

History, Tradition and Adventure in The Chippewa Valley

Wm. W. Bartlett

To My Grandchildren

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FOREWORD

Forty or more years ago the writer began in a small way to gather pictures and other material pertaining to the early history, first, of his own city and country of Eau Claire, and later as related to the larger field of the Chippewa Valley. There was no thought in mind of any public use being made of this material. In fact, it was many years before any except a few intimate friends knew of its existence.

During the past twelve or fifteen years a very considerable amount of this historical matter has appeared in the local press. The credit, or blame, for this lies largely with William P. Welch, a former editor of the *Eau Claire Telegram*, and with his successor, Otto Lund. The insistence of these two newspaper men that the local history material was really worth while, and their continual requests for more, to meet a public demand, as they have stated, is the reason for the numerous articles furnished. The writer wishes to express his appreciation of the interest shown and the painstaking care taken by them in the editorial oversight. It has been a pleasure to furnish them copy.

No richer field for historical research can be found anywhere than that afforded by our own Chippewa Valley. In addition to many single articles on various phases of local history, several series of articles have appeared covering the early Indian occupancy of these parts, including the centuries-long Sioux-Chippewa feud, the early fur trade of this valley and northern Wisconsin, reminiscences of hunting and trapping, and perhaps more important than all these combined, the story of the great lumbering industry of this region. In so far as possible all material has been given in the wording of the original documents or of the narrators of the reminiscences secured.

From heads of historical societies, librarians and educators has come a call that this material be put into more permanent and available form for public use. The volume now furnished is a partial response to these requests. Without touching to any extent upon the lumbering story, the material of which alone would make a fair sized book, the present volume includes a varied assortment of the other material referred to.

The free, unconventional form of the original newspaper articles has been retained with little change.

The book is not presented as a finished history of the subjects mentioned, but rather as source material, in a form which not only may be found of interest to the general reader but also of assistance to those who in later years may wish to complete the work begun by the writer.

With the above explanation, the book is presented to the reader.

March, 1929

William W. Bartlett

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WILLIAM W. BARTLETT

THE SIOUX-CHIPPEWA FEUD

I

One of the interesting chapters in the story of Indian life in America is that of the centuries long conflict commonly known as the Sioux-Chippewa feud. This designation is not entirely correct, as it implies that only two distinct tribes were concerned in it, which was not the case. Instead it was a conflict between two confederacies of tribes, complicated in some instances by the withdrawal of certain tribes, or parts of tribes, from further participation in the struggle, or, as in some cases, the going over and joining forces with their former opponents.

Local interest is added by the fact that our own Chippewa Valley and Northern Wisconsin form a part of the battle ground of these warring tribes. The feud was so fierce and long continued that probably there are few areas of any considerable extent in this entire region which were not the scenes of these bloody encounters.

The name Sioux is not of early origin and is an abbreviation of the word *Naudouessioux*, signifying enemy. They called themselves Dakotas. When Father Hennepin first came in contact with this tribe, in 1680, they were located in the vicinity of the Great Lakes but laid claim to indefinitely defined territory extending west to the Rocky Mountains. It is to be regretted that so little of the history and traditions of this tribe prior to the advent of the white races has been preserved. It was the common belief or understanding of the Sioux at that time that the tribe had its origin in the region of Mille Lac or the Thousand Lakes, in what is now Northern Minnesota, from whence they had later been driven by the Chippewas. No traditions had been handed down of any earlier place of residence. In general they were of the open country and were expert horsemen.



WILLIAM WHIPPLE WARREN

The name Chippewa is a corruption, by English speaking people, of the Indian name Ojibway. We are especially interested in this tribe. Not only did they represent a high type of Indian character, but our entire upper Chippewa Valley, up to the time of its transfer to the U. S. government, less than a hundred years ago, had for several centuries been their home. The Chippewas are

the only Indians with whom residents of this region have come in contact to any appreciable extent. Although constantly at war with others of their own race, they were never in serious conflict with the whites. What few minor cases of individual trouble that did occur were in the majority of cases blamable to drunken or dissolute members of the white race, rather than to the Indians. When, in 1862, soon after the massacre at New Ulm, Minnesota, by the Sioux, a general Indian scare swept the whole Northwest, rumors spread that the Chippewas had taken the war path and were about to attack the white residents. There was absolutely no foundation for the reports. Their falsity was soon established and in a few days the scare was over. There are persons still living who can recall the panic here in Eau Claire.

Fortunately for us and largely to the credit of a single individual, William Whipple Warren, we are not, as in the case of the Sioux, left without record of Chippewa life, history and legends. The Warren family were of such high grade and were so intimately associated with the story of the Chippewa tribe in this region as to warrant somewhat extended mention and same will be found in connection with the fur trade story in this volume.

Probably no person that ever lived was, by reason of racial and family connections, environment and education, better fitted to speak concerning the Chippewa tribe than William Whipple Warren. In general we will let him tell the Sioux-Chippewa story in his own words. Of course, only a limited portion of the text can be utilized, also, wherever practicable, the unpronounceable original Indian names will be omitted, the English equivalent being used instead.

The Chippewas or Ojibways form one of the principal branches of the Algonquin or Algie stock, and they are a well marked type, and at present the most numerous section or tribe of this grand division of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America.

They are now (1850) scattered over, and occupy a large extent of country comprising all that portion of the State of Michigan lying north of Green Bay and west of Straits of Michillmackinac bordering on Lake Superior, the northern half of Wisconsin and the northeastern half of Minnesota Territory. Besides this they occupy the country lying from the Lake of the Woods, over the entire north coast of Lake Superior to the falls of St. Mary's and extending even east of this point into Upper Canada. They literally girdle the great "Father of Lakes," and the largest body of fresh water in the world may emphatically be called their own 'Great Water' or *We-che-gum-mi*. They occupy, through conquest in war against the Sioux or Dakotas, all those numerous lakes from which the Mississippi and Red River of the north derive their sources.

The Chippewas reside almost exclusively in a wooded country; their lands are covered with deep and interminable forests abounding in beautiful lakes and murmuring streams, whose banks are edged with trees of the sweet maple, the useful birch, the tall pine, fir, balsam, cedar, spruce, tamarac, poplar, oak, ash, elm, basswood, and all the plants indigenous to the climate in which they reside.

The Chippewas came in contact with the white race in the vicinity of La Pointe on Lake Superior, where they had resided for many generations. In fact, as far as the general knowledge of the tribe was concerned, they did not know

of any earlier home. Familiar as Wm. Whipple Warren was with their history and traditions it was many years before he learned differently. He states that on one occasion he heard an old medicine man at a sort of initiation ceremony make an address, one part of which was as follows: "While our forefathers were living on the great salt water toward the rising sun, the great Sea-shell (Megis) showed itself above the surface of the great water, and the rays of the sun for a long time were reflected from its glossy back. It gave warmth and light to the Red Race (An-ish-in-aub-ag). All at once it sank into the deep and for a time our ancestors were not blessed with its light. It rose to the surface and appeared again on the great river which drains the waters of the Great Lakes, and again for a long time it gave life to our forefathers, and reflected back the rays of the sun. Again it disappeared from sight and it rose not, till it appeared to the eyes of the Red Race on the shores of the first great lake. Again it sank from sight, and death daily visited the wigwams of our forefathers, till it showed its back, and reflected the ways of the sun once more at Sault Ste. Marie (Bow-e-ting). Here it remained for a long time, but once more, and for the last time it disappeared, and the Red Race was left in darkness and misery, till it floated and once more showed its bright back at La Pointe Island, where it has ever since reflected back the rays of the sun and blessed our ancestors with life, light, and wisdom. Its rays reach the remotest village of the wide spread Ojibways."

As the old man delivered the talk he continued to display the shell, which he represented as the emblem of the great "Megis" of which he was speaking.

"A few days later," wrote Warren regarding this incident, "anxious to learn the true meaning of this allegory, I proceeded one evening to the lodge of the old priest and, presenting him with some tobacco and cloth for a pair of leggings, which is an invariable custom when any genuine information is wanted of them, connected with their religious beliefs, I requested him to explain to me the meaning of his Me-da-we harangue.

"After filling his pipe and smoking of the tobacco I had presented, he proceeded to give me the desired information as follows:

"My grandson," he said, "the Megis I spoke of, means the Me-da-we religion. Our forefathers, many string of lives ago, lived on the shores of the Great Salt Water in the east. Here it was, that while congregated in a great town, and while they were suffering the ravages of sickness and death, the Great Spirit granted them this rite wherewith life is restored and prolonged. Our forefathers moved from the shores of the great water, and proceeded westward. The Me-da-we lodge was pulled down and not again erected, till our forefathers again took a stand on the shores of the great river near where Montreal (Mo-ne-aung) now stands.

"In the course of time this town was again deserted and our forefathers still proceeding westward, lit not their fires till they reached the shores of Lake Huron, where again the rites of the Me-da-we were practiced.

"Again these rites were forgotten, and the Me-da-we lodge was not built till the Ojibways found themselves congregated at Bow-e-ting (outlet of Lake Superior), where it remained for many winters. Still the Ojibways moved westward, and for the last time the Me-da-we lodge was erected on the Island of La Pointe,

and here, long before the pale face appeared among them, it was practiced in its purest and most original form. Many of our fathers lived the full term of life granted to mankind by the Great Spirit, and the forms of many old people were mingled with each rising generation. This, my grandson, is the meaning of the words you did not understand; they have been repeated to us by our fathers for many generations.'

"Thus it was that I first received particular corroborating testimony to the somewhat mooted point of the direction from which the Ojibways have reached their present geographical position. It is only from such religious and genuine traditions that the fact is to be ascertained. The common class of the tribe who are spread in numerous villages north and west of Lake Superior, when asked where they originally came from, make answer that they originated from La Pointe (No-min-wuna-kaun-ing) and the phrase is often used in their speeches to the whites, that La Pointe is the spot on which the Ojibway tribe first grew, and like a tree it has spread its branches in every direction, in the bands that now occupy the vast extent of the Ojibway earth; and also that 'it is the root from which all the far scattered villages of the tribe have sprung'."

It is comparatively but a few generations back that this tribe had been known by their present distinctive name of Ojibway. It is certainly not more than three centuries, and in all probability much less. It is only within this term of time, that they have been disconnected as a distinct separate tribe from the Ottaways and Potta-wat-um-ies. The name by which they were known when incorporated in one body, is at the present day uncertain.

The final separation of these three tribes took place at the Straits of Michilimacinac from natural causes, and the partition has been more and more distinctly defined, and perpetuated through locality, and by each of the three divided sections assuming or receiving distinctive appellations—

The Ottaways remaining about the spot of their final separation, and being thereby the most easterly section, were first discovered by the white race, who bartered with them their merchandise for furs. They for many years acted as a medium between the white traders and their more remote western brethren, providing them in turn, at advanced prices, with their much desired commodities. The Potta-wat-um-ies moved up Lake Michigan, and by taking with them, or for a time perpetuating the national fire, obtained the name of those who make or keep the fire.

The Ojibways, pressing northward and westward against fierce and inveterate enemies, were soon known as an important and distinctive body or tribe. It was at this time that, through practicing their old custom of torturing prisoners of war by fire, they obtained the name *Ojibway*, which means, "to roast till puckered up. The original cause of their emigration from the shores of the Atlantic westward to the area of Lake Superior is uncertain. If pressed or driven back by more powerful tribes, which is a most probable conjecture, they are not willing to acknowledge it.

It is a well-authenticated fact traditionally, that at the Falls of Sault Ste Marie, the outlet of Lake Superior, the Ojibways, after separating from the other two tribes, made a long and protracted stay. Their village occupied a large ex-

tent of ground, and their war-parties numbered many warriors who marched eastward against the Iroquois and westward against the Dakotas or Sioux, with whom at this point they first came into collision. At this point the Ojibway tribe again separated into two divisions, which we will designate as the Northern and Southern.

At the partition of the Ojibway tribe into two divisions, at Sault Ste. Marie, the main body pressed their way gradually up along the southern shores of Lake Superior.

At a council (in which the writer acted as interpreter), held some years ago at La Pointe, between the principal chiefs of the Ojibways and the United States Government Agent the subject came up as to which family or clan belonged the chieftainship of the Ojibway tribe at La Pointe. Great Buffalo was at this time, tho stricken with years, still in the prime of his great oratorical powers. On this occasion he opened the council by delivering a most eloquent harangue in praise of his own immediate ancestors, and claiming for the Loon family the first place and chieftainship among the Ojibways. After he had finished and again resumed his seat, the head chief of the Crane family, Tug-waug-aun-ay, a very modest and retiring man, seldom induced to speak in council, calmly arose, and gracefully wrapping his blanket about his body, leaving but the right arm free, he pointed toward the eastern skies, and exclaimed: "The Great Spirit once made a bird, and he sent it from the skies to make its abode on earth. The bird came, and when it reached half way down, among the clouds, it sent forth a loud and far sounding cry, which was heard by all who resided on the earth, and even by the spirits who make their abode within its bosom. When the bird reached within sight of the earth, it circled slowly above the Great Fresh Water Lakes, and again it uttered its echoing cry. Near and nearer it circled, looking for a resting place, till it lit on a hill overlooking Sault Ste. Marie; here it chose its first resting place, pleased with the numerous white fish that glanced and swam in the clear waters and sparkling foam of the rapids. Satisfied with its chosen seat, again the bird sent forth its loud but solitary cry; and the different clans all gathered at his call. A large town was soon congregated, and the bird whom the Great Spirit sent presided over all.

"Once again it took its flight, and the bird flew slowly over the waters of Lake Superior. Pleased with the sand point of Chequamegon, it circled over it, and viewed the numerous fish as they swam about in the clear depths of the Great Lake. It lit there and from thence again it uttered its solitary cry. A voice came from the calm bosom of the lake, in answer; the bird, pleased with the musical sound of the voice, again sent forth its cry, and the answering bird made its appearance in the wampum-breasted loon. The bird spoke to it in gentle tone, 'Is it thou that gives answer to my cry?' The Loon answered, 'It is I.' The bird then said to him, 'Thy voice is music—it is melody—it sounds sweet in my ear, from henceforth I appoint thee to answer my voice in Council.'

"Thus", continued the chief, "the Loon became the first in council, but he who made him chief was the Crane or Echo Maker. These are the words of my ancestors, who, from generation to generation, have repeated them into the ears of their children. I have done."

The old man took his seat in silence, and not a chief in that stricken and listening crowd arose to gainsay his words. All understood the allegory perfectly well, and as the curling smoke of their lips arose from the lips and nostrils of the quiet listeners, there ascended with it the universal whisper, "It is true; it is true."

To further support their pretensions, the Crane family hold in their possession a circular plate of virgin copper, on which is rudely marked indentations and hieroglyphics denoting the number of generations of the family who have passed away since they first pitched their lodges at Chequamegon Point and took possession of the adjacent country, including the Island of La Pointe.

When I witnessed this curious family register, in 1842, it was exhibited by Tug-waug-aun-ay to my father. The old chief kept it carefully buried in the ground, and seldom displayed it. On this occasion he only brought it to view at the entreaty of my mother, whose maternal uncle he was. Father, mother, and the old chief, have all since gone to the land of spirits, and I am the only one still living who witnessed, on that occasion, this sacred relic of former days.

On this plate of copper was marked eight deep indentations, denoting the number of his ancestors who had passed away since they first lighted their fire at Chequamegon Point.

By the rude figure of a man with a hat on its head, placed opposite one of these indentations, was denoted the period when the white race first made his appearance among them. This mark occurred in the third generation, leaving five generations which had passed away since that important era in their history.

Tug-waug-aun-ay was about sixty years of age at the time he showed this plate of copper, which he said had descended to him direct through a long line of ancestors. He died two years since, and his death has added the ninth indentation thereon; making, at this period, nine generations since the Ojibways first resided at La Pointe, and six generations since their first intercourse with the whites.

The Ojibways never count a generation as passed away until the oldest man in the family has died, and the writer assumes from these, and other facts obtained through observation and inquiry, forty years as the term of an Indian generation.

According to this estimate, it is now three hundred and sixty years since the Ojibways first collected in one grand central town on the Island of La Pointe, and two hundred and forty years since they were first discovered by the white race.

Note: As Warren's story of the Ojibways was written about 1850, approximately 75 years should be added to the above to bring the calendar up to the present date.

It may be of interest to note that William Whipple Warren's mother, who induced the old medicine man to show the copper calendar, lived with her husband Lyman Warren some years at his trading post near Chippewa City. She died and was buried in Chippewa Falls in 1843 but the following summer her body was taken to La Pointe and placed in the cemetery there.

(Father Brunson, the noted early day Methodist missionary, writes of visiting Warren's post in the early 40's and mentions his comfortable house, his fine library and notes especially what a nexcellent cook and housekeeper his part Chippewa wife was. In this visit Father Brunson met Michel Cadotte the younger, then about 60 years of age, who said he was born at his father's trading post a few miles down river, probably at what is now the south side of Chippewa Falls.)

In the Sioux-Chippewa narative thus far, principally from Wm. Whipple Warren's story, the migration of the Ojibways has been traced from their home on the Atlantic coast until settled in the vicinity of La Pointe on Lake Superior. At this stage in the recital we will introduce briefly a few statements by another author.

Back in Civil War days Geo. Gale, a scholarly man, founder of Gale College and after whom the city of Galesville, Wisconsin, was named, published a book entitled *The Upper Mississippi*, in which he deals at some length with the history of the Indian tribes of the Northwest. The Sacs and Foxes were of the Algonquin nation as were the Ojibways, yet we will soon find the Ojibways in fierce conflict with these two tribes. We quote from Gale's book as follows:



GEORGE GALE

"The aggressions of the fugitive Algonquins and Hurons upon the Sioux becoming unbearable, in the spring of 1671, they attacked these tribes at the head of Lake Superior and cleared the lake of their enemies. The Chippeways returned to Sault Ste. Marie, the Ottawas to the islands on the north side of Lake Huron, while the Sacs, Foxes, Miamies, Mascotens and Kickapoos returned to the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. The Sacs and Foxes and their confederates, becoming dissatisfied with the Chippeways, were in 1702 induced by the Sioux to make peace and join the latter tribe. Here commenced the great war which, in later years has been called

the 'hereditary war between the Sioux and the Chippeways'."

We will now return to the Warren story.

When settled on Lake Superior in the vicinity of La Pointe the Ojibways were surrounded by their fierce and inveterate enemies, the Foxes and the Sioux. These two tribes claimed the country bordering on Lake Superior toward the

south and west, and of which, the migrating Ojibways now took possession as intruders. The opposition to their further advance westward commenced when the Ojibways first lighted their fires at Sault Ste. Marie.

At every step of their westward advance along the southern shores of the Great Lakes, the Ojibways battled with the Foxes and Sioux; but they pressed onward, gaining foot by foot, till they finally lit their fires on the sand point of Chequamegon. On this spot they remained not long, for they were harassed by their warlike foes, and for greater security they were obliged to move their camp to the adjacent island known as La Pointe. But though the island is located at its highest point about two miles from the main shore of the Great Lake, yet were the Ojibways not entirely secure from the attacks of their inveterate and indefatigable foes, who found means, not only of waylaying their stray hunters on the main shore, but even to secure scalps on the island of their refuge itself. On one occasion a war party of Sioux found their way to a point off the main shore directly opposite the western end of the island, and during the night, two of their number crossed over, a distance of two miles and a half, each swimming by the side of a log, and attacked a family who were fishing by torchlight along the eastern shore of the island.

With four scalps, and the canoe of those they had killed, they returned to their friends, who immediately retreated, satisfied with their success. Early in the morning, the mangled bodies of the slain were discovered, the Ojibways, collecting their warriors, made a long but unavailing pursuit.

Shortly after this occurrence, a party of one hundred and fifty Sioux warriors again found their way to the lake shore and, taking a position on the extreme point of Chequamegon, immediately opposite the Ojibway village, they laid in ambush for some stray enemy to come within their reach. Chequamegon is a narrow neck or point of land about four miles long and lying nearly parallel to the island of La Pointe, toward the western end of which it converges, till the distance from point to point is not more than two miles. In former times the distance is said to have been much less, the action of the waves having since gradually washed away the sand of which it is composed.

Early one morning, two Ojibway lads crossed over to the point to hunt ducks. On landing they were attacked by the ambushed war-party of the Sioux with loud yells. For some time the two youths, protected by the numerous sand hills, defended themselves, and evaded the attempts of their enemies, who wished to make them captives. In the meantime, the Ojibway town being aroused by the distant yelling, and seeing the point covered with the forms of numerous men, the men of war, grasping their bows and arrows, spears and war clubs, jumped into their canoes, and paddled with great speed to the scene of action. They crossed over in two divisions, one party proceeding straight to the point where the Sioux were still to be seen hunting the two lads, while the other party living at the lower end of the great village, crossed over to that portion of the peninsula lying nearest to their wigwams. These landed about two miles below the extreme point, and taking their position on where Chequamegon is but a few rods wide, and covered with scrubby oaks, they entirely cut off the retreat or egress of the Sioux. Meanwhile the two unfortunate boys had been dispatched

and scalped; but their friends who had crossed straight over from the village, landed on the point and proceeded to revenge their death, by bravely attacking the now retreating Sioux. These being pressed by an enemy increasing in numbers at every moment, turned their backs and fled down the point, merely keeping



Little Crow the younger, cunning, energetic, unscrupulous, an inveterate liar. Took leading part in ceding Sioux lands in Northern Minnesota to government, but began almost immediately to create discord. Was leading spirit in the Sioux uprising which culminated in the Massacre at New Ulm, Minnesota in 1862. Escaped and went west. Was discovered and shot by a settler by the name of Lamson (or Lampson) and his son in 1863.

(NOTE—Little Crow the Older, father of the above was an entirely different character from his son. He is described as reliable, industrious, a firm friend of the Americans, and was one of the signers of the Sioux-Chippewa treaty, 1825 at Prairie du Chien.)

up a running fight, till they were met by the main body of the Ojibways who had collected in their rear, and cut them off effectually from escape. Discovering too late the fearful position which their rashness and want of foresight had brought them to, the Sioux warriors took shelter in a thick grove of oak, and fought to the last gasp. Overwhelmed by numbers, all were killed but two, who were seen to throw themselves into the lake and swim off towards the opposite shore of the deep bay. They were never heard of afterwards, but the probability is that by swimming two miles to the nearest point of the main shore, they saved their lives, and returned to their people with the sad tale of the almost total destruction of their war-party. Over the whole point the Chequamegon are still strewn small particles of bones, which are said to be the remains of the warriors who fell in this bloody fight.

"On another occasion a party of four hundred Fox warriors floated along the Ontonagon river in their small inland bark canoes, and coasting along the lake shore, they landed in the night time on the island of La Pointe, and at early dawn in the morning, they succeeded in waylaying and capturing four young women who had gone from the village to cut wood. The spot is pointed out to this day, where they were taken. The Foxes, satisfied with their success, hastily retreated to their canoes, and under cover of a dense fog silently paddled homeward. Confident, however, in their numbers, and full of exaltation at having bearded their enemies even on the island of their refuge, feeling also secure

of escape in the fog, when still within hearing distance of the Ojibway village, they yelled back the whoop of derision and defiance, and commenced singing a stirring scalp song.

"The town of the Ojibways became instantly a scene of commotion and the eager warriors quickly arming themselves, hastily embarked in their large lake canoes, and silently but swiftly pursued their enemies under cover of the dense fog.

"The lake was perfectly calm, and they could hear the loud talking and laughter of the Foxes from a long distance. Guided by the noise thus kept up by their careless and confident enemies, the Ojibways, silently straining on their paddles, gradually neared them. By the wise advice of their leaders, they deferred the attack till the Foxes had arrived opposite the rock-bound coast one mile below Montreal river, and twenty-two miles from La Pointe, where the steep and slippery banks would prevent them from making their escape by land. Here the Ojibways fell on them with great fury, and easily upsetting their small canoes, they dispatched the surprised and now fear-stricken Foxes as they struggled in the water. They killed and drowned this large war-party, nearly to a man,

"This is the only naval engagement in which the Ojibways tell of ever having been engaged; and their great success on this occasion, they attributed not only to superior numbers, but to the great advantage which they possessed in the size of their canoes, compared with those of the Foxes. Theirs were made large and strong, sitting firmly on the water, made to withstand the storms of Lake Superior, and capable of holding from five to twenty men each, while on the other hand, the canoes of their enemies, though made of the same material (birch bark), were constructed frail and crank, made to be taken across long portages on a man's head, and capable of containing but two or three persons. These, therefore, were easily upset, and their owners, struggling in the deep water, were easily knocked on the head with war-clubs.

"These two successful battles materially strengthened the foothold which the Ojibways had obtained in this portion of the Lake Superior country. The Sioux and Foxes received thereby a check on their war propensities, and they learned to respect the prowess and bravery of the Ojibways. Their war parties to the lake shore became less frequent than formerly, and they were more cautious in their attacks. On the island of La Pointe, they never again secured scalp or prisoner, for never again did they dare to land on it.

"The war carried on at this period between the Ojibways and Foxes, was fierce and bloody in the extreme, and it was marked with every cruelty attendant on savage warfare. The Foxes tortured their captives in various way, but principally by burning them by fire. Of old, the Ojibways did not practice these cruelties, and they only learned them at this period from the Foxes. The hellish custom of torturing prisoners with fire, originated amongst them as follows: A noted warrior of the Ojibways was once taken prisoner by his own nephew, who was a young warrior of the Foxes, son of his own sister, who had been captured when young, adopted and married in this tribe. This young man, to show to the Foxes his utter contempt of any ties of blood existing between him and his Ojibway uncle, planted two stakes strongly in the ground, and taking his uncle by the

arm, he remarked to him that he "wished to warm him before a good fire." He then deliberately tied his arms and legs to the two stakes, as wide apart as they could be stretched, and the unnatural nephew built a huge fire in front of his uncle. When he had burned his naked body to a blister on this side, he turned him with his back toward the fire, and when this had also been cruelly burned he untied him, and turning him loose, he bade him to "return home and tell the Ojibways how the Foxes treated their Uncle."

The uncle recovered from his fire wounds, and in a subsequent war excursion, he succeeded in capturing his cruel nephew. He took him to the village of the Ojibways, where he tied him to a stake, and taking a fresh elk skin, on which a layer of fat had purposely been left, he placed it over a fire until it became a blaze; then, throwing it over the naked shoulders of his nephew, he remarked: "Nephew, when you took me to visit the village of your people, you warmed me before a good fire. I now in return give you a warm mantle for your back."

The elk skin, covered with thick fat, burned furiously, and "puckering" it tightened around the naked body of his nephew—a dreadful "mantle" which soon consumed him. This act was again retaliated by the Foxes and death by fire applied in various ways, soon became the fate of all unfortunate captives.

For a number of years the Ojibways continued to consider the bay of Chequamegon as their common home, and their hunting parties returned thither at different seasons of the year. Here also, and only here, were their grand medicine rites performed, and their war-parties collected to march against, and drive further back, their numerous foes.

Their wars at this period were generally carried on by small and desultory parties, and it was only on occasions when smarting under some severe blow or loss, inflicted by their enemies, that the warriors of the tribe would collect under some noted leader and, marching into the Sioux or Fox country, make a bold and effective strike, which would long be remembered, and keep their enemies in fear and check.

A circumstance happened, about this time, which, in the regular course of our narrative, we will here relate. A few lodges of Ojibway hunters under the guidance of Bi-*aus-wah*, a leading man of the tribe, claiming the Loon Totem, was one spring encamped at Kah-puk-wie-kah, a bay on the lake shore situated forty miles west of La Pointe.

Early one morning the camp was attacked by a large war-party of Foxes, and the men, women and children all murdered, with the exception of a lad and an old man, who running into a swamp, and becoming fastened in the bog and mire, were captured and taken in triumph by the Foxes to their village, there to suffer death with all the barbarous tortures which a savage could invent.

Bi-*aus-wah*, at this time of the attack was away on a hunt, and he did not return till towards evening. His feelings on finding his wigwam in ashes and the lifeless, scalpless remains of his beloved family and relatives strewn about on the blood-stained ground, can only be imagined. He had lost all that bound him to life, and perfectly reckless he followed the return trail of the Foxes determined to

die, if necessary, in revenging the grievous wrong which they had inflicted on him. He arrived at the village of his enemies, a day after their successful war party had returned, and he heard men, women and children screaming and yelling with delight, as they danced around the scalps which their warriors had taken.

Secreting himself on the outskirts of the village, the Ojibway chieftain waited for an opportunity to imbrue his hands in the blood of an enemy who might come within the reach of his tomahawk. He had not remained long in his ambush, when the Foxes collected a short distance from the village, for the purpose of torturing and burning their two captives. The old man was first produced, and his body being wrapped in folds of the combustible birch bark, the Foxes set fire to it and caused him to run the gauntlet amid their bellish whoops and screams; covered with a perfect blaze of fire, and receiving withal a shower of blows, the old man soon expired.

The young and tender lad was then brought forward, and his doom was to run backwards and forwards on a long pile of burning fagots till consumed to death. None but a parent can fully imagine the feeling which wrung the heart of the ambushed Ojibway chieftain, as he now recognized his only surviving child in the young captive who was about to undergo these torments. His single arm could not rescue him, but the brave father determined to die for or with his only son, and as the cruel Foxes were on the point of setting fire to the heap of dry fagots on which the lad had been placed they were surprised to see the Ojibway chief step proudly and boldly into their midst and address them as follows: "My little son, whom you are about to burn with fire, has seen but few winters; his tender feet have never trodden the war path—he has never injured you. But the hairs of my head are white with many winters, and over the graves of my relatives I have hung many scalps which I have taken from the heads of the Foxes; my death is worth something to you, let me therefore take the place of my child that he may return to his people."

Taken totally by surprise, the Foxes silently listened to the chief's proposal, and ever having coveted his death, and now fearing the consequence of his despairing efforts, they accepted his offer, and releasing the son, they bade him to depart, and burnt the brave father in his stead. The young man returned safely to his people at La Pointe, and the tale of his murdered kindred, and father's death, spread like wild fire among the wide scattered bands of Ojibways.

A party gathered and warriors came, even from the distant St. Marie and Grand Portage, to join in avenging the death of their chief.

They marched toward the headwaters of the St. Croix and Chippeway rivers, and returned not home till they had attacked and destroyed six villages of the Foxes, some of which composed of earthen wigwams, which now form the mounds which are spread so profusely over this section of country. They reaped a rich harvest of scalps, and made such an effective strike, that from this time the Foxes evacuated the rice lakes and midland country about the St. Croix and Chippeway rivers, and retired south to the Wisconsin river.

Besides carrying on an inveterate and exterminating warfare with the power-

ful Sioux and cruel Foxes, the Ojibways were obliged to keep up their ancient feud with the Iroquois, towards the east.

The last important battle between the Ojibways and the Iroquois, took place about 100 years (now 175 years) ago at a point on Lake Superior, a short distance above its outlet, which has to this day retained the name of Point Iroquois.

Ke-che-wash-keenb or Grear Buffalo, chief of La Pointe, briefly gives the following version of the affair: "The Ojibways one time collected a war party on the shores of the Great Lake, and proceeded eastward against their old enemies, the Iroquois. On their way they one evening encamped on a point of the lake shore a short distance above Ste. Marie. They had lighted their fires for the night and commenced cooking their suppers, when the sounds of distant yelling and laughter came indistinctly to their ever-listening ears. The noise appeared to come from the other side of the point, immediately opposite the spot where they had encamped. Scouts were sent to reconnoitre the noisy party, whom they supposed to be traders proceeding up the lake to trade with their people.

These scouts soon returned on a run, and informed their party that they had seen a large war party of Iroquois who were encamped, drinking firewater, and carousing with perfect carelessness, and apparently with every sense of security. The Ojibways quickly extinguished their blazing fires, and making their usual preparations for a desperate fight, they noiselessly approached and surrounded the encampment of their boisterous and drunken enemies. They silently awaited the moment when nearly all had drunk themselves insensible, and the remainder had fallen asleep, for the war whistle to sound the onset. They attacked them with great fury, and it is said that but few of the Iroquois escaped the Ojibways' tomahawk and scalping knife on this bloody occasion."

The Iroquois never after this made incursions into the country of the Lake Superior Ojibways, and from this occurrence may be dated the ending of the long and fierce warfare which these two people had been waging against one another.

It is shortly after this period that the Foxes again incurred the vengeance of the Ojibways, who a second time attacked and swept away villages. It has been stated that on being driven from the headwaters of the St. Croix and Chippeway rivers, they had retired to the Wisconsin and into the country bordering on Lake Michigan. The tradition of their second invasion by the Ojibways, is given as follows by the old Indian story tellers: "An old Ojibway hunter with his wife, two sons, and their families, were one winter hunting about the head of lakes of the Wisconsin river. As they searched for game they moved from camp to camp by slow and easy stages, and being of fearless disposition, they formed the southern vanguard of numerous other families similarly employed and following slowly in their wake.

They had arrived in the vicinity of the usual hunting grounds of the Foxes and now at every camp they formed a barrier of logs and bushes to shield them from the sudden attack of their enemies. One morning early, one of the sons of the old hunter, as usual, put on his moccasins, tied his blanket around his body, and shouldering his gun, started on his day's hunt. It was snowing heavily, and the rest of the family remained at home. The hunter had been gone but a

short time when he returned, and without saying a word, sat down in his usual place, and commenced whittling his bullets so that they could be easily and quickly thrown into his gun. When he had finished this work, he took his gun, drew out the load, and carefully cleansed it. He then sharpened his knife, and placed his warclub and spear ready at hand for immediate use.

The old hunter watched the singular preparations of this silent son, and suspecting that he had discovered signs of an enemy, arose, and saying that he would go and cut a few sticks of the red willow to smoke, he left the lodge to go and see what were the signs of danger. He had proceeded but a few steps in the adjacent forest, when he discovered a strange track in which there were but a few flakes of the fast falling snow. His Indian sagacity told him that it was the foot-print of a Fox, and returning to the wigwam, he proposed to his family an immediate flight to some neighboring camp of their friends. The silent son now spoke, and told his father that flight had become impracticable, for they were entirely surrounded by a very large war-party of their enemies. "All we can do", said he, "is to prepare for death; for I have seen the trail of the Fox warriors, and it is deep-beaten and wide; many feet have trodden it."

Determined to defend their women and children to the last gasp, the Ojibway hunters cut down a few more trees and strengthened the barrier around their wigwam. Night gradually came and covered everything in deep darkness and gloom, yet still was the expected attack deferred. The imitated hootings of the owl, and the howling of wolves which resounded from different parts of the forest, but too plainly told the hunters that the enemy had surrounded their camp, and only waited the first dawn of day (the Indian's favorite hour), to make the attack.

The old hunter being anxious to save a portion of his kindred, took two girls—his grandchildren—each by the hand and silently led them some distance into the surrounding woods, amid the darkness, and informing them the direction they were to go—to be judged by the wind, and fast falling flakes of snow, he bade them save their lives by flight and inform their people of his fate.

The old man then turned to his lodge, and he listened anxiously for the yell that would denote the discovery and death of "the little birds which he had let out to fly away." That expected yell came not, and the old man became satisfied that his two grandchildren were safe.

At the first dawn of morning, the Foxes commenced the attack with loud and thrilling war whoops. The Ojibways defended themselves bravely, and as long as their ammunition lasted, they kept their numerous assailants at bay, and sent many of their more hardy warriors to the land of Spirits; but as soon as their powder gave out they ceased firing, the Foxes rushed into their camp, and leaping over their barrier of logs and brush, the work of death and scalping commenced. The Ojibways died not without a desperate struggle, for even the grandmother of the family cut down an enemy with her axe before she received the death stroke. All perished but the old hunter, who, during the last brave struggle of his two sons, miraculously escaped through the dense ranks of his eager foes, entirely naked and covered with blood from numerous wounds.

He had not proceeded far before he met a small party of his friends, who had been informed of the desperate situation of his camp by the two girls whom he had caused to escape during the previous night. At the head of this party, although almost dead with fatigue and loss of blood, the old man returned, and found his wigwam in ashes. The enemy had already done their work and departed, and the bodies of his murdered kindred scalped, dismembered, cut and hacked into a hundred pieces, lay strewn about on the blood-stained snow.

At this horrid spectacle the Ojibway party, though feeble in numbers, recklessly followed the return trail of the perpetrators, depending for help, should they enter into a premature engagement with them, upon the different camps of their tribe, to whom runners had been sent during the night. They had not proceeded far on the deep-beaten trail of their enemies, when they beheld one of their number who had been left in the rear, walking leisurely along; perfectly deaf and unconscious to the approach of the avenging Ojibways, he fell an easy victim under their tomahawks.

They still ran on, till hearing a distant halloo, which was repeated nearer and nearer, they hid themselves in the deep snow near the trail.

The Foxes having stopped to smoke, and missing one of their number, first hallooded to him, and on his not answering, they sent two of their young men to go back and bring him up. These two men were dispatched by the ambushed Ojibways, and as they too, did not return, the impatient Foxes sent three more of their party to go and see what kept them, and they likewise met the same fate as their fellows. Becoming yet more impatient for the return of their companions, a large number of the Foxes arose and ran back in search of them. On these, the ambushed Ojibways were obliged to fire, and immediately retreating, a running fight commenced. The whole force of their enemies now hearing the firing of guns, joined their fellows, and the Ojibways would soon have been annihilated, had not a large party of their friends, guided by the noise of the fight, arrived to their rescue. This timely reinforcement wisely ambushed themselves behind the trees near the trail, and as the Foxes were eagerly following the retreating party, the hidden Ojibways fell on them with great fury, and in the first surprise succeeded in killing a large number, and they eventually forced the remainder to retreat and fly back to their villages with the black paint of mourning on their faces.

Probably the most interesting and important single event in the story of the Sioux-Chippewa feud, was the taking, in 1680, by the Ojibway or Chippewas, of Mille Lac, the ancestral home of the Sioux tribe. The Sioux name for it signified Spirit Lake. The name later given to it by the Ojibways signified "the lake that spreads all over."

Mille Lac (Thousand Lakes) is one of the largest and most beautiful sheets of water in Minnesota Territory (now the state of Minnesota). It lies imbedded in deep forests, midway between the Mississippi and the head of Lake Superior. Its picturesque shores are skirted with immense groves of valuable sugar maple, and the soil on which they grow is not to be surpassed in richness by any section of country in the northwest.

The lake is nearly circular in form, though indented with deep bays, and the view over its waters broken here and there by bold points or peninsulas. It is about twenty miles across from shore to shore, and a person standing on its pebbly beach on a clear, calm day, can but just discern the blue outlines of the opposite side, especially as the country surrounding it is comparatively low and level. Its waters are clear and pure as the waters of Lake Superior, and fish of the finest species are found to abound therein. Connected with it is a string of marshy, or mudbottomed, lakes in which the water is but a few feet deep, and wherein the wild rice of the north grows luxuriantly, and in the greatest abundance.

Possessing these and other, advantages, there is not a spot in the northwest which an Indian would sooner choose as a home and dwelling place than Mille Lacs. It is not then to be wondered at, that for nearly two centuries, it has formed the bone of strife and contention between the Ojibways and Sioux.

The manner in which the Ojibways first came into possession of Mille Lacs, is vividly related by their old men, and this event forms a prominent item in the course of their past history. The tradition of this occurrence is briefly as follows, taken by the writer from the lips of one of their most truth-telling sages, who is now a resident of Mille Lacs, and who is the descendant of a long line of noted chiefs.

Five generations ago, (now seven generations), shortly after the Ojibways residing on the shores of Lake Superior had commenced to obtain firearms and ammunition of the old French traders, a firm peace existed between them and the Sioux, who then resided on the head waters of the Mississippi and the midland country which lay between this river and the Great Lake.

Good-will existed between the two tribes, and the roads to their villages were clear and unobstructed. Peace parties of the Sioux visited the wigwams of the Ojibways, and Ojibways in like manner, visited the tepees and earthen lodges of the Sioux. The good feeling existing between them was such, that inter-marriage even took place between them.

It appears, however, impossible, that these two powerful tribes should ever remain long in peace with each other. On this occasion the war-club had lain buried but a few winters, when it was again violently dug up, and the ancient feud raged more fiercely than ever.

Ill-will was first created in the breasts of the two tribes against one another, through a quarrel which happened between an Ojibway and a Sioux gallant, respecting a woman whom they both courted. The woman was a Sioux, and the affair took place at a village of her people. Of her two suitors she preferred the Ojibway, and the rejected gallant, in revenge, took the life of his successful rival. This fact, however, did not result in immediate hostilities; it only reminded the warriors of the two tribes that they had once been enemies; it required a more aggravating cause than this to break the ties which several years of good understanding and social intercourse had created between them, and this cause was not long in forthcoming.

There was an old man residing at Fond du Lac on Lake Superior, which place had, at this time, already become an important village of the Ojibways.

This old man was looked upon by his people with much respect and consideration; though not a chief, he was a great hunter, and his lodge ever abounded in plenty. He belonged to the Marten Totem family. He was blessed with four sons, all of whom were full grown and likely men, fair to look upon. They were accustomed to make frequent visits to the villages of the Sioux, and they generally returned laden with presents, for the young women of their tribe looked on them with wishful and longing eyes.

Shortly after the quarrel about the woman had taken place, which resulted in the death of an Ojibway, the four brothers paid the Sioux one of their usual peaceful visits; they proceeded to their great town at Mille Lac, which was but two days from their villages. During this visit, one of the brothers was treacherously murdered, and but three returned with safety to their father's wigwam.

The old man did not even complain when he heard that their former enemies had sent his son to travel on the Spirit road; and shortly after, when his three surviving sons asked permission to go again to enter the lodges of the Sioux, he told them to go, "for probably" said he, "they have taken the life of my son through mistake." The brothers proceeded as before to Mille Lac, and on this occasion, two of them were treacherously killed, and but one returned to the wigwam of his bereaved father. The fount of the old man's tears still did not open, though he blacked his face in mourning and his head hung down in sorrow.

Once more his sole surviving son requested to pay the Sioux a peace visit, that he might look on the graves of his deceased brethren. His sorrow stricken parent said to him, "go, my son, for probably they have struck your brothers through mistake." Day after day rolled over, till the time came when he had promised to return. The days, however, kept rolling on, and the young man returned not to cheer the lonely lodge of his father. A full moon passed over, and still he made not his appearance, and the old man became convinced that the Sioux had sent him to join his murdered brethren in the land of Spirits. Now, for the first time, the bereaved father began to weep, the fount of his tears welled forth bitter drops, and he mourned bitterly for his lost children.

An Ojibway warrior never throws away his tears, and the old man determined to have revenge. For two years he busied himself making preparations. With the fruits of his hunts he procured ammunition and other materials for a war party. He sent his tobacco and warclub to the remotest villages of his people, detailing his wrong and inviting them to collect by a certain day at Fond du Lac, (on Lake Superior) to go with him in "search for his lost children." His summons was promptly and numerously obeyed, and nearly all the men of his tribe residing on the shores of the Great Lake, collected by the appointed time at Fond du Lac. Their scalping knives had long rusted in disuse, and the warriors were eager once more to stain them with blood of their old enemy.

Having made the customary preparations, and invoked the Great Spirit to their aid, this large war party which the old man had collected, left Fond du Lac, and followed the trail towards Mille Lac, which was then considered the strongest hold of their enemies, and where the blood which they went to revenge had been spilt. The Sioux occupied the lake in two large villages, one being located on Cormorant Point, and the other at the outlet of the lake. A few miles below



In 1862 when much of the man power was at the battle fronts of the Civil war, the Sioux Indians, incensed by the constantly increasing encroachments of the white men, swooped down upon several Minnesota points, including New Ulm, Minn., massacring women and children and old men. This is recalled as the Massacre of New Ulm.

In this picture is seen a group of refugees who escaped the New Ulm debacle. The sorrow and grief plainly written on the faces of many indicate the loss of one or more loved ones the day before.

Many of those in the picture have been identified by the donor. They include W. T. Pettijohn, Mrs. Fanny Pettijohn, Alice Pettijohn, Laura Pettijohn, Andrew Hunter, Martha Riggs, Anna Jone Riggs, Jonas Pettijohn, S. R. Riggs, Mrs. Riggs, Isabelle Riggs, Mrs. Moore, A. B. Pettijohn, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore, H. B. Cunningham, Mrs. Orr and Thomsa L. Riggs.

this last village, they possessed another considerable village on a smaller lake, connected with Mille Lac by a portion of Rum River which runs thru it. These villages consisted mostly of earthen wigwams such as are found still to be in use among the Arickarres and other tribes residing on the Upper Missouri.

The vanguard of the Ojibways fell on the Sioux at Cormorant Point early in the morning, and such was the extent of the war party, that before the rear had arrived, the battle at this point had already ended by the almost total extermination of its inhabitants; a small remnant only, retired in their canoes to the greater village located at the entry. This the Ojibways attacked with all their forces; after a brave defense with their bows and barbed arrows, the Sioux took refuge in their earthen lodges from the more deadly weapons of their enemy.

The only manner by which the Ojibways could harass and dislodge them from these otherwise secure retreats, was to throw small bundles or bags of powder into the aperture made in the top of each, both for the purpose of giving light within, and emitting the smoke of the wigwam fire. The bundles ignited by the fire, spread death and dismay among the miserable beings who crowded within. Not having as yet, like the more fortunate Ojibways, been blessed with the presence of white traders, the Sioux were still ignorant of the nature of gunpowder, and the idea possessing their minds that their enemies were aided by spirits, they gave up the fight in despair and were easily dispatched. But a remnant retired during the darkness of night to their last remaining village on the smaller lake. Here they made their last stand, and the Ojibways following them up, the havoc among their ranks was continued during the whole course of another day.

The next morning the Ojibways wishing to renew the conflict, found the village evacuated by the few who had survived their victorious arms. They had fled during the night down the river in their canoes, and it became a common saying that the former dwellers of Mille Lacs, became, by this three days' struggle, swept away forever from their favorite village sites.

After the sanguinary battle which resulted in the total evacuation of Mille Lacs by the Sioux, the ancient feud between them and the Ojibways raged with great fury, and it is at this period that the latter tribe first began to beat the Sioux from the Rice Lakes of the St. Croix River region which they had long occupied in conjunction with the Foxes. The pipe of peace was not again smoked between the two belligerent tribes till the old French traders had obtained a firm foothold among the Sioux, and commenced active trade.

According to the Indian mode of counting time, this peace occurred four generations ago, (now six generations), or about the year 1695. It was brought about only through the most strenuous efforts of the French traders who resided among the Ojibways on Lake Superior, and those who had at this time built a post among the Sioux near the mouth of the St. Croix River.

The ill-will between the two tribes had risen to such a pitch that it required every persuasion, and the gift of large presents, to effect a reconciliation. The French, during the course of the bloody warfare between these two powerful tribes, while travelling through the country on their trading and exploring expeditions, had often suffered death indiscriminately with Sioux or Ojibway at the

hands of their blood-seeking war parties. The interests of the fur trade had also severely suffered, for the warriors of both tribes neglected their hunts to join in the more favorable pastime of war and bloodshed, and their continually prowling war parties prevented the more peaceful-minded and sedate hunters from seeking the beaver in the regions where they abounded in the greatest plenty.

Peace being once effected, however, once more these two people hunted on their richest hunting grounds without fear and trembling, and plenty reigned in their lodges. On the St. Croix the two tribes intermingled freely. They encamped together, and intermarriages took place between them. It is at this time that a few lodges of Ojibways first located themselves in a permanent village on the waters of the St. Croix River.

The peace on this occasion lasted for several years, and to some extent they learned to speak each other's language. The intermarriages which had taken place between them, proved the strongest link of good-will between them, but the love of war and bloodshed was so inherent in their nature, and the sense of injuries inflicted on one another for centuries past rankled so deep in the breasts of many in each tribe, that even these ties could not secure a long continuance of this happy state of peace and quiet. From a comparative slight cause, the flames of their old hatred again broke forth with great violence. It originated at a war dance which was being performed by the Sioux on Lake St. Croix, preparatory to marching against some tribe of their numerous enemies toward the south.

Under a state of excitement, a distinguished Sioux warrior shot a barbed arrow into the body of an Ojibway who was dancing with the Sioux, intending to join them on the war trail against their enemies.

The ruthless shot did not terminate his life, and after a most painful sickness, the wounded man recovered. He silently brooded over the wrong so wantonly inflicted on him, for the warrior who had injured him was of such high standing in his tribe, that he could not revenge himself on him with impunity. After a time he left the Sioux and paid a visit to his Ojibway relatives on Lake Superior, who received him into their wigwams with every mark of kindness and regard. He poured into their willing ears the tale of his wrong, and he succeeded in inducing them to raise a war party to march against the Sioux encampment on Lake St. Croix.

The Sioux, trusting to the supposed peaceable disposition of their former enemies, became careless, and hunted in apparent security, and the Ojibways arrived within a close vicinity of their camp without the least discovery. During the night the leaders of the war party sent five young men who could speak the Sioux language most fluently, to go and spy out the lodges of the enemy, note their situation, and find out their number.

After having made the rounds of the almost endless rows of lodges, the scouts returned to their party, and informed their leaders that they had counted three hundred lodges, when they became confused and could count no more. They also told of the general carelessness, and feeling of security which prevailed throughout the camp.

Having obtained this information, the Ojibways, being strong in the number of warriors, prepared themselves for battle, and at the earliest dawn of morning

they marched on the sleeping encampment of the Sioux. They made their approach by a deep ravine which led through the high bluffs (which here bound the shores of the lake) on to the narrow prairie which skirts the water side, and on which was pitched the leathern lodges of the enemy.

Once fairly debouched on the narrow prairie, the Ojibways lost no time in extending their wings and enveloping the encampment on the land side. When their movement had been completed in perfect silence they gradually neared the lodges of their sleeping enemies, and as they arrived within the proper distance, and the dogs of the encampment began to snuff the air and utter their sharp quick yelps, the shrill war whistle was sounded by the leaders, and suddenly the dread and fear-striking war-whoop issued from the lips of hundreds of blood-thirsty warriors. Volley after volley of bullets and arrows were fired, and discharged into the frail and defenseless tepees, and the shrieking and yelling of the inmates as they became thus suddenly startled from their sleep, made the uproar of the attack truly deafening.

Completely taken by surprise the warriors of the Sioux fought at a disadvantage; their women and children ran shrieking to the waters edge, and hastily jumping into their narrow wooden canoes, they attempted to cross to the opposite shores of the lake. The wind, however, had increased in force, and sweeping down the lake in a fearful gale, it caused the waves to run high and in many instances the crowded and crank canoes filled with water and upset, launching the fleeing women and children into a water grave.

After a long and unavailing defense, such of the Sioux warriors as had stood their ground, were obliged to retreat. Thirty of their number are said to have fled under a ledge of rock, where, being entirely surrounded, they were shot down one after another.

This is one of the most successful war parties which the Ojibways tell of. It is said that at each encampment on their return homeward, the scalps which they had taken, being each tied to the end of a stick three or four feet long, were planted close together in a single row and an arrow shot by a strong arm from one end of this row of human scalps, fell short of reaching the other extremity.

The region of country from which the Mississippi derives its source, is covered with innumerable fresh and clear water lakes, connected with one another, and flowing into the "Father of Rivers" through rapid and meandering streams. All these lakes and streams abound with fish of the finest species and flavor. In Leech, Winnipeg, Cass, and of the larger lakes, the white fish are found equal in size to the celebrated whitefish in Lake Superior. Muscallonge have been found to grow to the great size of from four to six feet in length.

The shores of these beautiful lakes are lined with groves of the tall pine, and the useful maple from which the Indian manufacturer sugar. The birch tree also abounds, from which the Ojibway has long been accustomed to procure the covering to his wigwam, and material for the formation of his ingeniously wrought canoe. In many of these lakes which lie clustered together within an area of several hundred miles, the wild rice grows in large quantities and most luxuriantly, affording the Indian an important staple of subsistence.

In former times this region of country abounded in buffalo, moose, deer,

and bear, and till within thirty years past, in every one of its many water courses, the lodges of the valuable and industrious beaver were to be found.

Possessing these manifold advantages, this country has always been a favorite home and resort for the wild Indians, and over its whole extent, battle fields are pointed out where different tribes have battled for its possession.

The attention of the Ojibways was early directed to it. They found it in possession of the powerful and wide-spread Sioux, when after many years of severe fighting, they eventually forced to seek for new homes farther westward, and they in turn, took possession and have kept to this day the large and beautiful lakes which form the sources of the "Great River".

It is related by their old traditionists, that the boy whose father had died in his stead on the burning fagots of the cruel Foxes (as has been related in a former installment), grew up to be a man. The remembrance of his deep wrong made him a warrior. He never let pass an opportunity of taking revenge and letting his prowess be known among the enemies of his tribe. To him, war not only became a chief business in life but a pastime, and having adopted the name of his murdered father, Bi-aus-wah eventually became a noted war-leader and chief, and the first Ojibway pioneer to the country of the Upper Mississippi.

After the death of his father, he proceeded with his relatives to Fond du Lac (on Lake Superior) where he remained till middle age, and from which place he joined the war parties which marched against the Sioux at Sandy Lake, on the St. Croix River and in the vicinity of Mille Lacs. When he had earned in many a hard-fought battle, the admiration and confidence of his people, he sent his war-club, tobacco and wampum belt of war, to the far-scattered bands of his tribe, inviting the warriors to collect at Fond du Lac by a certain day, and march with him, to put out the fire of Sioux at Sandy Lake.

Men from all the villages of the Ojibway responded to his call, and canoes laden with warriors arrived on the appointed day from Sault Ste. Marie, Grand Portage, La Pointe, and all the camps of the tribe within the area of the Great Lake. It is said that the train of warriors which followed Bi-aus-wah on this occasion, was so long, as they marched in their usual single file, that a person standing on a hill could not see from one extremity to the other. They marched against the Sioux of Sandy Lake. They found the enemy collected in force, notwithstanding which, they made the attack, and after a severe fight, they (being armed with the murderous weapons of the pale face), ultimately forced the Sioux to retreat and evacuate their village.

Sandy Lake or Kah-me-tah-wung-a-guma, signifying "lake of sandy waters", is the site of the first Ojibway village about the head-waters of the Mississippi.

It is from this point that the war parties proceeded, who eventually caused the Sioux to evacuate their favorite seats at Leech, Winnipeg, Cass, and Red Lakes, and also from Gull Lake, Crow Wing, and the vicinity of Mille Lacs.

The band or village of the Ojibways, who had dispossessed the Sioux of Sandy Lake, under the guidance of their chief Bi-aus-wah, continued to receive accessions to their ranks from the shores of Lake Superior, and continued to gain

ground on the Sioux, till they forced them to evacuate their hunting grounds and village sites on Cass and Winnipeg lakes, and to concentrate their forces on the islands of Leech lake, of which, for a few years, they managed to keep possession.

Being, however, severely harassed by the persevering encroachments of the Ojibways, and daily losing the lives of their hunters from their oft-repeated incursions, and war parties, the Sioux at last came to the determination of making one concentrated tribal effort to check the farther advance of their invaders, and, if possible, put out forever the fires which the Ojibways had lit on the waters of the Upper Mississippi. They called on the different bands of their common tribe living toward the south and west, to aid them in their enterprise, and a numerous war party is said to have been collected at Leech Lake by the Sioux to carry out the resolution which they had formed.

Instead, however, of concentrating their forces and sweeping the Ojibway villages in detail, they separated into three divisions, with the intention of striking three different sections of the enemy on the same day. One party marched against the village at Sandy Lake, one against the Ojibways at Rainy Lake, and one proceeded northward against a small band of Ojibways who had already reached as far west as Pembina.

The party proceeding against Rainy Lake, met a large war party of Ojibways from that already important and numerous section of the tribe, and a severe battle was fought between them. The Sioux returned to Leech Lake disheartened from the effects of a severe check, and the loss of many of their bravest warriors.

The second division, proceeding in their war canoes against the Sandy Lake village, met with precisely the same fate. They were paddling down the smooth current of the Mississippi, when one morning they met a canoe containing the advance scouts of a large Ojibway war party, who were on their route to attack their village at Leech Lake; these scouts were immediately attacked, and pursued by the Sioux into a small lake, where the main body of the Ojibways coming up, both parties landed and fought for half a day on the shores of the lake. This battle is noted from the fact that a Sioux was killed here whose feet were both previously cut half off either by frost or some accident, and the lake where the fight took place is known to this day as "Keesh-ke-sid-a-boin Sah-ga-e-gun" "Lake of the cut-foot Sioux." The belligerent parties both retreated to their respective villages from this point, their bloody propensities being for the time fully cooled down.

The third division of the Sioux went northward in the direction of Red River but not finding any traces of the Ojibways about Pembina, all returned home but ten who resolutely proceeded into the Kenisteno country, till discovering two isolated wigwams of Ojibway hunters, they attacked and destroyed their inmates with the loss of two of their number.

During the same summer in which happened these memorable events in Ojibway history, the Sioux having been thus severely checked and driven back by their invaders, became hopeless of future success and suddenly evacuated their important position at Leech Lake, and moved westward to the edge of the great western prairies, about the headwaters of the Minnesota and Red Rivers.

Almost daily the hardy bands of Ojibways who had now taken possession of the head lakes of the Mississippi, lost the lives of their hunters by the hands of the Sioux, and they would soon have been annihilated, had not accessions from the eastern sections of their tribe continuously added to their strength and numbers.

For greater security against the sudden attacks of their enemies, the Ojibways on the Upper Mississippi under the guidance of their wise chieftain Bi-*aus-wah*, would collect each fall into one common encampment, and thus in a body they would proceed by slow stages where game was most plenty, to make their fall and winter hunts. While collected in force in this manner, the Sioux seldom dared to attack them, and it often happened that when the great winter camps of either tribe came in contact, fearing the result of a general battle, they would listen to the advice of their wiser chiefs who deprecated the consequences of their cruel warfare, and enter into short terms of peace and good fellowship. On such occasions the singular spectacle could be seen, of mortal foes feasting, caressing one another, exchanging presents, and ransoming captives of war.

The calms, however, of a feud of such intensity and long duration as existed between these two combative tribes, were of short and fitful duration, and generally lasted only as long as the two camps remained in one another's vicinity. The peace was considered holding only by such of either tribe as happened to be present at the first meeting, and smoked from the stem of the peace pipe.

After he had secured a firm footing for his people on the rich hunting grounds of the Upper Mississippi, it is said, however, that the Ojibway chieftain Bi-*aus-wah* tried hard to bring about a lasting peace with the Sioux. And it is a noted fact that his humane efforts were so far successful as to put an end by distinct treaty, to the custom of torturing captives, which was still practiced by the Sioux. From the time he effected this mutual understanding with his enemies, this bad practice ceased altogether, and the taking of captives became less frequent.

We have now brought forward the history of the different sections of the Ojibway tribe to the time when the French nations were forced to strike their colors and cede their possessions in America (comprising the great chain of lakes) into the hands of the British Empire. With deepest regret and sorrow the Ojibways, and other tribes of the Algonquin nation, at last viewed the final delivery of the North Western forts into the hands of the British. With aching hearts they bade a last farewell to the kind-hearted local commanders, the jovial hearted "*Coureur du Bois*" and the open-handed "*Marchand voyageur*" or fur traders, many of whom took their final departure from the Indian country on its cession to Great Britain.

The main body of the French traders and common voyageurs who had so long remained in their midst had many of them become united to the Indian race by the ties of marriage; they possessed large families of half blood children, whom the Indians cherished as their own, and in many instances actually opposed their being taken from their midst.

In the years of struggle between the two white races the Ojibway tribe residing at Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinaw and the shores of Lake Huron joined their

warriors with the army of the French, and freely rallied to their support at Detroit, Fort du Quense, Niagara and Montreal. The Ojibways figured in almost every battle which was fought during these bloody wars. A party of the tribe from their central village of La Pointe, even proceeded nigh two thousand miles to Quebec, under their celebrated war chief Mamong-e-se-da, and fought in the ranks of Montcalm on the plains of Abraham, where this ill-fated general and the heroic Wolfe received their death wounds.

In 1760 the French forts on the northern lakes were given up to the British. For several years after the English took possession there was comparative peace and quiet, only to be followed by what is known as the Pontiac Conspiracy, of which much has been written by historians and which will therefore only be briefly presented here.

Pontiac was a chief of the Ottawa tribe, which like the Ojibway was of the Algonquin nation. He was born on the Ottawa river in 1720 and was forty-three years of age when he led his forces in that luckless adventure.

Brooding over the constant encroachments of the English on the ancestral homes and hunting grounds of the Indians he induced a large number of these tribes to join forces under his leadership in an attempt to drive the hated British from the entire Great Lakes region.

Such was the force and accuracy of the organization which this celebrated leader had effected among the northern tribes of his fellow red men, that, on the same day, which was the 4th of June, 1763, and the anniversary of the king's birth (which the Indians knew was a day set apart by the English as one of amusement and celebration), they attacked and besieged twelve of the widespread western stockaded forts, and succeeded in taking possession of nine. In this alliance, the Ojibways of Lake Huron and Michigan were most active parties, and into their hands was entrusted by their common leader, the capture of the British fort at Mackinaw. That fort according to the description of an eminent writer, standing on the south side of the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan, was one of the most important positions on the frontiers. It was the place of deposit, and point of departure between the upper and lower countries; the traders always assembled there, on their voyages to and from Montreal. Connected with it, was an area of two acres, inclosed with cedar wood pickets, and extending on one side so near to the water's edge, that a western wind always drew the waves against the foot of the stockade. There were about thirty houses within the limits, inhabited by about the same number of families. The only ordinance on the bastions were two small brass pieces. The garrison numbered between ninety and one hundred.

The important enterprise of the capture of this important and indispensable post, was entrusted into the hands of Mih-neh-weh-na, the great war chieftain of the Ojibways of Mackinaw, and by the manner in which he superintended and managed the affair, to a complete and successful issue, he approved himself a worthy lieutenant of the great head and leader of the war, the Ottawa chieftain Pontiac.

The fighting men of the Ojibways and Osauegets gradually collected in the vicinity of the fort as the day appointed for the attack approached. They num-

bered between four and six hundred. An active trade was in the meantime carried on with the British traders, and every means resorted to for the purpose of totally blinding the suspicions which the more humane class of the French population found means to impart to the officers of the fort, respecting the secret animosity of the Indians. These hints were entirely disregarded by Major Etherington, the commandant of the fort, and he even threatened to confine any person who would have the future audacity to whisper these tales of danger into his ears. Everything, therefore, favored the scheme which the Ojibway chieftain had laid to ensnare his confident enemies. On the eve of the great English king's birthday, he informed the British commandant that as the morrow was to be a day of rejoicing, his young men would play the game of bang-ah-ud-o-way or La Crosse, for the amusement of the whites, in front of the gate of the fort. In this game the young men of the Osagee tribe would play against the Ojibways for a large stake. The commandant expressed his pleasure and willingness to the crafty chieftain's proposal, little dreaming that this was to lead to a game of blood, in which those under his charge were to be the victims.

During the whole night the Ojibways were silently busy in making preparations for the morrow's work. They sharpened their knives and tomahawks, and filed short off their guns. In the morning these weapons were entrusted to the care of their women, who, hiding them under the folds of their blankets, were ordered to stand as near as possible to the gate of the fort, as if to witness the game which the men were about to play.

Over a hundred on each side of the Ojibway and Osagees, all chosen men, now sallied forth from their wigwams, painted and ornamented for the occasion, and proceeding to the open green which lay in front of the fort, they made up the stakes for which they were apparently about to play, and planted the posts toward which each party was to strive to take the ball.

This game of Bang-ah-ud-o-way is played with a bat and wooden ball. The bat is about four feet long, terminating at one end into a circular curve, which is netted with leather strings, and forms a cavity where the ball is caught, carried, and if necessary thrown with great force, to treble the distance that it can be thrown by hand. Two posts are planted at the distance of about half a mile. Each party has its particular post, and the game consists in carrying or throwing the ball in the bat to the post of the adversary. At the commencement of the game, the two parties collect midway between two posts; the ball is thrown up into the air, and the competition for its possession commences in earnest. It is the wildest game extant among the Indians, and is generally played in full feathers and ornaments, and with the greatest excitement and vehemence. The great object is to obtain possession of the ball; and, during the heat of the excitement, no obstacle is allowed to stand in the way of getting at it. Let it fall far out into the deep water, numbers rush madly in and swim for it, each party impeding the efforts of the other in every manner possible. Let it fall into a high inclosure, it is surmounted, or torn down in a moment, and the ball recovered; and were it to fall into the chimney of a house, a jump through the window or a smash of the door, would be considered of no moment; and the most violent hurts and bruises are incident to the headlong, mad manner in which it is played. It will be seen

by this hurried description, that the game was very well adapted to carry out the scheme of the Indians.

On the morning of the 4th of June, after the cannon of the fort had been discharged in commemoration of the king's natal day, the ominous ball was thrown up a short distance in front of the gate of Fort Mackinaw, and the exciting game commenced. The two hundred players, their painted persons streaming with feathers, ribbons, fox and wolf tails, swayed to and fro as the ball was carried backwards and forwards by either party, who for the moment had possession of it. Occasionally a swift and agile runner would catch it in his bat, and making tremendous leaps hither and thither to avoid the attempts of his opponents to knock it out of his bat, or force him to throw it, he would make a sudden dodge past them, and choosing a clear track, run swiftly, urged on by the deafening shouts of his party and the by-standers, towards the stake of his adversaries, till his onward course was stopped by a swifter runner, or an advanced guard of the opposite party.

The game, played as it was, by the young men of two different tribes, became exciting, and the commandant of the fort even took his stand outside of his open gates, to view its progress. His soldiers stood carelessly unarmed, here and there, intermingling with the Indian women, who gradually huddled near the gateway, carrying under their blankets the weapons which were to be used in the approaching work of death.

In the struggle for its possession, the ball at last was gradually carried towards the open gates, and all at once, after having reached a proper distance, an athletic arm caught it up in his bat and as if by accident threw it within the precincts of the fort. With one deafening yell and impulse, the players rushed forward in a body, as if to regain it, but as they reached their women and entered the gateway, they threw down their wooden bats and, grasping the shortened guns, tomahawks and knives, the massacre commenced, and the bodies of the unsuspecting British soldiers soon lay strewn about, lifeless, horribly mangled, and scalpless. The careless commander was taken captive without a struggle, as he stood outside the fort, viewing the game, which the Ojibway chieftain had gotten up for his amusement.

That portion of Ojibways, forming by far the main portion of the tribe, who occupied the area of Lake Superior, and whose bands had formed distinct villages on the headwaters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, were not engaged in the



CHIEF PONTIAC, head of the famous Pontiac Conspiracy that resulted in the massacre in 1763.

bloody transaction at Fort Mackinaw (Michilmackinac). It is true that the war club, tobacco and wampum belt of war had been carried by the messengers of Pontiac to La Pointe and the principal villages of the Ojibways on Lake Superior. That they refused to take part is principally due to one French fur trader. This was John Baptiste Cadotte, father of the elder Michel Cadotte, mentioned in a previous chapter. John Baptiste Cadotte received a college education at Montreal. He was among the first individuals whose European, or white blood, became intermixed with the blood of the Ojibways. On leaving college he became possessed of forty thousand francs, which had been bequeathed to him by his father and with this sum as capital he immediately launched into the North-western fur trade.

He went as a "Marchand voyageur" and visited the remotest villages of the Ojibways on Lake Superior, to supply their wants in exchange for their valuable beaver skins. He became attached to one of their women belonging to the great clan of A-wau-e, and married her according to the forms of the Catholic religion, of which he was a firm believer.

His Ojibway wife appears to have been a woman of great energy and force of character, as she is noted to this day for influences she held over her relations—the principal chiefs of the tribe; and the hardy, fearless manner, in which, accompanied by Canadian "Coureurs du bois" to propel her canoes, she made long journeys to distant villages to her people to further the interests of her husband. She bore him two sons, John Baptiste and Michel, who afterwards succeeded their father in the trade.

Cadotte knew full well that the French nation had withdrawn forever from their possessions in this country, and that their national fire, which was promised would blaze forever with the fire of the Ojibways, was now totally extinguished, and knowing this, he did not foolishly stimulate as others did, the sanguinary opposition which the Indians continued to make against the predominant Saxon race, by telling them that "the great king of the French had only fallen into a drowse, but would soon awaken, and drive the English back into the great salt water."

On the contrary, he pointed out to the Ojibways, the utter uselessness and impotence of their efforts; and he told them that the war would only tend to thin the ranks of their warriors, causing their women to cover their faces with the black paint of mourning, and keep them miserably poor, for want of traders to supply their wants.

At the breaking out of the war between France and Great Britain, which resulted in the ending of the French domination in America, Mons. Cadotte made his permanent residence at Sault Ste. Marie, from which point he eventually wielded the salutary influence which we have mentioned. He is the only French trader of any importance whom the Ojibways tell of having remained with them when the French people were forced to leave Lake Superior country. And it is said that though he made several attempts to leave the Ojibway people in company with his departing countrymen, such was the affection which they bore to himself and his half-breed children, that their chiefs threatened to use force to prevent his departure.

Cadotte's advice to the Ojibways proved to be wise, for the British rallied

and put down Pontiac's conspiracy, and during the summer of the year following, a British force of three thousand men under Gen. Bradstreet proceeded up the lakes as far as Detroit (Lake Superior).

On the arrival of this large body of troops at Detroit, a permanent peace was effected with all the northern tribes including the Ojibways. Pontiac, the head and heart of the bloody Indian war which had ended, was not present at this treaty. His best allies, the tribes of the northern lakes, had deserted him and he thereafter confined his exertions to tribes toward the south and west. He never overcame his animosity to the Saxon race, and had he not suffered a premature death at the hands of an Indian of the Kaskasia tribe, he would again have fanned the flames of another sanguinary war. His name and influence extended over all the Algonc tribes, and their regret for his loss is fully proved by the manner in which the Ojibways, Ottawas, Ojagees and others revenged his death by the total extermination of the tribe to which belonged his assassin.

