CHAPTER II.

SURFACE FEATURES OF THE COUNTY—THE MOUND-BUILDERS—INDIAN OCCUPANCY—WAS JOHN NICOLET IN COLUMBIA COUNTY IN 1634?—FIRST WHITE MEN AT THE PORTAGE—EARLY VISITS TO WHAT IS NOW COLUMBIA COUNTY—THE PORTAGE FROM 1793 TO 1827—THE "WINNEBAGO WAR"—FORT WINNEBAGO.

SURFACE FEATURES OF THE COUNTY.

The surface of Columbia County is drained, as already explained, by three principal rivers —the Rock, the Fox and the Wisconsin; but only the two last mentioned have any part of their main channels in the county. The Crawfish River carries the water from the eastern side of the county into the Rock River; the north central portions of the county are drained by the Fox River and its affluents; the western and central parts, by the Wisconsin and its tributaries. The principal affluent of the Fox on the east is French Creek; on the west, Neenah Creek. The Wisconsin has, on the west, the Baraboo River as a tributary; on the east, its main affluents in the county are Duck Creek, Rock Run and Spring Creek. The three principal branches of Duck Creek are the North Branch, Middle Branch and the South Branch.

The Baraboo heads in the counties of Monroe, Vernon and Juneau, at an elevation of about four hundred feet above its mouth; runs southeastward into Sauk County, where it breaks into the valley between the two east and west quartzite ranges, already spoken of, through a narrow gorge in the northern range. Turning then eastward, it runs along the middle of the valley between the two ranges for about fifteen miles, and then, breaking again northward through the north range, follows its northern side east to the Wisconsin, into which it empties on Section 28, of Township 12 north, of Range 9 east, in the town of Caledonia. The Baraboo is a stream of very considerable size, and yields a number of excellent water-powers in the valley between the quartzite ranges (Baraboo Bluffs),—having a fall, on this portion of its course, of seventy feet. The other streams of the county are sufficiently described in the histories of the various towns.

There are a half-score of small lakes in the county, which are considered of sufficient importance to appear with names upon the county map and county atlas. They are: Swan Lake, in Wyocena and Pacific; Whiting's Lake, Lake Loomis and Lake Corning, in Lewiston; Lake George, in Pacific; Mud Lake, in Fort Winnebago; Grass Lake in Otsego, and Silver Lake, in the city of Portage. One of these, Mud Lake, in Fort Winnebago, may be considered merely as an enlargement of the channel of Fox River.

The three different kinds of surface in Columbia County, as to vegetation, are the prairies, marshes and timber land. The prairies, or treeless portions, are not exactly identical in extent now as when the county was first settled, for the reason that in some places, once prairie, there has been an invasion of a timber growth,—this, in former times, having been checked by the annual prairie fires. The prairie areas are by no means always flat; indeed the flat prairies are the exception, and are chiefly seen along the bottom land of the Wisconsin River. The ordinary prairie of the county is very rolling, commonly showing abrupt changes of level, even up to fifty or a hundred feet. The changes in level are, scientifically speaking, due in places to heaped-up drift, but more commonly to unequal denudation of the rocky strata. In some cases, as, for instance, in the town of West Point, the prairie area includes both lowland and bold outlying bluffs, as much as two hundred, or even three hundred, feet in height. The limestone-prairie belt in Columbia County occupies large portions of the towns of West Point, Lodi, Arlington, Leeds, Hampden and Lowville, continuing northeast, though somewhat broken, through the towns of Otsego and Courtland, and finally passing into Green Lake County. This extensive prairie area is, for the most part, on high land, occupying the summit of the watershed between

the Wisconsin and Rock Rivers. It is nearly always underlaid by the lower magnesian limestone, whose irregular upper surface contributes much to the rolling character of the prairie.

In the south central part of the county, the northern limb of Empire Prairie projects far out, like a great bay, through the southern and into the second tier of townships. In the southeast part of the county lies Fountain Prairie, and in the northeast are Welsh and Portage Prairies. All these, as before intimated, are beautifully rolling.

The marshes of Columbia County are usually small. There are, however, some notable exceptions—those extending along Duck Creek and the Upper Fox River, east of portage, are several miles in extent.

With regard to forest trees, it may be said that the whole of the county outside the prairie region is covered by a prevailing growth of small oaks of different varieties, frequently interspersed with other forest trees. Along the Wisconsin and Baraboo Rivers, on one side or both, nearly through their whole length in the county, is a belt of heavy timber of several kinds of oak, basswood, elm and hickory, with some butternuts and soft maple. There are a few groves of heavy oaks in other parts of the county.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Within the boundaries of Columbia County are found many notable and interesting evidences of prehistoric occupation and existence. The geographical position of the county is such as to intimately associate it with some of the important chains or series of earthworks that are found extending along most of the favorable routes for primitive transportation between the great lakes and the Mississippi River.

The county in this regard seems to confirm the generally accepted theory that primitive man, or the Mound-Builders, whoever they were, existed in greatest numbers along the borders of lakes and rivers; and the more prominent these bodies of water and the position occupied appear with relation to the great problems of transportation and subsistence, the more important and numerous are these ancient artificial works.

The importance of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers and their navigable tributaries has been recognized by all nations and tribes in this region that have a written or traditional history. This and the numerous evidences of a prehistoric occupation found along their entire course, would seem to warrant a conclusion that these rivers have furnished a medium of transportation from the days of primitive man's unrecorded existence down to the present time.

In this great thoroughfare of ancient and modern times, the "portage" occupies a central and important position.

The situation of the mounds (many of them) seems to establish a belief that the observation since the settlement of the county by the whites with relation to the gradual diminution in volume of the lakes and rivers, is not exceptional as to the present, but that this decrease has been continuous from the time the mounds were erected; and, with relation to the importance of some of the streams associated with the Mound-Builders, their present condition would not justify conclusions that are consistent with former proportions.

Not only is it certain that there has been a notable decrease in the volume of all existing bodies of water, but in some instances appearances would indicate that even quite large lakes have entirely disappeared, and that some of the works of the Mound-Builders now stranded on an inland hillside, at the time of their construction marked the water-line of their primitive proportions.

As usual in these ancient earthworks, spherical mounds, numerically considered, occupy the leading position, while the irregular works rank first in size and importance, and would require special drawings and explanations to render a description valuable or intelligent.

In some of the mounds examined in Columbia County are found, near the surface, relics of Indian origin, such as flint arrowheads, beads, etc., while farther below, and always near the base line, come the stone implements and the remnants of human bones that crumble into dust as soon as brought to the surface.

In the immediate vicinity of the Dalles, there are several groups of mounds, all of which will be found well worthy of a visit. There is a portion of one in Kilbourn City, but it is not perfect now, having been partially destroyed in grading a street. It appears to have been made to represent a lizard-like animal. Originally, the figure must have been 200 feet long, its head pointing toward the west.

Very often, one of these image or animal mounds will be surrounded by several of the conical ones. A few miles from Kilbourn may be found one of the most curious groups to be seen in this section of the State. It occupies a plat of ground about five rods wide and eighteen long. Near the southeast corner of the plat is the figure of a deer, the head being toward the west. Immediately to the north is a representation of a lizard, the length being about eighteen rods, while around its head are arranged eight or ten conical mounds, some of them being twelve feet in height.

About four miles south of Kilbourn, on the east bank of the Wisconsin River, and but a short distance from the railroad track, may be found quite an interesting group which is well worth visiting. Other groups may be found by driving a few miles in almost any direction.

Many of the mounds in the vicinity have been opened, and bones and various stone implements found; while in others, broken pottery has been unearthed in considerable quantities.

That the mounds were built at a remote period, it is evident. On many of them, trees more than two hundred years old are found growing, and how many more have attained their full size and then died and fallen into decay, it is impossible to tell. As another proof of the great antiquity of the mounds, we would call attention to the fact that the depth of the alluvial soil is the same on the mounds as it is twenty rods distant. This is one of the strongest evidences of the age of these remains of the handiwork of a people long since extinct.

INDIAN OCCUPANCY.

As early as the year 1615, Samuel Champlain heard of a tribe of Indians living many leagues beyond Lake Huron, called the Fire Nation, better known at a later date as the Mascoutins. Their homes were upon the Fox River at that time, as it is believed, and here they were visited by civilized man a little less than a score of years after. It is presumed that their villages were located within the present limits of Green Lake County, somewhere on Fox River, between Berlin and Lake Puckaway, and that they claimed as their hunting-grounds, among much other territory, that now included within the boundary lines of the county of Columbia. The nearest tribe to the Mascoutins down the Fox River was that of the Winnebagoes, whose homes were at the mouth of that stream. To the south, extending perhaps well up Rock River, was the territory of the Illinois. In the immediate neighborhood of the Mascoutins (but in what direction is uncertain) were the Kickapoos and the Miamis.

The Illinois, who lived in a country "where there was a quantity of buffaloes," were afterward driven beyond the Mississippi, but subsequently returned to the river which still bears their name. Meanwhile, there commenced an emigration of the Mascoutins and their kindred, the Kickapoos and Miamis, to the southward, as far at least as the south end of Lake Michigan. Their place was taken by the Foxes and their relatives, the Sacs, and, in time, these also emigrated, but not to the southward; the course taken by them was to the west and southwest. It is certain the Foxes claimed for a time the country now forming Columbia County, as well as much other circumjacent territory. Then came the Winnebagoes from below, that is, from the head of Green Bay, moving up the Fox River by degrees, having outlying villages on the shores of Winnebago Lake and in the valley of Rock River. They finally reached the "portage," and their territory extended down the Wisconsin. This brings us to the time when the United States began making treaties with them. The first of these was held at St. Louis, June 3, 1816, with that portion of the tribe residing on the Wisconsin. This treaty (so soon after the war with Great Britain, in which the Winnebagoes engaged on the side of the British) was one for peace only, no cession of land on the part of the Indians being made to the United States. In 1820, the Winnebagoes had five villages on Winnebago Lake, and fourteen on Rock River.

In 1825, the claim of this tribe was extensive, so far as territory was concerned. Its southeast boundary stretched away from the sources of Rock River to within forty miles of its mouth, in Illinois, where they had a village. On the west, it extended to the heads of the small streams flowing westward and southwestward into the Mississippi. To the northward, it reached as far as Black River and the Upper Wisconsin; in other words, to the Chippewa territory; but did not extend across the Fox to the lands of the north side, although they contended for the whole of Winnebago Lake. Within their territory, then, in 1825, was the whole of the present county of Columbia, except so much of what is now the town of Fort Winnebago, as lies west of the Fox River, and also excepting the present towns of Lewiston and Newport.

