

TOUR TO THE LAKES.

SKETCHES
OF
TOUR TO THE LAKES,

OF THE CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS OF THE

CHIPPEWAY INDIANS,

AND OF INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH

THE TREATY OF FOND DU LAC.

BY THOMAS L. MCKENNEY,

OF THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT,

And joint Commissioner with his Excellency Gov. Cass, in negotiating the Treaty.

ALSO,

A Vocabulary

OF THE

ALGIC, OR CHIPPEWAY LANGUAGE,

FORMED IN PART, AND AS FAR AS IT GOES, UPON THE BASIS OF ONE FURNISHED
BY THE HON. ALBERT GALLATIN.

"Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world."..... *Cowper.*

ORNAMENTED WITH TWENTY-NINE ENGRAVINGS, OF LAKE SUPERIOR, AND OTHER
SCENERY, INDIAN LIKENESSES, COSTUMES, &c.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY FIELDING LUCAS, JUN'R
1827.

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this eighteenth day of April, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Fielding Lucas, Jun^r, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes, of the Character and Customs of the Chippeway Indians, and of incidents connected with the Treaty of Fond Du Lac. By Thomas L. McKenney, of the Indian Department, and joint Commissioner with his Excellency Gov. Cass, in negotiating the Treaty. Also, a Vocabulary of the Algie, or Chippeway Language, formed in part, and as far as it goes, upon the basis of one furnished by the Hon. Albert Gallatin.

'Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world.'...*Copper.*

Ornamented with twenty-nine engravings, of Lake Superior, and other scenery, Indian Likenesses, Costumes, &c."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to the Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

PHILIP MOORE,
Clerk of the District of Maryland.

J. D. TOY, PRINT.

TO THE
HONOURABLE JAMES BARBOUR,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

DEAR SIR,

The high opinion I entertain of your worth as a Citizen, and Patriot, and as a public functionary, would authorize an expression of it, upon all proper occasions—but when to this is superadded the obligation under which I am laid, not only by the temporary absence which, in a season of indisposition, you so kindly granted me from the public duties of my office, but in joining me in a commission of importance, and with a distinguished Citizen, with whom it could not be otherwise than a pleasure to be associated, I feel anxious to testify this obligation by some acknowledgment of it, and in a manner the least exceptionable to yourself.

Having been solicited to publish the gleanings of my Tour, and which I undertook to collect, and transmit, from time to time, in compliance with the request of a friend, I have yielded, chiefly for the sake of the opportunity which the occasion furnishes for a gratification of my feelings, by inscribing them to you. However little there is in the work to recommend it to your approbation, either of the graces of literary composition, or of the more solid materials of scientific research, I trust it will be received in testimony of the very great respect, and gratitude, with which I have the honour to be, your

Obliged and obedient servant,

THOS. L. MCKENNEY.

TO THE READER.

I have no apology to offer for the numerous imperfections of this work. I have consented to its publication, and have thus, impliedly at least, admitted, that in my own opinion, full of blemishes as I may esteem it to be, there will remain enough, after these shall have been overlooked, to make it not altogether unworthy of a perusal. It is, however, but justice to state, that I left home without the most remote intention of offering to the public the scraps which I might pick up by the way; and therefore made no preparations, either in books, or tests, or instruments.—I promised in compliance with the request of a friend, and which was made in the night preceding the morning on which I set out, to do, and in a certain way, just what I have accomplished, and just so, and in precisely the order, in which this promise was fulfilled, will the reader find it in this volume.

I am aware that the form might have been changed, and the plan re-modelled; and that in the process the weeds might have been left out, and the flowers, if any, retained. But for such a task I have neither the leisure, nor the inclination. The reader will, therefore, have to follow me,—if he follow at all—in the first track, crooked and uninteresting as it may be; and the only consolation I can offer him is, that when he may arrive at a green spot, or pleasant place,

he has my free consent to sit down and enjoy himself as long as he may think proper; and then, either to continue the journey, or turn back.

I will not however, disguise the fact that lies at the bottom of all this:—I should be not only flattered, but derive a sensible pleasure, if these *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes* are received by the public with approbation, though it should be so faint as to be heard only in whispers.

THE AUTHOR.

TOUR TO THE LAKES.

Georgetown, D. C. May 31, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I have this moment (eleven o'clock at night) received your favour of this date, wishing me an "agreeable trip to the *Fond Du Lac*, and a safe return to my family and friends;" and conveying a "request that I would write you *daily*, and give you every *minutiæ* of my travels, with such reflections as I may esteem it proper to make; and especially to introduce you to the company I may fall in with, and *make you see*, as I shall see them myself, the views, both of land and water, which may lie in the way of my journey, omitting by no means, *every incident* that may have relation to our red people."

I thank you sincerely, my dear ***, for your good wishes; and with the best disposition to comply with your request, I fear I should be venturing too far, were I to make you a promise of its fulfilment. However, relying on your partiality, and on your readiness to make the most of a little, if that little be the offering of friendship, I will go so far as to promise to snatch, for you, from the highways of the land and rivers, and from the lakes and mountains, such incidents as may lie within my reach, and throw them back to you; and, if I can, *daily*, but without regard to order or arrangement; and accompany them with the reflections of the moment, and just as these may arise. In going over some of the grounds, I shall have to tread, of necessity, in paths which

have been often trodden before, and be indebted for my perception of them to others. I make this general acknowledgment beforehand. Indeed, it would be hardly possible to travel through a country, and especially over a public highway, which has been so often and so minutely described, as has so much of the way as lies before me, and between Washington and Buffaloe, by the way of the North river, &c. without recurring to places that every body knows by heart, and even in the order in which they have hitherto been written about; and noting also the very incidents themselves which have been so often heretofore recurred to. Do not therefore look for any thing new, at least until I shall get without the limits of the states. I may find some special difficulty in introducing you to the company I may fall in with—but I may occasionally attempt even this; and as to the red people, when I shall have gotten among them, it will be precisely the subject about which I would prefer to write; and of these I will say to you what I can. But I despair of making you see things as I may see them myself. My powers are not of that graphic sort—I wish they were.

I shall be off in the morning, and in the six o'clock stage, but shall leave my prayers for your preservation and happiness. In haste—but sincerely and truly yours.

P. S. You knew Ben? he goes as my servant.

Baltimore, Thursday, June 1st, 1826.

MY DEAR

I am now in the city of monuments, of hospitality, and of patriotism. I arrived at two o'clock, and am at Barnum's, whose house is full to within a few inches of overflowing, chiefly of visitors from different parts of the state to the cattle show, which commenced to-day. The party of heads of departments from Washington is here, together with some other officers of the general government, who came up yesterday to attend the exhibition. If I had

reached the city two hours earlier I might have been tempted, notwithstanding the heat and the dust, to have attended too. Assemblies of this sort ought to be encouraged. They furnish a strong—perhaps the strongest incentive to our agriculturists, those noble reapers of Heaven's immediate bounty,—and a class of citizens upon which the entire family of man is so dependent;—and our mechanics, the muscle and bone of our strength;—and our manufacturers, who prepare for us our facilities and comforts. Here these three classes meet, and mutual emulation is excited; and here are exhibited the fruits of their industry and skill; and here lessons of improvement are learned for the government of the future. I know not to what Maryland is so much indebted for the increased fertility of her lands, and the extraordinary improvements in her agriculture, as to these very meetings, seconded and sustained as they are, and so ably, by that invaluable journal "*The American Farmer.*" From this paper has proceeded lights the most cheering and valuable; and by the aid of which so many, who before this luminary of practical science rose upon them, were groping their way amidst a most impoverishing and disheartening darkness, have risen into the enjoyment of hitherto unexperienced comforts—and many of them of wealth. Great efforts have been made also, as you know, by the enlightened conductor of that paper, to improve the breed of horses and cattle, of sheep and hogs, and especially to bring agricultural implements, in whatever relates to their structure and power, to their greatest perfection, and particularly the plough, which, you know, is at *the root of all*. Nor have our manufactures been forgotten. We have seen how reviving the influence is upon these, in the very handsome fabricks which our looms turn out, and often too in the beautiful and nicer work of the fair in our domestic circles.

Of agriculture, Roscoe, I think it is, says—"It tends not only to promote that competency which is requisite to our individual support, but, at the same time to inspire those dispositions and feelings which are the source of intellectual en-

joyment, and result in the productions of literature and taste." "Instances," proceeds this distinguished writer, "might be adduced both in the ancient and modern times where the prosperity, and even *refinement* of a nation has been chiefly raised upon the basis of successful agricultural pursuits."

The same conclusion which the same author draws, in another place from the advantages which commerce and literature derive from each other, may be as fairly deduced from the coming together "of citizens of a state upon subjects of general interest;" and if the prosperity and refinement of a nation have been raised upon the basis of successful agricultural pursuits, who is there that would not wish for the perpetual existence of this annual exhibition, and success to agriculture every where?

Among the first persons in the group of strangers in the passage way by whom I was met, was Mr. G——n. This extraordinary man is certainly, to all outward appearance, younger than when, some sixteen years ago, he was secretary of the treasury; and his faculties are sustained by a vigour which satisfies me that he can bear with greater ease the weight of sixty-two winters than most men can that of fifty. I have had of late, as you know, much intercourse with this gentleman on the subject of our Indian relations, but especially in reference to a work in which he is engaged, and which has for its object a classification of the languages and dialects of the various tribes, with a view to ascertain their common origin. In this work he has already made great progress. For its basis he has prepared a vocabulary, in which he has, in part, followed the famous one of the Empress Catharine, but in many respects greatly improving it; besides adapting it, throughout, to the genius and comprehension of our Indians. I hope to procure a perfect filling out of this vocabulary in its words, and forms, and sentences, in Chippeway.*

* The Vocabulary at the end of this volume, so far as it goes, is upon the basis of that furnished by Mr. Gallatin—but my time was so limited, it was not possible for the intelligent agent at the Sault, Mr. Schoolcraft, who has the most perfect knowledge of the Chippeway language, and to whom I am

I need not tell you how gratified I am to find so interesting a subject in the hands of such a man. Almost every thing relating to the history of our Indians, remains to this hour, in uncertainty; and, as to their *origin*, no intelligent man will pretend, now-a-days, to venture a decision upon it. If any thing is ever to be accomplished in regard to this interesting question, it is certainly high time the work was begun, as it is also in regard to any work of mercy that may be in contemplation for the redemption and preservation of this race. They are fast melting away, and in a state, with some comparatively limited exceptions, of the most squalid wretchedness.

The visitors to the cattle show from Washington returned about three o'clock, dusty as millers, and hot as summer—but well. I have met also with several old acquaintances from both the Eastern and Western shore—and enjoyed the pleasure of talking over the events of by-gone times.

You see I have not written a word about the *eight hours* ride from Georgetown to Baltimore. There is the best reason in the world for it. *I have not one word to say.*

Good night—Ever yours.

P. S. I have had the pleasure of seeing our friends in Baltimore, and to have found them all well.

Baltimore, Friday, June 2d, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

It is now four o'clock. In an hour I shall be off, and in the steam boat, of course. And here I had concluded to finish this day's letter, but on second thought it occurs to me that I should not be fulfilling my promise. It is true the obligation was voluntary, but I do not consider it to be the less binding on that account; and yet I begin to think before the four months shall have gone round, that I expect to be absent, you will be the first to wish I had never contracted it at all.

indebted for the partial one I have affixed to this volume, to do more towards the execution of that great outline furnished by Mr. G——n. This, however, will be found interesting.—*Author.*

My first business after breakfast was to call, as it was yesterday agreed I should do, upon Mr. G——. I found him up to his very eyes in the business of preparation for his trip to England. Books, papers, boxes, were in every direction, and he in the midst. But he had leisure to resume our Indian subject, and to discuss it, as he does all other subjects with a brisk, and animated, and penetrating spirit, which never fails to ferret out of the darkest corners every thing that may be concealed there with life enough to stir; or if dead, that is worth bringing out into the light. When such a man speaks, I generally listen, and hear; and when the subject relates to our Indians, I endeavour to profit by it. I have not time even to sketch an outline of this conversation. We agreed to exchange letters, and parted—I for the Lakes, and he for London.

I dined with my excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. N——; and have just risen from table that I might say thus much to you, and tell you how sincerely and truly I am yours.

Brunswick, N. J. Saturday, June 3, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

At five o'clock, yesterday, the steamboat left the wharf at Baltimore, and arrived at Frenchtown, without any variation of the usual appearance of things upon this route, or the occurrence of a single incident worth mentioning, and as usual, at the very uncomfortable hour of midnight, where the baggage you know is shifted, with its owners, into stages for Newcastle, distant about fifteen miles, and where, at the hardly less uncomfortable hour of daybreak, we are again shifted from the stages into the steamboat on the Delaware. Still this accommodation to the public is great. About eleven o'clock we arrived at Philadelphia. The Delaware and its shores looked as usual; and Mud fort and Red bank both remain to preserve with the same fidelity the deeds done at them in the war of the revolution.

I paid my respects to the wealthy and *regular built* city of Philadelphia as I passed, but only for an hour; for, after delivering a letter with which I was charged by a friend in Baltimore, and calling to pay my respects to my valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——s, I went on board the Trenton steamboat to write letters.

Philadelphia has always been full of interest to me. The many and frequent visits I have made to it in my earlier life, and to friends who have nearly all of them passed away, will make it always fruitful in associations, many of them mournful, but many also of the most agreeable sort. And then you know it is the City of Penn, that incomparable lawgiver and philanthropist; and contains within it the remains of Franklin and of Rush, and others, whose lives and labours reflect such lustre on their country, and endear to it, by ties that can never be severed, their memory and their renown. *And then its charities*—but I have not time to enlarge.

