a long table, enjoying a most luxurious tea.

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“Walk in, sir,” said the landlady.

“Madam,” said I, “my baggage must walk first.” What is a man without baggage, without change of raiment, without wherewithal to make his exterior agreeable to himself, and amiable to the ladies?”

“Jonathan! Ira! Thomas!” cried the landlady, turning from right to left, and from left to right, with unexpected vivacity, “fly down, and fetch up this gentleman's baggage.”

I like Racine; it is one of the prettiest little spots, without pretensions, I have seen for a long, long time. Standing on high banks, or bluffs, above the lake (Michigan), its little white villas and frame houses, backed with the bark green forest trees, the wild ravine, and the river, said to be the only inducement held out by the landowners to settlers who have got up the little town. Land is a drug everywhere; but water, and water power, has a mystic charm that draws men together in this country. The river I soon discovered to be a stagnant pool, or succession of stagnant pools, separated from the lake by a goodly barrier of sand, may-hap earth and rock. When this bar is cut away, and a convenient harbour established—what then? Then, sirs, Racine will become a place of note—the root, as its name betokens, of a flourishing city, rivaling Chicago, and is rival Milwaukee.

Having secured a good bed-room I retired, and was roused from my slumbers at cock-crow in the morning, by a loud crash. “Pshaw!” said I, “’tis a dream.” Anon, I slept, and dreamed of earthquakes. Bang—crash! Holloa! here is a pretty kettle of fish—the house is falling. I started from my bed, and in truth I had need—for, lo, behold! there lay a vast piece of the ceiling upon my pillow, another, and yet another upon the floor, another wedge of the wall leaned upon the table, and, half smothered with dust, I pulled on my clothes and rushed to the door. The door was fast—that is, the upper and under sill held it firmly shut. I had some thoughts of leaping from the window. Heaven help your head—all the arms of Briareus could not open it one inch. The noise I created soon brought the maids to my assistance. Bless the women!—they are ever and aye at hand to extricate

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me. I found the house filled with dust, and lime, and dirt. The reason was obvious; the house had been built upon wooden blocks, or piles; the new landlord conceived his hotel would stand all the better for being built on rocks and stone. He hires two or three desperate Irishmen, arms them with crowbars, sends them under his cellar, with instructions how to proceed; they begin by knocking away the blocks, and it is only by a miracle that the house remains in an upright position. The landlord 5 blames the Irishmen, the Irishmen blame the whisky; and in the midst of creaking sounds, mortar, and brick-dust, sawdust, &c., we sit down to breakfast.

Rambling through the woods, I gathered some flowers new to me, and conceived the idea of forming a herbal of Wisconsin flowers. The tract through which I proceeded was little frequented by sportsmen, birds and squirrels exhibiting a tameness not at all "shocking to me." In fact, if I had carried a gun with me, I question if I should have shot or banged at the red, grey, and black squirrels, racing up and down the beech-trees, or quietly nipping off the beech-nuts and acorns, the falling of which produced a sound like the pattering of rain, which, save and except the shrill chirp of the grasshopper, and scream of the red-headed woodpecker, disturbed the solemn silence of the woods.

Sometimes I paused besides a wild ravine, filled with tangle and brushwood, and thought of the tales I had heard of *painters*, or catamounts, or lynxes, springing forth from their dens, and rending the unwary, limb from limb. A more likely spot for such small deer is not to be found in this part of the territory, as a half-breed afterwards told me; but, for my own part, I returned to the falling house, with nearly an armful of flowers and shrubs, and a tremendous appetite, the fruits of my excursion. A smell of rotten leaves and manure prevailed the house, and more especially the dining-room. This might in some measure be accounted for, by the presence of the aforesaid Irish labourers, in their working costume, at the dinner-table. They declared the lower regions, from which they had just emerged, was sink of mire and abomination "enough to pison the divil himself." How they escaped being crushed and poisoned, I did not learn; but their persons and contiguity at the dinner-table, might have upset a stronger stomach than mine, and I have travelled too far to be

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very squeamish. Indeed, the house seems in a bad way; 6 and the doors are fortunately open, but no man can shut them again— *ergo*, we must keep open house to-night for all the cats, wolves, and badgers in the country.

I had stipulated my room was to be kept private, for my own use and enjoyment; judge, therefore, of my wrath and righteous indignation, when the bar-keeper, *sans ceremonie*, marched into my room with candle in hand, introducing an ill-favoured varlet as my room-fellow, if not bed-fellow—a stray passenger from the far west, going down south, or God knows were! I vapoured a good deal—was not the house large enough? Ay, but the rooms were full of mortar, &c. What then?—why there was mortar in my room. It mattered not; my comrade began by unbooting his sore feet. Ye gods, what I must endure! I'll think of fragrance, and forget the hydrogen, if I can. I never felt more uncomfortable in my life. The house quaking, and a strange man “grinning ghastly smiles” from his bed in the corner, his shock head unconscious of a night-cap, his grizzly beard, his silence, his dismal boots. And does he think I mean to extinguish the lamp this blessed night? If he does he will have counted without his host. I'll enlighten his dark mind, moreover, with a display of strength that he little calculates on. Anon, I drew forth my trusty double-barrelled pistol, adjusted the caps, and clicked the locks, then examined the point of a dagger, as if it were part of my evening service before bed. “Did you speak, sir?” suddenly turning sharply round, towards the stranger's bed. A deep guttural sound was the reply; another, and another—a snore! Sleep in the room with a snorer ye that can, it is beyond my reach—“the force of nature can no further go!”

Rose this morning in very bad humour—slept badly; resolve to quit this sweet spot immediately. Fortunately the mail-wagon starts from this to Janesville, on Rock River. Secure a seat, paying four dollars for the same; an exorbitant price for a seat in such a lumbering old concern. But two passengers—myself and a carpenter, 7 who carries a tool-chest big enough for a meal-chest or bacon-bin. This abominable chest, or box, caused us much disquietude during the roughest part of the route, tumbling from side to side, till at last it was somewhat steadied by two girls, who seated themselves in the rear. The whip

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was all politeness and gallantry to the young ladies—they protested they had been tired out visiting their friends. One of them, a pretty dark-eyed girl, was glib and pert of speech; she bandied jests with the carpenter and driver, silenced them by her volubility, and drove the carpenter to commit himself so far as to sing, or make some abortive effort to squall and groan forth, “I see them on their winding way.”

Mount Pleasant Post-office: here we stop to deliver the mail, and the postmaster being out, his wife asks us to enter her house, and eat some wild plums while the letter-bag is emptied on the floor, and the good woman, assisted by the carrier and the carpenter, proceeds to select and sort the letters, two children playing with the same.

“Clara, miss! what are you doing? Take your blackberry-stained fingers off the letters. Do, that's a dear! Give me that letter with the red seal.”

“No, I wont, ma.”

“Give it to me for this plum, dear.”

“No, I wont, miss—I'll keep it.”

“There! lift up the infant; don't you see the state the floor, and the letters, and the newspapers are in?” exclaimed the carrier, as the post-mistress caught up her child, and the young ladies eating plums held up their hands and exclaimed, “My!”

We have got rid of the carpenter and his box, and proceed gaily over the prairie; but the young ladies have grown very reserved, and the driver's jests fall “flat, stale, and unprofitable.” The best part of the prairie lands in this district are settled on or taken up by speculators.

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Halt at the house or cabin of a New Englander: he owns about one thousand acres of the prairie, and seems well to do. His wife soon spread out her store of good things before us

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—fried pork, savoury stew of chicken, prairie-hen, potatoes, &c., tea, coffee, rich cream, pickles, cheese, cheesecakes, cherry-pie, and excellent bread and butter. Our host regulated our seats at his table with great ceremony:—“Miss Eola Jemima Flatwash—be seated, miss, at my right hand; Aristibia Marianna Dido—take your stool, miss, to my left; stranger—sit down, sir, beside my wife, &c.; and thus the post-boy and others being adjusted at the table, we fell upon the savoury viands like prairie wolves. Here I met one of my Yankee acquaintances, Abimelech Boels, so altered in his outward man, that I only recognized his guessing voice. Last time I had seen him, he was dressed up full fig, in Buffalo, a regular swell, puffing cigars, and talking like a magnate of the land; now he was clothed in fustian, sported a vagabond old chip hat, two inches of dismal beard, and drove a team of blind horses in a creaking waggon, laden with a winnowing machine, for cleaning corn.

“I have made a pretty decent speculation,” said he, pointing to “that ar waggon.” “I hired that consarn, horses and yoke, for six York shillings a-day, at Milwaukee, took along the machines, set them a-working for the farmers as was hurried to get their wheat into the market, worked some, and sold some, and now I'm going right back with the waggon.”

“I thought you were in the fur trade,” said I.

“Well, captain, I'm in the fur trade every winter; but in the spring and fall I fly round a bit, and in summer go loafing northeast, like the best of ye.”

Mr. Boels then informed me he had fixed his eye upon a good location near a small lake—a rolling prairie, and some wood lots. He had fixed it, he said, and meant to call in at the Land Office at Milwaukee, when he had disposed of his winnowing machine; and the postman calling out that he was all right, I left my quondam companion in earnest discussion with the host, the beauties and perfections of the winnowing machine being “the one loved theme” and topic of conversation.

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Halt for the night beside the Fox river, at the tavern kept by the father of one of our lady passengers. This man has not prospered in the West—the cause of his misfortunes stands close by his humble log house in the gigantic skeleton of a frame house, through which the wind groans lugubriously. Instead of buying stock, farming utensils, &c., this unhappy individual has expended his all upon the carpenters and blacksmiths who have erected you unsightly fabric. He intended to have set up a hotel in the midst of this rising city of five houses, called Burlington; a dam was built across the river, a mill set up by speculators, and anon, half the population swept off with congestive fever—the sure and invariable attendant upon new mill-dams in the West. From this death-blow, the new village never recovered, though my host believes that “the badness is all out of the milldam now”; and that being settled, we sat down to sea; Miss Eola declaring that she cannot stoop to help with a good grace after her visiting tour, same time she assures her fair companion that she may have “her tea free”—to sit down and make herself at home. Our hostess seems to be an amiable person with a sore foot; she rejoices at the safe return of her daughter, to whom the letter-carrier pays fierce and marked attention, which the young lady rejects quite as pointedly. Anon, the host informs me of his lasses and misfortunes—his sheep have been devoured by the wolves, and last night his big dog did battle with a vagrant grey wolf, who had smelt out a fatted calf in the stable. “If it had been a prairie wolf I would have settled him with an axe when the dog bruckled him,” said he; “but the grey wolf is able for half a dozen dogs, so I only pelted him with stones, till ge sheered off.”

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Tea over, our hostess began to read the newspaper aloud, and her son, a fine boy, was all ear. She read about the burning of the Erie steam-boat—it was a glowing article, a red-hot description of the horrors of the scene and the tortures the passengers endured. Every one listened with breathless anxiety to the account—for several neighbours had dropped in—but the youth crept close to his mother, and looked up, with feverish excitement in his eyes as she read on, till at last she began to read the names of the Swiss and others supposed to be lost, and then the youth burst into tears.

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“My!” exclaimed the mother, “what's the matter with the boy?”

“I've a thorn in my foot,” sobbed he, “and I rubbed it now. I'll go to bed.”

“Go to bed, you goose!” said the father, not at all approving of his son's sensibility, while the postman and his dearie, who had sat aside in the shade, laughed heartily; but laughing was soon silenced by a box on the ear and a scratched face when that gentleman attempted to ravish a kiss from the coy damsel. He was very wroth, and she was called to order by her mother, who told her daughter she should “think shame of herself to be so rude, but that was always the way she went on”—advised her not to carry her head so high, and not to treat her guest so scornfully.

Now, for my own part, I think the said quest, or wooer, deserved the rebuke more than the daughter, but I never interfere in a family affair. We were soon ushered up to bed in the garret, in which we found six beds fastened to the walls, curtained on one side, and covered closely in at an angle of forty-five degrees by the roof, and, through the ancient shingles, the moon afforded the unpleasing prospect of sundry huge spiders and creeping things hanging over our devoted heads. The postman slept and 11 snored like a walrus; the big dog sat under the window, and bayed the moon till I wished him at Jericho— *“Tis sweet to hear watch-dog's honest bark,”* Saith Byron—any time but at midnight under one's pillow— *“The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind.”*

In truth, this dog seems to bark at the echo of his own harmonious voice, for, save and except the splash of the Fox river, there is naught else worth baying at—nathless, till “chanticleer sung cock-a-doodle doo” I could not close an eye. Breakfast over, we pursue our journey; but, ere we started, my host took me aside and offered to sell his farmhouse, skeleton of a house and all, for—,less by one-half than the log house he occupied had cost; in fact, he wanted to go further west, he said. But I was not enamoured with the location either. Paid him my fifty cents, and went on my way in very dubious humour, having lot a bunch of keys somewhere between Racine and Fox river. This day our route

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ran through splendid prairies; the white and yellow flowers of the rosin weed and weed milk spread their bloom to the sun, but not a living thing save a stray butterfly or, mayhap, a wild bee cheered the eye. I looked in vain for deer, prairie hens, or prairie wolves—all was silent as the grave. Sometimes we passed clumps of trees, and startled a few wild pigeons; the postman, or knight of the post, endeavoured to cheer on his horses with songs and hymns—he had lost two horses, he affirmed, last week, by permitting them to eat prairie grass; but this I could not credit. One of the horses he now drove was borrowed on trial, he said; and a very severe trial he put him to. At mid-day, we stopped at the house of the person he borrowed the horse from, and a long argument took place, the whip and the owner retiring to the rear of the premises for one hour, while I sauntered about the grove and prairie, in quest of flowers, &c. Returning to the premises, I found my whip and the man of the house seated almost back to back upon a bench at the stable door—each whittling away for the bare life, and a goodly heap of shavings before them. Having watched this process for some time, I begged to hint to my mail-carrier that “time and tide wait for no man,” and at last succeeded in getting him away from his whittling bench, two hours having been lost thereon; and even then the bargain for the horse was not completed, because, as he said, I had disturbed them.

“The ‘tarnal old chip,” said he, “he sticks out for seventy dollars for this pony. I offered fifty in dicker, or sixty on time; but it was no go. But I’ll be at him again when I’m a-going-back—I’ll whittle the nonsense out of him.”

Dined at the house of a thriving new Englander, who, from small beginnings is now the proprietor of five thousand acres of prairie land; he has enclosed several fields of Indian corn with ditches instead of rails—more permanent work—answering the double purpose of staying the prairie fire and keeping off cattle; he has sunk a well, and built stable, barn, and hog-pen, on a large scale, and, like a wise man, lived, up to this, in a simple log and mud cabin. I am really at a loss to know where the good people in this country—this out of the way place—find all the good things they set before travellers, especially the New Englander; they seem to live better here than they do at home, and riot in pumpkin pies

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and all sorts of cakes and meats, savoury stews, &c.; and, to be sure, wine and strong drink is not to be found on the table, but rich cream, and excellent tea and coffee, fill up the vacuum, and invariably conclude a meal fit for an alderman.

The trifling sum of twenty-five cents, or two York shillings a-head, is the moderate demand for all this—and more, for some 13 travellers smoke the landlord's pipe, and others take gum-ticklers and gin-slings by way of a “*chasse café*.”

Near Black Hawk Grove we discovered a flight of sand-hill cranes; about thirty of them alighted on the prairie, and went stalking about like grenadiers—they are said to be very good eating. Black Hawk Grove, or the oak opening, situate on a little hill, was the rendezvous of that celebrated Indian chief, when he carried fire and sword through the regions of his forefathers. Near this place he was taken prisoner by stratagem and the treachery, saith my postman, of the Pottawattomies, and sold to General Dodge. Certes, Dodge and his men have dodged the poor Indians out of the land, and we have passed over land enough this day to have maintained all the whites and Indians in the whole territory.

Janesville: here we arrived at last, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain. The hotel was crowded with wayfaring men; some were very noisy, talking politics at the bar; others, gravely discussing the late example that had been made of the horse thieves and gamblers down the river. Twenty had been Lynched into the flood—and if twenty more had been thrown after them it would have been no great loss, say they, for society will purge and purify itself even in a new country.

Not a man spoke in favour of the unfortunate men who had met with such an untimely end; and a stranger upon the banks of Rock River had better think twice before he disclaims against Lynch law. For my own part, I believe some such law is absolutely necessary in a country where the executive moves so slowly that the guilty may easily evade the grasp of justice, seated upon that clumsy and complicated vehicle, yclept the law of the land. Here

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I am happy to secure a single bed, in the midst of upwards of twenty beds, ranged in the attics of the hotel—bless the mark!—and slept like a watchman, notwithstanding the deep bass, and shrill treble snorers on every side.

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Started across Rock River this morning, with a fresh letter-carrier, who has a one-horse waggon and two buffalo robes, sundry sacks of letters, a severely-dressed gentleman and his trunk, myself, and a youth, bound for Sugar River Diggins. The horse, I say, has enough to do to walk with this load at his tail, over the prairies; and to make the trip more delightful, the rain began to fall in torrents. Janesville, though the name betokens a town, contains but three or four houses in its bailiwick. The site of it is pretty enough, but the grass grows high enough in the streets and squares as yet. This dismal day we have not had a single gleam of sunshine; even the prairie hens, and we saw several packs, did not think it worth their while to fly more than a rod or two, when we disturbed them. A walking-stick gun was fired at them, with little effect, and, as I thought, proved a mere catchpenny affair, though the owner boasted he had shot down deer with it. Saw a fine fox leisurely trotting along the side of an oak opening; he was nearly black. Certes, he seemed as vain of his brush, as many of our Eastern dandies, or a Broadway loungeur, of his moustache, or rouch. Met a horse trotting merrily along the prairie, with some broken harness dangling about him; he soon joined our horse, with a glad neigh. We caught him, and found it no easy matter to lead him along. Five or six miles further we found the trail of a buggy; followed it, and soon discovered the buggy, upset between two trees, and broken—no owner to be seen. We continued our route through fine rolling prairie and oak openings, quite parkish, and the oak seems to be the only tree that escapes or resists the fires; however, I observed their stunted growth and gnarled appearance bespoke the rough raising of prairie trees, exposed to winds, fires, frosts, and snows. This day we passed the debris of two houses—one a log, and the other a frame house—which had been burned by prairie fires—fate of the inmates unknown, though their carelessness is manifest to all—a simple trench or ditch 15 round their dwellings would have stopped the fire, or turned

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aside the destroying element. The absence of streams and pounds of water is one of the draw-backs to a prairie farm; though water is easily found, by digging wells, even on the highest prairie; still, in my mind, a stream of water, though feeble as a silver thread, should be a *sine qua non* to settlers in the West. Seven miles from the broken buggy, we found an old man asleep under a tree, and, having roused him up, to know what he did mere, were favoured with some very hard names, and a sharp rebuke, for having disturbed his slumbers. Rubbing his eyes with his horny brown hands, and stretching himself out longer and taller every minute, he demanded—"Where the d—I we came from!" &c. &c.; then suddenly starting forward, pounced upon the led horse, exclaiming—"Aha, ye loafing half-breeds, d'ye mean to steal my horse? I'll have ye Lynched all round for this!—where's my buggy?"

