

and over the pebbles, slipping back, every step, we made our way up the river very slowly. Col. Menard, myself, and every man who could walk, and not needed to navigate the vessel, went on foot—General M'Niel and the ladies continuing on board. Sometimes we turned out into the prairie, but the high grass, weeds, marsh and mud, soon compelled us to return to the sandy beach. Sometimes the woods approached quite to the river, on the east side, where we traveled, especially towards the upper end of the rapids.

Before sunset the vessel had passed the rapids, and we encamped for the night. The next day we moved on again, without any unusual accident, encamped again at night, and next day reached Fever river, ascended it seven miles, and landed at Galena, five hundred miles above St. Louis. This river is as crooked as any serpent's path need be, and it rises and falls with the Mississippi. Though seven miles by the Fever to the town, yet the village is but about three miles, on a direct line east of the Mississippi.*

GALENA

Stands on the land we afterwards purchased of the Indians, and is the largest town in Illinois. When we arrived there, it had been settled about three years. It contained several taverns, a considerable number of stores, about a dozen lawyers, four or five physicians, with little to do, as the country is healthy. There were three religious congregations in the place—Methodists, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The town is built on the side hill, in the form of a crescent, on the north side of Fever river, and contains, perhaps, one thousand inhabitants. It is a seat of justice of Joe Davies county, Illinois, and is situate in latitude about 42 degrees 30 minutes north. It contains at all times, very large quantities of lead, brought here, either as rent to the government, or for sale to the merchants. The superintendent of the mines, and his assistant, Major Campbell, live here. The latter gentleman and his amiable and interesting lady, had been with us on our passage from St. Louis, and they were happy to find themselves at the end of as disagreeable a journey as was ever made on these waters.

Numerous groceries appeared in the town, to us, and two billiard tables, were occupied by persons, who wished to amuse themselves at billiards.

Mr. James Barnes, formerly of Chillicothe, O., kept an excellent boarding house, and I found many old acquaintances in the town, enjoying the best of health, and they appeared cheerful and happy.

Here we learned, that a large body of Indians had already been assembled at Prairie Du Chien, for some time, and were in readiness to meet us. Knowing the necessity of supplying them with food, that ours would not reach us for some time yet, and knowing this to be the last opportunity we should find to purchase any food, we purchased 500 bushels of corn, and loading all we could convey, we left this beautiful town on the next day, and departed for our final destination, where we arrived about the middle of July, 1829.

As soon as we were discovered by our red friends, a few miles below the fort, opposite to their encampment, they fired into the air, about 1500 rifles to honor us. Our powder had become wet, and, to our extreme mortification and regret, we could not answer them, by our cannon. Having fired their arms, some ran on foot, some rode on their small horses, furiously along over the prairie to meet us where we landed. Amidst the motley group of thousands, of all ages, sexes, classes of society, colors and conditions, of men, women and children, who met us, on the wharf—NAWKAW and HOOCHOPKAW, with their families, eagerly seized my hand, and I was happy indeed, to meet them here. During twenty years, I had seen them, several times, and they recognized me in a moment, among the crowd, and assured me of their friendship and good wishes. These chiefs of the Winnebagoes, and their families, pressed around me, and continued close by me until we reached the tavern, where we went. There we entered into a long conversation, and they introduced me to their red friends. I assured them, of my ardent friendship, and "that they, and their people, should be dealt with, not only *justly* but *liberally*." "That the President, their great father, was their friend, a warrior like them, and never would do them any injury: That I wished them all to remember what I now said to them, and when we finally parted, if my solemn promise, that vol-

untarily made to them, had not been kept to the very letter, I wished them to publicly tell me so." Shaking me heartily by the hand, and assuring me of their friendship, they then appealed to Col. Menard, who heartily agreed with me, in assenting them of our good intentions towards them.

Dr. Wolcott, the agent, for the Chippeways, Ottawas, and Pottawatimies, here met us, and he had been, at incredible pains, to get his Indians here, where they had been for nearly a month, perhaps. Mr. Kinzy the sub agent of the Winnebagoes, whose sub agency is located at Fort Winnebago, had also come, and with him and the principal persons of that nation, residing in that direction.