At two o'clock we were under way. I was happy in meeting in the boat with my early and excellent friend, the Rev. J. E——y and family, travelling to New York. I need not tell you that we soon formed a kind of travelling party, nor that the way, to me at least, was made thereby highly agreeable. But home, and those who are dear to me there, would now and then pass in review before me, and bring over my feelings the kind of shadows that have weight! It is not so easy, my dear ***, after all that is attributed to the power of absence, or said, or sung of its smile-blighting influence, to leave one's family and friends, with a lake and wilderness journey of two thousand miles in prospect, and be insensible to such a parting. The home that has been left in all the beauty and freshness of spring, has often been returned to, and found clad in mourning, and surrounded by the dreariness and desolation of winter; and often, too, in a shorter period than that which is marked for my return. But I will dismiss such reflections—and refer all to

“The Governor of all, himself to all
 So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
 The unfledg’d raven and the lion’s whelp
 Plead not in vain.”

The steamboat, as usual, touched at Burlington and at Bristol. At the former place I should have been delighted to have stopped, if for only ten minutes, but that time could not be allowed, and so we passed on, and were fortunate in being able to reach Trenton by water, which is not always done. There are several miles which, in low water, have to be gone over in stages. The water was now high enough, and this inconvenience obviated.

Trenton is a respectable looking town, about thirty-three miles from Philadelphia, and has the appearance of a place of business. But as I am not going to encumber my letters with any very considerable weight of statistical materials, its population and the items which usually enter into the composition of tables of the sort, will have to be omitted—and especially as I am a stage passenger, and stop only long enough for the driver to deliver his mail, water his horses, and take a dram, in which last act he is not unfrequently very ably seconded by good men and true, who stand ready to bear him company. On this occasion he had one at each elbow, who seemed to have been brought along for this express purpose.

It were not possible, however, even to fly through Trenton without seeing and admiring its arched bridge, and recurring to that spirited and bloody fight of the 8th Dec. 1776; and pausing to look at the Assumpsick, now so peaceful and pure, but which on that day was troubled and red with blood! It was a day of victory—and a day which gave renewed strength to the arms, and fresh animation to the spirits of our patriot fathers. It was a day of glory, and Trenton was the chosen spot for its display. Yes, and long after Trenton shall have, like Babylon, and Carthage, and other cities of olden time, been mingled with the earth, and no vestige of it remain, will its name be preserved, and the memory of

the patriots, and heroes who fought, and bled, and died there, be gratefully cherished.

The prospects of the farmer on the greater part of this route, I mean from Trenton to Brunswick, are better than I expected to find them. The drought is oppressive, and nature throughout her domain was, until to-day, thirsty and almost to famishing; but here she was better able to endure the absence of rain than with us, because there is more fertility here, the grounds are better, and better covered with verdure, and are therefore in a situation to imbibe and retain the damps of the atmosphere. But rain began to be actually needed even here. The harvest had attained its accustomed height, but there was a moisture required at the root of the stock to put in motion the needed supply for the perfection of the grain—and at this critical moment the clouds gathered, and this great blessing is conferred, but amidst a display of electric fire, such as is rarely witnessed. We had passed through Trenton but a short time before this elementary war commenced, and before we had reached Princeton, the welkin rung with the blast and the thunder, and the ground was well soaked.

Princeton! What an ornament to New Jersey. How honourable is the interesting nursery of science and of religion which graces this little town, to the state*—and, may it not be added, *to the nation?* I could do no more, in passing, than look with grateful recollections to the past, and hopes for the future, upon those edifices in which science holds her seat, and religion has erected her altar. And here, too, has the blood of the patriot been shed. These fields have been honoured with the presence of freemen contending for liberty, and with some of the richest blood of the country; for here *Mercer* fell! It was here that the sun which had shed his last parting ray upon Washington at Trenton the evening before, rose upon him and his army the next morning, and lighting the ground, in place of the fires that he had left burning at

* Though not indebted to it for the means, either for its origin or continuance.

Trenton, demonstrated to the astonished British general, that the roar of the cannon, which came from the *direction* of Princeton, was none other than that which Washington had with him the evening before at Trenton! What a movement! In the dead of night, and a winter's night, to transport an army, with its baggage and artillery, across the Delaware, unperceived, and almost in the very presence of the enemy! *But Washington was there*—and PROVIDENCE WAS HIS GUIDE. It is said that a cannon ball passed through the chapel at Princeton, on the morning of this ever memorable battle, and took off the head of George III. from his portrait that was hanging there. This might have indicated the issue of the war, and would, to others having more faith in omens. But the enemy heeded it not.

On arriving at "the five-mile-house," so called, a watering place and tavern, that distance from Brunswick, and while the drivers were off their seats, a flash of lightning of unusual fierceness, followed quickly by a rattling peal of thunder, alarmed our horses, and they started—but a timely coming up of the drivers stopped them, and thus saved us from a ride to Brunswick in less time than we would have chosen, and perhaps, and what is more likely, from broken bones and comfortless situations along the public way. The drivers stopped the horses, but were not competent to stop a very fat couple who tumbled out of the stage next to ours, one after the other, although we joined in recommending them to be composed and resume their seats. That flash of lightning was too ragged and too fierce for them; and the thunder altogether too appalling, seeing there was no defence between them and this cloudy conflict, but the thin partition of the top of a stage. We left them at this "five mile house," where they doubtless felt more secure, under a shingled roof, with a promise on their part, that "*if the gust cleared up*" they would come on to-night—it was then about sundown—"or to-morrow morning in time for the boat."

How anxiously do I wish, my dear ***, that these clouds may have borne part of their treasures to our district, and the surrounding country—even though the ethereal fire shall have gone as high scorching you as it has me—provided, however, that you should have escaped as I have.

Good night.

New-York, Sunday, June 4th, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

It was not more than fifteen minutes after the seal was put to my letter from Brunswick last night, before I was sound asleep. You know my abhorrence of a feather bed in summer, especially if it shall chance to be one that has not, (together with the room,) been *well aired*. The weather had been hot, and had been only just made cooler by the rain, which would make one more sensible of the *disagreeables* to which I have referred, if the room had not been also freshened and sweetened by the cooler air from without—so, being almost dead for want of sleep, and far from well in other respects, I solicited, and obtained, a cot and a mattress, which the landlord was kind enough to have placed in the middle of the drawing room floor. I slept like a top; I am refreshed, and feel all the better for it to-day.

The morning broke finely. Loose clouds floated along the sky, showing here and there a blue opening, and the serene of the heaven beyond. Through these, the sun would every now and then look out upon the earth, imparting fresh life to nature, whose exterior had been so recently and so bountifully refreshed, and which had been the more benefitted by the intervention of the night, which gave the earth time to drink up the rain that had fallen upon it.

At six o'clock we were off, (I mean Mr. E——y and his family, and myself, not omitting Ben, to whom it is probable I may have occasion to refer in the future.) We had not proceeded far, before the entire company was thrown into consternation—and the companion-ways were full of the pas-

sengers who had been in the cabin, and who seemed to have been thrown up by some irresistible impulse from below. I felt a momentary tremor myself, but being seated in the stern of the boat, I saw sooner than those who were below, the cause of the alarm. Part of the machinery had given way, and with a loud crash, which, in these boiler-bursting times, was calculated to occasion the alarm. The lever, I saw, continued to work, but with a feebler and less frequent motion. The boiler had not, therefore, burst, but a sudden gushing out of steam from below satisfied some, that if the boiler was sound, the boat was on fire! But these fears also were soon quieted. We suffered only the inconvenience of some hours delay in getting to this wonderful city. The fractured part of the machinery let off a large portion of the steam, and the engineer not being able to repair it, at that time, we had to be content with the speed which now marked our progress, and which did not exceed, I should judge, five miles the hour. We had been just speaking of our fat couple with whom we had separated at the five mile house, and expressing our regrets that they had not got up in time for the boat; when, in an hour after, a boat that left Brunswick after we did, came up, and as she passed, we saw our travellers among the passengers. They bowed as they passed, and were, no doubt, happy to be accounted among the number of those, who, though last, are sometimes first. Their countenances had cleared off with the morning, and to look at them as they went by, you would have thought they had never known what it was to be frightened in all their lives. We arrived at this city some two hours after the usual time, with no other inconvenience, except the delay, and a most annoying thump from some part of the machinery, that followed every motion of the lever, and which was itself followed by the bursting out from the covered ways, of just that much of steam as was needed to give the boat her customary speed, and which was just enough to make her appear to be on fire within.

On arriving at the wharf, I directed a coachman, on being received, together with my baggage and Ben, to drive to Mechanic Hall. I saw he was at a loss, and so I added, "drive up Broadway, and I will tell you where to stop." When I had got nearly opposite the Hall, I pointed to the door, when he exclaimed: "this, sir, is *Park Place House!*" I did not regard the new title, seeing it was the same house, which I used to know, though under another title. On entering I discovered it had changed in nothing but in name—and names are things which I have about as little regard for as for any other trifling matters, unless, indeed, they shall be characteristic of some valuable quality. But here stands the "house," and there is the "park," and there too is the fine open "place;" but here all stood, and precisely as they stand now, when it was known by the title of "Mechanic Hall." The new name has made no addition, that I can see, to either the one or the other; and though as good in all that relates to the accommodations of the interior, I am not able to see that it is any better. I think it was idle, to say the least of it, if not pedantic, to change MECHANIC HALL, into "*Park Place House.*" But all this is no business of mine.

On entering my name on the register, I saw, and just preceding mine, that of "Gen. M——b, and lady." • I soon after had the pleasure of seeing them, and of seeing them both well. I have seen also Captain C——e of the Navy, and on my way to enjoy my luxury—a warm bath, met our old acquaintance Col. P——. In the afternoon I crossed over to Brooklyn to see an old friend. It was a little curious, we crossed in the same boat, and neither saw the other until some time after we had landed; and it is the more remarkable as the same incident had happened between Philadelphia and Burlington. B——d M'——ne and lady, and his brother H——y, were on board, and neither of us saw the other until we were within five miles of Burlington.

Now, my dear ***, you will not, I feel assured, expect me to branch out upon any one of the numerous subjects that might be touched upon in relation to this wonderful city. In

the first place, I must proceed in the morning, and have already selected the Safety barge, the Lady Clinton, for my conveyance; and in the next, I am sick. But if I had not, and if I were well, what time do you suppose I would be willing to compound for as being enough to trace the outlines of such a mammoth as New York has grown to be? And where should I begin? Would you have me to write its history? To go back to the year 1606, I think it was, when the royal patent was issued by James I. for the settlement of two colonies, of which this is one? And thence on to two years afterwards, when Henry Hudson discovered Long Island and the country round about here? not, of course, forgetting the famous bay and river which bear his name to this day; and then, by the faint glimmering of the lights of those times, trace out the lineaments of Vantwiller's negative government, and the more spirited and active one of Stuyvesant—the last of the Dutch governors? And then follow out the bickerings, and open ruptures between the Dutch and the English, and the conquests of the latter over the former, and the more sanguinary wars between the French, and the English, and the Indians, the Dutch having lain by, and given up their pretensions both to rule and to fight—and thence onward to the starting place of liberty, where it was trumpeted forth that “these colonies *are*, and of right *ought to be*, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES”—and onward still to the coming out place at the peace of 1783, when they were so acknowledged? And suppose I should fill out this *little* outline, what then? Why, you would know just about as much of New York, *of this single city*, I mean, as the ancient settlers of Communipaw knew of the Rocky mountains, or of Columbia river. No—no, to *look* at this great mountain of materials is as much as I have the courage to do. Grave and plodding historians, only, can venture to approach it. It will never do for me to make such a sweep into the past eternity. This single city is too much for me; nor do I mean to attempt shewing you its likeness, for I know well, without the presence of your own eyes and ears, I should never

succeed in giving you any tolerable conception of it. When a city grows like this, it is useless to attempt to keep it in one place long enough to take even its profile. *Forty thousand* souls have been added to its population within the last five years, and at this moment the aggregate of human beings, by which I am surrounded, falls little short, if any, of *two hundred thousand!* And as to the city, the old Maiden lane part of it, that has been more than thrice swallowed up by the new, and less *crooked* by-ways; and in fact the town, after being squeezed almost to suffocation, has been compelled to run into the country, in the direction of the North river, to get a breathing place, where, however, it is not permitted to stop a moment, but is pursued to this hour with an army of mechanics with axes, and saws, and hammers, and trowels, and brick and mortar, &c. ; and the noise of drays and carts, and when, or where it will stop, is, I believe, a question which nobody is prepared to answer. But my own opinion is, you and I may live to see the whole island of Manhattan a closely built city! I wondered as I walked up and down Broadway, and in Castle garden, what Stuyvesant's feelings would be, could he open his eyes upon the bustle of this London of America? Could he go out upon the Hudson and see it in a foam with steam boats; and in place of the little shallop in which he used to move about upon the surface of these waters, see these floating palaces, heedless of both wind and tide, moving, or rather flying through the deep. Who knows but he has from his elevation in the other world, beheld the progress and consummation of all this?—and that while those of the *knowing* ones were laughing to scorn the efforts of Fulton to confer the mighty gifts of his genius upon his country and the world, his eye saw through the obstacles. (glancing by the way its fires, for his eye was quick to flash, at those who laughed,) and enjoyed in prospect that, which those who travel now enjoy the indescribable reality. What a swell of population and of wealth has been rolled in upon New York by the genius of Fulton! And this again has been followed by one even yet mightier, produced by the Eric

canal. The two have literally inundated the city, and set its population in motion to such a degree as to make those giddy who are tossed about by these swells, (and not a few are engulfed, and lost!) and those also who keep at a safer distance and survey the scene.