By a treaty held with the Winnebagoes on the 1st day of August, 1829, at Prairie du Chien, these Indians relinquished, among much other territory, all of their land in what is now Columbia County, lying west of a line drawn along the road running "by the most northern of the four lakes to the crossing of Duck Creek, thence in a direct course toward the most southeasterly bend of Lake Puckaway." Three years later, at a treaty held at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, the residue of the Winnebago lands lying in the present Columbia County—that is, all east of the line just mentioned—was (with much other territory) ceded to the United States. This treaty was proclaimed February 13, 1833, and on that day all of what had been before that time, in what is now Columbia County, the lands of the Winnebagoes, now belonged to the General Government. And these lands were ready for the surveyor, that is, all of Columbia County except the present towns of Caledonia, Newport, Lewiston, and so much of Fort Winnebago as lies west of the Fox River.

West of the Wisconsin, including the whole of the present town of Caledonia, was still a part of Winnebago territory; but, in November, 1837, this nation ceded to the General Government all their lands east of the Mississippi River. Not an acre was reserved. So the Winnebago title to all of what is now Columbia County was extinguished.

Ever since the Menomonee Indians had been taken under the wing of the General Government, and treaties made with them, their claim was (including other territory) to all lands lying north of the Fox River, and east of the Wisconsin, extending northward to the Chippewa country. This being recognized as their territory by the United States, made them owners of so much of the present county of Columbia as includes, in general terms, the towns of Newport, Lewiston, and that part of Fort Winnebago lying west of the Fox River. Finally, by treaty, confirmed January 23, 1849, the Menomonees sold all their land to the General Government in Wisconsin, including, of course, so much of it as lay within the limits of what is now Columbia County; that is to say, the whole of the territory now forming the towns of Newport and Lewiston, and so much of Fort Winnebago as lies west of Fox River. The Menomonees remained in possession two years, when it was delivered over to the United States. Thus it was that the General Government, at different periods, became the actual owners and possessors of all the domain of Columbia County.

Although owners of a portion of Columbia County, under treaties with the United States, the Menomonees were never residents, any of them, of territory now included within its present boundaries. Not so the Winnebagoes. Their chief had a village two miles above the portage. Afterward, this chief, De-kau-ry (the name that is now written Dekorra), had a village on land that is now known as the Caffrey place, in the town of Caledonia, at the foot of the bluff, between the Wisconsin and Baraboo Rivers. The schoolhouse of District No. 5 now occupies the spot. De-kau-ry's town contained over one hundred lodges, and was the largest of the Winnebago villages. Outside of the present Columbia County, soon after the building of Fort Winnebago, the villages of the nation which were included in the agency established at the fort were scattered in various directions. Their occupants assembled here to be paid their annuities, and to have talks with their father, the agent. A payment made to the Winnebagoes in 1830 is thus described by an eye-witness:

"There were two divisions of the Winnebago Indians, one of which was paid by the agent at the portage; the other at Prairie du Chien, by Gen. Street. The first, between four and

five thousand in number, received, according to treaty stipulations, $15,000 annually, besides a considerable amount of presents and a certain number of rations of bread and pork, to be issued in times of emergency throughout the year. The principal villages of this division of the tribe were at Lake Winnebago, Green and Fox Lakes, the Barribault [now written Baraboo], Mud Lake [in the present Dodge County], the Four Lakes, Kosh-ko-nong [White Crow's village] and Turtle Creek [now Beloit]. Messengers were dispatched, at or before the arrival of the annuity money, to all the different villages, to notify the heads of families or lodges to assemble at the portage.

"When arrived, the masters of families, under their different chiefs, gave in their names and the number in their lodges, to be registered. As, in paying, a sum of money is apportioned to each individual, it is, of course, an object to the head of a lodge to make the number registered as great as possible. Each one brings his little bundle of sticks and presents it to the agent to register. Sometimes a dialogue like the following occurs: 'How many have you in your lodge?' The Indian carefully and with great ceremony counts a bundle of sticks—'Fifteen.' 'How many men?' 'Two.' The agent lays aside two sticks. 'How many women?' 'Three.' Three more sticks are separated. 'How many children?' 'Eight.' Eight sticks are added to the heap. 'What is the meaning of those two sticks that remain?' The culprit, whose arithmetic had not served him to carry out this deception, disappears amid the shouts and jeers of his companions, who are always well pleased at the detection of any roguery in which they have had no share.

"The young officers generally assisted in counting out and delivering the money at these payments, and it was no unusual thing, as the last band came up, for the chiefs to take a quantity of silver out of the box and request their father to pay his friends for their trouble, seeming really disturbed at his refusal. In this, as in almost every instance, we see the native courtesy and politeness which are never lost sight of among them. If a party comes to their father to beg for provisions, and food is offered them, however hungry they may be, each waits patiently until one of the company makes an equal distribution of the whole, and then, taking his share, eats it quietly, with the greatest moderation. I never saw this rule violated, save in one instance.

"Our friend, Pawnee Blanc, 'the old dandy,' once came with a party of Indians, requesting permission to dance for us in the open space before the door. It was a warm, dusty afternoon, and, as our friends grew heated and fatigued with the violent and long-continued exercise, a pitcher of raspberry negus was prepared and sent out to them. Pawnee received the pitcher and tumbler, and pouring the latter about half-full, gave it to the first of the circle, then filled the same for the next and so on, until it occurred to him to look into the pitcher. What he saw there determined his course of action; so, setting the tumbler upon the ground, he raised the pitcher to his lips and gave a hearty pull, after which he went on, giving less and less, until he was called to have the pitcher replenished. All present agreed it was the only instance they had ever witnessed of an Indian appearing afraid of getting less of a thing than his share.

"During the payment, a good many kegs of whisky find their way into the lodges of the Indians, notwithstanding the watchfulness of both officers and agent. Where there is a demand, there will always be a supply, let the legal prohibitions be what they may. The last day of the payment is invariably one of general carousing.

"When the men begin their frolic, the women carefully gather all the guns, knives, tomahawks and weapons of every description, and secrete them, that as little mischief as possible may be done in the absence of all restraint and reason. I am sorry to record that our little friend, Pawnee Blanc, was greatly addicted to the pleasures of the bottle.

"Among the presents for the chiefs which Shaw-nee-aw-kee had brought from the East, was a trunk of blue cloth coats trimmed with broad gold lace, and a box of round, black hats, ornamented in a similar manner. All who are familiar with Indians, of whatever tribe, will have observed that their first step toward civilization, whether a man or woman, is mounting a man's hat, decorated with tinsel, ribbons or feathers. Pawnee was among the happy number

remembered in the distribution, so, donning at once his new costume and tying a few additional bunches of gay-colored ribbons to a long spear that was always his baton of ceremony, he came at once, followed by an admiring train, chiefly of women, to pay me a visit of state.

"The solemn gravity of his countenance as he motioned away those who would approach too near and finger his newly received finery; the dignity with which he strutted along, edging this way and that, to avoid any possible contact from homely, everyday wardrobes, augured well for a continuance of propriety and self-respect and a due consideration of the good opinion of all around.

"But alas for Pawnee! late in the day, we saw him assisted toward his lodge by two stout young Indians, who had pulled him out of a ditch, his fine coat covered with mud, his hat battered and bruised, his spear shorn of its gay streamers, and poor Pawnee himself weeping and uttering all the doleful lamentations of a tipsy Indian."

When, in 1837, the Winnebagoes disposed of all their land to the United States east of the Mississippi, they stipulated that, within eight months, they would move west of the great river. This arrangement was not carried out fully, and many of the Winnebagoes, as elsewhere mentioned, were afterward forcibly carried beyond the Mississippi. The last of these forcible removals occurred in 1873, and, as to those captured in Columbia County, is thus described by a Portage writer at that date:

"On Saturday morning last [December 23, 1873], a thrill of excitement ran through the community by the announcement that Capt. S. A. Hunt, agent for the removal of the Winnebago Indians, and ex-Sheriff Pool, had crossed the Wisconsin River bridge at this place, at the head of a detachment of the United States troops, at the early break of day. What did it all mean? A little inquiry revealed the further fact that a considerable number of the 'Bagoes' had gathered on the Baraboo River, near the Crawford bridge, and were having an annual meeting, a dog-feast, a deer-feast, or something of that kind. Almost every lodge for forty miles had its delegate. They had pooled their wigwams, their squaws, their feathers, their paint, their wampum, and were having a first-class blow-out, when their festivities were interrupted by the appearance in their caravansary of the uninvited boys in blue. Of course, the greatest consternation prevailed, for they knew at once it meant they must go to the Winnebago reservation, in Nebraska, where the larger portion of the tribe had gone several years since, in accordance with their treaty obligations. Considerable parleying followed, and there was a manifest determination not to go.

"Capt. Hunt was anxious to use as little force as possible to accomplish the success of his mission, and used all the persuasive power he could, as he had been doing all through the season, to have them go with him; but when it became fully apparent that they would not do so unless compelled to, he gave the signal, and at once the leaders of the Indians found themselves captives. With as little delay as possible, they were arranged in marching order, and, just before noon, the entire number—eighty-five, we believe—were seen coming over the hill near the Catholic Church, escorted by the troops, conspicuous among them being the stately and towering form of Big Jim. They were at once marched to the depot and safely lodged in the cars, and a full supply of rations was dealt out to them.

"After they had been safely housed, Capt. Hunt set about informing himself whether any of his captives had become real-estate owners, or had done anything else to show that they had abandoned their tribal relations, and were entitled to remain as citizens. Inquiry was made for Yellow Thunder, Good Village, War Club, Snake Swallow, McWima and Pretty Man and one or two others, but it was found that only two of them were among the captives, and they were permitted to take their departure. 'John Little John' and 'High Snake' were of the number and were taken along, but we are informed they will be returned here if they desire to be, although they are not legally entitled to remain. They are vouched for by respectable citizens as making some progress in the line of civilization, and there are no objections to their remaining.

"The ponies and the 'traps and calamities' generally belonging to the Indians were brought in and placed in baggage cars, and at about 6 o'clock the train was under motion for Sparta, which was to be the point of rendezvous.

"As an Indian dance is very like a white man's frolic in some of its characteristics, it was not a matter of surprise to learn that a number of braves were alone at this dance, while the squaws were doing the menial work of housekeeping at home and attending to the papooses. Now, Big Jim was just one of that kind, and several others might be named, but, out of respect to their families, we will not put their names in print. The circumstances, however, made it necessary for Capt. Hunt to dispatch Mr. Pool and other messengers for their families, which were at Briggsville and other places. By Monday evening, Mr. Pool had two or three dozen of them congregated here, and, on Tuesday evening, they were forwarded to Sparta, and we presume that they took their Christmas dinner on their reservation, although at the time of writing this we had not learned definitely as to when they were sent forward."