For two years after the ending of Pontiac's war, the fear of Indian hostility was still so great that the British traders dared not extend their operations to the more remote villages of the Ojibways, and La Pointe, during this time was destitute of a resident trader. To remedy this great evil, which the Indians, having become accustomed to the commodities of the whites, felt acutely, Ma-mong-e-seda, the war chief of this village, with a party of his fellows, was deputed to go to Sir Wm. Johnson, (who was a representative of the English government), to ask that a trader might be sent to reside among them. He is said to have been well received by the British father, who presented him with a broad wampum belt of peace, and gorget. The belt was composed of white and blue beads, denoting purity and clear blue sky, and this act settled the foundation of a lasting goodwill, and was the commencement of an active communication between the British and Ojibways of Lake Superior.

In accordance with their habits, the Ojibways seem to have shown no desire or inclination to gain possession of the open prairie country. Encounters between the warring tribes in this region continued for over half a century more, but in the main without many outstanding encounters or notable extensions of territory.

About the year 1768 the Sioux or Dakotas of the upper Mississippi region made their last general attack against the Ojibways who had taken possession of their lands. A few years later the Odugatnees or Foxes made a much similar attempt on the St. Croix River. With Warren's account of these two forays the general story of the warfare in the Lake and upper Mississippi regions will be brought to a close, following which the story brings it nearer home—to our own Chippewa Valley.

After having given, in preceding chapters, a brief account respecting the affairs of the Ojibways, attendant on the change from the French to the British supremacy, followed by the Pontiac conspiracy, we will once more return to the north-western vanguard of the tribe, under the Chief Bi-ahs-wah, whom we left battling with the fierce Sioux for the possession of the Upper Mississippi country.

It was about 1768 that the following events occurred:

The M'de-wak-anton Sioux, being at last obliged, from the repeated incursions of the Ojibways, to evacuate their grand villages at Mille Lacs and Knife

Lake, now located themselves on Rum River. Smarting under the loss of their ancient village sites, and their best hunting grounds and rice lakes, they determined to make one more united and national effort to stem the advance of their troublesome and persevering enemies and drive them back to the shores of Lake Superior.

Having for some years past been enjoying an active communion with the French traders, they had become supplied with fire-arms, and in this respect they now stood on the same footing with the Ojibways, who had long had the advantage over them, of having been first reached by the whites.

War parties formed at the different villages of the Sioux, and met by appointment at the Falls of St. Anthony, where the ceremonies preceding the march of Indian warriors into an enemy's country being performed, the party, consisting of from four or five hundred men, embarked in their canoes, and proceeding up the Mississippi, reached, without meeting an enemy, the confluence of the Crow Wing River with the "Father of Rivers."

It was but a short time previous that they had possessed and occupied the country lying on and about the head waters of the Mississippi and being thus perfectly familiar with the route and portages from lake to lake, and the usual summer haunts of the Indian hunter, they determined to make the grand circuit by Gull, Leech, Cass and Winnepegosish Lakes, and descending the Mississippi from its head, pick up the stray hunters and rice-gatherers of their enemy, and attack the village of the western Ojibways of Sandy Lake. Carrying this plan of their campaign into execution, the Sioux ascended the Crow Wing and Gull rivers into Gull Lake, from the northern extremity of which they made their first portage. Carrying their canoes about two miles, they again embarked on Lake Sibley; making another portage, they passed into White Fish, or Ude-kum-ag Lake, where they spilt the first Ojibway blood, killing a hunter named Wab-ud-ow (White Gore).

From this place they passed into Gauss Lake, where again they massacred an unfortunate hunter with his wife and children.

Much elated, the Sioux war party proceeded on their way, and at Little Boy, or Que-wis-aus Lake, they again attacked and killed three little boys, while engaged in gathering wild rice. Their parents, hearing the noise of the firing incident to the attack, made their escape.

The Sioux then passed into Leech Lake, and crossing over by a short portage into Cass Lake, they commenced their descent of the Mississippi. A short distance above the Falls of Puk-a-gum-ah, they again destroyed an Ojibway hunter and his family.

Some distance below this falls, they were met and discovered by two Ojibway hunters, in a birch canoe, who turned and fled down the river, warning their fellows as they went. The Sioux made a warm pursuit, as they wished to attack the village of their enemies at Sandy Lake by surprise. The fleeing hunters, by making short portages across long bends of the river, left their pursuers some distance, and arrived at the Sandy Lake village during the night, but found a number of the bravest warriors gone on a war party down the Mississippi, and the remainder of the men of their village drinking "fire-water", which had been

brought by a number of their fellows, who had just returned from their periodical summer visit to Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw. The alarm was given, and the drinking stopped, though many of the older men were already *hors de combat* through the effects of the liquor. Such as were able prepared for defense.

One of the young hunters who had arrived to warn the village, having dropped a small looking glass, while crossing a short portage, which is sometimes made from the Mississippi into Sandy Lake, and it being in those days an article rare and much valued among them, he returned early in the morning to look for it. He went alone in his light birch canoe, but found the portage covered with the Sioux who had been pursuing them. Some were crossing in their canoes, while the main body were making their way on foot to attack the Ojibwa village by land.

On being discovered, a hot pursuit in canoes was made after the young hunter by the Sioux, and being single in his canoe, they gained fast on him. Making straight for an island which lies directly in front of the village, the young man landed pulled his canoe across the island and again embarking paddled away for life. By this maneuver he gained a little on his pursuers, who were obliged to round the point of an island in their heavier canoes. The Sioux, however, being full manned caught up with and dispatched the fleeing hunter before he reached the main shore and in full sight of the Ojibwa village.

In the meantime, the party who were approaching to attack the village by land, discovered a party of Ojibwa women, who were picking huckleberries, whom they surrounded and easily captured. These female captives, most of whom were young and unmarried numbered thirty.

The Sioux then attacked the village, but such of the Ojibwas as were sober, and had got over their drunken frolic, having made their preparations, manfully resisted the attack, till the drunken warriors, being brought to their sober senses by being frequently immersed in cold water by their women, increased the ranks of the defenders, and after a desperate struggle finally succeeded in causing the Sioux to retreat, who returning to their canoes, embarked with their prisoners, and continued their course down the Mississippi, triumphing in the repeated blows they had inflicted on their enemies.

They were doomed, however, to run a severe gauntlet before reaching their villages, and to pay dearly for the celerity which had led them to proceed so far into the country which the Ojibwas claimed as their own. A party of sixty Ojibwa warriors had, a short time previous, left their village at Sandy Lake and under the leadership of a distinguished war-chief, they proceeded down the Mississippi in their birchen canoes, to the haunts of their enemies. Meeting with no success in their foray after scalps, they left their canoes in the enemy's country, and were returning home on foot, when, arriving at Crow Wing, they discovered the late encampment of the Sioux, who were making the grand circuit of the northern country.

From the marks thus discovered the Ojibwas became satisfied that the enemy, who had gone up the Crow Wing river, would either soon return the same way, or come down the Mississippi, after having perhaps massacred their wives and children at Sandy Lake. They determined, therefore, to await their coming

at the confluence of these rivers, and notwithstanding the apparent strength of their enemies, to give them battle.

About half a mile below the main mouth of the Crow Wing, and a few rods above Allan Morrison's present (1852) establishment, or trading post, on the east side of the Mississippi, the river makes a curve, and the whole force of the current is thrown against the banks in the bend, which rise almost perpendicular from the water's edge, fifty feet high, and on the brow of which stands a few pine trees. Boats or canoes passing down the river are naturally drawn by the current immediately under this bank; and, with an eye to this advantage, the Ojibway warriors determined to post themselves here in ambuscade. They dug several holes along this bank, for two or three hundred feet, capable of holding eight or ten men each, in rows, from which perfectly invisible to their passing enemy, and sheltered from their missiles, they intended to commence the attack.

Satisfied at the immense odds they would have to contend with, they made every preparation. Hunters were sent out to kill and dry meat sufficient to sustain the whole party for several days, and scouts were sent some distance up the river, to watch the first coming of their enemies.

One morning after their preparations had all been completed, one of their scouts, who had been sent about a mile up the Mississippi, and who was watching on the bank for the first appearance of the Sioux, descended carelessly to the water's edge to drink. While lapping the water with his lips, looking up the river, he perceived a canoe suddenly turn a point of land above him. Instinctively he threw himself flat on the ground, and gradually crawled unperceived up the bank. When out of sight, on looking back, he saw the whole bosom of the river covered with the war canoes of those for whose coming he had been sent to watch. Seeing that he had not been noticed, he flew back to his comrades who now prepared fully for the approaching conflict, by putting on their war paints and ornaments of battle.

Directly opposite the main mouth of the Crow Wing, on the spot where the American Fur Company's post is now (1852) located, and in plain view of their ambuscade, the Ojibways saw their enemies disembark, and proceed to cook their morning meal. They saw large groups of female prisoners, as they were roughly pushed ashore, and made to build the fires and hang the kettles. Amongst them, doubtless, were their wives, daughters or sisters. They saw the younger warriors of the enemy form a ring, and dance, yelling and rejoicing over the scalps they had taken. They saw all this, and burning with rage, they impatiently awaited the moment when their foes would come within range of their bullets and arrows. With difficulty the leader restrained his younger and more fool-hardy warriors from rushing forth to attack their enemies while engaged in their orgies.

Amongst the captives was an old woman, who at every encampment had exhorted her fellows not to be cast down in their spirits, for their men who had gone on a war party would certainly at some place, attack their captors, and in this case they must upset the canoes they were in, and swim for life to the shore from which their friends would make the attack. In this manner did she teach "her grandchildren", as she called them, to be prepared for a sudden onslaught.

The Sioux, having finished their morning meal, and scalp-dancing once more

poured into their canoes. They floated down with the current in a compact mass, holding on to each other's canoes, while filling and lighting their pipes, and passing them from one to another, to be alternately smoked.

Above them, dangling from the ends of poles, were the bloody scalps they had taken. In the foremost canoes were the war leaders, and planted before them were the war ensigns of feathers. After smoking out their pipes, the *Jeen-godum* (a peculiar cry, uttered by warriors after killing an enemy) was uttered by the whole party, with a tremendous noise. The drums commenced beating, accompanied with yells and songs of triumph. Still moving in a compact flotilla, in full rejoicing, the force of the current at length brought them immediately under the deadly ambushade of their enemies.

The moment had now come which the Ojibways had so long been aching for, and at the sound of their leader's war-whistle, they suddenly let fly a flight of bullets and barbed arrows into the serried ranks of the enemies, picking out for death the most prominent and full plumed figures amongst them. Yelling their fear-striking *sas-sak-way*, or war-whoop, they sent their deadly missiles like hail amongst their enemies, sending many of their bravest warriors to the land of spirits. The confusion amongst the Sioux at this sudden and unexpected attack was immense. The captives overturned the canoes they were in, and the rest running against one another, and those in the water struggling to reembark, and the sudden jumps of those that were wounded, caused many of them to overturn, leaving their owners struggling in the deep current, and many were thus drowned.

Some dove and swam ashore on the opposite side—then running down the bank of the river, they joined those of their fellows who still floated about a mile below the place of the attack, where they all landed and collected their upturned canoes, and such of their articles as floated past.

Smarting under the loss of their bravest men, and having noticed the comparatively small numbers of the Ojibways, they determined to go back and fight the battle anew, and revenge the death of their relatives.

They made the attack bravely but the Ojibways were so strongly and securely posted, that they sustained the fight till dark without losing any of their men, while the Sioux suffered severely, being obliged to fight from open ground without shelter. The fight lasted till night, when the Sioux retreated. They encamped where they had landed, and in plain view and hearing of their enemies, who, during the night distinctly heard their lamentations, as they wept for their relatives who had been slain during the day's fight.

In the morning, the Sioux, burning for vengeance, returned to the attack. The Ojibways, however, defended themselves so obstinately, that they eventually forced their enemies to retreat. Having suffered a severe loss, the Sioux warriors returned to their villages, and for fear that the Ojibways would retaliate, by making a similar incursion into their country, the *M'de-wak-an-ton* section of the tribe evacuated the Rum river country, and moved to the Minnesota river.

The Odugamies or Foxes, who had been forced by the Ojibways during the French domination to return from the Wisconsin and Fox rivers to the Mississippi, had, under the guardianship of the Osagees, partially regained their former strength and numbers; and, still smarting from the repeated and powerful

blows which their fathers had received at the hands of the Ojibways about eighty years ago, (now about 155 years ago), they made their last grand tribal effort to revenge their wrongs and regain a portion of their former country.

They ascended in war canoes the current of the broad Mississippi and prevailing on their former allies, the Sioux, to join them, together they proceeded up the St. Croix. While crossing their canoes over the portage of the Falls of this river, they encountered a war party of Ojibways and here, among the rocks and boulders of the St. Croix, the Foxes fought their last tribal battle.

The Foxes, after seeing the comparatively small number of the Ojibways, and over-confident in the prowess of their own more numerous warriors, are said to have requested their allies, the Sioux, to stand quietly by, to witness how quickly they would gather the scalps of the Ojibways.

The request was granted, and the Sioux returned to an adjacent eminence and calmly filling their pipes, they viewed the conflict as though perfectly unconcerned. The fight between the warriors of the two contending tribes, is said to have been fiercely contested and embellished with many daring acts of personal valor. The voices of the war chiefs resounded above the rattle of musketry and yells of their warriors, as they urged them to stand their ground, and not turn their backs in flight. In fact, the nature of the ground on which they fought was such, that retreat was almost impracticable for either party. It was a mere rugged neck of rock, cut up into deep ravines, through which the deep and rapid current of the river forces a narrow passage, and at either end of the portage a sudden embarkation into their frail canoes could not safely be effected in face of an enemy. There is a wood around the portage on the land side, inclosing the neck of rock over which it leads, and only through this could the beaten party safely retreat. Waub-o-jeeg (leader of the Ojibways), early in the fight secured this important point, by sending thither a number of his warriors.

About midday, after fighting with great desperation, the Foxes began to give ground, and they were at last forced to turn and flee in confusion. They would probably have been killed and driven into the river to a man, had not their allies, the Sioux, arose from their seats at this juncture, and yelling their war-whoop, rushed to the rescue of their discomfited allies. The Ojibways resisted their new enemies manfully, and it was not till their ammunition had entirely failed, that they showed their backs in flight. But few would tell the sad tale of defeat and the death of brave men, had not a party of warriors from Sandy Lake, who were to have joined them at the mouth of Snake river, arrived at this opportune moment, and landed at the head of the portage. Eager for the fight, and fresh on the field, the band rushed forward and withstood the onset of the Foxes and Sioux, till their friends could rally again to the battle.

After a short but severe contest, the warriors of the two allied tribes were forced to flee, and the slaughter in their ranks is said to have been great. Many were driven over the rocks into the boiling floods below, there to find a watery grave. Others in attempting to jump into their narrow wooden canoes, were capsize into the rapids. Every crevice in the cliffs where the battle had been fought contained a dead or wounded enemy. The Ojibways suffered a severe loss in the death of a large number of their bravest warriors. The brother of Waub-o-jeeg,

their leader, was numbered among the dead, and the war-chief himself carried on his person the marks of the sanguinary fight in a wound on his breast. But a few of the Foxes escaped, and from this time, they forever gave up the contest with the victorious Ojibways. They retired to the South, far away from the reach of the war-dub, which had so often made them weep, and now so nearly exterminated their warriors.

Waub-o-jeeg is deserving of special mention. Schoolcraft, the eminent historian of the Indian race, has the following to say to him. "He was born about the year 1747 and gave early indications of courage. He possessed a tall and commanding person, with a full, black, piercing eye, and the usual features of his countrymen. He had a clear and full-toned voice, and spoke his native language with grace and fluency. To these attractions he united an early reputation for bravery and skill in the chase, and at the age of twenty-two, he was already a war leader. The Chippeways told that this chief had led seven times to successful battle against the Sioux and Outagamies, and that he had been wounded thrice—once in the thigh, once in the right shoulder, and a third time in the side and breast, being a glancing shot.

Waub-o-jeeg was equally popular as a civil ruler and war-chief; and while he administered justice to his people, was an expert hunter, and made due and ample provision for his family. He usually gleaned in a season, by his traps and carbine, four packs of mixed furs, the avails of which were ample to provide clothing for all members of his lodge circle, as well as to renew his supply of ammunition and other essential articles.

On one occasion he had a singular contest with a moose. He had gone out one morning early, to set his traps. He had set about forty, and was returning to his lodge, when he unexpectedly encountered a large moose and having nothing but a knife and a small hatchet which he carried to make his traps, he tried to avoid it, but the animal came towards him in a furious manner. He took shelter behind a tree, shifting his position from tree to tree, retreating. At length as he fled he picked up a pole, and quickly untying his moccasin string, he bound his knife to the end of the pole. He then placed himself in a favorable position behind a tree, and when the moose came up, stabbed him several times in the throat and breast. At last the animal, exhausted with the loss of blood fell. He then dispatched him, and cut out his tongue to carry home to his lodge, as a trophy of victory. When they went back to the spot for the carcass, they found the snow completely trampled down in a wide circle, and copiously sprinkled with blood, which gave it the appearance of a battlefield. It proved to be a male of uncommon size.

In person, Waub-o-jeeg was tall, being six feet six inches, erect in carriage and of slender make. He possessed a commanding countenance, united to ease and dignity of manners. He was a ready and fluent speaker, and conducted personally the negotiations with the Fox and Sioux nations.

It was perhaps twenty years after the battle on the St. Croix, which established the Chippewa boundary in that quarter, and while his children were still young, that there came to his village in the capacity of a trader, a young gentleman of a respectable family in the north of Ireland, who formed an exalted no-

tion of his character, bearing, and warlike exploits. This visit, and his consequent residence on the lake during the winter, became an important era to the chief, and has linked his name and memory with numerous persons in civilized life. Mr. Johnston asked the northern chief for his youngest daughter. "Englishman," he replied, "my daughter is yet young, and you cannot take her, as white men have too often taken our daughters. It will be time enough to think of complying with your request when you return again to this lake in the summer. My daughter is my favorite child, and I cannot part with her, unless you will promise to acknowledge her by such ceremonies as white men use. You must ever keep her, and never forsake her." On this basis a union was formed, and it was faithfully adhered to till his death, a period of 37 years.

A slender frame under a life of incessant exertion, brought on a premature decay, with the great chief. Consumption revealed itself at a comparatively early age, and he fell before this insidious disease in a few years, at the early age of forty-five.

Waub-o-jeeg will long live in the traditions of the annals of the tribe. His descendants of mixed blood, by his youngest daughter, who married Mr. Johnston, are now numerous and widespread, being connected with some of the first families in the northwest. Mr. Schoolcraft, himself, who is so well known by his numerous valuable works on the red race, married a daughter of this union, who was educated in Ireland. She proved during the comparatively short period that her life was spared to him, an amiable and loving wife.

We now begin the Sioux-Chippewa story as related to our own Chippewa Valley. Before resuming the Warren narrative we will quote briefly from the book of that real early day visitor to these parts, Captain Jonathan Carver, who made a trip up the Chippewa River in the spring of 1767.

NOTE: *The Eau Claire public library has a copy from the second edition of Carver's Travels, printed in London in 1779.*

Having concluded my business at La Prairie le Chien, I proceeded once more up the Mississippi as far as the place where the Chippewa River enters it a little below Lake Pepin. Here, having engaged an Indian pilot, I directed him to steer towards the Ottawaw Lakes (now Lake Court d'Oreilles) which lie near the head of this river. This he did, and I arrived at them the beginning of July (1767).

The Chippewa River, at its junction with the Mississippi, is about eighty yards wide, but is much wider as you advance into it. Near thirty miles up it separates into two branches, and I took my course to the eastward. (The other branch was the Red Cedar River.)

The country adjoining to the river, for about sixty miles, is very level, and on its banks lie fine meadows, where larger droves of buffaloes and elks were feeding than I had observed in any other part of my travels. The tract between the two branches of this river is termed the Road of War between the Chippewa and Naudowesse (or Sioux) Indians.

The country to the Falls of the Chipeway, marked on the map as the extent of the traders travels, is almost without any timber, and above that very uneven and rugged, and closely wooded with pines, beech, maple and birch. Here a most



MAN AND WOMAN OF NAUDOWESSIE (SIOUX)

The accompanying pictures, above and below, are reproduced from the Carver book mentioned in the text. Carver makes considerable mention of the Ojibways (or Chippewas), but his book contains no pictures of this tribe.



MAN AND WOMAN OF THE OTTIGAUMIES (FOXES)

remarkable and astonishing sight presented itself to my view. In a wood, on the east of the river, which was about three quarters of a mile in length, and in depth farther than any eye could reach, I observed that every tree many of which were more than six feet in circumference, was lying flat on the ground torn up by the roots. This appeared to have been done by some extra ordinary hurricane that came from the west some years ago, but how many I could not learn, as I found no inhabitants near it, of whom I could gain information. The country on the west side of the river, from being less woody had escaped in a great measure this havoc as only a few trees were blown down.

(NOTE. On the Carver map at the Falls, (Chippewa Falls) there is a notation "Travelers do not ascend above these falls.")

Near the heads of this river is a town of the Chippewas, from whence it takes its name. It is situated on each side of the river (which at this place is of no considerable breadth) and lies adjacent to the banks of a small lake. This town contains about forty houses, and can send out upwards of one hundred warriors, many of whom were fine stout young men. The houses of it are built after the Indian manner, and have neat plantations behind them.

(Note. Carver's map shows this village to have been near what is now Court de'Oreilles Lake).

We will now continue with the Warren story, which tells of Ojibway activities in this region.

That portion of the present State of Wisconsin, comprising the valleys of the Chippewa and Wisconsin rivers, and the country watered by their numerous tributaries, have been occupied (1852) by a large section of the Ojibway tribe, for the past century. The beautiful inland lakes from which they head, have been for this length of time the sites of their villages.

After the Ojibways had driven the Foxes from the section of the country, also from the St. Croix Rice lakes and the headwaters of the On-ton-a-gun, incited by the fur trade which had actively commenced at this period, large camps of Ojibway hunters began to explore and take possession of the rich hunting grounds which were comprised in the midland country lying between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. For a number of years, however, these hunters made no permanent stay on any spot throughout this country, because danger lurked behind every bush and every tree from the prowling war parties of the Sioux and Foxes.

Having made their winter hunts in the course of which they even reached as far as Lac du Flambeau and Lac Coutereille, the hunting camps would invariably return each spring to La Pointe, to join their people in the periodical performance of the sacred rites of the Grand Medawe, and to make their summer visits to the nearest French trading posts to barter away their peltries.

Three generations ago, (now five generations), or about the year 1745, the first Ojibway pioneer hunters, braving the attacks of their enemies, first permanently planted their wigwams on the shores of Lake Coutereille, and formed a focus around which families of their tribe have gathered and generated till at this day, those who claim this as their central village, number full one thousand souls.

Their numbers increased every year, till at last, being followed by their traders, who made Lac Coutereille their inland depot, parties of hunters branched off, and pressing back the Sioux, they took possession and finally formed new villages at Lac Shatac, Red Cedar and Long Lakes, and at Puk-wa-wanuh on the Chippeway River.

(NOTE. *Lac Shatac is the present Big Chetek Lake, north of here*).

Within the past century there has spread over this region of country, including the Chippeway River and St. Croix district, from natural increase and accessions from Lake Superior, bands who now (1852) number about three thousand souls.

They have encountered inveterate enemies at every step of their advance, and the spots are countless, where they have battled in mortal strife with Sioux, Foxes, and Winnebagoes. The dangers and vicissitudes of the first pioneers into this section of country were equal to, and of the same character, as beset the onward course of hardy hunters of the Upper Mississippi.

From the time that the Lac Coutereille and Lac du Flambeau villages became of sufficient importance, as to assume the privilege of performing the rites of the *Me-da-wa-win* within their own precincts, they were considered actually separated from the common central body and *Me-da-we* lodge, which had so many years flourished and concentrated at La Pointe, of Lake Superior, and they became from that time distinct "branches of the same parent tree."

Lac Coutereille is named by the Ojibways "*Oda-h-wah-sah-ga-e-gun*" (Otta-way Lake) from the circumstance that some time over four generations ago, a party of Ojibway hunters discovered on its shores the frozen body of an *Ottah-wah*, which tribe at this time extended their hunting parties even to this remote point.

In a previous chapter somewhat extended mention was made of John Baptiste Cadotte, the elder, also lesser references to his two sons, John Baptiste, the younger, and Michel Cadotte. When these two sons started out on their own account John Baptiste went up into country at the headwaters of the Mississippi river, while the younger brother, Michel, chose for his field what is now Northern Wisconsin. After a considerable number of years the elder brother, John Baptiste, also came into the North Wisconsin country and in the present article we find the two brothers together, in the upper Chippewa valley region. Although Michel was not lacking in courage his older brother, John Baptiste seems to have been rather the more forceful character of the two, and is the one designated by William Whipple Warren as "*Mons*" Cadotte in the following narrative.

It was while *Mons*. Cadotte had charge of this department, that an occurrence happened, which may be considered as an item in the history of the Ojibways, and which fully demonstrates the strong influence which the traders of the northwest had already obtained over their minds and conduct, and also the fearlessness with which the pioneer, whom we have made the subject of this chapter, executed justice in the very midst of thousands of the wild and warlike Ojibway hunters.

A Canadian "*coureur du bois*" employed at the Lac Coutereille post, which was under the immediate charge of a clerk named *Mons*. Coutouse, was murdered

by an Indian on Lac Shatac during the winter. This was a crime which the Ojibways had seldom committed, and Mons. Cadotte, knowing fully the character of the Indians with whom he was dealing at once became satisfied that a prompt and severe example was necessary, in order that such a deed might not again be committed, and that the Ojibways might learn to have proper respect for the lives of white men. He took the matter especially in hand, and immediately sent a messenger to Lac Coutereille to inform the Indians that the murderer must be brought to Fond du Lac (Lake Superior) and delivered into his hands, and should they refuse to comply with his demand, he notified them that no more traders should go amongst them, and their supplies of tobacco, guns, ammunition, and clothing should be entirely stopped.

The war-chief of Lac Coutereille, named Ke-dug-a-be-Shew or "Speckled Lynx", a man of great influence amongst his people, and a firm friend to the white man, seized the offender, and in the spring of the year, when the inland traders returned to the depot at Fond du Lac (Lake Superior) with their collection of furs, he went with them, and delivered the murderer into the hands of Mons. Cadotte. The rumor of this event had spread to the different villages of the Ojibways, and an unusual large number of the tribe collected with the return of their different traders, around the post at Fond du Lac, induced mostly from curiosity to witness the punishment which the whites would inflict on one who had spilt their blood.

When all his clerks and men had arrived from their different wintering posts, Mons. Cadotte formed his principal clerks into a council, or jury, to try the Indian murderer. His guilt was fully proved, and the sentence which was passed on him was, that he should suffer death in the same manner as he had inflicted death on his victim—with the stab of a knife. Mons. Coutouse, whose "coureur du bois" had been killed, requested to be the executioner of this sentence.

The relatives of the Indian assembled in council, after having been informed of the fate which their brother was condemned to suffer. They sent for Mons. Cadotte and his principal clerks, and solemnly offered, according to their custom, to buy the life of the culprit with packs of beaver skins. Cadotte himself, who is said to have naturally possessed a kind and charitable heart, became softened by their touching appeals, and expressed a disposition to accept their proposition, but the clerks and especially the "coureur du bois" whose comrade had been killed, were so excited and determined on vengeance, that the offer of the Indians was rejected.

On the morrow after the trial the execution took place. Mons. Cadotte led the condemned man from the room where he had been confined, and leading him out into the open air, he pointed to the sun, and gave him the first intimation of his approaching death, by bidding him to look well at that bright luminary, for it was the last time he should behold it, for the man whom he had murdered was calling him to the land of spirits. He then delivered him into the hands of his clerks; the gate was thrown open, and the prisoner was led outside of the post, into the presence of a vast concourse of his people who had assembled to witness his punishment. The fetters were knocked from his wrists, and at a given signal, Coutouse, the executioner, who stood by with his right arm bared to the elbow,

and holding an Indian scalping knife, suddenly stabbed him in the back. As he quickly withdrew the knife, a stream of blood spurted up and bespattered the gateway, and the Indian, yelling a last war-whoop, leaped forward, but as he started to run, a clerk named Landre again buried a dirk in his side. The Indian, though fearfully and mortally wounded, ran with surprising swiftness to the waterside, and for a few rods he continued his course along the sandy beach, when he suddenly leaped up, staggered and fell. Two women, holding each a child in her arms, the Indian wives of John Baptiste and Michel Cadotte, who had often pleaded in vain to their husbands for his life, were the first who approached the dying Indian, and amidst the deep silence of the stricken spectators, these compassionate women bent over him, and with weeping eyes, watched his last feeble death struggle. The wife of Michel, who is still living at an advanced age, often speaks of this occurrence in her early life, and never without a voice trembling with the deepest emotion.

(Note. The wife of Michel Cadotte, mentioned above, was the one who at her husband's trading post, at the Falls of the Chippewa, gave birth to a son in 1791.)

The traders, being uncertain how the Indians would regard this summary mode of punishment, and possessing at the time the double advantage of concentrated numbers and security within the walls of the stockaded post, determined to try their temper to the utmost, before they again scattered throughout their country in small parties, where, if disposed to retaliate, the Indians could easily cut them off in detail.

Mons. Cadotte was himself so closely related to the tribe, and knew the strength of his influence so well, that he felt no apprehension of these general consequences; but, to satisfy his men, as well as to discover if the near relatives of the executed Indian indulged revengeful feelings, he presented a quantity of "eau de vie" to the Indians, knowing that in their intoxication they would reveal any hard feelings or vengeful purposes for the late act, should they actually indulge them.

The Indian camp was that night drowned in a drunken revel, but not a word of displeasure or hatred did they utter against the traders, and their future conduct proved that it was a salutary and good example, for it caused the life of a white man to be ever after held sacred.

We have now arrived at a period in the history of the Ojibways, which is within the remembrance of aged chiefs, half-breeds, and readers still living amongst them; (1832) and we can promise our readers that but few occurrences will hereafter be related, but the accounts of which have been obtained by the writer from the lips of eye-witnesses, and actual actors therein.

In this chapter we will again return to the Lac Coutereille and Lac du Flambeau divisions, and whom we left, in a previous chapter, in possession of the sources of the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers—two large tributaries of the Mississippi.

The older and more intelligent men of these bands attribute to this day their steady westward advance, and final possession of the country nearly to the Mississippi, through following the example and footsteps of their first and old pioneer

trader, Michel Cadotte, a younger brother of J. B. Cadotte, mentioned in previous chapters.

The memory of this man, the marks of whose wintering posts are pointed out to this day throughout every portion of the Ojibway country, is still dear to the hearts of the few old chiefs and hunters, who lived contemporary with him, and received the benefits of his unbounded charitable disposition. Full of courage and enterprise it was he who was responsible as having not only placed the weapons into the hands of the Ojibways which enabled them to conquer their enemies, but led them each winter westward and further westward into the rich hunting grounds of the Sioux, until they learned to consider the country their own, and caused their enemies to fall back after many a bloody fight west of the "Great River."

He is mentioned as the first trader who wintered amongst the bands who had taken possession of the sources of the Chippeway river. As early as the year 1784, he wintered on the Num-a-ka-gun river, a branch of the St. Croix. The remains of his old post are pointed out a short distance below the portage, which leads towards Lac Coutereille. From this position he secured the trade of both the St. Croix and Chippeway river divisions. From a small outfit of goods he had procured from the British traders at Michlimickinac, he collected forty packs of beaver skins, with which he returned in the spring by way of La Pointe. (La Pointe is now known as Madeleine Island, Lake Superior). A few years after he wintered on Chippeway river, at a spot known to the Ojibways as Puk-a-wah-on-ain, a short distance above the mouth of the Man-e-to-wish river. This region of country was then claimed by the Sioux, and the enterprise of locating thereon was attended with great danger. Beaver, elk, deer, and bear, were, however, so plentiful that the Indians were induced, though in "fear and trembling," to follow their fearless trader. The Lac Coutereille band in a body floated down the Chippeway river, and pitched their camp by the side of his trading house and word having been sent to the Lac du Flambeau band, they also in a body floated down the Man-e-to-wish and the two camps joining together, rendered them too strong to fear an attack from their enemies.

Having been very successful in his winter's trade, Cadotte again returned the following autumn, intending to pass another winter at his former post. He sent word as before to the Lac du Flambeau band of his purpose and as he passed Lac Coutereille the hunters of this village followed him down the Chippeway river. It was the custom of the traders in those days to take with them to different wintering posts small quantities of "eau de vie", which, when their hunters had all assembled around them, they made a present of to the principal chiefs, for their people to have a grand frolic.

On this occasion, when Michel Cadotte had arrived and camped at his old post, the chief of Lac Coutereille village called on him, and formally demanded the usual present of fire-water given at the opening of the fall hunts. The trader refused to comply with his request, on the ground that the Lac du Flambeau band had not yet arrived, but being daily expected, he would wait till they had camped together, before he gave them their usual present of liquor. The chief went off apparently satisfied, but having waited two whole days in vain for the expected

band, his longing for a dram were such that he again paid Mons. Cadotte a visit, and this time he pre-emptorily demanded the fire-water, using the most threatening language in hopes of intimidating him to do as he wished. The trader, however, firmly refused, and the Indian finally left the lodge in a great rage. His camp lay on the opposite side of the river, about two hundred yards across. He embarked in his canoe, and paddled over, all the time uttering the most abusive and threatening language. Arriving at his water's side, he leaped ashore, and running to his lodge for his gun, he again ran out, and commenced firing at Mons. Cadotte's lodge. He had discharged his gun three times (nearly killing the wife of the trader), when the war-chief of his band ran to him, and wresting the gun out of his hands, he was on the point of breaking the stock over his head, when other Indians interfered. Many of his own people were so enraged at this foolish act of their civil chief, that his life would have been taken, had not Cadotte himself interfered to save him.

When the Lac du Flambeau band (whose chief was a man of decided character, and an uncle of the trader's wife), arrived on the Chippeway river, a few miles below the scene of this occurrence, they were so exasperated that they refused to come up and camp with the Lac Couterville band, but sent messages to invite Mons. Cadotte to come and locate himself for the winter in their midst. The trader, to punish the chief who had treated him so badly, though he now showed the deepest contrition, accepted the invitation of his Lac du Flambeau relatives, and proceeding some distance down the river, he wintered with them at the mouth of Jump river.

The following autumn, Michel Cadotte again returned to the Chippeway river, and this time he proceeded with his Indian hunters to the outskirts of the prairies which stretch up this river for about eighty miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. In descending the upper falls on this river in their canoes, he lost two of his "coureurs du bois," who were upset in the rapids and drawn into a whirlpool. His post, during this winter, was located in such a dangerous neighborhood to the Sioux, that he built a wall of logs around his shanty, while his hunters did the same around their camp.

During the winter the Sioux gradually approached them in a large camp, and Cadotte, to prevent his hunters from leaving him, determined to try if a temporary peace could be effected between them. He collected about one hundred men, and supplying them with plenty of ammunition, he proceeded at their head to the Sioux camp, which lay about half a day's march down the river. The Sioux materially outnumbered them, and they showed every disposition for a fight, as the Ojibways made their appearance with a white flag and pipe of peace. It happened that they, too, had their trader with them, an old pioneer, named La Roque, the father of the respected old gentleman of this name who still resides at the foot of Lake Pepin, and who is well known to all the old settlers on the Upper Mississippi.

The efforts of this man, in conjunction with Mons. Cadotte, effected on this occasion a temporary peace between the two hostile parties, and they passed the remainder of the winter in feasting and hunting with one another.

From this time may be dated the terms of temporary peace, which almost

every winter these two camps, being nearly equal in numbers, made with one another, in order that they might pursue their hunts in security. Like other bands of their tribes, however, notwithstanding the winter's peace, they appeared to consider it an unavoidable duty to pass the summer in destroying one another.

The warfare which this division of the Ojibways waged with the Sioux of the Wabasha and Red Wing villages, was as bloody and unrelenting as the feud which was being carried on by the St. Croix and Upper Mississippi division of their tribe with the Kaposia, Wahpeton, and Sisseton Sioux. The country of their present occupation is covered with spots where the warriors of either tribe have met in mortal strife. Almost every bend of Chippeway and Menomonic rivers has been the scene of a fight, surprise, or bloody massacre, and one of their chiefs remarked with truth when asked to sell his lands, that "the country was strewn with the bones of their fathers, and enriched with their blood."

From the time we have mentioned, when Cadotte wintered on the outskirts of the western prairies, the Ojibways may be considered as having taken actual possession of the valuable hunting region stretching from Lake Superior nearly three hundred miles to the lower Falls of the Chippeway river, within two day's march of the Mississippi.

Through the efforts and influence of their early traders, peace was occasionally effected. John Baptiste and Michel Cadotte, on the part of the Ojibways, and Mons. La Roque on the part of the Sioux, are mentioned, and deserve much credit, as often having arrested the blow of the war-club, and changing what would have been scenes of bloodshed and death to those of peace and rejoicing. These terms of peace were generally short and transient, and seldom lasted the full length of a year. For no sooner than spring and summer again came around, the time of pastime and recreation for hunters, than a longing desire seized the warriors for blood and renown, or revenge for old injuries or to wipe away the pain of mourning for the death of some near relative. The villagers of either tribe never considered the pleasures of the general summer season as complete, without the enjoyment of dancing and singing merrily around the scalp lock of an enemy.

The following circumstance is one of the nature, which deserves record in the annals of these war-like people:

One summer about the year, 1795, a noted war-chief of Lac Coureille named "The Big Ojibway," having recently lost some near relative at the hands of the Sioux, raised a small war party consisting of twenty-three men, and proceeded at their head toward the West, to revenge the blow on their enemies. They reached the mouth of the Chippeway river without meeting with any fresh signs of the Sioux. Arriving on the banks of the Mississippi, however, they beheld long rows of lodges on the opposite shore, and from the beating of the drums and dancing, which they could hear and perceive was being performed by their enemies, they judged that they were preparing to go to war.

Under this impression, the Ojibway war party laid an ambush at a spot peculiarly adapted for the purpose, by a thick forest of trees which grew to the very banks of the Chippeway river. Scouts were placed at the entry of this stream, directly opposite the Sioux encampment, to watch the departure of the expected

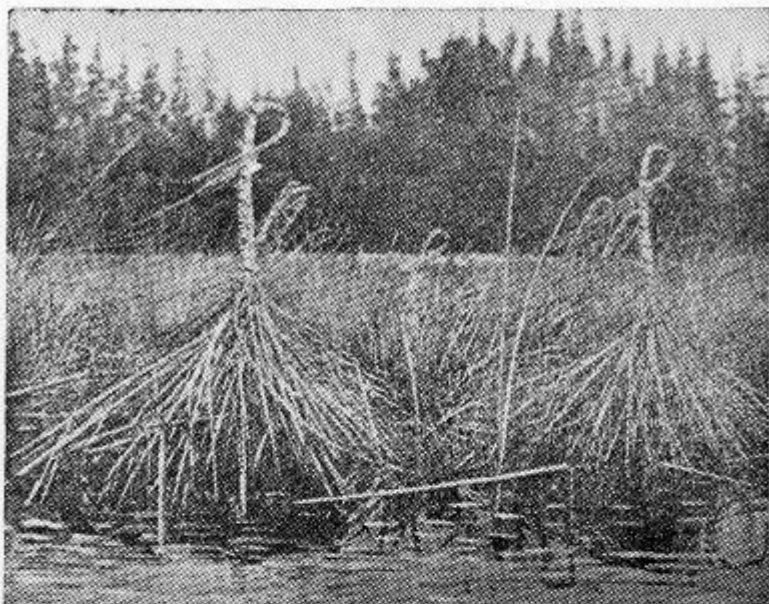
war party. Early the next morning the Sioux were seen to embark in their wooden canoes, to the number of about two hundred men, and proceed up the current of the Chippeway. The watchful scouts, after being fully satisfied of the course the enemy was about to take, ran to their leader, and informed him of all that which they had observed.

The numbers of the Sioux made it an act of almost certain self-destruction for the small Ojibway party to attack them, and the more prudent and fearful advised their chief to make a quiet retreat. His determination, however, was fixed, and bidding such as feared death to depart and leave him, he prepared himself for the coming conflict. Not one of his party left his side and they awaited in silence the moment that the enemy would pass by their place of ambush. Soon the Sioux made their appearance, singing their war-songs, and paddling their canoes slowly up the rapid current of the river.

Arriving opposite the unsuspected ambuscade of the Ojibways, a volley was suddenly fired amongst them, killing three of their prominent warriors, and wounding many others. The Ojibways waited not to reload their guns, but springing up, they ran for their lives, in hopes that in the first confusion of their sudden attack, the Sioux would not immediately pursue, and thus give them a chance for escape. They were, however, disappointed, for their enemy lost no time in leaping ashore and following their footsteps. The Ojibway leader was a large, portly man, and unable to run for any distance. He soon fell in the rear, and though the yells of the Sioux were plainly heard apparently fast gaining on them, his little party refused his entreaties to leave him to his fate. At last he stopped them together, and addressing his warriors, he bade them leave him, and save their lives, for he had not brought them there to leave their bones to whiten the prairie. For his part he knew he must die. His guardian spirit had foretold it to him in a dream, but in the meantime he would stand between them and their pursuers, that they might return in safety to their people.

His comrades reluctantly left him, and to a man they arrived at their homes in safety. The Sioux, at a peace party, afterwards told of the last brave struggle of the "Big Ojibway." They found him seated in a clump of tall grass, on a small prairie, calmly smoking his pipe. The van of the Sioux stopped suddenly at seeing him and commenced leaping from side to side to distract his aim, as they expected him to fire in their midst; but the Ojibway warrior appearing to take no notice of them, they ceased their dodging, and awaited the arrival of the whole party, being uncertain in what light to consider the conduct of their fearless and stoical enemy, and fearful that it was some ruse to decoy them into an ambush of a larger party of the enemy, than had yet appeared.

When the Sioux had all assembled, they gradually and cautiously surrounded the warrior, and when they had discovered the fact of his being entirely alone, they commenced firing at him. At the first volley the brave man fell forward as if dead, and the Sioux ran forward to secure his scalp. As they reached him he suddenly sprang up, and shooting down the foremost warrior, he rushed among the thickest ranks, and dispatched another with the stock of his gun; then drawing his knife, he continued to fight till pierced by many spear points and barbed arrows, he fell on his knees. Still, his blood welling from a gaping wound, he



SHOCKS IN A WILD RICE FIELD

Here is seen a typical field of wild rice with the rice, shocked or bundled, before the harvest, as has been the Indian custom for generations and generations back.

While the rice was still green or in the milk, as the vernacular has it, it was and is the custom of the Indians, where the rice still grows and is harvested by them, to paddle in their canoes through the rice beds and tie the stalks up into shocks or bundles, securing each by a peculiar twist or knot, as the picture indicates.

This method of shocking or bundling was done for the purpose of preventing the rice kernels from going to waste by dropping off after they had dried or ripened, when winds and rains came along to disturb them.

Each Indian, it is chronicled, had a twist or a knot "all of his or her own," which was used in securing the stalks in the manner shown in the picture, and by so doing secured what might be termed proprietary rights to the rice so shocked or bundled when the time came to harvest it. In other words, this twist or knot served the same purpose as the mark or brand on a log in the lumbering days that followed in this region, indicating what lumber company owned the log.

Wild rice is said to be most palatable, in fact, more so than the rice to which we are accustomed. There are many wild rice fields still being harvested by the Indians, especially in Minnesota. There are also some left in Wisconsin.

yelled his war-whoop, and fairly kept his numerous enemies at bay, till, weakened by loss of blood and continued wounds, the bravest of the Sioux grappled with him, and seizing his scalp lock, severed with his knife the head from his body. It is said that during the whole fight, the Ojibway warrior had laughed at his enemies, and his face, after the head and been separated from his body, was still wreathed in a smile.

Such a high notion did the Sioux entertain of his bravery, that they cut out his heart, which, being cut into small pieces, was swallowed by their warriors raw, in the belief that it would make them equally "strong hearted". The length of time which the "Big Ojibway" had retarded the pursuit of the Sioux, enabled his little war party to make their escape, and they always attributed their salvation on his trying occasion to the manly courage and self-sacrifice of their chief, whose name will long be remembered in the traditions of his people.

In the year 1798 a handful of Ojibway warriors fought a severe battle with a large party of Sioux, at Prairie Rice Lake. As this lake has been the scene of several engagements between these two tribes, a brief description of its position will not be amiss. On Mons. Nicollet's map, it is named Mille Lacs, and empties its waters into Red Cedar, a tributary of the Chippeway river. Mr. Nicollet, who has given us a map which may be considered as generally correct, must, however, have been misinformed in the name, and somewhat in the position of this lake. It has always been known to the Ojibways by the name of *Mush-ko-da-mun o-min-e-kan*, meaning Prairie Rice Lake, and to the French as *Lac la Folle*. During a two years' residence (1840-41) in the vicinity of this lake, and especially during a tour which the writer made through this district of country, in the summer of 1850, circumstances happened which made him fully acquainted with this lake, and the country surrounding it.

It is situated about forty miles directly north of the lower rapids on the Chippeway river, where the extensive establishment known as Chippeway Mills is now located. Its entire length is about eight miles, but averages less than a quarter of a mile in width. A clear, rapid stream connects it with another lake of nearly equal size, known to the Indians as *Sha-da-sag-i-e-gan*, or Pelican Lake, and from thence discharges their superfluous waters into the Red Cedar, or Menomonic river. A portage of only two miles in length Prairie Rice Lake with this river, and the foot of the portage, or the spot where it strikes the river, is twenty miles above its outlet into it. The lake being miry-bottomed and shallow, is almost entirely covered with wild rice, and so thick and luxuriant does it grow, that the Indians are often obliged to cut passage ways through it for their bark canoes. From the manner in which they gather rice, and the quantity which a family generally collects during the harvesting season this lake alone would supply a body of two thousand Indians.

NOTE: For further information concerning this lake, see statement of August Ender, p. 64.

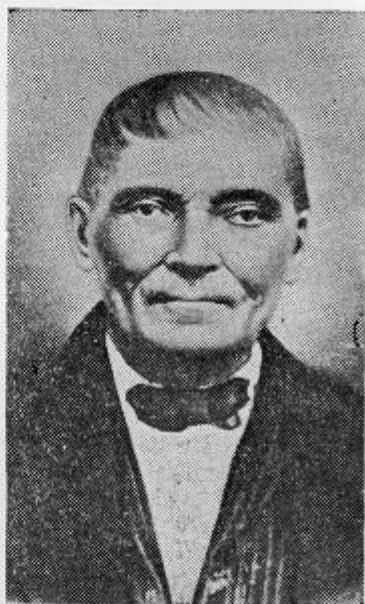
In the fall of 1850, when the writer passed through it, he found it occupied by fifty wigwags of the Ojibways, numbering over five hundred souls. They were busily employed in gathering rice, camping separately in spots where it grew in the greatest thickness and abundance. The country surrounding the lake is

sparsely covered with pine trees, through which fires appear to have occasionally run, burning the smaller trees and thickets, and giving the country a prairie-like appearance, which has given it the Indian name which it at present bears. One single island about four acres in size and covered with a grove of beautiful elm trees, lies on the bosom of this picturesque lake. In times of danger the Ojibway "rice makers" have often pitched their wigwams on it for greater security.

From the earliest period of their occupation of the Chippeway river country, the most fearless of the Ojibways came thither each fall of the year, to collect a portion of the abundant rice crop, notwithstanding its close vicinity to the Sioux villages, and notwithstanding they lost lives from their sudden attacks almost yearly.

In the year which has been mentioned, several wigwams of the Lac Coutereille band, under the guidance of the war-chief, Yellow Head, collected at Prairie Rice Lake, to gather wild rice, and as usual in those days of danger, they located themselves on the island. Early one morning the chief called the men of the camp into his lodge, to take a social smoke, when he informed them that he had been visited during the night by his guardian spirit in a dream, and he knew that the Sioux must be lurking near. He bade them not to go on their usual day's hunt, and sent two young men to go and scout the shores of the lake, to discover some fresh signs of the enemy. The scouts, embarking in a canoe, immediately started on their errand. They had not gone more than half a mile from the camp, when, approaching the shore, they were fired at by an ambuscade of the enemy. One was killed and the other, though severely wounded, succeeded, amid volleys of bullets, in pushing his canoe out of their reach.

The men of the Ojibways, hearing the firing, all that were able to bear arms, grasped their weapons, and to the number of twenty-five, many of whom were old and mere boys, embarked in their canoes, and paddled toward the scene of action, to join the fight. The Sioux, perceiving this movement sent a body of their warriors to lie in ambush at the spot where they supposed the Ojibways would attempt a landing. A woman of the camp however, seeing the enemy collecting in large numbers to intercept their men, hallooed to them, and informing them of the ambuscade, the Ojibways turned about, and landed on the main shore, immediately opposite the island. Intending to attack the Sioux by land,



JEAN BRUNET

they sent the canoes back by some women who had come with them for the purpose. Yellow Head, then heading the party, led them through a thicket of underbrush toward the point where the enemy were still firing at the scouts.

In passing through these thickets, Yellow Head discovered a Sioux woman, holding in her arms a young boy, about two years old, covered with a profuse quantity of wampum and silver ornaments. She was the wife, and the child a son, of a noted Sioux war-chief who had been lately killed by the Ojibways, and she had followed the war party of her people, raised to revenge his death, in order to initiate her little son, and wipe the paint of mourning from her face. In expectation of a fight, the Sioux had bade her to hide in these thickets, little thinking that they would be the first victims whose scalps would grace the belts of the Ojibways.

Yellow Head, on perceiving the woman and child, yelled his fierce war-whoop and rushing up to her he snatched the boy from her arms, and throwing him with all his force behind him, he bade his aged father (who was following his footsteps) to despatch it. He then pursued the woman, who had arisen, and now fled with great swiftness toward her friends, uttering piercing shrieks for help. The Sioux, having heard the Ojibway war-yell, and now hearing the cries of their woman, ran, to the number of near one hundred men, to her rescue. A young warrior of the Ojibways had passed his war-chief, and though seeing the advance of the enemy, he followed up the chase, till, catching up with her, he stabbed her in the back, and was stooping over her body to cut off her head, when his chief called on him to fly, for the Sioux were on him.

Not a moment too soon did the young warrior obey this call, for the spears of the enemy almost reached his back as he turned to fly, and being laden with the bloody head, which he would not drop, the foremost of the Sioux fast gained on him; but not till he felt the end of a spear point entering his back did he call on his chief to turn and help him.

Yellow Head, who was noted for his great courage instantly obeyed the call, and throwing himself behind a pine tree, he shot down the Sioux who had caught up with him, and was almost despatching his comrade. The fallen warrior was dressed in a white shirt, wore a silver medal on his breast, and silver ornaments on his arms. He carried nothing but a spear in his hand, denoting him to be a chief, and the leader of the Sioux war party. He was the uncle of the boy who had just been despatched, which accounts for the eagerness with which he pursued the Ojibway warrior, keeping so close to his back that his warriors dared not discharge their fire-arms, for fear of hitting him.

The moment the Sioux leader fell, his fellows took cover behind the trees, and Yellow Head, having saved his comrade, who now stood panting by his side, called on his people, "if they were men, to turn and follow his example." But ten out of the twenty-five were brave enough to obey his call, and these taking cover behind trees and bushes, fought by his side all day. Though the Sioux ten times outnumbered them, the Ojibways caused them to retreat at nightfall, leaving seven of their warriors dead on the field. The Ojibways lost but three men, besides the scout who had been killed by the ambushade. Some days after the

fight the Ojibways discovered a number of bodies which the enemy, to conceal their loss, had hid in a swamp adjacent to the battle-field.

On another occasion, a single lodge of Ojibways located on the shores of Prairie Rice Lake, was attacked by a party of two hundred Sioux, and all its inmates massacred. The head of the family, a man noted in the wars of those times for his great courage, happened to be away, spearing fish, when his family were murdered. Hearing the firing, he ran to their rescue, but arrived only to witness the ashes of his lodge, and the mangled remains of his wife and children. Determined on revenge or death, singly he pursued the enemy, and having caught up with them, he sustained the unequal fight till his ammunition gave out, when, having seen several of the enemy fall under his aim, he turned, and though nearly surrounded, he made his escape. Shortly after he returned to the scene of the fight, and discovered five Sioux whom he had killed, left by their friends in a sitting posture, facing the west. Having scalped them, he returned, without kin, but loaded with honor, to the village of his people.

Since the execution of the Indian at Fond du Lac (Lake Superior) in 1797, by the northwestern traders for killing a Canadian "coureur du bois", as related in a former article, the life of a white man had been held sacred by the Ojibways, and one could traverse any portion of their country, in perfect safety, and without the least molestation. In the year 1824, however, four white men were killed by the Ojibways, under circumstances so peculiar as to deserve a brief account in this chapter.

An Ojibway named Mub-o-beence, or Little Broth, residing on the shores of Lake Superior near the mouth of Ontonagon river, lost a favorite child through sickness. He was deeply stricken with grief, and nothing would satisfy him but to go and shed blood of the hereditary enemies of his tribe, the Sioux. He raised a small war party, mostly from the Lac du Flambeau district, and they floated down the Chippeway river to its entry, where, for several days they watched without success on the banks of the Mississippi, for the appearance of an enemy. The leader had endured hardships, and came the great distance of five hundred miles to shed blood to the manes of his dead child, and long after his fellows had become weary of waiting and watching, and anxious to return home, did he urge them still to continue in their search. He had determined not to return without shedding human blood.

Early one morning, as the warriors lay watching on the shores of Lake Pepin, they saw a boat manned by four white men land near them, and proceed to cook their morning meal. Several of the party approached the strangers and were well received. The white men consisted of a Mr. Finley, with three Canadian boat men, who were under the employ of Mons. Jean Brunet, of Prairie du Chien, an Indian trader. They were proceeding up the Mississippi to Ft. Snelling on some urgent business of their employer, and Mr. Finley had with him a number of account books and valuable papers.

The Brunet mentioned above is the one who later built a trading post on the Chippewa River and after whom Brunet Falls was named.

The assault and massacre of these men was entirely unpremeditated by the Ojibway war party, and contrary to the wishes of the majority. They had paid

them their visit and begged some provisions, receiving which, they retired and sat down in a group on a bank immediately above them. The leader here commenced to harangue his fellows, expressing a desire to shed the blood of the white men. He was immediately opposed, on which he commenced to talk of the hardships he had endured, the loss of his child, till, becoming excited, he wept with a loud voice, and suddenly taking aim at the group of white men, who were eating their breakfast, he fired and killed one. Eight of his fellows immediately followed his example, and rushing down to the water-side, they quickly despatched the whole party and tore off their scalps. Taking the effects of their victims, they returned toward their home.

At Lac Couteurille they attempted to dance the scalp dance before the door of J. B. Corbin, the trader, who immediately ran out of the house, and forcibly deprived them of the white men's scalps which they were displaying, ordering them at the same time to depart from his door. The trader was supported by the Indians of his village, and the murderers now for the first time beginning to see the consequences of their foolish act, skulked silently away, very much crest-fallen.

The remains of the murdered white men were soon discovered, and the news going both up and down the river, a boat load of fifty soldiers was sent from Prairie du Chien to pursue the murderers. At Lake Pepin they were met by three boats laden with troops from Ft. Snelling, and the party, including volunteers, numbered nearly two hundred men. Mons. Jean Brunet was along, and had been most active in raising this force. They followed the Ojibway war-trail for some distance, till, coming to the place where the warriors had hung up their usual thanksgiving sacrifices for a safe return to their homes, a retreat was determined on, as the party had not come prepared to make a long journey, and it was folly to think of catching the murderers, scattered throughout the vast wilderness which lay between Lake Superior and the Mississippi.

The matter was subsequently left in the hands of the traders among the Ojibways. Truman A. Warren, the principal trader of the Lac du Flambeau department, demanded the murderers, at the hands of the chiefs of this section of the tribe. The celebrated Keesh-ke-mum had died a short time previous, and had left his eldest son Mons-o-bo-doub to succeed. This man was not a whit behind his father in intelligence and firmness of character. He called a council of his band, and insisted on the chief murderers being given up by their friends. He was opposed in council by a man noted for his ill-temper and savage disposition, who even threatened to take his life if he attempted to carry his wishes into effect. A brother of this man had been one of the ring-leaders in the murder, and now stood by his side as he delivered his threats against the young chief. As they again resumed their seats, Mons-o-bo-doub arose, and drawing his knife, he went and laid hold of the murderer by the arm and intimated to him that he was his prisoner. He then ordered his young men to tie his arms. The order was immediately obeyed, and accomplished without the least resistance from the prisoner or his brother, who was thunderstruck at the cool and determined manner of the chief.

Shortly after, two more of the murderers were taken, and Mons-o-bo-douh delivered them into the hands of the trader. The leader of the party, who lived on the shore of Lake Superior, was secured by Mr. William Holliday, trader at Ance Bay. The four captives were sent to Mackinac, and confined in jail. While orders were pending from Washington respecting the manner of their trial, they succeeded in making their escape by cutting an aperture through the logs which formed their place of confinement. They were not recaptured.

What must be considered an important event in the history of the Sioux-Chippewa Feud for some unaccountable reason is not touched upon by William Whipple Warren in his otherwise very complete recital. This event was the Council of 1825, at Prairie du Chien, at which time accepted boundary lines between the warring Sioux and Chippewa tribes were agreed on and at the same council minor differences among some of the other tribes of this region were settled. It is true that the result of the Prairie du Chien council did not entirely put a stop to the centuries old conflict between the two warring tribes, but the fixing of the boundary lines doubtless helped to this end and also simplified the matter of the cession of these lands to the United States government within a comparatively few years after the Prairie du Chien Council was held.

Although as we have seen, the warfare was confined almost entirely to the Indian tribes, and the lives of only a very few white people had been sacrificed, there was a condition of affairs which the government could not allow to go on endlessly, without some effort to remedy it.

The Council of 1825 was arranged for by the government, and in addition to government commissioners, the Sioux and Chippewa tribes, also the other tribes interested, were represented by their chiefs and influential leaders. The following extracts from the official report and findings of the council cover all matters of special interest as connected with the Sioux-Chippewa story.

TREATY WITH THE SIOUX, CHIPPEWAS, etc., 1825.

The United States of America have seen with much regret, that wars have for many years been carried on between the Sioux and the Chippewas, and more recently between the confederated tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, and Sioux; and also between the Ioways and Sioux; which, if not terminated, may extend to the other tribes, and involve the Indians upon the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Lakes, in general hostilities. In order, therefore, to promote peace among these tribes, and to establish boundaries among them and other tribes who live in their vicinity, and thereby to remove all causes of future difficulty, the United States have invited the Chippewas, Sac and Fox, Menomonee, Ioway, Sioux, Winnebago, and a portion of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Potawatomie Tribes of Indians living upon the Illinois, to assemble together, and in a spirit of mutual conciliation to accomplish these objects; and to aid therein, have appointed William Clark and Lewis Cass, commissioners on their part, who have met the Chiefs, Warriors and Representatives of said tribes, and portion of tribes, at Prairie du Chien, in the Territory of Michigan, and after full deliberation, the said tribes, and portions of tribes, have agreed with the United States, and with one another, upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I.

There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between the Sioux and Chippewas; between the Sioux and the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes; and between the Ioways and the Sioux.

ARTICLE II.

It is agreed between the Sioux and the Chippewas, that the line dividing their respective countries shall commence at the Chippewa River, half a day's march below the falls and from thence it shall run to Red Cedar River, immediately below the falls; thence to St. Croix river; which it strikes at a place called the standing cedar, about a day's paddle in a canoe, above the Lake at the mouth of that river; thence passing between two lakes called by the Chippewas "Green Lakes", and by the Sioux "the lakes they bury the Eagles in", and from thence to the standing cedar that "the Sioux Spirit"; thence to Rum River, crossing it at the mouth of a small creek called Choaking creek, a long day's march from the Mississippi; thence to a point of woods that projects into the prairie, half a day's march from the Mississippi; thence in a straight line to the mouth of the first river which enters the Mississippi on its west side above the mouth of Sac river; thence ascending the said river (above the mouth of Sac river) to a small lake at its source; thence in a direct line to a lake at the head of Prairie river, which is supposed to enter the Crow Wing river on its South side; thence to Ottertail lake Portage; thence to said Otter-tail lake, and down through the middle thereof, to its outlet; thence in a direct line so as to strike Buffalo river, half way from its source to its mouth, and down the said river to Red river; thence descending Red river to the mouth of Outard or Goose creek: The eastern boundary of the Sioux commences opposite the mouth of Ioway river on the Mississippi, runs back two or three miles to the bluffs, follows the bluffs, crossing Bad Axe river, to the mouth of Black river, and from Black river to half a day's march below the Falls of the Chippewa river.

ARTICLE III.

It is understood by all tribes, parties thereto, that no tribe shall hunt within the acknowledged limits of any other without their assent, but it being the sole object of this arrangement to perpetuate a peace among them, and amicable relations being now restored, the Chiefs of all the tribes have expressed a determination, cheerfully to allow a reciprocal right of hunting on the lands of one another, permission being first asked and obtained, as before provided for.

(There were other articles pertaining to other tribes, and then the signatures).

Done, and signed, and sealed, at Prairie des Chiens, in the territory of Michigan, this nineteenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the fiftieth.

William Clark, Lewis Cass, Sioux: Wabasha, or The Leaf—Petite Corbeau, Little Crow—and thirty-five other Sioux.

Chippewas: Pu-in-a-ne-gi, or Hole in the Day, Sandy Lake, and thirty-two others.

An examination of the boundary description reveals that it is far from being definite, but considering the vastness of the territory, as compared with the small number of its inhabitants, it was probably at the time considered definite

enough for all practical purposes. "The Falls of the Chippewa," was originally not a sheer fall, but a series of rapids. An old Frenchman of Chippewa Falls, now dead, told the writer some years ago that he had run these rapids in a birch bark canoe, with his part Chippewa wife, and the canoe loaded with cranberries. Captain Carver in his claim for land speaks of a day's march as "twenty English miles", while Wm. Whipple Warren speaks of a distance from the Falls of the Chippewa to the mouth of the Chippewa, about seventy miles, as being "two days march."



CHIEF WABASHA II

About 1833 the eminent Indian authority, Schoolcraft, tried to locate the point "just below the Falls on Cedar River," mentioned in the boundary description, but he said that instead of a single clearly defined fall, he found a series of rapids, several miles in extent, and was unable to decide what was the point intended.

About ten years after the treaty of 1825, a surveyor by the name of Bean was commissioned by the government to make an official survey of a portion of the Sioux-Chippewa boundary, including that part between the Chippewa and Red Cedar rivers. No land survey had been made at that time, as the land had not yet been ceded to the government. Natural objects and marks or monu-

ments erected by the surveyor were the only means of identifying the survey. He was accompanied by representatives of both the Sioux and Chippewa tribes. Many obstacles to the survey were encountered. Until a few years ago the writer of this article was of the opinion that Little Niagara, just below the State Normal school building at Eau Claire, might be the point mentioned as a "half a day's march below the Falls," but later evidence found would indicate that it was several miles farther down river. If the field notes a Surveyor Bean could be obtained possibly the line might be definitely traced.

In 1837 both the Sioux and the Chippewa tribes ceded their lands east of the Mississippi to the United States government and in the 40's the government began to survey this land.

Although the Indian tribes of this valley had ceded their lands to the government, they continued their residence here for a number of years after. Desiring to open up the lands to white settlers the government wished to remove the Indians to some other locality.

A few years ago, Mrs. Julia Spears, a sister of William Whipple Warren, and who at the time was about ninety-three years of age, sent the writer an

account of a most interesting event in connection with this attempted removal of the Indians.

In 1850 her brother, William Whipple Warren, was commissioned by the government to conduct a band of male Indians from the Chippewa Valley up to Sandy Lake in northern Minnesota to look over the country to see if they would be willing to be moved to that place. Warren's health was very poor and his family did not want him to attempt the trip. Feeling that he must go, this young sister, Julia, then about eighteen years of age, insisted on going along, to care for him in case he became sick. The start was made from the trading post of their uncle, James Ermatinger, at Jim Falls.

With accessions as the party advanced northward their ranks were enlarged to over eight hundred Indians, and this young girl, the only female in the party, made the trip, on foot and by canoe, through the wilderness to Sandy Lake. Once on the way, Warren was taken with hemorrhages and the party was halted for several days before he was able to proceed. Arrived at Sandy Lake, sickness broke out and many died. Provisions were scanty and it was a sad occasion. The Indians were not favorably impressed with the country and would not consent to be moved.

As compared with the many fierce and bloody encounters already recorded in the story thus far those that took place after the treaty of 1825 were of comparatively minor importance. In 1856, two Sioux, encamped at Rock Run, about halfway between Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls, on the west side of the river, were killed by a small band of Chippewas. This is said to have been the last encounter between the Sioux and Chippewas in this region. As a gruesome relic, H. A. Towne of Wheaton, has in his possession part of the skull of one of the Sioux killed. As a boy, Mr. Towne picked it up at Rock Run not long after the encounter.

In the spring of 1868, the late Chauncey Cooke of Mondovi, still only a boy, although a veteran of the Civil War, was attending the old Wesleyan seminary in Eau Claire. With a fellow student and the principal of the academy Cooke made a canoe trip up the Chippewa river. One night was spent at the famous stopping place of Jean Brunet at what is now Cornell. As Cooke's account of that visit fits in with the Sioux-Chippewa story we quote it at this time.

Jean Brunet or Bruney as the lumberjacks call him, is 80 years old. He came to Wisconsin in 1820 and most of his life since then has been passed on the Chippewa river, and its tributaries. Brunet was present at the last treaty conference between the Sioux and the Chippewa on the Chippewa river, just above Jim Falls. He had much to say of the fine points of the Sioux ponies, with feathers tied to their manes and tails and of the Sioux warriors with thighs and arms streaked with red and black paint. The Chippewas had stacked their arms in a bunch of pines near the river as a proof of good faith and the Sioux party had tied their guns to their ponies' back.

The talk about the terms of peace continued all the afternoon and until the fires were lighted at night. Then the peace pipes were filled by a lot of Indian boys, lighted and passed around. Each smoker after a whiff or two, passed the pipe to his next neighbor, and then followed a feast of stewed meat of venison

and rabbits prepared by the squaws. About ten o'clock that night the Sioux at a signal from their chiefs gathered themselves up from the ground, where they lay sprawled with the ponies tethered to them by grass ropes, mounted their ponies



HOLE-IN-THE-DAY
THE YOUNGER

and rode to their camp near Jim Falls for the night. The next morning they came back and after another pow wow, lasting till near noon, they gathered in a circle and buried some knives and some hatchets in token of peace and friendship between the two tribes. Then came another feast and more smoking of the pipe of peace and after shaking hands all around the Sioux mounted their ponies and rode away to their encampment on the west bank of the Mississippi River, where there was a vast encampment awaiting the result of this conference.

It would be interesting to know just when and where this conference described by Brunet was held but the Cooke narrative does not afford this information.

NOTE: Among the names of the Sioux chiefs who signed the Prairie du Chien treaty of 1825 will be found that of Wabashaw or The Leaf. This was Wabashaw the Second, born about 1775 and died in 1835. See cut on p. 54.

Probably the most influential among the Chippewa or Ojibway chiefs signing the treaty was Hole-in-the-Day. There were two chiefs of that name, whom we will designate as the elder and younger. The one signing the treaty was Hole-in-the-Day, the elder, born about 1800, and killed by falling from a high wheeled "Red River Cart" in 1847. He did not become chief of hereditary right but by outstanding ability, bravery and force of character. He was cruel, unscrupulous, yet possessed many of the attributes of a real statesman. At Pra-

irie du Chien when government commissioner, General Cass, asked him by what right the Ojibways claimed the territory so far south as the lower Chippewa water, Hole-in-the-Day proudly replied, "Because we conquered it."

The picture shown is of Hole-in-the-Day, the Younger, who had most of the characteristics of his noted father. This cut is reproduced from a picture made from the famous Brady negatives, taken during the Civil War and now in the possession of the war department at Washington, D. C.

He was born about 1825 and was shot and killed in 1868 at Crow Wing, Minnesota, by a small party of the Pillager Band of Indians who held a grievance against him. At the time the murder was committed Mrs. Julia Spears, sister of Wm. Whipple Warren, was teaching at the Government Agency at Leech Lake, near Crow Wing. Her daughter, Mrs. Alice J. Mee, now living in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, a few days ago sent an account, in her mother's own handwriting of the excitement at the Agency immediately after the murder. The picture of Mrs. Spears, in a group of four, appears in another article.

The following character sketch of Hole-in-the-Day is from the *St. Paul Press* of June 30, 1868.

We received yesterday a telegram from St. Cloud announcing the fact that Hole-in-the-Day, the famous head chief of the Mississippi Chippewas, as he assumed to be, and the bravest warrior, had been assassinated by three of the Pillager Band of Chippewas. We have since received the following particulars of the manner of his death.

On Saturday last, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, three Chippewas, of the Leech Lake or Pillager Indians, called at his house, and asked where he was. His woman replied that he had gone to Crow Wing. The Indians appropriated three of his guns and went to Gull River, a short distance above Crow Wing. They saw him and another Indian coming riding in a buggy, and hid in the bushes on a knoll by the road-side.

As the buggy passed them and went down the slope, they fired at the back of the foe they feared to face, all their charges taking effect in their victim. The other Indian sprang out of the buggy and fled, when these Indians dragged Hole-in-the-Day to the ground, and to make sure work, stabbed him in several places. They then took the horse and buggy and made their escape.

The dead body of the chief was first discovered by Mr. Charles A. Ruffee, who is now residing at the Chippewa Agency.

We were not apprised of the motives which induced this assassination of Hole-in-the-Day; but it may perhaps be attributed to an old jealousy of Hole-in-the-Day, which the Pillagers have especially entertained toward him on account of his assumption of being the head chief of the Mississippi bands of Chippewas—pretension which they by no means tolerated, for the reason that they regarded the honors of that mythical royalty as belonging more legitimately to their own chief.

Hole-in-the-Day was regarded by them as a parvenu—a kind of usurper—but his pretensions have always been supported with so much boldness, and he has won such pre-eminence as a warrior, that they have not heretofore dared openly to contest his position. No doubt this old jealousy has been fanned by recent circumstances. Hole-in-the-Day has been accustomed to play a conspicuous part in all treaty negotiations with the Mississippi Chippewas, and from long practice had become a cunning and unscrupulous intriguer, skilled in all the mysteries of

Indian diplomacy. He was the leading spirit in the recent treaties for new reservations made with that tribe, and probably some discontent of the Pillagers, on this account, may have instigated the assault—though, for that matter, Hole-in-the-Day has had private quarrels enough on his hands for many years to have killed a hundred other men.