"Upset—smashed—wheel upwards—seat downwards, seven or eight miles away, on the prairie!" responded one of my party.

This seemed to recall the wool-gathering brains of this bewildered man, especially as we refused to let him have the horse until he gave an account of himself; and, after some grumblings, he told us, he was "all straight." "You see I've been to Madison with my son the printer, as prints the 'Loco Foco' newspaper; we took a horn before I left, last night, and I came right away in the buggy, and turned in here—so give me the horse, and have done with your jabber." We permitted him to take the horse, and not forget his bottle, which had been his consolation under the greenwood tree.

It was night before we wended our way through the magnificent streets, squares, and avenues of the young capital of Wisconsin. My companions, favoured by the darkness of the night, amused themselves by telling me the names of the various streets we passed through, on our way to the hotel, while I 16 strained my eyes into the oak openings, right and left, in quest of balconies, piazzas, stoops, and colonnades.

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Mr. Morrison, the innkeeper, welcomed us to Madison, led the way into his bar, volunteered whisky and water, or a cobbler, to drive the night dew out of our throats. Moreover, the good man accommodated me with a single-bedded room, a luxury I had not enjoyed for some time. Sunday morning: rose refreshed, and marched out to look at the city, which had vanished like a dream, leaving that great unsightly fabric, the capital, with its tin dome glittering in the sun, and some forty houses, of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, rained about here and there sparingly, at the corner of the *projected* streets and thoroughfares of this embryo town. Entered the capital, which I found full of chips, shavings, and mortar: from the door and raised platform, *en revanche*, we have a splendid view of third and fourth lakes—for, as yet, the lakes have been only numbered, it would seem—and there is a chain of beautiful little lakes about Madison. There is nothing grand about the scenery, but all that quiet beauty of wood and water, frequently seen in the old settled country at home. Return to the hotel, which is the largest house in the place, save the capital, and no great shakes after all. In the parlour, I found two spry-looking men seated on a sofa, covered with coon-skin. One of them hailed me directly; he said we had met before, down east, in a steam-boat, though, for my part, I never recollected having had that honour. He began, by telling all he knew about the country; and his calling or profession being that of barrister, or advocate, I did not feel inclined to woo his acquaintance; nevertheless, he resolved to cultivate mine, and we soon jogged along, like sworn brothers. Breakfast, and indeed all our meals, are taken in the cellar, or basement story of the house, where our hostess, who is said to be a blue, deigned to preside over the tea-pot. Our party was made up of lawyers, their wives, and certain hangers-on, employed and expectants at the seat of government, 17 a doctor, and an exquisite from Chicago, in a very severe blue coat and plucky waistcoat. He held his head very high, as best became him, being employed to cover the dome of the capital with new tin, in his capacity of tinker. Last, not least, at our able, sat the major. The colonel, captain, or squire, as he was called by the guests, Bildad Morrison, our respected host—an original root from the American bottom, as he was wont to boast, when people spoke of their homes down east or south—“I’m from the richest soil in the known world—the American Bottom,

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in Illinois.” Then followed a grandiloquent account of the wondrous vegetation, the fruits, roots, and shoots of that bottomless bottom of rich vegetable matter, where common blackberries were as big as peaches—peaches as big as cocoa-nuts, and pumpkins grew as big (you may stare gentlemen!) as the insignificant elevations called hills in this country. Wisconsin is rather flat, but then her pumpkin hills were more than I could swallow; and I left the table, before the forest of Indian cornstalls and the rest of the monstrosities of the American Bottom were paraded. By way of dessert, it was a fortunate circumstance that our host possessed such a garden in his luxuriant brain as enabled him to dispense with the rich productions of Illinois at his table, without a murmur; but how he had reduced himself and family to enjoy a tomato, was beyond my comprehension. Tomato was the word—the theme—the song, from morning till night—from night till morning. The first morning I descended to the bar, there sat the colonel in his white and black chip hat, set jauntily over his round, heavy, swelled face, his crooked foot resting on one knee, his twisted hand resting upon that, (he had been blown up at the Diggins, near Mineral Point,) and his expressive mouth full of a red tomato. That swallowed, he held up another love-apple tantalizingly, to a feeble little child, and, mincing his voice, he would exclaim, “Who'll have a tomato? Who'll kiss me for a tomato?” In truth, not I; having 18 in the early part of my days looked upon that grovelling fruit as poison, and never having tasted it even as a pickle with much gusto, I was not prepared to enjoy the tomato feast, at the capital of Wisconsin.

The garden at the rear of the house seemed to produce no other fruit or vegetable. At breakfast we had five or six plates of the scarlet fruit pompously paraded and eagerly devoured, with hearty commendations, by the guests. Some eat them with milk, others with vinegar and mustard, some with sugar and molasses. I essayed to follow suit, and was very near refunding the rest of my breakfast upon the table, the sickly flavour of flat-tongue grass, sour milk, and raw cabbage, being concealed under the beautiful skin of the love-apple I had the temerity to swallow.

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At dinner, tomatoes *encore*, in pies and patties, mashed in side dishes, then dried in the sun like figs; at tea, tomato conserves, and preserved in maple sugar; and to crown the whole, the good lady of the hostel launched forth at night into the praise of tomato pills.

Having mustered a party of three idlers—the lawyer, the doctor, and myself, to wit—we go a shooting, being resolved to kill time, if we can slay naught else, with our rifles. Here the generosity of our host was tested; he had two rifles, which he never used, I wanted to borrow one of them, and leave a fowling-piece and the rest of my baggage for its safe return. No; he had made up his mind not *to loan* his rifles; but he directed me to the house of a man who might *loan* me one, as he was a Britisher also. Away I posted to the house of my compatriot, who kept a bar and billiard-table. Three rough-hewn bumpkins were actually learning to play billiards, under the eye of the marker, a soft-faced, greasy-looking youth; and the reefs in the cloth bespoke the severe play of the backwoodsmen.

Inquiring for the boss, I was directed to a fat, bloated snorer, upon two stools, within the bar; having with difficulty made 19 him understand my position as a stranger and Britisher wanting to borrow his rifle, he extended his fat paw, and we shook hands with great cordiality. His rifle was like himself, rather the worse of the wear, the lock uncertain, and the barrel dirty.

“But you are welcome to it,” said he, “such as it is.”

He then invited me to drink a *sling* with him, told me a little of his disastrous history, wished he had never left old England, instead of buying farms on the prairie. He had been prevailed on to purchase town lots, ruined, beggared, “and this is all that remains of all I brought here,” said he, looking round in maudlin sorrow at the battles within the bar, and the table without.

We shouldered our rifles, and skirted the lakes in vain—not a shot did we get at bird or beast; the wild ducks fluttered away into the reeds, the bald eagles, and hen hawks

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watched our motions, and at last we sat down, covered with perspiration, in the vain hope of seeing deer, this being a famous “deer run,” according to the doctor. “Twilight gray had, in her sober livery, all things clad”; and if the deer did not come forth, the mosquitoes did. I quietly endured their assaults for some time, till one of them marched down my back and another went to meet him, up my inexpressibles.

‘*A pis aller!*’ I exclaimed; “there is no deer to be met with, so let us turn our arms upon the mosquitoes and on small deer.”

My companions agreed it was useless to remain on our knee and elbows any longer, and as we returned we fired random shots right and left. I bagged two woodpeckers, the others robins a-piece, ditto one pigeon claimed by all, having sustained the fire of three rifles before he fell from the branches of the hemlock tree. We endured a good deal of raillery from our host and the ladies, upon our noble exploits, especially as the woodpeckers, robins, &c., were served up in a stew morning at breakfast.

Wishing to visit Sauk prairie, where a certain Hungarian Count was located, I asked my host to furnish me with a horse.

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“Perhaps you want a horse and buggy?” said he.

I told him a saddle horse would answer my purpose much better.

“Well, there is not a saddle horse to be hired in the place,” said he.

“Well, then, the horse and buggy will answer,” said I.

“But there is not a horse and buggy you can loan, in Madison; nor yet a waggon, nor cart, nor mule, nor jackass.”

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In truth, the only quadrupeds and beasts of burden to be seen in the streets, are hogs and oxen. The hogs, of the true snake-eating, half-rat, half-alligator breed, infest the doors; the oxen, worn down with toil, jingle their bells as they browse about the high-ways and bye-ways.

Notwithstanding all this, I soon discovered our obliging host had three good horses in his own stable, yet permitted his guests to go trampling through the woods and swamps, at the risk of their being lost "to him and his heirs for ever," sooner than win golden opinions by accommodating them.

Five days have been consumed in Madison, and I see no prospect of getting out of the place; the mails are carried to Fort Winnebago, and elsewhere, upon Indian ponies, and Indian ponies don't carry double. I began to prepare a knapsack, look to my boots, and resolved to march out of the capital at peep o' day next morning, but my good intentions were frustrated by an awful thunder-storm, followed by hail and rain; and immediately after, a waggon, and a pair of cream-coloured horses, driven by a large, good-natured-looking man, with a smartly-dressed dame at his side, pulled up at our door; and the reeking buffalo robe being handled out, and a chair officially pushed under the lady's feet by the host, Governor Doty and his lady were welcomed to Madison, by every one in the house.

The news of the governor's arrival soon spread abroad, and before night his Excellency had a regular levee, the bar-room and parlour being filled with official personages, and visitors 21 come to pay their respects. The governor had just returned from St. Peter's, where he had concluded a treaty with a powerful tribe of the Dakota Indians. The Indians had ceded to the United States a considerable tract of land; on which the governor intended to carry out his benevolent plan of an Indian farm; in short, a reserve for the Indians, upon which the whites could not encroach at a future day. School houses were to be established, and farming implements furnished.

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I was glad to find, even at the eleventh hour, justice was to be done to the red men of the wilderness; and the governor rose hourly in my estimation. The weather having cleared up a little, the three chasseurs made a tour to the prairie in the governor's waggon, which he immediately *loaned* us, wishing us success.

Away we went, over roads, ruts, and logs, with the spanking cream colours, but the rain came down in torrents, and we were glad to halt at a settler's foundation, near the prairie. The old man was not at home, and my companions tied up the horses, and then entered the barn, while I made my way into the house, *malgré* a boisterous cur dog. I found the *dame du logis*, a fair-haired little woman, seated in the midst of the kitchen, parlour, and hall, reading a newspaper (not the cleanest), while her help *flew round* and arranged knives, forks, and plates, upon the table. I hailed the omen, and, as we had not dined, beckoned to my companions to come into the house, which they did very reluctantly, as they had not been invited to shelter their heads by the mistress of the loggery, who, being in that way all "ladies like to be who love their lords," maintained her seat, her gravity, and silence, till the old man came in, dripping like a wet sack, and quite as forbidding in his appearance. He was old enough to be his wife's father, and on his rough countenance, begrimed with mire and perspiration, his beard grew out in patches— "*The upper part thereof was whey, The nether, orange mixed with grey.*"

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He had been laudably engaged frightening the blackbirds from his corn-fields, and might sing— *They put me in a barley-field to frighten away the crows, And its oh! and its oh! such a beauty I do grow.*" Shortly after him two men and a boy, carrying baskets full of wild plums, entered the house; they were the junior branches of the family, and looked as wet and rosy as their baskets of wild plums. The rain still came down in torrents, and dinner did not make its appearance; the black pot was full of smoking potatoes, and the stove had ceased to warm the *melange*, heaps of plates, pans, and dishes hanging about it. The members of the house-hold glanced impatiently at the door,—we took the hint—

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dinner was getting cold—and for the first time I left an American house, in the wilds, with an empty stomach.

“They might have offered us a few plums,” said one of my companions.

“Hogs will shew their bristles,” was the response of the other, as we returned towards our inn—wet, hungry, and disappointed.

One of our party declared, that in all his travels, he had never met with a more inhospitable set than the settlers we had just quitted; while another related an anecdote.

He had been travelling in Ohio on a day like this—the rain came down awful, and he put up his waggon and team at a large farm-house; the folks, he said, were like the folks we had just seen, only perhaps they shewed more bristles all at once, for they never asked him to sit down; nevertheless he did sit down, and watch them eating their breakfast; then saw the dinner prepared and eaten. Evening came on, and with it supper for a dozen; they spread out pans of rich milk and cream upon the table, that tempted him sorely to ask for a drop of something to drink, but he refrained; and the boors and their dames began supping up the milk before him. They talked of cows and calves; one said ‘he had seen three calves that were reared by one cow.’ Another said ‘he had seen four that were all suckled by one cow, and became fine beasts.’

“I have seen five,” chimed in the hungry chasseur.

“Well, now—that beats all,” exclaimed the boor. “We know very well that four calves might suck a cow at the same time; one might suck at one side, one at the other, one before, and one behind; but what did the fifth do?”

“The fifth,” said the chasseur—“the fifth—why, he, great calf milk.” “And having said thus, I bowed to the calves and hogs, and drove away in my waggon, at ten at night, not having eaten a morsel the whole day, and my horses having fared likewise in the empty barn.”

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Once more we endured the raillery of the ladies and gentlemen at home. Forsooth, they had expected to have seen us return with a waggon-load of bar, of buffalo, or deer. "Mighty hunters we were," &c. As it was, we had brought home most voracious appetites in our wet jackets, and the dinner was over. Our hostess, seeing we had returned empty-handed, I suppose concluded we were not worth our salt, which, considering we paid two dollars a-day, was rather hard; so I descended to the lower regions, and discovered, or surprised, our hostess washing her caps. She was very wroth, and directed me to the cook, a brawling Irishwoman, who presided over the culinary department—that insignificant concern being beneath the notice of our literary lady of blue-stocking and cap-washing notoriety. The sorry remains a cold shoulder of mutton, cold potatoes, and of course raw tomatoes, rewarded my perseverance.

This morning a teamster from Mineral Point halted to bait his weary *span*. Such a favourable opportunity of getting away from the capital is not to be neglected, and three of our party bargained to be carried away, bag and baggage, wherever the said teamster<sup>24</sup> was bound for. Madison is only three years old, contains about three hundred inhabitants. The situation, as I said before, is picturesque and agreeable, built upon a peninsula between two lakes of pure water, having a limestone bottom. As to trade, it has none, or is it likely to become a place of business; therefore little inducement can be offered to capitalists or speculators to disturb the peace of the community with their varied chimeras. They speak of building a church and chapel, but at present the people put up their petitions in a log cabin, which, though not quite so convenient as a cathedral, answers the same end. Our teamster has picked up a goodly load, two English women, one of them with an infant, only ten days old, in her arms—her husband a disappointed emigrant from Lincolnshire; the governor's secretary, Mrs.—, an amiable young man, travelling (I cannot say post-haste) with dispatches to Washington; the two hunters, one of whom has been staying at Madison for three weeks, in the vain expectation of finding his horse, which he lost *en route* to Fort Winnebago, but now despairs of ever seeing again; myself, the teamster, and his friend. A goodly load to be dragged along the roads

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by two very so-so horses; and though, for the honour of the thing, we drove out of town in a canter, jostling and rolling about like so many empty baskets, the moment we got into the sequestered road, we alighted, and shouldering our rifles and umbrellas, marched *en avant*, leaving the women and invalids with the heavy baggage. The first day's march, *en route*, we bagged eight prairie hens, some pigeons, robins, quail, and a species of snipe; winged some ducks, which we could not recover from the lakes, and nearly slew a dog in lieu of a prairie wolf. We had waded up a swamp at twilight in quest of snipe, when the heavy splashing of some long-bodied beast behind us attracted our attention. My companion had just fired at a duck, when a growl and considerable splashing was heard: "It's a wolf—a wolf!" he shouted, "fire upon him"; 25 and I ran through the marsh in full pursuit of the retreating wolf, gun cocked, ready to slap-bang at him the first view I got of his pate. "Dianna shoot, mon—dinna shoot my doggin," hallooed a brawny Scot, who had watched our motions, and thus saved his cur from being peppered. He invited us to enter his dwelling, hard by, and a more miserable human abode I had never seen; it was little better than a hole scooped in a bank under the root of an oak tree; here the squatter's wife offered us milk. I did not admire the appearance of the man, though he talked very big about his farm, and said he came from the birth-place of William Wallace, at home, not being able to tell in what shire said birth-place, or his late home was to be found. This night our caravan halted at a large farm-house near Rock river. The farmers were flourishing like flaggers; they had fields of Indian corn and wheat, and oats, and pumpkins, and potatoes, and vegetables; in short, the farmers get on famously here: they have no roots and stumps to contend with, and the soil seems to be inexhaustible. We sleep up stairs—only seventeen in one chamber; beds on the floor; pillows, at least mine, was a goodly cheese; ropes of onions, in festoons, my curtains.

Breakfast upon a savoury stew of the game we shot yesterday—snipes, prairie hens, quails, pigeons and robins, all stewed up together, so that the particular flavour of each bird was lost in this splendid soup à la Meg Merriles. Cross the Rock River in a ferry-boat, below the ancient city of Aztalan, as the village, or half dozen huts and some green Indian

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mounds, are called. A farmer shewed me sundry bits of pottery and brick which he said, with great reverence, had been lately dug up from the ruins of Aztalan city, but I assured him his antiquities were the remnants of some Indian camp—the debris of a savage, instead of a civilized race, which he contended had established the city of his pride.

Whitewater is decidedly the prettiest little village I have yet seen in this wild country; the villas are built apart, as they ought to be, with great regularity, each having a goodly garden of rich soil; so that, in the words of Goldsmith, “Every rood of ground (may have) maintained its man,” even in a town, without the aid of the noble army of capitalists and speculators and their martyrs. There are several Germans, and some very intelligent New-English folks at Whitewater. They have a mill which does not require great water-power; and if the great manufacturer can be kept at bay, they will grow up a happy community, in the midst of a fine agricultural and pastoral country.

Between Whitewater and Prairieville the country is thinly settled, most of the land being taken up by speculators. This is the ruin of the country, but it is to be hoped the tax on wild land will soon make the speculators either reside on, or sell their prairies. The teamster pointed out sundry thriving farms, which he termed Bachelor's Ruins; though, for my part, I saw nothing ruinous about the farms so called, but quite the reverse. One of the mighty hunters and myself refuse to dine at the house of an invalid; but most votes carry, and we march on, leaving our party to eat and drink beside the bed of a man laid up with fever; but whether infectious or not, they neither know nor care. We had not walked a mile before we arrived at another settler's house. The man was working in his garden, and we wistfully eyed his melon patch. The boor spoke about the goodness of his melons; I walked on, but my companion told him I was a stranger, and got a couple of water melons from him, as he said, on my account. I did not relish the jest at all, nevertheless the water-melons were very acceptable. Passing another house, I voted we should go in and demand dinner. My companion said it was my turn to go beg. I went into the house, and finding it a dirty hovel, merely asked a dowdy Irishwoman to cut me slice of dubious-looking bread, for that poor traveller, weak with the hunger, under the tree yonder. She did so; and looking out,

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said something about “a hard case”. I enlivened her face with a shiner, and running to my Nimrod, gave him a hunch of bread, which he munched, saying it was very sticky; and when he had finished it, told him I had begged it on his account. He was very wroth, but I told him we were quits now; for if he had begged melons for me, I had begged bread for him.