As I looked upon the moving mass—the stir, the whirl, if you please, of Broadway to-day, and beheld it in a glitter with the beauty and fashion of the city, I could but recur to the time when all that now moved with so much grace before me, would be still; and when the eyes that sparkled so, would be dim and sightless, and the hearts that were beating so high with hope in some, and sunk so low by despair in others, would be alike insensible to the objects that now attracted them, and the temples of the Almighty, to which all seemed to be tending, would no more receive them! And this, thought I, is life! Truly indeed it is the

“Shadow on the mountain,
The bubble at the fountain;”

and yet what is more precious? and how loathe is even the criminal, whose good name has been blasted, to part with it—how, even he, clings to it, though he knows he is to live if pardon be extended to him, in a world, upon which he cannot look but with mortification and shame; nor it behold him but with feelings of abhorrence, or at best, of pity. Yet so has man been constituted, and by a wisdom which is infinite, and a goodness no less immeasurable.

There is something of grandeur in all that this city exhibits. There is no insignificance in its outline, and but little in its filling up. Whether you see it from the Hudson, skirted with its forests of masts, and studded in the foreground with islands, and alive with population along its shores; or enter and look upon the interior of the great mart, you will have the same impression; and that is, that New York is the greatest commercial city on the continent; and that time, which produces decay in many other cities, tends only to multiply the power and magnificence of this. Well, if its

patriotism, and the love of mercy which its many associations for the relief of the destitute and distressed, shall keep pace with its wealth and power, and there is no reason to doubt it, *let it grow and flourish.* But I am tired, and so are you, so good night.

Albany, Tuesday, June 6, 1826.

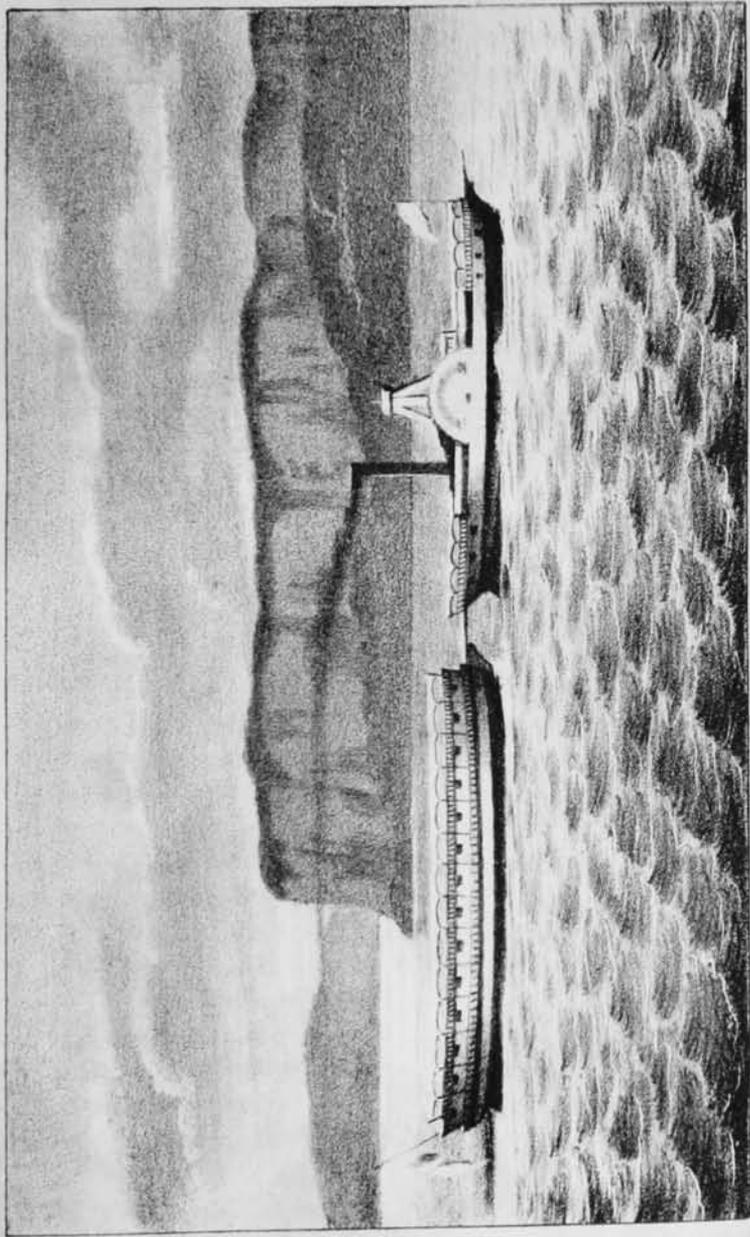
MY DEAR ***

You see I have omitted a day, (yesterday.) I may find it convenient, perhaps, to do so occasionally, in the future. But when I shall, you may be satisfied that there will be some good and sufficient reason for it, though I may not worry you by stopping to assign it. In this instance, however, I will. I did think that you would just as lieve have what I have to say about the North river *up* to Albany, and receive a letter dated from this ancient city, as for it to be broken in two, with one end reaching to Catskill, or *Kuat-skil* mountains, and the other beginning at the overslaugh. To tell you the truth, night coming on soon after we had passed Poughkeepsie, and not being gifted with an eye suited to the observance of scenery by star light, and being, withal, not well, though better than when I left home, I descended, with the shades of evening to my birth. I regretted to lose the prospects which were before me, but confess myself to have been quite prepared for rest. Indeed, although surrounded by some of the boldest outlines, and in the midst of some of the wildest and most august appearances of nature, I did feel a special pleasure as I beheld the twilight receiving from night the touches of those successive shades which soon stopped its glimmering, and covered it with the mantle of the surrounding darkness. But to proceed. I left New York, as I wrote you it was my intention to do, in the Lady Clinton, yesterday morning at nine o'clock. It was the first time I had seen one of these barges. I must confess I was struck with the admirable invention, and with the extent and variety, and perfection, of the accommodations. You have

seen steam boats. This barge, in all respects, except breadth of beam and the machinery, resembles the finest you ever did see. It took me the first half hour after getting on board, to look through this floating palace. It certainly exceeds every thing I have ever yet seen in all that enters into the composition of safety and comfort. Indeed, there is a splendour too in the ornamented parts which is very striking; and as if the inventive genius of the owners was apprehensive that the ear might grow jealous of the eye, that organ has been provided for also, in a fine band of music. I have heard some question the security of this barge, by saying her buoyancy and great elevation above the surface of the water rendered her liable to turn over. But I doubt whether if she and her sister, the Lady Van Rensselaer, ("a twin," I am told, "at all points,") were to glide up and down the North river for a century, that such an occurrence would happen. Were they visitants of the sea, the swells of the ocean might rock them over, but never, in my opinion, will the North river roll so as to occasion such a disaster.

This beautiful barge is towed by the Commerce, an unusually fine steam boat, and of great power. The connection is by means of two pieces of timber some six feet long. These are fastened to either side of the bow of the barge, and uniting in the form of a pair of compasses, the upper, or joint part, receives a bolt of iron which rises out of the stern of the Commerce. The connecting parts work on swivels, hence none of the motion of the steam boat is communicated to the barge. Communication is had between the two, by means of a moveable platform some two and a half feet wide, with hand-rails on either side. Openings are made in the stern of the Commerce, and in the bow of the barge, in which this platform rests. I enclose you a drawing, and must refer you to it for a better conception of the exterior appearance of these boats than I can give you by an attempt at description. There is nothing in an affair of this sort like an appeal to the eye.

Some of the advantages which the barge possesses over the steamboat, are, in the security from the effects of a burst-



Deck of Providence

Swiss

NORTH RIVER STEAM BOAT and SAFETY BARGE.

ed boiler—freedom from the heat and the steam, and from the smell of grease and the kitchen, and from the jar occasioned by the machinery, and in the enlarged accommodations—the whole barge being set apart for eating, and sleeping, and walking. The cabin in which we dine, is below, and is the same in which the gentlemen sleep; and *one hundred and eighty persons* can sit down at once, and each one have elbow-room sufficient for all the purposes of figuring with the knife and fork in all the graces of which these two instruments are susceptible. At the termination of this immense dining apartment, and towards the bow, is a bar most sumptuously supplied with all that can be desired by the most fastidious or thirsty. The births occupy the entire sides of this vast room; these are curtained, and in such way as to afford retirement in dressing and undressing—there being brass rods on which the curtains are projected, and these are thrown out at night. In the day, the curtains hang close to the births, as is usual. Next above this, are the ladies' cabin and apartments—state rooms rather, furnished in the most splendid style, and in which a lady has all the retirement and comfort which the delicacy and tenderness of her sex requires. Over the bar, and upon this middle apartment, or tier, is an apartment where the gentlemen dress, and shave, and read. All around this second story, it being, I should judge, not over two-thirds the width of the boat, and resting on the middle of the deck, is a fine walk, with settees, where you can sit when you please, or lounge. Then comes, and over all, *the grand promenade*, with an awning, when the sun or rain requires it, over the whole.

It is not possible for New York to furnish, in her best hotels, a better dinner than we sat down to yesterday, nor in a better style of preparation. I suppose our company numbered one hundred. The captain is highly qualified, no less by his masterly knowledge of his duty, than by his gentlemanly courtesy, for so splendid a charge; and the attendance appeared to be of the best. Taken altogether, I question whether the world ever witnessed any thing so perfect

in all that relates to the accommodation, and comfort, and pleasure of passengers.

This, then, was the beautiful vessel in which I made my first voyage up the Hudson; for every body, you know, at least since the days of Stuyvesant, who ever went up this famous river, made *a first voyage*. I have sometimes thought, according to Knickerbocker's glowing description of Peter's, that he, perhaps, although he went in the old style, had the most pleasant of all. It has certainly been the most distinguished, and is unrivalled in the incidents with which the genius of the historian has invested it. Mine is but a shadow to it.

I would not have you think, because I am so much delighted with the barge, that I have fallen out with the steamboats—far from it. I look upon them as amongst the best gifts that the travelling community has ever had made to it; but for myself, I would prefer, of the two, the barge. ^v It is proper to state, that the hundred and forty-four miles, the distance from New York to Albany, is gone over, six hours sooner by the steamboats, than by the barge.* We reached this place at six o'clock this morning. The steamboat, the Richmond, I think, that left New York at the same hour yesterday, arrived here at twelve o'clock last night.

Having made you acquainted, as well as I am able, with the Lady Clinton, both outside and in, I have only to add, that I was happy in meeting with very agreeable company. I would, if I had time, introduce you to it—but this may form the subject of a conversation at a future day. You may imagine the interest which I felt, when I tell you I regretted parting with several who left us at West point, and with as much solicitude, as if the acquaintance of the day had been the intimacy of a year. I cannot refrain from naming to you Col. and Mrs. B. of Ph—a; and Mr. and Mrs. P—m—o—y, of C—r—s—town, New York.

* The new Philadelphia steamboat, which has commenced running since this was written, makes the trip in twelve hours! Perhaps this is the finest, and fastest steamboat in the world.

We had not left the wharf at New York more than half an hour, when the wind blew so cold from the north-west, as to make a great-coat indispensable to my comfort, unless I had retired to the cabin, for which I never had so little disposition in all my life—for I had opened both eyes wider than usual to see the justly and far-famed scenery of the Hudson; and was not inclined, yet awhile at least, to close them, even for a moment. I had been up the East River to New Haven, and thence to Newport, and Providence, and on by land to Boston and Salem, but the Hudson was yet to be seen by me, and for the first time. I knew it from sketches—I had seen its more prominent points on canvass, and had read, and with deep intent, the feats of arms that had given to it so much celebrity; and lastly, and with scarcely less interest, though of another sort, the works of our novelist, so large a portion of the ground work of which being laid on this river. But these did not satisfy me. I had scarcely made the turn, and began to look up the river, before I felt that I could bear

“The ruffling wind—scarce conscious that it blew.”

Every where—behind and before, and on both sides, rose the surprising grandeur! The City on the right, swelling out upon the North river, and travelling up it with a most unexampled rapidity—the opening to the ocean behind, and the beautiful islands between; one of them supporting on its eastern slope, the white house, late the residence of the patriot Tompkins, who, in the recent war, devoted his energies like a Roman, in behalf of his country, burning for her honour and triumph with a flame as pure, and as constant, as ever lighted and warmed the breast of patriot, or sage—but who, like many a noble spirit, lived to *feel*, that

“Man is to man the *sorest, surest* ill.”

But his name is enrolled upon the scroll that will retain it—nothing can destroy the memory of such a man, but the fiat that shall consign time to eternity, and with it the records of its duration.

There too, in this view, was Jersey city, and there Hoboken. Hoboken!—alas, that fatal spot. Many a manly heart has, under the influence of a false honour, beat its last pulsation there; and many a dying eye has been moistened, as it turned its last look towards the home it had left but so recently; and where it had beheld, and for the last time, the group in which “domestic bliss” had centered; and the presence of which was never more to light it up into its expressive and tender glow of conjugal and paternal love! Hands have been stiffened there, that were open as melting charity, and cheeks blanched, that were quick to colour up, at the bare mention of crime. The records of Hoboken, its bloody vestments, and the images of wo that have stalked from it into widowed and orphanized mansions, are enough to give it immortality—but an immortality such as the rocks themselves would not covet; and even those who have conferred it, and looked in triumph upon these bloody deeds, emblazoned as they are upon the escutcheons of time, will, without doubt, in the futurity, lament their existence, and wish them stricken from the records of eternity.