Hole-in-the-Day was in some respects one of the most extraordinary characters in Indian history.

There was something almost romantic in his reckless daring on the war path. He was the Chippewa Cid, or *Coeur de Lion*, from the gleam of whose battle-axe whole armies of Saracen Sioux fled as before an irresistible fate. His exploits would fill a book. His father, of the same name, was a great warrior, who had conquered the chiefship of his tribe by his bravery in combat, and his wisdom in council. The old chief, Hole-in-the-Day, was killed in 1847, while crossing Flat river in a Red river cart.

The first appearance of the younger Hole-in-the-Day in public council was at Fond du Lac, Lake Superior, July, 1847. At that time the Upper country of the Mississippi, extending to Lake Superior, was owned by the Chippewas of Lake Superior and the Chippewas of the Mississippi. The Chippewas of Lake Superior were represented in force. The Chippewas of the Mississippi, headed by Hole-in-the-Day, owing to the great distance they had to travel, had but a small delegation in attendance. Hole-in-the-Day was late in reaching the council ground.

Prior to his coming, several talks were held with the Indians, in which they admitted that they had allowed Hole-in-the-Day's father to take the lead in their councils, but said that were he then alive they would make him take a back seat; that his son was a mere boy, and were he there he would have nothing to say; consequently it was useless to wait for him.

The commissioners, who were our fellow citizens, Hon. Henry M. Rice, and Isaac A. Verplanck, of Buffalo, however, thought differently, and waited. After the arrival of Hole-in-the-Day, the council was formally opened. The Commissioners stated their business, and requested a reply from the Indians. Hole-in-the-Day was led up to the stand by two of his braves and made a speech to which all the Indians present gave hearty and audible assent. The change in the face of things at the appearance of Hole-in-the-Day showed his bravery and commanding influence, but was also somewhat amusing. Here were powerful chiefs of all the Chippewa tribes, some of them seventy or eighty years old, who, before his coming, spoke sneeringly of him as a boy who could have no voice in the council saying there was no use waiting for him, but when he appeared, they became his most submissive and obedient subjects; and this in a treaty in which a million acres of land were ceded.

The terms of the treaty were concluded between the Commissioners and young Hole-in-the-Day alone. The latter, after this was done, withdrew and sent word to the chiefs of the Mississippi and Lake Superior bands to go and sign it. After it had been duly signed by the Commissioners, the chief head men and warriors, and witnessed by the interpreters and other persons present, Hole-in-the-Day, who had not been present at those little formalities, called upon the

Commissioners, with two of his attendant chiefs, and had appended to the treaty the following words:

Fathers: The country our Great Father sent you to purchase belongs to me. It was once my father's. He took it from the Sioux. He, by his bravery, made himself the head chief of the Chippewa nation. I am a greater man than my father was, for I am as brave as he was, and on my mother's side I am hereditary head chief of the nation. The land you want belongs to me. If I say not sell, he will do without it. These Indians that you see behind me have nothing to say about it.

"I approve of this treaty and consent to the same. Fond du Lac, August 3rd, 1847.

"'Po-go-ne-shik, or Hole-in-the-Day, his X mark.'"

The following reminiscences secured from an old lady still living, at Arkansaw, near Durand, Wisconsin, fit in well with the Sioux-Chippewa story as narrated thus far.

MRS. JENNIE FLEMING'S STORY

"My father, Jake McCourtie, moved up on the Chippewa River from Savannah, Illinois, in the fall of 1854. In addition to my father and mother there were five children, three boys and two girls. I was one of the two girls and was three years of age at the time. Our conveyances were a horse and buggy and oxteam with covered wagon. At what is now the city of Eau Claire there was a small sawmill owned by Reed & Gage and at Eau Galle, another owned by Carson and Rand. We crossed the Eau Galle river near the mill.

"It was father's intention to go on to Read's Landing and engage in the mercantile business there. When he reached the lower end of Dead Lake Prairie he found a Mr. Grant Smith and family there, the only white family in that region. Father continued on about three miles to the upper

end of the prairie. Finding no road farther, only an Indian trail, he stopped there. Two white men from the East were hunting and trapping there, and near the shore of the lake had built a cabin, covered on the outside with skins of animals they had killed. Small as were the accommodations they invited my father and our family to share it with them and soon after left for the East, turning the cabin over to us.

"We stayed on there and the next spring father had his household goods brought up from Savannah in a keel boat. Two years later he started a store at



MRS. JENNIE FLEMING

Dead Lake and his stock of supplies was brought up in the same way. A man by the name of Wash Sawyer, also from Savannah, made the shaved shingles for the store, also for a dwelling house built several years later. I well remember seeing Sawyer make the shingles, shaving them with a draw shave. Another man by the name of Henry Barber, boarded at the McCourtie home while he was putting in his crops and building a shack to live in. On the completion of the shack he went east to his old home in New York and came back with a bride.

"By this time another child had been born, my sister Elvira, now Mrs. Martin of Arkansas. She was the first white child born on Dead Lake prairie. Father was the second white settler there; Grant Stevens, already mentioned, being the first.

"Until the completion of the house, our large family, with the addition of the two hired men, ten in all, lived in the small hunters' shack. At night, the beds were made up on the floor, and in the morning the bedding was rolled up and put away for the day. In spite of the crowded condition, my mother kept everything scrupulously clean.

"The shack had been built close to the lake, and all the children, except the youngest, were entirely at home in the water, swimming, diving or paddling a canoe.

"For some years after father's arrival at Dead Lake there was a band of about five hundred Sioux Indians living on the other side of the lake, who came across in their canoes, to hunt the game which was plentiful back among the hills on our side of the lake. Unlike the Chippewas and some other tribes, who used birch bark canoes, those made by the Sioux were hollowed out of a single log and were called "dug outs." After the Sioux hunters had killed their game they would go home and the squaws would come over and bring it in. The Sioux children would come over and they were our principal playmates in those days.

"At one time a young Sioux Indian, about twenty-two years of age, was very sick and father went across the lake every day to take some dainties to eat, and once he took him some comfortable bedding. He was so grateful that the tears rolled down his cheeks. His relatives, to show their gratitude, presented father and mother each with a pair of finely beaded moccasins. The disease had taken such hold of the young Indian that he died the following winter. His body was taken on a hand-sled to Wabasha, near where the principal band of the Sioux was located. They went on the ice, all of the band from Dead Lake following on foot. Such a wailing they made! I shall never forget the terror of it.

"Father's business consisted of the sale of general merchandise suited to that region and also dealing in furs bought from the Indians. Some came as far as from Eau Claire to trade. The Indians were a rough and quarrelsome lot but father had no trouble with them. In common with all trading places in those days whiskey was one of the articles sold. The Indians were very fond of the 'fire water,' but knowing their failing, before beginning to drink they would turn all their guns and other weapons over to father to keep until they got sobered up after their spree.

"The chief, Saubermasher, by name, was a tall, heavy set man with a big mouth and thick lips. I remember just how he looked, as I turned the grindstone many times for the old chief to sharpen his tomahawk. He would take me by the arm and lead me out to the grindstone. I would sometimes get very tired but did not dare to stop until the grinding was done. He could see that I was tired but he would only laugh at me.

"One day father had an experience that gave him and us all a great scare. All the Indians, several hundred of them, came to the store, picked out a large dry goods box and set it in an open space some distance from the building. They then carried father out and set him on the box, after which all the male Indians formed a circle around him. The chief then filled a long stemmed pipe, lighted it, took a few puffs, passed it on to the next until all had smoked, after which it was passed to father, and the pipe was later presented to him. The ceremony was to show their friendliness to father but the peace pipe ceremony was something new to him. The Indians only wished to show their good will.

"War parties from the band would frequently go off to attack their old enemies, the Chippewas. Most of the fighting occurred up the Chippewa river but there were also encounters at Wabasha and below on the Mississippi. If the war parties won a victory, they would come back yelling and waving the scalps taken, and with the finger nails of the slain Chippewas strung as a necklace around their necks. If, on the other hand, the Sioux were beaten, they would come in so quietly that one would not know they arrived.

"Gradually more white settlers came in and many of these did not like our Sioux neighbors. One morning the Sioux found tacked up on a tree a rude picture of an Indian with two bullet holes through his body. This was accepted by the Sioux as a forcible reminder that they were not wanted, and very soon after the entire band left Dead Lake.

"Chief Saubermasher disappeared from the Chippewa and Mississippi region and for some time we did not know what had become of him. We later heard that he and many of his band had taken part in the New Ulm Massacre, that the old chief was hanged and a number of his following either hanged or shot by the militia.

"In addition to the head chief there was in the Dead Lake band an under or sub-chief known as Indian John. He was a much more pleasing character than the head chief, Saubermasher. When the band left Dead Lake, Indian John went to Maiden Rock on Lake Pepin, where he lived to the age of over a hundred years.

"It was his custom every year, riding his spotted pony, to visit the old Sioux-Chippewa battle grounds up the Chippewa river. When I was about thirty years of age, and married, Indian John called at my house on Dead Lake on his way to Chippewa Falls. He knew me immediately and placed his hand on my head. (My hair was red, a novelty to Indians.) He then pointed across the lake to the site of their old camp.

"Father's old store building burned many years ago but the old residence building is still standing and is now occupied by Frank Latow."

(NOTE: The Minnesota state historical society has kindly checked up the

names of those Indians connected with the New Ulm Massacre. The name Saubermasher is not found among those hanged or among the larger number condemned to be hanged but sentence commuted by President Lincoln. They did, however, find what is doubtless this one among those brought to trial but not convicted.)

C. H. Henry, of the Chippewa Valley and still living at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, furnishes the following concerning one of the Chippewa chiefs:

C. H. HENRY'S STORY

I have been following with much interest the series of articles on the Sioux-Chippewa feud. It has occurred to me that your readers might also be interested in an old head man of the Chippewa tribe with whom I came in contact some years ago. I am furnishing you with these notes a picture given me by this old Indian some thirty years ago.

For many years he was the head of his band and was a really remarkable character. He lived at the Lac du Flambeau village in Vilas County. He was about one hundred years old when he gave me that picture which was about thirty years ago. I have been told that he lived to be 106 years of age. He visited Eau Claire and other points on the Chippewa when he was a young man, and he told me that he visited Washington, D. C., five times to talk with the "Great Father" about treaties. The last visit there was to talk about allotments of eighty acres each, to the Chippewa Indians instead of holding the reservations as tribal lands.

The Indians usually selected fine timber lands from which they sold the stumpage to contractors. Henry and Leonard bought the standing timber on Med-we-a-sing's and his son-in-law's eighties, logged the same, and sold the logs to the Chippewa Logging Company (the so-called Pool).

We advanced the cost of a house for the two families to live in, and furnished them with provisions, clothing and everything to make them comfortable in their new home. Med-we-a-sing did not want to be the first of the head men of the tribe to enter into a contract for his timber, so we advanced him money as above stated, until the chiefs of the tribe had sold their timber. When the other head men had entered into contract, Med-we-a-sing, who was known to be an honest man, sent for me to bring the paper (contract), that he was ready to close the verbal contract with us.

The house was so constructed that the two Indian families lived on the first floor, the upper story was used as a Council chamber, where the tribe assembled to transact tribal business and it was in that chamber that a three-day council was held, after the Milwaukee Lake Shore & Western Ry. Co. (Rhinelander's) had applied to the Interior Department at Washington (Wm. F. Vilas, Secretary) for permission to build their railroad across the Lac du Flambeau reservation, their road having been built up to the south line of the same.

Mr. Vilas told the company that they would have to get permission from the Indians, where allotments had been made, from the individual persons and the tribe, to cross unallotted lands.

The railway officials made application through the Indian Agency, at Ashland, Mr. Jas. T. Gregory, agent, who told Mr. Thayer, attorney for the com-



MED-WE-SING, CHIPPEWA INDIAN LEADER IN FORMAL COSTUME

pany, to get me to have the head men of the tribe to call a council of all the Indians interested in the reservation. They assembled at a given time to consider entering into a contract with the railway company to build through their reservation. At the end of a three-day session, held in Med-we-a-sing's chamber, a contract was entered into between the Indians and the railway company to build said road. And I wish to go on record, these many years after the

transaction, that though Med-we-a-sing could not speak a word of our language he did not need an attorney to advise him and the people of that reservation.

The chief, above named, showed marked ability all through that three-day siege, at the close of which Mr. Thayer said that Med-we-a-sing was a man of great ability and honesty. Proof of the same is that there never was any litigation between the Indians and the railway company in the right-of-way across the reservation.

He was clothed during the three days as you see him in the picture, and the same was worn when he visited Washington to look after the interests of the Chippewa Indians.

I have heard people say that there were no good Indians except those that are dead, and that they were all dishonest. Those statements are all wrong as there were many of them with marked ability and honesty in their dealings among themselves and with the white people that they came in contact with.

Mr. Bartlett has written about one Cadotte. I knew his son very well. I first met him in 1876, at his home, a small log house on the North Fork of the Flambeau River, near the Forks of the river, and not far from Hackett's farm on the South Fork of the Flambeau.

Mr. Hackett was a successful logger, and started in there before the Wisconsin Central Ry. was built, when they had to pole their supplies up river, in canoes, from Chippewa Falls and the Flambeau Farm, which is at the forks of the Chippewa and Flambeau Rivers. The farm was owned by the Daniel Shaw Lumber Company.

I will add that I first met the speaker, Med-we-a-sing, in 1871, when crossing the reservation in bark canoes, on my way into the upper Manitowish country, selecting vacant government and state lands for entry.

August Ender, editor of the Rice Lake Chronotype, and himself a student of the early history of Northern Wisconsin, contributes the following concerning a notable Chippewa chief and of the last encounter of any importance in this region between the warring Sioux and Chippewa tribes:

AUGUST ENDER'S STORY

Last of the great Chippewa Indian head chiefs in the Rice Lake country was Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee, who had his headquarters on the point on Rice Lake where the canning factory today stands and also had a tribal headquarters on Long Lake.

By some tragic twist of fate Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee and all three of his sons met death by knife or bullets. The old chief was the last of the Chippewa leaders to be killed and scalped by their ancient enemies, the Sioux, the battle taking place close to the banks of the Hay river, near Prairie Farm, and it is said that the chief and others killed in that battle were buried near the high hill at Prairie Farm.

Signer of the Indian treaties of 1842 and 1854 at LaPointe, Wis., and a leader in tribal councils, Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee made a speech at the final parley in 1854 that will stand as an epic for all time. His picture is in the Historical library at Madison.

The headquarters of Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee were on the site of the present city of Rice Lake, and also on a point off the northeast shore of Long Lake in Washburn County, the voyage between being made by way of the Red Cedar and Long Lake streams. Intelligent, fearless and a natural-born leader, the chief had the confidence of many smaller tribal leaders, and in dealings with the white man, was an outstanding figure.

Calmly facing the more warlike members of his tribe in the great parley of 1854 at LaPointe, even though he knew they had knives under their blankets, Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee, in his address, said the march of the white man no longer could be stayed, and then in an eloquent appeal to Commissioners H. C. Gilbert and David R. Harriman, sent by President Franklin Pierce, asked that the White Father protect his poor children in their hunting grounds and rice fields, and from the curse of the white man's firewater.

The treaty was signed, allotments were made to the tribes from Minnesota and Wisconsin and forever after there was peace with the Chippewas.

In the fall of 1855 Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee was hunting in the vicinity of Prairie Farm with a party of 50 Chippewas when they were attacked from ambush by more than 100 Sioux warriors who had come up from Wabasha, Minn., to avenge the killing of a party of Sioux two years before at Battle Island, or Plum Island, south of Durand, on the Chippewa River.

Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee, past 60, carrying a heavy pack and one of the last in line, was the first to be killed when the Sioux war whoop was sounded. He was scalped and other members of the party who did not escape—even squaws—were tortured and killed in a horrible manner.

The Chippewas never recovered from the blow and the wailings and lamentations on their return to camp lasted many days. The Sioux war party hastened to a place called Shoo Fly near Durand where they had a celebration lasting three days, exhibiting the scalps of their enemies.

Wabashish, eldest son of Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee, succeeded his father as chief and while not so popular with the whites as was his father, seemed to get along quite well with his own people until bad blood developed between him and an Indian named Bedut and his two sons.

In a quarrel at the headquarters on Long Lake in the fall of 1879, Bedut stabbed and killed Wabashish on the spot. Bedut had been drinking. John, brother of Wabashish, was working in a logging camp of Knapp, Stout & Co. on the east shore of Cedar Lake when he heard the news. He hastened to Long Lake, and in spite of advice to throw away a bottle of liquor and bide his time, he rushed to the hut of Bedut, and as he lifted the flap was shot through the chest. Staggering to his own cabin, he shouted, "I am dying," and fell over dead.

Joe, the last surviving son of the chief, now became tribal leader and wisely bided his time for revenge. Bedut and his sons had made their way to the St. Croix Valley. In the fall of 1882 a great tribal gathering was held at Lake Couderay, which Bedut attended. After the parley, and as Bedut was leaving single file with five companions, he was shot from ambush and killed by Joe. Things went along tranquilly until in 1894, when Joe was shot and killed by a

game warden near the old headquarters on Long Lake when he and a party of other Chippewas were hunting deer out of season in Washburn County.

At the trial held in Shell Lake, 46 witnesses were called and after two weeks the game warden was acquitted. Thus passed to the Happy Hunting Grounds the last of the male descendants of the old chief.

Maggie White, 73 years old, of Reserve, is the last surviving child of Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee. The mother died soon after the tragedy at Prairie Farm of a broken heart and was buried in the city of Rice Lake on the north bank of the Red Cedar River within a few feet of Highway No. 53. Chingwe, second of the five daughters, had a white husband but left no children. Mino-tagas has several part-white surviving grandchildren on the reservation by the name of Grover, prominent in Indian affairs.

Waubekway was the wife of William Dingley, who came of a distinguished Yankee family, and one of her daughters became the wife of Chief Ira Isham, widely known interpreter and tribal leader.

Princess As-Sha-Way-Gee-She-Go-Qua (the Daylight Beyond), eldest and most charming daughter of Chief Nay-Na-Ong-Gay-Bee, had many suitors and was a great favorite with her father, being fleet-footed and often accompanied the old chief on long journeys.

Among the suitors was Joe Koveo of Taylor Falls, Minn., mixed French and Indian. She was given reluctantly in marriage to Koveo after promises of fidelity and performance of the marriage rite according to Indian traditions, which included holding of hands through the ceremony, the making of gifts, and finally, a big celebration at the camp on Long Lake.

Sorrowfully, the princess returned home several months later with the news that Koveo already had a wife before the marriage. The daughter born of this union died at Reserve this year.

Later the princess was housekeeper for one of the head men of Knapp, Stout & Co., and also for his successor.

Several children still are living, including two daughters and two sons at Reserve and a married daughter at Dubuque, Iowa. After the princess' death, she was buried at the Point in Rice Lake, just a few rods southeast and across the river from the last resting place of her mother.

ARMSTRONG REMINISCENCES

Through the kindness of A. T. Newman, Bloomer banker, another book has been secured, which throws considerable additional light on the Indian history of the north Wisconsin region and of the Sioux-Chippewa warfare. The author, Benj. G. Armstrong, was a fur trader, intimately acquainted with many of the leading Chippewa chiefs and headmen, and who led several delegations of Indians to Washington, and assisted them in placing their grievances before the president. As in the case of the other local historical material furnished the Armstrong story is presented in his own words, but in abbreviated form.

My earliest recollections in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota territories date back to 1835. In 1825 a council had been held at Prairie du Chien on which occasion boundary lines were agreed on among the various Indian tribes

in this region. In 1837 the government entered into a treaty with the Chippewas of the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers at St. Peter, Minn., and it appears that at the commencement of this council the anxiety on the part of the commissioners to perfect a treaty was so great the statements were made by them favorable to the Indians, and understood perfectly by them, that were not afterwards incorporated in the treaty. The Indians were told by these commissioners that the great father had sent them to buy their pine timber and their minerals that were hidden in the earth. "He does not want your lands, it is too cold up here for farming. He wants just enough to build little towns where soldiers stop, mining camps for miners, sawmill sites and logging camps. The timber that is best for you the great father does not



BENJ. G. ARMSTRONG

care about. The maple tree that you make your sugar from, the birch tree that you get bark from for your canoes and from which you make pails for your sugar sap, the cedar from which you get material for making canoes, oars, and paddles, your great father cares nothing for. It is the pine and minerals that he wants and he has sent us here to make a bargain with you for them," the commissioners said. And further, the Indians were told and distinctly understood that they were not to be disturbed in the possession of their lands so long as their men behaved themselves. They were told also that the Chippewas had always been good Indians and the great father thought very much of them on

that account, and with these promises fairly and distinctly understood they signed the treaty that ceded to the government all their territory lying east of the Mississippi, embracing the St. Croix district and east to the Chippewa river, but to my certain knowledge the Indians never knew that they had ceded their lands until 1849, when they were asked to remove therefrom.

In 1842, Robert Stewart, on the part of the government, perfected a treaty at La Pointe, on Lake Superior, in which the Chippewas of the St. Croix and Superior country ceded all that portion of their territory, from the boundary of the former treaty of 1837, with the Chippewas of the Mississippi and St. Croix Indians, east and along the south shore of the lake to the Chocolate River, Michigan Territory. No conversation that was had at this time gave the Indians an inkling or caused them to mistrust that they were ceding away their lands, but supposed that they were simply selling the pine and minerals, and when they were told, in 1849, to move on and thereby abandon their burying grounds—the dearest thing to an Indian known—they began to hold councils and to ask each other as to how they had understood the treaties, and all understood them the same, that was: That they were never to be disturbed if they behaved themselves. Messengers were sent out to all the different bands in every part of their country to inquire if any depredations had been committed by any of their young men, or what could be the reason for this sudden order to move. This was kept up for a year, but no reason could be assigned by the Indians for the removal order.

The treaty of 1842 made at La Pointe stipulated that the Indians should receive their annuities at La Pointe for a period of 25 years. Now by reason of a non-compliance with the order to move away, the annuity payment at La Pointe had been stopped and a new agency established at Sandy Lake, near the Mississippi River, and their annuities taken there, and the Indians told to go there for them, and to bring along their women and children, and to remain there, and all that did not would be deprived of their pay and annuities.

In the fall of 1851, and after all the messengers had returned that had been sent out to inquire after the cause for the removal orders, the chiefs gathered in council, and after the subject had been thoroughly canvassed, agreed that representatives from all parts of the country should be sent to the new agency and see what the results of such a visit would be. A delegation was made up, consisting of about 500 men in all. They reached the new agency about September 10th of that year. The agent there informed them that rations should be furnished to them until such time as he could get the goods and money from St. Paul.

Some time in the latter part of the month we were surprised to hear that the new agency had burned down, and, as the word came to us, "had taken the goods and money into the ashes." The agent immediately started down the river, and we saw no more of him for some time. Crowds of Indians and a few white men soon gathered around the burned remains of the agency and waited until it should cool down, when a thorough search was made in the ashes for melted coin that must be there if the story was true that goods and money had gone down together. They scraped and scratched in vain. All that was ever



FIRST INDIAN DELEGATION TO WASHINGTON

found in that ruin in the shape of metal was two 50-cent silver pieces. The Indians, having no chance to talk with the agent, could find out nothing of which they wished to know. They camped around the commissary department and were fed on the very worst class of sour, musty pock heads, jaws, shoulders and shanks, rotten corned beef and the poorest quality of flour that could possibly be milled. In the course of the next month no fewer than 150 Indians had died from the use of these rotten provisions, and the remainder resolved to stay no longer, and started back for La Pointe.

NOTE: This is the trip described by Mrs. Julia Spears, daughter of the fur trader, Lyman Warren, and sister of William Whipple Warren, author of *The Story of the Ojibways*, so freely quoted in a previous chapter. It will be recalled that this party was in charge of William Whipple Warren, and that on account of his poor health at this time this sister, Julia, insisted on going along to care for him; she being the only female in the party. Her recital of the hardships encountered, and the numerous deaths among the Indians agrees with the Armstrong story.

During all these months councils were being held and dissatisfaction was showing itself on every hand. Threats were freely indulged in by the younger and more resolute members of the band, who thought while they tamely submitted to outrage, their cases would never grow better. They now all realized that they had been induced to sign treaties they did not understand, and had been imposed upon. They saw that when the annuities were brought and they were asked to touch the pen, they had only received what the agent had seen fit to give them, and certainly not what was their dues. They had lost 150 warriors on this one trip alone by being fed on unwholesome provisions, and they reasoned among themselves: Is that what our great father intended? If so, we may as well go to our old home and there be slaughtered where we can be buried by the side of our relatives and friends.

These talks were kept up after they had returned to La Pointe. I attended many of them, and being familiar with the language, I saw that great trouble was brewing and if something was not quickly done trouble of a serious nature would soon follow. At last I told them if they would stop where they were I would take a party of chiefs, or others, as they might elect, numbering five or six, and go to Washington, where they could meet the great father and tell their troubles to his face. Chief Buffalo and other leading chieftains of the country at once agreed to the plan, and early in the spring a party of six men were selected, and April 5th, 1852, was appointed as the day to start. Chiefs Buffalo and O-sho-ga, with four braves and myself, made up the party. On the day of starting, and before noon, there were gathered at the beach at old La Pointe, Indians by the score to witness the departure. We left in a new birch bark canoe which was made for the occasion and called a four fathom boat, twenty-four feet long with six paddles. The four braves did most of the paddling, assisted at times by O-sho-ga and sometimes by Buffalo. I sat at the stern and directed the course of the craft.

On the third day out from La Pointe, at 10 A.M. we landed our bark at Ontonagon, where we spent two days in circulating a petition I had prepared, asking that the Indians might be left and remain in their own country, and the order for their removal be reconsidered. I did not find a single man who refused to sign it, which showed the feeling of the people nearest the Indians upon the subject.

From Ontonagon we went to Portage Lake, Houghton and Hancock, and visited the various copper mines, and all there signed the petition. Among the signers I would occasionally meet a man who claimed personal acquaintance with the president and said the president would recognize the signature when he saw it, which I found to be so on presenting the petition to President Fillmore. Among them was Thomas Hanna, a merchant at Ontonagon, Capt. Roberts, of the Minnesota mine, and Douglas, of the firm of Douglas & Sheldon, Portage Lake.

Stopping at Marquette I also circulated the petition and procured a great many signatures. Leaving there nothing was to be seen except the rocky coast until we reached Sault Ste. Marie, where we arrived in the afternoon and remained all the next day, getting my petition signed by all who were disposed.

Among others who signed it was a Mr. Brown, who was then editing a paper there. He also claimed personal acquaintance with the president and gave me two or three letters of introduction to parties in New York City, and requested me to call on them when I reached the city, saying they would be much pleased to see the Indian chieftains from this country, and that they would assist me in case I needed assistance, which I found to be true.

The second day at the "Soo" the officers from the fort came to me with the intelligence that no delegations of Indians would be allowed to go to Washington without first getting permission from the government to do so, as they had orders to stop and turn back all delegations of Indians that should attempt to come this way en route to Washington. This was to me a summer. In what a predicament I found myself! To give up this trip would be to abandon the last hope of keeping that turbulent spirit of the young warriors within bounds. Now they were peaceably inclined and would remain so until our mission should decide their course. They were now living on the hope that our efforts would obtain for them the righting of a grievous wrong, but to return without anything accomplished and with the information that the great father's officers had turned us back would be to rekindle the fire that was smoldering into an open revolt for revenge. I talked with the officers patiently and long and explained the situation of affairs in the Indian country, and certainly it was no pleasant task for me to undertake, without pay or hope of reward to take this delegation through, and that I should never have attempted it if I had not considered it necessary to secure the safety of the white settlers in that country, and that although I would not resist an officer or disobey an order of the government, I should go as far as I could with my Indians, and until I was stopped by an officer, then I would simply say to the Indians, "I am prevented from going farther. I have done all I can. I will send you as near home as I can get conveyances for you, but for the present I shall remain away from that country."

The officers at the "Soo" finally told me to go on, but, they said, "you will certainly be stopped at some place, probably at Detroit. The Indian agent there and the marshal will certainly oppose your going farther." But I was determined to try, and as soon as I could get a boat for Detroit we started. When we landed in Detroit, sure enough, we were met by the Indian agent and told that we could go no farther, at any rate until next day, or until he could have a talk with me at his office. He then sent us to a hotel, saying he would see that our bill was paid until next day. About 7:30 that evening I was called to his office and had a little talk with him and the marshal. I stated to them the facts as they existed in the Northwest, and our object in going to Washington, and if we were turned back I did not consider that a white man's life would long be safe in the Indian country, under the present state of excitement; that our returning without seeing the president would start a fire that would not soon be quenched. They finally consented to my passing as they hardly thought they could afford to arrest me, considering the petitions I had and the circumstances I had related. "But," they also added, "we do not think you will ever reach Washington with your delegation."

I thanked them for allowing us to proceed and the next morning sailed for Buffalo, where we made close connections with the first railroad cars any of us had ever seen and proceeded to Albany, at which place we took a steamer.

We landed in New York City without mishap and I had just and only one ten-cent silver piece of money left. By giving the bus driver some Indian trinkets I persuaded him to haul the party and baggage to the American House, which then stood a block or so from Barnum's Theater. Here I told the landlord of my financial embarrassment and that we must stay overnight at any rate and in some way the necessary money to pay the bill should be raised. I found this landlord a prince of good fellows and was always glad that I met him. I told him of the letters I had to parties in the city and should I fail in getting assistance from them I should exhibit my fellows and in this way raise the necessary funds to pay my bill and carry us to our destination.

Immediately after supper I started out in search of the parties to whom I had letters of introduction, and with the landlord's help in giving me directions, I soon found one of them, a stock broker, whose name I cannot remember. He returned with me to the hotel, and after looking the Indians over, he said, "You are all right. Stay where you are and I will see that you have money to carry you through." The next day I put the Indians on exhibition at the hotel, and a great many people came to see them, most of whom contributed freely to the fund to carry us to our destination.

On the second evening of the exhibition this stock broker came with his wife to the show, and upon taking his leave, invited me to bring the delegation to his home the next afternoon, where a number of ladies of their acquaintance could see them without the embarrassment they would feel at the show room. To this I assented, and the landlord being present, said he would assist by furnishing the conveyance. But when the bus was brought in front of the house the next day for the purpose of taking the Indians aboard, the crowd became so dense that it was found impossible to get them into it, and it was with some difficulty that they were gotten back to their room. We saw it would not be possible to get them across the city on foot or by any method yet devised. I dispatched a note to the broker stating how matters stood, and in less than half an hour himself and wife were at the hotel, and the ready wit of this little lady soon had a plan arranged by which the Indians could be safely taken from the house and to her home without detection or annoyance.

The plan was to postpone the supper she had arranged for in the afternoon until evening, and that after dark the bus could be placed in the alley back of the hotel and the Indians got into it without being observed. The plan was carefully carried out by the landlord. The crowd was frustrated and by 9 P.M. we were whirling to the home of the broker, which we reached without any interruption, and were met at the door by the little lady whose act had made the visit possible, and I hope she may now be living to read this account of the visit, which was nearly 39 years ago.

We found some thirty or forty young people present to see us, and I think a few old persons. The supper was prepared and all were anxious to see the red men of the forest at a white man's table. You can imagine my own

feelings on this occasion, for, like the Indians, I had been brought up in a wilderness, entirely unaccustomed to the society of refined and educated people, and here I was surrounded by them and the luxuries of a finished home, and with the conduct of my wards to be accounted for, I was forced to an awkward apology, which was, however, received with the graciousness of manner that made me feel almost at home.

Being thus assured and advised that our visit was contemplated for the purpose of seeing us as nearly in our native ways and customs as was possible, and that no offense would be taken at any breach of etiquette but, on the contrary, they should be highly gratified if we would proceed in all things as was our habit in the wilderness, and the hostess, addressing me, said it was the wish of those present that in eating their supper the Indians would conform strictly to their home habits, to insure which, as supper was then being put in readiness for them, I told the Indians that when the meal had been set before them on the table, they should rise up and, pushing their chairs back, seat themselves upon the floor, taking with them only the plate of food and the knife. They did this nicely and the meal was taken in true Indian style, much to the gratification of the assemblage. When the meal was completed each man placed his knife and plate back upon the table, and, moving back towards the walls of the room, seated himself upon the floor in true Indian fashion.

As the party had now seen enough to furnish them with tea table chat, they ate their supper and after they had finished requested a speech from the Indians, at least that each one should say something that they might hear and which I could interpret to the party. Chief O-sha-go spoke first, thanking the people for their kindness. Buffalo came next and said he was getting old and was much impressed by the manner of white people and showed considerable feeling at the nice way in which they had been treated there and generally upon the route.

Our hostess, seeing that I spoke the language fluently, requested that I make them a speech in the Chippewa tongue. To do this so they would understand it best I told them a story in the Indian tongue. It was a little story about a monkey which I had often told the Indians at home and it was a fable that always caused great merriment among them, for a monkey was, in their estimation, the cutest and most wonderful creature in the world, an opinion which they hold to the present time. This speech proved to be the hit of the evening, for I had no sooner commenced (though my conversation was directed to the white people), than the Indians began to laugh and cut up all manner of pranks, which, combined with the ludicrousness of the story itself, caused a general uproar of laughter by all present and once, if never again, the fashionably dressed and beautiful ladies of New York City vied with each other and with the dusky aborigines of the West in trying to show which one of all enjoyed best the festivities. The rest of the evening and until 2 o'clock next morning was spent in answering questions about our Western home and its people, when we returned to the hotel and happy over the evening's entertainment.

After a few days more in New York City I had raised the necessary funds to redeem the trinkets pledged with the bus driver and to pay my hotel bills,

etc., and on the 22nd day of June, 1852, we had the good fortune to arrive in Washington.

I took my party to the Metropolitan hotel and engaged a room on the first floor near the office for the Indians, as they said they did not like to get up too high in a white man's house. As they required but a couple of mattresses for their lodgings they were soon made comfortable. I requested the steward to serve their meals in their room, as I did not wish to take them into the dining room among distinguished people, and their meals were thus served.

The morning following our arrival I set out in search of the interior department of the government to find the commissioner of Indian affairs, to request an interview with him, which he declined to grant, and said:

"I want you to take your Indians away on the next train west, as they have come here without permission and I do not want to see you or hear of your Indians again."

I undertook to make explanations, but he would not listen to me and ordered me from his office. I went to the sidewalk completely discouraged, for my present means was insufficient to take them home. I paced up and down the sidewalk pondering over what was best to do when a gentleman came along and of him I inquired the way to the office of the secretary of the interior. He passed right along, saying, "This way, sir; this way, sir," and I followed him. He entered a side door just back of the Indian commissioner's office and up a short flight of stairs, and going in behind a railing, divested himself of hat and cane, and said: "What can I do for you, sir?"

I told him who I was, what my party consisted of, where we came from and the object of our visit, as briefly as possible. He replied that I must go and see the commissioner of Indian affairs just down stairs. I told him I had been there and the treatment I had received at his hands, then he said:

"Did you have permission to come, and why did you not go to your agent in the West for permission?"

I then attempted to explain that we had been to the agent, but could get no satisfaction; but he stopped me in the middle of my explanation, saying:

"I can do nothing for you. You must go to the Indian commissioner," and, turning, began a conversation with his clerk, who was there when we went in.

I walked out more discouraged than ever and could not imagine what next I could do. I wandered around the city and to the capitol, thinking I might find someone I had seen before, but in this I failed and returned to the hotel, where, in the office I found Chief Buffalo surrounded by a crowd who were trying to make him understand them and among them was the steward of the house. On my entering the office and Buffalo recognizing me, the assemblage, seeing I knew him, turned their attention to me, asking who he was, etc., to all of which questions I answered as briefly as possible by stating that he was the head of the Chippewas of the Northwest. The steward then asked: "Why don't you take him into the dining room with you? Certainly such a distinguished man as he, the head of the Chippewa people, should have at least that privilege." I did so and as we passed into the dining room we were shown to a table in one corner of the room which was unoccupied.

We had only been seated a few moments when a couple of gentlemen who had been occupying seats in another part of the dining room came over and sat at our table and said that if there were no objections they would like to talk with us. They asked about the party, where from, the object of the visit, etc. I answered them briefly, supposing them to be reporters, and I did not care to give them much information. One of these gentlemen asked what room we had, saying that himself and one or two others would like to call on us right after dinner. I directed them where to come and said I would be there to meet them.

About 2 o'clock they came, and then for the first time I knew who these gentlemen were. One was Senator Briggs, of New York, and the others were members of President Fillmore's cabinet, and after I had told them more fully what had taken me there, and the difficulties I had met with, and they had consulted a little while aside, Senator Briggs said:

"We will undertake to get you and your people an interview with the president, and will notify you here when a meeting can be arranged."

During the afternoon I was notified that an interview had been arranged for the next afternoon at 3 o'clock. During the evening Senator Briggs and other friends called, and the whole matter was talked over and preparations made for the interview the following day.

When we were assembled Buffalo's first request was that all be seated, as he had the pipe of peace to present, and hoped that all who were present would partake of smoke from the peace pipe. The pipe, a new one brought for the purpose, was filled and lighted by Buffalo and passed to the president who took two or three draughts from it, and smiling, said, "Who is the next?" at which Buffalo pointed out Senator Briggs and desired he should be the next. The senator smoked and the pipe was passed to me and others, including the commissioner of Indian affairs, secretary of the interior and several others whose names I did not learn or cannot recall. From them to Buffalo, then O-sho-ga, and from him to the four braves in turn, which completed that part of the ceremony. The pipe was then taken from the stem and handed to me for safe keeping, never to be used again on any occasion.

I have the pipe still in my possession and the instructions of Buffalo have been faithfully kept. The old chief now rose from his seat, the balance following his example, and marched in single file to the president and the general hand-shaking that was begun with the president was continued by the Indians with all those present. This over, Buffalo said his under-chief, O-sho-ga, would state the object of our visit and he hoped the great father would give them some guarantee that would quiet the excitement in this country and keep his young men peaceable.

After I had this speech thoroughly interpreted, O-sho-ga began and spoke for nearly an hour. He began with the treaty of 1837 and showed plainly what the Indians understood the treaty to be. He next took up the treaty of 1842 and said he did not understand that in either treaty they had ceded away the land and he further understood in both cases that the Indians were never to be asked to remove from the lands included in those treaties, provided they were

peaceable and behaved themselves, and this they had done. When the order to move came Chief Buffalo sent runners out in all directions to seek for reasons and causes for the order, but all those men returned without finding a single reason among all the Superior and Mississippi Indians why the great father had become displeased. When O-shoga had finished his speech I presented the petition I had brought and quickly discovered that the president did recognize some names upon it, which gave me new courage. When the reading and examination of it had been concluded the meeting was adjourned, the president directing the Indian commissioner to say to the landlord at the hotel that our hotel bills would be paid by the government. He also directed that we were to have the freedom of the city for a week.

The second day following this Senator Briggs informed me that the president desired another interview that day, in accordance with which we went to the White House soon after dinner and, meeting the president, he told the delegation in a brief speech that he would countermand the removal order and that the annuity payments would be made at La Pointe as before and hoped that in the future there would be no further cause for complaint. At this he handed to Buffalo a written instrument which he said would explain to his people when interpreted the promises he had made as to the removal order and payment of annuities at La Pointe and hoped when he had returned home he would call his chiefs together and have all the statements therein contained explained fully to them as the words of their great father at Washington.

The reader can imagine the great load that was then removed from my shoulders for it was a pleasing termination of the long and tedious struggle I had made in behalf of the untutored but trustworthy savage.

On June 28th, 1852, we started on our return trip, going by cars to La Crosse, Wis., thence by steamboat to St. Paul, thence by Indian trail across the country to Lake Superior. On our way from St. Paul we frequently met bands of Indians of the Chippewa tribe to whom we explained our mission and its results, which caused great rejoicing, and before leaving these bands Buffalo would tell their chief to send a delegation at the expiration of two moons, to meet him in grand council at La Pointe, for there were many things he wanted to say to them about what he had seen and the nice manner in which he had been received and treated by the great father.

At the time appointed by Buffalo for the grand council at La Pointe, the delegates assembled and the message given Buffalo by President Fillmore was interpreted, which gave the Indians great satisfaction. Before the grand council adjourned word was received that their annuities would be given them at La Pointe about the middle of October thus giving them time to get together to receive them. A number of messengers were immediately sent out to all parts of the territory to notify them and by the time the goods arrived, which was about October 15th, the remainder of the Indians had congregated at La Pointe.

On that date the Indians were enrolled and the annuities paid and the most perfect satisfaction was apparent among all concerned. The jubilee that was held to express their gratitude to the delegation that had secured a counter-

manding order in the removal matter was almost extravagantly profuse. The letter of the great father was explained to them all during the progress of the annuity payments and Chief Buffalo explained to the convention what he had seen; how the pipe of peace had been smoked in the great father's wigwam and as that pipe was the only emblem and reminder of their duties yet to come in keeping peace with his white children, he requested that the pipe be retained by me. He then went on and said that there was yet one more treaty to be made with the great father and he hoped in making it they would be more careful and wise than they had heretofore been and reserve a part of their land for themselves and their children. It was here that he told his people that he had selected and adopted me as his son and that I would hereafter look to treaty matters and see that in the next treaty they did not sell themselves out and become homeless; that as he was getting old and must soon leave his entire cares to others, he hoped they would listen to me and follow my advice, assuring them that in doing so they would not again be deceived.

After this gathering of the Indians there was not much of interest in the Indian country that I can recall until the next annual payment in 1853. It was at this payment that the Chippewa Indians proper desired to have one dollar each taken from their annuities to recompense me for the trouble and expense I had been to on the trip to Washington in their behalf, but I refused to accept it by reason of their very impecunious condition.

It was sometime in August, 1854, before the commissioners arrived at La Pointe to make the treaty and pay the annuities of that year. Messengers were despatched to notify all Indians of the fact that the great father had sent for them to come to La Pointe to get their money and clothing and to meet the government commissioners who wished to make another treaty with them for the territory lying west of Lake Superior and they were further instructed to have the Indians council among themselves before starting that those who came could be able to tell the wishes of any that might remain away in regards to a further treaty and disposition of their lands.

While we were waiting the arrival of the interior Indians I had frequent talks with the commissioners and learned what their instructions were and about what they intended to offer for the lands, which information I would communicate to Chief Buffalo and other head men in our immediate vicinity, and ample time was had to perfect our plans before the others should arrive, and when they did put in an appearance we were ready to submit to them our views for approval or rejection. Knowing as I did the Indians' unwillingness to give up and forsake their old burying grounds, I would not agree to any proposition that would take away the remainder of their lands without a reserve sufficient to afford them homes for themselves and posterity, and as fast as they arrived I counselled with them upon the subject and to ascertain where they preferred these reserves to be located. The scheme being a new one to them, it required time and much talk to get the matter before them in its proper light. Finally it was agreed by all before the meeting of the council that no one would sign a treaty that did not give them reservations at different points of the country

that would suit their convenience, that should afterwards be considered their bona fide home. Maps were drawn of the different tracts that had been selected by the various chiefs for their reserve and permanent home. The reservations were as follows: one at L'Anse Bay, one at Ontonagon, one at Lac Flambeau, one at Court O'Rilles, one at Bad River, one at Red Cliff or Buffalo Bay, one at Fond du Lac, Minn., and one at Grand Portage, Minn. The boundaries were to be as near as possible by metes and bounds or waterways and courses.

This was all agreed to by the Lake Superior Indians before the Mississippi Chippewas arrived and was to be brought up in the general council after they had come in, but when the Mississippi Chippewas arrived they were accompanied by the American Fur Company and most of their employes, and we found it impossible to get them to agree to any of our plans or to come to any terms. A proposition was then made by Buffalo when all were gathered in council by themselves, that as they could not agree as they were, a division should be drawn, dividing the Mississippi and the Lake Superior Indians from each other altogether and each make their own treaty.

After several days of counselling the proposition was agreed to, and thus the Lake Superiors were left to make their treaty for the lands south of Lake Superior to the Mississippi and the Mississippis to make their own treaty for the lands west of the Mississippi. The council lasted several days, as I have stated, which was owing to the opposition of the American Fur Company, who were evidently opposed to having such division made; they yielded, however, but only when they saw further opposition would not avail. The proposition of Buffalo became an Indian law.

Our side was now ready to treat with the commissioners in open council. Buffalo, myself and several chiefs called upon them and briefly stated our case but were informed that they had no instructions to make any such treaty with us and were only instructed to buy such territory as the Lake Superiors and Mississippis then owned. Then we told them of the division the Indians had agreed upon and that we would make our own treaty, and after several days they agreed to set us off the reservations as previously asked for and to guarantee that all lands embraced within those boundaries should belong to the Indians and that they would pay them a nominal sum for the remainder of their possessions on the north shores. The Lake Superior Chippewas also reserved a tract of land embracing about 100 acres lying across and along the eastern end of La Pointe or Madeline Island so that they would not be cut off from their fishing privilege. Another reservation of a tract a mile square came about in the following manner.

It was about in the midst of the councils leading up to the treaty of 1854 that Buffalo stated to his chiefs that I had rendered them services in the past that should be rewarded by something more substantial than their thanks and good wishes, and that at different times the Indians had agreed to reward me from their annuity money but I had always refused such offers as it would be taking from their necessities and as they had had no annuity money for the two years prior to 1852 they could not well afford to pay me in this way. "And now," continued Buffalo, "I have a proposition to make to you. As he has

provided us and our children with homes by getting these reservations set off for us, and as we are about to part with all the lands we possess, I have it in my power, with your consent, to provide him with a future home by giving him a piece of ground which we are about to part with. He has agreed to accept this as it will take nothing from us and makes no difference with the great father whether we reserve a small tract of our territory or not, and if you agree I will proceed with him to the head of the lake and there select the piece of ground I desire him to have, that it may appear on paper when the treaty has been completed." The chiefs were unanimous in their acceptance of the proposition and told Buffalo to select a large piece so that my children might also have a home in future as had been provided for theirs.

This council lasted all night and just at break of day the old chief and myself, with four braves to row the boat, set out for the head of Lake Superior and did not stop anywhere only long enough to make and drink some tea, until we reached the head of St. Louis Bay. We landed our canoe by the side of a flat rock quite a distance from the shore among grass and rushes. Here we ate our lunch and when completed Buffalo and myself, with another chief, Kish-ki-to-uk, waded ashore and ascended the bank to a small level plateau where we could get a better view of the bay. Here Buffalo turned to me, saying:

"Are you satisfied with this location? I want to reserve the shore of this bay from the mouth of St. Louis River. How far that way do you want it to go?" pointing southeast, or along the south shore of the lake.

I told him we had better not try to make it too large for if we did the great father's officers at Washington might throw it out of the treaty, and said: "I will be satisfied with one mile square, and let it start from the rock which we have christened Buffalo Rock, running easterly in the direction of Minnesota Point taking in a mile square immediately northerly from the head of St. Louis Bay."

During our absence some of the chiefs had been talking more or less with the commissioners and immediately on our return all the Indians met in a grand council when Buffalo explained to them what he had done on the trip and how and where he had selected the piece of land that I was to have reserved in the treaty for my future home and in payment for the services I had rendered them in the past. The balance of the night was spent in preparing ourselves for the meeting with the treaty makers the next day, and about 10 o'clock next morning we were in attendance before the commissioners all prepared for a big council.

When the council opened, Agent Gilbert started the business by beginning a speech interpreted by the government interpreter, when Buffalo interrupted him by saying that he did not want anything interpreted to them from the English language by anyone except his adopted son, for there had always been things told to the Indians in the past that proved afterwards to be untrue, whether wrongly interpreted or not, he could not say; "and as we now feel that my adopted son interprets to us just what you say, and we can get it correctly, we wish to hear your words repeated by him and when we talk to you our words can be interpreted by your own interpreter, and in this way one interpreter can watch the other and correct each other should there be mistakes. We do not

want to be deceived any more as we have in the past. We now understand that we are selling our lands as well as the timber and that the whole, with the exception of what we shall reserve, goes to the great father forever."

Commissioner of Indian affairs, Col. Manypenny, then said to Buffalo: "What you have said meets my own views exactly and I will now appoint your adopted son your interpreter and John Johnson, of Sault Ste. Marie, shall be the interpreter on the part of the government," then turning to the commissioners, said, "How does that suit you, gentlemen?" They at once gave their consent and the council proceeded.

Several days were spent in considering the difficult proposition presented. At the close of the third day, Col. Manypenny came to my store and we had a long private interview relating to the treaty then under consideration and he thought that the demands of the Indians were reasonable and just and that they would be accepted by the commissioners. He also gave me considerable credit for the manner in which I had conducted the matter for the Indians, considering the terrible opposition I had to contend with. He said he had claims in his possession which had been filed by the traders that amounted to a large sum but did not state the amount. As he saw the Indians had every confidence in me and their demands were reasonable he could see no reason why the treaty couldn't be speedily brought to a close. He then asked if I kept a set of books. I told him I only kept a day book or blotter showing the amount each Indian owed me.

I got the books and told him to take them along with him and that he or his interpreter might question any Indian whose name appeared thereon as being indebted to me and I would accept whatever that Indian said he owed me whether it be one dollar or ten cents. He said he would be pleased to take the books along and I wrapped them up and went with him to his office, where I left them. He said he was certain that some traders were making claims for far more than was due them. Messrs. Gilbert and Herriman and their chief clerk, Mr. Smith, were present when Mr. Manypenny related the talk he had with me at the store. He considered the requests of the Indians fair and just, he said, and he hoped there would be no further delays in concluding the treaty and if it was drawn up and signed with the stipulations and agreements that were now understood should be incorporated in it, he would strongly recommend its ratification by the president and senate.

The day following the council was opened by a speech from Chief Nagon-ab in which he cited considerable history. "My friends," he said, "I have been chosen by our chief, Buffalo, to speak to you. Our wishes are now on paper before you. Before this it was not so. We have been many times deceived. We had no one to look out for us. The great father's officers made marks on paper with black liquor and quill. The Indian cannot do this. We depend upon our memory. When you talk we all listen, then we talk it over many times. In this way it is always fresh with us. This is the way we must keep our records. In 1837 we were asked to sell our timber and minerals. In 1842 we were asked to do the same. Our white brothers told us the great father did not want the land. We should keep it to hunt on. Bye and bye

we were told to go away; to go and leave our friends that were buried yesterday. Then we asked each other what it meant. Does the great father tell the truth? Does he keep his promises? We cannot help ourselves! We try to do as we agree in treaty. We ask you what this means. You do not tell from memory! You go to your black marks and say this is what those men put down; this is what they said when they made the treaty. The men we talk with don't come back; they do not come and you tell us they did not tell us so! We ask you where they are? You say you do not know or that they are dead and gone. This is what they told you; this is what they have done. Now we have a friend who can make black marks on paper. When the council is over he will tell us what we have done. We know now what we are doing! If we get what we ask our chiefs will touch the pen, but if not we will not touch it. I am told by our chief to tell you this: We will not touch the pen unless our friend says the paper is all right."

When the council met next day in front of the commissioners' office to hear what Col. Manypenny had to say a general good feeling prevailed and a hand-shaping all around preceded the council, which Col. Manypenny opened by saying: "My friends and children: I am glad to see you all this morning looking good natured and happy and as if you could sit here and listen to what I have to say. We have a paper here for your friend to examine to see if it meets your approval. Myself and the commissioners which your great father has sent here have duly considered all your requests and have concluded to accept them. As the season is passing away and we are all anxious to go to our families and you to your homes, I hope when you read this treaty you will find it as you expect to and according to the understandings we have had during the council. Now your friend may examine the paper and while he is doing so we will take a recess until afternoon."

Chief Buffalo, turning to me, said: "My son, we, the chiefs of all the country, have placed this matter entirely in your hands. Go and examine the paper and if it suits you it will suit us." Then turning to the chiefs, he asked, "What do you all say to that?" The ho-ho that followed showed the entire circle were satisfied.

I went carefully through the treaty as it had been prepared and with a few exceptions found it was right. I called the attention of the commissioners to certain parts of the stipulations that were incorrect and they directed the clerk to make the changes.

The following day the Indians told the commissioners that as their friend had made objections to the treaty as it was they requested that I might again examine it before proceeding further with the council. On this examination I found that changes had been made but on sheets of paper not attached to the body of the instrument, and as those sheets contained some of the most important items in the treaty, I again would not allow the Indians to sign it in that shape and not until the whole treaty was re-written and the detached portions appeared in their proper places.

I walked out and told the Indians that the treaty was not yet ready to sign and they gave up all further endeavors until next day. I met the commissioners alone in their office that afternoon and explained the objectionable points in the treaty and told them the Indians were all ready to sign as soon as those objections were removed. They were soon at work putting the instrument in shape.

With one or more changes the treaty was duly signed on the 30th day of September, 1854. This done the commissioners took a farewell shake of the hand with all the chiefs, hoping to meet them again at the annuity payment the coming year.

During the summer of 1862 a scare was started throughout this country to the effect that an uprising of the Indians was quite likely, which resulted in bringing three companies of soldiers to Bayfield and the same number to Superior. When the troops arrived at Superior it was a surprise both to the white people and to the Indians. The soldiers pitched their tents, threw out their pickets, and matters looked quite war-like. It happened that an Indian who had been out hunting a few days, came in that night, and at the picket line he was halted. Not knowing that soldiers were there or what the charge meant, he halted, but immediately proceeded forward and was shot down by the soldier. This created quite an excitement for awhile, as it was not known what effect it would have on the Indians, but it was thought it might incite them to seek revenge, but nothing of a serious nature resulted from it.

Agent Webb, myself and others had frequent talks over the general outlook for Indians' troubles and it was finally decided to take a delegation on a trip through the states and to Washington, as such a trip would give the delegation a rare chance to see the white soldiers and to thus impress upon their minds the futility of any further recourse to arms on their part. Agent Webb arranged the matter and was directed to have me select the delegation.

I selected a party of nine chiefs from the different reservations made up as follows: Ahmoose, or "Little Bee," from Lac Flambeau reservation; Kish-ke-taw-ug, or "Cut Ear," Bad River reservation; Ba-quas, or "He Sews," Lac-Court O'Reilles reservation; Ah-do-ga-zik, or "Last Day," Bad River reservation; O-be-quot, or "Form," Fond du Lac reservation; Shing-quak-onse, or "Little Pine," and Ja-ge-gwa-yo, or "Can't Tell," La Pointe reservation; Na-gon-ab, or "He Sits Ahead," Fond du Lac reservation, and O-ma-shin-a-way, or "Messenger," Bad River reservation. We set out about December 1st, 1861, going from Bayfield, Wis., to St. Paul, Minn., by trail, and from St. Paul to La Crosse, Wis., by stage, and by rail the balance of the way to Washington. Great crowds of soldiers were seen at all points east of La Crosse, besides train loads of them all along the whole route.

Reaching Washington I showed them 30,000 or 40,000 soldiers in camp and they witnessed a number of drills and parades, which had a salutary effect upon their ideas of comparative strength with their white brothers. Being continually with them I frequently heard remarks passing between them that showed their thoughts respecting the strength of the white race. "There is no end to them," said one. "They are like the trees in the forest," said another. I was furnished with a pass to take them to the navy yard and to visit the barracks of the army



SECOND INDIAN DELEGATION TO WASHINGTON

of the Potomac, at which place one of them remarked that the great father had more soldiers in Washington alone than there were Indians in the Northwest, including Chippewas and Sioux, and that his ammunition and provisions never gave out.

We remained in the city about forty days and had interviews with the Indian commissioner and the president, and I was allowed the privilege of a partial examination into the records, showing the annuities due the Indians or annuity arrearages, but the excitement incident to the war precluded any extended examination which would lead to a settlement of their arrearages at that time. The president made a short speech to the Indians at one of these interviews, at which he said:

"My children, when you are ready to go home and tell your people what the great father said to you: tell them that as soon as the trouble with my white children is settled I will call you back and see that you are paid every dollar that is your due, provided I am here to attend to it, and in case I am not here to attend to it myself, I shall instruct my successor to fulfill the promises I make you here today."

After visiting all places of interest in Washington, and about a week after the last interview with the president, we set out on our home journey, going by way of New York City, where we stayed two or three days, purchasing goods and presents for the chiefs to take home to their families and relatives, in all amounting to \$1,500, which had been placed in my hands by the government for that purpose. This was, in all probability, the most pleasant stop of the trip. We stopped two days at Chicago on our return, from there going to La

Crosse by rail, where we took boat for St. Paul. We were compelled to take trail from St. Paul and arrived in Bayfield about the middle of April, 1862.

During the summer of 1862, Clark W. Thompson, Indian superintendent at St. Paul, received news that the Indians in the vicinity of Red River and Leech Lake had captured a mail boat on Red River and had burned it, and sent word to me to come to St. Paul as soon as I could. He gave me written instructions to go to Red River, or far enough to ascertain if the boat had been burned and try and induce the Indians to come to Leech Lake, for himself and others would be there to meet them.

I went and found the boat all right and the story a fabrication. I found the country in a complete uproar, for news had reached the Indians that the great father was going to send soldiers there because he had heard that the Indians had burned his boat that carried papers and they had retreated back into the forest to get out of the way. I had much difficulty in finding them as everybody seemed to be afraid of their lives. The Chippewas on one side and the Sioux on the other, and all seemed to think they would unite in one general massacre.

I visited the Chippewa camp alone, and told them my mission. That the great father had heard the Indians had burned his boat which carried papers. I told them I had been to the river and found the boat all right; that I wanted them to go with me to Leech Lake, as it was their great father's request, that they would meet their great father's agent and others to have a talk over this matter, and that everything would be all right. We talked and joked almost the whole night and next day preparations were made for the trip to Leech Lake, and on the morning of the second day we set out with about twenty Indians.

Arriving at Leech Lake, we found the commissioners Mr. Thompson promised. I told the party I had found the boat all right, not a thing had been taken and that she was tied up to trees along the bank of the river, and that the greater portion of the Indians were more frightened than the whites; how I had found them huddled together at the head of a lake which was heavily wooded at the north end; that I had been delayed in my search for them as I was a stranger in the locality and could get no guide owing to the excitement through the country.

After I had related my story to the commissioners, Mr. Thompson said: "I would not have taken that risk for the world." The superintendent told the Indians he was very sorry that the story of the burning of the boat had been started as it had given their great father much trouble and the Indians also, and as he knew they could not help these reports and as the reports had been proven untrue, he felt it his duty on behalf of the great father, to make them some presents in "provisions and goods, which we will turn over to your friend to give you as he chooses." The warehouse was opened and I was told to make the distribution. I loaded each one down and the next day they started for home, thanking me especially, saying: "No other white man would have done this for us, and we hope to see the day when we can do you a kind act." After a general handshaking the Indians started for home.

I returned to St. Paul with the superintendent, and on the way he said there was likely to be trouble with the Sioux, as they had been waiting for their annuities for a long time and were getting restless and were dissatisfied, and he would like to have me go with him to New Ulm, the Sioux agency, which I did. We found there was much restlessness among the Indians and equally as much among the white traders. The traders were continually telling the Indians to receive nothing but coin in the payment. I heard at one or two other trading posts the same thing, and knowing that coin was a scarce article just at this time in the United States, I informed the superintendent of what was going on, and gave it as my opinion that unless they were paid right away there would be trouble.

The superintendent called the chiefs together and told them that he would give them their goods annuities at once, as they were then on the ground, and then they could send their women and children home, and as soon as the money came he would notify them and they could come for it. They asked what kind of money it would be, to which he answered he did not know, but whichever kind it was he would pay to them. He could not tell them what kind of money the great father had on hand, but thought it would be currency. They then demanded coin and said they would not take greenbacks, to which the superintendent replied: "I will go right back to St. Paul and if the great father has not sent the money I will borrow it and return as quickly as I can and pay you."

We started at once for St. Paul, but before we arrived there we heard of the terrible slaughter of people. This was the awful massacre at New Ulm, with which everybody is so familiar. I attributed the whole trouble then and still do, to the bad advice of the traders. These traders knew that all the money the Sioux drew would, in a short time, be in their hands, and as specie was at a high premium, they allowed their speculative natures to get the better of their judgment, the penalty of which was the forfeiture of their lives.

Jackson's trading post was the first improvement made on the site where St. Paul now stands and was established some time in the thirties, and it was all there when I came in 1840. The whole country from this point to Lake Superior was an unbroken forest, inhabited exclusively by the Chippewas, but their right to the country was strongly contested by the Dakotas (Sioux), leading to many bloody battles, one of which I witnessed at Stillwater, on the west side of the lake. Many were slain on both sides, but it resulted in a victory for the Chippewas. This, I think, was in 1841. I also witnessed a battle on the Brule River about October 1st of the following year, a true version of which I will give you:

The Sioux were headed by Old Crow and the Chippewas by Buffalo, each having a number of sub-chiefs to assist him. The battle ground was about midway from the source of the Brule River to its mouth and about fifteen miles from Lake Superior. Buffalo's people at this time were settled over quite an extensive territory, consisting of the Apostle Islands and the whole country surrounding Chequamegon (Cha-ga-wa-muk) Bay.

When Buffalo received the news that they were coming to give him battle and learned how near they were, and knowing the necessity for him to start at

once in order to intercept them and choose his position for a battle, he only had time to gather a portion of his warriors. When he started he knew that the force of the enemy far outnumbered his own; that they were coming with the intention of catching the Chippewas in disconnected parties and thereby annihilate them in detail, as the war-like portion of the Chippewas were over near the Mississippi under Hole-in-the-day. Act quickly he must.

He collected about two hundred warriors and, leaving his women and children, he hurried away and met the Sioux the first evening just before sunset at the Brule, the Sioux on the west side and the Chippewas on the east, their pickets eyeing each other until dark, knowing that the daylight would find them in mortal combat. The west bank of this river running back quite a distance is level and swampy, while the east bank rises sharply a few feet from the river, thence sloping into a ravine which ends about 150 feet from the bank at an almost perpendicular rocky bluff from 50 to 80 feet in height. The slope from the river back to the bluff gave Buffalo's men a hidden position from the Sioux on the west side.

It was not until after dark that Buffalo made any show of strength in numbers, for he well knew he was overmatched, but as soon as it was dark he had fires built along the river bank for nearly an eighth of a mile, to give the Sioux the impression that his strength was ample to cope with them. These fires were kept briskly burning all night.

Just after dark Buffalo came to me in my hidden retreat in the rocks on the bluff where I had gone by his direction, and laid his plans before me, which plans were to divide his force into three parts and at midnight to send a third of them up the river a safe distance and cross and come down as near the Sioux as they dared without being observed, and there await the opening of the fight in the morning, which he would begin with his center men. The other third were to go down the river and cross over and, like the band up the river, move up to a striking distance and then keep quiet until the battle should begin. In those days fire arms were not plentiful with the Indians and ammunition scarce and they did not like to use it in battle but kept it for hunting, and the war club and knife were the instruments of death relied upon for this fight. The center portion of his men were concealed near the river bank at a point where the Sioux must cross, and as the ground receded back from the river bank to the bluff, their position and numbers could not be detected by the enemy.

All the maneuvers of Buffalo's men were complete before daylight and at early dawn the fight was begun by a few gun shots from Buffalo's center, which was to be the signal for his flanking forces to close in. As soon as these shots had been fired, some of his center men, by a pre-arrangement, began running toward the bluff to show weakness, and the Sioux, quick to discover their apparent fear, dashed into the river in great numbers, expecting to have an easy victory and be able to take what scalps there were between the river and the bluff with the utmost ease and dispatch. The water in the Brule at the east bank was about three feet deep and the bank two or three feet above the water. Whether or not the Sioux had taken this fact into consideration I cannot say, but that the Chippewas depended upon this condition of things for their victory was certain.

The Brule was now filled with a howling, surging mass of Sioux warriors, each trying to gain the lead for the distinction he proposed to get by the addition of numerous scalps to his belt. On they came, clubs and knives aloft, yelling like mad and with a dozen or more imaginary Chippewa scalps already in their belt, began to climb the bank. All this time the braves of Buffalo lay hidden and with hurried breath awaited the appearance of a scalplock above the bank. They were now in sight and if never the Sioux before had met a foe that was worthy the name they faced them now, for of all the Sioux that were in the river then not one set his foot on the east bank. Being in the water they were compelled to scale the bank before their clubs and knives were of any use, and the Chippewas brained them as fast as they came in reach. Of all the thrilling stories I ever read of slaughter and carnage, I now witnessed a greater one than all.

The river ran red with blood and the Sioux warriors that had not reached the shore eagerly pressed forward but as fast as they approached their doom was sealed. The flanking forces of Buffalo were now and had been, since the signal gun was fired, cutting their way into the Sioux right and left wing, and the war-whoops of the victorious Chippewas could be heard on their right and left and in their rear. The case in front of them was a hopeless one and they did the only thing that remained for them, to get away and save as many of their scalps as they could and let the Chippewas have the scalps of their dead, which were floating down or lying at the bottom of the Brule.

I witnessed this masterpiece of Indian warfare from the afternoon previous to the ending of the fight, and from my safe position, having nothing to fear whichever way the battle went, the impression made upon my mind was lasting, and is as vivid today as it was upon that bright October morning, nearly fifty years ago, and I would go one thousand miles to see it repeated if another massacre was pending and could not be avoided. Those of the Sioux that got away made the best time possible to reach their own country beyond the Mississippi and were followed by the victors to their boundary line. Only a few were overtaken, who were wounded, and they were dispatched and scalped as soon as found.

After the pursuers had returned the Indians were all called together to count up the dead and ascertain the result of the battle. This was done by counting the men that were present, and all that were missing were counted as slain in the battle. Their loss being thus accounted for, the scalps that were taken from the Sioux were counted and their loss thus ascertained. The count in this case was very satisfactory to the Chippewas as it showed their loss thirteen and the loss of the Sioux one hundred and one.

This mode of counting up the results of battle has been their custom for hundreds of years, according to their tradition. The scalping practice has been in vogue by all tribes of Indians as far back as tradition goes, and the object of scalping was for a two-fold purpose. First, for counting the results of battle, and next, to show the personal bravery of individual warriors, as each brave kept his scalps as a record of his valor until such time as he delivered them up

to his superior in tribal rank, in return for which he received eagle feathers, one for each scalp he turned in, and these he wore in his cap or turban as a mark of distinction.

Now I will describe a scalp-lock, the manner and object of putting it up. All Indians wore their hair as long as it would grow. They first take up three small wisps of hair at the crown of the head and braid them, firmly tying the braid about midway the length of the hair, after which they then wrap this braid with mooseweed, basswood or other strong bark so that the braid would stand erect on the head from six to eight inches. Then the hair above the braid was allowed to fall over, giving the lock a parasol appearance. After cloth came to their knowledge they preferred it to bark for winding the braid, and always took red flannel when they could get it, because it was more showy. A genuine brave thought as much of his scalp-lock as he did of his war-club and desired to make it as conspicuous as possible.

The scalp-lock was invariably put up before going upon the war path if they had time to do so, and if any man in the tribe refused to do this he was drummed out of service and sent home to do camp duty with the squaws; his pipe was taken from him and his using it prohibited and in many cases they were compelled to wear the costume of a squaw as a mark of cowardice. The amount of hair used in a scalp-lock would be the amount growing on a space about the size of a silver half-dollar. All bands on the war-path and when going into battle know that the enemies' scalp-lock is up ready for them if they can get it and the enemy expects the same thing of them, and the only question is which gets it.

The scalping always takes place as soon as the victim falls to the ground, if the fighting is with clubs and if with guns as soon as they can get to the fallen man. They always go into battle with club in one hand and knife in the other, and do not wait until the fight is over to collect the scalps but take them immediately. If they should wait till the fight had ended some brave might not get the share that properly belonged to him, and thus be deprived of the eagle feather, and I believe that the expression in common, "That's a feather in his cap," had its origin from this custom. The custom of scalping thus quickly accounts for the many cases where persons are living who have been scalped, of whom I know quite a number. It so happens that the person was only stunned by the blow from the club, and consciousness returned after the scalp had been taken.

The battle of the Brule was the last great battle fought between the Chippewas and the Sioux in this part of the country, though there were others afterward of less importance, one at the St. Croix River in 1846, where but few were killed, though many hundred were engaged.

I have done all I could in the past to keep the Indians quiet, peaceable and satisfied, hoping that the government would some day take hold of the matter and right their wrongs, and wish to say, without any desire to flatter myself in any way, that I have in the past had the good fortune to keep in check a number of uprisings among the Indians, which, without the counsel I gave them, would

have resulted in butchery. I always gave them counsel when they were in proper moods and sober senses, and never when they were excited or intoxicated. I never sold an Indian a drop of liquor or helped them in any way to procure it. I always dealt fairly with them and gave them as good bargains as I would a white man.

From my earliest recollection I have been more or less among the Indians, in fact the principal part of my life has been spent among them, first with the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creek nations in Tennessee and Georgia, and at the age of ten years I spoke the Cherokee language better than the English. Leaving that part of the country at 10 years of age, I never saw much more of those tribes. When 15 years old I came north and have been with the Sacs and Foxes—Black Hawk's people—the Sioux, Winnebagos, Potawatomes, Ottawas, Menomones and Chippewas, but since 1840 with the Chippewas most all the time, and have been brought up, as might be said, with their habits and customs.

I readily learned the Chippewa tongue by being familiar with the language and signs of other tribes with whom I early associated and within two years I had their language almost perfect, and from my earliest contact with Indians I learned that the best to adopt was truthfulness and fair dealing, a "do as you would be done by" policy, as it was the true and only one that found favor with them. I never promised an Indian anything until I was positive I could fulfill. In this way I soon had their confidence and friendship, and I must say I have ever found them the truest of friends and the most implacable enemies.

When the Modoc hostilities began in 1874, I saw the opportunity for which I had long been watching, of taking a band of Indians east to show them the great white nation and what civilization really was, and at the same time be engaged in a paying pursuit. I made the trip under an assumed name to cover the nationality of the Indians I had with me, which I represented as Modoc. I collected a party of six of the most intelligent of any Indian people in this section, five of them young and active men and one an old and experienced chief.