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**Milwaukee and Mackinac PRAIRIEVILLE—FOREST ROAD—NORWEGIANS—MILWAUKEE—THE RIVAL EDITOR—GERMAN SETTLERS—THE GUNSMITH—NORWEGIAN SONGS—MY KEYS—LEBANON SLOPE—PIGEON SHOOTING—CAPTAIN OF THE YANKEE—BRAVOES—STORM—DOCTOR AND HIS LADY—VOYAGE TO MACKINAW—MAN DROWNED—APATHY OF THE MEN OF MACKINAW—INDIAN MISSIONARY—VOYAGE TO GREEN BAY**

Prairieville: here we halt for the night, and find the public-house crammed full of emigrants and residents—great politicians, great wranglers. Leaving those disputants in the bar-room, I was fortunate enough to get into a single bed in along bed-room, in which beds for seventeen were laid down. Woke up from my slumbers at a very early hour by the deep concert of the snorers in ever direction, and found the fog boiling into the room through the open windows. In this place, and, indeed, all along the little Fox river, the fever and ague may be traced, Breakfast upon the game we brought in ourselves, and pursue our journey through a densely-wooded country. We have left the pure ai of the prairie behind us, and now we progress very slowly over the worst road I have ever travelled—in fact, the trees have been just cut down and pulled aside, and the stumps, rocks, and ruts, render it almost impossible for the horses to tug the wagon along. This being Sunday, we have put up our guns and rifles, and walk before the wagon, perspiring at every pore and panting for breath. From time to time we pass groups of Norwegians, who have emigrated from their own forests to locate themselves in the only difficult and impracticable belt of woods in Wisconsin; they have already made some little clearing, but I think their labour and time quite thrown away. At 29 last, *Dieu merci*, we catch a glimpse of the blue waters

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of Lake Michigan, at the end of the long avenue of dismal woods and infamous roads through which we have been wending our way for hours from Pairieville to Milwaukee. Even in that short route of fifteen miles I suffered more from heat and fatigue than I have yet experienced in America; for what with the closeness of the air, absence of water, and—but here we are at last, crossing a good wooden bridge into quite a gay looking town—white stoops, sign boards over stores, houses and villas perched on high banks and cheerful aspects—our waggon proudly drawn up at the door of the Milwaukee House. We are invited to enter and prepare for dinner by one host, while the other (for there are a pair of them) recognises one of our party as an old friend, and invites him into the bar.

From the stoop in front of our hotel, we look down upon the river—the lake *a la distance*—the wooded point, on which white villas already begin to rise—the marsh, through which a road has been made and lots conveyed—and the main street. In another direction we see the light-house, the episcopal church, the presbyterian and methodist chapels, and sundry gay white cottages rising out of a scrubby sort of jungle which grows in the high bluff above the lake. Altogether, it is not an unpleasing picture; and when we reflect that seven years ago there was only a single farm-house in the place and a few Pottawattomie wigwams, we must acknowledge that the Yankees possess the locomotive power of getting towns long faster than the Canadians, and to better purpose.

Many of the store-keepers, clerks, and single-men lodgers, editors of newspapers, and clericos, board at our house: certes, the charge for bed-room, board, breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper is not very exorbitant—only six York shillings a-day, and everything in very good style. Finding my host civil, though not at all communicative, I resolved to stay a few days at Milwaukee, 30 to watch the progress of men and things in this singular place. It is no easy matter to pick information out of the denizens here; in other countries, a man may pick up some knowledge, even at a *table d'hôte* but here every man seems wide awake—all eyes, no ears, hands and mouth generally full of his own affairs—his meals are dispatched with impatient haste, bordering on voracity—after meals, he swingeth upon his chair, squirting tobacco juice, hands thrust deeply in pockets, or whittling toothpicks—he

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swallows a gin-sling, and flings out of the door—he's gone, like a streak of oiled lightning. Whosoever thinks he receives information from one of these slick gentleman, I say, has been, to use their own singular expression, "*sucked*"—left clean as an empty egg-shell, for the rule is to "gammon a stranger" who persists in asking questions, telling him something "awfully musical," and receiving as much of his plain history and adventures as he is ass enough to communicate.

The rival editors of the Whig and Loco-foco papers board in the house, and lash one another daily in the columns of their papers. One has inserted a paragraph, saying, "that his rival has not paid his board bills"; the other demands the author of that base calumny, and openly declares his intention to shoot the author of it on the spot, whenever he finds him, and goes about armed for this purpose. Matters in this position, it is somewhat amusing to see the editors sitting balanced on their chairs in the bar, grinning defiance at each other; one picking his teeth and squirting tobacco-juice and blood on the floor; the other, fiercely whiffing a cigar with his heels in the air; while mutual friends and admirers lounge round, reading their lucubrations and red-hot articles aloud, from the columns of their favourite papers.

Several Germans have built houses and settled down here. One of them, a very intelligent, hard-working fellow, was a gunsmith; he had plenty to do, repairing old rifles and fowling-pieces. As he did a small job for me, I generally spent half-an-hour 31 in his shop every day, inspecting the singular armoury, old French, Dutch, German, and English guns and pistols, for every man westward-bound thinks he must bring a rifle or fowling-piece with him, which presently gets out of repair, and is sent unto my friend, the gunsmith, and either forgotten, or "left till called for" in his custody.

I found the Indians generally loafing about his house; they seemed to take particular delight in looking at the guns, and watching the gunsmith as he laboured at the bench. Same time, he assured me those Indians, (Pottawattomies, from whom the town lands were bought,) were never troublesome; they preferred the ground in front of his house

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because it was the highest spot about the town, (except our hotel,) from which they could look down upon the stirring scenes going on below. But whenever a gun was to be tried, their joy was great—they fixed up a board for a target, and even the old men and boys tumbled head over heels, in their speed to examine the mark when the shot was fired.

This gunsmith was a native of Nassau, he had recently read Stephens's new work, and was anxious to converse about Indian antiquities, Jews, and Egyptians; but our conversations were frequently disturbed by his good frow, a tall, severe-looking woman, older than himself. The moment his file and hammer ceased to grate on the ear, a door opened, and that good dame pronounced a few mystic words, and he scrambled up his file, and worked away. Indeed, it is not clear to me but the good woman directed part of her rebuke to myself for idling her man, and loafing about the store, like an Indian.

Here I became acquainted with several Germans, and, amongst the rest, a very worthy man, a chandler, from Wirtemberg. The Germans were dissatisfied—they said they had expended their money building houses in this town; that they had originally intended to have settled on prairie lands, and farmed; 32 many of them had been educated for that purpose at home, in the agricultural schools or colleges, but when they landed here, they could find no prairie lands—all seemed wood, and therefore they did as the Yankees did.

Now, they discovered that there were plenty of prairie only fifteen miles from them, but they could not buy a single acre of it, and were hard set to make both ends meet. They wished to know if I had purchased prairie lands, and would lease them, or farm a rural establishment of some sort on the prairie. I was grieved to see the poor fellows so much cast down, and assured them that if I did purchase lands in the prairie, I would not forget them.

All the drudgery and heavy work at our hotel is performed by the poor German girls, who are actually obliged to carry heavy logs of fire-wood, wash the house linen, and scrub away from morning till night. My righteous indignation was roused one morning when I saw

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a fair, delicate, blue-eyed German girl, sustaining a load of wet, slippery firewood in her white bare arms, while a clumsy, vulgar, insolent fellow, employed about the yard, was lading the poor girl with more than she could well carry.

“Come, I'll put this here crooked one on top of all,” said he, thrusting a coarse wet branch into the poor girl's fair bosom.

“G-u-u-t,” murmured the patient creature.

“Zay, hold on, missus!—put this'n under your arm,” and another stick was thrust under her arm. “Zay, hold on; put this round one between your——”

The poor girl dropped her load in an instant; she had still spirit enough to resent the boor's indecent assault. She ran to the house with tears in her eyes, and the clown seeing me approach, retreated into a stable-loft.

Several bands of Norwegians have recently arrived in the 33 town; these hardy woodsmen have been to the land office, and bought up lots in the woods. Meantime they lodge in a public-house, where the Germans have a rendezvous every night, and sing the songs of their distant fatherland. Sometimes they sally out at night, retiring from the public-house, and sing for an hour through the deserted streets. One night I was roused from my slumber by a band of those sons of harmony; they marched past, singing the national hymn of Norway, a wild and melancholy air, and as the singers retreated down the lake shore, the music had a peculiarly plaintive and solemn effect. I afterwards heard it was a band of Norwegians, who were thus chanting their favourite airs as they marched away into the woods in search of their new homes.

“Catch'em, say, catch'em!” said a letter carrier one fine morning, as he held up his hands, *en passant*, in the street, and tossed a bunch of keys at my head—the bunch of keys I had lost on the trail between Racine and Janesville, and despaired of ever seeing again. I note

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down this as a proof of the willingness to serve, help, and oblige a stranger, displayed by the rough pioneers of the western world.

This morning all the sportsmen are out shooting wild pigeons; amongst the rest, my shadow, Lebanon Slope, a young gentleman from Massachusetts, who is waiting for a consignment of goods, from New York, for his new store, in which he intends to make a rapid fortune in Whitewater. He heard me speak in praises of the rising little village of Whitewater, the home of his choice, and from that moment we were inseparable. In the woods, I found Mr. Slope at my heels, bleating about Whitewater; on the lake shore his shadow was seen in the water. I clambered up the steepest and most impracticable part of the banks, and now, thought I, Mr. Slope must slope at least a mile round before he finds me out again;—not at all; for, lo and 34 Mr. Slope glides up the bank after me, and sitting down, pulls out his knife and whittles away, while he persists there is no place like Whitewater.

“We are all young fellows there, growing up together in the bands of harmony; and in a few years when the territory becomes a state, we shall be men of weight and consequence; men respected—the patriarchs of the republic. Our names will be engraven upon the tablets of history; it will be recorded that we were the first who dared to establish our free institutions in the wilderness. Come, sir, you are at present little better than a disjointed member of society; join our enterprising gallant band. Go it while you are young, for when you are old you can't.”

This was the favourite, and not very elegant finale of Lebanon Slope's harangue. He was a shrewd, clever fellow, and will, I am sure, succeed wherever he is.

The pigeons flew very low, whole flocks skimming over the tops of the bushes, as fast as they arrived from their long flight across Lake Michigan. The townsmen kept up a perpetual fusilade; whenever I fired, Mr. Lebanon Slope fired also, with a pocket pistol, with which he pretended to shoot birds on the wing, and as often as a pigeon fell, he would

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run forward and grasp it, exclaiming, "There was a shot for you! Go it, while you're young! How slick my ball went through his eye." At one period we had exhausted our wadding, so hot had been the battle, and I was fain to wad down my powder and shot with dried leaves. But Slope was ready to keep up the play, without being beholden to the trees; tearing off his shirt sleeves, he soon made wadding enough for his pistol, and pulling out his shirt bosom and collar, he threw the residue of his shirt to me, exclaiming, "Go it, while you're young!" &c. The poor pigeons are fair game everywhere, but it is when they roost at night they are killed in cart loads even with poles. I observed some vagrant hawks hovering over some of the flocks, just as they approached the shore, and struck down sundry lagging birds, as if in mere wantonness; indeed I once nearly captured both hawk and pigeon, for both whirled down into the lake; the hawk got wet, and was only able to fly a short distance from the dead pigeon, when he alighted upon a rock, with drooping wings. Mr. Slope begged of me to let him fire his pistol at the bird, instead of capturing him alive, as I intended; but my friend's pistol was not so unerring this time; the ball skipped along the lake, and the wild hawk, having dried his wings in the sun, soared into the blue sky aloft, and looked out for a fresh quarry. The early flight of the pigeons predict storms and severe weather, and we soon experience the change from calm, delightful days, to rough, boisterous storms; rain falls in torrents, and we are regularly weather-bound. The lake looks like a vast sheet of foam, and the steamers and other craft have disappeared altogether.

Some wayworn and weather-beaten travellers have arrived from Green Bay; they declare the road to be in a dreadful state; between floods, and sloughs, and fallen timber, they were obliged to fag along on foot, leading their horses, and occasionally camping out, when they found it impossible to kindle a fire, owing to the rain and damps. One man had lost a very fine horse, he said, though he tied him to a tree—he broke loose, and he despaired of ever seeing him again. This was not very encouraging to me, especially as I had made up my mind to visit Green Bay; indeed, I found it would be madness to attempt the journey alone in such weather, and quietly awaited a change for the better. Seated

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one night at a game of chess with my friend Slope, beside the fire in the bar, the door was burst open by three dirty-looking sailors, one of whom pompously declared himself to be the captain of the Yankee schooner; he was half seas over and lame into the bargain—an Irishman to boot. Our hosts glanced timidly at each other, as the “gem” of the lake demanded a bed. They said they had no bed for him; whereupon he was supported 36 out of the house with great solemnity. Half an hour after his exit, three of the most villanous desperadoes I ever saw, entered the bar-room, briskly. They inquired if the captain of the Yankee lodged, here; then sat down by the fire, called for a bottle of brandy, swallowed the best part of it, and the leader of the gang then demanded “if that barrel of white fish had been received by the host.” The host replied in the negative.

“I guess you forget the present of white fish which the captain of the Yankee sent you, gentlemen,” said another of the gang.

The people of the house declared they had never received any ‘present from the captain.

“I guess we have a score to settle right off with you,” retorted the strangers, rising up.

“Will you pay for your brandy, gentlemen?” said the bar-keeper, obsequiously approaching the desperadoes.

“Go to——with you, you d——d lubberly, chuckle-headed varmint,” thundered one of the party, while the rest, throwing their arms a-kimbo, laughed outrageously, and the whole party retired, with their brand, unmolested. I was not sorry to see the bullying bar-keeper slink aside in confusion. He was my detestation. I do not really think I ever heard him say a civil thing, or cease blustering, while I was in the house.

Among the fashionable arrivals at our hotel, we had a certain great military doctor and Indian agent, and his wife and child, from Prairie de Chien; he was *en route* to Florida *via* New York, where he intended to leave his wife; but his plans and his temper were sadly broken up by the bad weather. He chafed himself almost into a fever, at being weather-

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bound for a week at Milwaukee. His wife was a very agreeable, lady-like woman—an easy soul—she laughed at her husband's vain vapourings, and seemed resigned to her fate. She told me a few anecdote of our Captain M——tt who had lodged at her house in Prairie de Chien, and was “quite a bear in his manner,” she protested. She 37 said there was another singular Englishman who had been loafing about Prairie de Chien, and the islands, for a year. “He was a man of good address,” she said, “and great information.” At last the governor thought he was tampering with the Indians, and had him arrested forthwith. His papers were searched, and it was then discovered that he was a man of large fortune, who had been quarrelling with his own family in London, and had deserted them all. After this, he was set at liberty, and two of the most respectable merchants at Prairie went bail for him, but he never returned to the governor again.

The Madison steamer has been lying at anchor off the mouth of our river for the last three days; she is waiting for wood, and cannot receive any assistance from shore, such is the tempestuous state of the lake; but at last, the master of the little steamer in the river resolves to make a dash out to relieve her, and we hasten on board this little cock-boat steamer, and run down the river, which is deep enough to float a vessel of three hundred tons, till we come to the Bar—“ay, there is the rub”—our little steamer not only got aground on it, but was nearly swamped by the surges of the lake, which dashed her against the side of a large steamer which has been run hard aground on the Bar by some smart fellows of Milwaukee, who had a share in her; finding they were not paid their dividend, they made a bold stroke—actually took the steamer out of the harbour in Buffalo, in which she had been laid up, and ran away with her, pursued by two or three fast steamers, but she had half a night's start of the others, and beat them all hollow. The milwaukee boys attempted to run over the Bar, and jammed the boats so fast, that she must be taken to pieces before the passage can be cleared; as it is, we were dashed against her clumsy sides, and were glad to get back again to the town, where we went to bed, and renewed our experimental voyage next day with better success, making desperate attempts to board the Madison, by means of a sliding plank, 38 sometimes our boat being swept clean

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away from the high wall-sided steamer, and the next moment dashed up right against it, during which time scrambled on board of her. The doctor's lady shrunk back from this disagreeable step; she vowed she could never—"no never!" take such a stride. The doctor was in despair. "Tut, tut—for shame!" he exclaimed. "You must jump, my dear"; and, with a sailor on each side and the doctor in the rear, the poor lady was bundled up the side, in spite of her cries and resistance; certes the poor doctor suffered for his want of gallantry; the lady peppered him roundly for his rudeness, and recovered her tone directly when her little girl insisted on sitting on her lap—"No," said she; "sit on your sweet papa's lap."

"Yes, she may sit on my knee," said the tender father; "she knows who she loves best. Why do you look so grave, my dear—my sweet little Kitty?" and the doctor dandled his pet on his knees, till suddenly he altered his note—"Mrs. L——,—I say, Mrs. L——, take this child, ma'am."

"Keep the child yourself, doctor."

"Madame, look at the state of my new military pants,—take the girl, I say."

"Not I, doctor; I have a new silk gown to look to."

"Stewardess—stewardess—stewardess!" roared the doctor, as he rushed out of the cabin, with his screaming little burden, while the lady coolly arranged her curls in the glass, and took up a newspaper.

Once more I land at Makinaw. The little village is quiet enough now the Indians have dispersed, and the fishermen and Frenchmen have gone off with their boats and canoes to seek for white fish and salmon. I was directed to the gate of a tavern, where they took in lodgers; entered the yard, and found two bears tightly chained near the door of this pleasant hotel. My request for a bed was treated with disdain by a fat frowsy old woman, while a stupid old boor, named Monsieur Lasley, 39 pointed to a corner house, and signified I could get lodgings in it. This proved a stupid jest. I knocked at the door in

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vain; till a young woman in a neighbouring house told me, the house I knocked at was uninhabited and deserted. "What a vile, inhospitable place this is!" I exclaimed— and the good woman, anxious to save her town from such an imputation, invited me to enter her cottage. It was very small—two little rooms, a bed-room and kitchen, was the whole extent of the domicile. This young woman, and her two very fine noisy children, interested me so much, that I was not aware of the lateness of the hour, till her husband, and active pushing fellow, came home, with his cows. He said, since I had found my way into his humble shed, he would try and fix up a bed for me; and forthwith went out, and returned with a borrowed bedstead on his back, which he fixed up in a corner, and we sat down to supper, as happy as kings or presidents.

This morning I took a walk round the island with a friend of my hostess, a young half-breed, an Indian Missionary bound for Grand Passage, where the Methodist have an establishment. We explored an old fort, called Fort Holmes, on the highest part of the island. It commands the new fort completely; and, with a single gun planted here, the British retook the fort last war, and held it till the peace. The island abounds in picturesque views, and beautiful sites for villas; the air is peculiarly clear and refreshing; altogether, it is considered a healthy and delightful summer residence. We explored a singular cave, and a high picturesque natural arch, or bridge, north of the island; it looks from the lake shore like the stupendous portal of a giant's castle; the dwarf pines, and some resinous shrubs, and natural woods of stunted growth, cover the hills and valley of Makinaw, though sometimes we discovered a green spot, where our soldiers planted vegetables &c. in days gone by. The Indians look on this island with superstitious dread, and have many legends concerning it. 40 I cannot forget—indeed, I have many reasons to remember—Makinaw and her inhabitants. The only hospitable man in the island is my host; the only woman of any feeling, my hostess. This conclusion I made, on being tricked by some rascally half-breeds and French, with whom I entered into an agreement to go to Sault St. Marie, in a canoe. My host assured me I ought not to trust them, and it was mainly owing to his exertions that my baggage was not carried off by those scamps in broad cloth,

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who, watching their opportunity, went off without me, this being the only time, and the only place, in all my travels and voyages, I have been served so scurvy a trick.