WAS JOHN NICOLET IN COLUMBIA COUNTY IN 1634?*

The question is no longer an open one as to whether John Nicolet was the first white man who set foot upon any portion of what is now Wisconsin. It has been definitely settled. It is also quite as well determined that his explorations and discoveries were made in the Great West during the last half of the year 1634—only ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock—and the first half of the following year. He, therefore, who would read understandingly the first chapter in the history of Wisconsin ought to investigate the life-history of that remarkable man. He will find him, at an early age, leaving his home in Normandy for the New World, landing at Quebec in 1618, and immediately starting for the Ottawa River to immure himself in the dark forests of Algonquins, sent thither by the Governor of Canada to learn their language. He will see how the young Norman applied himself to his task "in the midst of those hardships which may be readily conceived, if we will reflect what it must be to pass severe winters in the woods, under a covering of cedar or birch bark; to have one's means of subsistence dependent upon hunting; to be perpetually hearing rude outcries; to be deprived of the pleasant society of one's own people; and to be constantly exposed, not only to derision and insulting words, but even to daily peril of life." He will note how the youthful Frenchman followed the Indians in their wanderings; how he partook of their dangers, their fatigues and their privations; how, finally, having become familiar with their language, he entered into their frequent councils.

The return of Nicolet to the St. Lawrence and civilization, after a half-score years of savage life, an excellent interpreter of the Algonquin language, was followed, in 1634, by his being sent to smoke the pipe of peace with nations beyond—far beyond—the Ottawa. So he started upon his perilous voyage. He visited the Hurons, upon the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. With seven of that nation, he struck boldly into wilds to the northward and westward never before visited by civilized man. He paddled his birch-bark canoe up the St. Mary's Strait to the falls. He floated back to the waters of Lake Huron, and courageously turned toward the west, passing through the straits of Mackinaw out upon the broad expanse of Lake Michigan. He then entered Green Bay and Fox River. It is claimed that he ascended the last-mentioned stream as far as the "portage," now the city of Portage, Columbia Co., Wis., and descended the Wisconsin River a considerable distance, thus re-discovering the great Valley of the Mississippi. The term "re-discovering" is used, for no one will call in question its discovery by De Soto in 1541, although its existence seems soon to have well nigh faded from the recollections of men—to have been almost wholly forgotten.

What has been written in support of Nicolet's claim as the re-discoverer of the Mississippi is based upon this declaration of Father Vimont, in the Jesuit Relation of 1640: "The Sieur Nicolet, who has penetrated the furthest into these so remote countries, assured me that, if he

* By C. W. Butterfield, of Madison, Wis.

had sailed three days further upon a large river which issues from this lake, he would have reached the sea." It is evident that the "remote countries" referred to by Vimont are those of the upper lakes traversed by Nicolet, and that the words "this lake" had reference to Green Bay and Lake Michigan combined. But we are told, also, that the phrase "a large river" means the Wisconsin; and that "the sea" spoken of is the Mississippi, Nicolet taking the word *missippi* (great water) to mean "the sea," instead of that river. A careful consideration of the length of the Wisconsin below the "portage," and of the time usually employed by Indians in navigating it, justify the assertion that the words of the Relation of 1640—"if he had sailed three days further upon a large river"—have no application to that stream. The words "three days further" clearly imply that he had already sailed several days; whereas, the distance, 118 miles, down the rapid current of the river, from the "portage" to the Mississippi, was less than three days' "sail" for the swift birch-bark canoe of the savage, and would have been for the swift birch-bark canoe of Nicolet. Upon examination of the Relation of 1654, a sentence is found which has heretofore escaped attention, in this connection: "It is only nine days' journey from this great lake [Green Bay and Lake Michigan combined] to the sea," where "the sea" is evidently identical with the one mentioned by Nicolet to Vimont and spoken of by the latter in the Relation of 1640. It is discovered, upon investigation, that the average time for canoe voyages up the Fox River, from its mouth to the "portage," in early times, was nine days. The "sea," then, of Nicolet—*missippi* of the savages—was the Wisconsin River, considered by itself or as a tributary of the Mississippi; and the "large river" was the Fox River, of Green Bay.

A word as to the mistake of Nicolet in stating that, while on "a large river" (the Fox) he nearly reached "the sea." Nicolet's mind, even before he left the St. Lawrence, was inflamed with vague reports of a "great water" to the westward of the Winnebagoes, which was supposed by him to be a sea. When, therefore, he entered Green Bay and the Fox River, and heard the savages, as they pointed toward the west, repeat the word *missippi* (great water, not "father of waters") it was an easy matter for him to mistake their meaning and conclude a sea was nigh, when, in fact, they were trying to tell him of the Wisconsin, which was itself the "great water," or a tributary thereof. But why should Nicolet have "sailed" up Fox River to within three days of "the sea" (that is to say, of the Wisconsin) and have gone no further? The answer is that six days' journeying up the Fox brought him to the homes of the Mascoutins or Fire Nation—Gens de Feu. These Indians were a powerful nation of Algonquins, who had for their neighbors, probably, the Kickapoos and Miamis. It is certain that Nicolet visited not only the Winnebagoes, but some of the surrounding tribes. It would be his policy, of course, to smoke the pipe of peace with the bravest and most warlike of these, were they of easy access. Such were the Mascoutins, as is to be inferred from cotemporaneous accounts and from the journals of those whites who, not long after, saw them in their villages, located, probably, within the present limits of Green Lake County, Wis. West of the Mascoutins, at that period (1634), there were living no tribes of Indians either upon the Fox or Wisconsin; at least there is no tradition that such was the case. Beyond the Wisconsin, and above its confluence with the Mississippi, there resided some Dakota bands—the terrible Sioux. Without doubt, a journey so far as the villages of these savages was not to be thought of by Nicolet, if it was his purpose, as it must have been, to return to the St. Lawrence early in the summer of 1635. It is believed, therefore, that he turned back, after visiting the Mascoutins, to the Winnebagoes—going up Fox River no farther than the village of the Fire Nation.

It will be borne in mind that Vimont speaks of a "large river [the Fox] which issues from the lake," meaning Green Bay and Lake Michigan combined. Now, the account taken from the lips of Nicolet by Vimont found in the Relation of 1640, was not, probably, reduced to writing until sometime subsequent to its narration, and very naturally the writer (Vimont) would conclude that the narrator was mistaken in stating (and he probably did so state) that the "large river" flowed into Green Bay; at the same time declaring that, had he sailed three days further upon it, he would have reached the sea. Rivers do not flow out of seas into lakes; they

frequently flow out of lakes into seas. Doubtless, then, when Vimont wrote down his recollection of what Nicolet had told him, he took the liberty of correcting what to him seemed to be so manifestly an error. Hence, as the sentence stands in the Relation of 1640, Fox River flows out of Green Bay; but every one knows that it empties into it. The language, therefore, of Vimont, as now interpreted, is equivalent to this: "The Sieur Nicolet, who has penetrated the furthest into the upper lake regions, assured me [Vimont] that if he had paddled his birch-bark canoe three days further up the Fox River, which flows into Green Bay, he would have reached the Wisconsin." Nicolet, then, did not visit the valley of the Mississippi—he did not re-discover it. This honor belongs to another. He was not in what is now Columbia County in 1634, nor at any other time.

FIRST WHITE MEN AT THE PORTAGE.

John Talon, intendant of Canada, labored assiduously to develop the industrial resources of New France. In 1670, he ordered Daumont de St. Lusson to search for copper mines on Lake Superior, and at the same time to take possession, in a formal manner, of the whole interior country for the King of France. St. Lusson set out accordingly, accompanied by a small party of men and Nicholas Perrot, a Canadian voyageur, as interpreter, who spoke Algonquin fluently and was favorably known to many tribes of that family. It was arranged that St. Lusson should winter at the Manatoulin Islands, while Perrot proceeded to invite the tribes to a general conference at the Sault Ste. Marie, in the following spring. The interpreter, having first sent messages to the different tribes of the north, proceeded to Green Bay, to urge the nations upon its waters to the meeting.

St. Lusson and his men, fifteen in number, arrived at the Sault more than a month in advance of the day set for the meeting. When all the Indians had reached the rapids, the Frenchman prepared to execute the commission with which he was charged. A large cross of wood had been made ready. It was now reared and planted in the ground. Then a post of cedar was planted beside it with a metal plate attached, engraven with the royal arms. "In the name," said St. Lusson, "of the most high, mighty and redoubtable monarch, Louis, fourteenth of that name, most Christian King of France and of Navarre, I take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Sault, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the island of Manatoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto; both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North, and of the West, and on the other by the South Sea: declaring to the nations thereof, that from this time forth they are vassals of his majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs: promising them on his part all succor and protection against the incursions and invasions of their enemies: declaring to all other potentates, princes, sovereigns, states, and republics—to them and their subjects—that they cannot and are not to seize or settle upon any parts of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of his most Christian majesty, and of him who will govern in his behalf; and this on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms." Thus passed, so far as words and shouts could effect it, the Northwest, including the present State of Wisconsin, under the domination of France. And why not? She had discovered it—had to a certain extent explored it—had to a limited extent established commerce with it—and her missionaries had proclaimed the faith to its wondering savages. But none of her fur-traders—none of her missionaries—none of her agents—had yet reached the Mississippi—the great river, concerning which so many marvels had been heard. Now, however, the hour was at hand, in which would be solved the problem and be revealed the mystery of the "great water" of the savages. The Governor of Canada was resolved that the stream should be reached and explored. He made choice of Louis Jolliet,* who was with St. Lusson when the Northwest was for the first time claimed for the King of France, and who had just returned to Quebec from Lake Superior.

*The spelling of the name as here given is the same as that adopted by the indomitable Canadian himself—with two *l*'s and one *t*; not with one *l* and one *t* (Joliet), as is usually seen in print.—Ed.

This was in the year 1672. Said the governor, on the 2d of November: "It has been judged expedient to send Sieur Jolliet to the Maskouteins [Mascoutins], to discover the South Sea, and the great river they call the Mississippi, which is supposed to discharge itself into the Sea of California," "He is a man," continues Frontenac, "of great experience in these sorts of discoveries, and has already been almost at the great river, the mouth of which he promises to see."

Jolliet passed up the lakes, and, on the 17th of May, 1673 (having with him Father James Marquette and five others), started from the mission of St. Ignatius, a point north of the Island of Mackinaw, in the present county of that name in the State of Michigan, journeying in two bark canoes, firmly resolved to do all and to suffer all for the glory of re-discovering the Mississippi. Every possible precaution was taken that, should the undertaking prove hazardous, it should not be foolhardy; so, whatever of information could be gathered from the Indians who had frequented those parts, was laid under contribution, before paddling merrily over the waters to the westward, and up Green Bay to the mouth of Fox River. The first Indian nation met by Jolliet was the Menomonees. He was dissuaded by them from venturing so far into ulterior regions, assured that he would meet tribes which never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on his route, exposed him and his men to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war parties constantly in the path; that the "great river" was very dangerous unless the difficult parts were known; that it was full of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there was even a demon there, who could be heard from afar, who stopped the passage and engulfed all who dared approach; and lastly, that the heat was so excessive in those countries, that it would infallibly cause their deaths. Nevertheless, Jolliet determined to persevere; so he ascended Fox River to the portage, he and his companions being the first white men to set foot upon any portion of the territory now constituting Columbia County.