We left Lake Superior in the early part of November, 1874, and went on foot to Eau Claire, Wis., there took train for Boston, only stopping one day at Niagara Falls, showing them the sights. The old chief had been there before, however, when a boy. When we arrived in Manchester I met the manager of a large show named E. S. Washburn, whose show was named "Washburn's Last Sensation," and was constantly traveling over the eastern states and was then going through Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania. I thought this the best opportunity of showing my people the great wonders of the East and at the same time of keeping up expenses and accepted an offer from him. The combination then consisted of forty-four persons and we traveled with him eight months. I showed the Indians all the manufactories possible and with them examined all objects of interest that came our way. Whenever we stopped over night and especially over Sunday we were visited by a great number of people and the conversation naturally turned upon the subject of the Modoc war. I avoided as much as possible to assign reasons or the probable cause of the uprising,

more especially because I found that great prejudice existed everywhere in the East against the Modoc people, and against all Indians in general, and it would not be policy for me to speak in their favor, or even to infer that they possibly might have been in the right in that uprising.

At one of these meetings where a goodly number of people were gathered, a gentleman whom his companions called captain, related to me briefly his experience in an overland trip to California. Before making his start he said he was particular to provide himself with a very fine rifle, as it was possible he might want to practice his marksmanship on Indians before he got through.

On a certain morning while on his journey, somewhere in Utah, himself and one other started ahead of the caravan to look for antelope or other game, and after traveling a few miles he espied a squaw with a back-load of wood, which she soon laid down, as he supposed, to rest, and sat upon it. Thinking this a good opportunity to try his marksmanship, he leveled his trusty rifle and fired. The girl dropped from the pile of wood and he remarked to his companion that her posterity would never scalp white people. An old gentleman in the party then asked, "Captain, did they follow you, or what happened next?" The captain answered: "No, they did not follow us and we saw no more of them," but, said he, "I heard, after getting to California, that the caravan that was following in our wake and a few days in our rear, were attacked near that place and the whole party slain," and then added: "Gentlemen, you see what a savage nature and brutal instinct those Indians had, to surround that caravan and kill the party."

I could hold myself no longer, whether it was policy or not, and said: "Suppose a band of Indians were passing through your country here and one of them should deliberately and without cause shoot one of the women in your neighborhood, is there a man in this house or in this city that would not jump for his gun to avenge that murder?" Turning to the captain, I said: "Your language shows, whether your story be true or not, that your natural disposition is to commit just such an atrocity as you have mentioned, whenever an opportunity should present itself, and you can resent these words of mine or not as you please." But he did not resent it and I stated then that this very act of this self-confessed murderer, and similar acts of others had always been and still were the cause of all troubles with Indian tribes.

Here is a fair example of many others where the real murderer escaped, but the consequences of his act was visited in a ten-fold manner upon the heads of innocent and defenseless parties. This dastardly and unprovoked assault upon an innocent and harmless woman had caused a wail of woe to go up from many a broken home, and the Indians must bear the stigma as a people, when by right it belongs at this man's door. There was considerable agitation in the meeting at my remarks, but it broke up without any open rupture.

After we had returned home the talk for the next six months was concerning the sights they had seen in the East and one incident connected with these talks, was when the old chief was asked how many white people he saw on the trip. After a short hesitation he replied: "Go down along this fence to that tree," pointing it out, "then to such a rock, and back here"—I judged there was

six acres in the tract—"and then count the blades of grass that are growing there and that number will give you some idea of the number of white people I saw."

Here I wish to give an Indian tradition, a legend handed down to Buffalo and was one of many, some of which had come down for three hundred years. This one, as near as I can calculate, must be about two hundred and thirty or forty years old, and was many times repeated to me by Buffalo, and was about as follows:

My great, great-grandfather was a very important chief in his day, and had a band of about five hundred people. They had lived in one place a long time, and as game was getting scarce and wood for the fire hard to obtain, it became necessary to select another place to live, and it was their custom to first send a party to look the country over to see if there was any enemy that would be likely to molest them in moving the band. The old chief told his son, who was my great-grandfather, to take four young men and go and explore the country for a place to remove to.

After these scouts had been out many days they found a good place, plenty of wood, plenty of fish and close to a nice river, but before returning they resolved to explore still a little further in the woods from the river. They had only traveled a short distance, however, when they saw a house or shanty made of logs and poles, the first they had ever seen. They dropped to the ground and crawled cautiously along, being sure to keep a tree, a rock or a log between themselves and the cabin, and slowly crept along to discover what it possibly could be, expecting at any moment to see it take wings and fly away. Presently they saw a man come out of the house with an axe in his hand, who began chopping into a tree, soon felling it to the ground and afterward cut it into wood for the fire. That was something they had never seen before, nor had they ever seen an axe. After he had chopped awhile a second man with a pale and hairy face came out and began to carry the wood into the cabin.

When this was done and the two men had gone back into the house and closed the door the Indians skulked back to a safe distance, then, springing to their feet, they ran away as fast as they could, and to their people to tell them of their wonderful discovery. How they had seen a house and two pale-faced Indians with hair all over their face, and the wonderful instrument they had used in making wood for the fire. They traveled night and day so as to reach their people as soon as they could. When they had returned the chief notified his head men that the scouting party had returned and to come at once and hear what they had to say.

When they were gathered together the scouts told their wonderful story of what they had seen at the river, which they had selected for their future home. The head men and braves held a great war council, but none of them could account for what had been seen by the scouts. The old chief had every confidence in his son and said: "My son, I want you to take twenty-five of our best and bravest men and go back and find out whether they are enemies or friends, but be sure you do not harm them except it be to save yourselves from being killed or injured." Before allowing the party to depart the old chief called



THE WHITE MAN'S CABIN

on his men to at once prepare a *man-e-to-koe-o-wig-e-wam*, or religious wigwam, where the medicine man could talk with the great spirit, to find out if there was any danger ahead. The old man spent the whole night in the wigwam and in the morning reported that the way was clear and no danger to be feared.

The party started off and, feeling that they were safe, hurried along to the wonderful sight at the river. Arriving there, the young chief pointed to the cabin and the party saw it as described to them. They resolved to crawl up as the party had done before and watch for what might happen. Circling themselves as closely about the house as they could without being observed, they waited for developments. They had not waited long when a man came out as before and began chopping wood and another man came out and carried it in, all of which they watched with the greatest interest. The men returned to the cabin and the Indians continued to lay low. Soon one of the men came out with a pail in his hand and went to the river and, returning with a pail of water, went quickly into the house and immediately came out with a gun, and placing it to his face fired it and a partridge fell to the ground.

The sound of the gun struck terror to their very souls and if they could have done so they would have hidden themselves below the ground. But stand it they must, at least until the man should have gone back into the cabin. The man reloaded his gun and fired again and another partridge fell. The man then picked up the birds and went into the shanty carrying the birds in one hand and his gun in the other, closing the door behind him.

A signal from the young chief soon brought the party a safe distance from the cabin where a council was held. Though they were all nearly frightened out of their wits, it would never do to show cowardice by running away, and it was decided that they should walk boldly to the cabin yard and there form a half circle and wait for what might happen. Keeping in mind the old chief's warning to harm no one unless absolutely necessary, they formed their half circle close to the cabin without being observed. Presently a man came out again and found himself standing in the presence of twenty-six full fledged Indians, fully armed and equipped with bows and spears and was as much frightened as the Indians had been a few moments before, but he spoke to them. Presently another man came out and spoke to them and beckoned them to come into the cabin, but the Indians did not stir or speak until the third man came out, who was old, with white hair and white beard and with a red cap on his head and a red sash around his waist, which very much attracted the Indians' attention, it being so different from any dress they had ever seen that they were completely thunder-struck, but after the old man had spoken to them and showed them by signs that they were friends and not enemies, and wanted them to come into the cabin, they became as tame as pet rabbits. The axe and the gun, together with the gaudy dress of the old man had completely captivated them.

Now the traders made them understand that they would exchange with them for their robe and fur clothing, blankets or trinkets or an axe to chop wood with, or a knife to cut sticks or skin a deer with or a bear, and last of all the gun to shoot with, and after explaining to them as best they could the wonderful gun and how to load and shoot it, and the uses to which the axe and knife could be put, an exchange of articles took place. The young chief determined to exchange his fur clothing for a gun and ammunition and an axe and a knife, as he thought they would be the most useful to his people. The greatest curiosity was the gun and the next greatest was the axe.

Now being provided with a loaded gun and many curiosities and much information, they set out for home with light hearts. They ran like wild cattle, for now they had more wonders to relate and the evidence to show for it they carried with them to their people, and there they told their whole story of what they had seen and heard and experienced. The axe was the first to exhibit, and it was a great wonder to all. Then the knife, blankets, articles of clothing and trinkets were exhibited, and last of all the gun, the greatest wonder in all their lives. The young chief told them how the man made it speak to a partridge and the bird dropped dead, and then it spoke again and another dropped, and he made it speak to a tree and the tree was full of holes, and "he told me it would speak to a deer and the deer would die, and if we were in battle it would speak to our enemies and they would die."

This was too much for all of them to believe at one time, and many had their doubts about the gun doing all this, and one old warrior, who had been in many battles and carried many scars from the enemy and wild beasts, and who was no longer of any assistance to his people, and who was sitting near, rose to his feet and said: "My friends: I do not think that gun will do what they say it will, and as I am no longer of any use to you and never can be, I will go and

stand on that little knoll and you may let it speak to me and we will see what it will do to me." The old man hobbled out to the knoll and, standing erect, said: "Let it speak." The young chief took up the gun and did as the trader had told him. First pull back the hammer, then place the butt of the gun to the shoulder, look along the top and point it to the object you wish it to speak to, pull the trigger and it will speak. Sure enough, the gun did speak and the old warrior fell dead to the ground.

How many times Buffalo told me this story I do not know, but it was many times, and said every word of it was true, as handed down in tradition from generation to generation, and as he was the only survivor of his family race he wished me to remember it and hand it down. The story continues:

"The tribe moved to the new home which the scouts had selected and, carrying with them the body of the old warrior, buried it there with great honors, placing the battle flag of the tribe at the head of his grave, there to float until the weather should wear it out." Thus ends the story of the experience of Buffalo's great-grandfather with the first white man he ever saw.

FUR TRADE LORE OF THE CHIPPEWA VALLEY

The following account of a meeting of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society at Jim Falls, Wisconsin, in June, 1925, will serve as an introduction to the fur trade story of this valley and Northern Wisconsin.

A considerable number of people from Eau Claire journeyed to Jim Falls on Saturday, June 6th, to attend the meeting of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society. Arrangements for the gathering were perfected by Miss Anna Ermatinger, who is a granddaughter of James Ermatinger, after whom Jim Falls was named. The scene of the meeting was particularly significant since it was near where James Ermatinger established his trading post, and since the purpose of the meeting was to become better acquainted with the history of the fur trading industry.

William W. Bartlett of Eau Claire gave the principal talk of the afternoon. His subject was, "The Early Fur Trading History of the Chippewa Valley." This is probably the first connected account of this story to be compiled locally. The text of his address is herewith given:

We are certainly grateful to you kind people of Jim Falls for making this gathering possible. I am sure that it will result in awakening interest in Chippewa Valley history, and that is the principal reason for our being here today.

A few years ago there was organized in Eau Claire what was designated as the Eau Claire County Historical Society. As it was found neither practicable nor advisable to confine its researches to the boundaries of our own county, the suggestion was made that we change the name to the Chippewa Valley Historical Society and open its membership to all residents of the valley. Action to this effect was taken at the last meeting. At that meeting we had with us your own Miss Anna Ermatinger, and it is largely due to her enthusiasm and effort that this picnic gathering was brought about.

No more fitting place for a meeting of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society could be found than right here at Jim Falls, a locality associated with the early life and activities of the valley to an unusual degree.

As we all know, the one great early day industry of the Upper Chippewa was that of lumbering. Large quantities of the finest of pine timber was to be found at or near Jim Falls, and all the early woods and river men were as well acquainted with the region here about as with their own back yards.

In very recent years, considerable has found its way into print concerning the lumbering history of the valley, but there was another, earlier, and even more primitive industry concerning which little has been gathered and still less put into available form for public use. Although not to be compared in commercial importance with lumbering, nevertheless the fur trade in the Chippewa Valley was no small industry, nor without its own peculiar interest and appeal. In planning the program for this meeting it was thought it would be well to make the fur trade story the main topic. Meeting, as we are, at the home of



UPPER PICTURE, ANNIE ERMATINGER AND HER COUSIN, DAN ERMATINGER.
LOWER PICTURE, MR. AND MRS. FRED ERMATINGER.

the son of an early fur trader with the site of his father's trading post in plain view, we are especially favored. The interesting relics associated with the fur trade and fur traders of this vicinity gathered and preserved by Miss Ermatinger adds much to the occasion.

Of all the names connected with the fur trade in the Chippewa Valley and Northern Wisconsin, I would be inclined to give first place to those of the Cadotte and Warren families, these two being related, as we shall see. To these names may be added those of that fine old pioneer fur trader, Jean Brunet and James Ermatinger, father of Fred Ermatinger of this village.

The connection of the Cadotte family with the Chippewa or Ojibway fur trade began a hundred years or more before the Revolutionary War. The name originally was Cadeau, but in the second generation as fur traders the name became corrupted to Cadotte, and has so remained. The original Mons Cadeau had a son, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, an energetic, forceful character, who married an Ojibway woman of very similar nature. They had two sons, Jean Baptiste, Jr., and Michel. The former of these two operated largely in what is now Northern Minnesota, so it is Michel in whom we are particularly interested.

Born in 1764, he received a good education, then took up his residence at La Pointe on Lake Superior, where he married the daughter of White Crane, hereditary chief of the village. Although his headquarters were at La Pointe, Michel Cadotte had trading posts in various other places. It is a well established fact that one of these is at or near the present site of Chippewa Falls, where a son, also named Michel, was born, in 1791.

In the year 1818 two brothers, Truman A. and Lyman M. Warren, came from New York state and entered the employ of Michel Cadotte, Sr. They seem to have been men of high character and considerable education. Within three years, each had married a daughter of Cadotte and his part Ojibway wife. Truman Warren died at Lake Superior, leaving twin sons, Edwin and George, and a daughter, Nancy. They moved down into this region. Thomas Randall, in his history of the Chippewa Valley, records the death of Edwin in a hunting accident. George engaged in fur trades and later in farming, becoming a capable and reliable farmer. He was chosen chairman of the first Board of Supervisors of Chippewa County after its organization in the early fifties. He later enlisted and served in the Civil War. He died in 1884 at the age of sixty-five. Lyman Warren lived some years after the death of his brother, Truman, and for a considerable period had charge of the fur trade for the American Fur Company, making his home at La Pointe. I lately found at the Historical Building in Madison the report of a Lieutenant Allen, who visited La Pointe in 1832. He describes the Warren buildings and gives a very full account of the location of the various fur trading sections over which Lyman Warren had charge as well as the approximate number of the various kinds of skins obtained in each section, together with their total value. All accounts go to show that Lyman Warren was a capable, high minded man. He was associated with Dousman and Jean Brunet in the erection in 1836 of a sawmill at Chippewa Falls, the first in the valley. He was also, at one time during the 40's, sub-agent, blacksmith and farmer at a government post a few miles below here on the high ground just beyond Chippewa City. That fine old pioneer Methodist preacher and Indian agent, Father Brunson, writes of visiting Warren's home at Chippewa City during the 40's. He mentions what an excellent housekeeper Warren's part Ojibway wife was, even though she could not speak one word of English.

Lyman Warren's wife died at Chippewa Falls in 1843 and he died about four years later. Both are buried at La Pointe.

Mention has been made of Nancy, George and Edwin Warren, children of Truman Warren, but it is William Whipple Warren, a son of Lyman Warren, to whom I would especially call your attention. To my mind, he is the most interesting product of the fur trade in these parts. Born at La Pointe in 1825, he received part of his education at a Protestant Mission School there, then attended school in the East. The father of Truman and Lyman Warren in New York state seems to have taken great pains that the part Ojibway children of his fur trader sons should receive a good education. Miss Ermainger has a number of text books used by the Warren children while at school

in the East, and as there include such text books as algebra, geometry, philosophy, etc., they would indicate considerable higher education.

The boy, William Whipple Warren, early showed much interest in the language, history, legends and traditions of his mother's Ojibway ancestry. He spent much time interviewing the chiefs, warriors, medicine men and aged folks of the tribe, recording their recollections. He was a great favorite with all. While still a boy, he acted as official interpreter for the government in its dealings with the Indians. Father Brunson relates that he had himself delivered a 4th of July address to the Indians at the Chetek lakes during the 40's, and that young Warren had acted as his interpreter. Hon. Henry Rice, who represented the government in the making of some of the Indian treaties, writing of Warren said that he was one of the most eloquent speakers he had ever heard, and that his command of the English language was remarkable. In the latter forties, the family moved to Blue Earth, Minnesota, where in 1850 Warren was chosen a member of the territorial legislature. A newspaper man, noting Warren's unusual knowledge of the Ojibways, induced him to furnish some articles for his paper. These proved so interesting that Warren was urged to put the material in book form. Before being able to do this, and while still a young man, he died at the age of twenty-eight. Not long after his death, his manuscript came into the possession of the Minnesota State Historical Society, and was later published. These books are now out of print, and difficult to secure. Our Eau Claire Public Library procured a copy some years ago. I think that we of the Chippewa Valley would do well to honor his memory.

A few months ago, I noted in the *Minnesota Historical Bulletin* that a Mrs. Julia Spears, a daughter of Lyman Warren, and a sister of William Whipple Warren, had a year or two earlier written a letter to the society. Up to that time William Whipple Warren was the only one of that family I had heard about. In connection with the item about Mrs. Spears was also mentioned the name of a Miss Frances Densmore. As a venture, I wrote to both, hardly expecting to hear from either. In these letters, I enclosed some notes which I had written concerning the Cadotte and Warren families, with the request that they be examined and any necessary corrections made. Within ten days I received replies from both. Miss Densmore wrote that her work had been the gathering of Ojibway songs for the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, that she knew personally Mrs. Spears, also a surviving sister, and that the latter had acted as her interpreter in her work. She said both of them were remarkable women.

Mrs. Spears, now ninety-two years of age, wrote an interesting letter, which had been copied on the typewriter by her young granddaughter, with a portion in Mrs. Spear's own hand writing. She said my notes were correct and expressed pleasure at what I had said concerning her brother, William. She proved to be a mine of information concerning the Cadotte and Warren families. From her I learned that the widow of her uncle, Truman Warren, was married to James Ermatinger, a fur trader on the Chippewa. This James Ermatinger was the grandfather of Miss Anna Ermatinger, and their trading post was just across the river from here. James Ermatinger died about 1868, but his part



The elderly lady in the lower left is Mrs. Julia Spears, daughter of Lyman Warren and sister of William Whipple Warren. It was she who as a girl accompanied her brother on the wilderness trip from Jim Falls to Sandy Lake, Minnesota.

The lady at the upper right is Mrs. Alice Mee, a daughter of Mrs. Spears, and who is now living at Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. She has furnished the writer interesting material pertaining to the Warren families.

The man shown is a son of Mrs. Mee. He lost his life in a railroad accident. The child, now a young woman, is a daughter of this man.

Ojibway widow survived him many years, dying in 1887 at the age of nearly ninety years. Let me quote from an obituary notice published in a Chippewa Falls paper at this time:

"Deserving of more than a passing notice is Mrs. Charlotte Ermatinger nee Miss Charlotte Cadotte, who died at her own home near the Nine Mile House (Eagleton) last Monday morning. Of the Indian race skilled in all bead and ornamental work known to her people, she was remarkably neat in personal appearance, as well as in everything pertaining to household affairs. Never adopting the English tongue, although understanding French and English, she wore a modified Indian costume of black broadcloth with blanket of the same material trimmed with black silk, and her moccasined feet moved as sprightly, her bearing was as erect and free, despite her more than four score years, as in the days of her girlhood at Michilimackinac, her birthplace.

"The dear old lady died aged nearly ninety years. Another land mark as well as a pioneer and civilizer of our western home is gone, who in her humble way did more for it than a score of famous names of our time."

Mrs. Spears said that she did not live here while her father was located at Chippewa City, but was at school in the East. She did, however, in 1845 with her cousin Nancy visit the Ermatinger home here.

One of the many letters which Miss Anna Ermatinger has preserved was written by Nancy Warren to her step-father, James Ermatinger. Her mother did not write or speak English. The letter was written in 1832, at the time that Nancy was making her home with her cousin Julia, now Mrs. Spears. Recently, I forwarded a copy of this letter to Mrs. Spears, who was delighted to read it after nearly seventy-five years. She said Nancy was a favorite cousin of hers. On the back of the last letter received from Mrs. Spears, her married daughter made the notation that this was probably the last letter her mother would write, as she was confined to her bed and very feeble.

Since there are a number of others on the program, I do not wish to make this talk too lengthy. In closing, I trust that what we have heard today may lead to a better understanding of fur trading days and a more intimate acquaintance with its interesting characters.

Extracts from journal of J. Allen, Lieut. 5th Inf. Visit to La Pointe, in 1832. (Referred to in Mr. Bartlett's talk.)

Their present trader is Mr. (Lyman) Warren, a gentleman of the American Fur Company, who makes this his residence, and the headquarters of an extensive department and district, embracing the extent of country southwest of La Pointe, between Snake and St. Croix river and Lac Court de Oreilles and the Chippewa river. The value of his trade annually is as follows: At the post of La Pointe, \$2,000, or 250 beaver skins, 400 martens, 50 bears, 1,000 to 1,500 rat and 20 to 50 otters, all of an excellent quality. At the posts on St. Croix, \$4,000, principally rats, bear and otter, with a few martens, raccoons, deer-skins, foxes, fishers and beaver. At Snake river post, \$1,000, same fur as at St. Croix river. At Lac Court de Oreilles and Lac Chetac, \$1,500, principally bears, otter, marten, rats, fisher and mink. At Chippewa river and Lake Vassale, \$2,500, same furs as last but more beaver.

The whole posts under Mr. Warren yield annually about \$11,000, but each post requires a clerk and some men and consequent expense, in so much that the trade is by no means as profitable as it would at first seem to be.

Mr. Warren has lived a number of years at his present residence on the island of La Pointe, and has given to the spot an appearance of civilization. He has built a large and comfortable dwelling, a storehouse and eight or ten other buildings, which with the houses of Cadotte and family and those of the sub-agent, formerly at La Pointe, make almost a village. All the buildings are handsomely situated on a rise of ground about two hundred yards from the lake and immediately back of them are cultivated and enclosed fields, in which oats, peas, beans, potatoes, etc., are growing finely.

INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON THE HISTORY OF EARLY FUR TRADING INDUSTRY IN CHIPPEWA VALLEY

Much interest in the fur trade story having been awakened by the program of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society at Jim Falls, at the request of the local press the following series of articles was prepared:

Among the principal fur trade families mentioned at the Jim Falls gathering were the following: The Cadotte family, with special reference to Michel



Antoine Cadotte and son, Frank, son and grandson of Michel Cadotte, reproduced from an old tintype. The village of Cadott was named after the Cadotte family.

Cadotte, who operated in the Lake Superior and Chippewa Valley regions and who, in the latter seventeen hundreds, had a trading post at what is now Chippewa Falls. There were also the New Englander brothers, Truman and Lyman Warren, who in the early eighteen hundreds entered the employ of old Michel Cadotte, and soon after both married daughters of Cadotte and his Ojibway wife. Reference was also made to a number of sons and daughters of Truman and Lyman Warren, several of whom became persons of note. Two of the daughters of Lyman Warren, now aged women, are still living. It was also noted that Truman Warren died a few years after his marriage to the daughter of Michel Cadotte and that his widow was married to the fur trader, James Ermatinger, later of Jim Falls, and after whom Jim Falls was named. The marriage of the widow of Truman Warren to James Ermatinger completes a relationship among the Cadotte, Warren and Ermatinger families, and it is to these three families that the following letters pertain.

Most of these letters were gathered and preserved by Miss Anna Ermatinger, whose home is in Jim Falls.

James Ermatinger was not, like the Warren brothers, new to the fur trade, as his father, George Ermatinger, was a fur trader before him and was located at Sault Ste. Marie, where he had connections with the American Fur Company. Among the letters mentioned are a number written by this George Ermatinger to his son, James, and it is these letters which will be given first. George

Ermatinger was evidently a man of considerable education, but he wrote a peculiar backhanded script, very neat in appearance but rather difficult to decipher, which has made it necessary to leave certain blanks, especially of proper names, in the copy.

The first letter was addressed to James Ermatinger, at La Pointe, in care of L. M. Warren, agent for the American Fur Company, and was written after James Ermatinger married the widow of Truman Warren, but before they came down on the Chippewa river.

"RED CEDAR LAKE (MINN?) 10TH DEC., 1833.

"MY DEAR JAMES: I enclose your account with Abbott & Johnston, balance against you \$5.05, I hope you will find correct. I do not know as I have given you all the credits you have against them, however that can be done when we will be together. After your departure from the Portage Abbott was very sorry you went away. He told me so as well as the Doct. He altered all his plans as soon as he got to Sandy Lake. After remaining two days for Masse', and when he did not arrive, he sent the Doct. and myself off with four canoes loaded. He waited the arrival of Masse' and on his arrival he made a light canoe and overtook us on the Mississippi just as we had encamped for the evening. He slept with us that night, started early in the morning. His plans were that Johnston should remain at Leech Lake and himself at Sandy Lake to make that his destination and to have the goods there. The different posts would send to him for their supplies. The intention is to strengthen the posts below. He says Aitkins plans to run him hard at Leech Lake, but below he would have no opposition. Then he could make up for his losses, as Aitkins expected Abbott would have no person below. That is why he hired Masse' and gave him three hundred dollars. He has left all the posts exposed, with nothing to trade with. William on the 2d of October last had 62½ (Strand?) reported, after his trade was over. Now he has not a penny. I am well informed he has given from eight hundred to a thousand skins on credit. The number of packs made by him are nine. He would go after the Indians and bring them to take a credit whether they wanted it or not. What a trader. He does nothing but play on the Indian drum and sing to them. He conceives he has great influence with them. He is a great man, in his own opinion. The Indians also laugh and say, "What sort of a trader have we amongst us? He is like ourselves." The Doct. has been with me. He slept two nights here. He is heartily tired of William. Says he is no companion whatever, continually talking Indian. He is like one of them and prefers their company. He never saw such waste of goods before. He keeps his credit book locked up. The Doct. says he cannot see it. He tells me Abbott has purchased Masse's place and all the cattle for five hundred dollars, to return him as many at the Sault to the amount of that sum. I think Brewster will have something to say before he allows such extravagance. The man is out of his head, all to please that woman. She will be the means of ruining him. William will also give him a good start toward it this year. I do not believe he will make many packs. He had better given you six hundred dollars, you would have saved him \$2,000.00 at Leech Lake.

"Stephen was here a few days ago, so the Doct. informed me. He made seven packs at the (?). (De Jene?) came in for goods. He could not get any until they sent down to Abbott. He made his furs principally by the Sioux. The Chippewas are making no hunts, continually feasting and playing at the () with the Sioux.

"I expect the returns will be bad this year if they continue on their frolics.

"I am anxious to hear from you, how you get on, who you are with and what salary you get. I have not heard from the Saule, however I hope it will not be long before I get a letter from you.

"Give my respects to (Lyman) Warren and Michel Cadotte and his family, my love to Charlotte and kiss the young ones for me.

"Wishing you all abundant prosperity, I remain, My Dear Son,

Your Aff. Father,

GEORGE ERMATINGER."

(NOTE: The "Charlotte" referred to was the wife of James Ermatinger mentioned in the introduction. The "young ones" at that time were two boys, both of whom when grown to manhood enlisted in the Civil War and were killed in service. Two sons, born later, are still living. Of these Elisha is also a Civil War veteran and lives in Flambeau. The other, Frederick, lives at Jim Falls.)

"SAULT STE. MARY, 5TH AUG., 1836.

"MY DEAR JAMES: I have just time to write you a few lines before the vessel is off. I received your two letters. Your mother has written you also at the same time sends your trunk. I have put in two bottles of brandy, marked "Medicine." Be careful it should not be known as it would cause a great deal of trouble if it should be found out.

"I wish you to ask Mr. (Lyman) Warren if he will be so good as to give me his certificate of what amount I had to trade with at Mackinaw in the Indian trade for three years, to say as nearly as he has an idea of, and send it down by the return of the vessel. I would have written to Charles and get the amount from him, but I could not receive it in sufficient time. That is why I ask Mr. Warren. I am sure he can give a just account according to his opinion. Have it done as quick as possible. Make no delay, to let the vessel go off without sending it, as it is of importance to me.

.... "I must conclude as the man is waiting, so you must excuse this scrawl.

"Give my best respects to Mr. Warren and Mr. Cadotte and all their family, My Dear Son, Your Affectionate Father, GEO. ERMATINGER."

"SAULT STE. MARY, 5TH OCT., 1836.

"MY DEAR SONS I received your affectionate letter of the 28th of September on the 3rd inst., also the sugar and the two smoked deerskins, I thank you kindly for them. I am sorry you went to the expense of paying so dear. I can get the same quality here for 10 shillings per pound at Franchure's and every other place. The draft I gave to Mr. Hulbert yesterday. He said you still owe him \$165, not calculating the interest, which will amount to \$45 more. You did not endorse the note. I did it for you. You must be careful in future when you send notes to endorse them, to prevent trouble.

"As to schools, we have only one. That is the Rev. Bingham's. He is good enough for young children. I send Lawrence to him. He gets on well. I am glad you intend sending down your boys. They can stay with us. We will be happy to see Charlotte. Next year you must try and come down with her. I hope to have my house finished by that time.

"Respecting the treaty it is shameful the way the commissioners acted. The Johnston family got at the least about thirty-four thousand dollars, when other half breeds got nothing. The Indians are much dissatisfied. The chiefs are going to Washington respecting that business. Your brother Thomas got \$305. Thomas Edwards \$2700; G. Ashman \$1000; Chapman \$5000. For the claim of \$5600 I put in I got only \$1500, where others were allowed their whole claims, without any proof. Such partiality is shameful. If you can get the chief to give you 600 acres of land at your place and for your children at different other places, where there is good fishing, try and procure the same. Do not delay. You may rest assured the government will buy all the land from this place to Fond du Lac. Keep your Indian books. You may depend you will be paid every cent. Liquor will not be allowed. I wish you to ask Mr. Warren if he has the Indian books for those he gave trade, for me in Indian country at Montreal river, the Falls Auvoine and the Point. I am informed if I have them to show to the commissioners I will be paid and no other person can draw that money unless they have a power of attorney from me. I owe about \$800. I will have money enough to pay the building of the house and be out of debt.

"By Captain Dickson I sent you three bottles of Madeira and one cheese. I hope you receive them safe. Write how they all got on, what time they arrived at your place and whether they will go to Red River. I hope they will go soon to that place. They are a fine set of gentlemen. Charles and (?) are appointed Major Generals. Charles will be here early in the spring to join Gen. Dickson. I will go likewise.

(NOTE: Later in this article a more extended account of this "General" Dickson, a hair-brained adventurer, will be given, together with the story of a tragic expedition led by him through the Northern wilds. From the brief paragraph from George Ermatinger's letter, quoted above, it will be seen that he and other members of the Ermatinger family had come under the spell of Dickson.)

"Doct. Bell says (W. Vice ?) your mother's brother and (Thos. W. Vice ?) are to be here in the spring with about four hundred Indians.

"I have nothing new to communicate from this place. Wishing you and Charlotte and the little ones health and happiness, and the same to old Mr. Cadotte, I remain, my dear son, Your Aff't. Father, GEO. ERMATINGER."

"SAULT ST. MARY, 26TH OCTOBER, 1836.

"DEAR SON: You cannot reprimand me for not writing. I have written you several letters, one on the 12th inst., sent by an Indian chief for the Point, stating I had taken up your note to Hulbert, and paid him the balance due him. I hope your mind will be at ease. I received a letter from Gen'l. Dickson yesterday, who writes in great spirit. He says he met you on the route. He was sorry you were not at home as he passed by. We have better than six inches

of snow. I am afraid Dr. Bomp will have a hard time before he gets to the Point. As to news he will inform you of all that passed here. The Indians are very much disappointed with the Commissioners, as to the manner they distributed the money. A petition is going to the President. It will go hard with Schoolcraft, as it ought.

"My best wishes to your family, I remain, Your Aff't. Father,

"GEORGE ERMATINGER."

(We give below a most interesting letter written by Ramsay Crooks, President of the American Fur Company, to John R. Livingston, an agent of the company at Sault Ste. Marie. The reason this letter came into the hands of the Ermatinger family lies in the fact that a part of the letter pertained to a settlement with members of the Ermatinger family of a legacy left them by will of a certain Charles Ermatinger, evidently a Canadian, as the amount is given in pounds, shillings and pence.)

"OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN FUR CO.
NEW YORK
27TH JUNE, 1842.

"JOHN R. LIVINGSTON, Esq.

SAULT ST. MARIE.

DEAR SIR:

"We enclose copy of our last respects of the 30th ult. and now confirm the same.

"Your favor of the 13th inst. is received and its contents duly noted. We are sorry to hear the marten hunts have been poor, but hope the next season will be more propitious.

"You were right in appearing indifferent about Mr. Hubbard's collection, especially as it is of so little consequence, and as your said rival has been this spring disappointed in obtaining his usual supply of goods we hope you will secure an ascendancy in all the valuable trade of your place over the Hudson Bay servants and others, avoiding studiously the credit system wherever it is coupled with danger.

"In Mr. James Schoolcraft, you are, however, to have a new opponent in the business of St. Mary's. It is said he brought here from 2 to \$3,000 in gold, and if that be true it will give him credit enough to lay in a good large stock of merchandise. We have no other advice to give you in respect to this unexpected adversary, but to keep and secure all the good customers and give him the bad ones, including the fishermen, if he will take them.

"With this you will find a statement of the weights and measurements of all the goods sent you this year. We do not give you a detail of each package, as the weight is marked on them all, and the list merely designates the light and the heavy, which pay different rates of freight hence to Buffalo.

"Dr. Bomp did not write us about the arrival of the Montreal men, and yours is the first advice we had on the subject, and almost at the same time we heard of the guide having got back to Montreal. We were glad they were in time to go back in the *Astor*, and presume from your silence that none were lost on the way. We hope you got the right sort of cooper.

"Our letter of 24th May handed you account of the tent and basket \$47.83, which you do not acknowledge. The account advanced Mr. Barbeau in Montreal is correct and we have already advised him. We are sorry to lose Mr. Barbeau's services but no doubt you decided rightly in the matter and we hope Mr. Beardsley will prove all you can reasonably expect and with the aid of our worthy friend, Mr. Agnew, do justice to the business during your absence.

"As to the Indian trade no doubt you will manage it satisfactorily and we hope the sale of furs and skins will enable us to relieve your Indian hunters, but the prospects are not by any means encouraging.

"The suit of the heirs of Mr. Ermatinger is at length closed and herewith you will find a statement of account in relation thereto, received from Messrs. Vallie Boyer & Co., by which you will observe they have remitted in the balance 1126£ 15.1 or \$4499.02, which we have passed to the credit of St. Mary's outfit, and from said amount you will deduct the \$200 paid Mr. Day by your order the past winter. You will make the heirs pay what you deem reasonable for the trouble the affair has given the outfit, if you think it best to charge anything. The money will be at their or your disposal when the draft is paid four days hence, less $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent we charge for receiving and paying in all similar cases.

"Extract from Messrs. Vallie Boyer & Co. letter of 22nd inst. is sub-



A VOYAGEUR
from an old French print.



RAMSAY CROOKE
President of American Fur Co.

joined, and you will please secure and send us the receipts they require from all the heirs. I am truly yours, RAMSEY CROOKS, *President American Fur Co.*

"Note: If Ermatinger's heirs are connected with the company we will not ask the $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent commission."

COPY

Heirs Ermatinger, in acct. with Vallie Boyer & Co., 1842.

May 16 to Cash pd. J. J. Day for fees	£ 162. 8.4
May 12 to commission on £116.7.11 amt. of money received from sheriff's fees deducted at 1 per cent	11.13.6
June 22 to draft from R. Crooks at 3 days sight	1124.15.1
Exchange on ditto at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent	30.18.7
To postage of a letter	.9

1842 1329.16.3

May 12 by amt. received from Sheriff 1329.16.3

E. O. E. Montreal 22 June, 1842 (Signed) VALLIE BOYER & Co.

When Truman Warren died at La Pointe, he left a daughter Nancy and two twin brothers, Edwin and George. As noted in a former article the widow, Charlotte, married James Ermatinger. The Ermatinger family, including the three step-children, came down on the Chippewa, and settled at Vermillion Rapids, where James Ermatinger had a trading post for many years. As a consequence the name Vermillion Rapids was changed to Ermatinger Falls, which was somewhat later changed to the more brief and rather peculiar name of Jim Falls, after James Ermatinger's given name.

Thos. Randall, in his history of the Chippewa Valley, records the death of the twin son, Edwin Warren, in a hunting accident. George Warren lived many years, and died in the vicinity of Chippewa Falls. He was a man of good standing in the community and was chairman of the first county board of supervisors of Chippewa County after its organization in 1854. At the time of his death in 1884 an obituary notice was published in a Chippewa County paper of which the following is a part.



GEORGE WARREN

"Mr. Warren was born at La Pointe on Lake Superior in 1819, therefore 65 years old at the time of his death. At the age of 5 years he was sent to a school at Marckinaw, Mich., for 3 years, then at La Pointe 3 years, then to New York City college 6 years, where he learned the printer's trade. He came to Chippewa in 1843 and made his home with his step-father, James Ermatinger, at what is now Jim Falls, for 3 years. After 3 years in mining at Outonagon, Mich., he returned and with J. H. Duncan and Dan McNabb, operated a saw-mill on the site of the present Glen Mills. He then started a trading post on what was later known as the Hoover farm, now owned by Mr. Abe Sellers.

"He enlisted in Co. K, 36th Wisconsin Volunteers, where he served as orderly sergeant and had he not been dangerously wounded at Cold Harbor undoubtedly he would have been promoted to some of the higher positions of the army. A few minutes after being wounded, his half-brother, Charles Ermatinger, received a fatal wound from the effects of which he soon died.

"At the close of the war Mr. Warren returned to a quiet life and a comfortable home, where he owned considerable land. Before and after the war he made different trips to Washington, D. C., as interpreter for the Chippewa Indians. During one of his interviews with President Lincoln, he was pronounced by that high official as the cleverest and best informed person of Indian blood he had ever seen.

"His wife was a Mrs. Trokey, sister to Mrs. H. S. Allen and Mrs. Tremannier.

"Old lady Ermatinger, who was the daughter of the old fur trader Michael Cadotte and his Chippewa wife, still lives, enjoys good health and is smart, though aged. She sent four sons to the war, two returned and two died in the South from the effects of rebel bullets. Mr. Warren, our subject, was a member of the G. A. R. and his obsequies were held under their charge."

(NOTE: The four sons referred to in the obituary as having served in the Civil War were George Warren, by her first husband, also Charles, Isaac and Elisha Ermatinger. Charles and Isaac were the two who died in the Civil War. Elisha Ermatinger is still living at Flambeau. In connection with the above a letter written by this Elisha Ermatinger during the Civil War may be of interest. A part of the letter has been eaten away by mice:)

"LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, FEB. 20, 1865.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter yesterday, which gave me much pleasure to know you are all enjoying good health and hoping this will find you still enjoying the same blessing. We are still in this city, doing provost duty and guarding prisoners. We have a pretty good time, plenty to eat and not much to do. We can go to town when we please, when off duty. Louisville will be a pleasant place in summer. The weather is now as fine as in May at the Falls. The boys are well at present. The whole company are surprised at Larush and Laroc * * * The first thing we heard they had enlisted again. I had to laugh when I heard of it. I suppose Chippewa folks are getting afraid of a draft when they give such large bounties. I am glad of it. It is time they came to their milk, those counter jumpers I mean. I would hate

to see a man with a family drafted, but young men to lay around for fear of being killed. I would like to see them down in conscript ranks.

"I hope George will get his discharge. Poor fellow, he has nobly earned it. Give his wife my respect. (Mashagene?) is well and so are all the boys. I am glad there are such good times at the Falls. I hope they will continue until we get back. I would like a share in them.

"I received a letter from sister Nancy yesterday. They are all well. I love to receive a letter from her. She gives me good encouragement. I close by sending my love and respects to all. I remain,

"Your affectionate brother,

"ELISHA.

"Direct as usual, Louisville, Kentucky."

NOTE: The "George" referred to in the above letter was evidently Elisha's half-brother, George Warren. The Nancy referred to was his half-sister, Nancy Warren.

With few exceptions the children of both the Warren and Ermatinger families were sent away to school and given good educations. Reference has already been made to George Warren's schooling. Below will be found a letter from James Ermatinger's own daughter, Alice, his oldest child, written from a mission school. Both the step-children and his own children addressed their letters to Mr. Ermatinger, as their mother, in a large part of Chippewa blood, did not read or write English.

"BAD RIVER, JAN. 28, 1833.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

"I think you will wish very much to hear from me, to know I have learned to write. I will write you a letter. I have been very well since I came here. I do not feel homesick. I like to stay here very well. I like to go to school very much. I study English and write. I can read easy lessons in English pretty well. I spell with Mary's class. I can read Indian, too. I go to meeting and Sabbath school every Sabbath.

"Mrs. Wheeler has got a pretty little baby. His name is Frederic. I wish I could see my little brothers. Please give my love to them. I wish Father would interpret my letter to Mother. I wish Father would write me a letter by the Indian who carries this. Tell me all about the folks for I shall want to know how you all get along.

"From your affectionate daughter,

"ALICE ERMATINGER."

Attending the mission school with Alice there was at the same time a cousin, Mary Warren, somewhat older than Alice. She adds the following postscript to the above letter:

"DEAR UNCLE: I will add a line to Alice's letter. I presume you are somewhat anxious to hear how she gets along. I would have written long before now if we had an opportunity. Alice seems to be happy and contented,

as you will see by her writing. She is making rapid progress in her studies and sticks to her books when in school. I am inclined to think you will be surprised to know how quick she has learned to write. She helps about the housework and is useful to Mrs. Wheeler.

"I wish you would be so kind as to tell my aunt that her friends are all well and her mother is very much disappointed in not having seen her here last fall. Give my love to all the family. Do drop in a line by the first chance, for we long to know how you all do. Please excuse me for not writing more. I am in great haste.

"Truly yours,

"MARY WARREN."

NOTE: This Mary Warren, now Mrs. English, is, or was only a short time ago, still living, at White Earth, Minn. She is thoroughly versed in the Chippewa tongue, and only a few years ago acted as interpreter for a lady who was gathering Chippewa or Ojibway songs for the Smithsonian Institute.

Alice Ermatinger was a fine woman. She did excellent bead work and Miss Anna Ermatinger has in her possession some interesting specimens of her work. She was a favorite daughter of James Ermatinger, and below is given a letter he wrote her while she was in the Mission school.

"VERMILLION FALLS, APR. 24, 1854.

"ALICE ERMATINGER

"LA POINTE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"I have just received yours of the 30th of March and have time to drop you a few lines to let you know we are all well and am also glad to know that you are the same. I leave today for Lac du Flambeau. We have three numbers of *Harpers Magazines*, which your mother will forward by first safe opportunity. Tell Elijah that Donaldson killed Sheship Demario a few days after he left and that the Sioux killed two Indians at Mr. Allen's mill, old (Broken Arm?) for one and old Pedatson.

"This is all the news of the place. Now tell Elijah that he must learn to write as fast as he can and I want him to write me a letter. All your brothers



Elisha Ermatinger (at right) and John Laroc (at left), two Civil War soldiers from the Chippewa Valley.



ALICE ERMATINGER

about the payments here. The Indians were very much pleased with Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Smith. They said they never had such a good payment as this is. I got my payment here. Four calico dresses, sixteen yards of thick gingham, a blanket and a little cotton shawl, and some thread and seven dollars in money. I have sold all the skins that mother left here and got pay for most of them. I wish I had some more. The Indians were very glad to buy them. We expect William every day. I wish he would come now to go to school. I am going to school now. I study arithmetic and geography. I like to study arithmetic. Miss Spooner has got a good many scholars this winter, some large boys and girls. Beson wants to go to school. Mr. Wheeler is making a bedroom for William.

"I think I shall stop now. I can't say anymore. I send my love to your father and mother and brothers all.

"I wish father would come after me next summer. If Mr. Wheeler does not have any boarding school next winter I should like to go on visit next summer at the Sault where my grandmother lives.

send their love to you both, also Mary and your mother and myself.

"Your affectionate father,

"JAMES ERMATINGER."

"Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Spooner. I got vaccinating matter from Stillwater and vaccinated all the children of the Chippewa river and all the Indians that came to the house. I have received a letter from Gov. Gorman of Minnesota requiring me to take the Indians of his country over to St. Paul on the 15th of May. J. E."

Another letter of Alice Ermatinger to her father is given below, also another from Mr. Ermatinger to Alice.

"BAD RIVER, DEC. 9, 1853.

"DEAR PARENTS:

"I think I must write to you this time. I never hear from you or Nancy. Perhaps you wish to hear

"Your affectionate daughter,

ALICE ERMATINGER.

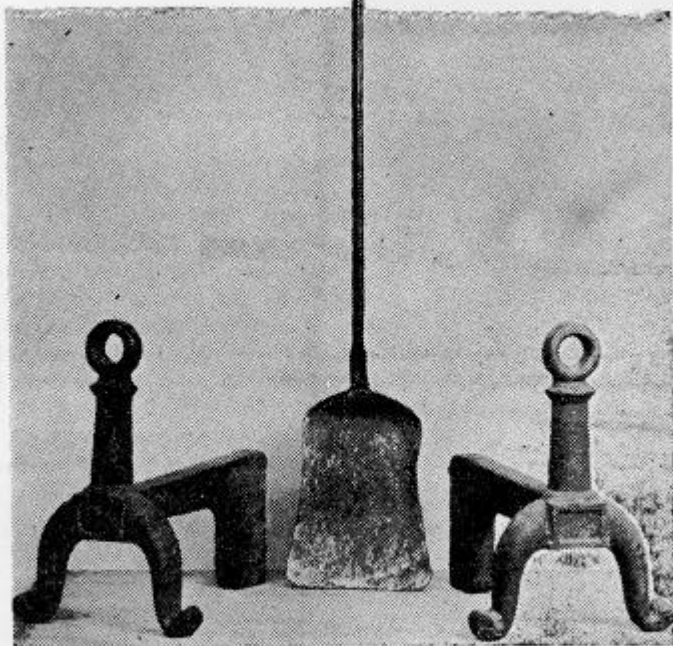
"Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Spooner send their love."

ANDIRONS AND FIRE SHOVEL FROM THE FUR TRADE POST
OF JAMES ERMATINGER AT JIM FALLS

In conversation with Miss Annie Ermatinger, the author learned that the andirons and fire shovel from her grandfather's trading post were still in existence, at her brother's farm home a few miles away, near Eagleton. She said no value was set on them as relics, the andirons being used to support a plank step at the doorway of the used for ordinary utilitarian of mortar. The author urged them and preserve them with this was done, and later were Claire Public Library, where The author expected to see ioned by some backwoods black-creditable examples of the iron ably larger and heavier than



farmhouse and the shovel purposes, including the mixing Miss Ermatinger to secure other relics. After some months temporarily loaned to the Eau they are at the present time. something crude, possibly fash-smith. Instead they are very workers craft, but are consider-such utensils ordinarily in use.



"VERMILLION FALLS, FEB. 3, 1854.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER ALICE:

"I have received both of your letters and have not had an opportunity to answer you until now. Askin and myself leave tomorrow for Lake Pepin and will be gone seven or eight days and on my return your brother Elijah will start for your place with a horse and he is going to live with you. I have not been able to send him before now. You must tell Mr. Wheeler I would have sent him before if I had been able. We have had so much snow and bad weather that we have not been able to do anything or go anywhere. I feel happy that you spent a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The money you can keep. It is for you and your brother Elijah and I will send you more when you are in need. Charlie thanks you for the book you sent him. Frederic thanks your friend for his. Your mother was very much pleased with the present you sent her, and so was I. Now, my dear daughter, you must not rob yourself to send me presents. All we want of you is your love and that you learn all you can. Then we will be well paid, and do all you can to teach your brother Elijah. Tell Mr. Wheeler that I forward his letter immediately.

"Now, my dear, this is all we have to say at present, and we all send our love to you and to Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and all their family and tell him how grateful and thankful we are to him for his care of you. I remain, my dear Alice,

"Your affectionate father,

"JAMES ERMATINGER."

NOTE: The Frederic mentioned was the youngest of the children and he is still living at Jim Falls.

(Thus far the letters published have pertained principally to the Ermatinger and the Truman Warren families. Lyman Warren lived much longer than his brother, Truman, and evidently was a man of more importance in affairs at La Pointe. It was after the death of Truman Warren that Lyman Warren came down on the Chippewa. He was connected with Jean Brunet in building the first sawmill at Chippewa Falls in 1836, which sawmill was the first on the river. He also, during the 40's, was sub-agent and farmer at a government post located close to Chippewa City. The veteran Methodist preacher, Father Brunson, tells of visiting him there and mentions Warren's fine library, also notes what an excellent cook and housekeeper Warren's part Ojibway wife was. Up to very recently, three of Lyman Warren's daughters, aged women, were still living. The writer has been for some months in correspondence with Mrs. Julia Spears of Detroit, Minn., one of these daughters, but a short time ago received an obituary notice to the effect that this old lady had just died. She was a most interesting and intelligent person and a mine of information pertaining to the Cadotte, Warren and Ermatinger families. Some months ago she sent the writer an old family letter, written from New York state by Lyman Warren, Sr., to his fur trader son. This letter, addressed to Lyman Warren, at La Pointe or Chippewa Mills, is given below.)

CLARKSON (NEW YORK), AUGUST 16, 1841.

LYMAN: It is some time since I have heard from you. Last summer I expected you here. I had 4 fine fat pigs that I kept for you a long time. At last began to kill one after another until I had killed and eaten them all up, and now Lyman all this summer I have looked for you or James Ermatinger and still shall keep looking until cold weather.

Henry wrote you about William and Edward. We have heard nothing from them since they left here for home. George, a short time after the boys left, got rather uneasy at Rochester and we did not altogether blame him, and he left the place. Henry tried at a number of printing offices to get him a place but without success and he left here for the Western country to try to get some employ. Henry received from him a few days ago a line that he had got into business on the Ohio canal for the season and had a prospect of better business in the winter, but did not write what it was.

Henry received your letter this spring past about the place that I live on and is making arrangements to meet the payments thereon stipulated. The little girls are under the care of Delia. She has not yet gone to keeping house but will in a short time and take the girls with her for a time. Henry has employed her to take care of the girls. She lives but a short distance from our house.

Henry is on a packet this summer that runs from Rochester to Buffalo and is doing very well. Nancy is with the girls and all are well and contented. We are all well except your mother and myself. We are both troubled with inflammation in our eyes.

Lyman, come and see us or send a line how it is with you.

LYMAN WARREN.

The Henry and Delia referred to were an uncle and aunt of the younger Warrens from the West. The Edward and George mentioned were the twin sons of Truman Warren, and were born at La Pointe on Lake Superior. Edward was the one killed in a hunting accident and George Warren was the one already referred to at some length, who lived many years near Chippewa Falls. The Nancy mentioned was a sister of Edward and George, and was the Nancy mentioned in Elisha Ermatinger's civil war letter. The William mentioned was a son of Lyman Warren and was a really remarkable character, of whom special reference was made in the president's talk at Jim Falls.

All the children of both Truman and Lyman Warren were given a good education, and much credit for this is due to their grandfather in New York, the writer of the letter quoted above. He had the children brought East and put into school. Judging from this letter Henry Warren seems to have given considerable assistance to his younger half-brother and sister of part Ojibway blood.

Following are some letters lately received from Mrs. Julia Spears, Lyman Warren's daughter, and brother of Wm. Whipple Warren, historian of the Ojibway tribe, and member of the territorial legislature of Minnesota.

"DETROIT, MINN., OCT. 23, 1925.

"WM. W. BARTLETT

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"The letters you sent are true and correct. I thank you so much for writing so kindly of my brother. He was a good Christian and was missed much when he died, by both the Whites and the Indians, whom he loved.

"Michel Cadotte was sent into the Lake Superior region, where he soon became a great favorite with the Indians and married a daughter of White Crane, hereditary chief of the village. He lived on the Island of La Pointe, where he built a large house and trading post. He had large cedar posts built around his buildings and gardens for protection from the Indians. It was always called the Old Fort. He lived there until he died in 1836. He had three sons and three daughters.

"Yours very truly,
"JULIA A. SPEARS."

"P.S.: I have no picture of my father and Uncle Truman."

"My grandmother, who is 92 years of age, wrote the above and asked me to copy it on the typewriter, because she was afraid it wouldn't be quite plain to you. Though she still writes beautifully her eyesight is getting dim.

"HORTENSE MEE."

"DETROIT, MINN., OCT. 26, 1924.

"WM. W. BARTLETT

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"DEAR SIR:

"I received your letter and will answer as well as I can remember. Will commence by writing about my family. Lyman Marquis Warren was my father. He was born in Massachusetts, Aug. 9, 1794, died Oct. 10, 1847, at La Pointe, Wis., and was laid to rest there. My mother died at Chippewa Falls July 21, 1843. My father had her remains brought to La Pointe the following winter. They left six children, four girls, Charlotte, Julia (myself), Mary and Sophia. All are now living except Charlotte. We are all very old women. The boys were William and Truman Warren (the latter named after his Uncle Truman). My uncle, Truman Warren, was married twice. He had two sons by his first wife, James and John. When he came to La Pointe he married Charlotte Cadotte. He had three children by her, George and Edward, twin boys, and a daughter, Nancy. When Uncle Truman died my father took the children and raised them like his own. In the summer of 1835 Grandfather Lyman Warren came from New York to visit us at La Pointe. On his return to New York he took the four boys to Clarkson, New York, where they attended school for two years, then from 1838 to 1843 they attended the Oneida Institute. I enclose an old letter about the boys leaving school. I found this among some old letters and it is quite a relic. Henry was my youngest uncle and Delia was my aunt. In 1838 my mother and her children, also Uncle Truman's daughter Nancy went to New York to visit grandfather. She stayed a

year. When she returned she left Nancy. In 1843 Nancy and my brother Truman came home, and in 1845 my father sent for my sister and myself. My two brothers were living at La Pointe. The Indian Agency was there. When Rev. Alfred Brunson visited the Indians at La Pointe in the winter of 1842-3, on an embassy for the government, he selected my brother, Wm. Whipple Warren, then a boy of 17 years, as interpreter and found him very efficient and skilled. He was appointed United States interpreter and continued to act as such until he died.

"My brother, Truman A. Warren, was the government farmer for the Indians, who lived at Bad River, about 15 miles on the main land from La Pointe. That is where they made their garden and what other farming they did. The government farmer, carpenter and blacksmith all had good houses to live in and received good salaries.

"In 1846 father was getting quite sick and he had quite a few valuable things at Chippewa Falls to take back with him to La Pointe with a one horse team, when the lakes were frozen. He was planning to go to Detroit to a hospital. He had two trunks at the wharf to be taken on the vessel, in one of the trunks he kept all his papers and articles he valued. At Sault St. Marie this trunk was found to be missing. Losing all his business papers made father worse. After being in the hospital six months he was brought home very sick and died in a short time.

"With no papers to consult, my brother William could do nothing about settling up the business.

"In 1849 the American Fur Company all left La Pointe and moved to St. Paul. The buildings were then sold and torn down. As they were tearing down one of the large stores they found my father's trunk in one of the vaults. It was broken open and all the papers taken and all the silverware that was not marked, but those marked with my mother's name were left in the trunk. We were notified but my brother had gone to New York, so there was nothing done about it. The men who had charge of the American Fur Company were C. W. Borup and Chas. Oakes of St. Paul.

"James Ernatinger was my uncle. He married my uncle Truman's widow. They always lived near Chippewa Falls. (Vermillion Rapids, now Jim Falls.) The place where he lived was one of the headquarters of the American Fur Co. Uncle was one of the traders and he farmed a little.

"Yours truly,

"JULIA A. SPEARS."

"DETROIT, MICH., NOV. 10, 1924.

"WM. W. BARTLETT

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"DEAR SIR:

"You are right about my brother and my age. I was born Sept. 3, 1832. I was not at Chippewa Falls when my father was sub-agent there. I was with my sister at school in Clarkson, now Brockport, New York. My father did not send for my sister and me until 1845. He was about to leave Chippewa Falls at that time and move back to La Pointe, as his health was failing. My two

brothers were government employes at that time. In 1843 my mother died at Chippewa Falls on the 21st day of July and the following winter my father took her remains to La Pointe for interment.

"My father moved to the Chippewa River about 1839, where he was appointed sub-agent to the Ojibways on the Reservation. He located his post a few miles above Chippewa Falls, at a place now known as Chippewa City. In connection with Jean Brunet he built a sawmill and opened a farm which was soon furnished with comfortable and substantial buildings.

"I went to the Chippewa River in 1848, to visit my aunt, Mrs. James Ernatinger, and my cousin Nancy Warren, my deceased Uncle Truman's daughters. They lived on a farm by the river at a place called Vermillion Rapids (now Jim Falls) about twelve miles from the mill up river, but going to the village at the mill could see the farm buildings from the road.

"George P. Warren and his brother Edward were fur traders at that time. They had their trading post a few miles from the mill. Edward was killed in a hunting accident in 1848.

"The old Frenchman that told you about the trading post, which was by the main road and the other buildings, was right. When my father was through with them he let the nephews, George and Edward, have the buildings and that was where they had their trading post and house by the main road, a few miles from the mill but in sight of the other buildings by the river (at Chippewa City).

"I left the Chippewa River in 1850. I send you my picture. I have no picture of my mother.

"Yours truly,

"JULIA A. SPEARS."

Among the old letters in the possession of Miss Anna Ernatinger at Jim Falls was one written in 1852 by Nancy Warren to her step-father, James Ernatinger. At that time Nancy was making her home with her cousin Julia, who had recently been married to a Mr. Stuart, her first husband. Thinking that Mrs. Spears would be interested in this letter written from her own home nearly 75 years ago, it was sent to her. Nancy's letter and Mrs. Spears' reply on receiving it are both given below.

"SWAN RIVER, DEC. 10TH, 1852

"DEAR FATHER:

"All though I have delayed writing for a long time but it is not because I have forgotten you all. I presume you think strange of me because I have not written before this time, but I can assure you not a day passes but I think of you all. I some times wish myself with you all once more; I am now staying with Julia. I presume you have heard by this time that Julia was married last fall to a young man by the name of Duncan Stuart, very fine man indeed. I have written George since I been up here. No answer have I received yet, if he only knows how much I want to hear from you all I know he would write. Please tell Mother she need not worry her self about me for I have very good place to stay indeed for Mr. Stuart has been very kind to me indeed. He treats me like a sister also Sophia staying with us; In about two weeks Mr. Stuart, Julia and me are going down to St. Paul to visit Charlotte whether I shall come

back or not; We are all well and in good health, and I hoping this letter will find you the same; Chippewas was payed Saturday we hear so many storys about the payment we can not tell anything about it; William is up there we shall know some thing more I believe half breeds received no payment, round here so I thought no use for me to go up there, even Mr. Morrison's family receive no payments no half breeds whatever; When William gets back from the payment we will know some thing about it; the Indians are starving and dying off, I believe I must close father. I have no more to write about, my love to you and my Mother and also my brothers; Julia send her love to you all kiss little Fred for me and Julia and Sophia.

"I shall wait very impatiently till I hear from you all so please write soon; believe me to be ever with the greatest respect.

"Most affectionately your Daughter,

"NANCY E. WARREN."

"Please direct your letter, 'Swan River, Benton County, Minnesota'."

NOTE: The "little Fred" mentioned in this above letter was the youngest of James Ennatinger's own children, and he is still living at Jim Falls.

"DETROIT, MINN., MAY 12, 1925.

"WM. W. BARTLETT

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"DEAR SIR:

"I am not well. I send you many thanks for sending the old letter. I was delighted to read it. She was a cousin I thought a great deal of. She was a sister to the twins Edward and George Warren.

"I have been married twice. Duncan Stuart, my first husband, lived two years. I have one daughter by him. I married again in three years to Mr. Spears. He lived seven years and by him I had two children. Two years after his death the village of Swan River was destroyed by fire. It was supposed to have been set by the Indians. That was in 1863.

"Yours truly,

"JULIA A. SPEARS."

On the reverse side of this letter Mrs. Alice Mee, a daughter of Mrs. Spears, and with whom Mrs. Spears was making her home, made a notation to the effect that her mother's health was very poor, she was confined to her bed, and that the above letter was probably the last one she would ever write. She did, however, write a few lines later, only a few days before her death. With her last letter she sent a typewritten account she had prepared several years earlier of a trip she made from the Chippewa River to northern Minnesota. No further explanation necessary.

MRS. SPEARS' STORY

In 1850 my brother Wm. W. Warren was appointed to conduct the male Chippewa Indians from the Chippewa River country to Sandy Lake, Minnesota, to which place the government agency had been removed. The agent sent word for the Indians to all come at the same time with my brothers and see the country. If they liked it they would all be removed the next year. My brother was in poor health and my mother urged him not to go, fearing the trip would

be too hard for him, but he said he had started and did not wish to turn back. I then told my brother to let me go. Then if he got sick I could help take care of him and I could cook for him and I told him he would not be sorry. He was afraid I could not stand the walking, but finally consented to let me go. There were a great many Indians on the Chippewa River at that time. In September we started from our Uncle James Ermatinger home at what is now Jim Falls, went first to Lac Court de Oreilles, where we had to wait a day for the Indians to gather. A great many came with their canoes. Then we started from Lac Court de Oreilles walking through the woods, the Indians packing their canoes on their backs, some others with big packs of provisions and other things. My brother had two men hired to pack our canoe and tent. We walked all day and did not come to any lake or river to cross. We traveled in what was then the dense woods of northern Wisconsin. We came to the St. Croix River and stayed there for two days, then started for the mouth of the St. Louis River, near Lake Superior and camped near the sand bar near where the city of Duluth now stands. Some more Indians were waiting for us there. Altogether there were then about 800 in the party. We were now ready to start for Sandy Lake. That night my brother was taken sick with hemorrhage of the lungs, and was not able to travel for four days, then we started up the river to Fond du Lac. Just before we started my brother told the Indians he wished to say a few words, then, pointing to where Duluth now stands, he said that in this most desolate place will some day be a very great city, with a big harbor and many ships and pointing to the present site of Superior he said there would be another city there. Said he would not live to see it but that some of the younger ones of us would. We all thought he was losing his mind. From there we traveled toward Sandy Lake, and that was the hardest part of our journey, as we had to walk for about six days. Then the Indians went ahead of us and we camped all together on this side of the lake. All the Chippewas, with their families, were waiting for us. In all there were several thousand, waiting to receive their payments. Had to wait three weeks for the money to come. It was then late in the fall. The measles broke out and many children died and some of the grown folks as well. It was a sad time for us all.

Major Watrous held a council with the Indians in his front yard. I was there and heard every word. He urged the Indians to move and join the Mississippi Indians so they would be together on some reservation and the government would move them the following year. The head chief of the Chippewa River Indians, whose name was Kichi Makigan, Big Wolf, stood up, and he was a fine looking Indian. He said they would not move. They would not leave their old homes, where their dead were laid, also that they would never go to Sandy Lake again for their payments, so the removal at that time was a failure.

JULIA A. SPEARS.

As already noted, Mrs. Spears died only a few years ago at her daughter's home in Detroit, Minn.

Her daughter, Mrs. Alice Mee, sent a copy of the *Detroit Tribune* of June 25, 1925, containing the obituary given below. In view of the connection of the Warren family with the early history of the Chippewa Valley we feel assured this will be of interest to present residents here.

THE PASSING OF JULIA WARREN SPEARS

Pioneer Settler and Teacher of Becker County

(*Detroit, Minn., Tribune, June 25, 1925.*)

Mrs. Julia Warren Spears, who has been a resident of Becker County for the past fifty years and who for many years has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Alice Mee, died at her home Sunday morning, aged 92 years, nine months and 18 days. Death was caused by the infirmities of age complicated by a mild attack of cerebral hemorrhage.

Mrs. Spears, whose maiden name was Julia Warren, was born Sept. 3rd, 1832, at La Pointe, Madeline Island, Wis., the daughter of Lyman Masquis Warren and Mary Cadotte. Through her father she traced her ancestry to Richard Warren, the Mayflower Pilgrim, and through him to William the Conqueror. Her mother, Mary Cadotte Warren, was the granddaughter of Jean Baptiste Cadotte, the first white fur trader at Sault St. Marie, and the daughter of Michael Cadotte and the daughter of White Crane, a Chippewa chief. At six years of age she was taken to New York where she lived in the family of her grandfather, Lyman M. Warren, until 1848 when she returned to La Pointe, where she was placed in the family of Charles W. Borup, a well known fur trader, and where she went to a private school and completed her education. In 1850, her brother, William W. Warren, was commissioned by the government to conduct the male Chippewas in the vicinity of Chippewa Falls, Wis., to Sandy Lake, Minn. As he was in poor health, his sister accompanied him. The journey was made by canoe up the Chippewa River to Lake Courterville, across to Lake Superior, past the present site of Duluth, up the St. Louis River to Fond du Lac and thence to Sandy Lake. There were over eight hundred Indians and Miss Warren was the only woman in the party. A short time after she removed to Gull Lake. In 1852, she was united in marriage to Duncan Stuart at Swan River and one child, now Mrs. Mary Stuart Lambert, was born. Mr. Stuart died in 1854 and in 1856 Mrs. Stuart married Andrew J. Spears of Swan River and to this union two children were born, Mrs. Alice Mee of Detroit and William R. Spears, deceased. Mr. Spears died in 1861 and in 1862, incendiary fire destroyed the town of Swan River and Mrs. Spears was employed as a teacher at the agency seven miles from Crow Wing. This was closed in 1865 and she was given the position of matron of the school at Leech Lake. It was at this time that Hole-in-the-Day was murdered near Crow Wing and the next day the murderers appeared at Leech Lake. One of them who claimed to have fired the fatal shot, offered the dead chieftain's watch to Mrs. Spears for \$5.00 but she refused and the watch disappeared. In 1870 Mrs. Spears removed to White Earth and in the fall began to teach school there, thus being the first school teacher in Becker County. This she continued for a few years until failing health obliged her to retire and make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Mee, with whom she has lived since that time.

For a number of years she has been in feeble health but has been active in mind and her reminiscences of early days, written from time to time, will be a valuable contribution to the history of the White Earth Reservation and of Becker County. Last week she suffered a paralytic stroke and the end came peacefully last Sunday morning at 10:30. Funeral services were held at the Episcopal church at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. H. N. Tragitt officiating, and interment was made in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Mrs. Spears is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Mary English, of Cass Lake, who was prevented from being present at the funeral by infirmities; and Mrs. Sophia Warren of White Earth, who was present. One sister, Charlotte, died many years ago, one brother, William W. Warren, died in 1853, and another brother, Truman A. Warren, died in 1888. Two daughters mourn her departure, Mrs. Isaac Lambert, of Ogema, and Mrs. C. W. Mee, of Detroit, besides whom there are eighteen grandchildren and numerous great grandchildren.

Mrs. Spears was confirmed a member of the Protestant Episcopal church by Bishop Whipple at Little Falls in 1868 or 1869 and remained so till the time of her death. She was the oldest communicant of that church in Becker County and one of the oldest in the state. Her life was lived in conformity to the teachings of the great head of all churches and she was universally beloved by all who came to know her.

Out of town attendants at the funeral were Mrs. Margaret Decorey, Valentine, Neb.; Dudley Fairbanks, St. Paul; Dr. Oscar Davis, Minneapolis; George Stillwell and family, of Brainerd; B. S. Fairbanks and family, Mrs. Grace Hull and George Warren, of White Earth, and Martin Branchard, of Waubun.

Among those who have been reading with interest the series of weekly articles prepared by W. W. Bartlett is W. H. Wheeler, of Beloit, Wis., who was well acquainted with the Ermatingers, Warrens, Cadottes and others of the early fur traders mentioned in the articles, having lived for years at La Pointe, on Madeline Island, Lake Superior, fur trading post also frequently mentioned.

After reading the articles, which constituted the first definite word Mr. Wheeler had had of the Ermatingers since 1866, Mr. Wheeler wrote Mr. Bartlett in appreciation and the latter promptly requested Mr. Wheeler to write something about the early days at La Pointe and his contact with the early fur traders. This Mr. Wheeler has done. All his correspondence with Mr. Bartlett is herewith given, as well as his reminiscences, the letters being self explanatory:

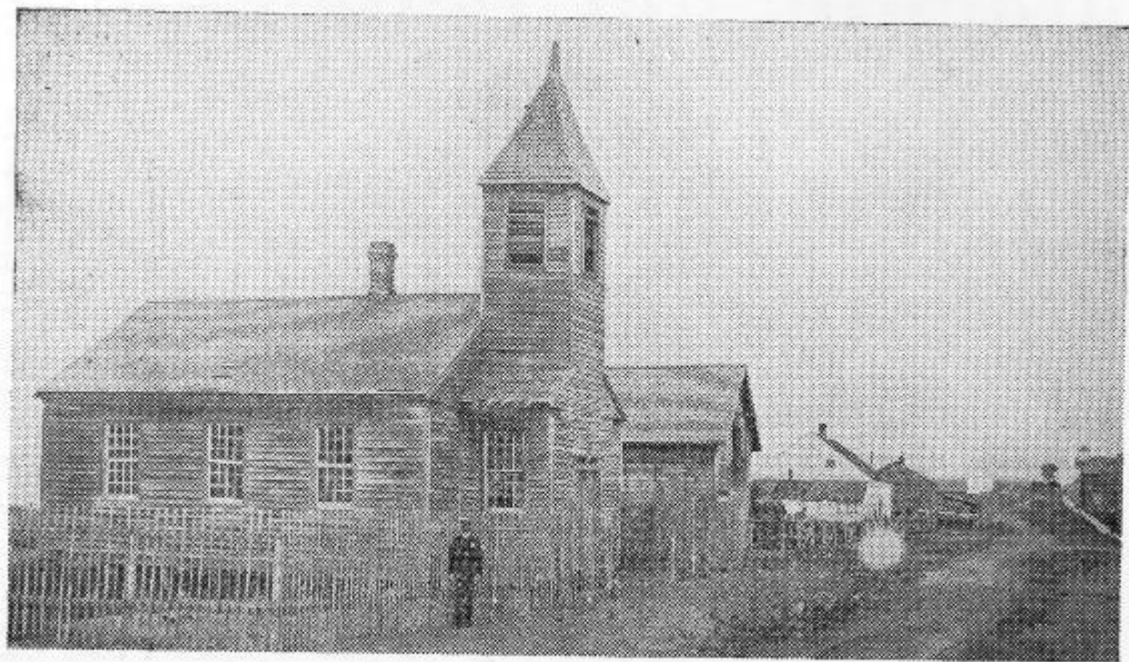
"MR. WM. W. BARTLETT

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"DEAR SIR:

"Through the kindness of Mr. C. B. Walworth of your city, whom I met at a G. A. R. encampment in Sheboygan last month, I am in receipt of an address which you delivered before the Chippewa Valley Historical Society at Jim Falls. This sketch is of unusual interest to me, as it relates to people with whom my family were intimately acquainted.