Embark on board the steamer, Columbus, and find a singular-looking genius reading the “Edinburgh Review,” by candle-light. While the fire-wood was dragged on board, I heard some coarse jokes passing amongst the sailors, and one of them observed—“Well, I think Pat has got his last drink, now!”

“He was always thirsty,” said another.

And then I learned that a man had fallen into the water, and been pulled out of it, insensible. Groping my way through piles of fire-wood, along the wooden pier, I directed my steps to where the rumbling sound of a rolling barrel and loud and noisy words, oaths, and laughter, announced that something singular was in the wind. The mob had been rolling the body of the man taken out of the water upon an empty flour barrel. They stopped at the door of a public-house; the body was carried in, and laid naked on the floor—rubbed with whisky, by the orders of one of my steam-boat friends, a gentleman from New York, who exerted himself nobly to restore animation to the body, rubbing with both hands and blowing into his nostrils. As to the town doctor, he moped about, neither doing nor saying anything.

“Will you bleed him, Doctor?” said one.

“I will, if you like,” said the doctor; and vein was opened.

I wished them to put the body a warm bath, but no hot water could be found, nor yet bellows in the whole place. Makinaw could not afford even a pair of bellows. The mob began to disperse, and, by great exertions, I got the stupid old woman of the house to kindle a fire in the stove, and had the body removed to an inner room. The old French woman went round the body, wringing her hands, and crying—“Ah, mon Dieu, quel malheur! pourquoi a t'on apporte ce cadavre ici.” A plate of hot salt was the last

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experiment I tried, but it was all useless, the vital spark having fled for ever. Every one had deserted the room, save myself and the old Frenchwoman. Presently, she said she would look after the clothes, and I was left alone, watching the dead.

There was something peculiarly stern, yet sorrowful, in the countenance of the corpse, that made a deep impression on me. Here was all that remained of a stranger, who, by a single false step, had been changed from a vain, and perhaps boastful, lord of the creation, to a helpless and inanimate mass—trodden under the foot of the lowest of the low, and spurned in the dust.

“His name is—here! you can read it, ma cher,” said the old woman, as she presented me with a little Roman-catholic prayer-book, which she found in the coat-pocket of the deceased; but Patrick was all I could make out. Patrick! Then the defunct had been Irish—some luckless wight, who had crossed the seas, and mayhap braved a hundred dangers, to perish thus miserably at Makinaw, unpitied and unknown.

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**Green Bay and Vicinity GREEN BAY—ASTOR HOUSE—HOT—POLITICIANS—ASTOR NAVARINO—THE JUDGE AND THE GENERAL—THE MAJOR—MR CHILDS AND THE SQUAWS—THE INDIAN AGENT—BAD WEATHER—SEARCH FOR A HORSE—NEW ORTHOGRAPHY—DODGE AND DOTY—BLACK-HAWK WAR—THE EX-GOVERNOR—WALK INTO THE COUNTRY—OLD FRENCHMAN—HIS FARMS—HERD OF DEER—BANKS OF THE FOX RIVER—A TAVERN—THE JUDGE IN A QUANDARY.**

The crank little steamer, Columbus, having weathered the equinoctial gale, which had blown her out of her course, through Death's Door, and the dangerous navigation, hidden flats, swaps, shoals, stumps, and snaggs, beset Green Bay. On Tuesday morning we rushed ashore, and sought shelter in the Astor house, from the “pelting of the pitiless storm.” Being lightly incumbered with baggage, I made my entré upon the bar-room

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books, a-head of my fellow voyageurs, thereby securing the luxury of a single-bedded room to myself. Green, the landlord, a right red-faced jovial old Boniface, flew round the stove, thrusting huge billets of wood into its fiery maw, and thus enabled the half-drenched passengers, as they dropped in, to keep up the steam till breakfast was ready. The bar-room was soon filled with passengers and townspeople, the denizens of Astor and Navarino. Hot politicians, they came full fig to hear the news, give their opinions, and express their sentiments, puffing tobacco-smoke, and squirting the juice in every direction, and frequently excluding the travel-stained voyageurs from the benefit of the fire.

“The first act of the British, in the event of war, which, of course, is inevitable,” said one of the townsmen—“the first act of the British will be, to set the Indians us.”

43

“It has been always their policy to act so,” responded a thin-legged old bachelor, with grey whiskers, black wig, and a long bodied pea-jacket.

“And it is our duty,” said the first speaker, “to prepare for the worst. Let us be on the alert, gentlemen; let us look to our arms. How many stand of arms have we in the fort to-day?”

This, and sundry inquiries of a similar description, being vaguely responded to by the gentlemen present, the first blusterer declared, that it behoved every man to look out for spies.

“Right, judge!—right, judge!” grunted three or four steady smokers.

“Ay, let all parties unite—let all parties join ‘pro aris et focus,’ gentlemen of Astor and Navarino. Let us look up out for spies—British spies. I can remember when André was hanged for a spy. British spies are amongst the Indians now; I have information on that head. Let us be prepared for action, do our duty, hang them up for a spoi, as I said, and a spoi”—

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Here a whiff of tobacco inhaled, choked the judge's oratory; he coughed, belched, sneezed, while his bloated and glowing visage being wrathfully turned from one stranger's face to another, seemed to court a black eye from the clenched fist of some indignant Britisher. I felt vexed and annoyed with this man's balderdash, and indeed, with the severe and unfriendly tone of the townspeople present. With the exception of the host, they seemed bent on kicking up a row. I thought it unhandsome, to say the least of it, to set upon strangers in this way, and with difficulty refrained from speaking my mind, though the New Yorker soon silenced them when they began to discuss the political affairs of the Union, and in the midst of their vapouring about congress and their delegates, wondered why they gave themselves so much trouble about matters that in nowise concerned them. "For ye are only the president's children," said he; 44 "you have no more influence in congress than the Indians you seem so much afraid of."

I could have embraced the man; even the judge, in his grey pepper and salt raiments, slunk out of the room, and the rest seemed extinguished in their own insignificance; but the moment the New Yorker marched off, the alarmists returned in full force; and as no man with a roof over his head would venture out in such dreadful weather, I was doomed to stay at home and listen to the long tirades of the judge, the general, the colonel, the major, the captain, and every bellicose and pot-valiant wight, who chose to rant his hour in our bar-room, till at last matters wore a gloomier aspect than ever; for M'Leod's case being discussed for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, and the prisoner duly hanged and quartered, the boundary line wiped out from the map, and laid down again convenient to the North pole, questions of greater import came on the tapis.

Two of our deck-passengers, just arrived from down-east, had been arrested in a store in Navarino, where they had attempted to pass bogus (base coin) and wild-cat money; and being examined before the judge and justice, they admitted they were going to the Indian payment. The judge declares he is surprised at nothing that he hears, and sternly informs us—"We have, in bridewell, two very suspicious characters already. Gentlemen, you are

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aware of how those fellows came here ten days ago, inquiring about the Indian payment also. They stole a wagon—what was their object in stealing that waggon, gentlemen of the jury? (beg pardon, thought I was on the bench.) Plainly and openly, it was to carry off the dollars—the specie intended for the Indians. They meant to intercept the agent, swamp the money-boat, (we have no soldiers here, thanks to the Whigs, to escort even an agent,) and so sure were they of ultimate success, that they stole Sy Hackman's waggon. Two of the confederates have arrived by the Columbus; did I say two?—many—yes, 45 many of that desperate gang may have arrived by the Columbus, as will be seen. It is a plot—a conspiracy; we are surrounded by spies, blacklegs, thieves, vagabonds, soaplocks, rowdies, loafers—look to it Mr. Agent, look to it, gentlemen of—of—Astor and Navarino!”

The Indian agent, a thin, nervous, gentlemanly-looking man, looked up like a startled rat. On hearing the judge's declaration, he coughed out a response about “doing his duty, and no more; and this being his first expedition to the Indian country as pay-master, expressed his great anxiety about the money-boxes, his regret that government, in its wisdom, had not furnished him with a guard of soldiers, as usual.”

“The regular troops have been removed from our fort—it is a fact,” said a tall, spare, hook-nosed, old smoker, called the Major, who had kept up such a well-directed stream of tobacco-juice, and latterly blood, upon the base of the stove, that I really wondered where such a reservoir of nastiness could have flowed from; indeed, the floor was defiled in every direction. It was enough to make a dog sick, and did make two dogs sick close to the stove; and a third, a great black pointer, chose to relieve his stomach upon the red damask sofa, upon which a hot politician sat down unwittingly, and made a great disturbance till the dogs were kicked out. “The regular troops are gone,” said the major, “but there are more; there are soldiers enough in Astor and Navarino, to guard their own. Where is our troop of cavalry? If the agent wishes it, he can have an escort of good men and true.”

This idea suited the present exigency of the times; there was a deal of irrelevant conversation about sabres and pistols, and carpines, and horses, and saddles; and, finally,

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it was proposed to the agent, (who, with his clerk, sat playing draughts at a broken old draught-board, eking out the men with cents and bits of wood,) that he should call on the volunteer cavalry corps to escort him to the payment ground.

46

But the agent declined the honour; he was not instructed to bear their expenses, by the government, and for his part, a *pis aller*, he would start in the morning without a guard.

This reply threw cold water on the red-hot volunteers; they remonstrated; nevertheless the agent remained unshaken. He was warned by the judge, the general, the major, the captain, and others, as to “the risk he ran of being cut off, waylaid, and done for, by the desperate gang lying in wait for him at the rapids.”

Finding all attempts to get up a *corps de garde* ineffectual, several of the pot-valiant men marched off in a huff. But the major waxed merry upon the occasion; he said, “He had never seen an Indian payment, and from all he had heard about those payments, he had not the slightest desire to see one. He would not walk five rods to see one—not he. He had been satisfied by hearing a neat account of the last memorable payment, at which one man was burned alive, two women killed, several wounded, the whites routed, and several of our brave corps,” said the major, “put to flight, and sent home *sans chemise*.”

The major here recited some verses of a burlesque poem, written upon the retreat of the Green-Bay Greys from the Wolf River Payment Ground, by a medical bard, who had been at the *mêlée* and witnessed the “scateration.” I regret I did not note down the first verses, which occasioned much laughter, as celebrating the prowess and valour of sundry gentlemen in the room; they good-humouredly joined in the laugh raised at their own expense; and the major continued— “——*Further into the wilds, Penetrated Mister Childs, Regardless of his proper ease, He dash'd on bravely sans chemise. He saw the major in a slew, 47 But never said, 'old friend, adieu!' He left the colonel, barely tree'd, Yet never slack'd his headlong speed. The night was dark, his back was bare, Wild Indians howling*

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*in the rear— Despairing traders, left behind, Saw Childs, the brave, outstrip the wind. Three toothless squaws, 'tis understood, Pursued the lost babe in the wood; While he, despising friends and foes, Through thick and thin pursued his nose. His nose, by instinct, downward bent, Pursued a soul-alluring scent; A richer perfume, 'tis confess'd, Than boasteth Araby the bless'd. Oft as that perfume fills the breeze, The ardent hunters halt and sneeze; Hold all aside a wry proboscis, And calculate their gains and losses. And thus the squaws, who follow'd after The flying Childs, with shouts and laughter, The moment they in full pursuit, Seem'd wild to eat forbidden fruit, The perfum'd air had just inhaled; Then suddenly their courage fail'd— Down in a stinking swamp they sunk, Yielding our hero to a skunk.”*

At last, the talkers, smokers, and jokers began to drop off, one by one, to bed. They dwindled away so fast, that by ten o'clock the bar-room was deserted by all save the agent and myself. His hollow cough and worn aspect—his expiring pipe—all betokened a want of repose, and he was meditating, mayhap, on the perils and dangers before him, when the street-door opened, 48 and, with a rush of cold wind and rain, entered a frosty-faced, severe-looking little man, in a dreadnought coat, and grasping a cudgel almost as long as himself.

“What, all alone!” exclaimed this gentleman, advancing to the agent. “Not all alone, either,” continued he, glancing uneasily at me; “but no matter. Mr. H——, are you a strong man?” was the next abrupt question put to the agent by this singular fish.

“I thank the Lord,” replied the agent, looking up at the stern and searching eye of his querist, “I have hitherto enjoyed a fair share of bodily health and strength; I have a bad cold and——”

“No, no; I don't mean to inquire after all your ailments now,” interrupted the new-comer; “I merely thought, from your dilapidated look——”

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“Sir!” said the agent.

“I merely thought,” resumed the querist, “that you are not—that you cannot be a very strong man, able to contend with and repel by muscular strength half a dozen or a dozen desperate characters, and hard cases.”

“Well, sir,” said the agent—“and what then”?

“Oh, nothing at all, sir; I merely heard, that, calculating upon your personal and individual strength of body and mind, you had declined our assistance—the assistance of our corps. But, sir, I’m quite satisfied about it—I see how matters will go. Some people think they are stronger than they actually are, and, counting on their strength, get awfully *sucked*, rum-squaddled, and, in the end, are happy to make a straight coat tail, and ‘absquatulate’; however, if you should change your mind, send for me, my name is Childs.”

“Oh, good night, Mr. Childs,” said the agent, retiring to bed, while I could hardly refrain from greeting the perplexed and dumbfounded man of war with the classic verse— “——  
*Further into the wilds Penetrated Mister Childs.*”

49

In spite of wind, hail, rain, and snow, good and evil reports and threats, the money-boat started up the Fox River this morning. The traders began to follow her, with their bales, boxes, and barrels of whisky, as best they might. Boats, scows, and canoes, of all sorts and sizes, were put in requisition, the moment it was known the agent and the dollars were fairly started.

Our bar-room was not so closely besieged by the hot politicians. My object in visiting this out-of-the-way place was to witness the Indian payment, and great was my disappointment to hear that said payment was to be made on the Wolf River, two or three days’ journey into the country, with the agreeable prospect of camping out, in perspective. Being assured that it would be more agreeable to ride to the payment ground, than loiter up

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rivers and lakes in a canoe in such abominable weather, I betook myself to hunt for a saddle-horse; but so much had been said against strangers and interlopers by the angry judge and his clique, that even old Green began to be alarmed, and when I spoke of hiring one of his horses, to ride to the payment—heydey! the poor man was off like a shot. No, no; not he, indeed; he had never let out his horse to go half that distance. I sallied out in quest of a horse, but my search was vain, the Frenchmen saying their horses were engaged, and the half-breeds willing enough to sell, but not to let their cattle, demanding forty, fifty, and eighty dollars for little runts of Indian ponies, not worth ten dollars a piece. The boats, canoes, and the last of the Indians had already gone up the river. I saw there was no help for it, and prepared to shift my quarters, when old Green facetiously inquired if I meant to walk to the payment ground. I demanded my bill, and made a final sortie in quest of a steed. The severest rebuke I experienced was from a cross old ferryman. To this Charon I was directed by a single-minded saddler. He said the ferryman was a discreet member of the church, had a horse to hire out,&c. No sooner had I explained my errand than the ferryman broke out—“Who sent 50 you here to insult me in my misfortunes? Ay, I have a horse—a horse I loaned to a particular friend of mine, to ride down to Madison, four months ago. The horse was sent back, only yesterday—a miserable, broken-down hack. I'll have the tarnation scoundrel up before the court—that I will. If I have been used in this way by a friend, what can I expect from you, a stranger? From where did you say you came from?”

I was glad to recross the ferry, and, totally disgusted with the hardness of heart of the people, betook myself to my chamber, where, from cold, wet, over-fatigue, &c., I remained for two days, laid up with a feverish attack.

Sunday: The weather having cleared a little, I walked for a mile or two, and recovered my sinking spirits. I looked, from the uplands and rising grounds, down upon the swamps and flats upon which the rival cities of Astor and Navarino are built, but the tide of prosperity and speculation has receded, and left the streets of both bare enough and quite deserted; yea, verging unto ruin. White houses and painted stoops, built at respectful distances

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from each other, generally marking the corners of the streets. Here a round and rickety plank or footway—there a slough and a bridge—anon a row of rickety stores, all leaning one way, for support, against the back of a meeting-house; here and there a melancholy variety of lath and plaster churches and chapels-of-ease. “Every day is like Sunday now,” said a tradesman to me, as he lamented the high and palmy days of house-building and speculation. Truly, the Green Bay cities do not flourish by the water-side; there was dry land and waste land enough in the territory, without building towns on swamps, but *chacun à son gout*. The ebb and flow of the tide is said to be observed here as in other places on the shores of Lake Michigan, though I think its regularity exceedingly doubtful, and attribute the rise and fall of water to the wind and rains.

Returned to the bar-room, and found a certain tall fellow, a 51 half-breed, inveighing against the Indians: “They vanish before the breath of the white man,” said he, “and it is to be hoped they will soon disappear from the face of the globe.” He went on vapouring in this way for some time, until I brought him up short. I asked him why the red man should perish and be destroyed by the white man; why should he not be cherished, protected, and encouraged to settle down, and cultivate his own—his native land, &c. And knowing that this eloquent bar-room exquisite was half Indian, half Jew (son of a Jew pedler), I pitched into him, and poured out a vial of wrath upon his head, that completely silenced his barking; while all present seemed convinced that I had now declared myself to be the friend of the Indians, and the enemy of half-breeds and settlers. In truth, I cared not what they thought; and recovering my spirits as the sun shone out, contradicted the judge, set the major right, awakened the general, and took my part in the conversation.

This evening we had a strong muster of townfolk in our barroom, and the *politicians*, as they are called here, expressed their sentiments freely. The election of a new delegate was at hand. Dodge, the ex-governor of Wisconsin was in field; he was supported by the locofocoes, or the outs, while Arnold, the whig, or Doty candidate, was supported by the ins. Newspapers were read over and over again, by the politicians present; there was a

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vast deal of blustering and hard words bandied backwards and forwards, but the most violent disputations ended in laughter.

Both candidates had stanch supporters in the room, and one of the locofoco faction, or a Dodge man, ridiculed the present governor's attempt to alter the orthography of Wisconsin into Wiskonsan, by a special edict or act of the legislature. "He wishes to make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world," said the gentleman, and then read an article from the *Wisconsin Inquirer*: —

"A proclamation under the great seal of the territory will soon make its appearance, commanding the people of Wiskonsan not only to mind their p's and q's, but their c's and k's. 'A proklamation by James Duane Doty, Governor of Wiskonsan:—Whereas James Morrison was duly appointed treasurer of Wiskonsan, and has given bond with sekurity which has been approved of by the exekutive, the said bond has been deposited in the office of the sekretary,' &c.

The reading and spelling of this long proclamation occasioned a good deal of merriment, and the merits of the rival candidates were then discussed, the whigs saying a great deal in favour of their candidates, Arnold, whom they described as a gentleman and scholar, an acute politician, a close reasoner, a good metaphysician, a sweet philosopher, a deep lawyer, fit to urge their *klaims* and support the dignity of the territory at Washington.