Jolliet found the Fox River very beautiful at its mouth, having a gentle current. It was full of bustards, duck, teal and other birds, attracted by wild oats which were plentiful and of which they were very fond. As the party advanced up the river a little distance, it was found to be difficult of ascent, both on account of the currents and of the sharp rocks which cut their canoes. Nevertheless, the rapids in the stream were passed in safety, when the party not long after came to the nation of the Mascoutins. In their village were also gathered two other tribes —the Miamis and Kickapoos. The Miamis were found to be civil in their deportment. They wore two long ear-locks which gave them a good appearance. They had the name of being warriors, and seldom sent out war parties in vain. They were found very docile, disposed to listen quietly to what was said to them. The Mascoutins and the Kickapoos, however, were rude and more like peasants, compared to the Miamis. Bark for cabins was found to be rare in this village, the Indians using rushes, which served them for walls and roof, but which were no great shelter against the wind and still less against the rain when it fell in torrents. The advantage of that kind of cabins was that they could be rolled up and easily carried whenever it suited these Indians in hunting-time.

The view from the Indian village was beautiful and very picturesque, for, from the eminence on which it was perched, the eye discovered on every side delightful prairies, spreading away beyond its reach, interspersed with thickets or groves of lofty trees. The soil was found to be very good, producing much corn. Plums, also, and grapes were gathered in the autumn in quantities by the Indians.

The arrival of Jolliet and his party at the village of the Mascoutins, was on the 7th of June; their departure was on the 10th.

"We knew," wrote Father Marquette, "that there was, three [thirty] leagues from Maskoutens [Mascoutins], a river entering into the Mississippi; we knew, too, that the point of the compass we were to hold to reach it was west, southwest, but the way is so cut up by marshes and little lakes that it is easy to go estray, especially as the river leading to it is so covered with wild oats that you can hardly discover the channel. Hence, we had good need of our

two [Miami] guides who led us safely to a portage of twenty-seven hundred paces [the site now occupied by the city of Portage], and helped us to transport our canoes to enter this river [Wisconsin], after which they returned, leaving us alone in an unknown country in the hands of Providence.

"We now leave," continues Marquette, "the waters which flow to Quebec, a distance of four or five hundred leagues, to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practiced every day, addressing her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes. The river on which we embarked is called Meskousing [Wisconsin;] it is very broad, with a sandy bottom, forming many shallows, which render navigation very difficult. It is full of vine-clad islets. On the banks appear fertile lands diversified with wood, prairie and hill. Here you find oaks, walnut, whitewood, and another kind of tree with branches armed with thorns. We saw no small game or fish, but deer and moose in considerable numbers."

On the 17th of June, with a joy that was inexpressible, Jolliet and his party entered the Mississippi. After dropping down the "great river" many miles, Jolliet returned to Green Bay, thence to Quebec, to report his discovery and explorations to the Governor of New France.

EARLY VISITS TO WHAT IS NOW COLUMBIA COUNTY.

Not many years elapsed after the visit of Jolliet and his companions to the portage, before the narrow neck of land connecting the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, in what is now Columbia County, was again crossed by civilized man. Louis Hennepin, a Recollet friar, and his party, as a detail from La Salle's expedition to the Illinois, reached the portage in 1680, on his way from the Upper Mississippi to the great lakes, passing up the Wisconsin and down the Fox River to Green Bay. He says:

"After we had rowed about seventy leagues upon the river Ouisconsin [Wisconsin], we came to the place where we were forced to carry our canoe for half a league. We lay at this place all night, and left marks of our having been there by the crosses which we cut on the barks of the trees. Next day, having carried our canoe and the rest of our little equipage over this piece of land [the portage], we entered upon a river [the Fox] which makes almost as many meanders as that of the Illinois at its rise."

Le Sueur and his party made the portage in 1683, on his way to the Mississippi.

"About forty-five leagues up this river [the Wisconsin], on the right, is a portage, of more than a league in length. The half of this portage is a bog; at the end of this portage, there is a little river [the Fox] that falls into a bay called the Bay of the Puans [Green Bay], inhabited by a great number of nations that carry their furs to Canada."

In 1766, Jonathan Carver made a voyage to St. Anthony's Falls, by way of the portage, from the East. Of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, and the carrying place [the portage] he wrote:

"The Fox River, from the Green Bay to the carrying place, is about one hundred and eighty miles. From the Winnebago Lake to the carrying place, the current is gentle, and the depth of it considerable; notwithstanding which, in some places, it is with difficulty that canoes can pass through the obstructions they meet with from the rice-stalks, which are very large and thick, and grow here in great abundance. The country around it is very fertile, and proper in the highest degree for cultivation, excepting in some places near the river, where it is rather too low. It is in no part very woody, and yet can supply sufficient to answer the demands of any number of inhabitants. This river is the greatest resort for wild fowl of every kind that I met with in the whole course of my travels; frequently the sun would be obscured by them for some minutes together.

"About forty miles up this river from the great town of the Winnebagoes, stands a smaller town, belonging to that nation.

"Deer and bears are very numerous in these parts, and a great many beavers and other furs are taken on the streams that empty themselves into this river. The river I am treating of is remarkable for having been, about eighty years ago, the residence of the united bands of the Ottigaumies and the Saukies, whom the French had nicknamed, according to their wonted custom Des Sacs, and Des Reynards—the Sacs and the Foxes. About twelve miles before I reached the carrying place, I observed several small mountains, which extended quite to it. These, indeed, would only be esteemed as mole-hills when compared with those on the back of the colonies; but as they were the first I had seen since my leaving Niagara, a track of nearly eleven hundred miles, I could not leave them unnoticed.

"The Fox River, where it enters the Winnebago Lake, is about fifty yards wide, but it gradually decreases to the carrying place, where it is no more than five yards over, except in a few places, where it widens into small lakes, though still of a considerable depth. I cannot recollect anything else that is remarkable in this river, except that it is so serpentine for five miles as only to gain in that place one-quarter of a mile.

"The carrying place, between the Fox and Ouisconsin Rivers, is in breadth not more than a mile and three-quarters, though in some maps it is so delineated as to appear to be ten miles. Near one-half of the way between the rivers is a morass overgrown with a kind of long grass; the rest of it a plain, with some few oak and pine trees growing thereon. I observed here a great number of rattlesnakes. I observed that the main body of the Fox River came from the southwest, that of the Ouisconsin from the northeast; and, also, that some of the small branches of these two rivers, in descending into them, doubled within a few feet of each other, a little to the south of the carrying place. That two such rivers should take their rise so near each other, and, after running such different courses, empty themselves into the sea at a distance so amazing (for the former, having passed through several great lakes and run upward of two thousand miles, falls into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the other, after joining the Mississippi and run an equal number of miles, disembogues itself into the Gulf of Mexico), is an instance scarcely to be met in the extensive continent of North America. I had an opportunity, the year following, of making the same observations on the affinity of various head branches of the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to each other; and now bring them as a proof that the opinion of those geographers who assert that rivers taking their rise so near each other must spring from the same source, is erroneous. For I perceived a visibly distinct separation in all of them, notwithstanding, in some places, they appeared so near that I could have stepped from one to the other.

On the 8th of October, we got our canoes into the Ouisconsin River, which at this place is more than a hundred yards wide; and the next day arrived at the great town of the Saukies. This is the largest and best-built Indian town I ever saw. It contains about ninety houses, each large enough for several families. These are built of hewn plank, neatly jointed and covered with bark so compactly as to keep out the most penetrating rains. Before the doors are placed comfortable sheds, in which the inhabitants sit, when the weather will permit, and smoke their pipes. The streets are regular and spacious; so that it appears more like a civilized town than the abode of savages. The land near the town is very good. In their plantations, which lie adjacent to their houses, and which are neatly laid out, they raise great quantities of Indian corn, beans, melons, etc., so that this place is esteemed the best market for traders to furnish themselves with provisions, of any within eight hundred miles of it.

"The Saukies can raise about three hundred warriors, who are generally employed every summer in making incursions into the territories of the Illinois and Pawnee nations, from whence they return with a great number of slaves. But those people frequently retaliate, and in their turn destroy many of the Saukies, which I judge to be the reason that they increase no faster.

"Whilst I stayed here, I took a view of some mountains that lie about fifteen miles to the southward, and abound in lead ore. I ascended one of the highest of these, and had an extensive view of the country. For many miles nothing was to be seen but lesser mountains, which appeared at a distance like hay cocks, they being free from trees. Only a few groves of hickory

and stunted oaks covered some of the valleys. So plentiful is lead here, that I saw large quantities of it lying about the streets in the town belonging to the Saukies, and it seemed to be as good as the product of other countries.

"On the 10th of October, we proceeded down the river, and the next day reached the first town of the Ottigaumies. This town contained about fifty houses, but we found most of them deserted, on account of an epidemical disorder that had lately raged among them and carried off more than half of the inhabitants. The greater part of those who survived had retired into woods to avoid the contagion.

"On the 15th, we entered that extensive river, the Mississippi. The Ouisconsin, from the carrying place to the part where it falls into the Mississippi, flows with a smooth but a strong current; the water of it is exceedingly clear, and through it you may perceive a fine and sandy bottom, tolerably free from rocks. In it are a few islands, the soil of which appeared to be good, though somewhat woody. The land near the river also seemed to be, in general, excellent; but that at a distance is very full of mountains, where it is said there are many lead mines."

The Wisconsin River was visited by Maj. S. H. Long in 1817, and again in 1823. He says: "The Wisconsin River, from its magnitude and importance, deserves a high rank among the tributaries of the Mississippi. When swollen by a freshet, it affords an easy navigation for boats of considerable burden through a distance of more than one hundred and eighty miles. [The actual distance to the portage is but 118 miles.] Its current is rapid, and, like the Mississippi, it embosoms innumerable islands. In a low stage of water, its navigation is obstructed by numerous shoals and sand-banks. At the distance from its mouth above mentioned [which is too great an estimate by over sixty miles], there is a portage of one mile and a half across a flat meadow, which is occasionally subject to inundation, to a branch of Fox River of Green Bay, thus affording another navigable communication which boats have been known to pass."