All the Indians with whom we were sent to treat, were represented on the ground, and all that was wanting to begin our councils, we urged forward, with all the energy that the officers of the government, and their numerous friends could muster. The next day, in company with Gen. Street, the agent of the Winnebagoes, resident here, several sub agents and interpreters, I met the principal men of the Winnebagoes, and we impressed upon them, the necessity of keeping their young men under subjection, and arranged with them, the outlines of the manner in which our business should be conducted. The talk was a long one and occupied the afternoon. Gen. Street was very zealous in the service of the government.

Gen. McNeil and his officers at the Fort, erected a council shade, near the Fort and in about three days, we were ready to hold a public council; when Dr. Wolcott's Indians informed me, that they could not meet in public council until an Indian was buried, and inquired of me if I objected to the burial, to which I replied that I would not object to the burial, certainly. On the next day to my regret, I learned, they would not assemble in council, until the Indian was buried, and again inquired, whether I was willing to have the person buried? To which question, I replied in the affirmative, when I was informed, that the relatives of the deceased, would not consent to the burial of the murdered person, until they had received a horse, as the compensation for his death. Understanding the difficulty at last, the commissioners gave the horse, the deceased was buried, and the Indians agreed to meet in council next day.

I took some pains to get the murderer and the relatives of the deceased together, in order to have a perfect reconciliation between them. They shook hands very cordially in appearance, but the relatives of the deceased person, informed me privately afterwards, that, as soon as the murderer got home with his horse and goods, they would kill him, and take his property, which he could better keep, than they could, until then. If I am correctly informed, they did as they assured me they would, after their arrival in their own country. So that compounding for the murder only procrastinated for a time, the punishment of the crime.

When every thing was in readiness for the opening of the council, the Indians of all the tribes and nations on the treaty ground, attended, and requested to have translated to them, severally, what we said to each tribe, which being assented to on our part, the Winnebagoes, the Chippeways, Ottawas, Pottawatimies, Sioux, Sauks, Foxes, and Munominees, half breeds, the officers from the fort, the Indian agents, sub agents, interpreters, and a great concourse of strangers, from every city in the Union—and even from Liverpool, London, and Paris were in attendance.

The commissioners sat on a raised bench, facing the Indian chiefs; on each side of them stood the officers of the army in full dresses, while the soldiers, in their best attire, appeared in bright array, on the sides of the council shade. The ladies belonging to the officers' families, and the best families in the Prairie, were seated directly behind the commissioners, where they could see all that passed, and hear all that was said. Behind the principal Indian chiefs sat the common people—first the men, then the women and children, to the number of thousands, who listened in breathless and death-like silence, to every word that was uttered. The spectacle was grand and morally sublime, in the highest degree, to the nations of red men, who were present, and when our proposition to sell all their country to their great father, had been delivered to them, they requested an exact copy of it, in writing, the request was instantly complied with, and the council broke up. Next day, we addressed the Winnebagoes, as we had the Chippeways, &c. the day before, and at their request gave them a copy of our speech.

After counselling among themselves, the Chippeways, &c. answered favorably as to a sale, though they would do nothing yet, until they had fixed on their terms.

The Winnebagoes appeared, in council, and delivered many speeches to us. They demanded, the twenty thousand dollars worth of goods. "Wipe out your debt, was their reply, before you run in debt again to us."

Our goods, owing to the low stage of the water, had not arrived yet, and the Indians feared we did not intend to fulfil Gov. Cass' agreement, of the year before. When our goods did arrive, and they saw them, they then changed their tone a little; but in the meantime, great uneasiness existed, and I was often seriously advised by Nawkaw and other friends, to go into the Fort, as Gen. M'Niel had done. Col. Menard's ill health, had compelled him to leave the ground and go to Gen. Street's, five miles (the General calls it three) from the council house. Unless we left the ground, we were told, by the Winnebagoes, that they "would use a little switch upon us." In plain English, they would assassinate the whole of us, out of the Fort. Two hundred warriors, under Keeokuk and Morgan, of Sauks and Foxes, arrived, and began their war dance, for the United States, and they brought word that 30 steam boats with cannon, and U. S. troops, and 400 warriors of their own, were near at hand! The Winnebagoes were silenced by this intelligence, and by demonstrations, not misunderstood by them.