Six miles up the river, and on the west side, is a ledge of rocks, and no one passes it without recurring to the fate of Hamilton. Hamilton! none will deny that he was a great man; nor that the flame of a pure patriotism burned bright in his bosom. In the field, too, he was brave and efficient; in the cabinet a light, which, if sometimes erratic, was splendid; and in the senate, and at the bar, he was eloquent. Had he faults? who has not?—Men, you know, will differ. I am not of the school of his politics, but I nevertheless admire his genius, and have never ceased to admire his talents, nor to revere his memory, for the toils he expended in assisting to achieve for me my liberty before I was born. A white marble, I was told, had once marked the spot to which I have referred, and where he fell in that fatal rencontre with Col. Burr—but this has disappeared. Better, perhaps, that the pall of oblivion were thrown over the spot; and that recollections of the event should die:—but this is not possible. Whilst these

rocks remain, and history survives the ruin of rocks, and the drying up of rivers, and the waste of the land, the fall of Hamilton will be perpetuated. In the "Federalist" is to be found his monument; and inscriptions for it lie scattered about the battle-fields of the revolution.

Further up, and perhaps a mile on the right, or east side of the river, is the Lunatic Asylum. Nothing ministers a more agreeable cordial to the reflecting mind, than the sight of places of refuge like this. Lunacy—an asylum for the insane! What a beautiful appendage to the city of New York, and how it ornaments, with a moral grandeur, the outskirts of that great mart. This derangement of the intellect; this falling to pieces of the web-work of the brain; this chaos of the head!—who can think of it without shuddering! May God in his mercy, my dear ***, keep you and I, and all who are dear to us, from dying first at the top!

Next are Harlem heights—the range of a line of defences which reaches across the island from the Hudson to the East river—a barrier selected in the revolution, and resorted to again in the late war, where, in the event of an attempt at invasion, many a gallant spirit stood ready to offer itself up upon the altar of patriotism.

Turning again to the east, you see the pallsadoes, the everlasting boundary on that side of the Hudson, and which put at defiance not only the ascent of the waters, but almost of man himself. These are shewn in part, in the back view of the drawing of the Commerce and her barge. They form a nearly perpendicular wall of from fifty to five hundred feet, and are in extent about twenty miles; they terminate at a point, on the east cape of Tappan bay, that famous place you know, where all the old Dutch navigators took in sail in the evening, guarded well their vessel from the perils of this dangerous deep, and prayed to St. Nicholas. Yet this sea happens to be only a little swelling out of the Hudson at that place, and is now-a-days considered to abound, no less in buffaloes from Missouri, than in dangers of any kind. Opposite the pallsadoes, is a most beautiful country of undu-

lating scenery, and out of the mountain sides of which, and from the forests that surround them, the hand of man has cut farms which are patterns of loveliness, and where the earth smiles beneath the dressings of the husbandman, and blossoms in all the variety of a rich and splendid loveliness. It would seem that nature intended to make a contrast here, and whenever she effects a design of hers, no matter of what kind, it is sure to be perfect.—Upon the one side, the east; are hills, green and soft, and beautiful, rolling in their course; and upon the other, stone, bolt upright, without the sign of vegetation except the shrubbery at the top. And by this single operation, how many thousands of heads has she set to work—geological and botanical;—and how many of the former have pried, busily, into the secrets of those rocks, to ascertain whether they are primitive or secondary; whether *in place* or out of it. It is agreed, I believe, to call the formation, “trap,”—a kind of rock, you know, that breaks in flat layers; whilst upon the other, the botanists have been no less busy in ascertaining the variety and virtues of the trees, plants, shrubs, and flowers, that grow there. One impulse of nature has been sufficient to put at least two sets of naturalists at work, and make busy as many hands and hammers upon the one side, and fingers and eyeglasses on the other, as would occupy the points of a spinning jenny, or the wires of a carding machine. This is the way that nature works. There is no preliminary. Just so, and with the same easy and graceful perfection did she make our Washington, and Franklin, and West—and the Englishman’s boast, Shakspeare. Her aim here, was *perfection*, in all in which these wonderful men were so distinguished; and how precisely did she hit the mark! Let them be matched by the joint efforts of all the colleges and universities in the universe. No—no—they were given out as models; and all that colleges can do, will be to use them as such—but never will they be able to produce a match for either the one or the other.

Fort Lee looks over the pallisadoes from a height, it is said, of some three hundred feet, and on the east side of the Hudson, and nearly opposite, is Fort Washington. Fort Washington, you know, was attacked simultaneously by Knyphausen, with his Hessians, and by Matthews, with his English infantry, in conjunction with Lord Percy, and carried, the enemy capturing about two thousand six hundred men, but killing only a few, whilst he lost about eight hundred. Fort Lee was immediately evacuated, but not in time to save either the stores, or baggage, or artillery. The enemy moved too rapidly over Dobb's ferry to allow our countrymen time to take off any thing save their own persons; but I hold a single man of the revolutionary army, I care not how poor he was, if his heart was in the cause, to have been worth, bad as we wanted them, a dozen cannon; and better was it to have taken off the spirits of those worthies, than to have met the enemy in unequal fight, and sent them liberated into eternity, or to have paralyzed the hopes of the times by surrendering them prisoners of war.

Some three or four miles above Dobb's ferry, and on the same side, (the east of the Hudson,) is Tarry-town, a little secluded place lying under the hill side, and which, apart from the associations that its name gives rise to, would not be worth talking about. But it was here, you know, that Major André was captured by three poor, but firm patriots, for whom gold had no charms, and whose love of country could not be moved by the persuasive eloquence of that accomplished but unfortunate youth. It is enough to name the place and the parties, for history, and poetry, and song, have been all employed to perpetuate the event, and no heart that feels as a heart should, has been without its regrets to this hour, that so noble a youth should have met a fate so untimely and so inglorious; whilst the same hearts have cherished, as all patriot hearts will, to the end of time, feelings of gratitude to the three "*militia-men*," who, under Providence, saved our beloved country and its already lacerated and bleeding cause, from a stab at her vitals which nothing could have

averted but an interposition from on high, even more marvellous than that which struck the dagger from the hand of the destroyer before he had impelled the stroke. Let the memory of *John Paulding* be gratefully cherished; and the survivors, *Isaac Van Wert*, and *David Williams*, be respected and honoured, and *provided* for in their old age, and remembered likewise, when, with their noble associate, they shall have sunk out of the view of the world, into the loneliness, but not the forgetfulness of the grave.

Upon your left, and below, is Tappan, a small town, where the unfortunate André met the reward of a spy—but he “met his fate,” in the language of Washington, “with that fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man, and a gallant officer.”—Never, perhaps, did a spy suffer death under circumstances so peculiar, and so interesting. André was so young, so high in rank—no less than the adjutant-general of the British army, so accomplished, so handsome—and then he had, like a bird with plumage and song both lovely, been lured, *charmed*, into the serpent’s mouth! His own feelings revolted at the idea of turning spy;—of throwing by the uniform which he had always worn, and with so much honour, but his charmer overcame him, and a plain suit was thrown over his interesting person, and a pass and a feigned name allotted to him. He took both, and died!—but the stroke that left him lifeless, brought tears into thousands of eyes—aye, and even Washington’s, which, could he have known, must have made even the rugged avenue to eternity, which law and justice demanded of him to pass, smooth, if not grateful. The body of this victim, after reposing forty years in the grave to which it was at first consigned, found another, at last, in his native land, where, and in kingly inclosure, the remains now repose. The cypress tree that grew at the head of his grave, and whose roots were found to have clasped his skull, was taken with him, and may now be flourishing in England, over the same remains over which it had so long waved and mourned in America.

Bitter must have been the reflections of Arnold
 But no—he regarded only his personal safety, and he sought that in flight, being indebted to his victim for the intelligence of his capture, and in time to save himself from a similar fate. I say no—his reflections were not bitter. He had become hardened in crime—and as Washington, I remember, said of him, “I am mistaken if *at this time* Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He wants feeling. From some traits in his character which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been hackneyed in crime, so lost to all sense of honour and shame, that while his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse.” But though he did fly, and though he was thus insensible, did not the spectre of the youth whom he had destroyed haunt him? Miserable man! hardened—scathed!—To see as he saw, a country young and lovely like this, languishing and faint, and with scarcely strength sufficient to sustain itself—a country torn and bleeding, and in tears, with hands outstretched for relief, and seeking even foreign aid—to take the dagger—deliberately unsheathe it—look at the waned form, and then resolve to strike! * * * * * Over a heart thus insensible to the pleadings of liberty, and of country, sure some influence must have been shed, and from the bottomless pit—or, perhaps, it came direct from the same lips that in olden time whispered into the ear of our general mother the charm that brought

“Death into the world and all our woe.”

The events of the revolution make a glorious picture; and what eye does not love to rove over its varied, grand, and touching scenery? Pictures must have shades—and this defection of Arnold being the blackest, serves as a groundwork to give projection and special loveliness to the whole. *Then let it stand.* In the sublime work of redemption was another of even deeper darkness! But that brings the Redeemer out in all his loveliness, in the foreground of that inimitable picture. Upon the other, and most prominent of all,

the group which adorns it, we have Washington.—In the world's history, there is not to be found two traitors of deeper guilt than Judas and Arnold. But they have both gone to the presence of Him to whom the punishment of crime belongs; and there, and to his wisdom and mercy, we must leave them.

Soon after passing Tappan, we enter the sea of that name, that place of dangers to which I have already referred, and which is from two and a half to four and a half miles in width, and about ten long, when it narrows near Croton river, and Haverstraw bay commences. On ascending this for about five miles, we reach, and on our left, Stony point, which is well enough named, not only on account of the rocky ingredients that compose it, but on account of the hard fought actions which distinguished it, I think in 1778. On the right, and nearly opposite, is Verplank's point. Here also was a centre point of war, but the fortress has given place to other and more rural arrangements. It was in this region that Harvey Birch figured. Our novelist, Cooper, preserved him for a glorious death, and killed him exactly at the right time—though it puzzled his genius, which is not often in difficulty, to dispose of the old man, in the interim; I mean between the war of the revolution and the battle of Chippeway.

Immediately after passing Stony and Verplank's points, we entered the highlands. The wind, which had blown fresh in the morning, was now lulled a little, and the air was not so cool. The whole company was upon the grand promenade to view the sublime of nature—the awful grandeur of these broken up mountains, these precipitous and towering heights, and the narrow and crooked river that winds its way amidst them. It was here I saw an old acquaintance, Governor M——w, of Ohio; a plain republican, of sound discriminating mind, and of incorruptible principles. Till now, he had escaped my notice. I was really glad to see him. This unsophisticated patriot was chairman of the committee of the Senate, and originated the bill appropriating ten thousand dollars annually for the civilization of the Indians. He

told me at the time, it was a noble object, and well might the government afford to quadruple the sum, but he thought it best to name ten thousand, because he presumed there would be no objection to that, when, if the object was promoted by it, there could be no difficulty in having the amount increased. This was in 1819. Nobody, who pretends to any knowledge of the progress that is making by about 1200 Indian children, by means of these ten thousand dollars, will deny that advantages the most unexampled have been realized; and those who know most of the matter, regret that the sum is not increased, because this work of improvement languishes for lack of means.

Soon after entering the highlands, and on your left, are the remains of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. These forts, you know, were the objects of attack of Sir Henry Clinton, who, desirous of relieving Gen. Burgoyne, when held somewhat uncomfortably by Gen. Gates, at Saratoga, or in its neighbourhood, marched in October, 1777, with 4000 men, to call off Gates' attention from Burgoyne, and thereby give the latter an opportunity to escape. This expedition was landed at Verplank's point, and a part of it pushed forward and across to Stony point, and thence on to Forts Clinton and Montgomery. General Putnam mistaking the object of Sir Henry, and supposing it to be an attack on Fort Independence, put himself, by crossing the river, in readiness to meet him there; for Putnam, you know, was not the man to avoid a place where he supposed fighting was to be done. He was not undeceived until the guns at Forts Montgomery and Clinton announced the brunt of the action to be there. The contest raged at these points from five p. m. till night. Our late venerable vice-president, George Clinton, was there. His spirit rode in the whirlwind of that battle. Our side lost, in that action, near 250 men, besides the forts; the garrisons, however, as at Fort Lee, made their escape. Thence the British moved upon West point, took the chain from across the river, that had been put there to prevent the passage of their ships, burned the place, and halted—for Burgoyne hav-

ing surrendered, of which the British general received intelligence, all further movements in that direction were abandoned—the object for which they were undertaken no longer existing.

You see, my dear ***, I venture boldly upon the history of those times; do not rely *implicitly* upon my statements, especially *as to dates*, but in any event in which a more *veritable* sketch may be needed, and where *dates* may be concerned, consult Marshall.

Nearly opposite Fort Montgomery, and on the right, is Anthony's nose, of reasonable length enough, it being nearly one thousand feet long, or, in other words, the mountain projection which juts out into the river, at that place, and compels it, as it is often forced to do among the highlands, to make a circuit, is 935 feet high; and although not sufficiently perpendicular to have given the nose a *Grecian*, it is enough so to fashion it after the *Roman* form. But after all, it was a queer fancy that ever saw any thing like a nose in the outline of this mountain, at least from any one of the points of my approach to it. You remember the reason assigned by Knickerbocker why this name was given to this mountain bluff? It was, I believe, that the famous trumpeter, Van Conlear, (Anthony being his christian name, and by which, doubtless, he was familiarly called,) received upon his remarkable nose the first beam of a morning sun, which, on striking it, and meeting with a resistance not customary in such greetings, glanced down over the edge of the boat in which Anthony chanced to be, into the water, and killed an enormous sturgeon! If I recollect right, this story is inserted by that veritable historian with unusual gravity, and many assurances are given of its truth. From that time, he tells us, the promontory has been called "*Anthony's Nose*." It is a prodigious mountain, by the base of which the boats go. It makes one dizzy to look up at it from below, and doubtless thrice dizzy, those who look down from its summit upon the river and the world beneath.