In 1819, the Fifth Regiment of United States Infantry made the voyage from Fort Howard, near Green Bay, to Prairie du Chien by the way of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, crossing the portage. Capt. Henry Whiting, of that regiment, says: "The Fox River, from Lake Winnebago to the portage, has always a strong current, and is often entirely overgrown with grass and wild rice, but presents no other impediments. It winds through a narrow prairie, bordered by oak openings and undulating lands, generally of a beautiful appearance, but probably not remarkably rich in their soil, which, wherever the river washes them, seems to be a sandy, reddish loam. The portage between the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers is about two thousand five hundred yards; the road runs over a marshy prairie. There is a Frenchman [Francis Le Roy] residing on the rising ground between the rivers. He keeps the proper transportation for boats and baggage. The limestone bluffs and highlands begin on the Wisconsin about eight miles below the portage. Just above Prairie du Sac appears to be the apex of the highland of that river, and the head of the great valley through which it winds."

THE PORTAGE FROM 1793 TO 1827.

In 1792–93, Laurent Barth and family (French Canadians) wintered on the St. Croix River, with James Portier and Charles Reaume. On his return East, in the spring of 1793, with his family, he stopped at the portage and obtained permission from the Indians to transport goods at the carrying-place—that is, from the Fox to the Wisconsin Rivers. On his arrival, he built a cabin at the portage, the first one ever erected by a white man within the present limits of Columbia County. Its locality was somewhere on the low land between the two rivers; the exact site is unknown; it was probably within what are now the boundaries of the city of Portage, and southeast of the canal. Barth, finding the spot occasionally submerged by water from the Wisconsin, during floods in that stream, removed the next year to the high ground above.

Shortly afterward, the elder De-kau-ry, a French trader, made his appearance from Lake Puckaway, and founded an Indian settlement on the Wisconsin, two miles above the portage. Others followed, and it grew to comparative size and importance.

The next white resident at the portage was John Lecuyer, a brother-in-law of De-kau-ry; he stopped there in 1798. Competition and improvement are not things of to-day only. Lecuyer, too, gained permission of the Winnebagoes to transport goods. Barth had used but a single horse and cart; but Lecuyer brought several teams and carts, with the addition of a wagon constructed with a long reach, to transport barges between the rivers. Augustin Grignon spent the winters of 1801 and 1802 at this point, and James Portier early passed two or three.

About 1803, Mr. Campbell—later the first Indian agent at Prairie du Chien—purchased Barth's right. Shortly afterward, he sold his fixtures to Lecuyer, who supposed that he was relinquishing the business. But he placed his son John, and afterward his son Duncan, at the east end of the portage. Barth removed to Prairie du Chien and died there, at the opening of the war of 1812. Campbell was killed in a duel in 1808. Lecuyer died in 1810. His widow continued the transportation business through the agency of Laurent Filly, until the British war broke out, when Francis LeRoy, a son of Joseph LeRoy, of Green Bay, became her son-in-law and carried on the business.

LeRoy was at the portage in 1817, and charged $10 for taking a boat from one river to the other. His price for carrying goods across was 50 cents per 100 pounds. After the war, Joseph Rolette was also engaged for a brief period in the transportation business, employing Peter Pauquette as manager.

During the years of which we have been writing, the portage was a point of some consequence as a trading-post. Barth kept no goods for sale to the Indians after he had disposed of the remnant of stock which he brought from the St. Croix, but Lecuyer always kept a considerable variety. His widow, and, after her, LeRoy, had smaller quantities, and Campbell sold goods during one year.

In 1814, Col. McKay, of the British army, came up the Fox, from Green Bay, with a large force of whites and Indians, crossed the portage, descended the Wisconsin and captured the post at Prairie du Chien.

In 1818, William Farnsworth, who subsequently resided at Sheboygan, accompanied by twenty others, traveled from Green Bay to St. Louis by these rivers and the Mississippi.

In 1819, the Fifth Regiment of United States Infantry (as already related) crossed the portage on their way from Fort Howard to Prairie du Chien, when Francis LeRoy was still found as a resident of the carrying-place. He lived upon the high ground, northwest of what is now the canal, in the city of Portage, and was engaged in the transportation business between the two rivers. He remained there a number of years longer.

Ebenezer Childs records making the same trip in a bark canoe, in 1821. He conducted the first Durham boat that ever went up the Fox and over the portage.

In 1826, a flotilla of thirty-five boats carried the Third United States Infantry from Green Bay to St. Louis, by the same streams and crossing.

In 1827, Gen. Cass passed over this route to ascertain the feeling among the Winnebagoes toward the United States Government.

THE "WINNEBAGO WAR."

In the early part of the year 1827, a party of twenty-four Chippewas, being on their way to Fort Snelling, at the mouth of St. Peter's River, were surprised and attacked by a war-party of the Winnebagoes; and eight of them were killed. The commandant of the United States troops at the fort took four of the offending Winnebagoes prisoners, and (certainly with great imprudence) delivered them into the hands of the exasperated Chippewas, who immediately put them to death. This act was greatly resented by a chief of the Winnebagoes, named "Red Bird," and in addition to this source of enmity was to be added the daily encroachment of the whites in the lead region; for at this time they had overrun the mining country from Galena to the Wisconsin River. In the spirit of revenge for the killing of the four Winnebagoes, Red Bird

led a war-party against the Chippewas, by whom he was defeated, and thus, having been disappointed, he turned the force of his resentment against the whites, whom he considered as having not only invaded his country, but as having aided and abetted his enemies in the destruction of his people.

Some time previously, a murder by the Winnebagoes had been committed in the family of a Mr. Methode, near Prairie du Chien, in which several persons had been killed. It was apparent that a spirit of enmity between the Indians and the whites was effectually stirred up; and, for the first time since the war of 1812, disturbances were daily looked for by the settlers and miners.

On the 28th of June, 1827, Red Bird, We-Kaw, and three of their companions, entered the house of Registre Gagnier, about three miles from Prairie du Chien, where they remained several hours. At last, when Mr. Gagnier least expected it, Red Bird leveled his gun, and shot him dead on his hearthstone. A person in the building, by the name of Sip Cap, who was a hired man, was slain at the same time by We-Kaw. Madame Gagnier turned to fly with her infant of eighteen months. As she was about to leap through the window, the child was torn from her arms by We-Kaw, stabbed, scalped, and thrown violently on the floor as dead.

The murderer then attacked the woman, but gave way when she snatched up a gun that was leaning against the wall, and presented it to his breast. She then effected her escape. Her eldest son, a lad of ten years, also shunned the murderers; and they both arrived in the village at the same time. The alarm was soon given; but, when the avengers of blood arrived at Gagnier's house, they found in it nothing living but his mangled infant. It was carried to the village, and, incredible as it may seem, it recovered.

Red Bird and his companions immediately proceeded from the scene of their crime to the rendezvous of their band. During their absence, thirty-seven of the warriors who acknowledged the authority of Red Bird, had assembled, with their wives and children, near the mouth of the Bad Axe River. They received the murderers with joy, and loud approbation of their exploit. A keg of liquor which they had secured was set abroach; and the red men began to drink, and, as their spirits rose, to boast of what they had already done and intended to do. Two days did they continue to revel; and on the third the source of their excitement gave out. They were, at about four in the afternoon, dissipating the last fumes of their excitement in the scalp-dance, when they descried one of the keel-boats, which had a few days before passed up the river with provisions for the troops at Fort Snelling, on her return in charge of Mr. Lindsay. Forthwith a proposal to take her, and massacre the crew, was made, and carried by acclamation. They counted upon doing this without risk; for they had examined her on the way up, and supposed there were no arms on board.

Mr. Lindsay's boats had descended the river as far as the village of Wabashaw, where they expected an attack. The Dakotas on shore were dancing the war-dance, and hailed their approach with insults and menaces, but did not, however, offer to obstruct their passage. The whites now supposed the danger over; and, a strong wind at that moment beginning to blow up stream, the boats parted company. So strong was the wind, that all the force of the sweeps could scarcely stem it; and, by the time the foremost boat was near the encampment at the mouth of the Bad Axe River, the crew were very willing to stop and rest. One or two Frenchmen, or half-breeds, who were on board, observed hostile appearances on shore, and advised the rest to keep the middle of the stream; but their counsel was disregarded. Most of the crew were Americans, who, as usual with our countrymen, combined a profound ignorance of Indian character with a thorough contempt for Indian prowess. They urged the boat directly toward the camp with all the force of the sweeps. There were sixteen men on deck. It may be well to observe here, that this, like all keel-boats used in the Mississippi Valley, was built almost exactly on the model of the Erie and Middlesex canal-boats.

The men were rallying their French companions on their apprehensions, and the boat (named Oliver H. Perry) was within thirty yards of the shore, when suddenly the trees and rocks rang with the blood-chilling, ear-piercing tones of the warwhoop, and a volley of rifle-balls

rained upon the deck. Happily, the Winnebagoes had not yet recovered from the effects of their debauch, and their arms were not steady. One man only fell from their fire. He was a little negro, named Peter. His leg was dreadfully shattered, and he afterward died of the wound. A second volley soon came from the shore; but, as the men were lying at the bottom of the boat, thdy all escaped but one, who was shot through the heart. Encouraged by the non-resistance, the Winnebagoes rushed to their canoes, with intent to board. The whites, having recovered from their first panic, seized their arms, and the boarders were received with a very severe discharge. In one canoe, two savages were killed with the same bullet, and several were wounded. The attack was continued until night, when one of the party, named Mandeville, who had assumed command, sprang into the water, followed by four others, who succeeded in setting the boat afloat, and then went down the stream.

Thirty-seven Indians were engaged in this battle, seven of whom were killed, and fourteen wounded. They managed to put 693 bullets into and through the boat. Two of the crew were killed outright, two mortally and two slightly wounded. The presence of mind of Mandeville undoubtedly saved the rest, as well as the boat. Mr. Lindsay's boat, the rear one, did not reach the mouth of the Bad Axe until midnight. The Indians opened fire upon her, which was promptly returned, but, owing to the darkness, no injury was done, and the boat passed on safely.