When KEEOKUK arrived, he brought two deserters from the garrison here, whom he had made prisoners on his way up the river. Quasquawma and his son-in-law, Tiama came with Keeokuk. It was a season of great joy with me, who placed more reliance on these friendly warriors, than on all our other forces. Good as our officers were, our soldiers of the army, were too dissipated and worthless to be relied on, one moment. Taking KEEOKUK aside, and alone, I told him in plain English, all I wanted of him, what I would do for him, and what I expected from him and his good offices. He replied in good English, "I understand you sir, perfectly, and it shall all be done." It was all done faithfully, and he turned the tide in our favor.

The goods arrived and also our provisions, Col. Menard's and Gen. M'Niel's health were restored and they appeared

again at the council house, and every thing wore a new aspect. They approved of all I had done in their temporary absence.

On the 29th day of July, 1829, we concluded our treaty with the Chippewas, Ottowas, and Pottawatimies.

On the 1st day of August, a treaty was concluded with the Winnebagoes.

So the treaties were executed at last, and about eight millions of acres of land added to our domain, purchased from the Indians. Taking the three tracts, ceded, and forming one whole, it extends from the upper end of Rock Island to the mouth of the Wisconsin—from latitude 41 degrees, 30 minutes, to latitude 43 degrees, 15 minutes, on the Mississippi. Following the meanderings of the river, it is called 240 miles from south to north. It extends along the Wisconsin and Fox rivers from west to east, so as to give us a passage across the country from the Mississippi to lake Michigan. The south part of the purchase extends from Rock Island, to lake Michigan. South of the Wisconsin, the Indians now own only reservations, where they live, which as soon as the white people settle on all the ceded lands, will be sold to us, and the Indians will retire above the Wisconsin, or cross the Mississippi, where the bear, the beaver, the deer, and the bison invite them. The United States now own all the country on the east side of the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Wisconsin. When I have crossed Rock river, after having passed over the interior of the ceded country, I will describe it, more particularly.

It remains for me, to make a few remarks upon the country, along the Mississippi, from Fort Edwards, upward, and briefly describe Prairie Du Chien.

Ascending the Mississippi, the country appeared to rise up out of the river at Fort Edwards, and the hills assume a greater elevation, still, at Du Buque's mine and tomb, not far from Galena. From thence upwards, the bottom lands are narrow, the river turns towards the north west, and becomes very crooked, bounded by high hills. Cassville, thirty miles below Prairie Du Chien, stands on a narrow bottom, where an opening into the mineral country, in the direction of Mineral Point, presents itself. This easy passage down to the river, has located a town here, of a few

houses, consisting of a tavern, a store house for the lead, belonging to the United States; and here a government sub agent to collect and receive the government's share of lead residues, Major Beall.

Opposite to the mouth of the Wisconsin, stands Pike's hill, lofty and abrupt, and just above this place, on the eastern bank of the river, begins the low prairie ground on which Fort Crawford, and the village of Prairie Du Chien stand. The town begins to show itself three miles above the Wisconsin, and extends upwards, about nine miles, where it ends. The river is full of islands, and when at its highest altitude in a freshet, is three miles in width, from hill to hill. Originally settled by the French, it was once a place of some importance, as the remains of old cellars and chimneys show. [That importance is no more, and probably never will be again. Overflowed by high waters, and but little good land near it, without water power, I see little inducement, to build up a town here. On the north side of the Wisconsin, there is no land, on which a town can be located near the Wisconsin, and the south side is preferable for it, where one will, one day, rise up. The town, though, is a seat of justice for a county of Michigan, and perhaps 30 families, besides those belonging to the garrison, reside here. No Indians reside near here, and there is no sort of need of, nor propriety in having an agency, &c. here, for the Winnebagoes, because Fort Winnebago is the proper place for the agency.