We read of many interesting things in this neighbourhood, such as the bloody pond, behind Fort Clinton, into which it is said the bodies of the slain were thrown on the memorable day of the fight there; and distant views from those towering elevations which open to the eye of the traveller new worlds beyond;—but I saw none of these, and therefore have nothing to say about them.

Upon your left, and high up, and sometimes among the clouds, are seen the site and the ruins of Fort Putnam. These lie nearly six hundred feet above the level of the water. I wished much to clamber up to these, and play Volney, though not all the part he played. I felt more than I have language to convey to you. I thought of the period—that of our revolution—of the toil expended in erecting this fort—of the dangers which menaced it—of the privations of those noble fellows who had their stations there—of the old General whose name it bears—of his wolf's den adventure—his horse-neck gallop—and then of the roar of artillery that had resounded through those hills, and echoed in their caverns—of the evacuation of the fort, and the capture and conflagration of West point, which lies just below it—of Kosciusco and his garden—and then, and with intense interest, and a glow of rapture, of the suddenly reflected scenery in the hour of gloom, and when West point was smoking in ruins—from the victory so opportunely won at Saratoga. It is easy to imagine the agitations which attended upon the retrograde movement of the enemy, and the feelings that oppressed his so recently triumphant army, when the news came that Burgoyne was captured. Portentous days! All, however, gone by. Even the agitations are stilled, and scarce a ripple is to be seen to disturb the calm that rests upon the surface of those events. Those ruins too—time is busy with them. Mutilated fragments, it is easy to discern, lie scattered around the parts of the walls that yet remain upright, and serve to confirm even now the truth of this sentiment:

“The deep foundations that we lay,
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
 We build with what we deem eternal rock;
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
 And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.”

In distant periods of time, posterity, doubtless, will climb this height, and by the lights of history, seek among the rocks for some of the remains of Fort Putnam; and although these may be found, they will be unsatisfying, for no certainty will be arrived at, that they formed any part of the defences of the war of the revolution, at this spot.

Of West point I shall say nothing, because I cannot. The buildings and all the beauty which is attributed to the plain on which they stand, are too high to be seen, except partially, from the river, and I had not time to land. The period was interesting too, as the examination of the cadets was about to commence, and I was tempted, strongly, to go ashore. But my hours were precious, and I had to forego the gratification of a call. I must, if I can, be at Detroit by the 16th. West point is a proud monument. It has its foundations in the confederacy; and every state is deeply interested in cherishing it. I look upon it as one of our most splendid appendages; and our eyes are never turned towards it but they are greeted with the moral grandeur that invests it. I believe this is felt every where, and in every section of our beloved country; and yet it costs only about \$100,000 annually, to sustain it! On turning West point, and immediately in front, and some ten miles distant, Newburg is seen (on the left of the river) through the highlands, and this view is perhaps the most beautiful of any on the whole route. On arriving opposite this very handsome town, which graces a slope of a mountain, I was surprised at its extent, and no less at its fine appearance. Poughkeepsie is on the right, and some fifteen miles beyond Newburg. This place is made up of clusters of little villages, rather than of one compact and well built town.

It was here that night closed in upon me, and I could see no more. Neither the Pine Orchard, the Round Top, nor the Catskill mountains, except a distant view before night-fall; nor, indeed, any thing else, 'till awaking this morning I found myself in the overslaugh, a little, narrow, difficult part of the river, four miles from this place, where several sloops were holding on by their anchors, waiting a fair wind to pass down. I believe it sometimes happens that there is not water enough here for the steam boats to pass; and that a landing is made, and a ride taken to the town in stages. We, however, came through, bag and baggage.

I would, if I dare, attempt some description of the highlands, and of the Hudson, winding its way around the bases of the mountains that project into it at so many points. I would delight, if I could, in making you see these broken up mountains, these towering heights, that stretch away off into the sky; and the crooked and pent up river in which their bases rest; but that is not possible. You need never expect to comprehend any thing in relation to the highlands until you see them. The distance through them is about sixteen miles, and there is not an inch of the way in which the mind can disengage itself from the surprising grandeur, or break the spell of a most enchanting sublimity which the scenery fastens upon it.

I am in Albany, it is true, but have not a moment to say one word about it. I must snatch an hour for what I may have to say of this ancient city, at Schenectady.

It has just occurred to me whether you have been able to decypher my letters? I have my doubts about it. It is possible, should there be any parts so completely *un-Gunter* in all that relates to the formation of letters and words, that I may aid you in making them out on my return—but this is only *possible*.
Ever yours.

Schenectady, Tuesday, June 6, 1826.

MY DEAR

I was not aware of the length of my epistle from Albany until I had gathered up the sheets to fold them into something of a letter form, and believe me the bulk alarmed me! The sight of the package must have been appalling to you. Now for Albany. My time, however, is short, and you must indulge in no expectations but of the most moderate sort. Had I more time I would try to make up in the style of writing for deficiency of incidents. I mean I would say what I have to say with more care, and although I have no pretensions to the style of a fine writer, I love the broad, free flow with which Addison graced his compositions, and with no diminution of the same feeling, the no less perspicuous and enchanting beauty which adorns whatever comes from the pen of the Addison of America—I need not tell you that I mean Mr. MADISON. But where shall I begin with Albany? Shall I go back to its infancy, and trace out its growth from that helpless period to its present state of manhood and of vigour? Or just pluck from its whitened head a lock, and tell you of the appearance of the form and figure to which it belongs, and as I saw it? It is best, perhaps, although at the hazard of being incorrect in some things to commence with the morning of its youth. But to do this, I must fly—for time is at my heels.

Albany, as you know, was settled by the Dutch. These early adventurers were led up to this point in pursuit of commerce, and so long ago as the year 1612, when they obtained footing on the flat land near the river, and not far, (perhaps some hundred yards, or so,) above the steam boat landing. To guard themselves from the danger of Indian incursions, they built a stockade fort, and for ten years after, they occupied this fort without so much as thinking, so far as we know, how reasonable a thing it would have been to have given it a name. At the expiration of that time, the old fort needing repairs, it being deemed inadequate for their se-

curity, they renewed and enlarged it, and made it stronger. To this they gave the name of *Fort Orange*.

For nearly forty years did these industrious and plodding, and persevering people retain both their position and their power, when, in 1664, I think it was, Fort Orange was surrendered to Carteret, who had been commissioned by Sir Robert Carr, then commanding in the Delaware, and who changed its title to *Albany*. This was a famous year for the English. In it the Dutch power was broken in all this region, and the whole country fell under the jurisdiction of the English crown. The Dutch, however, held on; though powerless, they maintained their position, being unwilling either to leave the country, or seek a new location. The channels for their trade had been cut; they had acquired a knowledge of both the nature and advantages of the Indian trade, and according to Knickerbocker, no people ever knew better how to weigh a pack of beaver than they. It was the understanding, according to this writer, that a Dutchman's hand weighed one pound, and his foot two. So when the pack was put in one scale and the hand of a Dutchman in the other, if the scales balanced, the pack went for one pound; but if the hand was too light, and the foot had to be resorted to, (which never failed to bring up the scale) it went for two. This, doubtless, was a profitable trade, even supposing Knickerbocker to have been mistaken in his account of the weights, and so Fort Orange, then Albany, continued still to be occupied by the Dutch. I suppose it was thought by these industrious people, that if the same sun rose and set, and the same rains fell, and the earth brought forth as plentifully, and the Indians could be traded with as successfully, under English as Dutch rule, it was of but little consequence who wore the crown, or swayed the sceptre.

It was well for the English that the body of the Dutch population was so indifferent about power; for had there been among these early settlers a reasonable number of such fiery spirits as Stuyvesant; or had the mass of these people cherished a love of rule, with any thing like as much of the love

of it as he carried in his *wooden leg*, there would have been something else to do besides sailing up to a fort and demanding its surrender. What they cared most about was what the knowing ones of the present day denominate the "*main chance*," which means a certain *reaching* after gains, which every now and then, in these times at least, springs the snare, for you know "those who *will* be rich fall into a snare, &c." and hence it was no hard matter to capture a fortress. But this neutral disposition in matters of occupancy and power; this quiet yielding up the right to the one, and utter disregard of the other, fretted the last of the Dutch governors so, as to hasten him to his grave. Stuyvesant could never brook, with the least composure of spirits, this gradual decay of his power; and when it all fell, he fell with it. I do not mean to say that he died on the same day that left him *sceptreless*; but he never lived after as *Peter Stuyvesant*. He became, under the withering blight of English success, somebody else; at least he so felt himself to be.

There are evidences yet remaining in Albany, which would demonstrate without the aid of either history or tradition, that it was of Dutch origin. These are to be found in the older streets which turn and twist in all manner of ways, and in the little fierce-looking houses, with their serrated gable ends, which here and there meet the view. It was never intended by those early settlers, that the solid parts of the materials of which they built their houses, should decay. And as every thing was best that came from Holland, those very bricks of which these gable ends are made, were burned "*in the old country*," and until they were black and blue, and then to defend them from the action of the American elements, they were *glazed*—and there they are, as perfect and as fresh, as if they had been discharged from the polishing process but yesterday. Time, I do verily believe, has been bored here; for I have no conception that he has the power to make the slightest impression upon these little black and blue bricks. I think the corporate authorities of both New York and Albany, ought to purchase every one of these ancient houses, and preserve them as relics.

Judging from the *Maiden lane* parts of New York, and from some of the older parts of Albany, one would think that it had never entered into the heads of these early settlers to build upon any methodized or regular plan. The case is now altered with Albany, as it has long been with New York. The streets of more modern times, are straight and wide; for example, State street, in Albany, and which would be beautiful but for its steep ascent, which is enough, in a hot day, to make one sweat to look at it, is not less than one hundred and sixty feet wide, nor short of two thousand feet in length. The buildings upon it are fine, as is the State house which ornaments its termination, and which is built immediately in its front. Indeed, the houses and style of building in Albany, are both fine; and it is not possible to walk through it without feeling the impression that it is *a rich city*. The public square in front, inclining a little to the east of the capitol, is a beautiful spot; and some of the best houses in Albany grace this high elevation, from which a view of the surrounding country, is enchanting. The city rests upon an inclined plane, descending from the capitol to the flat lands bordering the river. This level is, I should judge, nearly a mile in length, and is built upon for nearly, if not quite, that distance; its width, (I mean the width of this flat land) being from one hundred, to five hundred yards. From the river to the top of the eminence, on which the State house rests, is nearly three-fourths of a mile, and the elevation in that direction, cannot be short of *two hundred and fifty feet*.

I had not time to take such an observation of the city as to enable me to describe it minutely. The general impression which I have received is, that Albany is now in a most flourishing condition. I infer this from the number and extent of the warehouses, and from the activity and show of business in and about them all; from the shipping, from the number of buildings that are going up, and from the rich and varied display of merchandize which the stores make. But I have something more conclusive still. In 1820, if I mistake

not, the population of Albany was only a little more than 12,000;—in 1825 it had increased to nearly 16,000; and now there is reason for believing, (and I say so on the authority of a very intelligent citizen of the place,) it is at least 17,500. The same gentleman assured me the rents had greatly increased; and that there were no unoccupied houses. The domestic manufactures flourish here, especially the morocco and the breweries. Fifty thousand skins, at least, were manufactured last year; and nearly 200,000 dollars worth of beer brewed. It is said that upwards of 150,000 travellers arrived at Albany this year, and diverged from it upon the various routes of pleasure and of business, as the one or the other claimed their attention; and to look at them and listen to their rattle and noise, there appear to be stages enough to accommodate as many more. The canal navigation is increasing rapidly. It is said there has been an increase of upwards of 2000 boats since 1824. I was told, and the appearance of business justified the statement, that *five millions of dollars* worth of goods were sold the last year, by not more than fifty houses! The agriculture, and the timber that find a market here, if the quantity of the one, and the cubic feet of the other, were ascertained, would, I was informed, exceed all calculation.

Besides the capitol, there is in Albany an academy, a Lancaster school, said to be the largest in America; four banks, one of them a beautiful specimen of architecture; a museum; a theatre and circus, and twelve churches—one Episcopal, that on State street; one Presbyterian; one Baptist; one Lutheran; one Dutch Reformed; one Catholic. &c. &c. &c.

Every stranger on nearing a place, feels solicitous to ascertain where he may be best accommodated; and although I had allotted to leave Albany this afternoon, (giving myself only nine hours to look at the city and write to you,) still I wished to get into the best quarters, and especially as I was not certain, from the state of my health, whether I should not have to rest awhile there. On inquiring of Judge M——s, who had been a boarder at Park Place house, and

who came up with me in the *Lady Clinton*, I was recommended to go to Cruttenden's. I did so, and as you may travel this way some of these days, I should not be doing either you or my landlord justice, not to recommend you to the same place. The house is one, and the east corner, of a beautiful row in front of the capitol square, and from which the finest view of the city, and of the surrounding country, is to be had. But this, though interesting, is not the only reason that made the house so acceptable to me. The landlord himself is every way accommodating—his house is sweet and clean, and in all respects; and his table is excellent, as I found his wine to be. I have half a mind to describe Cruttenden. Were I to attempt it, I should say he is portly, and something after the make of Vantwiller, though in all respects well proportioned and active. He has a full and expressive eye, and in a word, a face that resembles, in all respects, the likeness I once saw you have of the celebrated Fox, of England. I had not time to ascertain what sort of likeness he bore that distinguished orator within, but inferred he had some wit, but know nothing of its quality. I understood the public houses in Albany, generally, are very fine, and judging from their exterior, I should infer as much. But as I was well pleased with Cruttenden's, I recommend it to you.

I forgot to mention that the country round about Albany, as seen in the approach to it, is picturesque, and to my eye, very beautiful. The mountains in that neighbourhood appear to have grown tired of an upright position, and to have reclined themselves as if for repose, forming a handsome semi-circular back-ground to the city, on the west and north-west, and as they approach the river, they gradually sink till they dip into it, interlocking with the east shore, so as to give it the appearance of the heading of the river within the bounds of the view.