"I am not a Doty man, and never will be," said a brisk little clothier, and bankrupt tailor to boot, "I never was a Doty man. I know Arnold; I have heard him make a stump speech. I see nothing in Arnold to command respect and attention; he is a mere raven' quill of a man, smart as an old shears, thin as a thread paper. What then? Let us look at our delegate, General Dodge. Ay, he is something worth looking at—a responsible personage, a fair presence, will command attention anywhere—weighs, I should say, well nigh two hundred pounds. He is the man for my money."

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“Oh, ho! you want to have a heavy man, I see,” exclaimed one of the whigs; “it is not the man's head you look to. No! all the locofocoes want is plenty of beef and cabbage.”

“I'm sure the whigs have got beef enough, and weight enough in the present governor,” drily observed the long major. “I remember the day he was appointed; in fact we boarded together at the same house in Washington, and this great big fellow came down to breakfast with a rubber tied round his head, looking as heavy and dreamy as a regular John Bull. ‘My! what can be the matter with Doty?’ said our landlady; ‘he barely picks a fish-bone, and toys with a round of toast—sighs over the buckwheat cakes, and frowns on the molasses.’ To all this the gentleman replied that indeed he had no appetite to his breakfast, being ‘troubled with the weight of the affairs of state.’”

I observed old Green maintained a discreet silence; he neither said a word for or against any man, thrust logs into the stove, snuffed the candles, smiled, laughed, rubbed his red round face “almost to bursting”; he seemed to enjoy the jests of his guests, quietly cleaning the bar-room comb with his penknife, a nasty operation, and beneath a man of his parts; anon, he combed his short bay wig, then picked his teeth with a pen, introduced that implement into his ear, held the point up to the candle, cleared his nails, and in a twinkling began to peel a rosy-cheeked apple.

“What right or pretension has Arnold to be our delegate at all?” said a very vehement old operator, called the doctor. “He is an untried man. Who knows Arnold? I don't know him, for one, never heard of the name except in our history, and there it is notorious enough; whereas, we all know General Dodge—he has identified himself with the territory—he has fought for us, he has bled for us; shall his deeds be forgotten—shall the hero of the Black-hawk-war be rejected for a man of yesterday? I hold in my hand the *Wisconsin Inquirer*, and if you please, I will refresh your memories with a little of our history, which ought not to be left in the shade any longer.” And the learned leech read an extract from the columns of the paper in his hand:—

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“My men,’ said the leader, ‘we shall find the re-skins under yonder bank; there can be no flinching, no backing out now; remember the vow we made at the rude grave of poor——. They will have the first fire, depend upon it. Some of us must fall; but let us march boldly up to the work, and take our chance. We all know for what we are about to contend, and what the consequences will be if we fail. Five of you must remain to hold 54 the horses, while the rest, with myself, will march to the encounter with our foes. We must *creep* up cautiously, with our pieces ready for an instant discharge. One thought of home, and then our whole minds and energies for the immediate emergency.’

“Of the Pentacolica, perhaps it is necessary to state, that the banks are generally very bold; the point where this adventurous band was about to approach was particularly so, and entirely bald of timber. The five were detached to take charge of the horses, and the others, after examining the priming of their pieces, again set forward for the encounter. On they move, with the cautiousness of old veterans in the service. ‘Be firm,’ cried the leader, as they drew near the bank; ‘carry your pieces to an aim, and as your sight lights upon them, blaze it into them.’ Now the exciting moment has arrived—each had a thought of home but only transient, it vanishes before the work in hand. They near the bank! but what causes that momentary hesitation and wavering? The Indians are there, but they cannot be seen yet. It is the muzzles of the Indians’ pieces resting on the bank, and directed deadly towards them, ready to belch for th death and destruction in their midst. The quick ear of the savages had already discovered that there was danger near, but they had no chance to flee. They raise the bank, and are in full view of a party of Indians, about twenty-five or thirty in number, who immediately fired upon them, stretching three of their number in all the agonies of death. Nothing daunted, the survivors return the dire with the most destructive precision. The pieces discharged are flung upon the ground, and those on their backs are instantly unslung and discharged, before the Indians can reload. ‘Now, my men,’ shouts the leader, ‘let us rush upon them, and make dispatch in ridding the earth of the survivors.’ ‘Tis done—they are amongst them, using their pistols and knives. It is now a struggle of personal prowess. The Indians fight well, but at the great odds, and 55

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fighting, they rally round their chief, who is severely wounded, while he chants his war-song, as if to incite his followers to fight till the last gasp. One of them attempts to escape; he is nearly in the middle of the stream, swimming to the opposite bank, but a well-spiced ball has done its business; he sinks—he's gone. 'Close them,' cries the leader; 'but leave the chief to me; be mine the task to dispatch him.' Upon the instant, the few remaining Indians are hurried from time to eternity; while, at the same time, a ball from the pistol of the white leader has stretched their chief upon the ground, but his spirit is still unsubdued; in an almost inaudible whisper, he continues his death-song of defiance. But the film of death has glazed his eyes with that spasm. He, too, is gone! Not an Indian escaped to tell the tale of their defeat; and thus perished by the hand of violence, men whose hands were seeking with the blood of innocence; under other circumstances, and guided by the rays of civilization and education, they might have adorned a nation."

Reader, the above is "o'er true." Many of the actors in that affray are still living near Mineral Point. They arrayed themselves under the stars and stripes, and under the same leader rendered good service, and contributed essentially to the bringing of that bloody war to a close. In that leader behold the late governor of Wisconsin— Henry Dodge!

The solemn silence which had been preserved by the audience, during the reading of this article was unbroken for at least a minute after the reader laid down the paper; but the trampling of horses without caught the quick ear of our host; he turned to the door, but the door flew open, and a tall, dignified, bespattered, travel-stained man, with a long red blanket-lined cloak thrown over one shoulder, a battered white beaver hat cocked over his eye, and a pair of saddle-bags in his hand, strode up to the stove.

"General Dodge!" burst from the lips of the startled host, as he presented a chair; while the admirers of that great hero seemed thrown of a heap and dumbfounded. There was a disagreeable pause, till the ex-governor, throwing his hat aside, made some off-hand observations upon the state of the roads, the badness of the weather, the great fatigue he had experienced in his ride from Fort Winnebago. Then, stretching out his legs before

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the fire, he deliberately relieved himself from the burden of a high pair of Indian leggings, yawned thrice, and declared he was ready for supper. It seemed, the stanch supporters of Dodge then present had never been introduced to him, or if they had, they hung aloof through *mauvais honte*, or something akin to it, until a special friend of the general's was sent for down town, who relieved them from their fears by introducing them to the general, one and all, when a general hand-shaking took place at the bar, and the ex-governor went in to supper; leaving his friends, foes, and admirers, to resume the thread of their conversation. Having consigned my watch and baggage to the tender mercies of my host, I started from Green Bay, *pied à terre*, with fifteen pounds weight of baggage, including a Makinaw blanket between my shoulders. The road was full of mudholes, and most execrable.

Two miles from the town I overtook a waggon and pair, driven by an old Frenchman, with whom I speedily made a bargain to give me a ride for a few miles. This old fellow had been mail carrier, and knew the country well; he had two goods farms, upon one of which he had located his son. As we progressed, this good fellow informed me he had fought on the British side, at the battle of Queenston Heights—where poor Brock was shot.

“Ah, quel homme—quel homme!” he exclaimed, with fervour, speaking of Brock; “brave comme le diable, il parlait Francais comme un ange.”

When the General was shot, he said he was taken prisoner by 57 the Americans, and at the peace removed with his wife and family, to the banks of the Fox River.

“Voila Du Pere, or St. Pere!” he exclaimed, as we passed through another young city wherein some splendid lath and plaster villas, and shingle palaces, in the wilderness, have been erected. The place was quite deserted. Thousands of dollars have been expended, thrown right away into the river also, upon a mill-dam built right across the river; the said dam is fast crumbling away, and the first foundation of some grand mills following the general course of the tide. It seems the millers went a-head of the farmers in this country,

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for even now there is very little grain raised in this district, even for home consumption—flour being frequently imported from New York and Chicago. The Fox River is certainly a fine stream, and hereafter will be one of great consequences when the rapids and falls are cut down. The portage opened from Lake Winnebago to the little Fox River, and a navigable canal opened between the Wisconsin, Fox, and Mississippi rivers; when this is all completed, and this country thickly settled, and good roads made, and Wisconsin proclaimed a state, this will be a very desirable country to reside in, I dare say.

Jolting along the road, through rain and mud, and branches of trees, and fallen trees, and bottomless sloughs, I listened to the rambling conversation of my whip. He seemed delighted to have found a good listener, and poured forth a volume of backwood history and personal adventures. In the midst of one of his rigmaroles, three deer—a stag, a doe, and a fawn—burst into the road before us. Thus, at a moment when I never expected to see a deer, cramped up in a waggon with a noisy old Frenchman, and totally unprepared, a splendid shot escaped me. The deer cantered down the road before us in single file, and dashed into the woods again.

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“Restez tranquille, mon ami!” said my whip. “The woods are full of deer— *par tout! par tout!* —you'll see them everywhere further on.”

Wright's ferry: Here my old whip halted to bait, and I regaled him with some *eau de vie*, while he gave me some directions as to my line of march, regretting he could not accompany me, *au payement*; he did more—he endeavoured to prevail on a Frenchwoman, one of his connexion, to let me one of her horses; and he declared he would be responsible for the safe return of her steed. This the good woman, who resided on the opposite side of the river, agreed to do, saying, that since Monsieur R—would answer for the safe return of the horse, she had no objection in the world; and Monsieur B—protesting on the honour of a Francais, that he was sure all was right—calling on the woman to “Regardez cet homme, un etranger c'est vrai, mais je vous gagerai tout

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ce que j'ai—il est brave garçon,” drove off, while I entered the low-roofed tavern, and endeavoured to improve my friend's impression, by ordering dinner, and inviting the voisine, to whom I was so well recommended, to share the repast, of fried bacon, eggs, mush, and maple sugar, wild plums, dried fish, and potatoes, set before us. This she declined; and while I was at dinner she crossed the ferry. I followed her—toiled two miles, up steep and slippery banks, to her house; overtook her just as she entered her garden, and reminded her of her promise.

After some hesitation, she said her husband was not at home—doubted my ability to catch the horse, and directed me to the house of another Frenchman, who could assist me. Away I went to the Frenchman's barn—found him thrashing. He put on his coat, and we struck into the woods; we now heard the tinkling of the bells; but the moment we came in sight of the horses, off they scampered, over “brake and brae,” while we gave chase, and hunted them towards some enclosed fields; but it was little better than a wild-goose chase; for the horses baffled us the very moment we thought our exertions were crowned with success; and away they went, kicking, and snorting, and jingling their bells, into the woods again.

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**JOURNEY TO THE WOLF RIVER THE JUDGE AND HIS BUGGY—INDIAN WOMAN'S KINDNESS—A BLANKET WAR—LITTLE COCALOO—HOSPITABLE LADY IN THE WOODS—TREACHEROUS FRENCH GUIDE—NIGHT IN A DISMAL SWAMP—WOLVES—LAST WHITE MAN'S HOUSE—BUTTE DE MORTS—A NONDESCRIPT—HARD CASES ON THE PRAIRIE—INDIANS—GRIGNONS—TRADERS—OSH-COSH LE BRAVE—VOYAGE UP THE WOLF RIVER—OUR CANOE—FISHING—THE CAMP—INDIAN VILLAGE—THE AGENT—A COUNCIL**

The best part of the day being spent, I re-crossed the river, and signified my intention to sleep at the tavern. As yet only fifteen miles from the Bay. Here, to my great surprise and annoyance, I found my friend, or foe—the grey-coated judge—uneasily watching his

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slender buggy waggon, which had been rather roughly shaken, *en route*. He had spent the day, steering up from Astor, avoiding ruts and stumps, and, with his wife, had halted for the night at the tavern. I was glad to find him lowered a peg in his boasting. He vowed he would never have ventured so far upon this ‘tarnal bad road, if he had calculated the depth of the ruts. “I declare,” said he, “I do not think the buggy will hold together as far as Fort Winnebago.”

“You may take your oath of it,” said I, pointing to sundry cracks and crannies in the buggy, and other weak points.

“What do they say of the road still further west?” said he.

“That the road between this and the bay is a bowling-green, compared to it,” said I; “a regular waggon-splitting, racking road.”

“If I had not my lady with me, I would not care,” said the judge, in a choking voice.

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“Sad affair, sir, to venture so far from home in so fragile a concern as yours,” said I.

“It is a fact; I see my error now,” said the judge; “my horse hurt his leg too.”

“A man is ever more independent on foot,” said I; “he has no incumbrance—no lumbering waggon—no lame horse—no awful mud-holes, to retard his progress. He carries his blanket, his fire-box, his rifle, on his shoulder, jauntily; he crosses the deep rivers in a log canoe; he basks upon the sunny side of flowery banks, and snaps his fingers at the world.”

“It is a fact!—a fact!—a fact!” said the judge with deep emotion and a groan; “it is the only way to go a-head in this New Country.”

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“Judge, dear—Judge, my dear—bring in the robes out of the buggy,” cried a shrill voice from a window, and an old woman favoured us with a sight of her sublime nose, at the casement.

“Coming, my dear!” responded the judge.

“And bring me my box, also, and my clothes-bag, for the bed is not sheeted; and you had best come help me.”

While the judge was trying his hand at bed-making, three cavaliers arrived—one of whom I had seen at the bay. He was bound for the payment, and regretted I had no horse, and could not accompany them in their expedition; whereupon the judge affected great surprise.

“No horse! What!—has the gentleman no horse! Could he get no horse to hire in all Green Bay? Well! that is very extraordinary indeed. I must say, had I known the fact, I would have loaned out my pony; in fact, there is my pony running about my fields—any man might have had him, with his saddle and bridle, for a week.”

“Well, sir,” said I—“supposing that I go down to Green Bay in the morning, and take your pony for a few days?” This I 62 said, merely to sound the man a little, for I had not the remotest intention of turning back.

The judge replied not; he was taken quite aback. He pretended his wife had called him, and beat a retreat, while the three cavaliers laughed heartily.

This morning one of the horsemen volunteered to carry my blanket to a house where he intended to halt for some hours. I crossed the river, and pursued the devious track for some miles. The air was oppressively hot, and a fog hung over the river, on which wild ducks, and even swans, frequently alighted.

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Leaning on some rails in front of a log-house, I addressed a good-natured looking Indian woman, in French and English. I merely inquired the distance to the little cocaloo, (or waterfalls.) She did not seem to comprehend me; but smilingly took a handful of salt, and went into a field. She pronounced some Indian words, and forthwith a little Indian pony ran up to her, and began to eat the salt, while she put a bridle on his head, and led him up to me. One of her daughters put a rude saddle on the pony's back, and, with many demonstrations of thankfulness for this unlooked for kindness, I mounted the steed and rode off, followed by a little half-breed, who, with a long stick, urged the pony into a gallop.

Arrived at the little Cocaloo *a bon heure*. I found it a very picturesque spot—more rapids than falls. A very fine lath and plaster chateau stands near the waterside; it is built in the only odious flat spot in the whole country, abounding with splendid sites for houses, and belongs to the son of a half-breed trader, who has considerable influence over the Indians. Further on, I halted in front of another very neat dwelling-house, and was greeted rather uncourteously by a rough old bear of a Frenchman, pretty much in this style, before I opened my lips,— *“il n'y a pas de couverture ici—allez!”*

This must be the house where my blanket lined with oilskin 63 was left, thought I; and, consigning my little steed to the Indian boy, I entered the yard, and was met by a smart-looking dame. She exclaimed, in English—“There's no blanket left here for you.”

“I beg your pardon,” said I, “I have not spoken about a blanket at all”; while the old Frenchman went on vapouring, *Il n'y a pas de couverture ici.*” But I still followed him, and he entered the stable, while the lady brought up the rear, saying that those gentlemen had said they left a blanket there an hour ago; but, for her part, she could not find it.

“Perhaps it is *la haut*, “ said the old French fellow, wanting me to go up in a hay-loft.

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I did so; and while there, saw through the chinks in the wall a man running up with my blanket, which he thrust into the stable window, and I descended and found it, exclaiming, "Oh, here is the blanket!"

"Very glad you found it," said the lady, as she invited me to enter her house.

I told her I had already breakfast; but he insisted upon it, and I sat down for an hour, listening to her political history. She said he was from Pennsylvania, of Irish extraction, and seemed to think she was buried alive in this barbarous country.

The Indian boy now became impatient, and Madame urged me to discharge him home, which I did with regret, sending a ring to his mother and some silver, with my best regards.

My hostess would insist on my staying to die with her, *nolens volens*—so I agreed, and, to my utter disappointment, dinner did not make its appearance till past five—in fact, near six o'clock; then, to be sure, it was in profusion. Such a display—such a spread, I had not witnessed for some time; the whole *batterie de cuisine* seemed to be fumed out upon the table before me. Expressing great anxiety about getting on and going a-head, my hostess declared she would get me a horse and guide, and, despite of the grumblings and growlings of her servants, ordered a favourite horse to be saddled, sent for a gay Frenchman to act as guide, and for a long time strenuously resisted receiving a far-thing for all her good dishes and trouble, would not accept anything for horse-hire, telling me to give the guide anything I liked when I had done with him; thus we parted the best of friends, with mutual good wishes, though we met in a very different manner. I soon discovered my guide was an arrant scamp of the first water; he jogged on pretty well for four of five miles, he then began to complain, in his vile patois, of all he had suffered when he was a hunter in the Fur Company's service. He asked me if I was a hunter. I answered in the affirmative, when he directly asked me what was the number of my lodge. Knowing that he alluded to some secret association, I declined giving him any answer, and he became very sullen and dogged. Two miles above the Grand Cocaloo, the fellow halted at

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a log-house, and made some inquiries in Indian, which he speedily translated into a story about a river which ran into the Fox river, and which we would have to ford, being swollen by the late rains, and quite impassable for a horse, though he admitted a man might cross it upon a tree. Not wishing to injure the horse which my hostess had so kindly lent to me, I followed the fellow's advice, and put him into a stable. *En avant*, was the word, and my guide, shouldering the knapsack, started into the forest at a quick pace. This wily dog led me a pretty dance this moonlight night; we went through quagmires, and sloughs, and mudholes, and all sorts of slippery places, till at last, in a deep and gloomy ravine, my guide threw down the knapsack, with an oath, and sat down upon it.

“How much am I to be paid for all this?” said he, sternly.

“I have already agreed about that,” said I, “in presence of Madame——.”

“But Madame——is not here now,” said this rascal, with a sneer, “we must make a new agreement.”

65

“I'll make no fresh agreement with you,” said I; “I can dispense with your company—you may go back.”

“You think you are in the right road—this is only a path of my own,” said he; “you'll never find your way out of this forest by yourself. Do you know there was a pedler murdered by the indians near this spot a short time ago?” continued he.