"We left Lake Superior country in 1866 and settled in Beloit. My father, the late Leonard H. Wheeler, went to Madeline Island in 1841 as a missionary



OLD MISSION CHURCH, ON ORIGINAL SITE, AT LA POINTE, FROM PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY W. H. WHEELER. MR. WHEELER'S FATHER WAS IN CHARGE OF THIS MISSION DURING THE 40's.

of the American Board among the Indians of that region. He remained there until 1856, then removing to Odanah, where he had previously established a branch station, and where we lived until 1866, establishing an Indian school, which, as well as the mission residences in both places, still remains. The school is now carried on by a Catholic organization. All the names of the fur traders you mention are familiar to me from my earliest recollection, the Cadottes, Warrens and Ermatingers. Your sketch is about the only information we have had of the Ermatingers since 1866. A son, William, and a daughter, Alice, of that family attended school in Odanah and resided in our family home.

"Mr. Lyman Warren died in 1847 after which his youngest daughter, Mary, was adopted into our family, living with us many years. After completing her education she taught school all the rest of her active life at different Indian reservations. She is now living with relatives at White Earth, Minnesota, and is about ninety years old.

"We saw James Ermatinger frequently in his travels from his trading post, on the Chippewa River, to Lake Superior. We also saw Wm. Whipple Warren, the author, who called at our home on the Bad River on his last trip East, and it was with great sorrow that my parents heard of his untimely death a short time afterward.

"Again expressing my high appreciation of your article and entertaining the hope of meeting you in the not distant future, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"W. H. WHEELER."

NOTE: Mr. Wheeler's letter head shows him to be a consulting engineer.

On receipt of the above unexpected communication a letter was sent to Mr. Wheeler asking if he would be willing to furnish an article on his recollection of fur trading days to add to those already printed. In response he sent the following letter and article:

"BELOIT, WIS., AUG. 19, 1925.

"MR. W. W. BARTLETT

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"DEAR SIR:

"I am enclosing herewith a sort of an excuse for a newspaper article, which you are at liberty to edit any way that you see fit. I am not naturally a writer and so blind that I cannot read my own writing, neither can anybody else, and I have no gifts as a writer, and anything that I do in this line is by main strength and awkwardness. You can readily imagine that there are whole volumes of experiences in between the lines that I have written.

"Having learned the Indian language before I did the English, I think it affected my ability to write and I envy those who can write right straight along, as smoothly as molasses from the bung. I have photographs and engravings, showing the old Mission residence at La Pointe, as it stood abandoned just before it was purchased by Mr. E. P. Salmon of our city, also pictures of its present condition fixed up as a summer resort with a double row of continuous balconies around it, also of the Mission residence at Odanah, the church and boarding

school at the same place all built by my father, who conducted quite an extensive Indian school with a four hundred-acre farm attached for instruction in agriculture. Within recent years this property has passed into the hands of a Catholic organization, who have enlarged it and are carrying out the original program of my father.

"We received a telegram last Sunday morning from Mrs. Frank Warren of Detroit, announcing the death of her aunt, Mary Warren English, at White Earth. I immediately telephoned to my brother, who was spending a few days at Odanah, requesting him to go over and attend the funeral, and I am just in receipt of a letter announcing his arrival early Monday morning in Detroit. I'll give you details as soon as I hear from him. My brother is the Rev. E. P. Wheeler who is devoting a large share of his time, seeking to alleviate the distress of the Indians, particularly on the Bad River Reservation, and I think his presence will be a comfort to the sorrowing ones at White Earth.

"Again thanking you for your kindness in furnishing me with copies of your historical work, I assure you that I will be glad to be of any further service, I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"W. H. WHEELER."

Mr. Wheeler's article, which is all too brief, is given below:

"Reminiscences supplementing the series of articles by Mr. W. W. Bartlett in the *Eau Claire Daily Telegram*, dealing largely with the early history of the fur trade in the Chippewa Valley and of those most prominently connected with it, especially the history of the Warren and Ernatinger families, by W. H. Wheeler of Beloit, Wisconsin, son of the late Rev. L. H. Wheeler, who for twenty-five years was a missionary of the American Board among the Ojibway Indians, in the Lake Superior country between the years 1841 and 1866, and who had close personal knowledge of the families and incidents so faithfully and interestingly portrayed by Mr. Bartlett.—*Editor Eau Claire Daily Telegram*.

"When my parents first arrived at La Pointe on Madeline Island, they found quite a large community composed mostly of the American Fur Company's forces, consisting of the Warrens as managers of a large business establishment, housed in commodious quarters mostly of logs, the French-Canadian Voyagers and their half breed families living in log houses extending along the shore for over a mile, the Indians occupying wigwams farther back from the lake, and the Mission residence at the south end of the settlement. The Warrens had removed the business from the original Cadotte settlement on the extreme southwest point of the island two miles further to the north, thus leaving the mission residence about half way between. The language spoken was Indian, French and English and a composite of all three, Indian and French largely predominating. The first reader and spelling book I studied had English on one side and a translation into Indian on the other side, the latter being in the French orthography.

"Mr. Lyman Warren died in 1847 and his youngest daughter, Mary, then eleven years old, was taken into our family almost as an adopted daughter, at

the dying wish of her father; her mother had died some time previous. The death of Mr. Warren was a great grief to the Mission Colony and particularly to my father between whom and Mr. Warren a very close personal friendship had grown up. Mr. Warren was the first deacon of the First Mission church when it was organized in 1833, which was the first Congregational church in Wisconsin. It might be well to take a glance at the isolation of that day: A primeval forest, literally a howling wilderness, extended to the south a distance of two hundred miles and north to Hudson Bay and beyond; east and west, from the Mississippi to a point a little north of Detroit, Michigan; Mackinac, Saule St. Marie, Green Bay, Fort William and La Pointe on Lake Superior all were fur trading headquarters and the only settlements of any kind. This wilderness was penetrated by the route of least resistance—the waterway—and still involved a vast amount of hardship to perform insignificant results. We were shut out from the world six months of the year after the water route was closed by ice and for many years within my recollection, not even mail came through for six months.

"To the south, our nearest white neighbor was James Ermatinger, who lived on the Chippewa River about one hundred and eighty miles away. Several members of this family lived at our home some years, attending school. Alice and William Ermatinger, cousins of Mary Warren, were at Odanah after the fur company abandoned La Pointe and the Mission Station and school was removed to Odanah on the Bad River. James Ermatinger was known all through the country as "Jim," pronounced "Jeem" by the Indians. I remember him very well—of medium height, quiet spoken but alert, breaking off from English into French or Indian as the occasion required.

"William Warren, the author, I recall distinctly as he called on my father at Odanah on his way east to attend to the publication of his book, *History of the Ojibway Nation*, in which my father took a great interest and when a few weeks later the word of his death came through, I recall distinctly the grief of my parents.

"George Warren and Elisha Ermatinger visited us occasionally. Mary Warren remained in our family until her education was completed and thereafter for more than fifty years taught school at various Indian reservations, Odanah, La Pointe, Red Cliff, Red Lake, and White Earth. During this period, she married Mr. English, who subsequently passed away and when superannuated, she retired to White Earth with her relatives there. Her death occurred last Saturday, August 15th, at White Earth, Minn., at the age of 89.

"This removes from earth the last of Lyman Warren's children.

"I wish to acknowledge my obligation to Mr. Bartlett through your columns the interesting account he has given of the old friends of my family and also to Mr. Chas. Walworth of your city for bringing these historical articles to my notice.

"WILLIAM H. WHEELER."

NOTE: The Mary Warren English noted above is the Mary Warren mentioned in Mr. Wheeler's first letter. Mr. Wheeler is in error in regard to her being the last of the Lyman Warren family. At the time of the Jun Falls

gathering of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society early in the summer, there were three sisters living, two noted in a former article, Mrs. Julia Warren Spears who died a few weeks ago, Mrs. Mary Warren English, now passed away, and the third sister, Mrs. Sophia Warren of White Earth, Minn., who is still living.

Among the many fur trade letters in the possession of Miss Anna Ermatinger two were found written in the Chippewa language. The earlier one, written in 1839, was a beautiful specimen of script. The second letter, written in 1883, was brief, was more ordinary in appearance and was written with lead pencil. Thinking they might prove of interest an effort was made to have them translated, but this was no easy task. After some correspondence an inquiry was sent to the Chippewa Agency at Cass Lake, Minnesota. The inquiry was turned over to an employe, who very courteously offered to translate the letters if sent. His official designation was chief of police, but his principal duty was to act as interpreter for the Indians who did not speak English; he said he was a Carlisle graduate. The letters were sent him and the translations have just been received, thanks to the kindness of Benjamin Caswell, the interpreter referred to.

Mr. Caswell's letter and the translation are given below. A few words of introduction may be in order. The Warrens and Ermatingers were Protestants. The two brothers, Lyman and Truman Warren, married daughters of mixed French and Chippewa blood, of Michel Cadotte and his Ojibway wife. The marriage ceremonies in both cases were performed by Protestant clergymen, and, at least as far as the Lyman Warren family is concerned, the children grew up and continued in the Protestant faith. After Truman Warren died his widow married James Ermatinger, also a Protestant. The older of the Ermatinger family attended the Protestant mission school. It will be recalled that Mr. Wheeler states that William and Alice attended his father's school and lived with their family.

The earlier of the two letters on translation proves to be from a Catholic priest to Mrs. Ermatinger, after this son William had grown to manhood and was married. This letter gives an insight into racial and religious family conditions which probably were not at all uncommon in those days.

"CASS LAKE, MINN., AUG. 20, 1925.

"MR. WM. W. BABYLETT

"431 LAKE STREET

"EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

"DEAR SIR:

"Please find enclosed herewith your two letters in the Chippewa language with their translation by me.

"I have been unusually busy so that I was unable to put enough time upon the two letters to complete the translation of the two letters to do them justice and to myself. Hoping the work will be satisfactory, I am,

"Yours cordially,

"BENJAMIN CASWELL."

"La Pointe, (Wis.) Feb. 1, 1839. To Mrs. Ermatinger, (from) me, the Priest. (to) My child, whom I love:

"It is my wish that I may be able to call on and to see you and others on my way. I will be very delighted if I shall be able to see you and others. But I may not be able to leave because I am so fully occupied at this station; that I am all alone; and still the further reason that if I should roam frequently about the country, the serenity of our community may not be undisturbed.

"At this very moment, I have something that I wanted to tell you. It is about your son, William, and the woman with whom he cohabits there at Bad River (Wis.) They are in grave danger of losing their faith. It is true, however that Archange (William's wife) have come spasmodically to the confessional. They are being led astray by people of other faith with whom they are quite intimate by their own choice. This is the reason why I have great misgivings about William. Therefore, I wish you would use your influence towards making them live in your community in the future.

"If Archange had had the association with good Christian people and had avoided the people of other faith, indeed she would have been a model Christian. Her mind would have been absolutely true. Instead she has allowed herself to be led astray by people of other faith. I am fearful about their souls. I wish to help them save their own souls, that will be my one thought to which my labors shall ever be directed to attain that end. I am, however, handicapped at the present time, because I cannot be at Bad River at all times so that I could look after them. This is why I wish that Archange could have the counsel of her mother-in-law and William of his own mother. Such arrangement would be very nice and lovely, they would, then, be guided by you. This would be better than to allow themselves to be tempted by association with people of other faith.

"Some time last summer, Bishop Baraga gave them permission to receive the sacrament of Holy Matrimony. To date, they have not approached me (to be married) although I notified Archange of the permission for the purpose that she might notify William. For this reason, I am unable to understand why they have not come. By moral suasion, you might induce them to make your community their own. It is probable that you might see a priest who can bless them. Try to lead them to that. If they will not heed your counsel in this matter, you shall have to let them live as they have lived. I wish some priest would pray for them so that they may be able to atone for all the evil they have displayed. This is all I have to say to you. Take no offense at all what I have to say to you. I am compelled to write to you as I have because of my love for them. They are destitute of grace that is why I write you on their behalf.

"I heard one of your nephews is sick. I wish you could see him, it would please me ever so much. I wish he could see a different priest, it might eventuate of his receiving absolution from a strange priest so that his death might be peaceful. I shall remember you and others in my prayers. Let us love our Father, Who is in heaven; let us faithfully serve Him; He is all merciful; let us love Him truly for He exceedingly loves us. He wants us at all time to

attain the abode in heaven. Let us help Him with all our might. Let us pray often in order that we may disable the devil. Let us run away from everything that is evil as far as we are able. We should at the least avoid mortal sins so that we may not endanger ourselves; that we may not destroy ourselves and lose the chance of seeing our great good Father. He wants us very much to be saved. I greet all of you. I am,

"THE PRIEST."

"N. B. If anything does not sound right from your viewpoint, you must write me.

"If I have anything that which you and others may ask of me, I will send it to you by public courtesy.

"It is probable that you hid (misaid) the letters I sent to you last fall. I made a slight mistake in one therein. It is about the dates of fasting. You are to make the corrections. The changes to be made are in the month of September. Put the dates as of the 21st, the 23rd, and the 24th, then it will be correct.

"Do not expect in me that I would grant reluctantly any request you might make of me just because such a request is a gratuity and repeated often. I am not concerned in the least about the things of this world. I am satisfied if I just have something to eat and to wear, etc. If I have little or nothing, I am that much more free in mind to do an independent work. Therefore, do not hesitate for any reason at any time to make a request (for aid) of me. That is all."

The other Chippewa letter referred to was of more ordinary type and is given below:

"October 26, 1883. This was the date when I wrote this letter. My friend:

"I am writing to you a few words to let you know how we are getting along. We, both my wife and myself, have been indisposed quite frequently. At the present time, we are somewhat in better health.

"I heard recently that you, too, were seriously ill. Please let me hear from you about the present state of your health. My friend, I am sojourning here at parting-of-the-way-by-canoes. The sickness, spinal affliction, I had last winter, bothers me again. There is so much that I could relate to you were I to see you in person. My friend, this is all I say to you. Please write to your friend (me), who loves you and who begs of you to favor him with a letter. b b."

(Signed) B. CASWELL, Interpreter.

ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM McLEOD

A few days ago the writer's attention was called to some material which, although different would seem to fit in well with the series of fur trade letters concluded. Practically all of the material furnished thus far has been in the nature of original letters and documents not hitherto in print. The article following, on the contrary, is taken from an issue of the *Minnesota Historical Bulletin* of several years ago. As it has probably never been printed elsewhere it will doubtless be new to most of the readers. Some of the characters mentioned in the early Ermatinger letters are also to be found in this article, which

is a diary account of a most unusual expedition to the Great Lakes region in the early eighteen hundreds, by a Martin McLeod, who had joined up with a certain "General" Dickson, and who had been commissioned by said "General" Dickson as "Major of Artillery." A facsimile of this commission is shown with the *History Bulletin* article, the author of which article has the following in regard to the "General":

"In the winter of 1835-36, a bizarre character appeared in fashionable New York circles, endeavoring as he then said, to secure recruits to aid Texans in their struggle for independence. He called himself "General" James Dickson, and told fascinating stories of his life in Mexico and his services in the Texan army. His striking military dress and a very nice attention to the amenities of social life secured recognition for him but seem to have brought him few recruits. For the officers of 'The Army of the Liberator' he went to Montreal and enlisted a number of young half breeds' sons, in most instances, of well known factors in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Apparently about the time he crossed the international boundary line he also changed the name of his organization to 'The Indian Liberating Army,' and his purpose was to start an Indian kingdom in California. To different persons he gave somewhat varying accounts of his purpose, but to practically all he intimated that his design was to go by the way of the Great Lakes to the Red River colony of the Hudson's Bay Company, to secure an army of half breeds, and to ascend the Missouri to a certain point in the Rocky Mountains from which he would make an attack on Santa Fe. With the booty there to be obtained he proposed to set up an Indian Kingdom in California, for which, of course, he would be ruler, and his officers statesmen. America has been the land of roseeate dreams; but, among all its visions of wealth and power, where is the equal for novelty and adventure of this mad product of Dickson's disordered mind?"



WILLIAM McLEOD
Born 1811, Died 1860.

(As stated at the beginning of this article, this man Martin McLeod was

one of the number to join in the Dickson adventure, receiving a military commission as already noted. McLeod was a Canadian, born in Montreal.

(Although Dickson recruited most of his officers from the half breeds there is nothing to indicate that McLeod had any Indian blood. He was a man of force and vigor and in later years was prominent in Minnesota affairs. He was a member of the first three councils of the Minnesota territorial legislature and president of the fourth. McLeod County was named after him.

(The McLeod diary begins in July, 1836, at which time he left his native city of Montreal, to join "General" Dickson, whom he had never met. The entire diary account is interesting but in this article only some of the high spots will be touched:)

"FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1836—Arrived at Waterloo (3 miles below Buffalo) at 6 P.M. Met Green at the house of Mr. Smith. . . . Introduced for the first time to General Dickson, who, privately, informed me of his plans, etc., relative to the intended expedition to the north, via the Great Lakes and onwards. God only knows where and when it may end. Dickson seems quite sanguine of success. As yet I know little of the man, but if I may judge from so short an acquaintance, he is somewhat visionary in his views. No matter. I wish to go north and westward and will embrace the opportunity but must look before I leap.

"BUFFALO, AUG. 1—At 5 P.M. left Buffalo on board the schooner Wave, chartered to bring our party to the Sault St. Marie from whence we shall proceed through Lake Superior either in birch canoes or boats.

"TUESDAY, AUG. 2—Having passed Point Eppineans in the night had to return there this morning to take in tow a large boat belonging to Dickson, besides take in a number of men and himself who has been residing at the point for some days past, awaiting our arrival from Buffalo, where the schooner was detained while I made the necessary arrangements for the voyage of our party through the lakes. Dickson's movements at Buffalo being looked upon with suspicion by the Americans, I had to take his place, where I succeeded but indifferently well. Having got our men on board and taken the boat in tow, endeavored to weather the point, but failing. Obligated to anchor in the bay, where we remained all night.

"WEDNESDAY, AUG. 3.—Early this morning boat sent in charge of McLoughlin to tow around the point, while we endeavored to beat out with the schooner. This was not effected till 3 P.M. Meanwhile the wind increased to a gale, which blew our boat ashore a wreck. McLoughlin and his men saved themselves, at the expense of a good wetting, but some of our luggage, which was carelessly left in the boat, was lost.

"The boat belonging to the Wave swamped twice. No lives lost, fortunately. Eleven o'clock a tremendous gale—obliged to put back to Eppinean bay for shelter. In doing so our gallant little schooner struck twice a reef, the second time with tremendous force. For a moment I thought all was lost, and turned round to speak to some of my companions in danger, when Dickson very coolly said to me, 'Now, my dear fellow, watch the countenances around you and you

will realize those beautiful lines in Byron's poem, 'Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave!'

"Gradually the storm subsided and the expedition proceeded on its journey.

"THURSDAY, AUG. 11.—Rambled through Detroit. Think it a pleasant place enough. Increasing rapidly, like all the American towns. People inquisitive and rude. Much speculation as to who we are.

"SATURDAY, AUG. 20.—Sailing all day with a light breeze. At 12 o'clock at night overtaken by the steamboat Gratiot, which ran down upon us, and hailing our captain, ordered him to lower sail and repair on board the steamer, which he refused to do, meantime the schooner was kept under way, the steamboat following, or rather running parallel to us. After some altercations and loud talking our main sail was by request of Dickson and myself let down, when the steamer immediately ran close to our side and backed to the schooner. The sheriff of Detroit and his posse then stepped aboard and after blustering with the captain of the schooner about irregularity of papers, etc., requested to get the names of all on board. I asked what our names had to do with his official business on board—nothing in particular, but he would like to have them, no doubt, to blazon in your d—d scurrilous newspapers, I replied. He was an ignorant brute and I longed to kick him. The steamboat, being bound to Black River, near Lake Huron, continued upward, with us in tow. Arrived at Black River a short time before day.

"SUNDAY, AUG. 21.—It turned out this morning that the sheriff had a charge against us for some animals said to have been killed." . . . "As matters look rather serious Dickson has thought best to give the sheriff and his loafers his draft for \$150.

"FRIDAY, AUG. 26.—Wind northwest, cold, hazy and unpleasant. Slept on deck last night—got wet from the waves dashing over the schooner. No prospect of getting out of the lake today. Yet 80 miles from Sault St. Marie.

"WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31.—Sault St. Marie. Arrived at this place at 10 A.M. and anchored on the British side, opposite the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company in charge of a Mr. Nourse, who was civil and polite to us. Took a boat and crossed over to the American side, where there is a village of about twenty houses and a garrison of two companies, commanded by Major Cobb, U. S. A. The people of this place were surprised to see us look so quiet and harmless, as the story of our affair at Black River has preceded us in the American newspaper under the ominous head of 'Pirates on the Lakes,' with the rascally editor's additions and embellishments.

"During our stay at Sault St. Marie were treated with great kindness by Mr. Ermatinger and family."

(NOTE: This was probably George Ermatinger, father of James Ermatinger after whom Jim Falls was named. It will be recalled that George Ermatinger in writing to his son, James, tells of having been with "General" Dickson, also stated that a Charles and another man whose name could not be deciphered had been commissioned "Major Generals" by Dickson.)

"RIVER ONTONAGON, OCT. 9, 1836.—Arrived here at 2 P.M. this day. There is a fur post here and, having letters to young Ermatinger, who has charge of this post, we were obliged to put in to deliver them."

(NOTE: This "young Ermatinger" was doubtless the James Ermatinger, later of Jim Falls.)

"First then the distance from the Sault to La Pointe is 450 miles as we had to come. We are yet about 60 miles from La Pointe, consequently have been 24 days coming 390 miles. In this route we met many dangers. At this season of the year the lake is in a state of agitation and a batteau with 21 persons and a quantity of goods and provisions is no difficult thing to swamp, a misfortune which we luckily escaped a number of times. In making the traverse (of 21 miles) at Long Point we fortunately got a few hours of fair weather, but no sooner had we crossed than there sprang up a breeze that would have immortalized us all in a very few moments. The Indians wait a number of days for good weather to pass this dangerous traverse, then they paddle their canoes some distance from the shore and commence singing a hymn to the Great Spirit entreating him to give them fair weather until they have crossed over, after which men, women and children take their paddles and work silently but diligently until they have crossed. . . .

"LA POINTE, OCT. 11, 1836.—Upon our arrival we received a salute of three guns from the Indians. This place is called Middle Isle, and is very pleasantly located. The principal post of the American Fur Company is on this island. They derive a great profit from the traffic in fish, which are caught in great numbers. We were civilly treated by the gentlemen in charge of the post at our arrival.

"WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, 1836.—Left La Pointe about 1 P.M. today, having procured the batteau from Gauthier to take us to Fond du Lac, it being impossible to get canoes at La Pointe.

"OCTOBER 15, 1836.—Left our encampment about 3 P.M. today. Met Mr. Warren of the American Fur Company near the Dr. Tour. He gave General Dickson letters to the different persons in charge of the fur posts in the interior requesting them to aid us with guides, provisions, etc., to enable us to prosecute our journey to Red River. The old gentleman expressed his doubt of our being able to get farther than Leech Lake before the small rivers were frozen."

(NOTE: The Mr. Warren referred to was Lyman Warren, who later was in charge of an Indian post near Chippewa City on the Chippewa River, and who has been frequently mentioned in the series of letters published.)

"OCTOBER 16, 1836.—Left our camp at daybreak. About 11 o'clock a severe snow storm commenced and in a short time the wind on the lake increased so violently that it was with great difficulty we could keep the batteau from being driven on the rocks, which line the coast in this part of the lake for many miles. The fur company boat which kept us company narrowly escaped swamping, being very heavily laden. After some difficulty both boats made the mouth of a small river, but which was too shallow to admit them. We then had all to jump into the water up to our middles to unload the boats and pull them over

the sand, to prevent them from being filled with water. Encamped cold and uncomfortable enough.

"OCTOBER 21, 1836.—For the past three days we have been detained at Bois Brule by a severe storm. Extremely cold and many of the small streams nearly frozen. Short of provisions and placed on an allowance of a biscuit each per day.

"OCTOBER 22, 1836.—Left Bois Brule at daybreak and arrived at Fond du Lac about 5 in the evening. After resting rowed up the St. Louis River, reached the American Fur Company post at 11 o'clock this night.

"SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1836.—Visited the trading post of the American Fur Company. Received much useful instruction respecting our route to Red River, also were furnished canoes and a guide to conduct us to Sandy Lake.

"OCTOBER 24, 1836.—Commenced making the 'Grand Portage' which is about 9 miles long. Had to climb hills nearly 50 feet high and many of them nearly perpendicular. We all had to assist in carrying our luggage, in loads of 100 pounds and upward . . . and had to make four trips each. Made three miles and encamped fatigued enough after our first day's portaging.

"OCT. 25, 1836.—Continued our portaging but found a better road, if road it can be called, and felt much less fatigued.

"OCT. 26, 1836.—Again to the d— portaging. Met an Indian while at breakfast who informed our guide that the upper part of the St. Louis River was frozen, which quite discouraged, I mean, disappointed, us, and discouraged our little half breed guide, so much so that he said it was useless to go on.

"OCT. 27, 1836.—Arrived at the end of the 'Long Portage' and set to work preparing our canoes for an immediate start, ice or no ice.

"SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1836.—Started with canoes in the Rapids. Got to the end of Portage de Couteaux with much difficulty. Late in the evening I walked with the guide a distance of 15 miles through miserable roads.

"SUNDAY, OCT. 30, 1836.—Returned from the Fort alone about 2 P.M., having procured a new guide, the first having refused to obey his master and come with us. . . . New guide arrived this evening.

"OCT. 31, 1836.—Started with our new guide, a smart Chippewa, and got through about half of the rapids, but with difficulty.

"Nov. 1, 1836.—About 3 P.M. got over the rapids where the Indian left us.

"Nov. 4, 1836.—Early in the day entered the Prairie, and through an error in the map went up the wrong channel, which led us into an endless swamp. Found our error when we had lost nearly the whole day. Saw three immense moose deer but could not get near enough to have a shot at them.

"Nov. 5, 1836.—Got to the Savannah Portage, which we found so damnable that we had to wade in water up to our hips for nearly three miles and carry our trunks, etc., etc., to boot.

"WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9, 1836.—General Dickson and Capt. Parys left encampment to proceed to Sandy Lake on foot. About 11 o'clock we started in canoes but found great difficulty in getting through water so shallow. Two P.M. entered Sandy Lake, which is surrounded with lovely scenery and is one of the most delightful lakes I have ever seen.

"THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1836.—Making preparations for an immediate start up the Mississippi 300 miles to Lake Winnipeg. Weather still mild. Hope to get there with canoes.

"FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1836.—Left Sandy Lake at 1 P.M. Came up the Mississippi about 10 miles. River very winding.

"Nov. 12.—Made about 50 miles.

"Nov. 13.—Came 40 miles. Weather cold.

"Nov. 15.—Exceedingly cold, with snow storm. Obligated to encamp early. Fingers nearly frozen.

"Nov. 17, 1836.—All day paddling through immense Prairies, with fields of grass 7 to 8 feet high. Made portage to get into Lake LaCrosse, one-half mile. Crossed the lake after dark and fell in with Indians who guided us to a fishing lodge on the northwest side of the lake, near which we encamped.

"Nov. 19, 1836.—Started about 9 A.M. Found passage at upper end of lake frozen. Obligated to break ice a long distance to get near shore. In doing so I broke the canoe in which I was in. Had to jump on the ice and haul her up to prevent her from sinking. Made a long portage, 3 miles to Little Lake Winnipeg.

"SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1836.—We left Upper Lake Winnipeg about 10 A.M. crossed the lake on the ice 15 miles. Walking difficult and exceedingly fatiguing as there is no snow as yet upon the ice.

"SUNDAY, NOV. 27, 1836.—Started two hours before day, by moonlight. Morning cold, but delightfully clear and pleasant. About sun up took the ice on the Mississippi River inlet to Lake Winnipeg. Followed it about fifteen miles and at 11 A.M. came to Red Cedar Lake, or Cass Lake, as it is called on the map. . . . Crossed Cass Lake. Found it bad walking on the ice, which is as smooth as the surface of a polished mirror. At 4 P.M. arrived at the fur company station at Cass Lake.

"TUESDAY, NOV. 29, 1836.—Left Cass Lake. Had bad walking all day on small lakes. Ice very smooth and difficult to stand on. Came about 30 miles. One of the men gave out early in the day and had to encamp 5 miles behind us with a comrade who remained behind with him.

"Nov. 30, 1836.—Still on the small lakes and bad walking. At the entrance to Rice Lake I fell through the ice and got a severe ducking, as it was about 15 feet deep. Got out without assistance and started as fast as possible for the encampment, which had been made by one of our party who had preceded us, but having mistaken the direction, passed the camp 5 miles and was nearly frozen before some of our party, who had followed me came up, as my hands were so benumbed that I could not start a fire.

"THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1836.—Arrived about 10 o'clock fatigued enough at Red Lake, a large lake, from 60 to 70 miles long and 15 to 20 wide which empties its waters into Red River, which flows into Great Lake Winnipeg. Mr. Fairbanks, the person in charge here, treated us with great hospitality. He appears to have been many years in the Indian country, as he has six fine children by a native woman. He speaks the Chippewa language very fluently and is otherwise well acquainted with Indian affairs."

(NOTE: This Mr. Fairbanks came from New York state with Lyman Warren. He established the first post at Cass Lake.)

"MONDAY, DEC. 5, 1836.—Weather severely cold. At 8 A.M. we entered the red fork of Red River. Had traveled about a mile when one of our party got his face badly frozen. Obligated to stop and light a fire. In the evening came to three Indian lodges where we were treated with a small piece of boiled bears meat, and went on our way with renewed vigor.

"FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1836.—We had proceeded on the prairie about fifteen miles when we came to a grove of poplars, where we discovered a number of hares. Some of the party being weak and all of them fatigued we proposed an hour's rest while our sportsmen would go and enjoy themselves among the hares. Our guides laid down their packs and with evident satisfaction joined the persons who went in search of hares. In the meantime the rest of the party wandered about in various directions, some in search of water, some on the lookout for a good place to camp, as we purposed to have a feast of hares. . . . In this manner we continued our ramble for 5 miles, till we discovered a favorable place for camping. In the evening when all our party had mustered we found our guides missing, but suspected no harm as they had appeared very happy and cheerful all day. But long after dark when we had fired a number of shots and the guides did not come in we began to have serious apprehensions that they had deserted, and dispatched a person in search of them, who returned about midnight with the unpleasant intelligence that he had found, unopened, the packs which the guides had carried, their carrying straps taken off, and their bundle of provisions, etc., gone. This was indeed melancholy proof that the young rascals had deserted us.

"To add to the painful reflection that we were in a wild and unknown country, with but a few days' allowance of miserable food, without guides, we were all night annoyed by howling wolves in every direction around our camp. Connected with the cries of this animal we had fear of an attack from the Sioux Indians, as has frequently happened in the very Prairies in which we were then encamped. These Indians when they have hostile intentions gather their bands together by imitating the cries of a wolf or the screams of an owl and never attack but at the dawn of day. We had been informed of their habits and frequently warned to be on guard, so that night—what from losing our guides—the cries of wolves, or supposed enemies, few of us slept, although all were wearied by fatigue and long privations.

"SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1836.—At daybreak we were summoned together and informed by General Dickson that as our guides had deserted and as we had but five days' provisions and had yet to travel near three hundred miles in a strange country, of which we had not an accurate map, he left us all to act, each man for himself, to either follow him, as it was his determination to trust to fortune and push forward, or return to Red Lake and there wait until they could procure a guide. I had previously made up my mind to continue my route at every risk, and all the rest, with two exceptions, preferring to follow General Dickson, we made immediate preparations to start.

"For the first fifteen miles we had come in the Prairie we found the marks of an old track which formerly led to Pembina when there was a post there of the American Fur Company, and we had strong hopes we would be able to find the trail in different places, sufficiently distinct to indicate the proper route, but this morning all our hopes were clouded by the appearance of a heavy snow storm. However, we had taken our determination and were not to be easily shaken. We each shouldered a pack and having bid a melancholy adieu to our friends who were to return, who said they had not a hope of seeing us again and promised to inform our friends should we perish, we entered upon our path and proceeded for a number of miles in great silence, not so much as uttering a word to each other.

"At length we came to an immense open plain, without the appearance of a tree upon it as far as the eye could reach, except in a west northwest course, where we could distinguish trees about 25 miles distant. Here we lost the path completely, but having held a consultation we determined to proceed across the plain in the direction of the trees, and endeavor if possible to arrive at them before dark, as we did not like the idea of sleeping out in the plain, without fire to warm us or water to cook our food. Long after dark we came to a ravine in the Prairie, which contained some ice but not a drop of water. Here we determined to remain until morning as the trees were still a great distance away, as near as we could distinguish. We found a small clump of underwood and having made a small fire with a few branches and eaten a handful each of parched corn with some water—we lay down near our little blaze and endeavored to sleep but the attempt was fruitless. We passed a most miserable night. The wind blew strong from the northwest and so cold we had difficulty to keep ourselves from freezing, as we had but one blanket each.

"SUNDAY, DEC. 11, 1836.—Never was the dawn of day more welcome to miserales than this to us. To save time our allowance of rice was boiled in the night but the continued blowing had so filled it with charcoal and ashes that but two or three of the company could stomach a few spoonfuls of it. The rest, myself among the number, traveled all day without eating a morsel or drinking a drop, and the snow which we had so much dreaded the day before would have been more welcome than gold. Our course today was west northwest. We saw a great number of pheasants but they were so wild all our attempts to kill some of them failed.

"In the evening we came to a fine stream of water running through a fine grove of elms. The sight was hailed with delight and here we determined to camp. A few moments after our arrival an Indian with a gun in his hand and a bullet in his mouth came cautiously creeping up to us. I discovered him and conjecturing his intentions immediately ran up to him and offered him my hand, which he accepted with a feigned smile, at the same time observing, as near as I could understand, that he was glad to find we were Englishmen and friendly to his tribe, adding that the bullet he carried was intended for one of us, supposing us enemies. The savage had lived for some weeks with his squaw, dogs, etc., upon a bear which he had killed, on his way to some hunting grounds at

a distance from the Prairie. We engaged him to conduct us to the point nearest Pembina on Red River, and having made him a few presents he returned to his squaw.

"MONDAY, DEC. 12, 1836.—Started with our new guide, course west, north-west by west. Doubts of honest intention of the Indian arose from him changing the course from what we had reason to suppose was the correct one. At 1 P.M. encamped on a branch of the stream we left in the morning, as it will take all day tomorrow to cross the plain to the next camping place.

"TUESDAY, DEC. 13.—Started at daybreak. Guide reluctant to accompany us from the appearance of a storm, which at this season is dangerous to the traveler. After difficulty was persuaded by us to come, but still doubtful of his honesty from his continually inclining to the west. At 11 A.M. discovered trees to the west northwest and west, which the Indian guide said were on the banks of Red River and near Pembina, to which place he had agreed to guide us. Late in the evening, after a long and fatiguing journey came to the banks of the river which sight gave us a variety of pleasing feelings. Crossed the river and immediately changed our course to the north. Had gone but a few miles when the Indian requested his pay, a blanket, saying he had left his squaw alone with but little food and he was anxious to return, assuring us that a few hours walk would bring us to Pembina, near which we would find on the river bank the old cart track, which in three days would lead us to the settlement at Assiniboia. His story was plausible. We suffered ourselves to be duped and the rascal returned, no doubt laughing at our credulity.

"Having gone some miles and perceiving no appearance of the settlement which formerly existed at Pembina and being all much fatigued, we encamped near what we thought was a large stream flowing from the Prairies into Rice River but upon cutting the ice we found to our disappointment that it was a pool of stagnant mineral water. Hunger compelled us to cook our remaining pint each of rice with the mineral water and either from its effects or that of some bears grease, which I got from the squaw, we were nearly all taken severely ill in the course of the night.

"WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14, 1836.—So unwell it was with difficulty I could walk ten minutes at a time without throwing myself down in the grass. Our route today extends from point to point on Red River across the immense plain which extends to the west 15 or 20 days journey."

(After many more hardships the party arrived at Red River settlement. McLeod in reflecting on the part of the journey just completed writes as follows:)

"Upon our departure from Red Lake we each carried a knapsack of clothes and provisions, which weighed in all about 50 pounds to the person. Upon this most miserable food, the only kind we could get, we had marched about 500 miles, at a very inclement season, where sometimes we had to camp without wood or water. Yet we got through, without guides, to the great astonishment of many of the oldest voyageurs in the place.

"The first season of buffalo hunting commences about the 15th of June and is continued to August 1st. The second season commences in September

and terminates late in the fall, about November 1st, leaving time sufficient to return home before the cold weather sets in. I allude to the Brules hunting, as the Indians who inhabit the buffalo country kill these animals at all seasons.

(NOTE: The "Brules" were evidently the white and mixed blood inhabitants of that region.)

"The Brules generally set out with 500 to 600 carts drawn principally by oxen. Their wives and daughters usually accompany these carts, for the purpose of preparing the meat, which is done by stripping it from the bones and spreading it upon a scaffold of poles, elevated from three to four feet from the ground, under which they build a fire of the buffalo dung. In this manner they continue to dry the meat as fast as it is killed by the hunters. It requires the flesh of twelve of the largest animals thus prepared to load a cart drawn by one ox—and allowing 600 carts to the spring season would make 7,200 of these animals killed in about a month by the Brules alone, not including any of the Indian tribes, such as the Sioux, the Mandans, the Gros ventrers, etc., all of whom inhabit the buffalo country and destroy these animals by thousands and add to this, that in the spring nearly all the animals killed are cows, the meat of the male not being good after a certain season. These different causes account for the rapid decrease of the buffalo within the past few years. I have been informed by a Brule hunter that at the last hunt they had to go a journey of 15 days to the west, 6 days farther than they ever went before.

"In the fall hunt besides the dry meat they make Pemmican and also bring home a great quantity of the meat in its natural state.

"The Pemmican is made by drying the meat as before mentioned. It is then beaten into small pieces and placed in a sack made of buffalo skin, into which is poured a quantity of the melted fat of the animal. When it cools it is pressed into the sack and sewed up. In this manner it will keep for 3 or 4 years. The sacks are of various sizes but the common sizes are from 100 to 150 pounds.

"The usual number of horsemen attending these hunts is about 500, however not more than from 200 to 300 act as hunters, and are those possessing the swiftest horses. The hunters are exceedingly expert, notwithstanding which many accidents occur. I have seen many of them with broken legs, broken arms and disabled hands, this latter accident frequently occurring from their manner of loading their guns. The powder is carelessly thrown in, in more or less quantities, the ball is then tumbled in upon it and off goes the shot. This is done to save time and it is almost incredible what a number of shots one person will discharge in riding the distance of 3 or 4 miles the horse at the top of his speed.

"A gentleman who has lived many years in the buffalo country says that upon the least calculation from four to five hundred thousand of these animals are killed yearly on this side of the Missouri River.

"SUNDAY, FEB. 26, 1837.—Left La Fourche, Red River colony this evening and came 3 miles up the settlement to prepare for an early start tomorrow to St. Peters, 750 miles from this, on foot.

"MONDAY, FEB. 27, 1837.—Started at daybreak. Cold with sharp head wind. About 10 A.M. a severe snow storm commenced. Obligated to take shelter in the house of a Mr. Meikeljohn. Came about 9 miles. Five P.M., cleared off. Prospects of a fine day tomorrow. Prepared snow shoes, etc., for journey.

"TUESDAY, FEB. 28, 1837.—Started at daybreak. Bad walking, snow deep. Crossed the long traverse and waited for dogs to come up. At 3 P.M. had to camp. Dogs too fatigued to proceed. Dogs never travel well first day.

"MARCH 1, 1837.—Left encampment at sunrise. Found it exceedingly cold sleeping out after having been in a house for two months. Came 40 miles today. Arrived at a shanty where we found 14 persons, men, women and children, without food. They had been living for 7 days on an occasional hare or pheasant. The hunter's life is ever a precarious one. We relieved them with Petmanican from our stock for the journey, which in all probability will be the cause of our fasting some days before we reach Lake Traverse, the first trading post from this, distant more than 400 miles.

"MARCH 3, 1837.—Had a cold and stormy night, unable to leave camp before 9 o'clock. Wind changed to north and brought with it a snow storm which caught us on the prairie many miles from shelter. Three P.M. came to a small wood on a bend of Tongue River. One of our party, Mr. Pary, not having come up, we encamped. He has no snow shoes, persisted in not bringing any with him, which may lead to unhappy consequences, as he is unable to keep up with us on the plains and should we be separated by a storm he would inevitably perish. I feel miserably fatigued and my feet are severely blistered by the strings of the snow shoes. At every step the blood from my toes oozes through my moccasins.

"MARCH 4, 1837.—Came a long distance today. Snow deep and very heavy, which clogs the snow shoes and makes them exceedingly fatiguing to carry. Encamped on a branch of Park River. Find Major Long's map very incorrect.

"MARCH 7, 1837.—Last night excessively cold. Today unable to leave camp. So stormy it is impossible to see the distance of 40 yards on the plain and the distance to the next wood or encampment is 30 miles.

"MARCH 8, 1837.—Wind north and piercing on the prairie. Crossed the plain and arrived at Turtle River at 3 P.M. when we camped. Came 30 miles.

"SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1837.—Started at daybreak, route principally over immense hills. Saw 13 buffaloes. One shot at by guide, severely wounded but not killed. Mr. Pary unable to keep up with us, afraid to lose him as the drift filled up our tracks, which obliged us to frequently wait for him, consequently we were unable to get across the plain to a place of encampment. This evening as we were suffering the severest torments for want of water the guide espied at a distance the carcasses of two buffaloes recently killed. Being a hunter himself curiosity led him to the spot where to his great delight he found a few small pieces of wood brought there by hunters some days previous, by which means we were enabled to melt a kettle of snow.

"MARCH 13, 1837.—Passed a more comfortable night than expected. Morning miserable; having to creep out from under our buffalo skins and take to the plains to warm ourselves. No fire, no water, no breakfast. I took a small piece of frozen Pemmican and ate it with a handful of snow, at same time walking as fast as possible, to warm myself.

"Violent storm came on. Guide said we were lost and would all perish. At 3 p.m. having walked more than 30 miles since daybreak, we perceived through the drift a clump of trees where we arrived soon after, happy to escape passing a second night on the plain where it is more than probable we should have all been frozen to death."

It would be difficult to find recorded the details of a trip entailing more hardships and dangers than Mr. McLeod has penned. A disappointing feature of the account is the lack of any definite statement by McLeod as to what became of General Dickson and what was the result of his hair-brained venture. Dickson's name simply drops out of McLeod's diary account. From footnotes to the diary account in the *Minnesota History Bulletin* are to be found mentions which throw some further light on Dickson's intentions, also of unexpected obstacles encountered at the Red River fur trade settlement, which disarranged his plans, which in any case must have ended in a fiasco.

A Mr. Ely, a missionary in the Lake Superior regions, in his diary under date of Sept. 23, 1836, writes as follows:

"About 1 o'clock this noon the boat which left for La Pointe on the 8th arrived. Another boat from the Sault St. Marie also arrived, chartered by Gen. Chas. Dickson and manned by his soldiers. The company consists of the general, a Polish refugee officer, 5 young men, ranking lieutenants, and 7 soldiers. They are on an expedition against Mexico, and it is the present intention, if a sufficient force is collected, to make a descent from the passes of the Rocky Mountains upon a certain Mexican city, and destroy it. Gen. D. says every man shall die, as they will not be able to keep the city if their men are spared. Had a long conversation with him concerning his plans. He keeps nothing back, except the name of the city in view. His plan is to form a government in California of the scattered Indian tribes of the West, Chetokees, Creeks, etc., and all others who may be disposed to join them."

This Mr. Ely later adds to his diary entry as below:

"Our conversation brought out the following points: That Dickson and the Pole had been engaged in the Texan army. That the idea of being called to fill some important position in the affairs of the world possessed him. That the star of fate was guiding him in this bold stroke. He proceeded to Montreal, where he recruited his small force of young men, who would constitute his officers in the army he expected to raise. With a very meager supply of arms, and small resources, they started for the Red River colony, expecting to recruit a force of half breeds—hunt their way across the buffalo plains, and thus suddenly, and from an unexpected quarter, fall on the doomed city, which I concluded to be Santa Fe, and from its pillage to find himself abundantly supplied

with gold for future wants. . . . I afterwards learned through Mr. Aitkins that Dickson wandered off among the Indian tribes."

Another footnote is as follows:

"The guide who accompanied the party was the famous Pierre Bottineau. Mr. Wm. Bottineau, a son of Pierre, has told the writer much of the story of this expedition as he heard it from his father. His version of Dickson's motives is that the 'General' had been robbed and abused in other ways by the Mexicans, and desired revenge. When he reached the Red River settlement the Hudson Bay Company refused to honor his draft for men, being unwilling to lose their best hunters. Then Dickson was stranded, without money or equipment, and had to abandon the enterprise."

The close of the preceding article left McLeod and party when they had just reached the shelter of a clump of trees, thus probably saving them from perishing on the open plain. Continuation of McLeod's diary:

"MARCH 14, 1837.—Last night so cold could not get a moment's sleep. Today in camp. Guide unable to go on account sore eyes.

"MARCH 17, 1837.—This morning when we left the camp the weather was very mild and pleasant. Guide discovered tracks of a deer and went in pursuit of it, meantime Mr. Hayes, Mr. Parys and myself directed our course across the plains toward a point of woods on Rice River. Suddenly, about 11 o'clock, a storm from the north came on that no pen can describe. We made towards the woods as fast as possible. It was distant about 3 miles. I was foremost, the dogs following close to me. Mr. H. was not far distant and Mr. Parys 2 miles behind. In a few moments nothing was perceptible, and it was with difficulty I could keep myself from suffocating—however—I hastened on and in a short time caught a glimpse of the woods through a drifting cloud of snow. I was then not more than 300 yards from it. At that time I saw Mr. Hayes who had come up within 30 yards of me, and called out that I was going the wrong course, exclaiming 'Keep more to the right.' I said 'No, follow me quick.' I perceived him to stoop, probably to arrange the strings of his snow shoes, an instant later an immense cloud of snow hid him from view, and I saw no more. I cannot describe what my feelings then were and what they must have been a few seconds afterward when I found myself at the bottom of a ravine more than 20 feet deep, from which I had to use the greatest exertions to save myself from being suffocated in the snow, which was drifting down upon me. Upon gaining the edge of the ravine, which I effected with the greatest difficulty, having my snow shoes still on, as my hands were too cold to untie the strings of them, which were frozen, I found the poor, faithful dogs with their traineau buried in a snow bank. Having dug them out my next effort was to gain the wood, which I knew was on the other side of the ravine, about 20 yards over, yet I could not distinguish a tree, so close and thick was the snow drifting. An hour's exertion with the dogs and traineau through the deep snow in the ravine brought me into the edge of the woods, which I found was composed of only a few scattering trees, making miserable shelter, I tried to make a fire. My matches were all wet, my hands were too cold to strike a spark with the flint

and steel. 'What can be done? I must not perish,' I said to myself. I thus thought of my companions, alas, poor fellows, there can be no hope for you, as I have all the blankets, buffalo robes, provisions, etc.

"Having dug a hole in a snowbank, I made a sort of shelter with my cloak and a blanket and buffalo robe. I was completely wet through, for a shower of sleet had accompanied the storm. In a few moments it began to freeze. The night came, the storm continued unabated and my situation was truly miserable. Companions and guide in all probability perished, myself in great danger of freezing also and in a strange country some hundred miles from any settlement or trading post.

"MARCH 18, 1837.—Never was light more welcome to a mortal. At dawn I crept from my hole and soon after heard cries. Fired two shots. Soon after the guide came up. He had escaped by making a fire and being a native and half-blood, his knowledge of the country and its dangers had saved him. Mr. Parys was found with both legs and feet frozen. All search for Hayes proved ineffectual. Remained all day near the scene of our disaster in the hope that some trace of him might be found.

"SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1837.—Started early, with poor Parys on the dog traineau, having left all our luggage behind. At 2 p.m. found dogs unable to proceed with him and he suffering too much to bear the pain of moving about the guide made a hut for Parys, where he will remain 5 or 6 days, until I can send horses for him from Lake Traverse, 60 miles distant. Left with Parys all our blankets and robes, except a blanket each for the guide and myself, also plenty of provisions. Obligated to kill one of our dogs. Dog meat excellent eating.

"MARCH 21, 1837.—Left the 'Boise de Sioux' at sunrise and arrived at dark at the trading house at Lake Traverse, having traveled 45 miles, with a severe pain in my right side and knee.

"MARCH 23, 1837.—Sent the guide with another person and two horses and a cart for Mr. Parys, my trunk, etc., with instructions to search for the body of Mr. Hayes, in order that it may be decently interred at the trading house.

"SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1837.—This morning the two men returned. Poor Parys is no more. They found him in his hut, dead. He had taken off the greater part of his clothes, no doubt in the delirium of fever, caused by the excruciating pain of his frozen feet. In the hut was found nearly all the wood we left him and a kettle of water partly frozen. Everything indicated that he died the second or third day after we left him.

"No trace of the body of Mr. Hayes was found. The poor fellow ere this has become food for the savage animals that prowl these boundless wilds. Thus has perished a young and amiable man at the age of 20, in the full vigor of youth.

"MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1837.—This day poor Parys was consigned to his last abode, the silent and solitary tomb. It is a source of consolation to me amid my troubles that I have been enabled to perform this last duty to a friend. Would that I could say the same of Mr. Hayes. I have, however, left direction

with all the Indians near this port to search diligently for his bones and inter them. They are about to depart on their spring hunt and will in all probability find his remains. I can do no more.

"APRIL 5, 1837.—Left Lac Travers at 10 o'clock. Came 20 miles through a hilly prairie. Encamped at 3 p.m.

"APRIL 7, 1837.—Cold and stormy. Had some difficulty in getting across Pomme de Terre River. Made the horses swim. Got our baggage and the cart across on some jammed ice. Arrived at Lac qui Parle at 2 p.m. Well received by Mr. Reinville, who has a trading post for the Indians here.

"SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1837.—Went to hear Mr. Williamson preach. He also read a chapter from the testament in Dakota. A number of the psalms of David were sung in Dakota by half breeds and Indians. The audience consisted of half breeds, Indians, Canadians, and a few whites.

"APRIL 13, 1837.—Came 30 miles. Arrived at 3 p.m. at the Monte de Sioux, at the trading house of Mr. Provencable.

"APRIL 14, 1837.—Embarked at sunrise in a canoe with Indians and squaws who are going down where the St. Peter joins the Mississippi at Fort Snelling. Have for company 10 Indians and squaws in 3 canoes. These people have in one of their canoes the bodies of two of their deceased relatives which they intend to carry to a lake near the Mississippi more than a hundred miles from here.

"SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1837.—At 3 p.m. arrived at last at Fort Snelling, St. Peters, having escaped a variety of dangers and endured great fatigue and privations in the Sioux country."

NOTE: Mr. McLeod having now reached a comparatively civilized community and his dangers and privations over, we will bring this diary account to a close.

CARTWRIGHT REMINISCENCES

I.—AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Something over fifty years ago, in 1875, an old hunter, trapper and guide by the name of David Cartwright, in collaboration with a college woman, Mary F. Bailey, A. M., both of Wisconsin, published a book entitled, "Natural History of Western Wild Animals, and Guide for Hunters, Trappers and Sportsmen."

Banker A. T. Newman of Bloomer has a copy of the book, which he kindly loaned to the writer of this article, who has found it very interesting. An inquiry at the Wisconsin State Historical Society brought the reply that they also had a copy, but that it was kept under lock and key, it being one of those rare volumes which, if lost, would be difficult or impossible to replace.

About one-half of the book is taken up with descriptions of the wild animals and their habits, as noted in the title. The balance is made up of personal reminiscences of the senior co-author. The volume is of special interest to residents of this region as several chapters pertain to Cartwright's experiences in trapping and fishing, also in the hunting of big game; bear, deer, elk, etc., in this immediate vicinity.

Cartwright was from New York and as a boy during the '30's, hunted and trapped in that state. Attaining manhood he moved to southern Wisconsin, a more virgin field for one of his inclinations. As early as in the middle '50's he made hunting trips up into the Chippewa valley, but it was not until about the date of the publication of his book that he came into northern Wisconsin to make his home. One of his sons, Jonathan, had preceded him, building a sawmill and operating a store at Vanville, now Bloomer, in Chippewa county. He later for many years was in partnership with the late Chas. Tarr. The village of Cartwright, now New Auburn, was named after this family, probably after Jonathan, who was its most prominent member. The elder Cartwright, Uncle David, as he was called, passed his later years in his favorite occupation as guide, fisherman, bee hunter and in the hunting and trapping of game.

The contents of the Bailey-Cartwright book present a curious mixture of the technical, bookish phraseology of the educated college woman and the more homely and simple language of the old hunter.

The most lengthy chapter in the book consists of Cartwright's reminiscences of a trip in 1852 from southern Wisconsin to the gold fields of California, Cartwright and two of his neighbors in Jefferson county being in charge of the party. It would be difficult to find a better description of the trip than this. In a later article some of his Chippewa Valley hunting experiences will be given, but we will first present to our readers, in his own language, but in abbreviated form, his story of the journey.

The desires of my boyhood were to be more than realized. My dreams of life in a wild country were to be no longer dreams. In the early spring of 1852,

in company with two others, I started from my home in Southern Wisconsin, to conduct a company of men across the plains to California.

There were thirty-three men in that company, twenty-one of whom were residents of Sullivan. These understanding that it was in every respect the better policy to secure one or more guides, had engaged Mr. Miles Holmes, Mr. John Nutter and myself to conduct them to that promising land. We were each to receive two hundred dollars for taking the men across to California.

These men were all of them at the time residents of Southern Wisconsin. The State was then in its infancy, and no home in it was other than a pioneer's home. They were men used to toil and to privations but who were bent on getting that curative of so many of the ills of life, that ever precious gold. The difficulties of the way between them and their promised treasures they were bound to meet with manly courage. What they did, and how they fared, it falls to me after the lapse of more than a score of years to tell you.

Having once decided to go, and the necessary arrangements having been freely discussed and in due time carried to completion, the company was, according to arrangement, to meet at the house of your narrator. The eleventh of March was the inauguration day of the great event.

While I know that my neighbors are coming, but before they reach my door, I try to settle beyond a doubt, if I am ready to leave my family, in which there were several young boys in a frontier home, to care for themselves as best they can, and if I can believe that all will be well with them, should I never return. It was to be a journey of several months, at the best, of exposure and fatigue.

Mr. Holmes who was my partner in the undertaking was born in Waterbury, Massachusetts, of excellent parentage. He was a man of strong executive ability and business-like habits. He had been for a number of years a merchant in Georgia, prior to his removal to Wisconsin where I first became acquainted with him. He was appointed Colonel of State Militia of Wisconsin, by Governor Dodge. You would like him, and were you to enter into any business relations with him, you might rest assured that he would not fail you.

Mr. Nutter, who was the third partner, and who was elected to the captaincy of the company, may be known by his fine athletic frame and robust form, his healthy countenance and complexion, darkened somewhat by exposure to the sun, hands and muscles generally hardened by actual contact with the toils of life, and his dark, piercing eyes, which if they were darkened by other cause than nature's choice must have been by the charred remains of the many fires that have burned there. We shall need him many times before our journey's end.

If there's a river to be crossed, and no one can find a fordable spot; if there's extra baggage to be packed, and no one can find a place to stow it away; if there's a bad place in the road, and no one knows how to get around or over it; if it is so hot or so cold, so wet or so dry, that no one can tell how to adapt himself to the circumstances and keep on the march, Nutter is in his element, and no sooner is the difficulty apparent than his head and his hands are hard at work to make a way of escape. If a trail is lost and the heavens withholding help, keep back behind their clouds the twinkling stars, his head is clear, and in the twinkling of his eye you may find your assurance that all will yet be well. If you still doubt

it, he has but just returned from such a trip, and knows whereof he speaks. Besides all this, he is a jolly fellow and will be excellent company upon the road.

Charles Hibbard, a man of excellent principles and upright morality, is a quiet, thorough-bred gentleman. He shows himself friendly to everyone, and all are friends to him. For his cheerful, happy spirit, and consequent wholesome influence upon us, he was welcome to our number.

Charles Dunning was born of fighting stock. The milk of human kindness was also there.

Stephen Davenport, who took with him a son, resided in Jefferson Co., Wisconsin. He was both fat and jolly, his two hundred avoirdupois being well-balanced by his love of fun. His love of a horse exceeded almost any other display of his affections. Nothing seemed to suit him better than to get a good horse, and to care for it well. He was easily excited, and was then very strong. I have known him, when under excitement, to carry weights that in a state of relaxation he could not, with the help of two able-bodied men, lift from the ground.

Of the Jaquith brothers there were three. They would go everywhere, and you would think, all at once, up hill and down, upon high peaks or rocks, through ravines and across streams, to see what could be seen, and to hear what could be heard. They will make good picket men: their ears will catch the first sound of coming danger; their judgment, quick to act, will soon decide the case in hand. As for ability to mimic all the strange noises, earthly and unearthly sounds, there's none can beat them. Coyotes, prairie-dogs, buffaloes, birds upon the wing or in the woods, and lo, the poor Indian stand their chances alike of keeping in advance of their imitative powers. They are the fun-makers for the crowd.

Henry Torry, who was an active, nervous, plucky little fellow, was the oddest genius in the company. His drollery, of which he was sometimes conscious and sometimes not, was not to be matched by any of us. He is an excellent man, and his excellence is in keeping with his zeal for the promotion of good.

If any of the company should think that I have forgotten that Abram Balsar was one of us, he is much mistaken. Balsar was by profession a baker. At the time of which I write, he was practically both cook and baker. He was also a good fiddler.

As the servants of the company there were four ox teams and one horse team. We had twelve yoke of oxen, three yoke were hitched to a wagon, and we had five horses. Four of the horses were driven, and one was used for a saddle horse. Our wagons were well loaded, and thus equipped, our merry, sober men left my house, leaving behind us a company of about two hundred, who were possibly less merry and more sober than we were. The next day two companies met us, one from Cold Springs, and the other from Lake Mills, adding to our number twelve men and nine yoke of oxen and one horse.

The roads were in very poor condition, and the water was high; but we went on, and across Illinois, following the eastern bank of Rock River, then on the east side of the Mississippi, until we reached a point opposite Fort Madison. We would put up at night at some private house, or at some tavern, and at noon would feed our teams upon the road and feed ourselves as circumstances made it most convenient.

Just before we crossed the Mississippi, near the close of the day, having made arrangements with the ferry-man to take us across the river that night, we set ourselves to work to get the baggage in readiness. The boat was small and the ferryman was obliged to make several trips before he could get us all over.

Here Mr. Holmes and Mr. Cole left us to go down to St. Louis, to purchase supplies for the remainder of the journey. We went on to Des Moines, and thence across Missouri to St. Joseph. In our slow march through the state, we saw nothing, neither did we hear anything, nor did we meet, nor were we met by anything beyond the ordinary knowledge of thousands of pioneers. We were in their country, and yet in a new and sparsely settled one. We were outside of fences but not beyond the pale of the white man's habitations, nor westward of his pale face. Houses were rude, but there were comfortable ones; there were some roads and such as we would be ashamed to underrate, knowing as we do, of the hard work that is required to make good ones in a new country. The soil, of which clay is an important constituent, was wet and sticky. The streams were high and there were no bridges. Several of these we bridged ourselves. One we could not ford; but upon examination we found our spirits were higher than the waters; and by dint of perseverance and a little management, we succeeded in crossing and in reaching the other shore high and dry. We felled trees and ran our wagons over them, and we swam our cattle and horses across. This state, as many more inhabitants of it can testify, is in many respects physically beautiful.

Soon after reaching St. Joseph, I received a letter from Mr. Holmes, telling what day he expected to start from St. Louis, and that he would be on board the *Seelody*. Our next news from St. Louis was that the boat, while on its way up the river, had been blown up, that four hundred lives had been lost, and that all of the freight was lost. A chill of horror ran through our hearts, as it did throughout the land. Many households were to bow in sorrow, if not in submission, at the loss of some loved one. Four hundred lives lost, and that our friend Holmes had escaped was scarcely to be thought of.

All of the freight lost! And we knew that our food stuffs were gone. The loss of Mr. Holmes would be a doubly great loss to me, for we, as partners in the undertaking, had been bound under a forfeiture of two hundred dollars each, to the nineteen men who started from my house with us, should we fail to take them through to California. That day a boat came in from down the river, but brought no word from Mr. Holmes, nor of him. I determined to go down the following day, to learn something about them; should it be good news or bad, we could wait no longer in suspense. A boat came up just before mine was to go down, and when it landed I saw our men upon her deck. 'Twas a joyful thought to Mr. Holmes that he had reached his men in safety, his eyes were as if still riveted upon some awful scene. He took my hand with a warm grasp, but he was speechless. Large tears coursed unchecked over his manly face. I will not call them womanish tears; for 'twas manly to weep with those who wept, to weep for those bereaved.

It was some little time before he could control his emotions, and could give us any details of the disaster. When he did, it was with no parade of sensational narrative that he recounted to us the events of the terrible catastrophe, but from

an overburdened heart, still strangely horrified, that he said to us: "I saw, as I approached our boat, that it was very heavily loaded, I feared that it would give us trouble; but as I was to be only a passenger, and not wishing to make myself offensively conspicuous, I kept my fears in check. After we had started, and were in a bend in the river, at which point the stream was very rapid, and the boat could not, for its freight, work its way over the waves, and after it had made two attempts and failed, I said to the captain, 'Throw out a line and let a hundred of us get out and pull on the rope, and help you over this' 'No! I won't. I'll run it over myself, or blow her to h—l.' 'Have you ever blowed one up?' I asked. 'Yes, I have, and I done the old thing good justice, too.' I went around to the engine room and saw that the safety valve was tied down. I said to Cole, 'That boiler will burst and we're a ship-wrecked set. Let's go to the stern.'

"We had scarcely reached it when the deck was raised, everything rose up, the boat was instantly shattered to pieces, and scattered upon the waste of waters. How we escaped I cannot tell. Hundreds of bodies of dead and dying were mingled in that sea of blood, for the blood of mangled bodies was flowing fast and free.

"The living were making loud moans, calling in their anguish for help; some calling for their friends, children for their parents, and the parent for her child. A mangled part of the captain's body was found upon a shed about four hundred feet from the water. He had lost everything, and there was nothing but the few shreds of clothing left upon his body, and his upturned face, by which one could identify the perpetrator of that wicked deed."

Holmes was determined to be a man and being no longer able to help any of the wreckers, he turned his attention to his own business. He had had the goods insured in St. Louis, and proposed that we sell the insurance to the merchant of whom we must get our supplies. This we did, and on the seventeenth of April we started out from St. Joseph.

Our first six miles west from the river, which we crossed on a ferry, was through a lightly timbered section. We then struck a prairie, upon which we found a little belt of timber along its streams. The soil or mould, was black, loose, and fertile.

Taking a northwestern course from St. Joseph, after crossing several small streams, and for some time following the Little Blue, we came to one of its tributaries which was too deep for fording. The water was at that time unusually high; we must, therefore, cross it in some other way than by wading. We had prepared ourselves for such emergencies. We had made blocks to put on the bolsters of the wagons and under the boxes, to raise them nearly to the tops of the stakes. Having put these blocks upon the several wagons, we tied the wagon boxes down so that they could not be washed off by the current. By this means we crossed two streams before reaching Fort Kearney.

By this time several small companies, going our way, had joined with ours, making our number about sixty-five. We did not hold ourselves responsible for their safe passage through the western wilds; but we traveled together; and were all by agreement subject to certain rules. We were fast approaching a country where it behooved us to

*"Be up and watching
With a heart for any fate."*

We therefore put out a guard every night to watch the camp. This guard was appointed by daily draft, or better this, that every man took his turn, which was determined by response to roll call, and he was obliged to serve or furnish a substitute. There were generally two on picket together, and in cases of evident necessity, more were appointed as circumstances dictated. We traveled at the rate of eighteen miles a day through this section of the country, and were now where we did not see a woodsman's clearing, or a prairie home.

The antelope began to show themselves and I began to show signs of increased happiness. Sometimes I would see them on the road ahead of us, or not far from the side of the road as we passed along. Of course I used to take my rifle and go out after them. No sooner would I start than three or four, or half a dozen men, taking their guns too, would follow me. Knowing the excessive timidity of this most beautiful creature, I soon resolved to go quietly back to the teams, when any of the men should follow me. So many hunters would always scare away the game. It was, therefore, arranged that I should do the hunting for the party, and as a compensation should be released from picket duty.

The next day we went about as far as usual and camped by the river again. The river at this place was about a mile wide, but exceedingly shallow; it was at no place more than two feet deep, and was full of sand bars and islands. This sand is cold quick-sand. We hitched six yoke of oxen to our several wagons and crossed the river. We could at no place while crossing, stop our teams lest they should sink in the sand. The day had passed its middle mark before we were all safely across the river. We were now on its northern bank. We stopped for the afternoon to rest ourselves and our cattle.

After dinner some of us thought it a good way to rest, to go out hunting. The Colonel, one of the Missouri men and myself started, followed in a short time by fifteen or twenty others. Back from the river flats we could see buffalo. The country was very level for four or five miles from the river. Having crossed this level tract, we came into an undulating region, a beautiful rolling prairie country. The bluffs were not high, but they were treeless and almost shrubless, smooth, clean bluff upon bluff, over which the eye could reach in its clear vision mile after mile. The tops of these bluffs, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with herds of buffalo. A grand, good sight for my eyes. Missouri said that he had killed a great many buffaloes, and that one must hit them farther back and lower upon the body than any other animal. Agreeing to aim as he directed, I soon after fired and hit one of the animals; but I knew by its motions that it had been hit too far back. I was sorry; still I believed that I could, by carefully changing my position, kill it. That I might do it, Missouri agreed to keep perfectly quiet; but at the critical moment he called to his brother who was about eight rods behind us.

My buffalo, which wasn't mine, called to its brothers, and the whole herd went off. The Colonel and I were, as you may suppose, indignant that we had thus lost our game; but by telling of him, I have now had my revenge. We sat

down and beheld the grand retreat. The land as far as the eye could reach was blackened with the huge, wild creatures. There were doubtless thousands of them, and somewhere in their number the wounded one.

We turned our course and soon saw a herd of twenty-five or thirty coming towards us. We tried to head them off, but were too far away. We shot at them, but did not kill any. There had been so many men out amongst them that day, that they were excited and easily frightened. We started for camp. On our way we saw a buffalo coming, followed by a man on horseback, driving at full speed. When we had come within a hundred rods of them, the buffalo, doubtless frightened by us, turned about. Its pursuer was now only a few rods distant and he fired at it. He hit it; but after running a little ways, the two being in close proximity, the buffalo started to fight the man. He fired at it again, and the creature fell and very soon died. The man had shot it in the heart.

As we helped him turn it over I made up my mind that I had shot my buffalo too far back on the body. I resolved, and I think it an advisable resolution for any one to make, that I would always shoot as close to the fore leg as possible, and about one-third of the way up the body. As there is a hump on the shoulders unless one is careful he will shoot too high. We all reached camp in good season; but I cannot say that we did in as good spirits, for none of us had brought into camp any game. I found at night that I had left my powder-horn, doubtless where I had made my first shot.

We had planned to get an early start in the morning, and to make a big day. We therefore started before sunrise. I quietly asked Hibbard to go with me to get my powderhorn, and suggested that while we were gone we might possibly get some game. We told no one except Holmes where we were going, lest the fright among the wild herds be repeated, and we again defeated, and our men as bad off as villagers without a meat market. As the teams started we left the road and took our march towards the bluffs. I found my horn; but there were no buffaloes in sight. We moved on westward, and after a little struck for some bluffs a mile or two from us.

As we reached the top of a bluff we saw large herds of buffaloes, two or three miles away. Our courage was good and our determination to push our way on towards them. When we were within a half-mile of them, there seemed to be two ravines, one on each side of them. I said to Hibbard if he would approach them by the left hand ravine I would go up on the right side of them, and we might both get a shot at them.

When I had reached a point in the ravine which I thought was opposite the herd, I carefully ascended the knoll. I saw one get up. I fired at him. He ran a little ways, then fell dead. Just as I had reloaded my gun, three antelope ran past me; aiming at one of them, I shot it, and when it had run on a few rods it tumbled over. I approached it, and unjointing the hip bone, I carried the saddles off with me. I cut out twelve or fifteen pounds of the buffalo steak, and putting my gun barrel through the skin, which, by the way, I had left on for this purpose, I carried it over my shoulder. I could not find Hibbard, so I went on alone.