I should not have attempted to give you even this summary of the statistics of Albany, did I not look upon the increase in its wealth and population to be great; and did I

not believe that it is only just now beginning to feel the vast benefits which the canal is destined to confer upon it—nor then, but for the fact that in the opinion of many persons who argued stoutly in its defence, the canal was to prove *the ruin of Albany!* I was reminded so forcibly of similar views entertained by persons in our quarter, as to the effects of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal; and of the little local jealousies, and narrow conceptions which have been thrown so industriously in the way of its commencement, that I could not resist the disposition to give you this *specimen* of what a city feels when the vast products of our western regions are permitted even to *pass it*; for let it be observed, it is to *New York* that all this world of produce tends, yet *Albany*, like a plant by the side of the stream, feels the enriching effects, and flourishes in tenfold strength and loveliness.

I have met at this place with part of my North river company, and have just learned, and with regret, that they proceed to *Utica* by land. There I may meet with them again. The bugle sounds, and the bustle about the bridge admonishes me to be brief, for the boat is about to be off; and Mr. Reynolds, who accompanied me from *Albany*, and who is going on with me, calls—so good bye.

Ever yours.

*Erie Canal, on board the Canal boat De Witt Clinton, }
Wednesday, June 7, 1826. }*

MY DEAR ***

I had just time to close my letter yesterday, and step into the boat as she moved off. It was at the setting of the sun. The bugle was still sending forth its notes, and giving the signal of departure, and setting every body in motion who felt an inclination to see the boat leave her moorings; whilst the windows of the hotel opposite the landing were crowded, and at these I recognized my North river travelling companions. The horses were soon off in a trot,

three in number; the bugle yet flourishing, and filling the town, and the surrounding country with its echoes. The sun's rays were gilding the high places, the spires, and the mountains, with their last radiance, just ready to fade away into the twilight. So hope often lingers—and so it often expires! I exchanged adieus by the waving of the hands with those interesting travellers at the windows, and then looked about me to see in what kind of a conveyance I had embarked for the seventy-nine and a half miles of canal travelling which lay between Schenectady and Utica, and which was entirely new to me.

This boat—by the way I have the luck, so far, of keeping in the Clinton family, is considered the best on the line; but her outside appearance, which is, however, like the rest of the packet-boats, I confess, made on me, as I came on board, a most unfavourable impression. You have only to go to the Potomac and look at one of your flour boats, of some 70 or 80 feet long, and fancy a box placed upon it, bottom upwards, resting with its edges on the gunwales, narrowing gradually to the top, and covering the whole length, except some five feet at the bow, where there is a little platform, or deck, and from which, and at the end of this box, is the entrance into the ladies' cabin; and some ten feet at the stern, where there is another platform, upon which the steersman stands, and in which end of the cover, or box, are the doors which lead into the gentlemen's cabin, and where both gentlemen and ladies assemble to eat, and you have a fair specimen of the exterior of a canal boat. You pass into this cabin through a narrow passage way, leaving on your left the kitchen, between which and the cabin is a partition, and on the inside of which, and in a corner of the cabin, is *the bar*. From the floor of the cabin to the top of the roof, is about six feet six inches, and in width, it is about thirteen feet and a half. The ladies' cabin is about eighteen feet long, and the dining cabin, twenty-four. The rest of the length is taken up in the platforms, as stated, fore and aft; and

in the kitchen, &c. From the top of this box, or covering, to the water, is about six feet.

This boat is drawn, as I have stated, by three horses, connected to it by means of a rope about eighty feet long. These horses trot along the *tow path*, as it is called, and which is immediately on the border of the canal, and at the rate, generally, of four miles the hour. The lumber boats rarely go over three miles the hour, and not often that, many of them being drawn by no more than one horse. The hindmost horse is rode by a "lad," as they call him, with a rusty white hat with a large rim, and a crown that fits his own to a shaving. The horses are relieved every ten miles, or fifteen, when the driver is changed also; but so far, the same kind of hat has made its appearance. I was curious to ask the reason for the uniformity of this head-dress, after having satisfied myself that we had changed "lads," as well as horses, and got for answer, that "they are very cheap, shade the face, and are in no danger of being knocked off by the bridges;" down by the abutments of which, and under them, on one side, and short out on the other, the tow path leads. When boats meet, they are steered so as to avoid one another, except now and then their sides rub, at the same time the horses of one boat are stopped, when, nevertheless, the boat continuing on by means of her previous onward motion, the rope sinks, and the other passes over it. I need not add that the horses attached to the advance boat keep on and pass between those which are stopped, and the canal, walking over that part of the rope that lies across the tow path. I forgot to mention, that on each side of the top, or covering to the boat, are windows of glass, which slide in between the casement, and venetian blinds on the outside, to the number of six or eight on a side; and that the top of the boat is reached from both ends by means of steps.

I was most agreeably surprised, however, on going into the cabin, to find such a show of accommodation and comfort. Around the sides are settees, some moveable and some stationary, and in the floor, for the accommodation of those

who may wish to read, or write, are tables, whilst the walls, if I may so call them, and which incline gradually inwards from where they rest on the edges of the boat, are nicely painted, and ornamented with mirrors, &c. &c. The tables for eating are set on frames, which, after meals, are folded up and stowed away; and these, when the number of passengers require it, are spread on both sides the cabin; when otherwise, only on one—not, however, including the ladies' cabin, which is divided by folding doors, and has two tiers of stationary births, like those in steamboats; and which are quite handsomely ornamented. The upper births in the gentlemen's cabin are moveable, and are suspended by hooks, and from iron rods from the ceiling. The mattresses are kept in the lockers of the settees, on the tops of which the lower tier of mattresses is placed. Every contrivance is made, you perceive, in moveable tables, and moveable births, &c., to make as much room as possible.

The fare and the cooking, I find, are both excellent; and I confess, the gentlemanly conduct of Captain White interested my feelings for his welfare, as did the efforts of those interested in the line for the accommodation of passengers, for their prosperity. It happened, however, unfortunately for me that forty passengers entered for this trip. This would not be so bad if the weather were not so oppressively hot; or if I had regained my accustomed health. As matters were, I dreaded the night, for in the midst of such a compact mass of flesh and blood, I wondered how it would be possible for me to breathe. At a seasonable hour, up went the little moveable births, and a very pleasant one was assigned to me. I admired it the more as it was opposite one of those little windows. I calculated largely on the relief which I should experience from the admission of the external air. Presently the company retired, when I began softly to draw aside the sash. I had separated it from the mouldings not more than an inch, when a voice above me uttered these ominous words—"I would be thankful, sir, if you would let the window remain closed—I am afraid of the night air!"

The request being reasonable and politely made, was, of course, complied with. But it set me to panting almost for life. It was the knell of my hopes for rest, for that night. I soon felt as if I was in a vapour bath, and puffed and blowed to keep cool; not that I felt any additional heat at the moment, but the idea of what the temperature and *quality* of the air would be by morning, went nigh suffocating me on the spot! Sleep flew from me, as he does always from wo—as Young has it; and if he had not flown from me last night, I never would again have believed in the sentiment, for I felt all that wo could inflict, at least all that had relation to my then situation. And to mend the matter, every now and then my upper story friend would break out in a most sepulchral cough, which of itself was enough to fix a great gulf between sleep and me; but it served to satisfy me that the poor fellow had good reason to dread the night air. I lingered out, as you may suppose, a sleepless and miserable night.

I have lived as much as I could to-day upon the top of this box, called a deck, and which inclines every way from the middle to let the water off, I suppose, but around which are no railings or net work. But this is done at the risk of being scraped off by the bridges, many of which are so low as to leave scarcely room enough between the deck and their sleepers for my body, though I extend it along the deck and spread myself out upon it as flat as a lizard. When I have doubted the elevation of the bridge, and the space between being insufficient, according to the measurement by the eye, and fearing to trust myself, and this has been the case with some hundreds, there was no alternative but to go down in time by the way of the steps upon the platform where the steersman stands, or at the bow, where the ladies sometimes sit. And this exercise has worried me a great deal; for the bridges appear to me to average at least one for every quarter of a mile from Schenectady to where I now am, which is some twenty miles from Utica. I am decidedly of opinion, however, that with a reasonable number of passengers, say

twenty, and in cooler weather, it is a most agreeable mode of travelling, and it has withal economy to recommend it. Nothing need be cheaper, it being something like three or four cents the mile, including your fare. Or were the bridges so constructed as that the boat's deck could be railed in, and covered with an awning, I would prefer it, for comfort, to the stages, even should there be forty on board, or sixty, so I could find refuge above stairs and in free, pure air, night and day. It is true your progress is only about four miles the hour, but then you go night and day, and live meanwhile in an excellent hotel.

My eye has often lingered and been charmed with the delightfully fertile country through which the canal passes. What lands can surpass those of the valley of the Mohawk? I have seen none?

It is now near eight o'clock at night, and the lights in Utica are visible; by nine I shall have reached that town, when I will finish this letter by a short review of the country, &c. through which I have passed.

Utica, 9 o'clock, P. M. Shepard's Hotel.

I have this moment arrived at this place, and while they are preparing a room for me I will finish this letter. We have had a longer passage than usual, owing to the extreme heat of the day, which made it improper if not inhuman to force the horses, but chiefly to a detention at the Little Falls, occasioned by the grounding of a raft, and a fastening or wedging in of boats on account of it.

The scenery along the canal, from Schenectady to Utica, is full of interest. The lands, the bottom lands, are very rich, and beautifully luxuriant. It requires no aid of the fancy to see what once formed the barriers, or shores of the Mohawk; and that its present width is only a streamlet in comparison of its once wide and flowing dimensions. The course of the canal is amidst towering heights and rocky precipices, with the retired and peaceful Mohawk keeping it near company the entire distance. In general that which

was once the bottom of this river, is followed by the canal, except here and there the bed of it is cut out of the sides of mountains, whose frowning precipices hang over you as you pass. The scenery about the Little Falls is grand, whilst the desolation of rocks, and the broken up mountains, are enough to impress one with the belief that it was the outlet or vent of some awful and interior convulsion of nature; or, what is more likely, that here the Mohawk broke over, and caused all this tumult in the rage and fury of its passage. It is certain the waters were once, in many places, some fifty feet above their present level; for their action upon the rocks is plainly seen in the *pot holes*, as the excavations are called, which are made by the action of pebbles upon the rocks. The stream in many places about this region of confusion, does not exceed, in width, fifty feet, but it makes a fine appearance, in the cascades which are supposed to be about forty feet; and in its irregular and tortuous course. This place doubtless possesses more interest than any other on the route, and opens a wide field for the geologist. It is, too, a kind of narrow passway for the road, the canal, and the river. They all press in and force through this narrow defile, whilst the mountains on either side forbid all hope of scaling their summits, or the prospect that a track will ever be made over them. It appeared to me that a slight addition to the materials that lie broken up about these falls, would be sufficient to stop up the chasm and throw the waters back over the country once watered by them, and to the same extent which once marked their limits, when a similar lake would be formed that without doubt once filled the great valley beyond. There can be no question but at this place the gap was made that drained the upper country of a lake, and laid bare those lands the fertility of which we now so much admire. It is at this place, too, that art has distinguished itself in the formation of a beautiful aqueduct.

The country bordering on this canal is deeply interesting in historical events, and well worthy of a more general no-

tice than it is possible for me to take of it, and which give additional interest to the scenery. Here once lived and flourished a band of Indians—but who knows at this day where to find a single Mohawk? No longer does the council fire of the Mohawks burn on Tribes' hill, nor their war-whoop echo along the shores of their own river. Their castle, too, within which their chiefs used to assemble, and where, in the hour of alarm or when they went to war, their women and children were collected, is no more.—*Not a single Mohawk lives!* Is it not a melancholy reflection, my dear ***, that these people should be thus chafed, tribe after tribe, away? For it cannot be denied that their extinction has been produced, and is carried on in other places to this day, by a kind of *chafing*, or *friction*—by a worrying and heart-breaking neglect on the one hand, and an impoverishing and wasting policy on the other. Proud once, and lofty, the Mohawks stood erect in their native and noble dignity; and often from the borders of their own river, and from amidst the mountains that skirt it, would they rush into the settlements and carry terror in their course. Then it was, alas, that cruelties were committed on both sides, which should never have been practised by either, and I have no hesitation in adding, *need not*, at least to the extent to which they were carried. Where was the intelligence? On which side was the light of reason and of religion? And on which rested the shades of ignorance and of superstition? Which needed to be instructed; and with whom was the ability to teach? Would it not have been mercy to have blessed, and not cursed? To have enlightened and spared, and not destroyed? For why should God's image be defaced in any thing that bears it? Or why hold any being made by him in contempt, or ruthlessly take away its life?

It is not possible for any one to state now, and with any degree of certainty, how far the savage cruelties which were inflicted upon the early settlers might have been prevented; but, judging of the past from the present, and making due allowance for the abject condition in which our Indians now

so generally feel themselves to be; and for the lessons which our power and our arms have taught them, there is every reason for believing that had the English commenced with a policy different from that which characterized their intercourse with the aborigines, and the United States followed it up, less would have been experienced, and less said of Indian ferocity and barbarity. It would have rescued these hapless people from the imputation of lovers of torture and of blood; elevated their character, and preserved them as a race—whilst the same humanizing policy would have quieted the then agitated borders, and secured them from future commotions and sufferings.