Gen. Street, the agent, and near relative of Mr. Barry, the Postmaster General, is the present agent, and his residence, I consider to be about five miles above the Fort, though I am aware, that Gen. Street's estimated distance is only three miles.

The water found by digging in this prairie, is not always good, and that in our well, was the worst I ever tasted, operating upon the bowels like glauber salts, and I suffered excessively from using it. Even the food cooked in it affected me seriously. The well in the fort is better, and some persons obtain water, from springs in the river, when it is low. The river covers all the town, and where the fort is, in high water. The Mississippi rising late in the season, and subsiding in the summer solstice, this place must be sickly, in summer, every year, when a freshet takes

such a time to appear. In 1829, there was no rise in the river, of any amount, and the place was healthy.

The only Indians living on this river, below this place, and near it, are the Sauks and Foxes. The principal town of the former, on the east side of the Mississippi, is situated on the north side of Rock river, near its mouth, and in sight of the Mississippi. Not many years ago, this town contained, it is said, four or five thousand inhabitants. They have sold all the country east of the river Mississippi, and are withdrawing from it, to a new town, some ten miles west of their old town, and about the same distance from Rock island.

The principal town of the Foxes is on the brink, of the river near Du Buque's mine, and in sight of his tomb, which is erected on a high hill, where the cross on his grave can be seen from the river, to a considerable distance from it. Du Buque was an Indian trader and lived and died here.

The Fox town contains twenty wigwams or upwards, and I presume some two hundred Indians. I saw but a few acres of poorly cultivated corn near the town, and the wigwams looked shabby enough. Morgan is the principal warrior of this village, as Keokuk is of the Rock river town.

The Sauks and Foxes were so useful to us as auxiliaries, that I feel grateful to them and make a few remarks on their principal men, who were with us.

KEOKUK, the principal warrior, of the Sauks, is a shrewd politic man, as well as a brave one, and he possesses great weight of character in their national councils. He is a high minded, honorable man, and never begs of the whites.

While ascending the Mississippi to join us, at the head of his brave troops, he met, arrested and brought along with him, to Fort Crawford, two United States' soldiers, who were deserting from the garrison, when he met them. I informed him that for this act, he was entitled to a bounty in money; to which he proudly replied, that he acted from motives of friendship towards the United States and would accept no money for it.

MORGAN is the principal warrior of the Foxes, and resides at Du Buque's mine, on the western bank of the Mississippi. Though less versatility of talent belongs to him than Keokuk possesses, yet he is a brave man and fond of

war. More than a year before we were in that country, this Indian general, had gone to the Sioux country and killed a woman and three children of that nation, which act produced the war, then raging between the two nations. This act has since been dreadfully avenged by a large party, on some twenty individuals of the Foxes.

TIAMA, a principal civil chief of the same tribe, is an excellent man, and the son-in-law of Quasquawma. Their village is already noticed as being located on the west side of the river, opposite where we lay on an island, at the head of the lower rapids.

QUASQUAWMA, was the chief of this tribe once, but being cheated out of the mineral country, as the Indians allege, he was degraded from his rank and his son-in-law Tiama elected in his stead. The improvisatori, whose name has escaped my recollection, is a shrewd wit, and a very good man, certainly a very amiable and agreeable one. He is highly esteemed by all his people.

TOM, a half blood, is a great pet, among the whites. He speaks prairie-wolf-French, and a little English, in addition to his knowledge of Indian languages.