“And what of that ?” said I, while a dark suspicion that it might not have been an indian murdered the pedler, shot through my mind. I grasped my pistol, and, in a very significant way, pointed in the direction I wished to proceed, and bid my guide lead on. He did so, and cursing almost every step; while i kept my eye on him, determined that he should have only a fair share of thee battle if he was bent on fighting. As we fagged along, in silence

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and distrust, a herd deer rushed past us, before and behind; they were running down to the water, and the musical howling of wolves sounded in every direction.

“They are chasing the deer,” grumbled my guided; “*la voila les sacre yeux d'un loup!*” he exclaimed, recoiling back, while a rustling in the bush declared the proximity of one of those hungry gentlemen.

Here, again, I reserved my fire—if I fired at the wolf, i should have to grapple with the rascally guide.

We soon found the slough, or creek, which he had declared impassable, the easiest spot *en route*, over which a rough bridge had been recently made by the hardly pioneer who has pitched his tent at the *Butte de Morts*, where we arrived, more dead than alive, at three o'clock in the morning. It was a long time before the man of the house would open his door; he asked several shrewd questions, and at last, recognizing the voice of my guide, he drew the bolt, and admitted us.

“You can sleep us stars,” said the man of the house; but my guide declined staying in the house—he said he knew an indian in the neighbourhood, to whom he would go. I was glad to get 66 rid of him on any terms, paid him two dollars, for peace' sake, and sent him about his business. My host shook his head, and significantly drew his hand across his throat when I told him of my guide's singular conduct; he was a prudent man, and did not commit himself by words; shewed me to a bed, and left me to my slumbers.

“We seldom or ever see a stranger here,” said my host, as we sat down to breakfast; “we are regularly shut out from all society by that dismal forest and swamp you passed through last night, and there is not another settler's house between me and the indian country.”

He then told me he had been a land-surveyor. Making a government survey of this part of the country, he was struck with the beauty of the spot on which he now resided, took up some lots, and was “*Monarch of all he surveyed.*” His wife and four very fine little boys

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were his only companions; he seldom or ever saw a newspaper, and made sundry vague inquiries about affairs down East. I commended my host's good taste in having fixed on such a splendid site for his house—a high bluff, commanding an extensive view up and down the river, the presence of some round indian mounds giving an air of some antiquity to the place. When the host left the room, the boys crowded round, and the eldest, a fine lad, launched out in praise of a brown and long-bodied water dog. He could swim like a fish, hunt an otter, find a prairie hen, trace a deer and tree a racoon, with any dog in Wisconsin. He never refused to fight but once——

“And then we were all afraid,” said the youngest, blue-eyed boy.

“No, we were not, though,” said another, angrily; “you never saw father *skeered*.”

67

Oh, no! that was a thing never heard of; and they informed me how a long, black, fierce, rough-haired animal, had regularly besieged the house one day; the dog refused to hunt him, and he kept prowling about the back of the house, and sometimes sat down in front of it, right opposite the door. My host, entering the room, confirmed what the boys had said concerning this strange animal.

“I had not a single charge of powder in the house,” said he, “at that time, and I never felt so wolfish in my life; I have travelled a long way, I tell you, and never saw anything like it before or since.”

“Was it a bear?” said I.

“Bear, no!—I think I should know bears pretty well by this. I tell you it was neither a bear, a wolf, a catamount, or a lynx; but, somehow, I felt a disgust to attack it single hand.”

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I advised my host to make sure of this nondescript, the next time it paid him a visit, and having received some useful hints from him respecting my route and conduct if I should fall in with Indians, shouldered my knapsack, and marched away.

Hardly had I marched a hundred yards from the house, when my host came after me to tell me a canoe full of “hard cases” (vagabonds) had passed up the river after the money-boat, and two of them had been to his house for whisky”; and with this piece of intelligence to cheer me on, I pursued my tramp, followed the Indian trail as directed, through open woodlands and bush, for four or five miles, till at last the open prairie lay before me, and choosing the blackest of three Indian trails, I trotted on for about a mile; when, to my surprise, I saw a line of men advancing towards me in single file. I soon perceived they were not Indians, stepped aside out of the trail, and hailed the foremost of this band of ragamuffins in French, in which language he responded, demanding how far it was to the *Butte de Morts*; he then demanded why I travelled alone, I said, “*Mes amis* were 68 *en arriere*,” and wishing those “hard cases” *bon voyage* (to Old Nick), pursued the trail, frequently throwing long and lingering looks behind, till the ragged fur cap of the last of those gentlemen went down in the East.

Eight or nine miles further on, I found the remains of a fire, surrounded with the feathers and bones of wild fowl. It was here the party I had met had bivouacked, *sans doute*. Climbing one of the few trees near the spot, I looked round for miles in every direction—not a living thing seemed within sight or hearing. “Oh, solitude! where are thy charms,” I muttered, as I resumed my march. Five miles further on, I halted again, beside a clear running stream, prostrate by the side of which I enjoyed a delicious draught of the pure and unadulterated, in a very primitive manner. But in the very act of swigging up the clear water, I was not a little startled to contemplate the grim visage of an Indian reflected in the flood; and, starting up, lo! and behold, two gaunt, fierce-looking, old Indians stood beside me. How the deuce they could have glided up so noiselessly I could not divine—for even the snapping of a dry stick could be heard half a mile off.

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But the salutation, “Bo jou, bo jou!” shewed they were friendly. Nathless, there was something terrible in the countenance of one of these men, and I pointed to the streamlet, and motioned them to take the precedence, as they knew best where it could be easily forded or not. They seemed to take the hint, strode into the water, and waited for me on the other side. I could have excused their politeness, but followed their example, getting wet up to the waist. The Indians strode on before me, holding deep and earnest conversation; their long, gaunt figures, six feet and upwards, enveloped in dirty blankets, gave them a most spectral look.

“A hay cock”—never did *phare* greet the eyes of a more joyous voyageur than I was when I saw this simple token of civilization—a hay-cock in a little meadow; half a mile further on 69 a bit of timber fencing, rails, some Indian corn, a house—ye gods and fishes, what a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams! The smooth breast of the Wolf river lay before me, sundry canoes were paddling up it, groups of Indians refitting their skeletons of old lodges. I entered the house, and found several people sitting about in every direction, not one of whom bade me welcome. Sundry pigeon-toed squaws, and mild-looking, half-breed girls, were busy preparing victuals about an immense fire-place, the capacious chimney of which projected a considerable distance into the large rambling apartment, the walls of which were decorated with belts of wampum, powder-flasks, fowling-pieces, rifles, and sleigh and buffalo robes.

Close to a window sat two old Frenchmen, poring over account-books; they looked like Rembrandt's “Misers” to the life; one was the master of the house, Monsieur Grignon, the most successful and well-known Indian trader in those parts. Several Indians and half-breeds lounged about in various attitudes, some smoking their tomahawk pipes, others intently watching the motions of the fair damsels about the fire. I entered into conversation with a bluff, good-looking Frenchman, who was another of the Grignons. He informed me that he had a considerable tract of land on the Wisconsin river. Presently a soup of Indian corn and wild duck was served round, with some good bread.

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“Allez vous au payment?” demanded old Grignon, speaking for the first time.

I answered in the affirmative. He then said I should be there time enough, as the payment would not be made for nearly a week, as the Indians had not received due notice, and had not come into the camp yet. I was glad to hear it, and resolved to halt in such good quarters that night. At four, we sat down to a very savoury mess of stewed wild ducks, prairie hens, and vegetables; delicious bread, butter, potatoes, coffee, and plum pies. During 70 dinner, our host was frequently disturbed by the brusque and impertinent language of one of the Indians, who had approached the house in my company. This man, with the ferocious eye, strode round the table, his wild blanket thrown behind him, revealing various parts of his gaunt and naked body—an unpleasing sight—while his long black and grey locks streamed down his shoulders. My suspicions were not at all quieted by my host saying— *“Il est fou—c'est un fou,”* and *“son père était fou aussi;* in fact, all his family are madmen,” continued he. “He wants me to give him flour and pork, on credit, of course, and the moment he is paid and gets at the whisky, he'll forget all about it, and threaten to scalp me if I say a word.” Nevertheless, this mad Indian had method in his madness, for he did not leave the house until his wants were supplied. I afterwards saw him embark in his canoe, with his wife and sundry old squaws and children, and no less than five hungry-looking dogs. At sunset, we were surprised by a loud shout, and running to the door, beheld a gaily-painted canoe, sculled along by four handsomely-dressed young men; they beached their boat handsomely, and sundry Indians and a white and half-breed marched up to the house. All the Indians, half-breeds and traders, made a sort of humble salutation to a dirty, mean-looking little Indian, with a large mouth, bandy legs, a quick eye, and mean-looking brow; and while I was considering why this worshipful chimney-sweeper, in his dirty old blanket, was paid so much attention, my host's brother whispered in my ear—“C'est Osh Cosh le Brave, chief of the Menomenee Indians. His pipe-bearer soon fixed the red stone calumet to a long flat stem, richly ornamented with red and green feathers, and the chief began whiffing away like a Turkish bashaw. Observing that his coarse black hair hung down over his face, and his cheeks

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were covered with black dirt, I inquired if any accident had befallen his excellency, or royal highness. The answer was brief: "The chief 71 is in decent mourning for one of his sons, lately deceased." I thought of the ancient custom of the Jews—how David humbled himself in sackcloth and ashes, &c. The contents of the canoe were soon transferred to the floor of our apartment; parlour and hall was encumbered with curiously-wrought mats, buffalo robes, blankets, neatly painted and carved paddles, &c.; while the young men sat on their haunches, in the midst of their tawdry finery, polishing their tomahawk-pipes, and sending round skunk and fisher's-skins full of nic-a-nic and Indian tobacco. The chief was in a very bad humour. He had been to the payment-ground, and was displeased because the whole tribe were not ready to receive him. He did not approve of the new mode of taking the census of his tribe, wishing the chiefs to receive the money, and divide it as they thought proper. He therefore left his band to prepare his wigwams and lodges, and came down the river, thus slenderly attended, to consult with his old friend and stanch ally, Grignon, the trader. Indeed, Grignon's son was in the canoe with him, and I suppose it was he that induced the chief to take such a decided step. Just as we sat down to supper, our ears were saluted by a loud, wild, discordant song, raised on the river by a large band of half-breeds and Indians, who were pushing two heavy barges, full of flour, grain, and pork, to the payment-ground; for part of the payment was to be made in flour, grain, and beef, pork also. They had been a week pulling those unwieldy barges up the Rapids. The wild chorus of those savage boatmen resembled the Canadian songs—half singing, half talking, half howling, and though bearable at a little distance, was exceedingly unpleasant to hear night at hand. Old Grignon went out and invited the head men in charge to come in to tea. Osh Cosh declined sitting at the table. He was served with wild-duck stew, tea, and cakes, on a stool in the chimney-corner. Tea over, Osh Cosh signified his intention to make a speech, and profound silence being observed, 72 he stood up before the red embers of the fire, dropped blanket from his shoulders round his loins, and raising his right hand, spoke in a deep, yet clear and somewhat sonorous voice, without stopping, for at least half an hour, my friend the bluff Frenchman interpreting what he said, to me, from time to time. The speech, from first to last, was in the declamatory style, and against whisky.

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He said he had seen many barrels lying in the reeds, waiting to be broached when the payment was made; but he would set his face against any such underhand proceedings. Fire-water (iscodaywabo) was the secret poison—the knife with which the Shemookmen (the American, or long knife) destroyed his young men. He would set his face against his fire-water; he would tell the agent (or money-carrier) that he would rather see all his money thrown into the river than lose a single warrior by drunkenness and brawling. He then reverted to what occurred at the last payment: “a man, goaded to madness with fire-water, killed two women, and fired at a man; the band to which the women belonged rose to a man, rushed upon the drunken madman, what they did you all witnessed, and, I shame to say, I witnessed also,” said the chief. “They threw him on the great council fire, and he was burnt. The white men fled—the pale faces were filled with fear; it is not right they should bring away such evil reports. I am resolved to preserve order in the camp, and set my face against the whisky-traders. Caun whisky—caun whisky!” and Osh Cosh sat down, in the midst of a loud, approving grunt. Anon, old mother Grignon, a squaw of high and ancient family, with a crucifix round her neck, replied, in a nasal, whining voice: her speech was listened to with great attention. She drawled out her voice till it sounded like funeral oration, and rocked herself backwards and forwards on her low stool. My friend did not interpret any part of her speech to me; and, fatigued with my journey, and lulled 73 by the drawling tones of the poor old woman's voice, I dropped asleep, dreamt I was in a sinking canoe, threw out my hands at random, and saved myself from falling backwards by grasping the feathers and scalp-lock of one of the young men seated beside me. This was a pretty broad hint about turning in for the night, and one of the Grignons led me into a small, but very neatly fitted-up chamber, where, on a bed of down, I slumbered till cock-crow. Waking up, I found the Indians sleeping on the floor, in every direction. My little nook alone was not invaded; indeed, from the neat little toilet-table, and gay gowns &c. hanging round the room, I found I had been put into the young lady's chamber, and regretted that I could not apologize for the intrusion in a suitable tongue. *Certes*, Miss Grignon seemed a very amiable young lady upon a large scale—a mild and melancholy countenance, eloquent black eye. “*A tu bien dormir cette nuit?*” demanded one of the young gentlemen,

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presenting his good-natured phiz. I took the hint, and my reverie of the fair *dame du logis* being broken, performed a hasty toilet, and evacuated the premises. The fresh morning air was delicious, after having inhaled so much tobacco-smoke, fumes, and steam, during the night.

My host's farming establishment was very much neglected, as is generally the case with traders; he did not pay much, indeed any, attention to farming. The fine open prairie lands along the river belonged to him; the few acres of Indian corn planted at the back of his house were ravaged by the red-winged black-birds, probably the most destructive pest the farmer has to contend with in the western country. The traders, like the Indians, seem to think it beneath them to cultivate the soil. They are an improvident race, and once married to squaws, they quickly degenerate, and become very little better than the savages. To be sure, the Grignons have maintained their ground pretty well; 74 but, considering the vast tracts of land, and the money, support, and assistance given to them by the Indians, they ought to be the richest men in the territory.

After breakfast—a breakfast (suffer me to say) that would not be sneezed at even in Auld Reekie, the capital of capital breakfasts,—I took my host aside, and begged to know how much I was indebted to him. He seemed to be surprised, and flatly refused to take anything by way of remuneration; but I was just as obstinate; I told him I had entered his house, and been hospitably entertained, without invitation. “*Eh bien!*” said the Frenchman, cutting short the dialogue, and shrugging up his shoulders, “*un piastre.*” I would have paid three times that sum elsewhere for such good entertainment, and bidding my fair and red hostess adieu, shouldered my knapsack, when Osh Cosh spoke a few words to one of the Grignons, which was interpreted by him to me as an invitation to take a seat, to the payment ground, in his canoe. The young men were busily engaged painting or retouching the canoe. It was made of birch bark, very long, capable of holding ten or twelve persons with ease. The young men had performed their toilet in a block house in the rear with very great care and elegance; their dark side locks were neatly platted, red, green, and blown feathers interwoven with their scalp locks, their cheeks, chins, and foreheads plentifully

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bedaubed with vermilion and ochre; two of them wore nose-rings as well as ear-rings, necklaces of wampum, dark printed calico tunics, scarlet cloth leggings, and mocassins worked with moose hair and porcupine quills. They were dashing looking lads, and handled the paddles famously, two kneeling in the bows, and two aft, while a fifth perked himself up in the stern sheets, dipping his paddle right and left as steersman. Osh Cosh sported a white chip hat, and squatted himself down in the midst of the canoe, puffing his long calumet with great dignity and self-satisfaction, while two of the 75 Grignons, a half-breed, and myself, stowed ourselves upon the mats, back to back, and off we went like a streak of oiled lightning.

Before we started from the trader's house, the old patriarch Grignon, espying through his spectacles a pair of ducks on the river, took down his double-barrelled gun, stole down to the river, got into a canoe, which an Indian boy, who followed his movements like a dog, shoved into the water, and guided among the reeds and long grass, while the old fellow raised the gun, banged at, and shot a duck, with which he returned in triumph to the house. "*Papa est fier,*" said an old man, as he hastened to greet the patriarch upon his success.

The banks of the Wolf River are low and marshy; flocks of wild ducks and water-fowl afford good sport to the Indians. The river itself abounds with fish, and in some places is deep enough to float a seventy-four gun ship. A sudden turn in the river brought us into the midst of a fleet of more than a hundred canoes; two or three gaily painted and plumed Indians sat in each canoe, fishing for bass. Some of the canoes looked much handsomer than our own, and as they were not laden, rode lightly on the water; reflected in every direction, the effect was exceedingly picturesque. The take of fish was enormous, the Indians with their rude tackle pulling up the bass every second. One of the chief's canoes joined ours, and the Messrs. Grignon helped themselves to two or three dozen very fine fish, *sans ceremonie*. Having witnessed the sport for some time, we continued our voyage a few miles higher up the stream, and soon saw the American flag floating from a long pole in the midst of tents, wigwams, lodges, loggeries, and cabins, straggling in every

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direction between the dark forest and bright Wolf River, the *coup d'œil* bringing to my mind's eye the burlesque *hors d'ouvres* of Donnybrook fair.

Once fairly set ashore, we marched through motley groups of 76 savages, towards the council lodge, in front of which, warming his hands at a fire, I found the poor agent, looking like death; for though Mr. Child's forebodings came to nothing, still he had suffered a great deal from cold and wet, being obliged to stick by his money boxes, which were frequently transferred from the boat to the bank, and the bank to the boat, and *vice versa*, as he toiled up the Fox River. He complained bitterly of the tardiness of the Indians, and seemed to apprehend some danger and difficulty from the hostile vapourings of the chief, Osh Cosh, who was a deep, designing fellow, he said, and the ready tool of traders and mischief makers. "If you can find no better shelter for the night, you are welcome to spread your blanket in the council lodge," said this gentleman. I accepted the offer at once, knowing I might go further and speed worse, besides being under the protection of the stripes and stars, in case of a row amongst the Indians.

The council lodge was a large circular wigwam covered with bark, framed with long rods and poles; the floor was covered with a thick layer of branches and straw, the door-case filled with a mat; windows were superfluous, for the light streamed through a hundred slits and chinks in the roof and sides of our fragile tenement. An interpreter from Osh Cosh (one of the Grignons of course,) delivered a message to the agent, the purport of it—that he and his chiefs would hold a council, and hear what the agent had to say for himself immediately. The agent's mattress and blankets were speedily rolled aside, his books opened with great ceremony, a rude table of loose boards laid on the money boxes in the midst of the lodge; his clerk, a dapper quill-driver from the inhospitable shores of Mackinaw, nibbed his pen very adroitly. Never was such excitement displayed by the traders as they peered in at the door, and a favoured few who were personal friends of the chiefs were admitted. The anxiety within was only to be equalled by the pressure from

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without 77 the sides and roof of the lodge being literally thatched with Indians anxious to see and hear the debates in this primitive house of assembly.

Presently the old chiefs began to drop in one after another, plainly, indeed meanly, dressed in blankets; every chief on making his *entrée* shook hands with the agent, and quietly squatted himself down in a corner, conversing in low whispers with his neighbour, or quietly loading his calumet. About forty of the chiefs and braves or heads of bands, had taken their seats before Osh Cosh came in; he had rubbed more charcoal on his face, and save and expecting a splendid pair of leggings and mocassins, looked dirtier and meaner than ever. Two interpreters posted themselves behind the agent, and the agent after sundry hems and haws, declared that he was commissioned by the U. N. S. government to make this payment for the lands ceded to said government by the Menominee Indians.