But where were they to learn refinement in either peace or war, if no one taught it? Are all other people in the world to learn by the aid of teaching, and is it expected of the Indians to succeed in the great business of improvement without instructors? This seems to have been the expectation from the beginning;—and when it was seen that they were not competent to such a system of self instruction, they were looked upon as savages, accounted unworthy, and fit only for destruction! It is high time the Indians had justice done their character. Nursed in war, they glory, we know, in the fight. From the beginning they used the kind of weapons which nature and their own art taught them to prepare, and adopted modes of defence, of attack, and of retaliation, such as they esteemed to be best. And does not man, every where, do the same? But they have been denounced as base and treacherous! I have yet to see the proof of either. I know our Indians have many vices, and that some are both base and treacherous; but of whom did they learn to be so? Let the English answer, and ourselves; for the question applies to both.

Capt. White, of the canal-boat, told me the following story, and which, I think, illustrates the Indian character, at least in some parts of it. The occurrence took place a great many years ago, and when, what is Utica and Whitestown now, was a wilderness; and when, in fact, not a family but

his own had ventured west of the Mohawk, or thus far into the "*back woods*," and when, too, the Indians were powerful, and much dreaded.

One evening Capt. White's father being absent, and only his mother, himself, and little sister being at home, they were alarmed on seeing in the woods three Indians coming in the direction of the house; but on perceiving one of them to be Skenandoah, who was known to them, their fears were, in a measure, quieted. On arriving, they addressed his mother and said, "We have called to ask you for your little daughter to take home with us to-night!" The request startled Mrs. White—she knew not what answer to give; for it was part of the business of Mr. White on all occasions to conciliate the Indians, and by all the means in his power. To refuse the request, she feared would excite them; and to grant it, would be to jeopard the liberty, if not the life of her child! At the critical moment, and while the Indians were waiting for a reply, the father came in. The request was repeated to him, when he *instantly* granted it. The mother was overwhelmed with surprise, and felt all the horrors that may be conceived under such circumstances. But she was silent. The little girl was brought out, and delivered over to these Indians, who lived some ten or twelve miles distant. They took her by the hand and led her through the woods, stopping only long enough to say, "when the sun is so high in the morning," pointing to a certain elevation in the heavens, "we will return her." Mrs. White had heard that Indians were base and treacherous; and considered her little daughter as having been given in sacrifice to save the family. Mr. W. explained his reasons for yielding up the child; but the mother, still anxious and doubting, gave way only to grief. The night was long and sleepless. The day at last broke, but upon eyes that had not been closed, and brought with it increased anxiety. The sun rose—and the anxiety of the family rose with it. At last he reached the point in the heavens, which had been referred to for the period of the child's return, when the

anxious and afflicted mother exclaimed—“*there they are!*” Skenandoah and his companions, faithful to their promise, were on the spot, and the little girl, gay and smiling, and dressed out in all the finery of which an Indian lodge could boast, delighted both with her visit and her trinkets.

You may feel anxious to know what was the object of those Indians in this extraordinary movement. I will tell you. Mr. White had gone among them and settled in their country. He had promised to be friendly—he had smoked the pipe of peace with these people, a most sacred and binding obligation with them, and which they never violate—But so had others, and these promises and that pledge in them, had been alike disregarded. There was no foundation left for their confidence: “the white man,” said they, “is deceitful.” Their object was to *test* the confidence of this family in them; and this was their method of deciding the question. Give us your child! If, as they doubtless reasoned among themselves, they trust us with their daughter, they will prove that they have confidence in us; and we will then *know* how to trust them. If they refuse our request, then we shall know that they doubt our sincerity, and this will convince us that they have none themselves. Mr. White fortunately understood the Indian character; but had not had their object explained to him. This was a secret with the Indians. But he knew that their confidence when once established, is ever after hard to be shaken; and he concluded, as a rational man would, that to show confidence in them, was the most direct way to secure it for himself. But the hazard was great; the trial was severe; and not unlike the demand of old, made by the Master of Life, to Abraham, to “take his son, his only son Isaac, and offer him,” &c.

Captain White assured me that from that hour the family experienced nothing but a succession of the kindest offices on the part of the Indians, and one uninterrupted scene of friendship; and that so united did the Indians become in all the interests of the family, that they stood always ready to promote them; and that as to *security*, they never felt more se-

cure than when surrounded by these people. Skenandoah, in particular, continued intimate with this family to his death.

It is after this family Whitestown is called—and for integrity and a good name, the members of it to this day, vie with the most distinguished citizens of that now flourishing country. Captain White's father died in 1812, aged eighty years, respected and beloved by all who knew him. The son of whom I received the above anecdote, appears every way worthy of such a venerated father.

I forgot to mention that Mr. Reynolds gave, at my request, a neat and luminous lecture to our company in the canal boat. I do not undertake to say that he demonstrated his theory to be *true*; but I will say, he gives to it a character and a respectability as an affair of science, which elevates it far above the ridicule which it has been attempted to fix upon it. This gentleman merits the public patronage; and as he intends paying a visit to Washington, I trust his lectures may be well attended. His private virtues and gentlemanly deportment, unite with his lectures to recommend him.

Good night—ever yours.

Utica, Shepard's Hotel, Thursday, June 8, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I am not so well to-day. Do not infer, however, from this, that I am ill. I wish you to say to all at home, that I am better than when I set out; and that I have concluded to rest here to-day. I am induced to do so now, not so much on account of any increase in my indisposition, as on account of the excellent accommodations which this hotel affords; and besides, I wish to look about me a little.

It is not possible for me to convey any adequate idea of the wealth which floats upon the canal; nor of the advantages which are experienced from it by the people who live upon its borders, and those more remote settlements throughout the entire region of the north-west. The truth is, the canal is in every body's mouth. The yeomanry, the bone

and muscle of those regions, make you see in their countenances that they esteem it to be little short of a gift of the gods. Even the little children, with flaxen heads and ragged clothes, but of firm limbs and blooming health, that play upon its borders, evince their joy; and often are they seen to suspend their gambols, and stand in mute surprise on the borders, gazing at the wealth that is gliding by, and then fly off into the thickets to finish their play under the shade of the tall and branching oaks, that tell by the vastness of their dimensions, how rich the soil is from whence they draw their nourishment. The old women too, lean, but cheerful, stand, here and there, upon the tow-path, with their arms under their white aprons, and with little linen caps upon their heads, looking on with wonder; and with now and then an exclamation of surprise in a "*lause-a-massy—who ever thought that I should live to see this!*"

The fact is, the canal is nothing more nor less than a great *sluice of wealth*; and the hardy settlers in all these regions, are getting rich by the facilities that it affords them. Schenectady is the only town that appears to me to be dying. But this decay applies to it, only, as a town. The farmers round about, and the manufacturers, all profit by it.

The disaster that should strike the canal from its track, or empty it of its waters, would be looked upon as a calamity little short of the pestilence or the plague. It will soon be inadequate to sustain the products that it will be required to receive: and there is little doubt but that another will be cut by the side of the present one, and that before many years. Yet, there were those, who, as in the case of the Ohio and Chesapeake canal, which is even more important than the Erie, boded all manner of evil from it;—debt to the state, oppressive and ruinous, and no corresponding advantages; and local evils, which local jealousies magnified into incalculable calamities. But there is not a word uttered now, but in praise of the wisdom that planned, and the perseverance, and patriotism, that executed this great work.

I wrote with my pencil, in the canal boat, a short statement of Mr. Reynolds' lecture; and spoke of it what I thought, and throwing it in the shape of a notice, I gave it to Captain White, and asked him when he landed, to hand it to some editor of a newspaper. On his way to find one, he fell in with Judge B——n, to whom he named me. Before I was up the Judge called to see me; and by the time I had breakfasted, he called again. You know he was in Congress once, and for a time comptroller of the treasury. I am glad to find that he has entirely recovered from the indisposition which afflicted him then; and also to see him in all respects, so exactly like himself. Time touches some folks lightly; in others he ploughs early and deep furrows, and takes delight in frosting them well over before they are forty.

It was soon understood that I was to dine with the Judge; and before that hour it was agreed to make a visit to the recently established public gardens and water works, that were to be opened, and for the first time, and set in motion, at twelve o'clock to-day. The Judge called at the hour, and we went to this place of repose and refreshment. Nothing indicates the growing prosperity of a town sooner than its ability and taste to support an establishment like this. We found the proprietor in a recess, a kind of refectory, in front of the gate, with an aid or two, filling out punch in glasses from a pitcher of enormous dimensions, and circulating it, gratuitously, among the thirsty multitude. I had a glass of this beverage presented to me, but owing to my indisposition, and being uncertain of its effects, declined it—but on perceiving the refusal to receive it was not exactly understood, I took it, intending merely to sip a little of it, but it was so fine and so refreshing to my taste, that I could not resist the temptation to empty the glass; on doing which I commended the excellent quality of the punch, wished him success in his new undertaking, and came away. At night I went back, taking with me Mr. Reynolds, not, however, to get punch, but a bath. We both enjoyed this luxury, and were the first to patronize this branch of the establishment.

This garden, fifty yards by twenty, judging from a casual glance, is cut up into walks and flower plots, and borders, with a circular enclosure in the centre, from which issues a fountain, a thin stream, that rises to some ten feet and falls back into a reservoir, in which are a parcel of fish of various kinds, the gold fish, &c. Over the recess, or refectory, is an orchestra, where the amateurs of Utica have promised the proprietor they will assemble once a week for the gratification of visitors, and to give life and spirit to the enterprise.

This garden was illuminated with lights of all colours, not excepting *blue*; and a parrot in a cage, near the refectory, screamed himself hoarse at this, to him, new exhibition. I wish this public spirited and enterprising individual success, and have wondered that every town and hamlet of the land is not graced with those places of resort and refreshment; and especially with public baths. Nothing is more grateful, and nothing contributes so much to the health of the body. Thompson, you know, says of bathing,

"It is the purest exercise of health."

and that

"—From the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret, sympathising aid."

My visit to the Judge was one of those unlooked for and agreeable surprises that makes a deeper impression than would the same kind of meeting under circumstances of more regular advances. The truth is, I did not know that this old-fashioned republican lived in Utica. I find he does not lack any of the native industry of either his mind or body; nor a particle of the popular ingredient—I mean the facilities of a ready style of conversation; nor any of his republicanism. He is warmly attached to the interests of our common country, not failing, by the way, to cherish a particular regard for the prosperity of Utica, and is withal, not a little touched with the magic of the canal.

Utica is a flourishing town, and is destined, in my opinion, to great accessions in wealth and enlargement. It is

the funnel through which the travelling on all the great routes, east, west, north and south, and the canal must continue; increasing, as it does, with the peopling of the north-west, and the increase of population in its more immediate neighborhood; and, besides, it is in the centre of a rich and fertile country, the wealth of which must increase with its improvement. and along with it the demand upon Utica for supplies. The population of Utica is believed to be six thousand, and increasing rapidly. Its streets are wide, and are built upon with fine houses, chiefly of brick, especially upon the principal streets. Some of these, especially on Genessee street, are fancifully painted, in squares and diamonds of green, white, yellow, &c. a bad taste, I think, and which adds nothing to the beauty of the house. Every branch of business appears to be flourishing. There are in Utica eleven churches. The First and Second Presbyterian, the Episcopal and Baptist, are ornamented with steeples, and the bells are fine. Besides these, there are two Methodist, two Welsh, one Baptist, &c. Also two banks, one insurance office, a court house, academy, and a theatre. The public gardens, to which I have already referred, are fine. Genessee, a wide and handsome street, is the principal one for business; and Broad street is the one I should prefer for a private residence. This is a beautiful and well ventilated street. The houses on it are all fine, some splendid, and trees and gardens give it a rural appearance which, I think, highly ornamental.

I know it is not always a safe rule to judge of the prevalence of religion from the number of churches: if it were, Utica would come in for a judgment highly favourable for piety. But, if I do not consider this criterion to be infallible, yet I do look upon a city as entitled to great respect even in this view of the subject, when ornamented with temples dedicated to the worship of the Almighty. It argues in favour, if not of the religion, at least of the morality of a people. But I have it from very good authority that the churches in Utica are just emblems of the general sincerity

of the worshippers who assemble in them. It is not a *parade* with them, and which is to my mind always a poor business—but an affair of principle. This is honourable to the inhabitants, whilst it brings them within the blessing—for we read, “blessed are the people whose God is the Lord.”

It happened that several religious meetings were held on last evening, and Mr. Reynolds’ lecture was not so well attended as I could have desired. I regret that it so happened, because I am convinced that his manner of treating the subject of the new theory would have both gratified and enlightened an audience, no matter how intelligent; and a full house would have been gratifying to him.

Fort Schuyler stood upon the borders of this town. I walked out, hoping to see at least some of the remains; but there was not a vestige to be found, and the spot occupied by the site is not marked by a single trace sufficient to distinguish it! I think this ought not to be. Places that once stood for our defence, if only mounds, ought to be preserved. The plough should never be permitted to turn over the sod which retains the impression of a revolutionary gun; nor cattle to trample down a position which had been occupied in defence of our liberty. These places, if cherished, would possess a great moral influence, and to point at them only, in the future and in times of trial, would be sufficient to give an impulse, and kindle an ardor, which would double the energies of the descendants of those who won for them the prize of freedom, and with whose memory those places of defence should ever be associated.

My North-river company arrived to-day. It is as pleasant to meet with travelling companions after having been separated, as it is painful to be parted from them. But such is life; what pleases soon passes away, and man is left to seek new pleasures, or to mourn over lost ones.

I was going to close and fold up this letter, and leave here in the morning, but my rest to-day has revived me so much, that I have concluded to try another.

Ever yours.

Utica, Friday night, June 9.

My health is improved from the rest I have allowed myself; but I shall be off in the morning. I have been to hear Mr. R. lecture. The same cause as before prevented a general attendance. He declines continuing his course. Those who have attended express themselves in high terms of admiration of his intelligence, and, like myself, think the subject is not to be laughed at.