Of the above named individuals, and several others belonging to these brave and generous allies, I brought away with me as correct likenesses as I ever saw drawn. Gratitude towards them, was my motive for being at the expense of these beautiful paintings, which have gone to London, a year since. Like many other expenses, I was necessarily put to, I have never received, even one cent from the government towards them, nor have I received one cent, either for my expenses or my services, at St. Louis; the lower rapids; Rock island; or Galena. I say this, because it has been stated, very differently, even on the floor of the House of Representatives. It is not true, that all my expenses were paid by the United States; nor is it true! that my services have been paid for, by the government at all. In saying this, I do it in justice to myself as I would, to do justice to any other injured individual, however humble in the nation. I am even yet unpaid, but I never will condescend to beg for my pay, at the doors of Congress. I did once expect, very different treatment from my country.

Before I give an account of our parting scene, with our red friends, at Prairie du Chien, I proceed to give my views

of the Indian nations of the upper Mississippi, in particular, and of the man of America, in general. And I begin with the

ORIGIN OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

In order to trace the red man of America, to his origin, writers have generally had recourse to the languages of these people, compared with those of other nations, ancient and modern. Some writers have found customs among them, resembling those of the Greeks, the Romans, the Turks, the Phoenicians, the Gauls, the ancient Britons, and even the Jews! Some savage tribes, who are cleanly in their habits, and dwell in a cold climate, have fair skins, blue eyes, and light colored hair, and are fancifully supposed to be the remains of a Welch colony, which in truth never sailed from Wales, nor any where else, as Winterbottom has proved.

I propose, as briefly as possible, to remark upon their languages, in the first place, and afterwards, examine such of their manners and customs, as some persons have supposed go, to prove their origin. I shall be very cautious in the use of vocabularies, so often paraded before us with great ostentation, because, I know how extremely incorrect they are.

Unwritten languages, are very imperfect, at best, and unless great pains are taken by a good ear, the sounds of the words, are not caught, correctly. Illiterate interpreters too, make many blunders, and the same sounds are written down very differently, by Spaniards, Frenchmen, and the English. Hence a difference of spelling the same words, and even when spelt correctly, we Americans have widely deviated, in our pronunciation of words (which were, and still are written correctly,) from the true pronunciation. As an illustration, take the words, "Ches-e-ake," which signifies in the Ojibeway tongue, 'a town at the mouth of a river.' It was an Indian town, at the mouth of the Susquehannah river. We have made one word of it, and with it, covered a large bay, which we call Chesapeake. Similar mistakes exist in almost all our names of Indian nations, towns, lakes and rivers. Not a few of our supposed Indian names, are not Indian names, and never were used by any Indians, on earth. Ohio, itself, is not an

insects may not destroy his corn, nor any bad birds be suffered to fly about the council with false stories. All this is uttered without much gesticulation, and without enthusiasm; but should he touch upon the subject of a sale of his country, his whole soul is in every word, in every look, in every gesture. His eye flashes fire, he raises himself upon his feet, his body is thrown in every variety of attitude—every muscle is strained—every nerve is exerted to its utmost power, and his voice is loud, clear, distinct and commanding. He becomes, to use his own expressive phrase—A MAN.

He recalls to the minds of his audience the situation and circumstances of his ancestors, when they inhabited the whole continent; when they, and they only, climbed every hill and every mountain, cultivated in peace the most fertile spots of earth, angled in every stream, and hunted over every plain in quest of game, and glided along in their canoes, on every river and every lake. He tells his auditors that his ancestors had their lodges in the coolest shades in summer, beside the purest fountains, where an abundance of food was always at hand and easily obtained; that all the labor they had to perform, was only what the white man calls sport and pastime. That in winter he dwelt in the thickest forests, where he was protected from every piercing wind.

The white man came across the great water—he was feeble and of small stature—he begged for a few acres of land, so that he could by digging in the earth, like a squaw, raise some corn, some squashes and some beans, for the support of himself and family. Indian pity was excited by the simple tale of the white man's wants, and his request was granted. He who was so small in stature, became so great in size, that his head reached the clouds, and with a large tree for his staff, step by step he drove the red man before him from river to river, from mountain to mountain, until the red man seated himself on a small territory as a final resting place, and now, the white man wants even that small spot.