This being interpreted, the Indians gave an approving grunt, and some of the old fellows began to smoke. I afterwards understood that the agent had been guilty of a breach of decorum, having neglected the ceremony of handing round a pipe of peace.

“Say to them,” continued the agent, “that their money will be paid separately to every man and woman of the tribe, to avoid confusion. We must also register their names, and take the number of the tribe.”

This did not please Osh Cosh; he signified his intention to speak, stood up, and, as usual, girded his blanket round his loins. He said, “When their great father sent his servants to pay them for their lands, he knew very well how shamefully they were treated. A chief is the head of a band, he has his children to support—the band look up to him. The chiefs alone should receive the money, they are the treasurers of the tribe, and are better acquainted with the wants of their people.”

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“Wheugh, wheugh,” grunted the whole assembly, and Osh Cosh sat down.

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“Say to them,” continued the agent, “that I cannot depart from my orders and instructions, and that I hope they will see the necessity of following the plan I have already laid before them.”

Here a long and desultory conversation took place between the chiefs, and it was finally signified by Osh cosh, that the agent might proceed with the registry, and pay the Indians as he was instructed by his great father.

“Say to them,” continued the agent, “that no Winnebago, Pottawattomy, or Chippewa Indian will be paid any part of this money.”

Wheugh, wheugh!” and grunts, by way of cheers, and the council broke up, every chief shaking hands with the agent before he departed.

Declining an invitation to dinner from a gentleman connected with the council-house, I went out to reconnoitre the town. The Indians have not much fun in them, the men stalk about wrapped up in their blankets, the boys shoot at marks with their bows and arrows, the women work, always work, even this gala time brought no holiday to the squaws; and they might be seen cutting and carrying wood, carrying water, weaving mats, cleaning skins, and patching up their temporary dwellings in every direction; other pounding and cleaning the wild rice, in large mortars or stone bowls.

By the way, it is from the wild rice that their tribe takes the name—Menomenee; though the French have corrupted it into *Fol Avoine* or wild oats, a name which better suits the half-breeds and Canadians along those borders, than the cool and reserved Indians.

A vast number of lean and wolfish-looking dogs were prowling about the lodges, and a dire yelping was perpetually kept up, as the hungry curs were seen pilfering the provisions or anything else they could fasten their teeth in. A trader declared that a dog had carried

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off his lighted lantern in his teeth the preceding night, merely to get at the oil; and woe betide the shoe or mocassin left in the way of one of those active gentlemen.

Approaching a larger circle of Indians, I found them gambling away at the mocassin game, a sort of thimble-rig concern. Three or four old Indian blacklegs running a bullet here and there under four mocassins, laid on the ground; the Indians touching with a long stick the mocassin they suspect the ball to be under, parting with their ornaments with a very bad grace, amidst the laughter of the rest, when they lose. The old blacklegs had a bank of wampum, and hawkbells, and silver gorgets, and beads, and all sorts of belts before them, the fruits of their winnings. They kept up a perpetual sort of grunting, bending their bodies over the mocassins, and striking their hands on their knees, keeping time to their monotonous "Shump, shump, shump."

Osh Cosh has hoisted the American flag over his long wigwam; therefore matters will go off more quietly, it is augured. I was on the point of entering the chief's wigwam, when the loud and rapid enunciation of the grand medicine arrested my progress. Another of the chief's sons was ill, and the grand medicine man, as in duty bound, kept up a perpetual harangue; it would have been considered an evil omen if a stranger entered the lodge without being formally invited on such an occasion. Well, the further we go the more we know—always learning something new. Returned to the Council Lodge and found the registry going forward in full force—the head of every family told his name, handed in a bundle of sticks, being the number of his wives and children. Apropos to wives, bigamy and polygamy are permitted: Osh Cosh has lately taken unto himself a thin young squaw, having already sons and daughters by two sisters; they all live together in the greatest harmony.

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While I sat watching the Indians handing in their sticks, an old crone, covered with wrinkles, toothless, bald, and most hideous to look upon, hobbled up to the agent and touched his shoulder. The man of business looked round, and on seeing this dim

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apparition almost fell off his perch. He afterwards acknowledged he was “badly *skeered*”; this poor old hag presented her bundle of sticks and hobbled out. I suppose, if her exact age could have been ascertained, she would be found the shady side of five hundred at least.

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**An Indian Payment TEMPERANCE SOCIETY—NIGHT IN THE COUNCIL LODGE  
—BREAKFAST AT THE “STRIPED APRON”—COUNCIL EXTRAORDINARY—THE  
HALF-BREED QUESTION—CORON, THE ORATOR—AN INDIAN HEIRESS—HER  
PORTRAIT—A COUNCIL—DEBATE UPON CLAIMS—A FORTUNATE TRADER AND  
HAPPY ATTORNEY—PRAYER-MEETING ON SUNDAY—INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS  
—POTWALLOPING AFFAIR—SHIFT MY QUARTERS TO A POTTAWATTOMIE  
WIGWAM—CATTLE SHOOTING—BUTCHES PUT TO FLIGHT—A NEGRO BARBER  
—WOLF RIVER RANGERS—PAYMENT DAY—A POTTAWATTOMIE WARRIOR—  
AMERICAN FLAG HAULED DOWN—AGENT RETREATS—DRUNKEN INDIANS—  
LAST NIGHT WITH THE SAVAGES—MY HOST INVITES ME TO VISIT CALUMET, OR  
PIPE TOWN**

A meeting of all the traders has been held in front of the Council Lodge, and they have one and all signed a paper, or mutual agreement, not to sell whisky to the Indians till the payment has been made, and then they may all start fair. Osh Cosh and the Grignons are the prime movers of this good measure; and the better to carry it into effect, all the whisky barrels are to be stored in the bush at the other side of the river, and every drop seized on this, or the Indian side, is to be thrown into the river. We will see how long this good resolution will be kept.

The first night I slept in the Council Lodge was bitter cold; the keen frosty air whistled freely through the chinks in the frail sides of our lodge; the dogs frequently broke through the mats at the door, and prowled about us. The Indians also kept up a perpetual howling, singing, and flute blowing, round the embers of the fire, in front of the wigwam. The agent,

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poor man, was grievously disturbed by this noise; and frequently, during the night, he started up from his bed, blankets, and 82 sheets, (which he had taken the wise precaution to bring along with the money boxes,) and thrusting his head out of the lodge, he would roar at the Indians, tell them to “Stop that noise! make less noise there!” then, groping his way back to bed again, he sometimes stumbled over the snoring clerk, who would awake in a great fright, and halloo, “Thieves! mind the boxes! murder!” &c. It was next to impossible to sleep for an hour without being routed up, by some vile noise either within or without, and in the morning I rose up far from being refreshed with my first night's bivouac on Indian ground.

Got some savoury stew for breakfast this morning, down town, at the sign of the “Striped Apron,” which floated gracefully above six wigwams thrown into one, by a spirited New England pedler, from the Bay. He has got together sundry cooking utensils, and a barrel of flour, some pork, and, *mirabile dictu!* coffee. He thinks he will clear his expenses, and perhaps a little more, as he charges half-a-dollar meal. The long wigwam is the rendezvous of all the traders and loafers in the place, though the Indians seldom pass the threshold.

A great commotion broke out to-day, when it was understood that the half-breeds would be excluded from the pay list, for such of the Pottawattomies, Winnebagos, and other Indians, as had taken wives from amongst the Menomenees, had hitherto been paid a share; and several of the Pottawattomies attended the payment. Their wives, and some of the Chippewa half-breeds, excited the sympathy of their red kinswomen; the squaws stirred up their husbands, the men stirred up the chiefs, the chiefs appealed to Osh Cosh, and the affair is to be settled to-day in full council.

The Pottawattomies say, if any of the half-breeds are to be excluded, all must be excluded, from the payment. They insist that the white faces have no right to interfere between the tribes—and that the children of white fathers and red mothers ought to be supported by the white fathers alone. Passing near the wigwam of Osh Cosh, I was not a little surprised

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to find a great, big, swaggering Frenchman, from Milwaukee, on his knees before that chief, soliciting that his wife and twelve half-breed children be put upon the pay-list, with great earnestness. Anxious to secure a good place, I hastened back to the Council Lodge, and found it beset in every direction; and being cleared for Osh Cosh, I slipped in, and found the lodge crammed, as full as it could hold, of chiefs, and braves, and half-breeds. The agent made an abortive attempt to “clar de kitchen,” and get the half-breeds out, but found it impossible. It was a very sore subject for the Indians to broach, as every white man on the ground, except myself, was connected, more or less, with Indians and half-breeds.

Osh Cosh declined making a speech: he had evidently been brought over by the half-breeds, and, during the stormy debate, lay back, resting on his elbows, eyeing the several speakers with the greatest disdain. His son, and heir-apparent, a fine young painted savage, sat behind him, and seemed sadly perplexed at having his plumed head and scalp lock crushed against the sides of our vast bee-hive.

A loud and angry debate was carried on between several chiefs, which was not translated by the interpreters. All of a sudden, up jumped a chief—strode over to the agent, and shook hands with him. He was received by the agent with cool surprise, and by the half-breeds with murmurs. A trade who sat next me interpreted part of his speech, which the half-breed's interpreter sadly changed, and hashed up for the agent's ear.

A better model of a bold and fearless orator I had never seen, on or off the stage, in ancient or modern painting or sculpture, than Coron, the red speaker before us—in the meridian of life, in the full vigour of manhood, his athletic form lightly draped with a simple blanket—now grasped on his broad chest with one hand, while the other was held forth with bold and graceful action. The classic contour of his head, piercing black eyes, aquiline nose, small, though changeable mouth— *“As sunbeams chasing shadows o'er the hill”*—the strong relief and beautiful play into which the muscles of the neck and bare throat were

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thrown—the whole man, reminded me of the justice of West's exclamation, when he first beheld the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican—” a young Mohawk warrior.”

He said he was the friend and well-wisher of the pale-faces, but denounced their encroachments; they were never satisfied, still crying “More land, more land!”—still forcing the red men further west, further from their great father beyond the great waters. He remembered the Green Bay treaty, and knew how it had been brought about. Osh Cosh was nothing before that time, he was only a brave, he was not even admitted into the council of the head chiefs, (loud interruption and a brawl without;) now, he was acknowledged head chief of the Menomenees—the mere tool of the Grignons and other traders, (here the speaker was interrupted by the Grignons and a crowd of half-breeds, but he still maintained his position.) He said it was new to him to be interrupted while speaking—lit shewed the bad manners of the half-breeds—and besides, said he, why are the half-breeds, or, indeed, any people but the chief and money-box keepers, allowed to push into the Council-Lodge, (“eugh, wheugh, wheugh,” cheered the chiefs.) “The pale-faces,” continued he, in a bitter strain of irony, “have such a regard for us poor red men that they wish to instruct us how to hoe our lands—they wish us to worship the little white man they have fixed up in their praying houses (catholic chapels) at Green Bay and the Grand Cocaloo. We have granted their grand medicine (priest) a large fertile tract of land, not because of the 85 little white man in his chapel, but because he is our friend, and sells us good gunpowder, and gives us advice. If the pale-faces despise us, why do they sleep so much with our squaws? (loud laughter, murmurs, and tumult.) Our young squaws bear them children, and we are beset with a mongrel yelping race; disowned by their white fathers, they follow their red mothers, they hang upon our robes, they fawn upon us, they bite their red brethren; every year we are obliged to provide for them; last payment, we agreed to pay them off, and have done with them—now, behold them, as noisy as ever, barking in our very Council Lodge.”

Such was the vehemence and shrewdness of Coron's harangue, that even the chiefs who had agreed to vote for the half-breeds began to waver. Shunion (or Silver) spoke in favour

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of the half-breeds; he told his brother chiefs they ought to be generous, and have large hearts and open hands for friendly white-faces. A great deal of palaver and “*log-rolling*” took place, and, at last, a venerable old chief, Ko-ma-ni-kin, (Big-wave,) proposed that the half-breeds should be paid this time, and never after. Coron (or the Crown) was prevailed on to accede to the proposition; he made another speech, which I did not get interpreted as well as his first, and at the end of it he said, “Well, pay the half-breed this once—let this be their last interference in our affairs—let them go home to their white fathers—let us not see the colour of their eyes any more.”

The council broke up.

This evening accompanied by an intelligent young fellow, who had married the daughter of a Chippewa chief, I visited the lodge and wigwams of several chiefs and Indians. I was surprised to find the interior of some of those temporary abodes warm and comfortable, abundance of mats on the floor, and the chinks and holes in the back, roof, and sides carefully stopped with moss and long grass; bear and racoon, and even black fox skins, robes, and blankets, formed beds and divans not to be sneezed at; the squaws received us with mild civility, pointing to the best mats and skins in the lodge, upon which they invited us to be seated. One of these lodges we visited belonged to a rich Menominee belle; her father had been a chief, who died without male issue, and the tribe allotted her some land on the Winnebago lake, where she lived in single blessedness, in neat and permanently-built lodge, cultivated a large garden, fished in the lake, and was quite an independent character; she had many admirers and many suitors; even white traders had been rejected by her. I found this paragon of perfection seated beside the red embers of a fire in the middle of a lodge, with three or four old squaws, her relations, and a young girl, who resided with her.

I was very much disappointed when I found this ducky beauty a dumpy squaw, with a little *goitre* under her chin—to be sure, she was richly dressed, in blue cloth, bedizened with beads and ribands; but her face was mild, and her fine dark eye spoke volumes: this was

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the reason she maintained her famed as the Menomenee belle—everything depended upon her eye, glancing with shrewd and deep intelligence. In the twinkling of a bedpost, one could perceive she was laughing in her sleeve at her red brethren. Soon after we entered, my friend's vocabulary of Menomenee and Chippewa words being expended, the belle (her age was somewhere the shady side of thirty, became alarmed, and sent for one of her male friends, a half-breed, to inquire the object of our visit. Understanding our intentions were honourable, her mind was set at rest. Here my companion urged me to take a likeness of the Indian beauty; she was all compliance, lighted a yellow bees-wax candle, squatted herself down at the far end of the lodge, and, almost choked with laughter, I was obliged to kneel and sprawl before her sable majesty, with all the squaws and children in the lodge crowding upon my shoulders, while, by the pale and flickering light of 87 the little candle, I sketched the outline of the sable beauty's head, neck, and shoulders, on a leaf of my note-book. My companion found fault with the sketch, and said its should be shaded. Doctors differ; but I was forced to shade the hair and some of her dress, whereupon the lady insisted upon seeing her picture, and was very much horrified to find it was not painted red, white, and black, on which colours she placed her fingers on her dress; and the interpreter conveyed her wishes that I should colour her portrait. It was easy enough to perceive divers colours on her dress, but her countenance was a uniform dusky hue, unconscious of a blush; and, indeed, if I had my colour-box beside me, I should have spared the carmine and light red. Wishing to get out of the scrape as easily as possible, I told her it was too dark, and, besides, I never could paint such transcendent beauties as hers save in the sun-light. Whether the compliment was literally translated to her or not I cannot say, but the Menomenee belle favoured me with a most 'witching smile, and extended her hand to me, whereupon I took the liberty to slide a ring upon one of her fingers, received a most cordial shake in return, and retreated. Before I left the cabin, my companion had observed a tall, grim-looking half-breed peeping in at the door: at last he entered, and demanded what we did there. Seeing my occupation, he said he was a painter himself, and that the lady might have been painted by him if she liked—in short, he was a rival, an aspirant to the hand of this model of beauty.

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“You had better take care of that fellow,” said my companion, as we left the lodge, “a jealous half-breed is the devil to deal with.”

Fortunately I was not so deeply smitten with my dusky belle as to accept the invitation to return to her lodge next day and as often as I liked, and had no idea of gratifying my vanity at the risk of my life.

On Saturday, another council was held, which was conducted with greater regularity than the last. The bills of the traders were considered, and claims for compensation for services done to the Indians and damages done by the Indians brought before the house (or wigwam). Fifty dollars claimed by a settler near the Little Cocaloo for a cow slain by them. Not allowed; “because,” said the Indians, “the white man sold the flesh of the cow, which was shot by accident, therefore he lost nothing by it.”—One hundred dollars claimed by a doctor at the Bay for attending a sick Indian family during the small-pox. His claim rejected, but afterwards he was allowed fifty dollars.—One hundred dollars claimed by one Boyd, an ex-agent, for having taken care of an old Indian he found frostbitten on the ice; loud laughter, and claim rejected. A claim by a merchant of Astor, who had buried an Indian, and incurred considerable expense at the funeral, was at once allowed.\*

\* A claim made by a tavern-keeper at Madison, who had entertained Osh Cosh and his Sachems for several days, when that chief consulted Governor Dodge upon the propriety of going to war with the Sauks and Foxes, was not allowed, because that war had not been countenanced by the U. N. S.

Sundry minor claims being allowed and rejected, Osh Cosh made a speech to the chiefs, which was not interpreted; but the purport of it was, that one of the Grignons should receive half a dollar a-head from the whole tribe; and after a little delay, the agent was directed to transfer some fifteen hundred dollars to this lucky wight for services rendered; in fact, it was a liberal present, and nothing more nor less. I could not believe it till I saw the boxes opened and the dollars transferred to the safekeeping of a gaunt, yellow, ill-conditioned man.

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“What has he done for the Indians?” said I.

“Oh, he has been always their friend; his father is the old trader, but he is the gentleman of the family,” said my informant. “He has lost a great deal by the Indians; he always gives them good advice, and is glad to see them.”

As to his losses I cannot speak, but as to his gains, I can bear 89 witness; the Indians had given him a large tract of land near the Winnebago lake; they had worked for him, supplied him with game, fish, flesh, and fowl, planted his corn, built his lodges—but still he had lost a great deal by the Indians, said his friends; but it was easier to say so than to prove the fact. At a later hour, I saw this gentleman throwing away dollars with great *sang froid* at a faro-table—a hazard and thimble-rig concern, which a nest of blacklegs got up at the “Striped Apron” in the hopes of fleecing such gentlemen as had their claims allowed by the Indians. Finally, Osh Cosh rose up and made a long harangue: he said, “There is a man here present to whom we are all indebted; he draws up our papers, and sees justice done to us—he is our attorney, and in consideration of his services we will allow him fifty dollars.”

This half-breed of an attorney sat watching the money-boxes, and the moment he heard fifty dollars, his countenance fell—never was man more disappointed; and the Indians seemed surprised when he was doled out fifty dollars for his two years’ services. It was a mistake, a *lapsus linguæ* of Osh Cosh, who had used the word fifty instead of five hundred, and the delighted man of quips and quirks was soon handed a box of five hundred dollars.