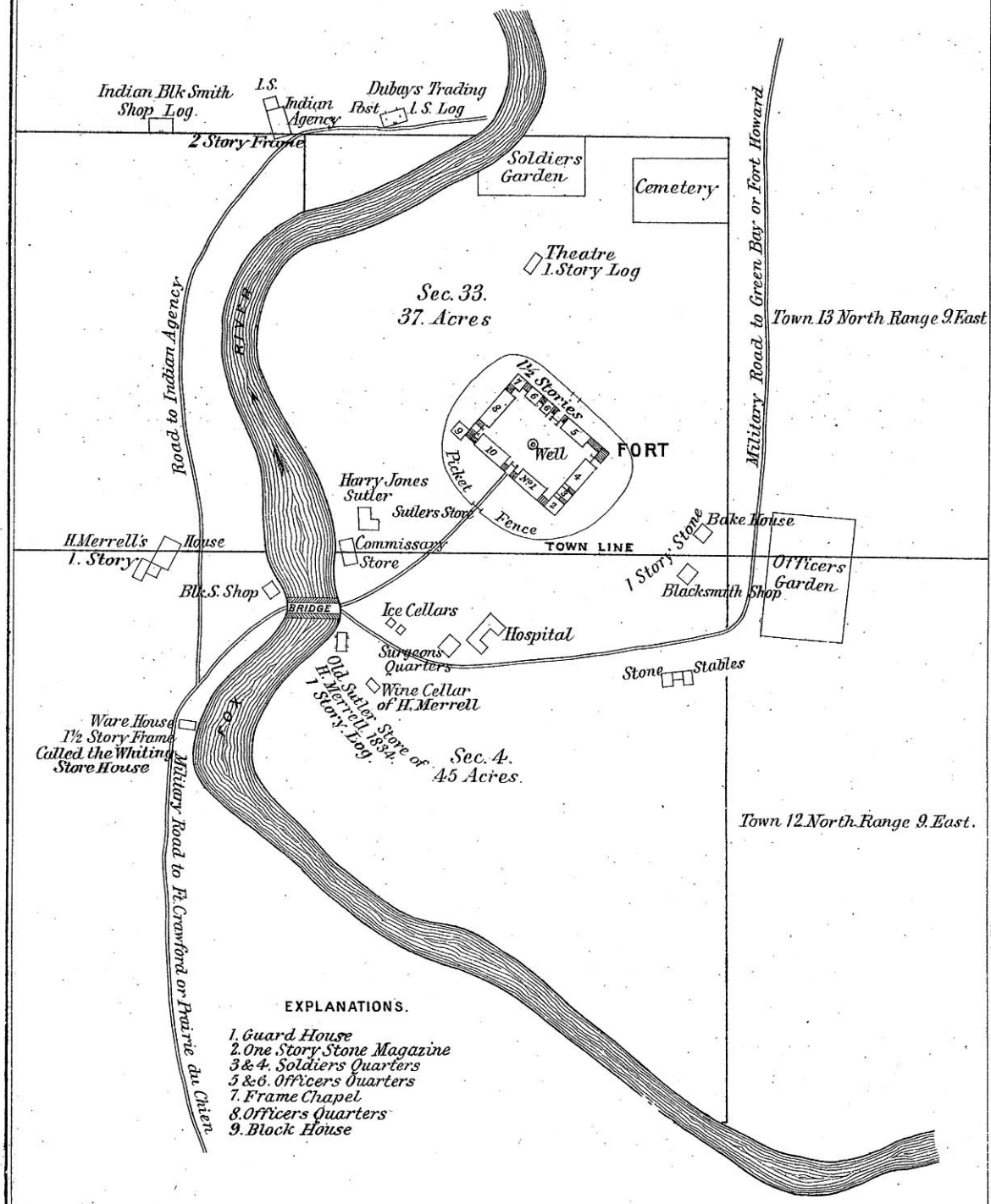
Great was the alarm at Prairie du Chien when the boats arrived there. The people left their houses and farms, and crowded into the dilapidated fort. An express was immediately sent to Galena, and another to Fort Snelling, for assistance. A company of upward of a hundred volunteers soon arrived from Galena, and the minds of the inhabitants were quieted. In a few days, four imperfect companies arrived from Fort Snelling. The consternation of the people of the lead mines was great, and in all the frontier settlements. This portion of the country then contained, as is supposed, about five thousand inhabitants. A great many of them fled from the country.

On the 1st of September, 1827, Maj. William Whistler, with Government troops, arrived at the portage; and, while here, an express arrived from Gen. Atkinson, announcing his approach, and directing the former to halt and fortify himself at the portage and wait his arrival. The object of the joint expedition of Gen. Atkinson from Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis, and of Maj. Whistler from Fort Howard on Green Bay, was to capture those who had committed the murders at Prairie du Chien, and put a stop to any further aggression. At the opening of the council at the Butte des Morts, between the Government and the Indians, the Winnebagoes were advised that the security of their people lay in the surrender of the murderers of the Gagnier family. While Maj. Whistler was at the portage, he received a call in a mysterious way. An Indian came to his tent, and informed him that, at about 3 o'clock the next day, "they will come in." In reply to the question, "Who will come in?" he said, "Red Bird and We-Kaw." After making this answer, he retired by the way he came. At 3 o'clock the same day, another Indian came, and took position in nearly the same place and in the same way, when, to like questions he gave like answers; and at sundown a third came, confirming what the two had said, adding that he had, to secure that object, given to the families of the murderers nearly all his property.

There was something heroic in this voluntary surrender. The giving-away of property to the families of the guilty parties had nothing to do with their determination to devote themselves for the good of their people, but only to reconcile those who were about to be bereaved to the dreadful expedient. The heroism of the purpose is seen in the fact that the murders committed at Prairie du Chien were not wanton, but in retaliation for wrongs committed on this people by the whites. The parties murdered at the prairie were doubtless innocent of the wrongs and outrages of which the Indians complained; but the law of Indian retaliation does not require that he alone who commits a wrong shall suffer for it. One scalp is held due for another, no matter whose head is taken, provided it be torn from the crown of the family, or people who may have made a resort to this law a necessity.

DIAGRAM
OF FORT WINNEBAGO AND OUT BUILDINGS 1835.

O. P. Williams



About noon of the day following, there were seen descending a mound on the portage a body of Indians. Some were mounted and some were on foot. By the aid of a glass it could be discerned that the direction was toward Maj. Whistler. They bore no arms, and Whistler was at no loss to understand that the promise made by the three Indians was about to be fulfilled. In the course of half an hour they had approached within a short distance of the crossing of Fox River, when on a sudden was heard singing. Those who were familiar with the air said, "It is a death-song." When still nearer, some present who knew him said, "It is Red Bird singing his death-song." The moment a halt was made, preparatory to crossing over, two scalp-yells were heard.

The Menomonees and other Indians who had accompanied us were lying carelessly about the ground, regardless of what was going on; but when the "scalp-yells" were uttered they sprang as one man to their feet, seized their rifles, and were ready for battle. They were at no loss to know what these "yells" were; but they had not heard with sufficient accuracy to decide whether they indicated scalps to be taken or given, but doubtless inferred the first.

Barges were sent across to receive, and an escort of military to accompany them within Whistler's lines. The white flag which had been seen in the distance was borne by Red Bird.

And now the advance of the Indians had reached half up the ascent of the bluff on which was Whistler's encampment. In the lead was Kar-ray-mau-nee, a distinguished chief. Arriving on the level upon which was the encampment of the Americans, and order being called, Kar-ray-mau-nee spoke, saying, "They are here. Like braves they have come in; treat them as braves; do not put them in irons." This address was made to Col. McKenney. The latter told him he was not the big Captain. His talk must be made to Maj. Whistler, who would do what was right. Mr. Marsh, the sub-agent, being there, an advance was made to him, and a hope expressed that the prisoners might be turned over to him.

The military had been previously drawn out in line. The Menomonee and Wabanackie (Oneida) Indians were in groups, upon their haunches, on the left flank. On the right was the band of music, a little in advance of the line. In front of the center, about ten paces distant, were the murderers. On their right and left were those who had accompanied them, forming a semicircle; the magnificent Red Bird and the miserable-looking We-Kaw a little in advance of the center. All eyes were fixed on the Red Bird. In height he is about six feet, straight, but without restraint. His proportions were those of most exact symmetry; and these embraced the entire man from his head to his feet.

He and We-Kaw were told to sit down. At this moment, the band struck up Pleyel's Hymn. Everything was still. Red Bird turned his eyes toward the band. The music having ceased, he took up his pouch, and, taking from it kinnikinnic and tobacco, cut the latter in the palm of his hand, after the Indian fashion; then, rubbing the two together, filled the bowl of his calumet, struck fire on a bit of punk with his flint and steel, lighted, and smoked it. All sat except the speaker. The substance of what they said was as follows:

They were required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any except two; the third had gone away; and these had voluntarily agreed to come in and give themselves up. As their friends, they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to accept the horses, of which there were perhaps twenty; the meaning of which was, to take them in commutation for the lives of their two friends. They asked kind treatment for them, and earnestly besought that they might not be put in irons, and concluded by asking for a little tobacco and something to eat.

They were answered and told in substance that they had done well thus to come in. By having done so, they had turned away our guns and saved their people. They were admonished against placing themselves in a like situation in the future, and advised, when they were aggrieved, not to resort to violence, but to go to their agent, who would inform the Great Father of their complaints, and he would redress their grievances; that their friends should be treated kindly, and tried by the same laws by which their Great Father's white children were

tried; that for the present Red Bird and We-Kaw should not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat and tobacco to smoke.

Having heard this, Red Bird stood up; the commanding officer, Maj. Whistler, a few paces in front of the center of the line, facing him. After a moment's pause and a quick survey of the troops, he spoke, saying, "*I am ready.*" Then, advancing a step or two, he paused, saying, "I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life; it is gone" (stooping and taking some dust between his finger and thumb and blowing it away) "like that," eying the dust as it fell and vanished from his sight, adding, "I would not take it back; *it is gone.*" Having thus spoken, he threw his hands behind him and marched up to Maj. Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled backward from the center of the line, when, the Major stepping aside, Red Bird and We-Kaw marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent provided for them in the rear, where a guard was set over them. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them Maj. Whistler's advice and a supply of meat, flour and tobacco.

We-Kaw, the miserable-looking being, the accomplice of the Red Bird, was in all things the opposite of that unfortunate brave. Never were two persons so totally unlike. The one seemed a prince, and as if born to command, and worthy to be obeyed; the other, as if he had been born to be hanged—meager, cold, dirty in his person and dress, crooked in form like the starved wolf, gaunt, hungry and bloodthirsty; his entire appearance indicating the presence of a spirit wary, cruel and treacherous. The prisoners were committed into safe-keeping at Prairie du Chien, to await their trial in the regular courts of justice for murder.

The next spring, Red Bird, We-Kaw and another Winnebago prisoner were tried at Prairie du Chien, before Judge J. D. Doty, who went from Green Bay, by way of the portage, for that purpose, convicted and sentenced to death. Red Bird died in prison. A deputation of the tribe went to Washington to solicit the pardon of the others. President Adams granted it on the implied condition that the tribe would cede the lands then in the possession of the miners. The Winnebagoes agreed to this. Mme. Gagnier was compensated for the loss of her husband and the mutilation of her infant. At the treaty held at Prairie du Chien in 1829, provision was made for two sections of land to her and her two children; and the Government agreed to pay her the sum of $50 per annum for fifteen years, to be deducted from the annuity of the Winnebago Indians.