I thought I was about ten miles north of the road. I started in a southwesterly direction. After a time I saw several elk, and a little farther along I saw a buffalo go down a ravine. I approached, on my way, within five rods of it before it saw me. When it did it was frightened and ran off. I was willing it should go. On and still further on I went. I crossed a large flat piece of land, beyond which there was quite a formidable ridge. As I looked upon it, and with my eye picked my way to its summit, I saw five Indians standing near the top of it. I looked at them and I thought they looked at me. I thought it rather mean in them to get so exactly in my way as they had done, but resolved to go on and take my chances, and meet my fate with a brave heart. We were then in the Sioux country and as they saw me coming they seated themselves as though ready and waiting for me. Well! I thought, I'm ready for you; yes, and good for two of you any day.

As I neared them I found they were some of our own men. They were Hibbard and four others, who left the train soon after we had started out in the morning. I was glad to find they were white men, whom I knew. They had killed no game, and could help me carry mine. About two o'clock we came in sight of a small herd of buffaloes. The "boys" wanted me to shoot one of them, and I crawled up in shooting distance of them, fired at one and broke his shoulder. He started and ran down the hill in a direction partly towards the boys. They ran and surrounded him and commenced a series of firings upon him. I sat down to see the fun. They shot ten times, each man shooting twice. Chase advanced upon his victim, which was now in a hollow or sink hole. I called out, "Don't go any nearer; you'll get hurt." But he replied, "I'm not afraid; he is most dead; there's a stream of blood running out of his mouth."

Buffalo, upon this depreciation of his ability to fight, put down his head, scraped the ground with his fore foot, and made one desperate leap for Chase. He was then about twenty feet from the buffalo. The former started in hot haste; the latter followed close upon the rear. It was a run for life, and nearly even too. The buffalo ran about fifteen rods and laid him down to die.

They cut off what meat they could carry. I took up my load and we went on, thankful for our fun, and as thankful that none of us had been hurt. We had had nothing to eat since sunrise; we had not found any water; but despite hunger and thirst we pushed our way onward with resolution. We had lost the road, but were determined to find it. We were very tired. One thought we ought to leave our meat; but the others thought it best to keep it for future use, in case we should ever get a chance to eat again.

Just at dark we came to a brook. We could see, by their lights, thirty or forty Indians in camp not far from us. It was too dark for them to see us. With renewed courage we pushed on, not to their camp, but away from it, and our courage was doubtless increased by the hope of getting off without their knowledge of us. I believe we did the best that men could do, in picking our way along through the darkness, and in a strange country. In about an hour we struck the road. But here a new difficulty arose; we did not know whether our

company had yet passed this point, whether they were in advance of us, or still behind us.

The probabilities were, that in our circuitous marches upon our hunting grounds we had lost time, and that our men were westward of us. We resolved to go on until we should come to some camp. We fired our guns, but received no response. We traveled on another hour, then fired our guns again, and this time fire gave answer to fire. I need not tell you that we were joyful. 'Twas good news to us. Hoping that the shot came from our own camp, we marched on with new life. Two of the men from camp were sent out to meet us. They proved to be our own men. We reached camp about eleven o'clock, exchanged joyful greetings and recitals of the day's adventures. They feared we had been captured or killed. I had never been so thirsty as I was that day. The only water we had found was at the brook where we saw the Indians. I had tasted of it; but it was strong alkali water, and not fit to drink; what I did drink made me sick. The next day I was not able to sit up.

We had had no fresh meat to eat since leaving St. Joseph. The buffalo meat was dry and tough, the antelope's tender and good. The men ate very heartily of it, and one young man became very sick. It was Davenport's boy who was sick. He grew worse for several days, and died. We had stopped our train during his sickness, and did everything for him that it was possible to do. Mr. Knapp preached his funeral sermon, and we laid him away in the best box we could make, and drew a large flat stone and put it over his grave to keep the coyotes from digging him up. While we were in the midst of the funeral services the coyotes were on a knoll about sixty rods from us, fighting and howling so dismally that it was difficult to hear the preacher. They had doubtless scented the corpse, and were in angry waiting for a chance to tear it to pieces.

We were still following the Platte river on its north side, and for two hundred miles we saw no trees. There was just one tree that stood upon an island, but it was dead, and there was only one limb upon it. It had doubtless been chopped for firewood. We were obliged to do as were other travelers across the plains, to use buffalo chips for our fires. We made ditches about eighteen inches wide, and building our fire in them, we could then put our kettles across the ditch.

The Platte river, because of its sand bars, its rapidity, and its shallowness, is not navigable; though it is wide. The valley through which it courses is remarkable for its length, and for its fertility in the eastern portion of it. Its width is from eight to fifteen miles. Having passed this section of the valley, and following up the north fork, we were fast approaching the "bad lands" which lay between us and the Black Hills. The soil was sandy, and was beginning to grow alkaline in its character. Grass was becoming scarce. The land back from the river was covered with a small brush called greasewood, and with wild sage. The latter seems very much like wormwood. The prickly pear, or the cactus, grew in abundance. Acres upon acres are still covered with them. Buffaloes were becoming scarce and antelopes were numerous. The company voted me clear from all other duties to hunt, and I furnished our own company, and those that had joined ours, with all the fresh meat, except one deer and one antelope, which was eaten upon the remainder of the journey.



UNCLE DAVID RETURNING TO CAMP

After getting an early breakfast I used to start on in advance of the teams, kill my antelope, drag it to the road and go on. The men would pick it up as they reached the spot. Everything went off nicely when the weather was favorable, and we did not drive so far as to tire out the men. Sometimes we would be obliged to drive until late to get where we could find water and grass.

Our road was very good until we came to the Black Hills. The scenery on either side of our road was monotonous. We were hemmed in by bluffs, which shut out from view the more picturesque landscape beyond, and we saw little for a long distance but the bottom lands, treeless, springless flats.

The regions known as the "bad lands", and close to the hills is about thirty by ninety miles in extent, sunk away from its prairie surroundings with almost vertical sides, and is about three hundred feet deep in its lowest part. It is filled with innumerable pinnacles, columns, and irregular masses of earth and rock, separated by labyrinthine passages, nearly destitute of vegetation, bare and sterile, but rich in fossils, geological treasures and organic relics of extinct animals.

For many miles along this section of the river the atmosphere is so clear that the extent of vision is almost incredible. When we were still about thirty miles from the rocks we could distinctly see them, and could also trace the outlines of trees as they stood against them. One man told me that he had traveled the road on the side of the Platte, and that after seeing the rocks he traveled more than half a day to reach them, and gave it up. They stand probably fifty feet high, and bear strong resemblance to an assemblage of old chimneys.

I saw teams, men, and one day an antelope at the distance of eight miles. A man at a distance of three miles would seem to be ten or twelve feet tall. We usually traveled sixteen or eighteen miles, and yet, while here, we could at night look back to our camping ground of the previous night.

About seventy-five miles of our journey through the Black Hills was very mountainous, and in places as poor. The road led back from the Platte, because the mountains came, in many places, abruptly to the river. One day there seemed to be a city some six or eight miles west of us. It proved to be the case; for the place is known as Rock City; but the city, though built of stone houses at a comfortable distance apart, is yet uninhabited. The rocks and piles of stone are, at a distance, quite houselike in appearance.

When we reached Ft. Laramie we traded off some of our sore-footed oxen. A man was there whose business it was to exchange cattle with travelers. Two days out from the Fort we saw an immense drove of cattle on the road. Of course we wished ourselves ahead of them, and Nutter commenced a race. We drove for two days and one night, stopping in that time only long enough to cook and eat our victuals. Some of the jolliest times we had on the route were during those two days. I have not, in the twenty-two years, forgotten to laugh at some of the ridiculous performances of that cattle race. The horses and cattle of the opposing party were fresh and strong, full of spirits, and running as if for life. We were to pass through barren lands, and the fore-most party of course stood the better chance of finding water and grass. We won the race, and our reward was therefore better feed.

We soon struck the Sweet Water river. To the left of the road, as we neared the stream, we saw a famous rock, which in its coloring, resembles the pipe stone rock. Hundreds of names are inscribed upon it. Two miles from this rock there is a small alkaline lake. The deposits of alkali which are formed when the lake dries up in the summer, are in some places of a considerable depth. Wagon loads of it may be, and are, then gathered with little difficulty. It is the common pearl ash or soda, of commerce.

We followed the north side of the Sweet Water for twenty miles, then crossed it. At the point of crossing there was a ferry. The boat was small, and it was by a very tedious process that teams were conveyed across the river.

There were a number of companies at the ferry, each one waiting its turn to cross. At the rate of passage, we would be obliged to wait three or four days before we could move on. True to his instincts, Nutter planned a way of escape for us from such tedious waiting. The river was high, but he believed we could ford it. We raised our wagon boxes as we had done before, and fastening ropes to the lower side of each box, drew it over the top, and with some men on the

up stream side to hold the ropes and keep the wagons from turning as we struck the current, we started in. All of the men were taken over on horseback. The first one who went over carried a rope, one end of which was fastened to the foremost yoke of oxen. The oxen were hitched to the wagons as when upon the road. There were men on horseback on the down stream side to whip up the cattle as they struck the deep water. Our risky undertaking came out all right, and in half a day we were safely crossed to the further bank of the river.

One of the men in the crowd of those waiting a transport, having seen us cross, thought to follow suit. Having taken no precaution for the safe passage of his wagon boxes, when his teams struck the current, despite his best efforts at that late moment, they were turned first down stream, and then over into it. He lost almost all of his supplies, and it was with utmost difficulty that he kept his team from drowning. He had been advised not to drive in as he did, but he was one of your self-willed men, who know their own business, and whose success in life is the measure of the soundness of their judgment.

The road on the south side of the Sweet Water was level and good. It was a well traveled road, and probably as good as any country thoroughfare in any of our states. Soon after crossing the river we reached Devil's Gate. The ridge of rocks which lies on both sides of the river average about three hundred feet in height, and extends nearly north and south, reaching about a mile on the north side of the river and thirty or forty rods on the south side. As we first observed it, it seemed like one solid rock, possibly five hundred feet wide. On the south side it slopes gradually from the river to the ground. We reached it early in the morning and camped for a few hours to look at it more carefully.

As we ascended the rock, we found on reaching the river that there was a clean cut passage for the flow of the water. The stream as it passes through the rocks is fifteen or twenty feet wide. The rocky wall, as we looked over it into the river, is neither perpendicular nor perfectly smooth; but there are here and there projecting crags, many of which at our distance from them looked tiny, but could we have been near them, and they were in keeping with the general structure of the rocks, would have looked massive.

On a crag about one hundred and fifty feet from the top of the rock, there lay the body of a man. How, or when, or why he had reached that spot none of us knew; if he had been murdered by a white man or a red, if he had accidentally fallen over, or had willfully thrown himself over, were equally undecidable questions.

Our road through the Sweet Water Valley lay the most of the time close to the river, and it was generally good until we reached South Pass. At that place we reached the highest point on our route, the elevation being seven thousand four hundred and eighty-nine feet above the sea. The atmosphere at this height was so rare that it was difficult for ourselves and our cattle to breathe, and doubly tiresome to march. The combination of varied scenery gave us a grand picture. There is a notch in the snow-capped mountain, a beginning of vegetation lower down, and a graduation of it, until, when we have looked to the foot of the grand old mountains, we could see a growth of heavy timber, magnificent in its growth and venerable in its age. The valley is perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide.

The night that we reached the Pass we camped by the Pacific Springs, and there first saw water that flows into the Pacific Ocean.

We camped earlier than usual to look about. The most of the men took a tramp from the camp, some going in one direction, and some in another, some to look at the valley, and some to look upon and from the mountains. Some of the party saw elk and some saw mountain sheep.

Several of the men who had been out together returned to camp in great excitement. They were not frightened, but wild with joy. They had reached a California good enough for them. They had found gold in large quantities. They filled their pockets with the precious dust, to show to us poor fellows who had been so unfortunate as not to learn the fact so soon as they did. But fortunately for them, their gold proved to be but mica, a yellow isinglass.

Our first camping ground west of South Pass was sandy, upon the Little Sandy creek, which empties into the Green river. We were there obliged to fill our water-sacks with water. These sacks were made of rubber and would hold about twenty-five gallons. They were to be tied at the top like a grain sack. Our next day's tramp was a long and wearisome one. We marched about twenty miles to reach the Big Sandy, which also empties into the Green river. I say we marched; for that we always did. No man could ride, unless unable to walk. Nutter rode on horseback in advance of the company to look up camping grounds. The cooks followed him, to facilitate the cooking affairs.

At the Big Sandy we again filled our water-sacks; for we would find no water between any of the streams through this section of the country. Our cattle and ourselves too were obliged to drink the water carried in the sacks. As we could have none any better, we were obliged to make the best of our condition, taking what little satisfaction we could from the fact that all travelers upon the road must needs share as poor a fate; but after all, we were really not so joyous over the fact that misery had its company, as appreciative of the sufferings of many who were not well provided with the means of transporting water, and whose sufferings were in many cases very distressing. Twenty-eight miles lie between the Big Sandy and the Green river. This we were obliged to make in our next march, or camp where we could find no water. The weather was very warm, it being about the first of June. We traveled at a slow rate, making only two miles an hour.

While eating our dinner we saw an antelope coming up from a rise of ground. The Colonel went onto a knoll near by, to attract its attention, while I went onto the other side of it to shoot it. I crawled through the sage brush, until I came as near to it as I wished to, then waited while the Colonel drew out a handkerchief, which he had tied to a stick, and waved it. When the antelope saw him, it started and before it had made its first circle, in its attempt to approach the object of its fright, it came within shooting distance of me, and I killed it. It was a beautiful specimen of the antelopian family, and furnished us with very palatable meat.

At sunset we reached the Green river. It is not more than ten rods wide, but is deep and swift. The road brought us to a ferry, by means of which we must cross the clear, cold, and beautiful waters of the stream. The rate of ferryage

was very high. We paid twenty-five cents for every man, one dollar for every horse, one dollar for a yoke of oxen, and five dollars for every wagon. The boat was run by ropes and pulleys. The ferrymen were taking in, in those days of gold fever, from three hundred to five hundred dollars a day. We camped over night on the eastern bank of the river and were obliged to wait until noon before our turn should come to cross it. The last company to cross before we could go was a small one; it had pack mules.

As one of the men was getting on his mule it jumped; the man was thrown off and his foot caught in the stirrup, and as the mule started off he was dragged along with his head upon the ground. The mule made a circle about twenty rods from the river, kicking at almost every step. When it reached the river side of its second circle, it plunged into the stream, ran about half way across it, and then made a very short turn to come back. The mule was in deep water when it turned, and the man, whose foot was still held by the stirrup, was out of sight. He was probably kicked as the mule turned about; just then he threw his arm up out of the water, then disappeared forever. We took boats and tried to find him, but could not.

That night we camped by a beautiful little stream beyond the Green river. We had here the prettiest camping ground of the entire route. The mountain stream, for such it was, was a tiny thing, but clear, sparkling, and beautiful as it rippled over its stony bottom. The valley on either side of it is not wide, but wide enough to furnish us ample room for ourselves, our stock and our goods. The hills immediately adjacent to the stream are of moderate height, smooth, and as beautiful to look upon as are any to be found. Hills of greater height rise back of them. The scenery is not wild, but for one of serene, joyous beauty it is a gem. In the morning we went on three or four miles and camped on the same stream. It was our rule that we should not camp two nights in the same place, though every seventh day we would rest ourselves and our teams.

We found a great many wolves in this part of the country. We saw the big buffalo wolves, the black wolves and the gray ones, and the coyotes or prairie wolves. Those last named were the most plenty, and were the noisiest of them all. One night one came into the camp and carried off our kettle cover. This kettle was really our tea kettle, a dish made of sheet iron, one that would hold twelve quarts. It had a tin cover. This the wolf carried off, and we found it outside of the camp, badly bruised with the angry gnawings it had received. One day I saw a very large white or buffalo wolf, and four black ones following it. What was the intention of those black, fiendish creatures was more than I could tell. The large one was either trotting or galloping along; the black ones, following close upon the rear, would snap at him; but as soon as he would turn upon them they would retreat. When he would turn around and run on, they would follow suit, and would snap at him, and bite him again. They went around a knoll and were out of sight.

I went onto the knoll, but could not see them. While there looking for them, I saw an antelope, but it was beyond shot. I secreted myself behind some grease wood and raised a handkerchief. The antelope saw the handkerchief. It ran in a circle about me; then it made a series of half circles, with every half

circle coming nearer me, until when it had come within shot of me, I fired and killed it.

The demoralizing influence of such a life as men led while crossing the continent as they did in those years, when the accommodations for travel were so poor, when men must pass through the countries of so many hostile tribes of the red man, and when the excitement for gold-digging almost crazed hundreds of men, the demoralizing influences, I say, were only with the greatest care resisted. They became reckless of their health, of their manners, of their morals, of the comfort of their fellow-travelers, and reckless of life itself. They often displayed that extremity of recklessness that by its very demoralization still evinces the superior workmanship of man's Creator, beings created in the image of God, but who by the development of their baser natures may become fit only to populate a hell.

Two men who had been neighbors in Connecticut doubled their teams and traveled together. They had four mules and two wagons. They carried two young men with them. After a long time the owners of the teams got into a dispute, which grew hot and then hotter. One wanted to go faster than the other. The latter proposed that they divide their goods and teams, and let each man take his own time. They did so, and the former went on at his desired fast rate. The latter, taking his march more moderately, overtook him on the fourth day. He had stopped at the foot of a hill worn out, and his beasts unable to draw their load up the steep road. As he saw his acquaintance approach him he asked him if he would hitch his team onto his own and help him draw his wagon up the hill. The man said "no", that he had all he could do to get his own team through, and told him wherein he had failed, that he should have taken the advice not to go so fast. It was the old, old story of "I told you so". The slow man started his team up the hill. The fast man asked if he wasn't going to help him. He said "no". The fast man then stepped to his own wagon, took out his gun, walked to his neighbor, and in the presence of the two young men, killed him instantly. He then stayed by the young men, not even offering to escape from them.

When the next company reached them the young men told of him. The new-made grave also testified of his guilt. They carried him with them about three miles beyond, where they camped for the night by a stream. Two or three companies following stopped there with them. They kept him in custody, and at night they formed a jury, and appointed a judge. The two young men were the witnesses. He was pronounced guilty and sentenced to be shot. Blanks were drawn and three men who should draw them were to shoot him. We reached the place the night following the morning of his execution. The two young men were still there, having stopped with the ferrymen. The prices charged at this ferry were also exorbitant. Again, through the management of our Captain, we succeeded in fording the stream, rather than to pay the price, and be so long waiting our turn. We went forty or fifty rods down stream and crossed it in safety to ourselves and our goods, by such management as on a previous occasion already described. The young men, already mentioned, took the teams that had fallen into their hands, and traveled with us until we reached Steamboat Springs, on Bear river.

A few days after this we overtook a woman who was sitting on a wagon tongue. She was entirely alone. Of course we heard her story; for we were anxious to know why she should be thus left alone, and in such a place. She said her husband's cattle had drunk so much alkaline water that they were sick, and were all going to die. He was watching them. His brother who was traveling with them, was discouraged, and unwilling to share their fate with them, or even to help them out of their trouble, had gone on and left them. She was moaning and bewailing her lot, and begged us to kill her. Her distress had so overcome her that she was anxious to be put out of her misery, even by facing a rifle shot. She was so crazed that she was unaccountable for her words or her wishes. We could do but little for her. She could not leave her husband, and he could not then leave his cattle. We overtook her brother-in-law about four miles from where we found her, and prevailed upon him to go back and help them.

We were at this time traveling through the country of the Crow Indians. They were friendly, and we were glad. Our cattle not being so carefully watched while we were traveling amongst the Crows, strayed from our camp one night, and in the morning when we went out to find them we came upon a camp of the Indians, and they went out with us, to help us find them. Well, why couldn't all the Indians be "good Indians," and not keep us in such a state of excitement, as they often did? Our travels through the Crow country were not unmarked with pleasurable events.

It gave us rest from those anxieties that were upon us when we made such long, hard marches by day, and watched so sharp by night, when among hostile red men. Possibly some of the boys would like to know that for twelve successive days I killed an antelope. The day before we reached Bear River mountain I saw an antelope, and asked Hibbard to go with me to shoot it. He went on beyond the animal, intending to fire when all should be right for it. The wind was blowing so fiercely that he could not stand still, and he feared that the motion would frighten the animal. He therefore shot, but the wind miscarried the ball. The antelope, in its fright at the shot, turned towards me, and I killed it. We were about two miles from the road.

Before reaching it, we came upon a party of Indians, forty or fifty in number. Their camp was near us. They were all mounted on horses. They stopped and saluted us, and performed for our benefit, or our amusement, I cannot say which, their war maneuvers. They would lean far over upon one side of their horses, as if they would hide behind them, and would bend their bows as if shooting upon an enemy, from under the necks of their ponies. They divided into two companies, to show us what they could do, and how they would do it, were they in an earnest fight. They had war clubs hanging upon one arm, in which there were notches, varying in number according to the number of those whom they had scalped. One of them had a club upon which he proudly showed us seventeen notches. When we reached our company, which had, meantime, gone on some little distance, and had camped for dinner, we found the Indians already there. They there performed their feats again, and I may say to the pleasure of all. It was pleasant to meet friendly Indians in a far western wild home, and

to see them acting according to their own customs. They were en route for Steamboat Springs, or the Bear, or Soda Springs, as they are also called.

That afternoon we doubled our teams to cross the Bear River Mountain. It is so very steep that it is impossible to cross it by any ordinary driving. It was the steepest, and almost the highest mountain crossing on the road. We hitched six yoke of oxen to a wagon, and by dint of perseverance we succeeded in reaching the summit. We then left our wagons, and went back after the others. The road on the east side of the mountain was possibly two miles long. To get our teams down the mountain we were obliged to take off five yoke of oxen, to tie the four wheels together, to put a chain from the forward wheel over the wagon box, and have two men at the rear to hold down each upper wheel, and a man in front to hold the teams and keep them from going too fast. We dispensed with drivers for the time being. None of these precautions were unnecessary, for the road was so very steep. The road was possibly three-quarters of a mile long on the western slope of the mountain. This road was a new one, and very rough and poor; yet it was a decided improvement upon the old one crossing the mountain; formerly travelers had been obliged to take their wagons in pieces to get them over in safety.

The Bear River valley is very beautiful. The Soda Springs produces blood warm soda water, which when it is sweetened, tastes like our soda water summer drink. Three miles beyond it, we saw the Steamboat Spring, otherwise called Windmill Rock, and Old Crater. The rock from which the water issues is about four feet high, and four across it, and is nearly round. There is a hole in the center six inches in diameter. The water comes through this hole, and is forced about fifteen feet high. It shoots as if forced by wind or steam, and makes a noise, as it issues from the stone, like that of a high pressure engine in a steamboat. Water springs from the rock about twice in a minute. It is like the water of the Soda Springs, but not quite so strong in its alkaline quality. We reached Steamboat Spring in the morning, and remained there until the following morning.

We found our Indian friends of the previous day already there, and, besides them, others. There might have been a thousand of them. There were six tribes met in council. They were very friendly, full of fun, a jolly, good-natured set of men. We enjoyed our afternoon spent with those Indians, and think of it as one of the brightest spots upon the road. If you say that all Indians are lazy, thievish, treacherous, I am still as sure as though no one doubted it, that these men were as friendly, genial, and manly, in all that we saw of them, as any one could well demand of any person. It was well worth the few hours that we waited, to see a bona-fide Indian council, assembled in so great numbers, and upon their own grounds, talking and acting in their own natural way.

Some of you lovers of horses would not have been at a loss for enjoyment. Many of their ponies were very fine, and their races were beyond anything in that line that I have every witnessed. You who would not be known to attend a horse fair, and you who delight in the race, would have been stupid, if you had not enjoyed this sight. Fine horses, a great many of them, expert drivers and as

many of them, and the matchless races. They came about us and asked us if we had any race horses and we would bet with them on their horses.

As we took our march from Steamboat Spring, we left the Ft. Hall road, and took the California road to strike the Humboldt. On this road which was in good condition, we found plenty of water, because we crossed so many creeks running into the Snake river. The feed was good and abundant.

The Digger Indians lived along the Humboldt river. They are the lowest, most degraded, filthiest beings of their race. I have no doubt that they will do, as it is said they will, dig up the dead bodies of dead men and eat them. As we came into their country at the head of the Humboldt, we found traces of their murderous raids. We found graves of men whom they had murdered; there were head-boards at their graves upon which were marked the dates of their murder. We found one new made grave. The man buried therein had been shot only a few days before, while on guard. We kept a double watch at night while in their country.

The Humboldt is a very narrow stream, which runs down in sinks, and empties into a lake of the same name. It runs over a sandy soil and is always roily. We followed it for a long, long distance, on the north side of it. We went over a sandy, desolate plain, a fit abode of such carrion-like creatures as the Diggers. There were willows along the river banks, and in some places the clusers were dense. By the bends of the streams there were patches of excellent grass.

It was some time before we saw any of the Diggers; but we had reason to believe that they stealthily watched our camp almost every night. In the morning we would find their moccasin tracks ten or twelve rods from the camp. One night while on a bend in the river, some of the men shot off their guns. They happened to fire into one of the clumps of willows, and five Indians who were secreted there came out and ran across the river in the shortest time imaginable. Had they been running after us, it would not have been so laughable; as it was, it was about the funniest thing of the sort I've ever seen. They were badly frightened and ran for life. One morning we came upon the camping ground of a party of white men, which was then two or three miles in advance of us. One of their oxen had died the night before, and the Indians so soon after their leaving the camp had carried off the most of the meat. We saw none of them while passing through the low ground; but as we reached the top of the hill, but a short distance beyond, we looked back and saw several of them emerging from the willows. One very bright night I was with four others on guard. I thought on such a night I should surely see the Indians, if they did come about us. Our cattle had been turned out for grazing upon one of the grassy spots at a bend in the river. I lay all night on the ground by the side of an ox, that was also lying down, but I did not see one of them. Again, in the morning, we found their tracks not more than ten rods from us.

The 4th of July found us near where we left the Humboldt. We stopped our march in the middle of the afternoon to celebrate the day as best we could. We knew that the inhabitants of the country were not in full sympathy with such a movement. All we asked of them, however, was to let us alone. We fired our guns, first, simultaneously, then in rotation, and we got up the best celebration

that could be provided. Uncle Sam has never complained of us for not doing better that day.

Not far from South Pass we met a company of twenty-five returning from Yreka County, California. On leaving the big bend of the Humboldt, we turned from the main California road which led directly to San Francisco. We took a northwesterly course and followed the directions of this party. They described a road which had been traveled in 1849, and which led directly to Sacramento. We followed it for one hundred miles, then made a road of our own, as only in places we followed the trail of this party. On those places which I have called their trail, there had never been a white man's track except theirs.

We left the Humboldt in the afternoon, purposing to travel by night while we crossed the alkaline desert of the Humboldt Valley. This valley, so called, is, however, only a section of the Great Basin, the comparatively level connecting land between two of the lofty ranges of the grand Rocky Mountain system.

The first morning after leaving the Humboldt, we reached a spring of very warm water. A beautiful little stream made out from this spring, and close by it we found a patch of good grass. We made our camp there for the day. Upon leaving it we came upon the same white, barren desert, and all along this road, for a distance of eighteen miles, we found the remains of terrible destructions of camps, of all that pertains to them, of men, of cattle, of wagons, and of other camp and traveling furnishings. We found cattle dried up, the flesh shriveled, but nowhere broken, the hair perfectly preserved. We found where wagons had been left standing, and in some cases the wooden parts had been burned, the earth and air being so exceedingly hot here, nothing but the wheels were left. Some of the wagons were in a perfect state of preservation; the chains were not unhitched from them, and in one case the cattle had turned the wagon a little from the road, and had then laid down and died.

Early on the following morning we reached the Boiling Spring. It is at the foot of a very high mountain and measures about twelve feet across it. The mountain sides were covered with small burnt stones. There was not a tree, nor shrub nor spear of grass to be seen anywhere upon the mountain. The water of the spring was, as the name indicates, boiling hot. We dipped water from it and steeped our tea in it without other boiling.

From the Boiling Spring a good sized stream runs, but settles into the ground about a mile further on. We found good grass for some distance along the stream. As we had twenty-eight miles to travel before we should find water again, we took a vote of the company, getting our majority in favor of starting on at four o'clock in the afternoon. We had traveled all night for the two nights previous, and as it was so hot all along the road we could not sleep during the day; we were, therefore very tired, and many of us were not fit to march on. There was no chance for any of the men to ride unless one should be too sick to keep up. Our cattle had all they could do to carry our stuff. Rogers and myself gave out. We put our traps into a wagon, and lay down upon our warm spring bed. These springs were a strange invention, they would spring down, but not up; it was more like what I might, from its softness call a feather bed. We determined to sleep, at all events. As it began to grow light, we took up

our march, and very soon found two others who had given out by the way. Every two or three miles we found some of the party along the road. Among the stragglers we found an old man whom we always called Indiana. He had urged the forward march, and as we came up to him he said, "Go on, I've sent on my vote for the march, whether I ever catch up or not." We overtook our teams in the middle of the forenoon. They had kept up until six in the morning. We rested with them until the next morning.

By taking this northern route we had less than thirty miles of travel across the desert between watering places. The ordinary route would have obliged us to go sixty or seventy miles without water.

Thirty miles beyond the desert our road lay for six miles in a canyon. A stream ten or twelve feet wide found its way between the two lofty mountains. There was possibly a distance of six rods between the mountain on one side and the stream on the other side of this deep, dark passage. All along perpendicular walls of rock loomed up on either side, varying in height from one hundred to four hundred feet. In some places the rocky walls must have been four hundred feet for a long distance. Our road lay over very rough and stony ground. The stones were large, and it was with difficulty that we could drive. It was emphatically a hard road for man or beast. Sometimes the pass was so narrow that we were obliged to drive through the water; but this we could do, for the stream was shallow.

We camped one night in this narrow bed. At our camping spot, it would hardly do to call it ground, there was a cave, the entrance to which was four feet high and six wide; the interior measured eighteen by twenty-two feet, and the height at the center was twelve feet. In this cave a dozen of us slept. In the canyon we found several barrels of whiskey that had been left here in 1849. The Indians had found them and had opened them and taken out several gallons from one barrel. The whiskey had spoiled in every barrel except one. Some of our men lived to their shame, be it said, high and fast that night, and found themselves "tight" before they got out of the place. We found a blacksmith's vice and an anvil in the cave. They were new, but slightly rusted.

When we emerged from this canyon we found some timber, and were not again out of sight of timber. We soon saw game. I saw some antelope on one side of the road. I went out and shot one, and put the saddles upon my back and followed up the company. We had had no fresh meat for a couple of weeks.

Just after I reached the road I heard some noise behind me. On turning about to learn its source, I saw a wolf not more than a dozen rods off. I laid down my venison to attend to his wants, as he had without doubt called me. But as I turned towards him, he turned his back upon me. He didn't want me, after all; so I went on. Again he growled and followed me; again I turned upon him, and he as soon from me. Both times when he left me he hid in some sage brush. I did not see him after his second hiding.

About this time we struck a spur of the Sierra Nevada, and at its base before us lay a beautiful valley. In this valley we found the finest clover one could set eyes upon. It was like our common red clover, but of uncommon growth. It was gotten up on the California principle of doing everything on a large scale.

As we walked through it, the tops of it would reach the shoulders of our tall men. Some of the blossoms were white, but were as large as the red clover; the blossoms and the leaves were small, but the stalks grew as high as the red clover stalks. The most of it was lodged. It was excellent wild feed.

We camped for the night by a spring at the base of a very high mountain. This was one of our specially beautiful camping grounds. There were lofty, magnificent pine trees upon the mountain whose tops were almost out of sight. The trunks were large and clear of branches for a long ways up from the ground, thus affording a clear, clean passage underneath. Could a few acres of these pine trees be transplanted to some prairie of the Western States, or even to the mountainous East, they would become the wonder and the admiration of the country round and the enviable picnic ground of any community. The valley was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. It seemed as though nature must have designed it for the habitation of a more civilized, more appreciative people than such Indians as lived there.

But who shall say that Indian who knows every stream and dell, every mountain and mountain pass of his country, has no appreciation of the beauties of nature? Some of them were to say no more of it, sadly behind their privileges if they did not love to look upon many of the sections through which we passed. Could this place have been inhabited by intelligent white men, I could have been easily satisfied to spend the remainder of my days within its precincts.

In the morning we commenced the ascent of the mountains. I say mountains, for there were a series of them, or of foot hills, as the lower ones are called, every next one higher than the one we were then ascending. We reached the summit of the mountains in the afternoon. Holmes and I left the teams, to search for game. We were going slowly down the mountains, when I saw to the left of me a very nice buck standing behind a log. I could see about one-third of his body above the log. I fired at him. The Colonel had not seen it, and inquired what I did that for. The animal ran on a few rods and fell. After drawing it to the road we left it for the men to pick up when they should come along.

We went down to the valley and camped for the night. By that camp I saw the largest bear's track that I have ever seen. It measured twelve and a half inches in length and seven in width. We there found a fallen pine tree measuring seventy-five paces. We were now amongst the giants of the forest, the big trees of California, and are now telling stories to see which can bear, we in telling, or you in believing.

In the morning I started early to find game. I went further down the valley and saw six antelope feeding. I went up around them and got in ahead of them. When they came up within fire I shot one. The others ran towards the camp, and the men seeing them, spread themselves, unnoticed by the timid creatures until they saw themselves fairly surrounded. They did not wait long however, before starting to run between the men. Several shot at them, but none of them were hit, and fortunately none of the men were hurt, though they had been shooting towards each other.

That day we began to see signs of the Indians, their tracks, their fires. The next day they began to build fires close to the road, sometimes on one side and

sometimes on the other, but they themselves kept in advance of us, so that we did not see them. The third day after crossing the mountain we left the old road, the one traveled in 1849. We crossed a stream which runs into Sacramento, and taking a north-westerly course, we had nothing to guide us but the trail of the party which we had met at South Pass. We stopped for dinner by the stream, and afterwards when we had got upon the flat we saw two Indians coming towards us, and about half a mile from us. They were as wild as any deer. When they saw us, as they doubtless did, they ran off into the woods. The side hills and mountains were covered with timber; but there was no timber on the flats. We camped by a very pretty little stream. The flat was so pretty. On the opposite side of the stream some rocks rose perpendicularly to the height of one hundred feet.

During the night the Indians came up onto these rocks and rolled off stones; we supposed with the intent to scare our cattle and raise a stampede amongst them in the night. We penned in our cattle as well as possible by our wagons, and we put out a double guard. No disturbance arose, for our cattle, though frightened, were in close quarters. The day following we saw a great many tracks of the Indians, but we saw none of them. There seemed to have been great numbers of them. The trail was quite well worn in places where the ground was hard.

In sandy places, where the tracks could be more easily observed, they had taken some brush-wood and drawn over the tracks to obliterate them. We were somewhat puzzled to know what their object could be. They meant something by it, that we knew, and as the Indians were hostile, it meant something besides a "Welcome Englishmen," such as greeted the ears of our puritan fathers after they had come upon the eastern shore of our United States.

We camped by the side of a lake, marked on some maps Goose Lake, on others Grove Lake. It lies in California, except its northern extremity, which is in Oregon. That night we lost our trail. The Indians had intended that we should lose it. We knew there was something to pay, and that soon.

We were in the Modoc country, and now you have never seen a red man's trail, you have never seen them in their native wilds, have never seen them upon their war path, nor heard their fiendish war-whoops, nor their diabolical yells at a scalp dance, are still well prepared to believe the worst that could happen to us, while among the Modocs.

In the morning we sent out four men to find our trail. Two of them were to go out from the lake in a north-easterly direction, and two were to follow the lake shore upon its eastern bank. The two going out from the lake came, at the distance of a mile, to a reef of rocks which followed the lake for a long distance. In some places there were several rods between the rocks and the lake, in others only a few feet, being only just room enough for a team to squeeze its way through. The South Pass party had described the lake to us; but the Indians had fooled us by wearing the tracks which we were to take. When the men got beyond us a mile or so they found the mule tracks and came back reporting we were on the right path. They did not see any Indians while away from the camp. Taking their direction we started on, expecting to overtake the other men along

the shore of the lake. We were about to enter the narrow pass between the rocks and the lake when our other men came up. They told us that we were on the wrong trail.

The rocks at our right ranged from fifty to two hundred feet in height. This reef was not a solid mass of rocks, but a loosely packed mass of smaller rocks, with deep fissures here and there. There were grasses and reeds growing along the edge of the lake. They grew eight or ten feet high above the surface of the water, and in some places were very thick. Some of the men, prompted by an irresistible curiosity to see what they could, and some determined to learn if there were Indians close by, began to scale the rocks. They spied them in the crevices of the rocks, and in the grasses, and called out that the ground was full of them. We formed a breast-work of our wagons, fired off our guns and got everything in readiness for an attack from the Indians, having scarcely a doubt that they would come upon us. When we were ready we started to go where the last two men had told us we should find the road. The Colonel and myself had each a good revolver, and feeling a measure of responsibility for the safety of the men, we felt that we must take the lead, and be the first to face the danger. As soon as the Indians saw us go down by another trail, for they were slyly watching, they started quick, passing between us and the lake, to cut us off, as we supposed.

The men whom we had sent out to find the road had not been far down upon the trail, therefore none of us knew that the Indians had a camp ahead of us. When we reached the ground, their camp fires were still burning; but their ugly, howling dogs were the only living testifiers of their camp quarter. They had failed to break our lines, as they had doubtless supposed they would do when we entered the narrow pass, and seeing us start towards their camp, thought we were going to deal out vengeance upon their squaws and papooses, and ran to notify them of the coming danger, and to clear the camp. They had secreted themselves in the rocks which filled in the greater portion of the point of land, and were hidden in the reeds and rushes growing in the lake. The most of them were secreted in the rocks, and yet, as we ascended these, we did not see them. We saw that the rock ran out into the water at the point, and that the trail led no further than the camp.

The camp flat was about two rods wide. The rocks were from seventy-five to one hundred feet high. As we returned to follow up the other trail which we now knew must be the right one, they came out from their hiding places like a swarm of bees. We knew they could sting, too, and we were not professional bee tamers. Two of the men were with me at the rear, driving up the loose cattle, when the teams started to go back. Several Indians came toward us with their hands uplifted and palms open, as if to say they wouldn't hurt us, they were weaponless. One of the men wanted me to wait and see what they would do. As I looked off to my left I saw forty or fifty running in the grass, bent over to secrete themselves, and evidently intending to cut us off from our party. I said to Mr. Cole, "See there! those Indians are trying to cut us off." He raised his gun as if to shoot them and they ran into a clump of trees close by. As they emerged from them they presented a formidable array of bows and arrows ready

for effective work. I called to the company to wait for us. They did, and we saved ourselves a second time from the clutches of the Indians. When they found they could not catch us as they had hoped to, they jumped into their canoes, and put straight across to the head of the lake. Its eastern shore, along which we passed, was convex, and they therefore gained rapidly upon us. When we reached the point of the lake where they were, they allowed us to pass. It was a surprise which we accepted with gratitude. It was near night when we passed them. The rocks near the head of the lake ran off to the east, giving us a pass of about fifty rods. We followed the trail described to us, and at eleven o'clock we reached the stream, running into the lake, at a point where there was a natural ford. The Indians followed us up, keeping a half mile in the rear. Again we were surprised, for they did not molest us during the night. It was a moonlight night, a circumstance in our favor. In the morning we found that they had camped about three-quarters of a mile from us. We crossed the stream and saw them no more.

That night we camped under Mt. Shasta. Its snow-topped peak had been a good guide to us for many a mile. Since we came in sight of Pike's Peak, we had not been for a whole day at a time out of sight of snow. We had also not been for so long a time without seeing emigrant trains until after we left the Humboldt.

Nutter went into Yreka (Eureka) and we went on a part of the way. In the morning a party was sent out from Yreka to ask us to camp at a place six miles from the town. They wanted a chance to kill the fatted calf, in honor of our arrival with the first immigrant trains that had ever been driven into the place. On the third day from Mr. Shasta we drove in and were treated by white men, like white men. The banquet was very creditably prepared, and there was such a sound of revelry that night, the 7th of August, as we had not heard for many weary months, "and all went merry as a marriage bell;"—but, in a few days there came that deep sound, which struck like a rising knell, and we heard it.

A man who had belonged to a party of ten came into Yreka. He alone, of his company, had escaped the murderous raids of those villainous Modocs. They were surrounded by the Modocs before they knew that there were Indians in the vicinity. Nine of his party were at once killed. He broke through and followed our trail until he reached the ford. He supposed they were on his heels. His mule gave out, and the man took to his heels. He traveled all night and just at day-break he came back, having traveled in a circle, to where he left his mule. He found it refreshed by sleep and food; he mounted it and came on the trail, reaching Yreka without other trouble than that of hunger.

On hearing this, a party of about eighty was formed to go back to Goose Lake, and give the Modocs what they deserved, a thrashing with a gun-barrel for a flail. Captain Nutter went as guide. A Yreka man went as Commander-in-chief. An Oregon Indian who was generally known as "Oregon" and who had before been out with such parties, also accompanied them. Unfortunately for my peace of mind, I was unable to go with this party, as I was at the time sick.

They returned, reporting that they had killed fifty of the Indians. They said that when they reached the lake and came upon the leaders, the "Capt. Jack"

of that day, came out from the point of rocks which secreted their camp, ran around as if to warn his fellows, meantime shooting his arrows into their midst. One of the men killed him. When they saw that their chief was dead they were badly frightened and went pell-mell to find places of safety. Many of them hid in the rocks. Several squaws had tried to conceal themselves in hollow logs. They could not turn about in them, so they had crawled in feet first, and he said, "I could see them looking out at me, and it seemed savage in me to shoot them; but I suppose it was right." He shot them.

The squaws in the camp started with their papooses to cross the lake. Oregon caught a canoe and put after them, killing and drowning as many as he could. When Capt. Nutter asked him why he did that, he coolly replied, "Nits make lice." They took one prisoner. They told him to show them where the rest of the Indians were, for he professed to know where they were going to camp. Oregon could talk with the Modocs, so he said to the prisoner, "If you will show us where the others are, you shall be released, but if you fool us you shall be killed." He did fool them. He took them to a perfectly barren place, one destitute of Indians, or anything better. He said, "I'm mistaken, they are over yonder," in such a place. The men told him he should have but one more chance of that kind. Again he deceived them, and Oregon, stepping boldly up to him, struck him through the heart with a knife, saying as he did it, "You shall never lie to me again."

As the Yreka company first neared the Indians they found a party of sixty-five emigrants that had been surrounded by them. None of the emigrants had been killed, for they were so thoroughly barricaded by their teams, but they were hemmed in by rocks, and cut off from the water. They were in a pitiable condition. There were two women in the party: one of them was an elderly woman. She was sitting close to one of the wagons, and holding onto an axe with the desperation of despair. It was with great difficulty that they could induce her to yield her grasp of it and receive help at their hands. She was almost, if not really, crazed by exposure, fatigue and fright. She intended to use the axe for self-defense, and if worse should come to worst, to swing it right and left in a general fight.

This company was released and sent on. Our company also found fourteen dead bodies, which were mangled and terribly butchered, lying near the lake. If they were a part of the company to which the one man belonged, of whom we have already spoken, or if they composed another company, none of the men could tell, but probably the latter. They buried the most of them. Some they could not bury.

Having brought the company into Yreka, and in safety, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Nutter and myself had filled our obligations, and the men dispersed, some going in one direction, and some in another. We had been on the road a few days less than five months.

Several of us went onto Green Horn Creek, three miles from Yreka, and took up a miner's claim. We worked about four weeks. Being inexperienced in mining, we found at the expiration of that time that we had made but thirteen dollars apiece. Torrey, Hibbard and myself went onto Scott's Bar. The

mountain was covered with sugar pine. On the western slope we were obliged to go down around a point by going through a rocky channel which was just wide enough for our mules to pass through. Everything must be packed to be conveyed over this mountain. I saw several mules that had fallen over deep precipices. There were rocky walls of four or five hundred feet in height. As we reached the first settlement, we passed a prospect hole. While Mr. Hibbard was on his mule, and had just passed the hole, the mule began to back, and back it would. It fell. The horse and rider lay at the bottom of the hole. When the dust had cleared away so that we could see what to do, we got them out of it. Davenport, our fat friend, was the Samson of the occasion. Hibbard was wounded on the head, and for some little time showed no signs of life. He was kindly cared for, for several weeks, by a man who was a stranger. I hired out to work in the mines for a few days, and meantime lived in a vacated camp. The man who had previously camped there came and dug up some gold which he had secreted beneath the ground. From three hundred to five hundred dollars were taken out of this mine daily. I bought a claim, for which I was to pay the first three hundred dollars which the mine should produce, and returned to Yreka.

We went to work on a claim, and the first day we got two hundred dollars; but the gold soon ran out, and there was not enough to pay for the claim. I was not in perfect sympathy with the business. We went to hunting. We could get twenty-two cents per pound for our venison. We cleaned our guns for hunting, and the next day were ready to start out.

A few days later M. Tuttle from Massachusetts wanted me to go hunting with him. It was near night. We saw no deer, but saw a great many signs of bears. We followed a stream that flowed past our camp and that started from the mountain where I had before hunted. There was thick brush close to the stream. The first hill was very steep and bore evident marks of ancient volcanic action. We could easily follow a bear's track through the crumbled stones. As we neared some thick brush on our return to camp, Mr. Tuttle was a few rods in advance of me. He had seen grizzly bears, and turned to me saying that he should never fire at a grizzly bear, if he should see one. I said I would fire. But no sooner had I made the bold assertion than we heard a crackling noise in the brush, followed by a stranger noise, and in an instant we saw a huge grizzly bear coming up from the other side of the creek, with a cub at her side. She ran up a few rods above the brush, then stopped. The cub stopped too. I shot. As the ball struck the bear she took her paw and struck the cub, by the act throwing it down the mountain. The old bear ran towards the brush, then stopped to look at us. Tuttle was nearer the bear than I was and he ran.

I knew that a wounded grizzly bear was a doubly formidable antagonist. Tuttle said she would kill us. My gun was ready. She stood a moment, then she and her cub ran up the opposite hill. Tuttle fired at her, but did not hit her. It was useless for me to fire at her in her position at the time. She had gone up onto the hill and on about half a mile. It soon seemed as though she had rolled down the hill. She was bleeding profusely. I saw her going into the creek, where she was very soon out of sight. I thought I would get in ahead of her. In a moment she came out square against me, and about twelve rods from

me. Again she struck her cub and drove it off sixty rods upon a foot hill. She then returned—growling, and snarling, and breaking the whistle wood as she came. Tuttle started to run, saying that she would call all the bears in the neighborhood. Once more I stopped him and told him to stand by and see the biggest fight he had ever seen. She returned to the spot where I had shot her before, and we went through the same maneuvers. As she stood looking at me I shot at her, but, apparently, did not hit her. I then started to kill her cub, but had only started when the old bear stood up on her hind legs, and began pacing towards me, growling at every step. I fired again. She went up the creek a little ways, and lay down by the side of a large balsam. I went up on the side hill to shoot her in the head. Just as I was ready to fire, I heard a noise up the hill and turning to learn the cause of it, I saw a bear coming, jumping and snorting as it came. It ran within six rods of me. That was too much for me. I had not bargained for that, neither had I been trying to shoot all the bears in the neighborhood.

We both started for an oak tree, which we could climb and thought the bears could not and indeed, we supposed that a grizzly bear would never attempt to climb a tree. We were not fully posted in bearisms. The third bear did not notice us. It had come at the call of the old and the young one to the help of the latter. The mother bear had thrown her cub down, doubtless, with the intent for it to call for help, and thus released from the care of it she might give us a little attention by way of one of her affectionate bear squeezes. The cub was pacified, and as the third one had, probably, not seen us at all, they went off in peace, and gave us a good chance to kill the wounded bear and make good our own escape. I had shot it both times through the lungs; still it lived nearly an hour. Had it been a deer, and thus shot, it would not have lived long enough to run twenty rods. The day following, three of us took it to camp.

Poor health made it necessary for me to return home and to take the easier route. Passing through the Golden Gate, I went by way of Panama, Aspinwall, Jamaica, and New York to my home in Wisconsin.

CARTWRIGHT REMINISCENCES

2.—EARLY ADVENTURES IN WISCONSIN

Mr. L. B. Green and I started out from Madison, Wisconsin—to which place we had gone by rail—traveling on foot; for we were in search of government lands. The second day out we crossed the Wisconsin river. We went through Sauk City, past Devil's Lake, through Baraboo and on to Webster's Prairie, where we stopped for the night. I was taken sick and was obliged to remain there several days. Mr. Putnam and his son-in-law, at whose house we had stayed, took their team and went on with us.

During the day it commenced to rain very hard, and we asked an Irishman whom we chanced to meet, how far it was to the Ohio House. He thought a moment and said "just half a mile from where you are now," but we drove five or six miles and having found no Ohio House, we asked another Irishman whom we met how far we were from it. He thought a moment, too, and then

told us, "Just seven miles from where you now stand." On we went, distrusting strangers and having within ourselves little ground of confidence that we should ever see the house in question. We rode a half mile and found it. There we stopped for the night. The next night we camped out, keeping my feet almost in the fire I burned out a good share of my rheumatism. The following night we put up at the Globe House, in Sparta. The house was not finished, but there were a good many guests there. In the night a cry of "Fire!" brought every man to his feet at the same moment. The fire proved to be in an adjacent building and not our own, as we at first supposed, and the loss that the travelers sustained was the common loss of bootstraps, which were found in the morning thickly strewn upon the floor.

After we had passed the Black River Falls, we stopped at night at a private house, where we found that we were needed to help take care of a stranger who had lost an arm by the accidental discharge of his gun. Being near the house, he crept in and was cared for there. The wolves had tracked the blood on his way to the house, and the man would doubtless have been devoured by them had not the inmate of the house happened to hear him just in time to save him.

The country through which we traveled was poor; the soil was light and sandy, and the timber very scarce. We went on and into a poorer country than this. I thought it could be put to one good use, namely: to colonize snakes. Snakes were already so abundant there, that I believed the climate and the soil both were adapted to their perfect development. We saw massasaugers while there, and some bull snakes—large, spotted ones. One was six feet long and another was still longer. A few miles northwest of this immediate section we came into a good country again. When we were about ten miles beyond Menomonie we passed the mail carrier. His horses were hitched to a tree, and he was lying on the ground asleep. At first we thought we would hide the mail bags and then wake him. We did not do it; for policy demanded that we keep on the good side of Uncle Sam, if we expected him to give us all a farm where sand and snakes were not so thoroughly intermixed as to make poor soil for good seed, such as we intended to sow.

When we had made our camp for the night, I started out in search of deer. Just at dusk I saw, about twenty rods from me, something black, quite bear-like in its appearance. I fired at it and it fell. I loaded my gun and started towards it. As I neared it, the animal raised up and commenced biting a tree. I intended to shoot it through the head, but as I fired the bear dropped its head, and the ball went into the tree. My next shot killed it. Just then I heard something in a little tree close by me. I looked up and saw three tiny cubs. I called to the men to bring the axe, for I wanted to get them alive. Having heard me shoot three times in so quick succession, and then yell so loud, they thought some Indians were after me, and before coming in answer to my call, they made some preparations for their own safety. On learning what I wanted, one cut the tree down, while two of us stood ready to catch the little fellows as they would fall. Putnam's son caught one and I caught two. His bear started to bite him and he called for help. One of the men took one of mine, so that I could take Van Estian's, but by some mismanagement it got away. Another one was soon lost,

but mine I kept until it became quite attached to me, so much so that it would howl as soon as I was out of its sight. I sold my little bear on board a boat, shortly before I returned to my home.

A few months after my trip into the Chippewa regions in 1836. William Lee and my son Jonathan accompanied me into the woods about Menomonie, to hunt. I bargained with a company in Menomonie to take all the venison I could furnish up to the first of January.

As we started out one day for a hunt, we came to a place where twelve to fifteen elk had just been. We followed them up all day, but without success, and at night when we might have come within shot of some, a stream, the Red Cedar river, lay between us and we could not cross it. We were probably fifteen miles from camp. We, therefore, temporized a camp for the night, and in the morning retraced our steps, hunting as we went. When we came to the place where Jonathan and I had left the rest of the party the day before, we heard a man calling as if in great trouble. We went on until we saw one of our men down on a flat, running as fast as possible. We tried to get his attention; but he could not hear us for his own noise. When we did get to him, we learned that he could not tell where he had hitched his horses and he was frightened. He had shot a deer and could not find that either. His trouble was too great to keep it all to himself. After finding them we returned to camp, tired and hungry, and somewhat out of humor, because of our poor luck on our first elk hunt. We traveled through a rough, hilly, and heavily timbered country, and with comparatively poor success until after the first fall of snow, when I made good hunts through the season.

Deer hunts would become so monotonous and devoid of interest to the reader, if I were to attempt to relate a half of them, that I shall only speak of a certain few cases, letting the rest pass for just as good, but not, therefore, necessary to be described. Once when I had gone out with an insufficient supply of balls, I came very close to a large buck and shot it. He ran off a ways and then fell down, and, thinking to save my balls, I was going to hit him in the head with my hatchet to kill him. I knew he was badly wounded. When I was about six feet from him, he jumped up as if ready for a fight. His hair was all set forward, his tail stood erect, and the position of his head betokened his intentions. As I thought him ready to jump at me I jumped back; but in doing it hit my heels against a stick, which was partially concealed by the snow, and it was my turn to lie down. So down I went. I threw up my hands, intending to catch him by the horns if he persisted in displaying the aggressive. There was some nobility about the deer, as I have always claimed for the family. He did not propose to kick a man when he was down; but he stood there, meantime looking down at me, and I lay looking up at him for several minutes. My eyes became his master, and after a little while I succeeded in crawling out of his reach, when I decided that I had balls enough and I shot him dead.

Jonathan and one of the men one day found a bear in a hollow tree, and as it struck its head out of the hole they shot it. It brought nearly thirty dollars. Later in the season some exceedingly severe storms made it so tedious to be out of doors that we went home. This winter was the hardest on deer of any I have

ever known. White men and Indians slaughtered them in great numbers. They would put on snow-shoes, and taking a hatchet, but no gun, would strike them down. The snow was crusted, and would bear a man's weight, but the deer, falling through would be so crippled in their traveling that they were easily caught. One man told me that he killed ten in one day, and that in some places the Indians had taken them by hundreds. They were very scarce the next year.

D. D. Streeter, of Bernardstown, Massachusetts, went with me into several counties in the northwestern part of Wisconsin to hunt deer. We went in the fall, hoping to find the deer in good condition and in abundance. We went to Elk Creek, where I had previously hunted; but the deer were scarce, and the forests were fast filling up with a growth of underbrush. We therefore went on thirty-five miles further, to the Red Cedar river. Mr. Putnam was again with me. We pitched our tent and set our traps ready for work and a good time generally.

While Putnam and I were setting traps, crack, crack, crack, went the gun at the camp, where we had left Streeter to settle our housekeeping arrangements. When we returned we found his booty was a big pile of prairie chickens and partridges, enough to last a good sized family for a week. Streeter set a trap for a deer on one of their trails close by the river, and in the morning we found it baited with a beaver. This was altogether new work for him, and he was delighted with his success. I went eight miles from camp onto Pine creek and trapped. My best day's work there was the catching of one otter, one mink, three beavers, and eight muskrats. There Mr. Putnam tried the old, but fatal plan of cutting down the dam to catch the beavers. He did let them out, but he caught only two from the four or five dams which he cut into. We stayed as long as we had intended to and were well satisfied with the trip.

In the fall of 1858, William H. Landon, my son Jonathan and myself went to Eau Claire and the surrounding vicinity. We found the deer still very scarce, owing to the severity of the season two winters before. We therefore decided to make trapping our main business.

Having trapped for a time on Gilbert creek, we went to Wilson creek (both in vicinity of Menomonie). There I found a beaver dam which had on it the most new work of any dam I've ever seen. I went onto a hill to look down upon it, and it seemed as though the little fellows had chopped down a forest for the fun of seeing the trees fall. They lay in every direction, and in quantity sufficient to have stocked the cabinets of the country with the most valuable specimens of the sort. The dam measured six feet in height, the pond was therefore large, and there were a number of canals running into it. In my ignorance of the shyness, and, shall I say exclusiveness, or fastidiousness of the strange creatures, I frightened them away, and I failed to catch any, though I may except just the foot of one of them, for that I did catch. What is theirs belongs to them, and I was so ignorant of their habits that I trespassed upon their homes more than a skillful beaver hunter would dare to do. But I learned wisdom by my failures, and after a time I began to know how to catch them better.

We caught quite a number of otters, beavers, coons, and mink, while our camp was on Gilbert creek. One night we caught three otters and two mink.

We were eight miles from Menomonie creek, and we had traps set sixteen miles south, on the Ogalle (Eau Galle) river. One day as I was going down the river I saw a coon's track, and knew that it was a new-made track. There was a sharp bend in the stream, and the water was at this point frozen about half way to the center. The water had fallen, the coon had gone into the stream, and sat near the bank with its head out of the water, but underneath the ice. I stepped onto the ice to get a good aim at my coon; but as I flung the stick from the edge of the ice, the ice broke, and I went head first into the cold stream.

One morning in December, after a snow storm, we thought we would go out and have some sport with some wild cats. Two and a half miles from us there was a family of them hidden in some rocks. When about half way there I saw the tracks of seven elk, and I told the men I would follow them up, and they might go on. The elk had gone towards a mountain, and as I neared its top I saw one standing on a knoll not far from me, and as I fired my gun, another one nearer to me jumped up. I had not seen it; but I found that the ball had hit the mane, and having cut off quite a lock had glanced off, and the animal went on with the others unhurt.

I tried to get in ahead of them, followed them up several miles, and then I saw one behind a fallen tree top. As I fired, it ran off. I had hit it, but too far back to kill it at once. I followed it up, and every few minutes would see where it had lain down. I traveled as fast as I could, and after a time, when I had reached a hill on the north branch of the Ogalle (Eau Galle) river, I saw the elk again. I slid down the hill on my back to avoid attracting attention; but they were too much for me, and finding that I could not get a shot at them, I would shoot, and I did shoot off my gun, and felt satisfied that I had had my own way about one thing.

The sun was then not more than an hour high and I was eighteen or twenty miles from camp, out in the cold, traveling over deep snow with no hatchet or any matches, and in a strange country; I took my back track and followed it without trouble so long as daylight lasted. Just as that disappeared five deer started up near me, and one large buck was foolish enough to stand still and look at me; foolish, for I killed him. There was a full moon, but the clouds shut back a good share of the light. I had shot my last ball. There was no time for me to stop to think, but I did think as I tramped along. I wanted to strike an old road that had been traveled some years before. I was again left to do the next best thing, to keep upon my back track, if possible.

After a time I did strike the road and followed it until I came to the mountain upon which I knew we had made our camp. I must turn from the road to strike it. This was a nice point to accomplish, especially in the dark. I knew that there were some steep, rocky places and that I must avoid them. A little to the east of our camp there was a windfall. I happened to get into it, and I was then certain that I was not far from camp, but sweet as was that consolation, that windfall did not strike me in every respect with pleasure for there was no way for me to get through it. Many of the fallen trees I could neither get around nor under. When I thought I must be close to the camp I called to the men and they brought out a light and I went in.

In the morning I went with Jonathan to get my game. Having found the deer and having hung it up to keep it from molestation, we went on to get my wounded elk. We found that a lynx had followed my track for several miles after I had left the deer the night before. As we neared the spot where I shot the elk I found where it had dragged its feet along, unable to keep them up any longer. When I saw it I told Jonathan to shoot it. I felt a little roguish just then. I knew it was dead; but he did as I told him. He shot the dead creature and accepted the joke with good grace. We hunted elk the rest of the day, and at night, camped out, and on the next day on our return to camp found nothing but one marten.

The day that Mr. Landon and Jonathan started on their wild cat chase they set some traps on the rocks which we called Wild-cat Rocks. The cave in these rocks in which they were hidden, is three and a half feet high, five feet wide, and runs back straight for ten feet, then it turns to the left and I do not know its dimensions. 'Twas a grand, good place for the ferocious felines. We had seen a very large cat there and had set a dog upon it; the dog was badly whipped.

One of the traps they set for the cats, and had fastened to it a dry pole about fourteen feet long. A cat had carried off the trap and the pole; and had gone into the cave. Mr. Landon made a torch of some white birch bark, and taking his rifle entered the cave. At the second bend he could see the cat; he wounded it, and it jumped at him, and would have clinched him, but for the pole which caught in some rocks. He used his gun to ward it off, and he said that he backed out of the cave to the best possible advantage and as fast as he could. I believe the man told the truth. He succeeded in getting the cat out, too, by pulling upon the pole whenever he could get a chance. After drawing it out he killed it. It was the largest wild cat I have ever seen.

Soon after that, I left the men and went on twenty-two miles and trapped on Mud Creek (between Menomonie and Elk Creek) and caught several mink, foxes, wolves and coons.

One day I caught seven coons. The men left the camp, and Jonathan and Landon went on to Elk creek, thirty miles from our Gilbert creek camp. One night while trapping there he caught four otters, out of the five that came up the creek, and also two beavers. Two of his traps were carried off that night. Mr. Landon went onto Bloomer Prairie after foxes. The last of February Mr. Putnam went with me onto O'Neal's creek, (above Chippewa Falls). There we found fur very plentiful. When the ice began to melt in the spring, by a series of severe exposures I became sick. Mr. Putnam went out to the settlement nearest us, to get provisions. He was to send them to me by Mr. Landon. The wind changed and "came from out the bad weather corner"; it snowed until one could scarcely see anything.

Night closed over me, but no one came to my relief. My head ached, my bones ached, I was hot, was cold, and I was alone and lonesome. The night was a long and dreary one to me. When the storm ceased the snow lay twenty inches deep on the level. Early in the morning Mr. Landon reached me. In a few days I was decidedly better; but after staying two or three weeks and I was unable to hunt, I returned to my home. All things considered, we had a very fine time

trapping and hunting. We caught fifty otter, forty beavers, one elk, one wolf, ten deer, eighteen martens, two fishers, thirteen wildcats, ten foxes, three hundred muskrats, one hundred coons and one hundred mink. We caught two black coons. I have never seen any others like them.

After remaining at home for a while, I returned with Streeter and Putnam to our hunting grounds. We first went about sixty miles up the Chippewa river, then went to Vanville (now Bloomer) about twenty miles from Elk Creek. There we killed some deer. The snow was about two feet deep, and there was a good crust upon it. I thought I would go out and catch a deer and bring it in alive. I therefore equipped myself with ropes and strings, put on some snow shoes, and on finding some deer I followed one several miles. She could not endure it any longer, and turned about for a fight. She began to stamp down the snow to get a good standing place and assuming the position of one previously described, she jumped at me. This time the deer kicked me on the side of my head, and I tumbled over, head down in the snow, and heels up and out of it. She ran on and left me to help myself out of my troubles.

Those of you who have ever worn a pair of snow shoes know how difficult it would be to get one's self back into standing position, with the feet well planted squarely underneath you, if you should chance to find yourself turned topsyturvy as I found myself just then. I did not mean to be joked and fooled in that way, and seizing all the determination I could scare up I loosened my snow shoes and started after my deer creature. She had gone a few rods, and had another spot of ground already stamped down, and was ready to jump at me again. This time I escaped the fury of her foot, and I caught one of the hind legs and held it. She soon gave up and, fastening my ropes to her, I drew her into camp. The next day I caught four more, and got them into camp alive. We built a pen for them of tamarack trees, and kept them through the winter.

In March we went into Dallas County. We stopped at a logging camp, and waited for the ice to break up. The boss of the camp was a Frenchman, who claimed to be very expert in managing a canoe. He wanted to show us how well he could handle one. He took mine and started out; but it was so much lighter than any he was accustomed to, that the first stroke he made with the setting pole slipped the boat out from under him, and sent him under the water. It was a very cold morning, and when he came up out of the water he took a bee line for the camp. He was well cheered by the spectators of the successful launch.

We went about five miles up the stream and found deer in the greatest numbers I have ever seen them anywhere. It was here that Streeter and I watched to see how near a deer would come to us. We caught a good many animals, and when we had thinned out some of them in this locality, we started homeward. Twelve miles down the river we found our way blocked by logs. The water was high and swift. Some trees were turned over into the river, and many times it was difficult for us to find a way through the obstructions. In one place where some logs were bumping away at a fearful rate against a fallen tree, Streeter's boat, which was heavier than mine, came near to being upset. We trapped all along on our way home. This trip was the fourth one I had made in this section of the country with Mr. Putnam, the second with Mr. Streeter. May we three

meet again upon some fighting ground, where as before we shall be pitted, not against each other, but against the bears and the deer.

In the the fall of 1869 one of my neighbors, a Mr. Perry Sweet, went with me to trap in Minnesota. We drove a team, carried a tent and what was necessary for a good camping outfit. After crossing the Mississippi we camped near Postville. There we fell in company with a Mr. Fisher, who was also going to Minnesota. When we came to the Turkey river we found the water very high; the bridges were gone and it was with some difficulty that we crossed the stream. Paul Cartwright, my son, who was then living a short distance beyond this river, went on with us, and a Mr. Ackley being added to the company, filled our ranks. We had a very hard time in traveling through this section of the country, because of some severe storms. Some nights we could not camp out, but were obliged to seek refuge, like fugitives in the days of underground railroads, in some barn or shed. Good roads were washed out; the low land was covered with water; mud was deep and bridges were gone, but had you tried to stop us, you would have found that we were gone too. We were living in high hopes of better days to come.

We stayed two nights at Clear Lake, and there the boys caught some ducks and geese, all that two men could carry. On our way to Coon Grove we had a sorry experience in crossing sloughs.

To any who have not enjoyed the luxury of being sloughed, it may be well to say that the low, wet land through which sluggish streams pass are called sloughs. These vary in width from a few to many rods. Many of them are covered with a thick sod which will bear up a team, others have a sod or reed bottom that will bear up a load; but the mud sloughs, with neither top nor bottom protection, which must be crossed, furnish sufficient variation from the monotony of prairie travel. You force your horses to plunge into uncertain depths, and are fortunate if their feet are not fastened in the deep, unctious mud. If they are sloughed, your only remedy is to plunge in yourself, and keep their heads above water while you get them loose from the wagon. After they are safe, your remedy is with your heavy rope, carried for the purpose, to join horses and wagon together, giving the horses the benefit of solid land to stand on while they haul the wagon out. After the load has been carried out on your shoulders, unless the ladies prefer wading, they must be transported by the same method. By the time all this is accomplished, you have accumulated on your person and clothes an abundance of the thickest and richest soil imaginable, in addition to the inexpressible sensations of having been sloughed.

Coon Grove is situated upon a beautiful elevation, and it is surrounded by the best of muskrat marshes. At Jackson we procured our supplies for the remainder of the journey. We camped a few nights after leaving Jackson by a beautiful little lake, near which there were other smaller lakes. Whoever has lived in Wisconsin or Minnesota, though he has traveled but comparatively little knows how beautiful the tiny clear lakes are; and those who will but look upon a good sized map will see there are many others which are not marked there. These states are thickly sprinkled over, like spice on a savory dish, with the tiny beauties. On this lake, by which we camped, we began our work of destruction. It

was fun for us, but death to the rats; it made lively times for us, and for them while they lived. Paul and Ackley caught one hundred and thirty in one night. Whenever they began to get scarce, Fisher and myself looked up new trapping grounds.

One day we started in a northwesterly direction, intending to strike Pipestone country, and if necessary to go on to Dakota. Mr. Fisher started out at a fearful rate, and I told him he might go on; for I could not travel so fast; but he stayed with me. At noon we came to a lake, where he wanted to stop and eat his dinner. I could eat all I wanted while travelling at my slow rate; he was to stop, as he would doubtless overtake me. We did not find any place at night where we dared to start a fire, lest we should set the whole prairie on fire. The next day I killed an elk, and I said to Fisher that we must go back to our home camp, and get the team to help us draw in the elk. He knew that he could not stand it to travel any further; but I thought he could; for he could travel a great deal further than I could, and I knew that I was able to go back to camp. I proposed that we take a shorter course, striking at once straight for the camp, and said that if we could reach the road before dark, I knew that I could shorten our distance by several miles. But he could not reach it.

We had a sorry time of it traveling that night. Fisher said he knew I was lost, that it was not safe to follow my lead, that he was not able to keep up any longer, and he was determined to lie down upon the wet ground, though he could have no fire, and no protection. I used a little of a father's dictatorial style of argument upon him, as I thought it would become my age, and when we had reached camp he heard the first of the story, that it took so long to tell, about his having company equal to himself in traveling abilities.

The next morning it fell to my lot to go with one of the men after the elk. Mr. Fisher was not able to be up. We were gone two nights and fared rather hard in the time. The animal weighed about five hundred pounds. We moved our camp eight miles to the south of us and found good trapping grounds. We saw two large droves of elk; in one we counted seventy-three, in the other one hundred. The prairie had been burned over, and there being no trees to hide us from them, we could not approach within fire of them. We were in Nobles county, Minnesota. We were there successful in our trapping. We caught fourteen badgers, two otters, several beavers, sixteen skunks, eighteen foxes, twenty mink and twenty-seven hundred muskrats.

We have found twelve families in Nobles county who spent the most of the time in trapping, but who were not very successful because they used so little skill. Rats were the principal game, and the skins were legal tender. While we were there a Sabbath-school was organized, and every man would give a certain number of rat skins towards procuring a library. There we learned of a woman who was a practical hunter and trapper, and who was enviably successful.

I left my boat, traps, and tent, and we returned to our homes in December. It was cold and the return was tedious. Soon after reaching home Paul and I went back to Minnesota to trap again. We had severe storms to face. Some of them were so severe as to prevent our travelling for a time. The snow was deep, and when we were beyond any inhabitations, and had our heavy packs upon

our backs, we found the traveling very tedious. For the first time in my life, I gave out, and I gave my pack over to Paul. The next day, however, found me better, and ready for work.