Sunday: we marched from the grand lodge to the Pottawattomie wigwam, where a trader, a member of the church, had informed us he intended to hold a prayer meeting. We found a large body of painted young men playing the Moccasin game, and a sort of thimble-rig, right in front of our preacher’s domicile; they were prevailed on to move further off, and the preacher, a grave and decent looking man, invited us to enter his lodge, which

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smelt powerfully of salt fish and leather; two only Indians attended preaching, and the congregation was very thin indeed. Our preacher prayed and spoke for three quarters of an hour; he prayed for the conversion of the Indians, and 90 frequently called them "poor and peel'd wretches," in the dark and dismal valley of sin and death. He concluded his sermon rather abruptly, saying, there is "leave to speak if any man feels inclined."

No man present feeling inclined to preach, we broke up meeting and returned to our lodges just as the Indians broke up their games. They had held a solemn feast early in the morning, which I did not witness; but during the day, I saw an Indian baptizing a dog by the river side, preparatory to its being stewed for a solemn feast. The Indians always offer part of everything they eat to the Great Spirit, and sprinkle their venison, and dog, and bear meat with water before it is dressed for a feast.

Apropos to feasting: I had taken my meals regularly at the "Striped Apron," down town, and declined intruding on my kind friends at the Council Lodge, though invited by the provider to "eat with them"; but on Sunday, from a sort of false squeamishness about dining in a place where gambling &c. was going on, I spoke to the merchant who furnished the *provend* at the Council Lodge table, and arranged with him that I would pay for that day's board anything he liked. He entered into my feelings on that subject, and I dined with the agent and half-a-dozen others connected with the expedition, and have never ceased to regret having swallowed a few mouthfuls of hard pork, beans, and corn-bread at that table, for reasons which I shall briefly explain. Formerly, and at the last Indian payment, a public table had been kept up at the agent's lodge, at which traders and visitors dined at the expense of the Indians, and thus a considerable sum was squandered. The same merchants who furnished the last outfit and entertainment, furnished forth this one also, and sent up provisions and knives and forks for several guests; but the new agent resolved to put a stop to this, and threw cold water on the public table. Nevertheless, the merchant provider went on, and invited several traders to "eat at the table 91 as usual," and then handed in his account to be paid, some five or six hundred dollars; the agent refused to pay it, and a regular skirmish and many hard words ensued. All this did

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not reach my ear till Monday—indeed, the misunderstanding did not occur till then; the moment I heard it I flew to the provider to pay him for my dinner, but he flatly refused to receive a cent. I urged the money on him, told him I would be more obliged than words could express, if he would relieve me from the awkward predicament into which he had brought me, by making me, as it were, an accomplice and sharer in this potwalloping affair. I claimed the interference of the agent—the agent would do nothing. “He refuses to take the money from you,” said he, “because he thinks it would invalidate his claim.” Not knowing how to act, I went out, and calling upon an old Indian, in presence of the agent and provider, handed him a dollar, to his great surprise and delight, this being the way in which I proved to my own satisfaction that I had not robbed the Indians of a single meal.

This affair caused me so much annoyance, that I resolved to shift my quarters; indeed the Council Lodge had grown so cold and airy, that the hoar frost was on my blanket every morning, and the bear skin I had procured for a pillow was frequently pulled from under my head by the rascally dogs. Altogether it was most desirable to get into other quarters, and I marched with my traps to the Pottawattomie wigwam, and was cordially received by the preacher, a very worthy poor man, who kept aloof from the scenes of riot and drunkenness which began to break out in divers parts of the village. He was a member of the temperance society; he had brought over a few good blankets and other useful things, to sell to the Indians at this payment, and inveighed against the conduct of the whisky sellers in no measured terms. I was glad to see he was not without admirers, even among the Indians, and several of them from his own neighbourhood spent the evening in front of his wigwam, listening 92 to his sage observations and pious ejaculations in their language, while whoops, and yells, and flute-playing, and ribaldry, sounded on all sides. This good Samaritan indulged me with a pair of blankets, and a truss of dry racoon skins for a pillow. He was from New England, and delighted to tell long stories of the wars, for he had been a soldier to boot. He invited me to spend some days with him at his village called Calumet, (or Pipe Town,) on the Winnebago Lake.

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According to the articles of the treaty with these Indians, the U. N. S. government gave them several head of horned cattle. Owing to the badness of the weather and the impracticable nature of the country, the cattle did not arrive as soon as it was expected, and at last only six oxen could be procured. Formerly the young men claimed the right of hunting the cattle through the woods, and shooting them, but on this occasion Osh Cosh forbade the hunt, to the great vexation of the painted young gentlemen; the reason assigned for not permitting them to hunt was simply that the beef was spoiled with the number of balls driven through it, and accidents sometimes happened. I had crossed the river in a canoe, and was taking a sketch of the gay scene on the opposite side, when the oxen arrived; the poor animals looked wild enough, they had been over-driven, and stood near the margin of the river, while some half-breeds and the renowned Mr. C——ds, came over with long knives and hatchets, to dispatch them off hand. Not willing to preside over this piece of butchery, I walked aside into the bush, and in my perambulations came suddenly upon a painted warrior crouching among the fern. I had been surprised at the total absence of Indians on this side of the river, when suddenly from fern and bush in every direction, up sprang a host of painted warriors in gala costume, each trailing his long rifle, dropping his blanket from his shoulders, and bending his eagle eye upon the spot where the cattle slaughtering was going forward. Four 93 of the oxen had been coolly slain with an axe; the fifth looked fierce, and had long horns, and therefore Mr. C——ds, the brave, was deputed to shoot him with his double-barrelled gun, but that gentleman having taken an uncertain aim, merely wounded the beast, and away it ran through the woods, pursued by upwards of one thousand red warriors, young and old. The first rush they made, I was hustled along with them, and “the devil take the hindmost” seemed to be the cry. But who can paint Mr. C——ds’ confusion and horror, to find the whole band of savages rushing towards him! He ran, and though his good legs had saved his bacon before, they did not save his beef now, the red men pouncing on the residue of the cows and oxen, hacking, hewing, and mangling. Mr. C——ds made his escape across the river in his canoe, and the whole brush and woods seemed alive with Indians shooting and yelling over the fallen oxen. I never saw the savage flash out so fast; the moment they

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dabbled their hands in blood, the Indians seemed to lose all self-control, and the most reserved and stately yelled like fiends.

A negro barber from the Bay has been detected selling whisky to the Indians; in his lodge he had several barrels of whisky concealed, and the appointed mixed force of traders and sage Indians, who have endeavoured most laudably to keep the peace, and prevent the sale of whisky, have seized upon this nigger's illicit store of the baneful fire-water, and the barrels having been rolled up in front of the Council Lodge, the agent and Osh Cosh are called on to decide as to its fate. Meantime the nigger goes about exciting the pestilent half-breeds and profligate Indians to rescue his whisky, using the most abusive and indecent language, saying he will get up a big fight for his whisky, wishing he had his bowie knife, and, in short, provoking some hardy pioneer to thrash him.

During this afternoon, several seizures of whisky were made 94 in the bush, and rolled up to the Council Lodge by the gallant band of Wolf River rangers; but alas for poor human nature! the band of whisky seekers were not proof against temptation, and in the midst of their seizures they could not help tasting, and from tasting went on to swigging, from swigging to tipping, and at last they cut a most ludicrous figure, marching about from lodge to lodge, and from tent to shanty, in quest of whisky, inveighing against the fire-water, while they were hardly able to stand; indeed, the major who commanded seemed to think he commanded a regiment, instead of a dozen boosy traders in red and grey night-caps, and some half-dozen old Indians in blankets; he carried his cudgel like a pike; "It looks well, at least, said my uncle Toby." Frequently halting his men in front of the Council Lodge, he would inspect them with great severity, give them speeches upon military discipline, read what he called the order of the day, which was the old declaration of independence; then putting himself at their head, march round the whisky barrels as if they were the trophies or spoils of war, followed by a mob of drunken half-breeds and whooping Indians. But at last the whisky was given up, and I saw the poor major, flat as a flounder, his occupation gone, his band dispersed, and in a hoarse voice he exclaimed against the ingratitude of the traders, who had not rewarded him for his zeal, even with a

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letter of thanks; “And after all I have gone through,” said he, “I feel as if I had been beaten through hell with a soot-bag”; a singular, though not very elegant phrase for a man of his rank and standing to sport, even in the “Striped Apron.”

Early this morning, the whole village was up and stirring; flags and streamers were hoisted in front of the traders’ lodges. One man, to attract notice, had taken advantage of a dead tree in front of his lodge, and covered its branches with strips of red calico, blue ribands, and gew-gaws; another hoisted a dozen striped shirts, another a red blanket, another a green blanket, 95 and the traders strode backwards and forwards in front of the goods, bawling as loud as their lungs could below, “How, how, how! How, how, how! Niche nobie”<sup>\*</sup>; while the Indians and their squaws surrounded the Council Lodge in groups, the squaws for once dressed in all their finery, and the young men vying with each other who could shew most vermilion, yellow ochre, and indigo on their cheeks, and feathers—red, horse, and moose hair—on their heads, wampum and beads, bracelets and gorgets, round their arms and necks. The sun shone out gloriously, and the *coup d’œil* was most enlivening; several Indians had brought up their horses, and rode about at a break-neck rate over the stumps and logs. The Council Lodge had been metamorphosed into a pay office; a door opened on each side, through which the Indians were to pass, and receive their pay from the agents at a long counter, upon which the contents of the money boxes, some twenty-seven thousand dollars, was piled up in goodly rows. Some of the traders, especially the Grignons, beset the door of egress, and as every Indian passed out, received the amount he owed for goods received on time. Thus it frequently happened that an Indian came away from the lodge as empty-handed as he entered it, the squaws alone hesitating, and frequently refusing to part with the dollars at once.

<sup>\*</sup> “Buy, buy, buy, Indian gentlemen.”

I soon got weary of witnessing the payment, and retreated from the Council Lodge into the fresh air. I was much surprised at the sudden apparition of a tall old Indian; he stood aloof from the rest, and looked scornfully at the Council Lodge. The upper part of his face was painted white, nose, forehead, up to the roots of his hair, which was painted fiery

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red, and from his scalp-lock hung down as eagle's feather; over his mouth and chin a red hand was painted, indeed he seemed to have dipped his hand in vermilion and laid it over his mouth; this, on the white ground, was seen at some distance. Part of his nose had 96 been hewn off in some old fight. He wore a muff, or collar of crow feathers, under which peeped his gorget and sundry wampum-beads, &c. His sinewy arms were also painted; he wore deer-skin leggings, very much soiled, and trailed skunk-skins at his feet. A remnant of a green Mackinaw blanket covered his shoulders, and in his hand he carried a formidable war club, ornamented with eagle's feathers and brass; he was a most athletic old fellow, and glided about like a spectre.

A trader explained to me that this man was a Pottawattomie chief; he had married a Menomenee woman, and, with the residue of his band, had been attempting to get his name on the pay list. Failing in that, he had put on his war dress, and had a strong band of warriors lying in ambush, to cut off the Menomenees as they returned laden with goods and provisions. He was a well-known warrior, and had killed many people, as all his trappings betokened. He had fought against the Americans last war, fought against them in the Black Hawk war, and was a regular firebrand in the frontiers. At present, Osh Cosh treated him with great disdain, and affected to despise him, though he had been secretly tampering with him, and sent him presents to conciliate his good wishes, which the proud old Pottawattomie rejected, and now came openly to bid the whole tribe defiance.

Approaching this old warrior, I began to inspect him as I would an Egyptian mummy, and a grim smile stole over his seamed visage, as, thinking aloud, I said, "I wonder if he would sell this war club."

"Bai-and-bai, bai-and-bai," croaked the grim warrior.

"What!" said I, "do you speak English, my fine fellow?"

"Two, tree words," responded he.

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“What will you take for your war club?”

“Oh, two—tree—dollar, bai-and-bai.”

Finding the chief's vocabulary rather limited, I hailed one of my friendly interpreters, and the chief then said, “he would not part with his club till night; he would hold it for his own protection till he saw further,—that if the Menomenees acceded to his proposal, and were for peace, he would then sell his club,” and so saying he whisked off.

The moment the last dollar was paid, down went the American flag, and the agent and his men rushed to their boat, plied their oars, and sheered off from the scene of action. Then the whisky sellers took the field. The young Indians clubbed together, and bought barrels of fire water, knocked in their heads with their clubs and tomahawks, and helped their friends all round to bowls and cups of the spirit, above proof—real firewater.

The result may be anticipated: the whole village became a scene of riot and debauchery. I retreated to my friendly trader's lodge, and found him expostulating with a few young Indians, upon the folly and wickedness of getting drunk. Indeed, this good man's words and example seemed to have considerable effect on his hearers; he begged of them to quit the village, bag and baggage, now they were paid. Several followed his advice at once, and others began to remove the masts &c. from their lodges; while the Indians who lived in his vicinity lodged their money for safe keeping in his hands. One old trapper actually deposited forty dollars with him, but would not go home—no, he preferred plunging into the midst of the riot and revelry. Next morning I hardly knew him, as he sneaked up, all covered with dirt and blood, to ask his bundle.

That evening the rain came down in torrents; my host stood at the door of his lodge, and endeavoured to prevail on the Indians to pass on, and go home, but their drunken friends soon found them out. They came with kettles and cans full of whisky, which they insisted we should taste. My host obstinately refused, and loudly bawled, “Caun whisky,

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caun Ishcodaywa, bo”; and the result was, that a good deal of whisky was spilled, the Indians 98 forcing cans of it against our lips, while we evaded the torrent; this was the most disagreeable part of the entertainment.

“I knew this good man would follow my advice,” said my host, as a very tall old Indian approached us, followed by his family, sons, daughters, and wives, carrying mats, baskets, and papooses. The party halted at our lodge; and the old fellow, who had evidently taken a drop too much, seized my friend by the hand, and made a long speech, while his wives seemed ready to sink under their burdens, and stood patiently in the midst of the rain.

One of the company was not so patient, and staggered about under a load of bedding and matting; and the head and face being partially hid under a new iron pot, and the lower part of the figure disguised in a torn old petticoat of divers colours, I looked upon the wearer as a tipsy old squaw, and was greatly surprised to hear a voice from under the iron pot, exclaiming, “Arrah! bad manners to your palaver—don't be after keeping us standing in the rain all night.”

“Holloa,” said I, peeping under the pot at a pair of red whiskers; “here is an Irishman turned squaw.” But, either through shame or indignation, the pot-carrier answered not, but jogged off with the Indians, and in the tumult and hubbub round us, I forgo to inquire about him.

At night we barricaded the door with empty barrels and logs, but the Indians still came begging for money to buy more whisky, and the rain entered the roof and sides of our lodge. My blanket was saturated; and at midnight I sat up, finding it impossible to close an eye amidst the wild howling, terrific shouts, screams, love and war songs of the drunken savages without. I never heard, or hope to hear, anything half so horrible again. Indeed, as my host observed, it was worse than bedlam broke loose, it was like hell upon earth. Crowds of unhappy children crawled round our own lodge, crying bitterly; some of them contrived to 99 creep into the empty barrels at our door, and that barrier was broken down, before morning, with a loud crash.

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I had been trying to dose in a dry corner, when, looking up, I saw the tall spectral figure of a naked Indian leap through the door-way; he waved a glowing faggot in his hand, and shewed his wild distorted features covered with blood and dirt. "Now is the hour," thought I, "that my ramblings will have a finale, for *certes* this mad savage is on the eve of hurling the glowing log upon the devoted head"; but hardly had the thought flashed through my brain, when the savage fell prostrate on the floor, where, with a dozen more, we found him stark and gory, snoring away the effects of his night's debauch.

The grey morning dawned heavily upon the Wolf River; as I went forth and looked around; not a third of the tents, lodges, and wigwams were standing; all was misery and wretchedness. The ground was covered with drunken savages, stripped of their finery, torn and tangled with filth and briars. The half-breed whisky-sellers plied their vile vocations, determined to sell every drop of liquor they bought to the ground. All the respectable traders had huddled up their goods and retreated, or repeated to start away in canoes. I was not a little surprised to see the old squaws gliding about with rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, under their arms; in fact, they are the only efficient police, carrying off their husbands' weapons before a carouse, to prevent bloodshed if possible.

Close to a whisky-barrel, I found a young squaw belabouring a drunken Indian man, who lay very quietly upon his back, quite naked and powerless, while this athletic dame belaboured him with a long club. We took the club from her, and threw it away; then she got a stone to despatch him, this we took from her also; and at last she began whipping him with a pine branch, exclaiming all the time against his drunken habits, while she was pretty for gone herself.

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Another dire battle was ranging in the remnants of the lodge of a brave, who had been gallant *homme*. The squaws were all fighting about him; they seemed all in a heap, in the midst of the skeleton of the lodge, and looked like so many devils caught in a crib. Seven or eight women, of all ages, tore, bit, scratched, and kicked, in this delectable circles;

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while the gay Lothario, a besotted old Indian, very quietly looked on, stoically smoking his tomahawk pipe, till it was snatched out of his mouth by one of those furies, who began to use it most unmercifully on the rest; till the beautiful *chaine des dames* was unfolded by the main strength of the neighbours.

Passing another lodge, I caught a glimpse of the plastered red head of the old Pottawattomie chief. He sat down in the ashes with a circle of old chiefs of his tribe; they were all half tipsy, chanting a low wailing song. The moment I entered the lodge they raised their voices, and their song became more lively. I reminded the old chief about the war-club, when suddenly he jumped up, and exclaimed, "No money, no dollar, for poor Pottawattomie; no blanket for him; no beef for him"; and I was hustled, and thrust out of the lodge.

Indignant at this proceeding, I returned to the charge with an interpreter, who soon cleared up the mystery. The Pottawattomies, seeing me in the Council Lodge, thought I belonged to the agency. But when the interpreter told them I was only a stranger and a Saganagh, the Pottawattomies altered their note, jumping up with a shout, they almost shook my wrists out of joint; such a hand-shaking round I never experienced before, or since.

"You shall have the club—here is the club!" exclaimed the old chief; "Saganagh, my friend; my good friend and brother; Saganagh, here is my club."

Reflecting that money would soon be the thrown away upon whisky, I took the war-club, and transferred my blanket to the shoulders of the poor chief. Never was man so delighted; he almost danced with delight; a few strings of beads and tinderboxes conciliated the squaws, and we had a regular jubilee. A squaw ransacked a roll of goods, and insisted I should have a pair of leggings made by her own fair hands. For this present I was in duty bound to make a suitable return.

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“We will all go to Canada!” they exclaimed—“we will all go to Canada!” and I found it no easy matter to get away from the grateful poor creatures.

Returning to my quarters, I found my friend busily employed backing up his traps; when O explained to him the nature of my interview with the Pottawattomies, he laughed.

“Yes,” said he, “the poor fellows were badly treated from first to last, but now they prefer going to Canada rather than crossing the Mississippi, where lands have been allotted to them by the Sauks and Foxes; but I doubt me much if the Pottawattomies will be any acquisition to the Canadas. They are, just as you see them—an idle, rambling race; fond of hunting, and averse to settling down anywhere; very quarrelsome, and addicted to drink, whenever they can get it by hook or by crook; *certes*, they will be no great loss to Uncle Sammy.”

I had seen quite enough of the Indians; and the weather being very cold and unsettled, broke up my plan of crossing the country to the head of the Lake Superior; I embarked in a canoe with a trader, and bade adieu to the Menomenees, the last of the Pottawattomies, and the Wolf River rangers.

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