In closing this account of the "Winnebago war," we give an anecdote which places the Winnebago character in an amiable light: The militia of Prairie du Chien, immediately after the affair of the boats, seized the old chief, De-kau-ry, and four other Indians; and he was informed that, if Red Bird should not be given up within a certain time, he and the others were to die in his place. This he steadfastly believed. A messenger, a young Indian, was sent to inform the tribe of the state of affairs; and several days had elapsed and no information was received of the murderers. The dreadful day was near at hand, and De-kau-ry, being in a bad state of health, asked permission of the officer to go to the river to indulge in his long-accustomed habit of bathing in order to improve his health; upon which Col. Snelling told him if he would promise, on the honor of a chief, that he would not leave town, he might have his liberty and enjoy all his privileges until the day appointed for his execution. Accordingly, he first gave his hand to the Colonel, thanking him for his friendly offer, then raised both hands aloft and in the most solemn adjuration promised that he would not leave the bounds prescribed, and said if he had a hundred lives he would sooner lose them all than forfeit his word. He was then set at liberty. He was advised to flee to the wilderness and make his escape. "But no!" said he, "do you think I prize life above honor?" He then complacently remained until nine days of the ten which he had to live had elapsed, and still nothing was heard promising the apprehension of the murderers. No alteration could be seen in the countenance of the chief. It so happened that, on that day, Gen. Atkinson arrived with his troops from Jefferson Barracks, and the order for the execution was countermanded and the Indians permitted to return to their homes.

FORT WINNEBAGO.

There seems to hang, in perpetual solemnity, an enchanted halo around the site of Fort Winnebago. We approach this historical spot with feelings profound and reverential. The fragmentary descriptions written of the old place and its early associations have been wafted upon the wave of intelligence far and wide. We know that, immediately preceding its commencement, there were at the east end of the portage a log house and barn, which then formed a trading-post of the American Fur Company, and that Peter Pauquette lived there and had charge of the buildings; that there was another building, where the sub-agent, John Kinzie, was living, and still two others, occupied by half-breeds; and on the east side of Fox River, there was a house belonging to Francis LeRoy, son of Joseph LeRoy, of Green Bay. Where that house was, the fort was afterward built.

At the west end of the portage, there was a log house built, and three houses where Perrish Grignon and his wife, sister of the chief, De-kau-ry, were living; the second one was occupied by his son, Lavoin Grignon; the other, by J. B. Lecuyer. LeRoy was living near where O. P. Williams' house was afterward located.

Fort Winnebago was established at a period, not remote, when civilization had but a single line of communication from the great lakes to the "American Amazon." The necessity for some means of protection to the fur trade from Winnebago exactions, and as security against further aggressions—such as the "Winnebago War," just described—becoming evident, the General Government, at the solicitation of John Jacob Astor, who was then at the head of the American Fur Company, and upon whose goods the Indians levied exorbitant tolls, authorized the erection of a post at the portage.

Late in the fall of 1828, the First Infantry, stationed at Fort Howard, and commanded by Maj. Twiggs, was ordered to proceed to the portage and enter upon the work. The small detachment was composed of three companies, under Capt. Buell, Capt. Spence and Captain—afterward General—Harney, of Mexican war fame. The First Lieutenants were Jefferson Davis, Ganes Miller and —— Abercrombie. The latter commanded at the battle of Falling Waters, early in the rebellion, and rose to the rank of a general officer. The Second Lieutenants were Pegram, Lamotte and Burbanks. Surgeon Abbott accompanied the troops to heal the wounds incident to house-building.

The soldiers came amply provided with provisions and otherwise prepared for a winter campaign. Maj. Twiggs, in the capacity of "boss carpenter," erected temporary barracks of tamarack logs, in which to winter his command, and detailed a party to go up the Wisconsin River and procure pine timber, with which to construct the permanent fort. Another party was detailed to quarry stone, at what was called "Stone Quarry Hill." With the first rise of water in the spring of 1829, rafts of logs were floated down to the portage, and were hauled, by teams, to the place of building, where all the lumber was sawed by hand, with whip-saws, with which to build the entire fort. The brick necessary for the chimneys, etc., were burned just opposite the "narrows," on the Wisconsin River, where Armstrong's brickyard is now located.

The manual labor was performed by the private soldiers, while the officers did the "heavy work," such as drawing plans and superintending the job. Some amusing incidents occurred, in which the architectural skill of the epauleted "bosses" was sorely tried. During the construction of the commissary-stores building, one of the young Lieutenants being in charge, a question arose among the privates as to the propriety of placing in the building thirty-foot beams as "sleepers," without anything beneath them to prevent the floor from "sagging" when the structure should be filled with heavy and indigestible army stores. One of the workmen, a practical builder, was delegated by his companions to interview the "superintendent," and point out to him the fallacy of observing the plans and specifications in this regard. He did so, but beat a hasty retreat after receiving this reply from his superior: "Who in h—ll pays you for thinking?"

The fort was completed in the spring of 1830. The principal buildings stood on the side of a square. Defense against cannon did not enter the plan. The only structures in the nature of fortifications were two heavy, compact block-houses, perforated for musketry, and situated at the northeast and southwest corners of the quadrangle. At the same angle was the magazine, a low, arched structure of heavy stone. A little south, and across the military road leading to Fort Howard, were the hospital and the quarters of the medical staff; and still further south, were the carpenters' shops, in which Jeff Davis is said to have exhibited more skill in the manufacture of quaint furniture than he has since shown in a well-remembered attempt to organize a "government."

Westward, on the slope toward the river, was the commissary building, near which was the cynosure of the sutler. The capacious stables were not many rods away, and just removed from them were the slaughter-houses. Forty rods east were located the blacksmith-shops. On the north and south sides of the fort itself were the gardens, which, in time, became highly cultivated. On the east was the drill and parade ground. The fort proper was inclosed by a solid picket or stockade. There were two entrances, each guarded by thick, double gates. The main buildings were neat one-and-a-half-story edifices, painted white, with sharply sloping roofs and uniform dormer windows, the whole being clean and tasty of aspect.

Time does not appear to have hung heavily on the garrison. There was much leisure for amusement, and they improved it. Billiards, cards, dancing and amateur theatricals varied the monotony by night, while horse-racing and athletic sports diminished the hours by day. At one period, the mail arrived every two weeks from Chicago via Mineral Point. The vehicle which brought it hove in sight upon a height three miles distant from the fort. It was a favorite pastime to lay wagers on the moment of its first appearance, the precise moment it would reach the post office (which was the sutler's storehouse), or whether the wagerer would have a letter or not. Game was abundant in its season, and many days were devoted to the hunt. Sleigh-riding parties were also popular.

In the spring of 1834, when Henry Merrell came to the fort, he found there Col. Cutler, the commanding officer; Lieut. Lacy, Quartermaster and Commissary; Captains Low, Clark and Plympton; Lieutenants Van Cleve, Johnston, Collinsworth, Ruggles, Hooe and Reed, and Surgeon McDougall; also Burley Follett, Daniel Bushnell and Satterlee Clark, Jr., the latter three in charge of the sutler's store as agents for Oliver Newberry, of Detroit; Capt. McCabe was Postmaster and Indian agent. Maj. Twiggs had been relieved by Companies C, D, E and F of the Sixth United States Infantry. Capt. Plympton, who was a brevet Major, assumed command for a short time prior to the arrival of Col. Cutler. Two companies of the First Infantry subsequently relieved this detachment and remained until the evacuation in 1845. Col. Cutler's successors in command at the fort were Maj. Green, Col. McIntosh, Capts. Low and Jewett, and Lieut. Mumford. When the evacuation took place, the fort was left in charge of Ordnance Sergeant Van Camp, who looked after it until 1847, when he died. William Weir, an old soldier of the fort, then had charge of it until 1853, when it was sold at auction under an order affecting such property, made by Jeff Davis, as Secretary of War. In March, 1856, a fire destroyed or seriously damaged most of the buildings, which were then occupied by private families. The reservation, comprising nearly four thousand acres, became the property of J. B. Martin and others, of Milwaukee; they paid for it $20,000. W. H. Wells, of Fond du Lac, and F. H. Marsten, of Buffalo, subsequently owned it. In 1869, Valentine Helmann, of Portage, bought forty acres of Messrs. Wells and Marsten, and, on the 14th of February, 1873, he added another "forty" by purchase. The latter sale included all the old buildings, spared by time and fire, on the left-hand side of the old military road, in the town of Fort Winnebago. The stone was afterward sold by Mr. Helmann to the Government and used in constructing breakwaters along the Wisconsin River. Thirty-three thousand brick (the first ever made at the portage) were taken from the massive fireplaces and chimneys and used in the construction of Mr. Helmann's residence on his farm. The old commissary building was removed and now does service as a barn on the same farm. Nearly all of the remaining

buildings were torn away, the material being sold to different parties in Portage and the town of Fort Winnebago. All that now remains of old Fort Winnebago are the well and the cellars. In the fall of 1879, the framework about the former plunged into the shaft below. Old age is supposed to have been the cause of the rash act. About thirty rods south stands a portion of the old hospital building, owned by Andrew Weir and occupied by a family named Estabrook. The agency building, on Agency Hill, west of the canal and river, fell not into the hands of the despoiler. It is owned and occupied as a residence by E. S. Baker, who has put upon it improvements calculated to keep it intact for another half a generation. In size, it is 30x36 feet on the ground, and two stories high with a garret. The kitchen is 20x24 feet, and one and a half stories high. The framework is very ponderous, the studding, rafters, joists, sleepers and sills being twice the size of similar material used in buildings of the present day. The house was originally surrounded by a circular row of maples and elms, planted fifty years ago. But four trees have survived, and they are now two feet in diameter. Near by is the icehouse, a hole in the ground twenty feet deep and sixteen across the top, substantially walled with "hard-head" stone.

A lady resident of the fort, in 1831, has left the following interesting reminiscence of her observations and experience at the post.*

"Maj. and Mrs. Twiggs and a few of the younger officers (for nearly all of the older ones were absent), with our brother Robert, or Bob, as he is called throughout all of the Indian tribes, gave us a cordial welcome—how cordial those alone can know who have come like us to a remote, isolated home in the wilderness. The Major insisted on our taking possession at once of vacant quarters in the fort, instead of at 'the agency,' as had been proposed.

"No; we must be under the same roof with them. Mrs. Twiggs had been without a companion of her own sex for more than four months, and would certainly not hear of a separation now. But we must be their guests until the arrival of the boats containing our furniture, which, under the care of our old acquaintance, Hamilton Arndt, was making its way slowly up from Green Bay.