On our first day at trapping we killed one hundred and twenty-two rats, and twice that day we killed five at a shot. We caught four hundred in one slough, which was not a very large one. We thinned quite a number of sloughs of their rats, and after a very successful trip of a few weeks for one of the sort, we left the grounds and returned to our homes.

In February, 1869, accompanied by Mr. Isaac Heritage and Mr. Darius Reed, I went into Minnesota to hunt along the Cottonwood river. After leaving Garden City, having hired some one to take us into the woods, we were overtaken by a storm and were obliged to stop on our way. The following day being clear, but cold, we resumed our journey, and, when in another day we neared Mound Creek our tribulations increased upon us in full measure. There came up very suddenly a violent wind storm which swept everything before it. It cap-sized our load, and our driver being thrown overboard, the horses started off as if to have things their own way, but, as men are apt to do when lost, they circled to the left, and soon came back. There was a light crust on the snow, the wind took it up and the loose snow from underneath it at times almost blackened the air. The storm was, however, a very severe "white storm," such as raged with destructive fury in the winter of '72-3 in Minnesota and other parts of the West, the accounts of which were read by thousands of people, not many miles away.

Our first hunting quarters were in a dug-out, such a place as many pioneers have not only heard of, but in which we have also lived. It was a 10x10 foot room, dug in a bank, high enough for us to stand in erect, was stoned up in front, and it had in it a fire-place. In that place we made ourselves comfortable. A Mr. Walker was our landlord, and furthermore he seemed to be the landlord of the country round; but in spite of his remonstrances against our hunting or trapping anywhere about him, we did carry off some valuable skins. I was again caught out in a terrible storm, and then became acquainted with a man who, having once been out in the midst of a white storm, had frozen his feet so badly that they came off at the instep. He could not reach any surgeon; he therefore had made a saw of some pieces of steel that he found in his house, and with it sawed off the bones in his own feet. His recovery was the reward he received for his courage.

We had very good success in trapping, and when after a few weeks we returned homewards, we started down the Cottonwood in two light boats, which we had with us. The stream is crooked and in many places very rapid, two conditions that, in conjunction with our style of craft, greatly enhanced the pleasure of rough out-of-doors experiences. We traveled by day down the river, and at night would pitch our tent in the most convenient place that we could find near by. After rowing our way through the Cottonwood along the Minnesota river, and into the Mississippi, we reached Prairie du Chien, from which place we went to our homes by rail, having had no serious trouble with our light boats, except when going through Lake Pepin. We were in Minnesota at the time of an Indian Insurrection, and saw many evidences of their vengeful wrath.

Early in the winter of '74-5, while hunting on the Yellow river about thirty-five miles from Chippewa Falls, Mr. Van Antwerp, who was then hunting with me, went out one day to get a deer that we had previously killed. We had hung the deer on a tree for safe keeping. He took it down but had gone not more than forty rods from the tree, when an eagle, coming up from behind him, flew just over his head, and on, about twelve feet in front of him, then turned about and planted itself upon the ground in a decidedly combative attitude. It stood upon one foot, the other was uplifted as if ready for a fight, its head was erect, its sharp eyes as sharply fixed upon the man who was carrying off the deer, upon which it was probably about to feed; the feathers were all turned forwards, and "stood on end," and the wings were partially spread.

The man threw down the deer, picked up a stick and throwing it at the eagle he struck the angry bird, but broke the stick. The eagle retreated about six feet, then turned about and faced him again, assuming the same fighting posture as before. The man picked up another stick and this time started for the bird, which at the same time advanced to meet him, and when each stood still they were within four feet of each other. He had so wounded it that it could not fly, then taking another stick he started again for the bird, which was now walking off as best it could. Soon it turned upon him with an evident desire to fight it out as it had commenced, but the man soon killed it. It was a golden eagle, and measured two feet and ten inches from the bill to the tip of the tail, and seven and a half feet across the wings. It is now in a college cabinet, fine specimen of its sort, and as an individual bird the reminder of a singular freak of our "historic bird."

Mr. C. P. Clemens and myself commenced hunting in the Lake Superior regions in the fall of 1870. Mr. Clemens, whom we all called "Uncle," is a genial, good natured, happy old soul, who likes to be happy, and to see others so, even if he is obliged to confer the happiness himself. He is a practical woodsman, but one whom we know can enjoy to an enviable extent a social gathering within doors as well as beyond the fences. Being an experienced hunter, I found him a good partner, and remember with pleasure those seasons in which I have traveled with my "uncle."

The country through the northern section of our trapping ground was specially dreary. North and west from Shaketown the land was covered for miles and miles with burnt timber. Upon the high ground south of this burnt district we found maple, birch, and hemlock trees. Upon the low lands, over which we traveled the most, there were cedar, spruce, and tamarack swamps.

Our line of traps was so set that it required a march of a hundred miles to reach them all. We had nine camps upon the line. One of them which was a logging camp, was our own home run, and was about nine miles from Shaketown. There we kept our supplies and met in council, we two "good Indians" of the woodsman's tribe. We each trapped and camped alone the most of the time. Whenever we left one we would leave in writing upon the wall a statement of our successes and our plans until such times as we would arrange to meet again. We caught ten martens, eight fishers, six lynx, four foxes and two hundred muskrats.

In the spring Paul Cartwright, my son, was with us. One day on reaching the home camp, when Paul's camp was fifteen miles west of it, and my own twenty miles southwest, I found that he was intending to come to my camp on a certain day, if it did not rain. But it rained. I waited several days, and as he did not come I went to the home camp and there learned that his plan was to start the day before. He should have reached me at night. I retraced my steps; but not being able to get through and there being two camps between that one and mine, I stayed all night at the first camp. I there expected to meet Uncle Clemens, but did not.

In the morning I went on to the second camp and there found the dog that Paul always kept with him, and on that could hardly be induced to leave him. He was alone, in a very sorry condition; he looked sad and forsaken; his head was shot full of hedge-hog quills, and he looked as though he had had nothing to eat for several days. This so alarmed me that I started at once for my own camp to find my son, knowing that if I did not find him there, or possibly somewhere on my road. I should have scarcely any hope of finding him. As I started from the camp I had a pack of seventy pounds upon my back. I had five miles to go over a rough road, or more literally, over our trail. As I went along, I shouted frequently thinking I might possibly get a response, and reached the camp in an hour and a quarter. There I found my son. I had not thought of my pack until I saw him, when my nerves and my muscles so soon relaxed that I was unable to take another step without help. After I had been home and sold my furs I went into the woods again, and commenced trouting. We sold nine hundred pounds, for which we received forty cents a pound. As soon as deer were in good condition we hunted them again and caught sixty-seven, for which we got from ten to twelve and a half cents per pound.

During that summer as I went one day to salt a deer lick, which was twelve miles from Shaketown, and as I was crossing a swamp on a corduroy bridge, I looked into the swamp and saw a bear coming onto the road. I shot him and he ran towards me, growling at every step. I set my dog upon him, but as they met, each one turned to the right and they passed each other. 'Twas rather ceremonious for the circumstances, however, for no sooner had the dog passed him than he wheeled about and pouncing upon the bear clinched him. The bear tried to catch the dog, but the dog escaped and the bear made another lunge towards me. The dog caught him a second time, and he fell and died. I found that I had shot him through the heart. The bear probably had no idea of attacking me. I think he did not see me, but he happened to run towards me, and I think because the road was better than in the opposite direction.

I returned to my home in the fall and remained until spring, when Uncle Clemens and I hunted together again upon our old hunting ground. During the summer and fall we caught ninety-seven deer, eight bears, about thirty-five beavers and as many mink. The mink skins were that fall unusually handsome. We sold six hundred pounds of speckled trout and I made several trips with fishing parties. Paul Cartwright was with us five weeks during the time. Besides our deer skins, we sold nine hundred and seventy-six dollars worth of other stuff. We were out from June to January.

JEAN BRUNET LIFE SKETCH

1. THE MAN

If the question were asked who was the most noteworthy person in the early history of the Chippewa Valley probably first place would be given to the name of Jean Brunet. This being the case, it is somewhat strange that nothing approaching a biography of the man had ever been recorded. In the entire list of publications of the Wisconsin State Historical Society there are to be found only some ten references, mostly brief and disconnected, pertaining to this interesting character. Other brief mentions are made of him in some of the more local historical works, but taken altogether they furnish nothing like a complete life history.



JEAN BRUNET

From the brief references we learn that Jean Brunet was a personage of considerable note in Prairie du Chien. At that time when there was fear of an Indian attack he was made ensign under Captain McNair and a quantity of square timber owned by him was used in erecting breastworks. He was appointed associate justice of the court, also later was a member for several terms of the territorial legislature. In the middle 30's he came up the Chippewa in charge of operations of erecting a sawmill at the Falls, now Chippewa Falls. He later located at a smaller falls at what is now Cornell. At this place he spent the remainder of his life, the falls taking his name. Several years ago the writer learned that a Mrs. Gustave Robert, who was born and brought up in the Brunet home, was still living, and from her was obtained the following life sketch of this old pioneer.

A visit in 1919 to her pleasant home found her and her daughter, Mrs. W. Ralph Wanner, deep in Red Cross activities, the daughter being the local head in that work.

Mrs. Robert is in excellent health for her years and her mind is a storehouse of recollections of pioneer days on the Chippewa River. Like many others in those early days she had no educational advantages but she speaks French, Eng-

lish and Chippewa fluently and is generally well informed as to the events of the day. She is an expert needle-woman, and her handiwork, largely of her own designing, has carried off prizes at the county and community fairs. She also takes justifiable pride in her excellent garden. Besides Mrs. Wanner, she has several other children living near her. With the aid of the daughter, Mrs. Wanner, we have been able to secure from the mother the interesting reminiscences given below:

My father, Francis Gauthier, was of Canadian-French descent. I do not know the date of his birth and am not certain whether he was born in Canada or not. If so, he must have left there when very young, as he was only a young boy when he began work for Jean Brunet at Prairie du Chien, coming there from San Francisco. Mr. Brunet took a great liking to my father and he was one of the party that came up with Mr. Brunet to build the first mill at Chippewa Falls, later going with him to what is now Brunet Falls or Cornell, where he remained until after Mr. Brunet's death. He received no wages but was treated as a member of the family.

About 1846, my father married my mother, whose name before marriage was Sophie Jandron. She was from the Odanah reservation and was part French and part Chippewa blood. Six children were born to them in the Brunet home. One died in infancy. Rose was the oldest of the family. I was second, Julia third. The next younger was a boy, Benjamin, and the youngest also a boy, named Charles. All of the five except my oldest sister, Rose, are still living. Julia, now Mrs. Tumulty, is living at Rhineland, Wisconsin; Benjamin owns a large summer resort at Lac du Flambeau, and Charles is government interpreter on that reservation.

I do not know when Mr. Brunet was born but as far back as I can remember he seemed to be an old man. He was a fine looking man, always clean shaven and very neat in his personal appearance. Whenever he made a trip to Chippewa Falls or any place away from home he always wore his fine broadcloth Prince Albert coat, with white shirt, and cravat.

In his later years he was in much reduced circumstances, and his clothes were at times really shabby, but even then he would not wear clothing that was patched.

I think Mr. Brunet was from the upper class or aristocracy of France. He kept his accounts and gave general oversight to his affairs but never did any manual labor himself. He was always kind and polite. The woods and river men who stopped at the Brunet place received the usual accommodations of other such stopping places but when business or professional men came there they were treated as his guests. He always sat at the head of the table. These men would be seated near him and Mr. Brunet would serve.

Mr. Brunet was a deeply religious man, a devout Catholic and very faithful in all the observations of the church. He never sat down to the table without saying grace. During those early days the Brunet home was the gathering place of persons of the Catholic faith in the vicinity for religious instruction when the traveling priests visited that part of the valley.

He was the first president of the St. John the Baptist Society in the Chippewa Valley. At the annual meeting of the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Co. in Jan., 1911, on motion of William Irvine, general manager, the company voted funds for the erection of a suitable monument in the cemetery at Chippewa Falls to the memory of Jean Brunet. The action was taken in recognition of the fact that Brunet, as already stated, had charge of the first sawmill operated at the Falls. At the time the above action was taken by the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Co. they were just closing up their lumbering operation at the Falls.

The officers of the St. John the Baptist Society were notified of the actions of the lumber company, and in June of that year the monument was erected under the auspices of that society. The inscription on the monument is in French. Translated into English, it reads as follows:

"To the Pious Memory—of—The Valiant Pioneer—Jean Brunet—First President of the—St. John the Baptist Society of Chippewa Falls. Born 1791 in Gascogne, France—Died the 20th of August, 1877. Rest in Peace—Builder of the First Chippewa Falls sawmill in 1836."

Mr. Brunet did not bring his wife up from Prairie du Chien until after he had spent a number of years in the Chippewa Valley but he used to visit her several times a year. I remember her very well. She took quite a fancy to me and used to seat me on the table with shears and paper and teach me to cut out figures. Like Mr. Brunet, she was very devout and spent much of her time in her room engaged in prayer and religious devotions. She never did any housework but used to do a great deal of patchwork for quilts. She looked older than Mr. Brunet and always wore a close-fitting cap or bonnet. I never saw her without it on. She died shortly after the Civil War.

One of my most cherished keepsakes is a French Catholic prayer book which she gave me on my second birthday. On the fly-leaf she wrote this inscription, "*Donné le 20 d avril par Madame Brunet a Josephine Gauthier, age de 2 ans. Riviere des sauteurs.*" In English this would be "Given the 20th of April, 1852, by Madame Brunet to Josephine Gauthier, age 2 years. River of the Sauter, or Chippewa," the word "Sauteurs" being an early name for the Chippewa tribe.

Mr. Brunet was a true friend to the Indians and they always stopped there when going up or down the river. He never made any charge to them for meals, but they often brought venison in return. On New Year's day there was always a great gathering of the Indians at the Brunet home and soon after daylight they would announce their arrival by firing off guns. They would quickly put up their tepees and build their camp fires, the beating of tom toms would be heard and the vicinity of the Brunet home would soon put on the appearance of an Indian village.

Then they would come in the house, sit down on the floor, and my mother and we girls would pass around pans of doughnuts and other eatables which we had prepared in advance. All we children could speak Chippewa as readily as we could French and much better than we could English.

I knew most of the chiefs and head men of the Chippewa tribe, and remember well seeing Ah-mous, chief of the Flambeau, with his son who captured

Old Abe, the war eagle, going down the Chippewa in a canoe with the eagle, which they sold to George McCann. He later sold it in Eau Claire where it was taken out by a company going into the Civil War. Ah-Mous was short, fat, and jolly, and had curly hair—the only Indian I ever saw with curly hair.

The Indians would often camp near the Brunet place. I remember once an Indian child was very sick and my mother went over to see it, taking me along. The Indian medicine man was there. He put something that looked like dried bones in his mouth, chewed them up and spit them into a basin of water that was on the ground. After going through some motions and examining the water he said the child would die at sunrise the next morning. It was customary for the Indians to announce a death among them by firing of guns several times. The next morning we listened for the guns and just as the sun rose we heard them. The child had died just as the medicine man had said.

For a good many years after he came on the Chippewa Mr. Brunet had only a one-room log cabin, with curtains around the beds. When I was a young girl, perhaps about twelve years old, he built a long log house facing the river. The house was torn down many years ago but the foundation can still be seen, showing the size and shape of the house. The kitchen was on the south, or down river end with the bedrooms off from it for my father and mother and children. The next room was a large dining room, which was deeper than the rest of the rooms and had cupboards clear across the back. The men's room was at the upper, north end of the house. A stair led up to the chamber or loft which extended the full length of the house and was where the men slept. They did not pass through Mr. Brunet's room in going to the dining room, but had to go out doors.

My father looked after the outside work around the Brunet place, while my mother, who was a good cook and housekeeper, with the help of us girls, took care of the housework. At times when large crews of woodsmen and log drivers were going and coming we had our hands full. At other times we did not have so much housework to do, and we would make buckskin mittens and gloves, also moccasins, plain and beaded.

Raspberries, blackberries and cranberries were plentiful. Blueberries did not grow near but the Indians used to bring them to us. Wild plums grew in abundance. We did not know anything about canning of fruit, but used to dry quite an amount of berries, also corn. For meat we had mostly salt pork and some smoked hams, also plenty of smoked venison. Fish could be had in any quantity, and partridges and other small game. Mr. Brunet raised a good many potatoes, also a good supply of other common vegetables. Our table fare was hearty but simple. Doughnuts and pies were about the only articles in the pastry line. The pies were made of dried apples, dried berries, or cranberries.

We had our simple games and plays. The older folks played cards a great deal and sometimes there would be a dance, but I never learned to do either. I never used a gun until after I was married, when my husband taught me to do some target shooting. We used to fish and all of us were at home on the

water. I could pole or paddle a birch bark canoe either standing or sitting and there was never any lack of canoes.

The Indians would start from the headwaters of the Chippewa with their canoes in the fall, hunting and trapping on their way down. By the time they were ready to return the river would be frozen over and they would leave their canoes at the Brunet place, making new ones for the next trip. The whole country around was almost an unbroken pine forest and one could walk for hours without seeing the sun, but we never felt afraid to be out in the woods or on the river alone and were never molested either by Indians or white men.

Of course we saw a great deal of the early lumbermen and most of them were very fine men. I remember especially Daniel Shaw. He used to spend more time in the logging camps and on the river than most of the other big lumbermen. Everyone had a high opinion of Mr. Shaw. Sometimes he would take Mrs. Shaw with him to visit the lumber camps and they would stop at the Brunet place. Another fine man that spent a great deal of time at the Brunet place was Ezra Cornell. He made the Brunet place his headquarters when he came out from the East to locate lands for Cornell University. He was a large, fine looking man and always wore a long full beard. Mr. O. H.



PRESENT DAY VIEW FROM SITE OF JEAN BRUNET HOME

Ingram used to stop there often, also Bill Pond, Pete Legault, Alex McDonell, Thad Pound, Ed Rutledge, Dave, Sebe and Ike Miles, Seth Pierce and many others.

Jean Brunet was fond of reading but did not take any interest in hunting, fishing or other out of door sports. Like nearly every one in those early days,

he drank intoxicating liquors, but unlike most of the stopping house proprietors, he did not keep it on sale and seldom had it on the place. He kept a small stock of the staple supplies needed in lumber camps and by the Indians and the few white residents in that vicinity. He cut a great deal of wild hay on the marshes, which he sold to the loggers, also raised and sold a good many oxen.

Mr. Brunet selected a fine location for his home. His cabin was built on the west bank of the Chippewa perhaps eighty rods below the present Brunet Falls dam. The site was level and high enough to be always dry. Below the falls and in front of the Brunet cabin a bend in the river formed a bay, with very little current. In the side of the bank between the cabin and the river there was a fine spring, which supplied the house with water.

During all the early days there were no roads up the river. In the winter supplies were hauled up on ice. For all summer or fall travels it was necessary to use boats. Two kinds of boats were used for this purpose. The earliest ones used were the wooden canoes or dug-outs made from a single large pine log. In later years these were largely replaced by the "bateaux," large boats with both ends pointed. A considerable income was received by Mr. Brunet from the portaging of these boats and their contents around the falls. The bay below the falls afforded a good place for the boats to land. From the landing place a road had been graded along the side of the bank and up to a suitable place in the river above the falls.

Mr. Brunet had a four-wheeled wagon or cart, the wheels of which were very thick and were made of sections sawed from a large pine log. The contents of the boat were first hauled around the falls, then the canoe or bateau was loaded on the cart. Mr. Brunet had a regular charge for the boats but the charge for portaging the contents was made by hundred weight. I well remember the old cart with the wooden wheels. He later replaced it with one having iron wheels.

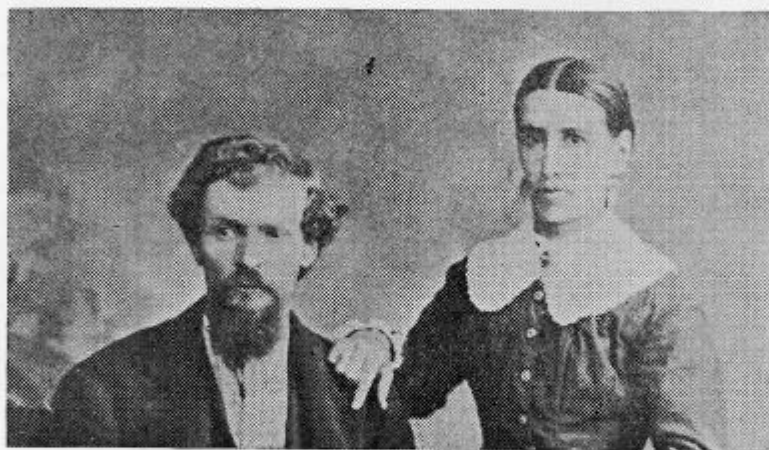
If Mr. Brunet had not lost so much in bad accounts he would have been wealthy in his old age. As it was, at the time of his death he had nothing left except the place and the value of that at the time was only a few hundred dollars. The courts granted this to my father as an offset to his many years of service without regular pay.

I have in my possession the old ledger in which Mr. Brunet kept his accounts from the year of 1862 until the time of his death. A good share of the accounts were never settled and some of the amounts due Mr. Brunet were quite large. Mr. Brunet died in August, 1877, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Chippewa Falls. My father, Francis Gauthier, died in January, 1880. My mother died only ten years ago.

Our neighbors were few. Across the river from the Brunet place, about where the Cornell Wood Products Company mill is now located, there lived a Frenchman by the name of Batiste Denige. He cultivated a small piece of ground but most of the time he worked for Brunet. Another Frenchman by the name of Beauregard lived not far from Denige's. He worked more or less

for Brunet. For some years Mr. Brunet had in his employ two young Swiss. One of these, Henry Duvanel, married my oldest sister, Rose.

A few months later, in August, 1869, I was married to the other, whose name was Gustave Robert. He was a steady, thrifty man and experienced woodsman. He was a chopper, whose work it was to chop down the pine trees for saw logs, and they received the highest pay of any in the crew. Sometimes he would contract to chop by the thousand feet. I have heard him tell how many thousand feet a day he and his partner would chop down but I have forgotten the figures. He was a good timber cruiser and always acted as guide and assistant to Ezra Cornell in the locating of pine land for Cornell University.



MR. AND MRS. GUSTAVE ROBERT

We were married in 1869. My husband secured a piece of land about three miles above the Brunet place, on the opposite side of the river, near the mouth of Fisher River, where the pine timber was very fine and abundant.

Mr. Robert began immediately to build a house for us to begin housekeeping, and the house is still standing. We continued to live at Brunet's for a short time until our own house was completed and moved into it in the spring of 1870. Instead of the usual log house of round logs chalked with clay, the house was built of small logs hewed square, neatly fitted together and with the corners dove-tailed together. The outside was then covered with shaved shingles. It consisted of a main part with two rooms with loft above, and a one-story kitchen.

Compared with most present day houses and our own later home, it would seem very humble, but it was considered a very good house in those days, and we were very comfortable and happy. The roof has been reshingled once, but the shingles on the outside walls are the same ones that my husband made and put on nearly fifty years ago.



THE ROBERT HOME IN 1870

Mrs. Robert's first home, a well built log house, shingled. The house still is standing and the original hand-shaved shingles are on its walls. This picture shows the house as it is today.

It is hard to realize it now, but the unbroken pine forests came right up to the river bank. Although our house stood only a few rods back, the pine trees shut out our view of the river. My husband began logging in a small way and for some years the nearness of the timber made it possible for me to cook for the men in our own home. Mr. Robert did not put in the logs by the thousand but would buy a piece of land or the timber on it, cut the timber and sell it to some of the big lumbermen. Daniel Shaw bought most of it, and would take it on the landing, doing his own driving. After a time the timber was too far away for the crew to stay at our home, and for several winters we shut up our house and I went and cooked in camp.

Other winters Mr. Robert hired someone to cook for the crew. He never did any logging on a large scale but he did very well and we laid up some money. After we had been married for about twenty-five years, we built a good sized brick house on the higher ground, not far back from our first home. This was the first and is still the only brick house in that vicinity and can be plainly seen from the road across the river about half way between Cornell and Holcombe.

We were anxious that our children should have school privileges and when our oldest girl was ten years of age we got a school started in the district.

After living in our new house for about twelve years and our children being all grown up, we moved into Holcombe and bought a home there. My husband died in August, 1914, and my daughter, Mrs. Wanner, has lived with me most of the time since.

During the past few years I have been with her and have had a chance to see something of other places, but none of them can compare with the Chippewa Valley, and no years of my life were happier than those spent in my childhood in the Brunet home and in my early married life in our log house at the mouth of Fisher River.

JEAN BRUNET'S LEDGER

An interesting relic of the Brunet home is his old ledger. Several years ago Mrs. Robert loaned the book to the writer, who has found it a veritable mine of early Chippewa Valley and Northern Wisconsin history. Probably no other volume in existence contains the names of so large a proportion of the early fur traders and pioneer lumbermen of this valley including other localities farther distant.



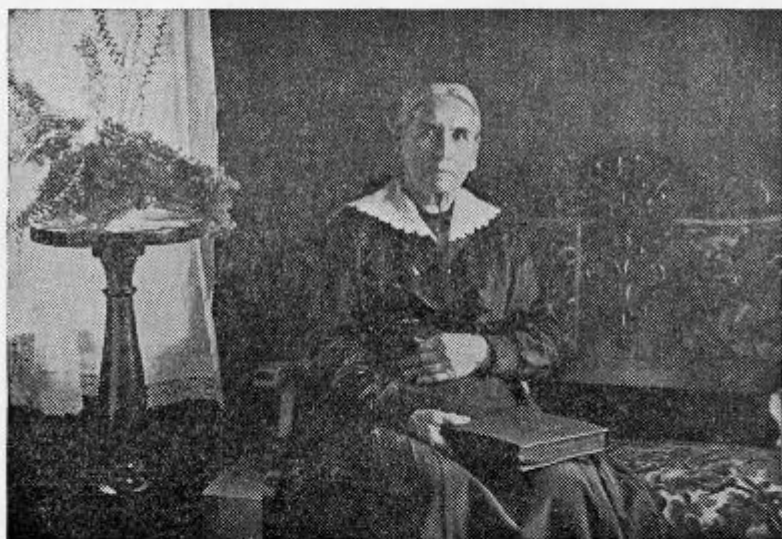
JEAN BRUNET IN OLD AGE.

The contents of the Brunet ledger naturally divides itself into two parts. This particular ledger was not started until 1862, but in the first part of the book something over two full pages are taken up with a list, copied from earlier books of account, of old balances due to Brunet. There are upwards of eighty of these balances, ranging from a few dollars to upwards of a thousand dollars, with a total of over five thousand dollars. A few of these balances were due from lumbermen and loggers still doing business on the river and these accounts were probably good. On the other hand most of them evidently were from a much earlier date, possibly some from Brunet's operations at Prairie du Chien, before he came on the Chippewa. Probably but a small percentage of these accounts were ever paid, in fact, many of the debtors on this list had been dead for years. The balance of the ledger is made up of itemized accounts, dating from 1862 up until the time of Brunet's death, about 1880, and

are principally with the lumbermen and loggers operating on the river during the 60's and 70's.

The list of old debtors is especially interesting from the fact that it comprises the names of such a large proportion of the real early fur traders and historic characters of the Chippewa Valley long preceding the Civil War.

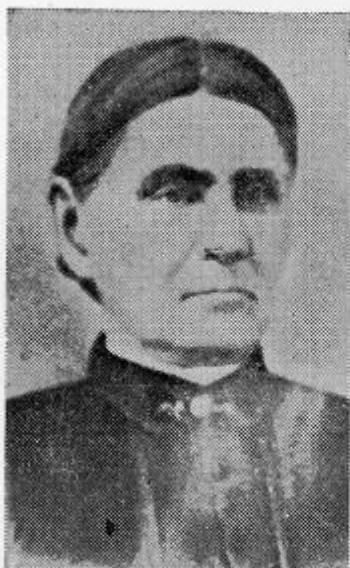
Brunet was born in France. He was a man of fair education. The accounts are all written in French. He wrote a fairly legible and very fine hand, but it was in his spelling, especially of proper names, that he displayed an originality amounting to genius. He seldom used capital letters. In very many cases no given name or initials are furnished, and in many instances not even the surname. The lack of completeness of names was frequently offset by descriptive phrases, some of which are most unique. Take for instance the first name on the list of old accounts "*nicolas qui dedire pour fenly le boi bardo,*" *Nicholas who hauled shingle blocks for Fenly.* Another was "*couk a fenly,*" the cook at Fenly's. This man Fenley or Funley was evidently a logger operating on the river, as we later find a long itemized account against "*jhon fenly.*" One balance



MRS. GUSTAVE ROBERTS, HOLCOMBE, WIS., PRESENT OWNER
OF THE JEAN BRUNET LEDGER.

was due from "*homme a belile,*" "*The man at Belilles.*" Another against "*lagrue, beau frere a belile,*" *Lagrue (?) brother-in-law of Belille.* Still another against "*cordonier qui a fit du foin chez belile,*" *Cordonier (?) who made hay at Belille's.* This man Belille, whose name is mentioned in connection with these last three accounts was himself a very interesting character and well known

to most of the early lumbermen of the valley. He was an old Frenchman who in an early day had, like Brunet himself, taken up his abode on the Chippewa near a small falls or rapids, near where the village of Radisson is now located, and which took the name "Belille's Falls." His wives—he was married several times—were Chippewa squaws and he raised a numerous family. Several of his sons were unusually expert rivermen. The late John Hyman, the logger, who several years ago furnished some reminiscences of early logging days, knew the Belille family well. He said that two of the sons were the only men he ever knew who could run Belille's Falls on a saw log. He related the following



Mrs. Francis Gauthier, mother of Mrs. Gustave Robert, Holcombe, owner of the Brunet ledger, and who was housekeeper at the Brunet home.

incident of old man Belille. Some time during the '70's a tornado swept through the vicinity of the Belille home, destroying a large amount of timber, including some belonging to Belille. The old man had just taken a contract to put in some logs for Colliche Allen, a French logger at Chippewa Falls. It appears that Allen had advanced money, or supplies, and had taken security on Belille's oxen and logging kit. The tornado financially crippled Belille and Colliche Allen levied on the old man's oxen. Mr. Hyman asked Belille if he intended to log that winter, to which in his broken English the old Frenchman replied, "The God he take my pine and the Colliche he take my oxen. How can I log?"

Another logger contributes the following:

There had been an accident in camp. A young Frenchman had been struck by a falling tree, or limb, dying a few hours later. Old man Belille was on his way to Chippewa Falls with the body in a sleigh, covered with a blanket. He was met by some woodsmen who, noting the blanket, surmised what was in the

sleigh and asked Belille if it was a "corpse." The old man's knowledge of English was limited, and he replied, "No, him French boy. Him killed by tree ten o'clock forenoon. Him die three o'clock this afternoon."

Belille lived to a good old age and died while sitting out of doors on a log where he was found with his old clay pipe still in his mouth.

Another name in the early list of Jean Brunet's debtors of special interest to residents of this section is that of "luisan demarie pere," *Louisan Demarie*

Senior. He was a French fur trader who came up the Chippewa in 1832 and in the fall of that year is said to have built the first house within the limits of the present city of Eau Claire. His wife was part French and part Chippewa. After spending one winter at what is now Eau Claire they moved farther up the river, soon settling at "Frenchtown," now the south side of Chippewa Falls, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Mrs. Demarie was a very capable woman and Thomas Randall, in his history of the Chippewa Valley, makes special mention of her. Brunet also had accounts with several other members of the Demarie family. We find balances due from "josephes demarie," "batiste demarie," also from "antoine demarie, fils au vieu luisan," *Antoine Demarie, son of old Luisan.* Of the above Batiste was perhaps the best known. He was a skillful riverman and raft pilot, and was employed by Ingram & Kennedy and other of the larger lumbering concerns. He was the last survivor of the Demarie family. After spending most of his life among white people, also serving as a soldier in the Civil War, in his later years he took up his abode on the Court d'Oreilles Indian reservation where he died only some ten years ago. The writer has a picture of him there taken beside his wigwam, only a few months before his death.

Two of the largest balances found on Brunet's old list of accounts are one of \$459.25 due "from michel cadot" and \$1043.14 due from "l. m. worrien." These two names, Michael Cadotte and Lyman M. Warren, are really historic names in Chippewa Valley history, and extended mention is made of them in the chapter on the fur trade. Brunet started to write the names in his ledger in true bookkeeper style, with the surname first, but he forgot himself so often that one is sometimes puzzled to tell which is the surname and which the given name. He had an account against a certain "bachelor bill." It is possible that there was a man by the name of Wm. (or Bill) Batchelor, but it is more likely that some poor unmarried woodsman was commonly known as "Bachelor Bill."

Another balance is against "thotome bleu" (Blue Tom). There was a man on the river in the early days who was known as "Blue Tom" and this brings up the query as to how "Blue Mills" received its name. This mill, located at what is now Lake Hallie, was one of the earliest mills on the river, having been built in the early forties, several years before the first sawmill was built at what is now Eau Claire. It seems to have been known as Blue Mills almost from the beginning. At the first meeting of the county board of Chippewa County in 1854 a resolution was offered that a highway be laid out from "Frenchtown," now South Chippewa, by the way of the "Blue Mills," to the mouth of the "Clearwater" or Eau Claire River. At first thought one would suppose that the buildings were painted blue, but in those early days they were never guilty of using paint on their mill buildings. In later years they did whitewash them for fire protection. One of the very early proprietors of this mill was Jeremiah Thomas and at his death mention was made of the fact that he was commonly known as "Blue Tom." It seems most probable that the mill took its name from him. The rapids near the mill went by the name of Blue Rapids.

Another name among the list of old debtors in the ledger recalls a tragedy

at the Brunet home. The entry is as follows: "*jean luis, tue par galoue,*" *Jean Luis, killed by Galloway*. This man Jean Luis was a sort of leader among the French Canadians on the river and Galloway held a somewhat similar reputation among the Irish Canadians.

My general understanding had been that Galloway was the aggressor. It was not until a few years ago that I learned the facts. Mr. J. B. Theriault of Chippewa Falls took me to the home of an old Frenchman, Peter Leneau, now deceased, who knew all about this affair. He said that in the spring of 1852, after a winter in logging camp, he came down river to the Brunet stopping place. Wishing to make a trip to the Lake Superior region to make settlement with Indians owing him for supplies, Brunet engaged young Leneau to stay with Mrs. Brunet until his return. It was during Leneau's stay at the Brunet home that the killing took place. He said that it was another Frenchman, by the name of Pierre Delaurieur, who was really responsible for the fatal encounter. Wishing to see a fight between Galloway and Luis he told the latter that Galloway had been boasting that he could lick him and got Luis so inflamed that he attacked Galloway, got him down, but Galloway managed to draw a knife and by continual stabbing weakened Luis so that he died from loss of blood. Galloway surrendered himself, was taken to LaCrosse, the nearest court, where he was quickly acquitted. He later was a partner in the lumbering business with the pioneer lumberman, H. S. Allen of Chippewa Falls.

During the Civil War he went out as a lieutenant in the 36th Wisconsin Infantry and a few months later was killed, at the battle of Petersburg. Although this man, Jean Luis, had been killed in 1852, ten years before Brunet opened the old ledger, we find there recorded a balance of \$32.55 due from Luis.

One balance of \$883.25 is shown against "*eau clere & cop.*" Probably this was meant for the firm of Chapman and Thorp, later in 1866 incorporated as the Eau Claire Lumber Company. They were the largest lumbering concern in the early history of the village. Although their principal mills were on the Eau Claire River and tributaries, they had sawmill interests farther down the Chippewa and doubtless carried on quite extensive logging operations on the river. If it is correct that Chapman and Thorp was the firm referred to that account was without question paid later to Brunet.

Brief mention may be made of the following: "*francois gothie mitif,*" *Frances Gauthier the half breed*. This Gauthier family was not related to Francis Gauthier, father of Mrs. Robert. The half breed Gauthier or Gotha family had many descendants, a considerable number of them living in the Flambeau and Lac Court de Oreilles region.

Another balance is against "*ottowais mitif,*" *the Ottawa half breed*; still another against "*cheman, gandre a ss. marpeen,*" *Sherman, son-in-law to S. S. McBean*; still another against "*roiner trois chenai,*" *Raynor At the three channels*. There was a place on the river where two islands in it formed three channels. Here are a few more: "*gai arpenteur,*" *Guy (?) the surveyor*; "*Goudet metre decole,*" *Goudet the school master*; "*ober, feseur de bardo,*" *Ober the shingle maker*; "*josephes cadot mitif cousin ermatinger,*" *Josephus Cadott,*

the half breed cousin to Ermatinger; "zacharie s teller," Zachary S. Taylor. Who was this Zachary Taylor?

As evidence that Jean Brunet's debtors covered a very large territory note the following: "antoine cadot pere lac superieur," Antoine Cadotte, senior, Lake Superior; "simon legren lac superieur," Simon Legram (?) Lake Superior; "antoine limon riviere au galle," Antoine Simon (?) Eau Galle river; "josephes belanger st. pol," Josephus Belanger, St. Paul; "henri mes debuk," Henry May (?) Dubuque; "buisson lak pepin," Buisson, Lake Pepin.

The above are only a few of the eighty and more names in Brunet's list of old balances. As already stated the greater part of the book is taken up with itemized accounts with the early loggers of the valley, nearly all of whom are represented. One account is against "ingreme & canad," Ingram and Kennedy, later incorporated as the Empire Lumber Company. "ingreme and pitne," Ingram and Pinkum.

The Ingram and Pinkum mill stood immediately adjoining the Ingram and Kennedy mill, and was included in the incorporation. Mr. Ingram, or the firm had business with jobbers and others, the accounts on the Brunet ledger being kept separate. We find "blod pour ingreme," Blood, for Ingram, also "ingrime and grinsel," Ingram and Grinsel. Of course Daniel Shaw was represented, the name being usually written "daniel chaus," but Brunet was not hide-bound in his method of spelling, as we also find the name spelled "Chea," "Cheu" and "Chaw."

Among the several hundred names of firms and individuals the following are fair samples:

- "cloud & co," Clow & Co.
- "magdonel," McDonald.
- "edoir randel," Edward Randall.
- "charls bouls," Charley Bolles.

nik Du Table

DEVIL'S NEST

Bacen & Bisselou

BACON & BEEF SLOUGH

- "morsy & cop," Morrissey and Co.
- "oudrouf," Woodruff.
- "dokendof," Dockendorf.
- "Carnel," Cornell, probably Ezra Cornell.
- "jeuns mecry," John McRae.

"jhan ostmen," *John Ausman.*
 "bobe mariner," *Robt. Marriner.*
 "jemes ermentinger," *James Ermatinger.*
 "escaben," *S. Cobban.*
 "celly esgeleur," *Kelly, the scaler.*
 "filipse & simit," *Phillips & Smith.*
 "edoir rodlig," *Edward Rutledge.*

ganie le croche

GAGNIER THE CRIPPLE

Daniel chams edoir rodlig

DANIEL SHAW

EDWARD RUTLEDGE

makerlen & cop

McLAREN & Co.

ingron asosie pitne

INGRAM & PINKHAM

"meguire," *McGuire.*
 "arvt lutere," *Harvey Luther.*
 "comme coner," *Tom Connors.*

"galoue asosie a allen," *Galloway, partner of Allen.* This is the Galloway, one of the principals in the tragedy at the Brunet home.

The Smiths are a numerous family so Brunet designated their account as follows: "Simit No. 1," "simit No. 2" and "simit rouge," *Smith No. 1, Smith No. 2 and Red Smith.*

Here are a few more:

"bil pond," *Bill Pond.*

"mails," *Miles.* There were three Miles brothers, Dave, Sebe and Ike.

"romsey," *John Rumsey.*

"hayd & allen," *Hyde and Allen.*

"hanson norvegen," *Hanson, the Norwegian.*

"magholle," *Ma Casley*.

"braget," *Brackett*.

"makerlin & cop," *McLaren & Co.*

"Camero," *Cameron*.

"moulen bleu," *Blue Mills*.

"lafairt moullen," *LaFayette Mills*.

Brunet's spelling of French names was little if any better than that of English names.

One account was against "ganie le croche," *Gagnier the Cripple*.

Some of the more curious of the headings are shown in fac simile above. His satanic majesty seems to have had some real estate holdings in that region. One rough section of country was known to loggers as the "Devil's Nest." Evidently some logger with whom Brunet did business had a camp there and not knowing the logger's name, Brunet headed the account "Nik du dable," or *Devil's Nest*.

Another heading which was a puzzler for a long time, is also shown in fac simile above. "bacen & bif selou" meant nothing to the writer until it finally occurred to him that the Mississippi Logging Co., commonly known as the "Beef Slough Company," had in charge of their river operations a man by the name of Bacon. Then it was clear. "bacen," Bacon, "bif," Beef, "selou," Slough. Bacon and Beef Slough.

It might be of interest to note some of the items found in Brunet's itemized ledger accounts. Brunet used in most of his entries the "shilling," or "bit," of value of 12½ cents, and which was expressed by a single diagonal line, thus, "bomme a bouf 2 repas 4 / bouf 4 / \$1.00," *Man with oxen 2 meals, 4 shillings, oxen 4 shillings, total \$1.00*. In very many cases charges would be made against a logger for quite a number of meals at one time, thus: "10 diner 20 / cheval 2 / \$2.75," *10 dinners 20 shillings, horses 2 shillings, total \$2.75*. In most cases Brunet did not attempt to name or designate the particular persons who had the meals or lodging, as the woods or river men were usually accompanied by their foreman or employers. In other cases it was necessary to designate the individual, and Brunet's method was often interesting and amusing. Note the following: "des irlande & tim," *The Irishman and team*; "les gros norvegen," *The Big Norwegian*.

Two kinds of boats were commonly used on the river by the loggers in bringing up supplies for early season operations, before the river froze up to allow hauling on the ice. The two kinds of boats were the log dug-outs and the bateaux. Many hundreds of charges for portaging the boats and supplies around the falls are to be found in Brunet's ledger. His ordinary charge was about \$2.00 for the boat and 25 cents per hundred for the supplies. His charge for a man for supper, lodging and breakfast was about \$1.00, with extra charge for horses or oxen, or about 30 cents for a single meal. The loggers themselves and their head men seem to have usually paid 30 cents for a meal. Probably they got better fare. Mrs. Gustave Robert, owner of the ledger, states that when business or professional men stopped at the Brunet place,

Brunet always sat at the head of the table with these visitors seated near him and Brunet always served.

Brunet seems to have carried quite an extensive and varied stock of supplies suited to the wants of loggers and scattered inhabitants of that region. Many hundreds of charges are to be found, for hay, oats, potatoes, pork, lard, kerosene, soap, matches, flour, ammunition, etc. We also find charge for one ox yoke complete, \$4.00, also for 42 thousand shaved shingles at 18 shillings per thousand. Occasionally he would sell an ox or a yoke of oxen to a logger.

One commodity much used by woods and river men is conspicuous by its absence in the Brunet accounts, and that is intoxicating liquors. Mrs. Robert stated that while Brunet was himself not a total abstainer he would not sell or allow liquor at his stopping place.

Chippewa Falls was known by the French speaking people as "la chute." Many of the payments to Brunet were made there, so frequent entries such as the following are to be found: "par cache a la chute \$15.00," *By cash at the Falls \$15.00.*

Brunet seems to have had one or two men working for him practically the year around, and to whom he paid about \$30.00 per month. These were men with families and Brunet furnished them with supplies and his accounts with them are very interesting. One feature out of the usual order was in the crediting to these men for a full month's labor and then charging back to them for the days lost.

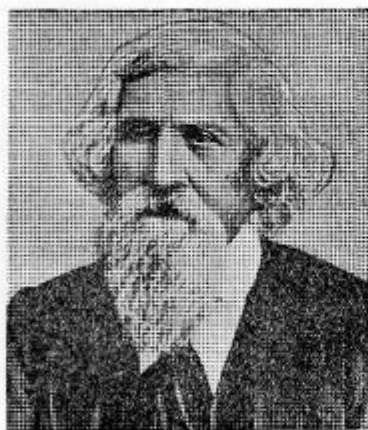
By the early 70's, Brunet's hand writing became very shaky and the latest entries were made about 1875.

A CURIOUS OLD BILL

Over twenty years ago the writer heard of a curious bill that had been received many years previous by the lumbering firm of Ingram and Kennedy, later incorporated as the Empire Lumber Company. Meeting Clare Chamberlain, secretary of the company, on the street one day, I asked him in regard to the bill. He said it was still hanging on the wall of the old office and if I wished it he would get it and give it to me. I prize it highly, as it is doubtful if there is anything similar in existence.

From Mr. Chamberlain and also later from a son of the old man who had rendered the bill I learned the story of its making and the significance of its characters. The son also furnished me with an excellent picture of his father. I might add here that the son was himself a veteran and capable woods and river man, and died in this city only a few months ago.

The bill was made out on a half sheet of note paper. The employees in the office of Ingram and Kennedy thought it so curious that it was mounted on cardboard, an ornamental border drawn around it, also notations made on margin, showing name of maker, amount and date when paid, then framed and hung up in the office.

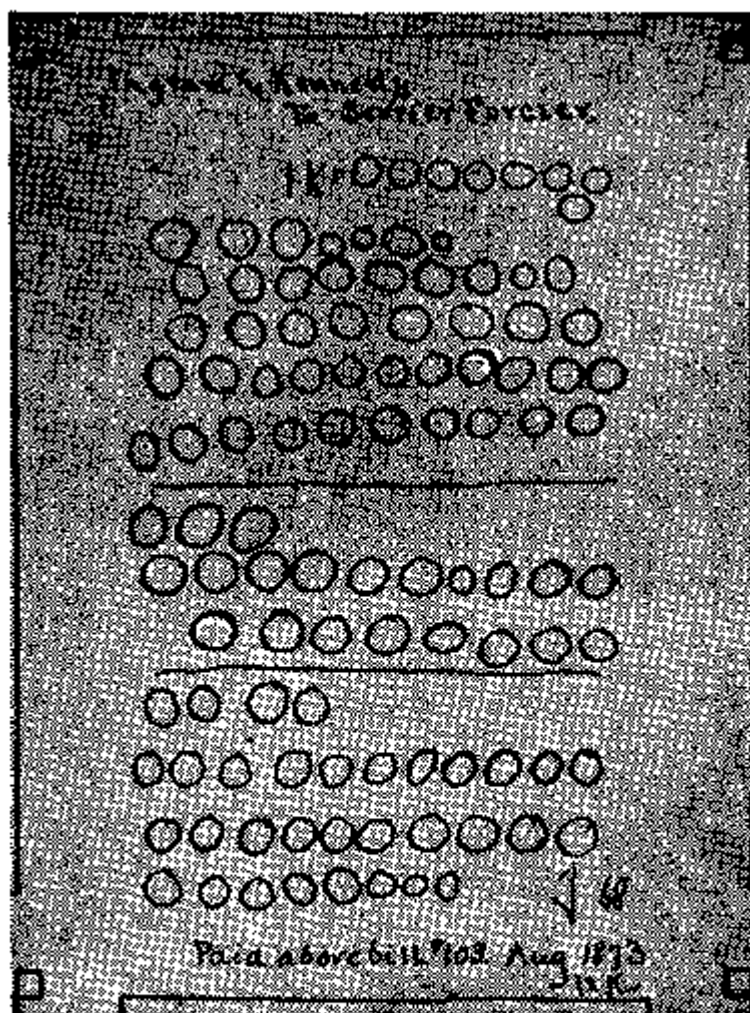


SERVIER FORCIER

Servier Forcier was a Canadian Frenchman, who kept a "stopping place" on the Chippewa River, near the mouth of Jump River, and the bill, rendered in the summer of 1873, was for the accommodation of the tote team of Ingram and Kennedy during the previous winter.

In common with many other early day woodsmen, especially French Canadians, Servier Forcier could not read or write. His native ability and ingenuity largely offset this handicap, as witness this bill.

The general logmark of Ingram and Kennedy, both bark mark and end stamp, was I K. Of course persons acquainted with early lumbering methods will understand that to prevent confusion of logs coming into the river from different localities a large concern like Ingram and Kennedy would require more than one log mark, but, as stated, their general mark was I K and was commonly known. Although Forcier could not read or write, in common with others, he knew the Ingram and Kennedy log mark, and heads his bill with same. The regular charge for the accommodation of a tote teamster and team overnight, with supper, lodging and breakfast, was one dollar, which amount was indicated on the bill by one of the larger circles. Sometimes a team would arrive at noon,



FORCIER'S BILL AGAINST INGRAM & KENNEDY

and have dinner only. The charge for this was 50 cents and was indicated by one of the smaller circles.

The horizontal lines separated the months, which probably were December, January, February and March. In early lumbering days, there were no tote roads up river so supplies for early season operations were taken up in canoes or wooden dug-outs, propelled by poles. It was not until the ice was sufficiently

strong on the river to hold up loaded teams that the tote teams began to make trips. It was the custom in early lumbering days to defer payment of most of the winter bills until late the following summer, when the mill men began to realize on their manufactured lumber. You will note that this bill was paid in August.

The vertical mark, with oblique lines at top and bottom, at end of bill may have been Forcier's own log mark as in those days nearly everybody did more or less logging.

The small letters or figures at right of the vertical mark were made with a pen, evidently some time after the bill was made out. Their significance is not known.

The original bill was made out with pencil, in three colors, black, blue and red. As these colors are generally grouped, it is possible that each color represents some particular tote teamster.

We read of bills or messages, consisting of pictures or characters other than letters, but it is doubtful if outside of this Forcier bill any such document can be found in existence. The one individual in the Chippewa Valley most commonly mentioned in connection with this kind of correspondence was Pete Legault, now spelled Lego, of Chippewa Falls. Like Sevier Forcier, he could not read nor write, but starting in as a common woodsman by sheer ability he became a successful logger and in later years was interested in one of the large lumbering companies of Chippewa Falls. He was an interesting character, but unfortunately it is somewhat difficult to separate fact from fiction in the numerous stories that are told about him. Another old Frenchman, an intimate acquaintance of Legault, expressed the situation to me thus: Said he, "Pete's back was broad and when anyone heard a good story they would lay it on to him."

The story most frequently quoted and attributed to Legault was as follows: Once when as camp foreman, Legault had occasion to order supplies. One of the items wanted was represented by a circle. When the supplies arrived he found among them a cheese, whereupon Pete exclaimed, "I no order cheese, I order a grindstone." Then a light broke on him and he added, "Oh, I forgot the hole." It is a good story and it is a pity to spoil it, but I have been told this is an old Pennsylvania Dutch yarn.

One story that I heard many years ago, attributed to Legault, I am inclined to accept as true. It was told that once when in charge of a driving crew up river, and the water went so low that they had to quit work, his message to his superiors down river was a sketch of a peavry sticking upright in a log.

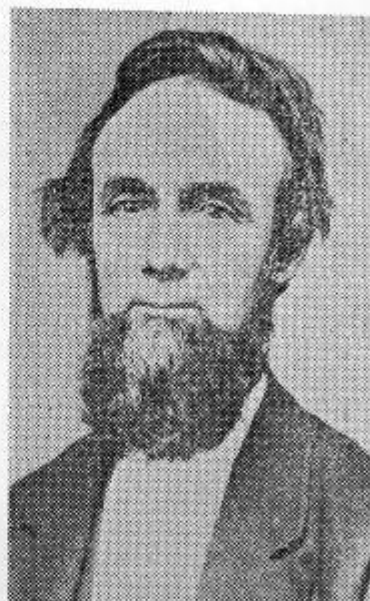
It is to be regretted that some of the productions of Pete Legault might not, like the Forcier bill, have been preserved.

BIG GAME IN EAU CLAIRE COUNTY SEVENTY YEARS AGO

The author furnished recently to the local newspapers an article from the Eau Claire Free Press of the early '70s, an account of a grand prairie chicken hunt in this vicinity, and which gave some idea of the abundance of small game in this county in those days. Below will be found something of a much earlier date and of far greater interest. It is the record of big game trapped and shot by two Eau Claire County farmer-hunters in only a part of one season several years before the Civil War. Following up the story, excellent pictures of both individuals were obtained, also something in the way of biographical interest.



LIEUT. CHAS. BUCKMAN



JOHN F. STONE

The village of Augusta was surveyed and platted in May and June, 1857, by the first permanent settlers, Charles Buckham, S. E. Bills, William Young, John E. Perkins and John F. Stone. The first structure in the settlement in the nature of an industry was the water power saw-mill, erected by Mr. Stone about this time. A year or two afterward he, with Mr. Buckman, built a flour-mill. As there was hardly water power enough to run both industries, he soon

afterward put up a steam saw-mill farther up the creek, which he operated until 1877. The first post office was established in 1857, and John P. Stone was postmaster. Mr. Stone was from Vermont, but Mr. Buckman was from Maine, and Augusta was named by him, after the capital of his native state. He was a veteran of the Mexican war, having served under General Scott, and also saw service in the Civil War, with rank of lieutenant.

Eau Claire Free Press, Dec. 2, 1858:

J. F. Stone and Chas. Buckman are farmers living in the town of "Bridge Creek" in this county, and are both well known to the business men of Eau Claire—and especially Mr. Stone, who is the coroner-elect of our county—who know them to be men on whose statements they can rely. This little introduction of the bear-killers to our readers, we believe to be essentially necessary to the proper appreciation of the subjoined statements; and, although some of said statements may not seem entirely plausible, the inferences are honestly drawn, and for our own part, believe them correct. Messrs. Stone and Buckman called upon us and related as follows:

From the 15th of August, of the present year, up to the latter part of October, they shot and trapped 32 bears and 3 wolves and one wildcat. One day in every four was devoted to hunting. A large bear was caught in the trap on the 15th of September, which weighed 400; on finding himself fast in the trap, he started off with it and the log attached, and, coming to a fallen tree, hammered the trap on the tree for the purpose of liberating himself. This not proving successful, he proceeded to a small oak—measuring about eight inches through—up which he went, winding the chain around it in his ascent, and cut off all branches within his reach, splitting his nails in such a manner that he could no longer retain his hold, and he fell suspended by the right foot, where he was found dead by Mr. Stone.

About the first of October, a large bear carried off the trap and a piece of wood 12 feet long and weighing about forty pounds, and which was attached to the trap for the purpose of making a "trail." About twenty rods from where the bear started with the trap was a marsh, to which place he was tracked, and about half way across, when the trail disappeared, and a track as if a man had walked through, was visible. The supposition is, that the bear, becoming tired of dragging the heavy stick through the coarse, tall grass and weeds, picked it up in his arms and carried it through. The trail commencing on the other side of the marsh, confirms the supposition. Soon after the chain of the trap became entangled in a bunch of alders, where his further progress was impeded.

In one instance the trap was lifted from the "bed" and carried 12 or 15 feet and laid upon the end of a log, without snapping. On the next night the chain was coiled in the spot where the trap had been set the night previous, and the trap put three feet to one side, and the bear again attempting to remove it for the purpose of getting the bait, and supposing it to be in the same place, got caught by the hind foot.

The wolves attacked a bear in the trap, smashing his skull, and almost eating him up. Messrs. Stone and Buckman inform us that they can trap bears

by the hind feet as well as by the fore, and which we understand is very difficult, as the bear is a very suspicious animal, and always examines with carefulness what his instinct leads him to think dangerous allurements. The scalps of 32 bears have been preserved by the hunters, and can be seen by those who may have occasion to be in the vicinity.

We give a short account of an elk hunt, which, although rather old, is yet interesting, as showing what has been done during the present year: On the first day of January, Mr. R. Scott, of Bridge Creek, discovered a herd of sixty elk, and immediately informed Messrs. Stone and Buckman, and at four o'clock next morning, the party started on the trail, and came in sight of the herd about ten o'clock of the same day when some three miles below Oaseo, on the Beef River, in Buffalo County, where they shot two, which they dressed and gave in charge of the teamster in attendance. Starting again in pursuit, about sundown they came in sight of the herd, and shot two more, when they halted for the teamster, and encamped for the night, and at daybreak followed up the trail. About ten o'clock they overtook an elk which had had its leg broken by a rifle ball, and between two and three o'clock the herd again came in sight, when three more fell. An hour later they again got in sight of the elk, where one was killed by Mr. Stone, at a distance of eighty rods. The herd then took to the Beef river, which it crossed, thus preventing further pursuit. The teamster then coming up, the party encamped for the night, and returned home next day, with eight dressed elk, weighing 2000 pounds.

Two men who saw the elk cross the river, followed them and found two dead—they were wounded by Mr. Stone's party on the day previous, but the river prevented their being followed and taken. Another such herd of elk will hardly ever make its appearance in this country again.

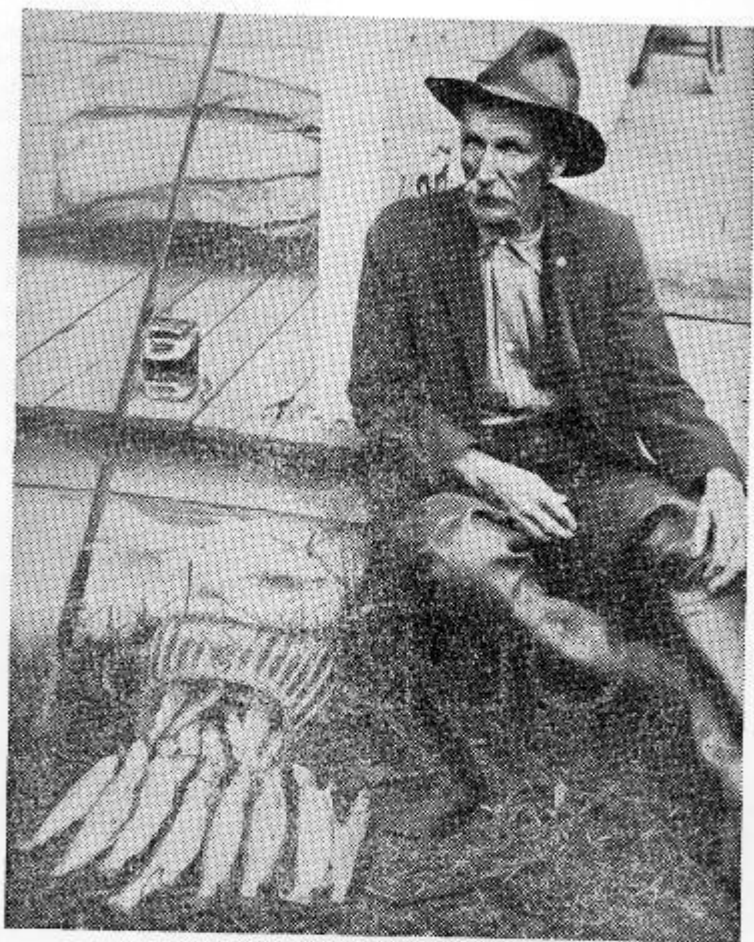
In connection with the above some local market prices may be of interest. The following are from the press of Jan. 20, 1859.

Pork in the hog, 5c to 7c per lb.; beef, 5c to 7c per lb.; venison, 4c to 6c per lb.; black fox skins, \$15 to \$40; silver fox skins, \$7 to \$20; red fox skins, 75c to \$1.25; marten skins, 80c to \$2; wildcat skins, 20c to 50c; wolf skins, 35c to \$1; bear skins, \$2.50 to \$5; otter skins, 75c to \$3; beaver skins, per pound, 70c to 90c.

JAMES TERRY'S STORY

In following up the Stone and Buckman story the writer learned that Mr. James Terry of Augusta, also a veteran hunter and who had hunted with Chas. Buckman, was still living. Mr. Terry was asked to add his own reminiscences to the story and Buckman article. His story is given below:

On the 10th of September, 1866, I arrived at the village of Eau Claire, from the state of Pennsylvania. The trip up the Chippewa from Read's Landing was made on a steamboat called the "Monitor." That winter I worked in the woods for Waterman & Howe of Chippewa Falls. My job was that of chopper, felling trees. It was some years later that the sawing down of trees was introduced. The camp had a crew of about forty men, and only large,



JAMES TERRY WITH AN ENVIABLE CATCH OF TROUT

sound pine were cut. The logging camp was located about three miles east of the Nine Mile House, on Bob's Lake.

During the early part of the winter the crew built a sawmill, which began sawing about the first of January. The lumber was rafted at Jim Falls, and in the spring was run down to Chippewa Falls, where a crew of nine men, including myself with a half breed Sioux Indian as pilot, ran the rafts over the falls at Chippewa Falls, and then on down the Chippewa river to Read's Landing, where they were coupled with other rafts into a fleet, or Mississippi river raft. We continued with the rafts until we reached Clinton, Iowa, where the lumber was sold. I made two trips to Clinton that season.



In the winter of '68 I hired out to a logger by the name of John Sterling, who lived at Eau Claire, and had two camps on the North fork of the Eau Claire river, one situated near the mouth of Wolf river and the other just below Hamilton's Falls. My job was to supply both camps with venison. I was to receive four dollars per head for the deer killed, also my board. I had only to show the toters where the deer could be found. I began hunting November first and by January first had killed thirty-eight deer and two bear, an old one and a cub. Mr. Sterling paid me ten dollars for the large bear and five dollars for the cub.

After January first I began working for Mr. Sterling as chopper, and in the spring helped drive the logs down to the Five Mile Dam, at what is now Altoona.

During the winter of '69 I again hired out to Mr. Sterling, on the same terms as the winter previous. That winter he had only one camp, the one at Hamilton Falls. Up to the first of January I killed forty-seven deer for the camp. The balance of the winter was put in as chopper.

Both winters I hunted alone. The gun used was a double barrel, muzzle loader rifle, about thirty-eight caliber, and was made by Mr. Schlegelmilch, Sr., the pioneer gunsmith of Eau Claire. I was much interested in the old Free



Press article concerning the hunting and trapping experiences of John F. Stone and Chas. Buckman. I knew Mr. Stone but had never hunted with him but had hunted with Mr. Buckman a great deal.

In the year 1878, I think, Mr. Charles Martin and myself were camping on the North Fork of the Eau Claire. It was late in September. One morning we went out and Mr. Martin killed two bear. We were getting our camp in shape for winter quarters so did not stay out long. About five o'clock in the afternoon we went out again and I ran into seven bear, three old ones and four cubs. Martin killed one old bear and two cubs and I killed two old bear and the other two cubs. That made nine bear for the day. Our old friend, Judge Henry McBain, who passed away a few days ago, could have vouched for the truth of this story, as he helped to skin the nine bear. That fall, from the middle of September to the middle of December, Martin and I killed twenty bear and one hundred deer.

On another occasion in '81 or '82 Martin and I were camped on the North Fork of the Eau Claire at Hamilton Falls. Chas. Buckman and Dave Kuhle, who had gone to farming in Minnesota, came back to Augusta for a deer hunting trip and wished to camp with us, but to hunt by themselves. We had just ten days to hunt before the close of the hunting season, but during that time Buckman and Kuhle killed sixteen deer. Martin and I did still better,

killing twenty-four, notwithstanding the fact that I had to be absent two days, toting to town. Those were great days for big game and this section of the country was a hunter's paradise.

(NOTE: We are sure your readers will appreciate Mr. Terry's hunting reminiscences, also the pictures furnished by him. The picture of the two hunters, and the deer, standing to be shot, is out of the usual order but must be taken at its face value. Far be it from us to harbor a thought of any nature faking, but they certainly did have some accommodating deer and enterprising photographers in Mr. Terry's locality.)

(LATER: Mr. Terry has made a full confession. The deer shown was a mounted specimen, and the picture was taken in the outskirts of Augusta.)

Probably no other locality in this region contains at the present day a larger proportion of the original New England element than does the city of Augusta and the town of Bridge Creek. We asked Mr. Terry if he could suggest someone to continue the hunting and trapping stories. He named Mr. Alvin McKnight of Augusta. The article below is the result:

ALVIN MCKNIGHT'S STORY

I am a Vermonter. Left Montpelier Monday evening, September 1st, 1866, for Wisconsin. Went by train from Milwaukee to Sparta and walked from there to Augusta. Had a gun with me and shot wild pigeons along the way, which I traded to the farmers where possible for watermelons. Arriving at Augusta I obtained a job plowing, with a yoke of oxen, where the Eau Claire County fair grounds are now located. The following summer, in 1867, I plowed also with oxen, for the late Simon Randall exactly where is now the village of Fall Creek. The next summer I spent at Nora Springs, Iowa, at railroad contract work. That was long before the days of steam shovels and tractors, all grading being done with teams. That fall I returned to Augusta and hired out as a chopper for Bright and Withee of Black River Falls. Their camp was on Black river and they had a crew of about twenty men. The timber, all white pine, was the largest and best I have ever seen, the logs averaging two to the thousand feet. Even in the good old white pine days logs averaging from three to four to the thousand feet were considered of good size. The hemlock logs now being cut will run some fifteen or twenty to the thousand. Some difference! I recall chopping down one tree that winter which measured seven feet across the stump. I chopped it down alone, chopping both right and left handed, as was necessary on all large timber. It took me upwards of two hours to fell it. The tree was perfectly sound, and the main trunk made three logs, a 16-foot, 14-foot and 12-foot, above which the tree forked into three branches, which also made fair size logs. That was the largest pine tree I ever saw. There were other trees six feet or more in diameter. No better pine grew in the state than on Black River.

An early thaw made it necessary to break camp and I returned to Augusta. A few days later I made an agreement with Newcomb Perkins to put in a week chopping cordwood in three-foot lengths, for his own use. This Newcomb

Perkins was a half-brother of John E. Perkins, who went out as captain of Company C of the 8th Wisconsin, the Eagle Company, and who was killed at the battle of Farmington. Our agreement was that I was to board myself and he was to give me a pair of boots for the week's work. Saturday noon Mr. Perkins came to me and said that I had plenty of wood cut. It was a mixed lot of oak, poplar and soft maple and when corded up measured eighteen and one-half cords, or an average of about three and one-half cords per day. Mr. Perkins took me to town and gave me the boots. In those days everyone wore high top boots.

As mentioned by Mr. Terry the railroad was completed as far as Augusta in 1869.

Going back to the subject of logging in this vicinity, would state that Wm. Luther, a Pennsylvanian, and a brother-in-law were the first loggers on Muskrat Creek and the timber was cut in what is now the town of Wilson. During the season Mr. Luther was obliged to visit his farm in the town of Lincoln leaving his brother-in-law alone at their camp. On his return he found his partner had been shot and killed and the body dragged out into the slashings. It was evidently the work of Indians. During the summer Mr. Luther and another early settler, Josephus Livermore, went on foot across country to Chetek to an Indian village, there hoping to find some evidence as to the party guilty of killing his brother-in-law, but learned nothing. Mr. Luther was so badly broken up by the tragedy that he abandoned logging operations. The next logger, or would-be logger, was a Jake Hackett, from Maine. He began operations on a fine tract of pine. Like Paul Bunyan, when he logged on Round River, Hackett probably did not know, or care, who owned the timber, and also like the famous Paul he did not worry about the driving part. His object was to get the logs cut. Heading into the timber was a branch creek which emptied into the main creek close to his landing. The branch creek valley would have made a fine logging road, but instead of utilizing this Hackett hauled his logs over a hill. He managed to get some 300,000 feet to the landing. The creek was not large. The water rose quickly and went down in the same manner. Got his landing broken and logs into the creek on the first spring freshet, and a little farther down on the June rise, then they were stranded. I happened along about that time. He had five pike poles in a jack-pine tree, also a sack of supplies hanging on the same tree. Through curiosity I took down the sack and invoiced contents. There was a good size chunk of salt pork, a canister of tea and a jug of West India molasses. I don't know how many seasons it took to get those logs to the main river, but that was the end of his logging on the creek. Others, more practical and progressive loggers, followed and with much better success.

I never was any great hunter, as were Charles Martin, James Terry and others. Was trying to make a farm and did not feel I could spare the time. Was personally acquainted with John F. Stone, and Charles Buckman. Deer and bear were plentiful. I was a member of a party of three that killed 35 deer in seven days, an average of five a day. I was here during the wild pigeon flight, and caught many of them. The first time I ever sprung a pigeon

trap was in 1877, I think, and the haul netted me twelve and one-half dozen birds. Live, blind-folded pigeons were used as decoys, some of them tied to strings, and as flocks passed over these would be thrown into the air. Corn would also be scattered on the ground. The trap, or net, set on spring poles, was so arranged as to be quickly dropped at the proper moment. Mrs. McKnight still has a pigeon feather bed that contains feathers from one hundred forty-four dozen pigeons. I have been interested in the reminiscences of early days which have appeared from time to time in your columns and would be pleased to hear from others.

(NOTE: Mr. McKnight's mention of the abundance of wild pigeons during the '60's and '70's recalls the writer's own recollections along that line. At times, irregular but almost continuous flocks stretched across the sky as far as the eye could reach. He also recalls seeing a man by the name of Stokes netting pigeons on the high level ground across the river from where the paper mill now stands. Even mounted specimens of these pigeons are now very scarce. In the office of the Conservation Commission at Madison they have two well mounted pigeons in excellent state of preservation.)

C. M. KIRKHAM'S STORY

C. M. Kirkham of Augusta, another old resident, has been induced to furnish some of his own recollections of hunting and trapping, also of log driving.

To an old resident like myself the reminiscences of some of my old friends which have lately appeared have been read with much pleasure. I have been asked to add some of my own recollections of earlier days to those already printed. Do not know of how much interest they will be.

I was born in St. Lawrence County, New York, in the year 1852. There were eight of us children, seven boys and one girl. I was the youngest.

When the Civil War came on five of my brothers entered the Union army. A sixth enlisted but was turned down, on account of physical disability. He was later drafted, and again rejected. One of my brothers died in service. Soon after the close of the war my brother, T. A. Kirkham, went up into Eau Claire County, and sent back such favorable reports of the place that I decided to follow him. The new railroad had just been completed as far as Humbird, and I arrived there on the first train. That was in November, 1868, as I recall. There was nothing at Humbird then but a board shack which had been constructed to house the railroad crew. Morris Grant, a veteran hunter, and a gunsmith by trade, had come up with me from Dodge County. This man Grant made many of the double and three barrel guns used by the hunters of this region. He and Mr. Schlegelmilch, St., of Eau Claire, were the pioneer gunsmiths of these parts.