To continue to use the language of the "LITTLE BOOK" at Prairie Du Chien, in July, 1829. The first white man we know, was a Frenchman—he lived among us, as we did, he painted himself, he smoked his pipe with us.

sung and danced with us, and married one of our squaws, but he wanted to buy no land of us! The "Red-coat" came next, he gave us fine coats, knives and guns and traps, blankets and jewels; he seated our chiefs and warriors at his table, with himself; fixed epaulets on their shoulders, put commissions in their pockets, and suspended medals on their breasts, but never asked us to sell our country to him! Next came the "Blue coat," and no sooner had he seen a small portion of our country, than he wished to see a map of THE WHOLE of it; and, having seen it, he wished us to sell it ALL to him. Gov. Cass, last year, at Green Bay, urged us to sell ALL our country to him, and now, your fathers, repeat the request. Why do you wish to add our small country to yours, already so large? When I went to Washington, to see our great father, I saw great houses all along the road, and Washington and Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York are great and splendid cities. So large and beautiful was the President's house, the carpets, the tables, the mirrors, the chairs, and every article in it, were so beautiful, that when I entered it, I thought I was in heaven, and the old man there, I thought was the Great Spirit; until he had shaken us by the hand, and kissed our squaws, I found him to be like yourselves, nothing but a man! You ask us to sell all our country, and wander off into the boundless regions of the West. We do not own that country, and the deer, the elk, the beaver, the buffalo and the otter now there, belong not to us, and we have no right to kill them. Our wives and our children now seated behind us, are dear to us, and so is our country, where rest in peace the bones of our ancestors. Fathers! pity a people, few in number, who are poor and helpless. Do you want our country? your's is larger than our's. Do you want our wigwams? you live in palaces. Do you want our horses? your's are larger and better than our's. Do you want our women? your's now sitting behind you, (pointing to Mrs. Rolette and her beautiful daughters, and the ladies belonging to the officers of the Garrison,) are handsomer and dressed better than our's. Look at them, yonder! Why, Fathers, what can be your motive?

Such is the substance and almost the very words of Hewaneka, in council. His gestures were very graceful, but, in those parts of his speech, where he felt deeply, what he

said, his gesticulation was violent, and his whole soul appeared to be agitated in the highest degree.

Among the Sauks and Foxes, Keeokuk and Morgan, the head warriors of the two tribes were their orators, who addressed us. They always consulted the civil chiefs, as to the matters to be touched on in their speeches. A solemn national council was called upon the subject, and the result of their deliberations, was communicated to the orators.

Among the Winnebagoes, they generally put forward as orators, half breeds, such as Snakeskin and the Little Elk, but on great occasions the principal chiefs appear as orators. Among them, orators do not, as such, stand as high as they do among civilized nations. Under an aristocracy, birth is esteemed of great consequence, and in a savage state, bodily powers and prowess are considered of greater value than among us, who are more intellectual than man in his natural condition. The Indian word for an orator, is "bab-bler." Thus, we see, that our red men are not sufficiently advanced in the arts, either of life or of government, to give an orator all the consequence which our condition as a people affords. Could the man of America throw off his aristocracy, his love of war, his indolence which has its origin partly in these sources, and adopt all the new wants of civilized life, which are the true fountain heads, of all our industry, he might excel as an orator at the bar, on the stage, in the desk, in the mixed assembly, and in the Senate hall. Until then, he will rise no higher than he now is: his speeches will be vehement, his gesticulation violent, and repetitions, and darkness, and obscurity, mixed with some beautiful allusions to nature, and vague traditions, handed down, from ages gone by, will be found in all his harangues. Logan's speech was simplicity itself, and was and is admired all over the world, but Logan had spent the most of his days among the whites, whom he more resembled in all his ideas, than his own people. Such a speech as Logan's never was delivered by an Indian, who never saw a white man. There are in it a clearness, a directness, a point, a simplicity, which belong to the speech of a civilized man, who at the same time, is a full blooded savage in his heart.