"A dinner had been prepared for us. This is one of the advantages of the zigzag approach by the Fox River—travelers never take their friends by surprise; and when the whole circle sat down to the hospitable board, we were indeed a merry company. After dinner, Mrs. Twiggs showed me the quarters assigned to us, on the opposite side of the spacious hall. They consisted of two large rooms on each of the three floors or stories of the building. On the ground floor the front room was vacant. The one in the rear was to be the sleeping apartment, as was evident from a huge, unwieldy bedstead of proportions amply sufficient to have accomodated Og, the King of Bashan, with Mrs. Og and the children into the bargain. We could not repress our laughter; but the bedstead was nothing to another structure which occupied a second corner of the apartment. This edifice had been built under the immediate superintendence of one of our young lieutenants, and it was plain to be seen that upon it both he and the soldiers who fabricated it had exhausted all their architectural skill. The timbers of which it was composed had been grooved and carved; the pillars that supported the front swelled in and out in a most fanciful manner; the doors were not only paneled, but radiated in a way to excite the admiration of all unsophisticated eyes. A similar piece of workmanship had been erected in each set of quarters, to supply the deficiency of closets, an inconvenience which had never occurred, until too late, to the bachelors who planned them. The three apartments of which each structure was composed, were unquestionably designed for clothes-press, storeroom and china-closet; such, at least, were the uses to which Mrs. Twiggs had appropriated the one assigned to her. There was this slight difficulty, that in the latter the shelves were too close to admit of setting in even a gravy-boat, but they made up in number what was wanting in space. We christened the whole affair, in honor of its projector, a *Davis*, thus placing the first laurel on the brow of one who was afterward to signalize himself in cabinet-making of quite a different character.

* "Wau-Bun, the Early Day in the Northwest," by Mrs. John H. Kinzie, pp. 68-76.

"The bold promontory upon which Fort Winnebago was built looked down upon the extended prairie and the Fox River on one side, and, on the other, stretched away into the thickly wooded ridge that led off to Belle Fontaine and Lake Puckaway. In front lay an extent of meadow, across which was the portage road, of about two miles in length, leading between the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. Teams of oxen and a driver were kept at the agency by the Government to transport the canoes of the Indians across the place, which, at many seasons, was wet, miry and almost impassable. The woods were now brilliant with the many tints of autumn, and the scene around was further enlivened by groups of Indians, in all directions, and their lodges, which were scattered here and there, in the vicinity of the agency buildings. On the low grounds might be seen the white tents of the traders, already prepared to furnish winter supplies to the Indians in exchange for the annuity money they were about to receive.

"A great concourse had been for many days assembling in anticipation of the payment, which was expected to take place as soon as *Shaw-nee-aw-kee* should arrive with the silver. Preparatory to this event, the great chief of the nation, *Four-Legs*, whose village we had passed at the entrance to Winnebago Lake, had thought proper to take a little carouse, as is too apt to be the custom when the savages come into the neighborhood of a sutler's establishment. In the present instance, the facilities for a season of intoxication had been augmented by the presence on the ground of some traders too regardless of the very stringent laws prohibiting the sale of liquor to the Indians. Poor Four-Legs could not stand this full tide of prosperity. Unchecked by the presence of his Father, the agent, he carried his indulgence to such excess that he fell a victim in the course of a few days. His funeral had been celebrated with the usual pomp the day before our arrival, and great was my disappointment at finding myself too late to witness all the ceremonies. His body, according to their custom, having been wrapped in a blanket and placed in a rude coffin along with his guns, tomahawk, pipes and a quantity of tobacco, had been carried to the most elevated point of the hill opposite the fort, followed by an immense procession of his people, whooping, beating their drums, howling, and making altogether what is emphatically termed a 'pow-wow.' After the interment of the body, a stake was planted at its head, on which was painted, in vermilion, a series of hieroglyphics, descriptive of the great deeds and events of his life. The whole was then surrounded with pickets of the trunks of the tamarack trees, and hither the friends would come for many successive days, to renew the expression of their grief, and to throw over the grave tobacco and other offerings to the Great Spirit. It was a consolation to find that, although delayed, we were yet in time to furnish a quantity of white cotton for a flag to waive over the grave, and also to pay a considerable bill at the sutler's for the different articles that had been found necessary for the funeral parade —it being a duty expected of their Father, to bury the dead suitably. The funeral observances in honor of the chief had not yet ceased. Throughout the day, and all that night, the sound of instruments, mingled with doleful lamentations, and with the discordant whoops and yells of those in a partial state of intoxication, filled the air and disturbed our repose. To these were added occasionally the plaintive sounds of the Indian flute, upon which the young savage plays when he is in love. Grief and whisky had made their hearts tender, and the woods resounded to their melancholy strains. Early the following morning, before I left my room, I was startled by the sounds of lamentation and woe proceeding from the adjoining apartment. On entering it, I found several squaws seated on the floor, with downcast looks, expressive of condolence and sympathy, while in their midst sat a little ugly woman in tattered garments and blackened face and disheveled hair, sobbing and wailing bitterly. Not doubting they were the family of the deceased chief, I was quite troubled at my inability to express, otherwise than by gestures, my participation in their sorrows. Unacquainted as I was with their customs, I took it for granted, from their wretched appearance, that poverty and destitution formed one of the sources of their affliction. One of the party, at least, seemed in the very depth of misery. Can it be possible, said I to myself, that this poor creature has only these scanty rags to cover her? Stepping back to my own room, I brought out a pretty calico wrapper, which I presented to the little dirty, blackened object. She took it and commenced a fresh series of sobbing and sighing.

I made signs to her to put it on, opening it, and explaining to her how it was to be worn, and recommending to her, by gestures, to lose no time in making herself more comfortable. At this the other women burst into a laugh. Very mal-apropos, thought I, and somewhat unfeeling. At that moment my husband, entering, explained to me that the chief mourner was Madam Four-Legs, the widow; that she had undoubtedly a comfortaple wardrobe at home, but that it was part of the etiquette of mourning to go for a season with neglected persons and blackened faces. All this was told me in the interval of shaking hands, and offering and receiving condolences in the most uncouth, guttural language that I had ever heard. Their Father at length dismissed them with a promise of some presents to help dry up their tears. It must not be inferred that the grief of the poor little widow was not sincere. On the contrary, she was greatly attached to her husband, and had had great influence, not only with him, but with the nation at large. She was a Fox woman, and spoke the Chippewa, which is the court language among all the tribes, so that she was often called upon to act as an interpreter. She was a person of great shrewdness and judgment, and, as I afterward experienced, of strong and tenacious affections.

"After breakfast, I received a visit from the principal chiefs, who had put on their best of apparel and paint, to receive their new mother. There was *Naw-Kaw* or *Kar-ray-mau-nee*, 'The Walking Turtle,' then the principal chief of the nation, a stalwart Indian, with a broad, pleasant countenance, the great peculiarity of which was an immense under lip, hanging nearly to his chin. There was the old *De-Kau-ray*, the most noble, dignified and venerable of his own, or, indeed, of any, tribe. His fine Roman countenance, rendered still more striking by his bald head, with one solitary tuft of long, silvery hair, neatly tied, and falling back on his shoulders; his perfectly neat and appropriate dress, almost without ornament, and his courteous demeanor, never laid aside under any circumstances, all combined to give him the highest place in the consideration of all who knew him. There was Black Wolf, whose lowering, surly face was well described by his name. The fierce expression of his countenance was greatly heightened by the masses of heavy, black hair hanging around it, quite contrary to the usual fashion among the Winnebagoes. They, for the most part, remove a portion of their hair, the remainder of which is drawn to the back of the head, clubbed and ornamented with beads, ribbons, cock feathers, or, if they are so entitled, an eagle's feather for every scalp taken from an enemy. There was *Talk-English*, a remarkably handsome, powerful young Indian, who received his name in the following manner: He was one of the party of sixteen Winnebagoes who had, by invitation, accompanied their agent and Maj. Forsyth (or the Chippewa, as he was called), on a visit to the President, at Washington, the year previous. On the journey, the question naturally addressed to them by people not familiar with Western Indians, was: 'Do you talk English?' The young fellow, being very observant, came to his Father. 'What do they mean by this? Every body says to me *talk English!*' The agent interpreted the words to him. 'Ah, very well.' The next place they arrived at was Lockport, in the State of New York. Jumping off the canal boat upon the lock, he ran up to the first man he met and, thrusting forward his face, called out: 'Talk Eengeesh?' 'Yes,' said the man; 'Do you talk English?' 'Ya-as.' From that time forward he always bore the name of *Talk-English*, and was registered on the pay-rolls by that title, of which he was not a little proud. *Hoo-wau-nee-kah*, 'The Little Elk,' was another of the distinguished men of the tribe. He had likewise been at Washington. Henry Clay, when he visited them, after looking carefully at the countenances and bearing of all the members of the deputation, had indicated him as the one possessing the greatest talent; and he was greatly pleased when informed that he was the principal orator of the nation, and decidedly superior in abilities to any other individual of the tribe. Then there was *Kau-ray-kaw-saw-kaw*, 'The White Crow,' a Rock River Indian, who afterward distinguished himself as a friend of the whites during the Sauk war. He was called by the French, 'le Borgne,' from having lost an eye; and the black silk handkerchief which he wore drooping over the left side of his face, to disguise the blemish, taken with his native costume, gave him a very singular appearance. There was a nephew of the defunct chief Four-Legs, to whom, with justice, was given, by both

whites and Indians, the appellation of '*the Dandy*.' When out of mourning, his dress was of the most studied and fanciful character. A shirt (when he condescended to wear any) of the brightest colors, ornamented with innumerable rows of silver brooches set thickly together; never less than two pairs of silver arm bands; leggings and moccasins of the most elaborate embroidery, in ribbons and porcupine quills; everything that he could devise in the shape of an ornament, hanging to his club of hair behind; a feather fan in one hand, and in the other a mirror, in which he contemplated himself every few minutes. These, with the variety and brilliancy of the colors upon his face, the suitable choice and application of which occupied no small portion of the hours allotted to his toilet, made up the equipment of young Four-Legs. This devotion to dress and appearance seemed not altogether out of place in a youthful dandy; but we had likewise an old one of the same stamp. *Pawnee Blanc*, or the White Pawnee, surpassed his younger competitor, if possible, in attention to his personal attractions. Upon the present occasion, he appeared in all his finery, and went through the customary salutations with an air of solemn dignity, and then walked, as did the other, into the parlor (for I had received them in the hall), where they all seated themselves on the floor. Fortunately, the room was not bare of furniture, but 'alas!' thought I, 'for my pretty carpet, if this is to be the way they pay their respects to me!' I watched the falling of the ashes from their long pipes, and the other inconveniences of the use of tobacco, or kin-ni-kin-nic, with absolute dismay.

"The visit of the chiefs was followed by one from the interpreter and his wife, with all the Canadian and half-breed women whose husbands found employment at the agency, or at the American Fur Company's establishment. By this time, my piano had been taken from its case and set up in our quarters. To our great joy, we found it entirely uninjured, not a note was out of tune. The women, to whom it was an entire novelty, were loud in their exclamations of wonder and delight: '*Eh-h-h! regardez donc; Quelles inventions! Quelles merveilles!*'* One, observing the play of my fingers reflected in the name-board, called in great exultation to her companions. She had discovered, as she thought, the hidden machinery by which the sounds were produced, and was not a little mortified when she was undeceived."

* Only look! what inventions! what wonders!