James Hunter met us at the train with a team at ten o'clock p. m., then drove through the woods on a wagon trail to Coon Fork Mill, our destination. We did not see much of interest on the way. At Humbird we did see two yel-

low and white fawn deer that had just been killed. The hunter who shot them said the doe was pure white.

The first year I did not find time to do much hunting. Worked in a logging camp that winter for Smith and Chadborn. My work was sawing. Their camp was located at Coon Fork, and they had a crew of about fifteen men, three horse teams and one yoke of oxen. In the spring I helped drive the logs down to the mill. I continued to work in the logging camps in winter and drove logs in spring for several years. During the summer I worked in the sawmill, which always shut down for a few weeks at harvest time, to allow the crews to help the farmers take care of their crops. I generally worked in Scott's Valley, for J. C. Smith or John Mahaz, during cutting and stacking.

I never considered myself much of a hunter, still if there was a reasonably good chance for a shot I usually got the venison. Forty-one deer was the largest number I ever killed in one season, but my brother, T. A. Kirkham, still living, at the age of ninety, in Bellingham, Washington, killed sixty-five one year. We hunted for profit those days, but the passage of a law against the shipping of venison outside of the state practically put an end to this. On two different occasions I shot four bear in a day. Have also killed some wildcats, and trapped many wolves.

One spring on the drive I had an experience that was far from pleasant and which nearly cost me my life. We were breaking a log jam at Hamilton Falls. It was in June and we were making a clean drive. When we arrived at the Falls we found quite a jam there. It did not take long to break it. When the main part had gone over the falls I was on the east side of the jam and started to cross to the other side of the river. I jumped for a log and another man jumped for it, too. We collided, as automobiles sometimes do at the present time. He landed on the log, near the shore, and I was knocked into the water—and lost my peavey as I fell. James Hardin of Diamond Valley saw me go in, ran out on a log that hung over the Falls, a short distance below me. One end of this log was fast in some rocks on the shore. He stuck his peavey into the log, held it firmly and as I passed I grabbed the peavey with my right hand, and the current was so strong that it snapped my heels over the break of the Falls and partly threw me on the log—and Hardin did the rest. Charles Culbertson, the man whom we were driving for, said he had twenty dollars to bet that no man ever got in and out as quickly as I did. I shall always give James Hardin credit for saving my life at that time. I was a strong swimmer and did not fear drowning, but was afraid of the logs hitting me. There was a 32-foot log lodged below the Falls, the scale mark was 2200 feet, and the logs all banged against it, and the way the logs were running a man would not have had a ghost of a show for his life.

Near the mouth of Wolf river, someone had found an old log canoe, or dug-out, made of a good size pine log, and brought that along. After all the jams were broken, James Terry, the man who furnished the interesting hunting article, said that he was going to run the Falls in the old dug-out, which he did, and when the dug-out went over the Falls it dove to the bottom, dug up my peavey and Terry grabbed it. The boat then ran onto the submerged end

of the big log above mentioned, which capsized it. Terry climbed astride the boat and propelled it to shore, with my peavey. We kept the boat with us until we reached the main river, then left it. A little later four river-men came along, took possession of the dug-out, got in and started on down the river. As they passed us, about a mile below the forks, they called out to us, "Roll them in, boys." Just then their boat struck a rock in the rapids, split in two, and, presto change, they were in the water, lost their peaveys, and had to swim to shore.

Another experience I shall never forget was when our bateau swamped in the South Fork of the Eau Claire, near the old stopping place kept by John Wilson. The river was high. There were twenty-five men in the boat, ten more than there should have been. The boat struck a snag and over we went. I struck out for the shore. Although a strong swimmer something seemed to drag me down. Thought it must be my heavy calked driving boots and woolen clothes, but when I reached shallow water and looked around I found George Quillan with a firm hold of my back, and behind were six others, a string of human freight. No wonder I found it heavy swimming. I understood none of them could swim. As they were pulled ashore and safely landed along came the boat, bottom side up, with Billy Riley standing on the bottom, pike pole in hand. Just then someone shouted, "A man under the boat!" As it came past I waded out and turned it over, and the "man" proved to be a bunch of mackinaw jackets which the men had packed in the bow of the boat. That was the last we saw of the mackinaws. Hugh Miley got his sleeve caught in the oar lock and had some trouble in extricating himself. Finally got the boat to shore, emptied the water from it and proceeded with the drive.

Tom Devine can vouch for this as he was an eye witness. They dubbed me the "Life Preserver" the balance of the drive.

(NOTE: The old bateaux and dug-outs, once so common in these parts, are now almost unknown. A good specimen of each may be seen up at the village of Ojibway, in Sawyer County. The dug-out on exhibition there is perhaps the only really good specimen to be found in the state.)

I have been asked many times to describe the operations in the breaking of a log jam. As such a description may be enlightening to the younger generation, also recall early days on the river to some of the older ones, I present the following:

The principal implement used, and with which all the log drivers are supplied, is the "peavey." This has a turned handle about four feet long, of hard maple. It has a hook attached to the side, for rolling logs, and a heavy, steel pike, projecting about five inches, at the end, for prying purposes.

All jams are not alike. A jam in a stream where there is not much current is easily broken. The rolling or swinging of a few of the center, or key, logs of the jam will usually do the trick. In a place like the Big Falls on the Eau Claire river near Fall Creek, or Hamilton Falls on the North Fork or the South Fork Falls, the breaking of a jam is a different proposition. In such places the light logs keep on top. The shaky logs, which soon become water soaked, and the logs heavy with sap are sucked under. As others follow the lighter logs

are forced up, often far above the water level, forming a regular dam, with the pressure making the jam tighter and tighter.

The crew generally unload the front by rolling off the top logs and sluicing them downstream. Sometimes they open up the center some rods, then all go to one shore or the other. Each man gets the point of his peavey in a crack between the logs, and when the foreman hollers "Ho-Ho" they spring on their peaveys. Something usually gives way. The water once started through the logs freely, the rest is easy. I have helped break jams on all of the above mentioned falls. Helped break one a mile and a half long at the South Fork Falls and when it went out the crash was heard at the upper dam on Hay Creek, four miles away. Some of the green logs were twisted out of their bark, and logs twelve inches in diameter were snapped in two like pipestems—some power.

C. M. KIRKHAM.

EARLY DEER HUNTING DAYS

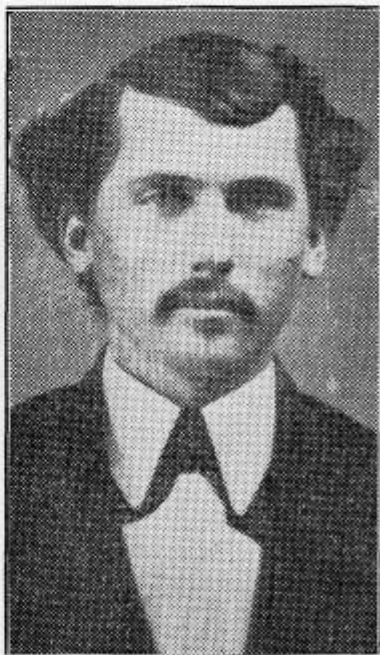
IVORY LIVERMORE'S STORY

One more Augusta man has been induced to furnish recollections of early hunting and log driving days. Ivory Livermore furnishes the following:

I have been requested to add some of my own reminiscences to those which have lately been published. It is entirely out of my line, but if I may be able to furnish anything as interesting to your readers as the reminiscences of my old friends have been to me I shall feel well repaid for the effort. If length of residence counts for anything I should be able to qualify, as I am one of the earliest settlers now living in this vicinity.

I was born in Broom County, New York, in 1849, and when a small child came with my parents to Wisconsin. Our first home was in Columbia County. In the spring of 1856 we came to Eau Claire County, settling in the Town of Otter Creek. My father was the Josephus Livermore mentioned by Mr. Alvin McKnight in a recent article.

Game was plentiful in those days. I recall seeing many elk, and on one occasion a herd of sixteen passed the valley school where I was



IVORY LIVERMORE

attending. Father killed two or three out of the herd.

I was rather young to hunt but I killed my first deer at the age of fourteen on the bluffs just south of Augusta. Until four years ago I have killed deer every year since.

In the year 1877, venison bringing a good price, from 18 to 25 cents a pound, Dave Kuhle, Ed Townsend, Jewett Russell and I decided to hunt for the market. The season opened August 15, but as it was a little early and the weather too warm for shipping venison we decided not to go until September 1st. Had selected a location and erected a log shack on the North Fork of the Eau Claire river near the mouth of Wolf river.

Two days after the season opened a party of us decided to put in a day deer hunting nearer home. This party consisted of Jim Terry, Ed Townsend, Jewett Russell and myself. During the hunt we came to the river bottom at the mouth of Hay Creek. Jim, Ed and Jewett were on stands while I was doing the driving. Ed shouted at me that there was a bear in there, which headed for Jim and when it got within six rods of him he shot and broke its neck. Jim told me when I came up to him that he at first made up his mind not to kill it as he thought it would be no good, but it was the fattest bear I ever saw, which we attributed to the fact that one hind leg had been injured when a cub and had never fully developed from the gambrel down, which was an impediment to traveling. We shipped the carcass to Chicago and received a trifle over \$44 for it besides selling the pelt for five dollars.

We went into camp on the North Fork on September 1, as planned, and between that time and the last day of December we killed and shipped 118 deer and twenty-six bear, shipping either to Chicago or New York, as we found most profitable.

In the early days this country abounded in game of many kinds but during my span of life I have lived to nearly see its passing.

The season of 1878 Dave Kuhle, my brother Charlie and myself returned to the camp at the mouth of Wolf river. Charlie was making a farm and thought he could not afford to join us as a partner, so Dave and I agreed to pay him \$40 a month together with board and ammunition. We killed, that season, 102 deer and two bear.

The seasons of 1879 and 1880 Dave, Charlie and I returned to the same place. Charlie had now joined as an equal partner. In 1879 we killed 104 deer and in 1880 we killed 102 deer.

During the forepart of 1880, I received a letter from a Banks Munger, a hotel keeper of Chicago, asking if we could accommodate him and his brother for a couple of weeks, as they wanted an outing and wished to kill some deer. I wrote him that we had plenty of room if he could stand the fare, but that we were not hotel keepers, and if he came, to find Jerome Richards at Augusta, who was toting for us, and Jerome would bring them out. In a few days they came and hunted for a week, and the brother succeeded in killing one deer. Munger then asked me what we would charge to kill ten deer for him. I told him we would kill the ten deer for \$75, he to take them out of the woods. To this he agreed, and we killed the ten deer in three days.

Munger took his deer and went back to Chicago. That year marked the end of killing deer for profit. I have, however, each season since killed all the law would allow.

Just one more hunting incident and then I am done with that subject. On one occasion I was hunting for a deer that I had killed the day before when a four-point buck jumped near me. The only firearm I had was a 32 caliber revolver, which was in my overcoat pocket, and was bothered in getting it out which was fortunate, as the buck ran a little way and stopped. I took deliberate aim at its heart and fired. The buck wheeled at right angles and ran. I tied and blanketed the team and just then another hunter who had heard the shot came over, and we traced the buck a few rods and found him in a thicket, dead, shot through the heart. I returned to town with the two deer and was telling Dr. Pettibone of it. He assisted me in skinning it and found the bullet, and said if he had not found the bullet he would never have believed I had killed it with the revolver. Pettibone went back the next day and paced off the distance and found it to be twenty-five rods. At a later time while Charles Martin and I were in Michigan trapping wild pigeons we noticed a commotion among the pigeons. Charles peeked out of the brush house and located a hawk that caused the commotion. He took the same revolver and made a nice hit, killing the hawk instantly.

I only worked in the woods one season and that was at skidding logs with a team of oxen for Rus Hackett, on the South Fork of the Eau Claire river, but I spent twelve seasons at driving, commencing when a boy, in 1865. The reservoir here at Augusta always had logs floating and, like many of the boys, I was riding every log available. Jim Terry, Frank Searles, Rollie Palmer and myself became quite expert in riding logs, so in 1865 I asked Rus Hackett to give me a job driving. He said I was too young and too light. I told him I wanted to go on the drive and he needn't pay me a cent that I did not earn, and I would also pay for my board. He told me to come along. When we got down with the logs he paid me just as much as he paid other drivers, and I was with the crew every minute.

I had many experiences while driving on the river. Jim Terry and I usually worked together. At one time while driving on the North Fork for Charles Culbertson a large log became saddle-backed on the rocks at Hamilton Falls so Culbertson sent Jim and me out to ease it off. We took our peaveys, found a suitable log to ride and went out in the middle of the river. We were easing the big log off, one holding while the other obtained a new hold, when my peavey near the end of the log took off a slab and I was thrown about twenty feet into the river.

The water was very high and I went over the fall and came up ten or fifteen rods below in what we called the "eddy." In a very few minutes Jim reached me with another log and we rode ashore. When I went in the river I was fully dressed and when I came out all I had left was my shirt and trousers. Had lost my hat, which by the way had two plugs of tobacco stuck in the hat band, both boots and socks were gone, and my insteps, knees, breast and elbows were badly skinned and bruised and were sore for quite a few days. This was caused by

hitting the submerged rocks during my swim. Culbertson was on the west bank and said from the time I went into the river until I came up in the eddy, nothing was seen of me.

Another time Jim Miley, who was foreman on the drive, told Bill McClure, who kept a store, to send him a driving crew and among them to have four good drivers. Jim Terry was the first man hired, so he slipped out and told Nate Munger, Frank Russell and Nels Cornwall, all green hands, that there was a chance for them to get on the drive. Supposing them to be experienced men they were hired at five dollars a day, same as Terry and the other old hands. Four dollars was the regular pay for men of their class. Townsend, Searles and myself were also hired and we were all sent up on the North Fork. There were three "rollways," or large piles of logs, to break at the landings. Miley told Jim Terry to take Munger, Russell and Cornwall, the three inexperienced men, and break the middle rollway.

Jim scented trouble but selected a log, got the three men onto it, besides himself, and started out into the middle of the river to begin breaking. Trouble began at once, as not one of the three new men could ride a log. One man was in the water before they got nicely started. A short distance below them stood a leaning pine with its branches hanging out over the water. The current caught the log, and Jim, having no help, it was carried toward the tree. One of the men got up, which threw the other in the river and he was scrambling for the log, and finally Jim had to climb up in the branches. It was a comical sight—two of them up a tree and one standing at the base in water up to his neck and Jim was one of those in the tree.

A little later, Miley sent Jim and myself ahead to break a center jam, which was forming, while the balance of the crew "sacked," or rolled stranded logs into the current. I might add here that the "sacking" of logs does not call for the skill and experience required in keeping jams from forming or the breaking of them after formed, and in general this work is done by less experienced and lower priced men. It is far from a pleasant job. A skillful river man may often work on jams all day without once getting his feet wet. In "sacking" there is no help for it but to wade in, and often, especially in early spring driving, the water is far from warm. Arriving at the jam Jim and I selected a small log, rode out and found it so easy to break that Jim suggested we ride on down the river and wouldn't have to sack. To this I agreed. A previous crew had cut all timber that was leaning over the river and in rounding a bend while going at a rapid gait we struck one of these projecting stumps and Jim, who was riding ahead, took a high dive of about twenty feet. The water was ice cold, so after Jim got back on the log he said he guessed we had better go back to work, as he was freezing.

Another time while Jim and I were out of work we concluded to go up river and get a driving job. We found Jim Miley on Coon Fork Island watching to avoid center jams. We shouted over and asked him if he wanted to hire any drivers. He told us to come over and talk it over. We cut a couple of rag-alder poles and jumped a log and went over. He said that fellows who could ride a log like that could have a job with him any time. He told us to

take his place, sit by the fire and watch out for center jams. The second day a large log saddle-backed on the rocks, so Jim and I got on a log and poled out to release it. On the way our log snagged on a rock and overboard went Jim. I scuffed along for about ten feet on the log but managed to stay on and told Jim to come on back and get on the log. He said, "To hell with the log," and swam to the jam.

A little later a jam began to form about 80 rods up the river, so Colie Stone, who had joined us, with Jim, and myself, rode a log out and found the key to be a large log which had struck the rock and held together with two other logs. We looked matters over pretty carefully and as we were in rather a dangerous position we agreed to ease off the key log and then all jump over the big log, and after considerable maneuvering we eased it off and all jumped at the same time and landed safely and rode the big log to shore. Miley took off his hat and shouted, "What do you think of my drivers?"

Jim Terry and I have gone into many center jams and when tackling one we never had to be taken in or be taken out, and neither of us ever lost a pravey.

IVORY LIVERMORE.

CHAS. MARTIN, THE GREATEST HUNTER OF THEM ALL

The old pioneers of Augusta and vicinity whose reminiscences of hunting and trapping have been so thoroughly enjoyed, all, with one accord, yield the palm as preeminent expert in those line to another Augusta man, the late Charles Martin, whose name has been mentioned in some of these articles. Not only do they claim that Mr. Martin was the greatest all around hunter and trapper in his home region of Augusta and Bridge Creek but that in his intimate knowledge of animal life he was without a peer in the state.

(Mr. Martin was an uncle of Alvin McKnight. It was from Mr. McKnight that the incidents in the following narrative concerning Mr. Martin were obtained.)

Charles Martin was born in Calsis, Vermont, December 22, 1837. His experience as a hunter and trapper and as a careful observer of animal life began very early. When still a boy he became expert in the trapping of foxes, from which he derived considerable profit. Before reaching manhood he would go on distant hunting trips. On one occasion with only a hound dog for a companion, he went up into Canada, to hunt moose and caribou. While out hunting some distance from his camp his hound got on the trail of a caribou and did not return. Thinking the hound might have gone directly to camp, Martin went there, but no sign of the hound was to be seen. He then went back and took up the trail of the caribou. After traveling a long distance Martin found where the hound had caught up with and killed the caribou, but the hound had disappeared. Much disappointed, Martin returned to camp and soon after started back to his home in Vermont. What was his surprise, and delight, to find that his hound had arrived there ahead of him, having traveled alone the whole distance, several days journey, from Canada.

In 1866, at the age of 29, Martin came to Wisconsin, and it was the report



CHARLES MARTIN

of a man by the name of Luke Wright, also from Vermont, that brought him here. Wright, who was himself a trapper, operated on Black River, giving special attention to securing marten and wolf skins. Ed West of Augusta, met Wright on Black River and used to tell of Wright's unique method of trapping martens. He would bore a hole in the trunk of a tree near the ground, and in the hole would place the livers of red squirrels. Around this hole would be driven a row of nails sharpened at the end and so turned and bent that while the marten could get his head through to reach the liver it was impossible to withdraw it, on account of the sharpened nails. The wolves were secured by Wright with the use of poison. He would take the "pluck," heart, liver and

lungs, of a deer, and sprinkle same freely with strychnine. This would be scattered around where wolves would be likely to roam. The result was a plentiful supply of wolf pelts, with a minimum of labor.

Upon Mr. Martin's arrival in Bridge Creek he took up land in that town, where he made his first home. That same fall he borrowed a double barrel muzzle loading rifle, one barrel of which was sighted true but the other was considerably off. Martin did not bother to correct the untrue sight; he said that sights were only of secondary importance anyway. To prove his theory he would lay a jack knife, or some other object, immediately ahead of the front sights and would do just as accurate shooting as when shooting in the ordinary way. He always shot with both eyes open.

That first season, with the above mentioned gun, without neglecting his 40-acre farm, he shot 40 deer. In addition he trapped 17 wildcats, 3 lynx, and several beaver. Three of the wildcats were trapped within the present limits of the city of Augusta.

The bounty at that time on lynx and wildcats was ten dollars.

For quick, accurate shooting he had few if any equals and often shot birds on the wing with a rifle.

Soon after Mr. Martin's arrival in Augusta he had a gunsmith by the name of Robinson make him a double barrel muzzle loading rifle, which he used for many years. In the fall of 1870 he killed alone 73 deer with this gun. Out of the first thirteen shots fired at deer he killed twelve.

In connection with the hunting of deer a curious provision of nature, which Mr. Martin vouched for, was, that while the fawn was in its spotted coat it had no scent and could not be located or followed by the keenest scented dogs or wolves.

Mr. Martin was much interested in guns and at different times owned many different kinds. At one time when wolves were numerous and far shooting was necessary he bought a three barrel Daly, with two twelve gauge shot barrels and a 40-70 rifle barrel underneath. This gun is still in existence, capable of good service, and is owned by A. E. Bradford, banker of Augusta.

During the early part of 1870, as the government was maintaining military posts along the Missouri river, for protection against the Indians, Martin conceived the idea of getting the officials in charge to have him shoot game to keep these garrisons supplied with game meat and he made a trip up the Missouri, on the steamboat *Viola Belle* to a point above Yankton, Fort Benton. While the boats were taking on wood at the various wood choppers' camps Martin would strike out with his rifle for game.

(These wood choppers' camps were used only in winter time. They were located about fifty miles apart and were protected by stockades.)

In a single day at one camp he killed 10 elk and 3 deer, but as this was more than could be made use of and as he did not believe in slaughtering game just for sport, this experience was not repeated. At the forts Martin received no encouragement from the government Indian agents. In fact, they discouraged his plan, would give him no protection, so the project was abandoned and Martin returned to the *Viola Belle* at Fort Benton and came down river with the crew.

He left the steamboat about 150 miles below Fort Benton, made temporary quarters there and spent a few days prospecting the country. Not finding anything to his liking there, he made plans to return to Eau Claire County. Finding a sunken barge in the river he secured enough plank from that to build himself a boat, in which he descended the river to the nearest railroad point, reaching home in the summer of 1870. It was that fall that he shot the 73 deer as already noted.

In 1878 he and Dave Kuhle made a trip west. They went to Bismarck, N. D., and from there to Miles City, Montana, which by this time could be reached by rail. They found the buffalo sadly depleted and gave up the idea of hunting. At Miles City they saw in one pile 80,000 buffalo hides at the landing, showing in what numbers the buffalo had been slaughtered.

Mr. Martin said that many of the buffalo hunters were of the roughest class, regular outlaws. When on a buffalo hunt the hunters went in advance and shot the buffalo. Skinners followed and took off the hides. The carcasses were left on the ground. The better quality of hides, suitable for robes, brought from \$2.50 to \$5.00 each.

Mr. Martin was an authority on the wild pigeon, so much so that Hal G. Everts, a noted naturalist, quotes him, also Ezra Slayton, another Augusta hunter, in an article entitled "The Passing of the Passenger Pigeon," and which was printed in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Martin was so expert in the trapping of pigeons that he would secure them even when the flocks were small and hard to entice down to the feeding beds. He used wheat to bait his bed, and after having caught the pigeons he would stall feed them for ten days or so, until they were fat as butter balls. For such pigeons he received \$2.50 per dozen, which seems small now, but in those days when pigeons were so abundant it was a fancy price. By reason of his knowledge and skill Martin was able to make a success where others failed.

The first year, in addition to cropping 40 acres of land he made a profit of \$500 on the sale of pigeons. He went wherever he learned that pigeons were roosting, some seasons spending as much as \$100 for telegrams. He was such a valuable patron of the express companies that they stood all the expense of the telegrams, which would be delivered at any time, day or night, at Martin's home three miles out of the village.

It is difficult for most persons now living to realize the vast numbers of pigeons in those early days. Martin told of seeing daily shipments to New York City of 1,500 barrels, each containing from 25 to 35 dozen pigeons.

While trapping pigeons in Michigan he met a man by the name of Utley, who had fitted up a contrivance with two nets, which could be sprung simultaneously, the ends overlapping. At one drop of this double net he once caught 99 dozen and 7 pigeons. Mr. Utley came to Wisconsin with Mr. Martin. Being both engaged in the same occupation they met frequently during the pigeon season.

One spring Jewett Russell accompanied Mr. Martin to Michigan. Feed was so plentiful that the pigeons could not be decoyed with grain and the only

place they could be caught was at the Salt Springs, where they went for water. The crops of the pigeons were filled with beech nuts and in preparing the pigeons for shipment these accumulated in such quantities that it was necessary to get hogs to eat them up. In turn the hogs became a pest, running into the nets, making necessary expensive repairs.

(Readers may be interested to know how the wild pigeons fed their young. Both the male and the female did the feeding. They did not carry the food to them but in the throats of the old birds a curd like substance was formed, which was raised and fed to the young.)

Martin was a taxidermist of no mean ability. One year Charles Buckman killed a bull moose in northern Minnesota and Martin mounted it, in first class manner. The next year Buckman and Martin made a trip up in that region to hunt moose, but were unsuccessful. The only game secured were three deer.

Mr. Martin was expert in carving and sketching and so observant was he of all species of wild life that specimens made by him are highly prized by their present owners. A buffalo powder horn made by him in 1870 and now in the possession of his nephew, Alvin McKnight, is a work of art. On it are etched elk, deer, buffalo, beaver and trees.

His health failing, Martin built a camp on Long Lake in Bayfield County, where he spent much of his time entertaining intimate friends. Here he came in contact with the Owen and Drummond families who spent their summers in that vicinity. He also entertained a Chicago millionaire by the name of Eberhardt. On one occasion he stalked a doe in the water, with a canoe, giving Mr. Eberhardt a chance to shoot it. The following season this millionaire sent his son, fifteen years of age, to spend his vacation with Mr. Martin. That boy had the time of his life. Mr. Eberhardt offered to take Mr. Martin anywhere that medical help could be secured but the offer was never accepted.

Mr. Martin was as successful a fisherman as hunter and trapper. At his Long Lake camp he often caught brook trout through the ice at the springs on Beam Creek that weighed several pounds. After catching one trout he would pass on to another hole.

Mr. George Caldwell, A. C. White and Alvin McKnight made a visit to Martin's camp on Long Lake, a visit which they all thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Martin died July 27, 1898. With the obituary written by Editor Griff O. Jones of the *Augusta Eagle*, this article will close. It was as follows:

"Mr. Martin was undoubtedly without a peer in the state as an all around trapper and hunter. His life time had been devoted to that. He had studied, and was thoroughly conversant with the habits of all kinds of game. He had lived so long among them and watched and noted and studied them so thoroughly that but very few, if any, could be found so thoroughly versed in the habits of all sorts of game. He could have taught many and many new points to the professionals and book writing authorities in these branches of knowledge. We often regretted our failing to get him to write for the press some of his knowledge resulting from keen observation and thorough study of the inhabitants of the forests and the wilds. Notwithstanding his professional calling (and his

reticence) that might tend to dull the finer feelings, Charley Martin was one of the most kind hearted and sympathizing natures we ever knew. A bird's nest or the helpless young of any animal was to him a sacred charge to protect and safeguard. Such a one could not help being an honest, true, reliable and trustworthy friend, it was his nature."

MR. BABCOCK'S STORY

Mr. W. H. Babcock, a novice in hunting, makes a brief addition:

Although for some years past a sojourner in other parts of the state, I also was an early day resident of Augusta and vicinity. The reminiscences of my old neighbors and friends have been forwarded to me and I can assure you that their articles have been read with the keenest interest and appreciation. They recall vividly early days and pleasant associations.

My father, Benjamin Babcock, was a native of Vermont. He migrated in the spring of 1838 to Aztalan, Jefferson County, Wisconsin, where father had been the previous year, walking there from Milwaukee, and staking a homestead claim. All they possessed when they left Cleveland was a pair of old horses, a covered wagon, a very few household utensils, one daughter, the late Mrs. T. W. Tasker, who formerly lived at Augusta, and a desire to make a permanent home. Arriving at Aztalan they "squatred" on a beautiful 260-acre tract, within hailing distance of the now historical "Indian Mounds of Aztalan." At that time the "Ancient City of Aztalan" was quite a booming little village and the neighboring settlers were strictly of the same sturdy New England stock. That summer father completed a log house with a large fireplace, split his own rails, fenced the claim and did some breaking. The claim was near the Rock River and in the line of travel of the Indians, who made frequent visits and as frequent requests for tea and sugar. Mother, in her goodness, usually gave them the desired articles.

In the spring of 1853 father sold the homestead at Aztalan, and again became a land seeker. With two pair of horses, twelve head of cattle and household furniture we started for Adams County, to settle on the cheap "Indian lands." Arriving at Big Spring, Adams County, in the late spring of 1853, we moved into a vacant log house and father started land hunting. The cheap Indian lands proved a disappointment and finally father purchased 360 acres at Fountain Prairie, Columbia County, from three holders, all of whom had log cabins on their claims. Near one of these were two magnificent springs and this place was made the permanent home.

All of my father's people were gifted with vocal music talent and I inherited the tendency and began singing in public at the age of 13 years, singing war songs.

In the fall of 1869 Henry Palms of Thompson's Valley, Eau Claire County, sent a message by my sister, Mrs. Tasker, for me to come to the Valley and teach a singing school. I accepted the call and went by train from Fall River, Columbia County, to Sparta, thence by stage through a virgin country to "Bridge

Creek," as it was then called. It was on Sunday and I started my singing school the following Tuesday, with 35 pupils, and I received \$2.00 per night for my services, quite an enormous sum in those pioneer days. I was very much pleased to find many that I knew in Columbia County had settled in Thompson's Valley, the Chryslers, Palms, Livermores, O'Briens, Yules, Ketchums, Bennetts, Heards and others, and many of these have descendants still living there.

After reading Jim's, Alvin's, Carl's and Ivory's articles I must also add a little about deer hunting. I was no nimrod. It was my first and last deer hunt and the memory of the fatigue I experienced in climbing over wind falls, through large timber and swamps still causes an imagined muscular lameness. While teaching singing school at the valley I went to Coon Creek to visit Mrs. James Hunter who was living there and whom I had previously known in Columbia County. Mr. Hunter and Andrew Kirkham, Carl's brother, whom he mentioned in his article, suggested a deer hunt the next morning. All arrangements were made by Hunter and Andrew. I was furnished with a heavy double barreled shotgun loaded with buck shot and before daylight the next morning we started the hunt. For reasons best known to Hunter and Andrew when we started they strapped a large cow bell around my waist, probably to keep me from being lost. It proved convenient for them as they could keep track of where I was and could place themselves in advantageous places. My part of the hunt was to "drive." Talk about windfalls and tough work, it was awful. In my meandering I saw many a flip of deer tails but before I could get my gun around and clear of the cow bell and other impedimenta the deer was out of sight. Finally I heard a shot and a long drawn "Hoo-oo-oo" and when I arrived at the place Andrew was hanging up a fine buck I had driven out. A few moments later another shot and another "Hoo-oo-oo" and on arriving there found that Hunter had killed a doe in her bed. We got back to Hunter's about sundown and the thought of my weariness still makes me tired. Since which I have left the hunting of deer to those old sports who have written previously to me.

W. H. BARCOCK, *Oshkosh, Wis.*

"OLD ABE" THE WAR EAGLE

Not all who have heard of this famous bird are aware of the fact that it was captured in the Chippewa Valley and was taken out and carried through the war by Co. C of the 8th Wisconsin Infantry. No extended history will be attempted here but extracts will be given from early day documents and records bearing on the subject.



AH-GE-MAH-WE-GE-ZHIG (CHIEF SKY),
CAPTOR OF OLD ABE.

*From a photograph loaned the
author by Thos. Hill.*

The most authentic history of Old Abe ever written was prepared and published by Rev. J. O. Barrett of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, in 1865. At that time the eagle, after three years on march and battle field, had been brought safely back, been presented to the state and was being carefully cared for in the capitol at Madison. Nearly every person connected or familiar with its history was still living and reliable information could be obtained. A number of editions of the Barrett book were printed, but copies are now rare. A few years ago the writer of this article, as secretary of the library board at Eau Claire, helped to secure for the library a copy of the fifth edition, printed in 1876. It is a small book, but really valuable. Mr. Barrett went at his task in a thorough and systematic manner. He wished especially to learn by whom, where and how the eagle was captured, also to secure a picture of its captor. To this end he enlisted assistance of prominent fur traders and other pioneers of the upper Chippewa wa-

ters. Here is an extract from one letter:

FEB. 13, 1865.

J. O. BARRETT, Esq.

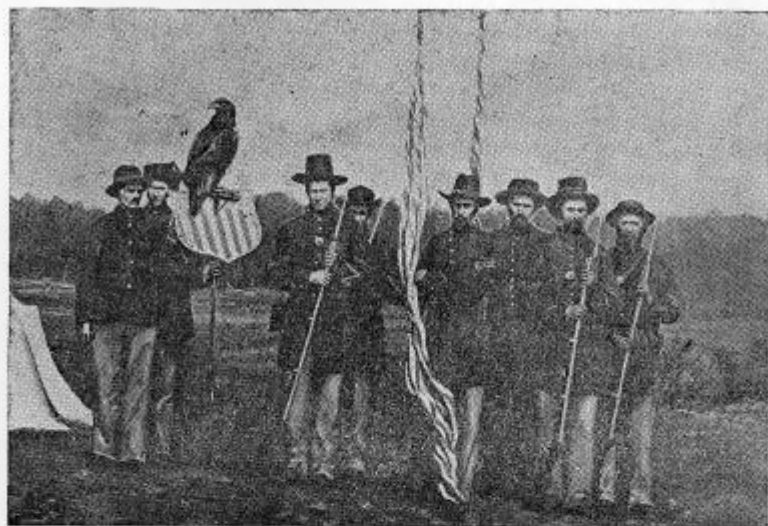
DEAR SIR:

I learn from Daniel McCann that the Indians who had brought the eagle to him in the summer of 1861 were of the Flambeau tribe and that the captor



"OLD ABE"

*From a photograph loaned the author by Thos. Hill,
one of the Eagle bearers.*



OLD ABE AND GROUP, TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FALL OF VICKSBURG

From a photograph loaned the author by Mrs. David Drummond, a daughter of Myron Briggs, who was color bearer for over three years and is shown in middle of picture holding the flag staff.

was a son of Ah-Monse, chief of the tribe. I proceeded to obtain corroborative evidence of this and found through John Brunet, James Ermatinger, Mr. Chas. Corbine and others, all old residents of the upper Chippewa and Flambeau rivers, besides the testimony of different Indians, that McCann's statement was correct. All accounts agree that the name of the captor is A-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig, or Chief Sky. I have made arrangements as you suggested to bring the young Indian to Eau Claire as soon as possible. He is now with his band hunting between the head waters of the Yellow and Flambeau rivers and is shortly expected at Brunet Falls on the Chippewa.

Yours truly,
THEODORE COLEMAN

(NOTE: This Mr. Coleman is still living (1929), in California.)

On his arrival at Brunet Falls the young Indian was told about "the white man at Eau Claire" who wished to talk to him about "the eagle he had caught a few years before." He hesitated, fearing it was a trick, and appealed to his father, old Chief Ah-Monse. After considerable deliberation and the assurance of Brunet and others that they had nothing to fear, the old chief decided to

go the next day to Chippewa Falls and consult the pioneer lumberman, H. S. Allen. It was also arranged that the son who had captured the eagle, with another son, should follow two days later.

At Chippewa Falls the old chief and his sons, also Elijah Ermatinger, who was to act as interpreter, were met by Rev. J. O. Barrett and Theodore Coleman and from there all proceeded to Eau Claire, twelve miles below.

Photographs of the Indian were taken by Photographer Devoe and never did mortal appear more proud than did this young Indian, attired in his regalia as chief. *The Eau Claire Free Press* of that date makes mention of the visit. A-ga-mah-we-ge-zhig related his eagle adventure in a very intelligent manner, so simple and candid as to assure everyone present of its truthfulness. He said the eagles' nest was found in the spring of the year, soon after the time of making maple sugar, in a tall pine. The tree was cut down and the nest, "as big as a bushel basket," and made of "sticks, turf and weeds," was preserved. There were two young eagles in the nest but one was so badly injured in the felling of the tree that it died. After being kept several weeks at the Indian village the young eagle was taken down river and sold, for a bushel of corn, to Daniel McCann, who had a farm and stopping place on the Chippewa river a short distance above Jim Falls.

(NOTE: A woodsman cousin of the writer said he saw the young eagle at McCann's place, tied to a barrel in the door yard.)

Assistance was given Rev. J. O. Barrett by his brother, W. W. Barrett, as witness the following:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Today I saw Israel Gould, the Indian interpreter who rendered you such valuable assistance on your Flambeau expedition. He is an intelligent old Scotchman and has lived with the Chippewa Indians 15 years.

At my request he drew a map of the Flambeau river and lakes and it agrees perfectly with the drawing made by Ah-monse and his son. I believe you can rely on it as being correct. The Flambeau river is a wide, crooked stream, the largest tributary of the Chippewa and its general course is southwest. Upon its north fork are the rapids at which the young Indian said he caught the eagle. It is about 125 miles from Eau Claire and 70 miles from the mouth of the Flambeau river, and it is three miles up from the rapids to Asken Lake or Little Flambeau, which is three miles long, and six miles from there to the main Flambeau Lake, or "Ah-monse Lake," as it is also called, a stream connecting the two. From Mr. Gould's description and sketch map the eagle must have been caught in or near Township 40 North Range 1 East.

Your brother,

W. W. BARRETT.

(NOTE: William Whipple Warren, who was an authority on the Chippewa language and history, mentions the old chief, father of the captor of the eagle,

but gives the name as Ah-mous instead of Ah-monse and states that the name means Little Bee. Warren is probably right.)



CAPTAIN JOHN C. PERKINS, FIRST CAPTAIN OF THE EAGLE COMPANY, KILLED AT FARMINGTON, MISS., IN MAY, 1862.

From a photograph loaned the author by Mrs. R. F. Wilson, and which was given her by the captain just before he left for the front. So far as known, her copy is the only satisfactory picture in existence of Capt. Perkins.

and later dams for power development purposes have changed the size and outlines of many lakes. Present day plats do not show any such lake as "Asken" Lake, but as most of the lakes are but a widening of the river channel it is possible that in the '60's a section of the river was designated by that name.

Mr. Donald Boyd, land man for the Northern States Power Company, after careful study of the Gould and other descriptive matter in the Barrett book feels assured that the rapids near which the eagle was captured is the one for many years past known as Schultz Rapids, in Section 33, Township 41, Range 1 East, in the extreme southern part of Ashland County. To

Too much reliance should not be placed on the distances as given by these old pioneers. It was a wilderness country and their estimates, or guesses, as to distances on those crooked streams would vary widely.

To locate definitely after all these years the place where the eagle was captured is not as easy a task as one might imagine. Neither the sketch map of Israel Gould nor that of Ah-mous and his son has been preserved. The Barrett book contains a map of the entire Chippewa Valley, with a cross on it indicating the place where the eagle was captured, but the scale on which the map is drawn is so small as to make it of little value.

The region had been only partially surveyed, with streams and lakes inaccurately defined, or not shown at all. Numerous flooding dams put in by loggers

be more exact the rapids are located in the SE¼ of the SW¼ of Section 33. As this particular "forty" is so largely taken up by the river it is designated on the government plat as Lot 4. A carefully drawn plat of Township 41 shows the rapids to be not over forty rods from the line between Townships 41 and 40, which line is also the boundary between Ashland and Price counties. The nearest city or village is Park Falls, about five miles below the rapids on the Flambeau river. Since Mr. Boyd gave his decision as to the location of the place where the eagle was captured an interesting confirmation has come from another source. Mr. C. H. Henry of Eau Claire was for many years in charge of log driving operations on the upper Chippewa and its tributaries for the Chippewa Logging Company, his acquaintance with these waters dating back to the '70's. He secured the charter and put in some of the flooding dams in the Flambeau region. He says he knew personally Ah-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig and had cut some of the pine timber on his allotment on the reservation. He says the Indian frequently related to him the circumstances of the eagle's capture and told where it was secured. Mr. Henry brought out a map on which he had some years ago noted the place of the eagle's capture as had been related by Ah-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig. It was just where designated by Mr. Boyd.

It is absurd to attempt to designate the exact spot, or "the stump of tree where the eagle was caught," as some persons have done. The stretch of rough water designated as Schultz Rapids is nearly two miles long. The Barrett map does show the eagle to have been captured on the south side of the Flambeau river, but just how far back from the rapids we do not know. It might easily have been over forty rods, which would have brought it into Township 40 and into what is now Price County, instead of Ashland County. Why should not a marker be erected at some suitable point on the rapids?

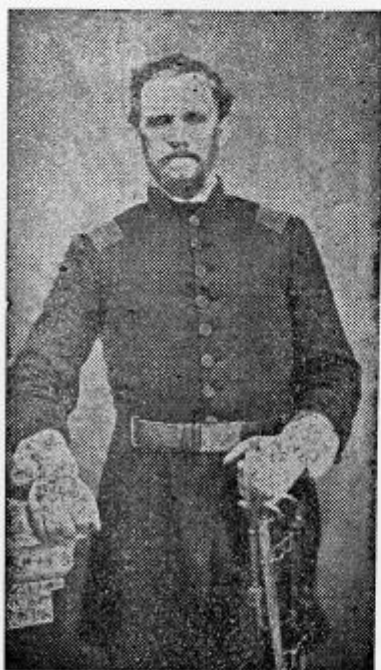
In August, McCann took the eagle to Chippewa Falls and tried to sell it to a battery being organized there. Failing to dispose of it, he went on to Eau Claire where a company, then called the Eau Claire Badgers, was about to leave for the front. A sale was made and the *Eau Claire Free Press* contains the following: "The Eau Claire Badgers are going into battle under the protectingegis of a veritable American Eagle." Arriving at Madison the Badgers were made Co. C of the 8th Wisconsin Infantry, also made the color company of the regiment and given the name Eagle Company. The regiment also was known as the Eagle Regiment..

Capt. Green of Co. F, in writing home from Madison to his wife, wrote as follows:

SEPT. 10, 1861.

We have a new recruit, a live eagle. Co. C, Captain Perkins, brought him down from Eau Claire. He is a fine specimen of the national bird and the boys have named him "Old Abe." A perch has been made for him, with a shield and a number of darts beneath. Old Abe is carried on a pole next to the colors. If he stands it to go through the war he will be a famous bird.

Captain Green became a great admirer of the eagle and frequently mentioned him in his letters written home. At Benton Barracks, Missouri, he wrote



CAPTAIN VICTOR WOLF
*Promoted from First Lieutenant
after the death of Captain Perkins,
from a photograph loaned by the
family.*

of Old Abe's exploit there, when he got loose as the soldiers were getting off from the cars. He was given up for lost, but could occasionally be seen flying high above the soldiers as they marched to the barracks in the outskirts of the city. When the barracks were reached Old Abe settled down on his perch, to the great joy of the regiment. One member of Co. C was delegated to carry and care for the eagle. During the three years that Old Abe was with the regiment six of the men had this honor. The writer was personally acquainted with three of them, also with a number of other members of the company. A young cousin of his, a brother to the one who saw the eagle in McCann's door yard, enlisted in the company at the first war meeting and his death, by disease, was one of the first in the company. For many years after the Civil War Old Abe was in great demand for public gatherings, especially of a patriotic nature, including the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. In 1881 a fire started in the basement of the old capitol, in a room in which paints and oils were stored. Old Abe was saved, but the dense and offensive

smoke seems to have affected him seriously, as he commenced to droop and pine away and died in March. The body was mounted and placed in a glass case. When the writer was attending the state university in the middle '80's, this case stood at the end of the corridor in the capitol building. His mounted body was destroyed a few years later when the old capitol burned. The last reunion of the Eagle Company was held in Eau Claire several years ago, the writer being on the citizens committee of arrangements. Only a few members of the Eagle Company were then alive and of these not more than two or three now remain.

LOGGING CAMP DIVERSION AND HUMOR

Passing years have wrought many changes in logging camps and crews. The logging camp of the present day differs little from that of a large construction crew. Most have telephone connections and usually a logging railroad runs to the door. More often than not the woodsman can eat breakfast with his family at home, get on a train and have a late dinner in camp a hundred or more miles away. In the writer's numerous visits to logging camps he has done this many times. This quick and easy transportation tends to disrupt the crew, with many changes during the logging season.

The present day crews are of many nationalities, with a certain and natural clannishness which acts as a hindrance to general good fellowship. In real early logging days to reach camp often required several days travel on foot, carrying a pack. The woodsmen were mostly New England Yankees, or from Canada. Unless special reason made it necessary, it was considered a disgrace to quit before the logging season was over. From early fall until late in the spring few saw their families, and even letters, brought in by tote teamsters, were not over frequent. Left to their own resources it was up to the crew to provide their own amusements. From an old woodsman friend, now dead, the writer some years ago secured the following description of one of those early day logging camps and the diversions of its occupants.

"It was in July, 1862, that I arrived in Eau Claire, having made the entire distance from Michigan by ox team. The Civil War was on and new companies were being continually sent to the front. The Chippewa Valley 'pinery' boys afforded good material for soldiers and most of them were eager to get into the fight.

"In the latter part of October I hired out (to Cal Harrison), to run the river on a lumber raft. In the late fall I hired out to Cogswell & Blain for the pineries on a Friday and on Saturday at 5 A.M. started out alone for camp, about 40 miles up the Chippewa. After walking the entire distance, without a bite to eat, I reached camp about 8 o'clock in the evening. Saturday night was when the boys in camp went in for a good time; a dance was in progress and from the noise they made I thought it—had broken loose. When I stepped in they were dancing a quadrille. One man was playing the fiddle and another was calling off and was general master of ceremonies. Each 'lady' had a handkerchief tied to his arm to distinguish him from a mere man.

"Novel as the sight was to me, there was something else that interested me more just at that time. The cook asked me if I was hungry. I told him I had not eaten anything since 4 o'clock that morning. He quickly put on some pork and beans, some biscuits and a basin of hot tea. I fell to and after my hunger was satisfied I rolled in for the night, thoroughly tired.

"The next day was Sunday and I had a chance to look around. The camp was of the old 'State of Maine' type, about 24 feet by 36 feet in size, with side

walls about three feet high. As I recall it there was a space of about 15 feet from the door to the fireplace, which was in the middle of the room and served for both heating and cooking purposes. The fireplace was simply an elevated platform of earth called the 'caboose.'

"A large hole in the roof allowed the smoke to escape. Sometimes a mud and stick chimney was built on top of the roof to improve the draft. The space nearest the door was the men's part and was where the dance was held. On the further side of the fireplace was the cooking department. In the men's part were to be found a grindstone, wash sink, water barrel and various camp utensils. One side under the roof was used for wood, etc. On the other side was a field bed where the men all slept, with heads against the outside wall. The bed was made up of hemlock boughs, and one large, thick quilt covered the entire bed. The roof was covered with shakes. A long bench, called the 'deacon's seat,' was at the foot of the bed. Although the word was never used, the camps were strictly sanitary, with enough fresh air to suit anybody.

"There were about a dozen men in camp. Old man Cogswell and three sons, Charley, Frank and Rant. Frank was foreman and Charley was cook. The men were a healthy, sturdy lot, and there was practically no sickness in camp.

"The fare was very simple as compared with that in later day camps. The supplies were brought up from Eau Claire, and as there were no roads then up river, they were hauled most of the way on ice. The staple supplies were flour, salt pork, beans, molasses and tea. Any supplies needed for earlier operations were put into bateaux at Chippewa City, a few miles above Chippewa Falls, and poled up river, often against a stiff current. At rapids and falls the supplies were unloaded and packed around to good water above. It was a backbreaking job. After the river closed up no more supplies could be brought up until the ice was strong enough to bear a team. Frequently the grub would run short, but no one said a word about going home.

"After the camp was fully completed and everything made snug and warm the boys would enjoy themselves in all kinds of ways to pass the long winter months. I have spoken of their stag dances. A fiddler was just as necessary in camp as an ox-teamster. Dancing was not the only amusement. Each one had to contribute his part. He must sing a song, tell a story or whistle. If he could not do any of these, he must put a pound of tobacco in the 'poor box.' That pound was good for one month when he must put in another.

"Two games the men were accustomed to play were 'hot back' and 'shuffle the brogue.' Everything was done in a spirit of good fellowship and any one that got mad was considered a grouch.

"We worked hard and the fare was none of the best, but I enjoyed that first winter in the Wisconsin pineries. We broke camp about April 1, before the ice went out of the river."

It was in such camps and crews as described by this old woodsman friend that were gradually developed those typical logging camp yarns, jokes and songs which are now beginning to receive the attention they deserve. Naturally in

every crew there would likely be those in camp for the first time. For the benefit of these novices some grizzled old veteran would casually remark on having worked for Paul Bunyan, and would relate the wonderful feats of Paul and his big blue ox, of Sour Dough Sam, Brimstone Bill, Big Ole, the blacksmith, and other members of Paul's famous crew.

These novices were told to be on the lookout for the "snow snake," pure white, with pink eyes, and very dangerous. They were especially warned against that fierce animal, the "hodag." A few years ago the writer visited with a bed-ridden old veteran logger who told of a camp he was in where they lured an Indian to go out in a nearby swamp and make the most blood-curdling noises. The tenderfeet in camp were then told that this was a "hodag" wandering in his native wilds. It remained for E. S. Shepard, of Rhinelander, Wis., a retired



BIG OLE, PUNCHING HOLES IN THE
LOGGING CAMP DOUGHNUTS

logger and inveterate practical joker, to construct what was his conception of this fearful animal. When completed he took it out into the woods where the surroundings were suitable and had it photographed. He then published a picture of the "hodag" with a detailed description of his terrible struggle in "capturing" it. So expert was his workmanship and so realistic his description of its capture that very many were taken in by the hoax. Mr. Shepard died several years ago. Not long before his death he sent the writer a postal card picture of the "hodag." This is highly prized as in addition to the regular printed inscription Mr. Shepard with pen and ink made further and detailed notations concerning the weight, color, etc., of this most terrifying creature.

Mr. Shepard was very clever with a pen and on the reverse side of the "hodag" card he had drawn the picture of another curious animal, the "side hill gouger." This fierce specimen had short legs on one side and long ones on the other to make easy his travels along the hill sides.



THE HODAG

In these degenerate days many members of logging camp crews, especially the foreign element, never have played "shuffle the brogue," taken part in a stag dance or know anything about the "Round River Drive" of Bunyan's famous crew. Fortunately there are exceptions.

One of the most interesting sights that the writer ever witnessed in camp, perhaps ten years ago, was a bearded woodsman perched in an upper bunk "calling off" for a stag dance. The dim lantern light, the low log framed roof, the accordion player on the "deacon seat" and three or four couples of husky woodsmen in mackinaws and lumbermen's rubbers, in vigorous action, would



CAMP FIDDLER AND JIG DANCER

have been fit subject for an artist. On another occasion the writer was able to secure a flashlight of the camp fiddler and camp jig dancer who had been called into the foreman's little office to perform for the benefit of two lady visitors present.

A TRIP TO THE LOGGING CAMPS

It is with some hesitation that the following chapter is included, it being made up from the personal letters written by the author to his family at home on his last trip to the logging camps. As probably few of his readers have ever made such a trip, and thinking it may prove of interest, we give it to the printer.

CAMP 3, PARK FALLS LUMBER COMPANY

BLAISDELL LAKE, DRAPER, WIS.

JAN. 1, 1921, 6:15 A.M.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

A Happy New Year to you all. Wish you might be here to eat a logging camp breakfast with us. My companion is Holgar Swanson, of the Carl Johnson Engraving Company.

Our trip is starting out fine. Have never on any of my camp trips had occasion to complain of the hospitality and cordiality shown, but on this trip everyone seems to be outdoing himself.

Mr. Clubine, general manager for the Park Falls Co., an Edward Hines concern, had written me that if he could do so he would plan to go into camp with us, but evidently he was not able to get away. Instead he arranged for a Mr. Maitland, their superintendent of logging operations, to meet us. Mr. M. got on the train at Winter, hunted us up and introduced himself. He rode with us as far as Stout Spur. Said he had mailed a letter in to camp announcing our expected arrival, but thinking his letter might not have reached camp he wrote a penciled note for us to take along. This was addressed to a Mr. Beedon, who is "walking boss," or super foreman, in charge of all the camps in operation in this vicinity. He makes his headquarters at the Blaisdell Lake camp.

We had expected to walk in from Stout Spur to this camp, but the logging engine came out to get some freight. The distance is about five miles, only a nice little walk, but as it was after 1 o'clock when we reached the spur, and as the logging engine although slow makes somewhat better time than we could walk it was quite welcome.

I was surprised to learn that they were actually carrying on logging operations at this camp, which I had visited before. For several years past it has been used only as railroad crew and transient camp, and I supposed all timber in this vicinity had been cut. The camp accommodations were formerly very limited, but they have lengthened out the cook shanty, built another sleeping shanty or bunk house. Have a crew of about 125 men, and expect to put in about four million feet of logs here this winter. A Mr. Erickson is the foreman in charge. He came out to the spur with the logging engine. It was after two o'clock when we got into camp, and we were not slow in hunting up the cook shanty. Have a fine young fellow as cook and he served us up a real logging camp "lunch." Do not understand how I ever managed to stow away so much.

Holgar Swanson is a first class photographer, has a 5x7 camera with him, in addition to a small Kodak. He took one flashlight in the cook shanty when the tables were set for supper, with the cook and "cookees," and "yours truly" in the picture. Also took another just after the crew were seated at the table. Later he took a flashlight in the "office," with the walking boss, foreman, scaler, clerk and myself, also the camp dog, a fine animal. After that he took a flash of the clerk in his "wanigan." In this office the clerk has his desk and stock of clothing, etc., partitioned off with a high lattice railing. Of course the stock includes that article now so much used,—Copenhagen snuff, or "Swedish Condition Powder," as Foreman Erickson calls it. That was a new one to me.

In addition to the walking boss, camp foreman, scaler and clerk, there is a man here by the name of Hall, a civil engineer and a very interesting person. He may not be a university man, but he seems to understand his business. The Hines Company are putting their cut-over lands on the market and Hall is preparing a drainage plan, to redeem some large swamp areas. Two systems will drain some thousands of acres.

I ran across here an old acquaintance, Billy Lake. He works at the camps in winter time and acts as a fisherman and hunters' guide in summer and fall. Has a cabin a few miles from here. It was he who several years ago invited me to take a canoe trip with him. I let him have some books, also gave him some woods pictures. Have forgotten what the pictures were but he is very proud of them. Says that a number of persons have borrowed them to have copies made. He is acting as rod man for the civil engineer and the two of them occupy the cottage where Mr. Mason, walking boss for the old Rice Lake Lumber Co., used to live. My companion sleeps over there, while I occupy the top shelf in a double decker here in the office. We both have very comfortable quarters.

Had breakfast a little after six this morning, very late on account of it being Sunday. Sometime after breakfast the logging engine made a trip to Camp 4 at the end of the line, and Holgar and I went along. I had also been to that camp before. We took a few pictures there, but did not stay long and got back to Camp 3 by 11 o'clock. After dinner Holgar took both outside and inside views over at the cottage, showing Hall and Lake with their equipment. Have been tramping around taking a few more pictures and it is now near supper time.

The two large boxes of books we brought along are being well used today. The boys appreciate the reading matter.

Everybody tells us we must not miss Camp 10. That is four or five miles off the logging railroad, beyond Camp 4. We plan to go out early tomorrow morning on the logging train to Camp 4 and then walk over to Camp 10. May stay there overnight and may walk back to Camp 4. We are very independent. The walking boss furnishes us with nice letters to the foremen of the different camps, asking them to show us all courtesies, and they all have certainly treated us fine.

Have had supper and it will soon be bed time, which is about 8:30 or 9 o'clock. Will have breakfast tomorrow morning soon after 5. To me it is

an interesting sight to step out in the morning before daylight and see the light from the windows in the low camp buildings and note the sparks flying from the stovepipes. By daylight the men are all off at work.

Some hours before daylight the fireman began firing up the logging engine, only a few rods from the office. Finally the shanty boss came in, started the fire, with a liberal dose of kerosene, and that office stove puffed like a locomotive. Perhaps half an hour later the cook blew the horn, first call. Instead of a steady blast, they try to imitate a bugle call. The breakfast call comes perhaps twenty minutes after the first call. They do not have table room for all the crew at once so we wait until the first lot are through.

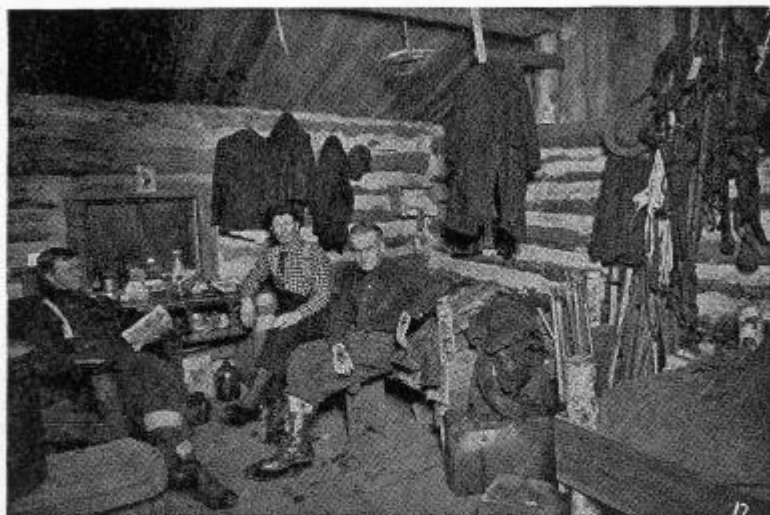
It has been a perfect day. Holgar has taken several general views of the camp buildings here. Think he is getting the finest lot of pictures ever taken on any of my trips. It is warmer and a little cloudy tonight. Do not know what we will get tomorrow.

MONDAY, 3:15 P.M., CAMP 10, HUNTER'S LAKE

Had breakfast this morning soon after five o'clock and a little later got on the logging train and came back to Camp 4, the end of the line. Struck out immediately on foot for this camp. Were several miles on our way at sunrise. Followed the main logging road. Could not have had better walking. Enjoyed every foot of the five miles. Left Holgar's larger grip at Camp 3 but brought the cameras and other essentials. We made no mistake in making a trip to this place. It is an old camp, built of logs and is most picturesquely located on the edge of Hunter's Lake. The buildings—and there are a good many of them—are strung along on a narrow irregular bench, with a steep bank just back of the buildings up to still higher ground. We think we will get some good pictures here but cannot do the place anything like justice. In a few weeks logging operations here will be entirely over. The clerk is a fine young man. Has put in a year or two in law course at the University of Wisconsin, and is staying out to earn money to go again. All the white and Norway pine and hemlock on the lower bench and the side hill have been saved. I judge there may be a thousand trees, the only timber of the kind left in these parts. It is difficult to find a place from which to get a good general view. The grove of pines partly conceals the buildings. A rear view from the hill is not satisfactory, and one would need to go too far out on the lake to see the buildings over the rather high bank. The wind has been blowing strong from the lake all day, filling the air with snow. Expect to stay here tonight and hope for better conditions in the morning. Have taken a few small pictures of individual buildings, which may be interesting. Took an interior and exterior view of the saw filer's little cabin, which is situated on a knoll on the lake shore. Holgar also took a 3x7 picture of the rustic hog pen and the young porkers. He has just taken an interior view of the cook shanty. I have not met the foreman here. He had dinner over at Camp 4 and has not shown up.

After dinner the clerk, Holgar and I went over to the river, about a mile and a half, where they fill the tanks for icing the logging roads. The water hole was just at the end of an old log bridge across the east fork of the

Chippewa, and it made a fine background. Think we got some good pictures there. On the way back we met the steam log hauler. They were just getting it out for the first time this winter. Were afraid the iced roads in the swamps were not strong enough to allow it to be used. Took a picture of that, also of the huge snow plow they use to clear away the snow from the logging roads. The sides of this plow are 28 feet long, the spread at the rear is 20 feet and the sides are 32 inches high. It takes some horse power to operate that plow after a heavy snow storm.



INTERIOR OF "OFFICE" AT CAMP 10

It is 8 P.M., almost bed time. Holgar took a flashlight of the crew at supper table, also in the two sleeping shanties. There has been a general shaking up of the crew here, a new foreman and many new men. A joke on the part of the former foreman seems to have been the cause of it. Everyone speaks well of him and quite a number of the crew quit when the general superintendent fired the foreman for putting in a requisition for "turkey and chicken" for Christmas dinner.

As the new men report at the office each names the kind of work he is accustomed to. There are "hookers," "tailers," "skidders," "4-horse teamsters," "sawyers," etc.

It is mild and cloudy tonight. Think we will have a little snow.

TUESDAY, 6 A.M.

Have been to breakfast—pancakes, fresh pork steak, etc.—a first class meal.

The new foreman, a clean-cut Canadian Irishman, with an interesting brogue, was out late last night getting some teamsters starting the tanks to ice some branch logging roads, so Holgar took a picture of the foreman, clerk and

myself in this little rustic office this morning. The foreman and crew have started off to work, leaving the clerk, Holgar and myself in the office waiting for daylight.

The icing of the roads is the most serious proposition at this camp of any I was ever in. Usually there are lakes, ponds, or creeks not far distant where water holes can be fitted up for filling the tanks. Here the only place is at the river, at the extreme end of the logging road, with a long and rather steep hill to pull up. This makes it necessary to keep an extra team at the water hole, to hitch in front of the four horses used on the rest of the trip. Even with six horses they cannot fill the tank full, as it would be too heavy to pull up the hill. In spite of the handicap they are getting their iced roads in fine shape. Had a light snow in the night and it is mild this morning and slightly cloudy—which pleases Holgar, as he thinks we can get much better pictures. Says that when he was taking a picture in the cook shanty yesterday a red squirrel came in the door, hopped along the tables, took a critical survey of the cook's newly fried doughnuts, picked out one about as big as himself, and then hopped away.

It is now about 10:30 A.M. We think we have done a pretty good job of taking pictures here and will start back to Camp 4 right after dinner. Expect the logging engine to come up there this afternoon, so that we can ride back with it to the Blaisdell Lake Camp. Holgar took one exposure this morning against the sun with the saw filer's little shack in the foreground. Think it will make a fine picture.

There has been quite a change in these parts since I was here last, three years ago. A good highway has been built from Winter, through to Kennedy. It runs within thirty rods of the Blaisdell Lake Camp and within a mile of this camp. Settlers are coming in, although they are still pretty well scattered.

Will mail this today and continue it later.

CAMP 3, BLAISDELL LAKE

TUESDAY, 8 P.M., JAN. 3, 1921.

I mailed you a letter from Camp 10 this forenoon. We are now back at headquarters camp. Expected to walk from 10 back to 4 and then catch the logging train back from there, but our plans were changed. Foreman Erickson came over from Camp 3 to Camp 10 with the driving team, to see the steam hauler tried out. He suggested that Holgar and I drive the team back and he would return in the evening on the logging train. We fell in with the suggestion. Think the distance is about ten miles. Got back here before three o'clock; came all the way on the new highway. Mr. Beeson had offered us the use of the driving team to make our trip to Camp 10, but we preferred to go on the logging train to Camp 4 and walk in from there, as noted in my last. About half way between here and Camp 4 a branch logging railroad runs in, about a mile, to Camp 9. We have been making plans to visit that camp tomorrow. There seems to be some misconception as to the identity of Holgar and myself. Evidently they mistake us for President Hines and his private secretary. After our return with the driving team, Holgar and I did a little rabbit hunting—got only one, and got back to the camp office just before dark.

The man in charge of the logging engine came to me and asked if we wished to go over to Camp 9 tonight. Said that Mr. Beeson had told him to take us over if we wished to go. I told him we preferred to wait until morning. Turning to his helper, he said, "They don't wish to go over tonight. You may put up the engine."

WEDNESDAY, 11 A.M.

We are still at Camp 3. It has been cloudy and snowing some. Went rabbit hunting again. Got three. Never did any hunting before in such deep snow. It is up to our knees on the higher, open ground, and in the swamps, where there is the best hunting, it is often up to our hips. I took a picture of Holgar just after he had shot a rabbit, and he took one of me after I had shot one. If they come out well they will give you an idea of the deep snow. Just as we got back to camp the "bull cook" was starting off with the lunch sleigh and Holgar took a picture of that. Said he noticed the shutter was not working quite right, so our rabbit picture may not be a success.

We plan to go over to Camp 9 after dinner on the log train. Will probably stay there overnight. Do not know yet when we will start for home. Have about decided to visit the big new camp outfit of the Hines Company out on the main line, near Draper, before leaving these parts.

I had not thought particularly of going there but Mr. Beeson says I ought not to pass it up. Mr. Clubine also suggested that I go, but I understood there was no logging being done yet, or any crew staying there. I learned that although logging operations have not been started they have about 150 men on construction work and that the layout is worth seeing. The young clerk at Camp 10 says the Hines Co. have already put in over a half million dollars there. Mr. Clubine is a brother-in-law of Edward Hines; and the place "Loretta" is named after Mr. Clubine's wife, who is Mr. Hines' sister. It is the intention to start a village with schools and other modern advantages. Think we will spend the last night at Loretta and take the train for home from there.

It is dinner time now.

8:15 P.M.

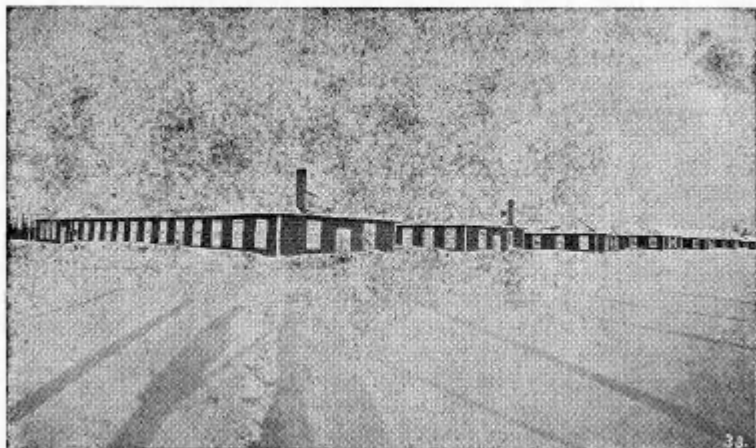
We are at Camp 9. Had a hard time getting here, or rather, it took a long time. Logging train got stuck in snow drifts but finally bunted its way through. Came direct to this camp. It has been snowing and blowing all the afternoon. Roads will be drifted badly tomorrow. This camp is on Black Lake. The buildings and surroundings are not at all interesting, but the foreman and scaler are both real characters. Holgar took two flashlights in the office this evening. If weather permits will try to get snow pictures tomorrow out in the "works." Will not try to do any hunting. It is too hard work in this deep snow.

Will put this in the clerk's mail tonight, hoping that it may reach you without too great delay.

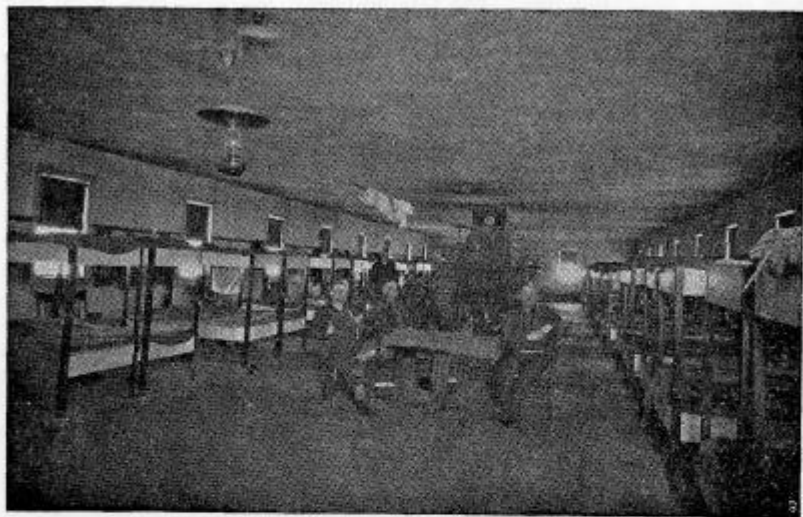
SUNDAY, JAN. 8, 1921.

Will take up the account of our trip where I left off in the second note.

Camp 9, on Black Lake, was a disappointment so far as camp buildings and site were concerned, but never in any of my camp trips have I found any



MODERN LOGGING CAMP BUILDINGS AT LORETTA



INTERIOR OF BUNKHOUSE AT LORETTA

such picturesque scenery as we found along the logging road, which followed a valley from the upper end of the lake. You will have to see the pictures to appreciate this statement. I never secured such a fine lot of pictures on any camp trip before. All the hauling, lunch, decking and other outside views without

buildings were taken along this creek valley. They had been cutting some real old time pines and some of these were still standing, which show in some of the pictures. They cut one log which scaled 1,400 feet.

HEALTH NOTE

The scaler at Camp 9 is quite a character. Said he once was in town with another woodsman, and separated to meet again before train time. Just as the train was about to pull out his companion appeared. Said he had been to a barber shop to get a hair cut and shave, also had taken a bath. He added that a bath was a good thing for the health. "It sure is," said the scaler. "I took one myself a year ago and I haven't been sick a day since."

From Camp 9 we walked back Thursday afternoon to Camp 3 on Blaisdell Lake. That evening we rode out on the log train to Stout Spur and walked a mile up the track to Loretta. It surely is some institution. The camp buildings are situated some rods back from the track, but the village of Loretta, which is to be started next spring, will be directly on the railroad line. All camp buildings are of frame construction, of good material, painted outside and lathed and plastered inside. There are six bunk houses, each one hundred feet long. Two of these are divided into twenty rooms each, with a middle corridor. We were given one of these rooms. The other four bunk houses are each in one large room, well supplied with windows and with a large double face fire place in the middle facing front and rear. The cots are single double-deckers, steel, with springs and mattress. They now have a crew of 150, all engaged in improvement work. No logging operations there as yet. Have a good large room, now used for both cooking and eating, but this room is designed for kitchen only, as they have two dining rooms about ready, each with a seating capacity of 300, opening from the kitchen with double doors.

Met Mr. Clubine for the first time, also met Mr. Maitland again. Had a very pleasant visit with Mr. Clubine and received from him a cordial invitation to come up next summer on a fishing trip.

While preparing to take an interior picture of the cook room, we met a young lady who was there on the same errand. She lives at Draper and teaches in the Junior High School at Stevens Point. A younger sister was with her.

After this year the Park Falls Company will do all their logging from Loretta, taking their men out to work on the train in the morning, and bringing them in at night. They plan on a crew of six hundred men and Mr. Clubine tells me they have timber to last twenty years. They have bought out several other companies and all other lands they could secure.

Left Loretta about three P.M. and started for home after the most satisfactory camp trip I have ever taken.

THE END.