I saw to-day and was introduced to Gen. Van C——d, and Gen. Van R——r. The first, you know, is a relic of revolutionary times; the last, a spirited and fearless officer in the late war, who crossed the Niagara in the face of the most appalling difficulties, and made the attack on Queens-town. Gen. V. C. is straight as an arrow, and cheerful as a cricket. He delights, and so he should, in the "tale of the times of old." I encouraged him, by an occasional remark, to tell of the events of other days; to talk of those men of renown, who went forth to the battle in defence of liberty and the rights of man. I never see one of these defenders of those sacred principles but with feelings of gratitude, which spring up in my heart like a fountain. It was their valor, and wisdom, and patriotism, under Providence, my dear *** , that conferred upon us, of another generation, the happiness of a free government, and the blessings of liberty. Their gift to us is beyond all price. We have no weights competent to weigh its value, and no line long enough to measure the extent of its blessings. We can only be grateful, and cherish the gift, and resolve never to part from it—never to submit to have it wrested from us by foreign power, nor by domestic factions. Our path is clear—it is right before us; and there shines upon it so brightly the light of the lessons of the revolution, and those also of the late war, as to render it next to impossible for us to step out of it, except purposely. And how can an American citizen ever get his consent to do this?

But for the heat of the day, and my fears lest the effects from exercise, and exposure to the sun's rays, might disqualify me from getting off in the morning, I should have visited Trenton Falls, distant from this place about twelve miles; and also, in another direction, Fort Stanwix, at Rome, and especially as an invitation was politely extended to me, by our North-river travellers, to join their party on a visit to Trenton Falls, and accept a seat in their carriage. I confess I was tempted strongly to venture; but I overcame the inducements. The consideration that I might unfit myself for travel, and be delayed beyond the period at which my public duties were to commence, outweighed the inclination I felt to join the company and see, what is on all hands admitted to be one of the most beautiful exhibitions of natural scenery in, perhaps, the world. The Falls of Niagara are admitted to be more grand and overpowering; the quantity of water discharged at them is greater beyond comparison than is that which is discharged at Trenton Falls; but the loveliness and enchantment of the latter consist, it is said, in the combination of the cascades and the adjacent scenery—both seeming to have agreed, beforehand, harmoniously to assist in presenting whatever could fascinate the eye and charm the fancy of the beholder, and induce man to seek their retirement for the gratification of both. I am the more satisfied of the loveliness of these falls, from the description the party have given me of them since their return; for there can be no mistaking the taste of such people.

Had I accompanied the travellers, I should have made also a trip to Rome. I cared not a pin to see it on account of its name, as you may suppose, although I have no objection to that; but in seeing Rome, I should, perhaps, have been at least in the neighbourhood of the spot where General Herkimer received his death wound; and then the region all round is full of the recollections of the past—of “the pomp and circumstance of war.” It was here the Indians often met their invaders in desperate fight, and at last looked back in despair upon this lovely country, from which their

increasing feebleness began then to admonish them they must soon retire, and for ever! It will not do to go deep into these matters—I mean those which relate to the treatment the Indians have received. There lies beneath the surface a moral festering, which the British themselves must turn away from with remorse; and which every American of correct feelings, must behold with deep regret and sympathy, aye, with remorse too, and an anxious solicitude to relieve and cure.

I find I am growing tired; I therefore bid you good night—wishing you all earthly happiness, and the calmer, purer bliss of the heavenly world, when at some future and far distant period that may be reached by you.

Auburn, Saturday, June 10, 1826.

MY DEAR ***,

I left Utica at four o'clock this morning in the mail stage. In it I found, as I afterwards ascertained their names to be, a Mr. M——s, his sister and daughter, and two nieces, all Friends, or Quakers, as these good people are usually denominated. We took in at another tavern on Genessee street, an old gentleman and lady, Friends also; and presently afterwards two other travellers, who took their seats on the right and left of the driver. This, however, did not appear to be a matter of choice but necessity; for there was no room for them in the stage.

Thus we had *in the stage—the mail stage*, and *out of it*, the reasonable, not to say comfortable number of *fourteen* persons, to say nothing of the driver, and the *great mail!* Our way for some time was silent. This was natural; for people, you know, are apt to be so when they first meet—I mean if they be strangers, as we were. Many a glance, under such circumstances, is taken of the faces around us, and many an essay made to open the cells of one's own brains, or to peep into those of others; but so uncertain do we feel as to the probability of disclosing that

which, when seen, will be comprehended, or of seeing that which can be understood, or brought to any practical or social use, that we are apt to keep at a respectful distance, and wait the events of chance for some lucky development, of the fashion, and fixtures, with their contents, of the minds and the hearts that surround us.

The sister of Mr. M——s, a maiden lady, after we had gone about four miles, made some intelligent remarks, and in a chaste style of language, on the little village of New Hartford, a pretty place, at which we arrived before the stores were open, or the post office; and where we commenced the delivery of the mail, which became, from that moment, a matter of business for the whole day, so numerous are the little post offices on this whole route. These remarks were responded to by one of the nieces; and followed by others from the old gentleman, when a talkative influence spread itself over the company, and the silence which had reigned before, gave place, like that of the stillness of a morning in spring, to the carolling forth of birds in honour of the new-born day. Myself and Ben were all that remained silent; he was asleep, and I had my doubts whether, if I should make an attempt to join in the conversation, I might not still it as one does the ringing of a goblet, you know, by putting a finger on it. To produce an effect of this sort, and make people dumb who are inclined to talk, is, to say the least of it, embarrassing. Having thus adventured, one is fairly in for it, and bound, having silenced the sound, to re-produce it, and this, as my own experience has demonstrated, is not always a task of easy accomplishment.

Presently, and when about nine miles from Utica, Hamilton College was discerned to our left; and at some two miles distance, an occasional glimpse was had of the little village of Clinton which lies in the vale below. These were pointed out by Mr. M——s, who made some sensible remarks on the origin of that seminary, &c.; and in them referred to Skendoah, an Indian chief of renown, the same to whom I have already referred in the case of the little girl, and who was

justly famed for his christian as well as other virtues. He lived to be one hundred and ten years old, and then dying, was buried near this college. Knowing well the benevolent feelings of the entire community of Friends towards the Indians, and being intimate with the life and character of Skenandoah, I concluded to make some remarks in reply. I found myself exactly in place; and was most happy to perceive that instead of deadening the sound by thus venturing to come in contact with it, it rung the louder. I was now placed at my ease. After a little pause, Mr. M——, as if anxious to continue the subject, referred to it again, and especially to the Indian chief, Skenandoah. I then remarked, that I had always looked upon Skenandoah as an extraordinary man, and, had not this been made apparent by the feats of his earlier years, and upon another theatre, it was made clear in those of his latter—for he had, many years before his death, not only professed a belief in, but actually practised the precepts of the christian religion; and so influential had these become, that his mental vision was constantly filled with the blessedness of the future world. A friend calling to see him some short time previous to his death, and asking him some questions respecting his health, &c. received the following answer: “I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am now dead at top.* I shall soon die in all my branches. Why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows. When I am dead, I wish to be buried by the side of my minister and friend, (the Rev. Mr. Kirkland.) Pray to my Jesus that I may go up with him at the great resurrection.”

“That is beautiful,” exclaimed the sister—“Why is it,” she continued, “that beings capable of such feelings, and of such views, should be so neglected?” I was at a loss what to answer, and I felt the point of the question. I knew something had been done of late, but I knew also that even now we are far short of the demands which humanity and justice require at our hands in behalf of these people. I re-

* Referring to his blindness.

plied: It is too true, a most inexcusable neglect had been discovered from the beginning; but I hoped the remnant of the race will be saved. "I hope so, sincerely," said she—"but if they should not be, when our experience has shewn that *it is practicable* to save them, our nation cannot look for the smiles and blessings of a Providence whose watchful care extends over all; and who sees that the lands we live on, and all this wide and beautiful country, were once theirs—and," added Mr. M. interrupting her, "who sees also, my dear, that it is owing, wholly, as James Barbour has truly said, at least in substance, *to our avarice*. The poor things have lands, and while there is a foot that we can put a foot upon, that is worth occupying, they will, I fear, as they always have been, be hunted and driven off." "But," continued he, "the secretary has a plan for colonizing these people, which I do not much approve." He paused, when I asked what were his objections to the plan? "Why," he replied, "our object should be to introduce among them the means of cultivating the ground, and in general the implements, and the comforts of domestic life, and send good men amongst them, honest, *sober* men, to instruct them in their use and right application." "This is certainly all very good," I answered, "but it appears to me the plan of the secretary embraces all this, and even more. The only difference seems to lie in the application of those means upon lands that it is proposed to make theirs, *and forever*, and continuing the system within limits from which constant efforts are making to push them, and amidst fears of their own the most paralyzing, and doubts which leave no room for hope of the future, nor any just expectation that these very improvements may not be, at some future day, taken from them, and they sent into a country where their own acquired knowledge may be useless, and a loss of their native skill, with the inclination that gave it success, in taking game, render them as unfit for the hunter, as the most of them now are for the civilized state. If I recollect the views of the secretary, they embrace all that can be desired by the warmest friends of the Indians. Lands,

education, implements of husbandry, domestic animals; and, added to all these, protection from surrounding enemies, whether white or red, and a permanent and ever-during home, where their faculties may continue to expand, and their hopes to brighten and flourish to the latest of their generations.”

I thought I saw that my companions felt the propriety of the plan, but at the same time, fears were expressed, that like other *permanent* homes, this might, in the end, prove unstable too. I added, if the change is made, and I confess I am an advocate for it, there are but two preliminary questions, and these have relation, first, to the assent of the Indians themselves; and the other to the quality of the soil, and fitness of the climate which it may be proposed to assign to them. I hope, said Mr. M., that these two preliminaries may be strictly regarded.

Here we arrived at our breakfasting place, and here I ate the first lake fish, or part of one, rather, that I had ever tasted. It was a trout, and had been taken the evening before, in the Oneida lake. It was the first thing I had put into my mouth for several weeks that I had relished. This, and the cup of excellent coffee, and good bread, that were served up, and with great neatness, was the charm that broke the spell of my indisposition, and put the pendulum of my health in its natural position, and gave to it its regular and punctual vibrations. You may tell all who care to know that I am in perfect health. Say this to my family without fail.

We found at this breakfasting place a young lady, who had come that morning several miles to meet the stage. Here she had flattered herself with the prospect of securing a passage for some fifteen miles, and with the hope of greeting, and of being greeted by her friends, who lived that distance on the road. She was told by the officiating gentleman who appeared to have to do with whatever concerned the stages, that “there was no room; and that she could not go—it was the *mail stage*,” &c. The answer affected her.

Seeing this, I spoke to our company, and told them, that being slender, I was willing to be crowded in any where; and hoped they would consent to have the young lady accommodated. It was proposed to put Mr. M——'s little daughter, and youngest niece, the next most delicate, and this young lady, on one seat. It was so arranged. I then reported to the manager, that so far as the company was concerned, the young lady could go. He objected, alleging that it was *the mail stage*; adding, "Gen. Van R——r passed here only yesterday to examine into the line." This amused me, seeing that *fourteen* had already been admitted. The young lady thanked us for our willingness to accommodate her, and we drove off without her.

After we were fairly on our way, Mr. M. said, "If I am not mistaken, thou art Colonel McKenney?" McKenney, I answered, is my name. "The reason I ask is, I remarked that thou wast familiar with our Indian relations, and also with James Barbour's report, and so I looked at the way-bill. I am glad to have met with thee. We are all well acquainted with thee, though we have not seen thee before." I replied, that I was happy to make an acquaintance, on my part, in all respects so very agreeable, and to hear so much kindness expressed for the welfare of the Indians; that I was well convinced of the deep interest the Friends had always, as a body, taken in the happiness of these people, and that they merited the thanks of the humane every where, for their contributions to the stock of money, labour, and teaching, which had been created for their benefit.

The old gentleman then asked me if I had paid any attention to the African subject; and if so, "what did I think of a colony for the blacks, some where, far off in the west?" I answered, that I had not given the subject a sufficient degree of reflection to justify an opinion—that I had always looked upon it as a delicate subject, and one that had baffled the wisdom of our best and most distinguished citizens; but that no one would rejoice more at the discovery of a plan which should combine all that was required for its harmo-

nious adjustment, and the happiness of the race, than myself. "My friend here," said the old gentleman, (pointing to Mr. M.) "has wrote thy name on a piece of paper, which I have put in my pocket-book;—mine is ——. I shall be glad, as thou art of Washington, and hear a good deal, and have to do with our Indians, if thou wouldst turn thy attention also to this subject, and write to me,—I live at Skeneateles." I replied, that to correspond with him, I knew, would be useful to me, as I should gather much from his age and experience; and asked him to favour me with such views as he might have adopted, of a plan for the ultimate happiness of the Africans. I am not certain whether he promised, or made any reply, for he had fixed his eyes on Ben, and said, "If all were as well off as thou appearest to be, I should think less of thy colour."

I forgot to mention, that the little village at which we had breakfasted, is called Vernon, a pretty name, and which gives rise to the most agreeable associations, and will always, to me, and is, withal, more full of interest than any other, save that of Washington, and perhaps one other.

We were now in the Oneida reservation—and presently saw some Indians. We were told the Oneida castle was near, and it was presently announced; but on looking to see a place of strength, or the remains of one, as the name imports, there was nothing of the sort, and only a grove of butternut trees, large, and very beautiful. Here, doubtless, once stood the town of these people, the place of their strength, and was called the Oneida castle, and the name, not an unusual occurrence in this world of mutation, only now remains. Nearly opposite to this castle, or rather grove, was a building of plank, newly put up, where, we were told, a sutler had established himself to hold commerce with the Indians, they having just received their annuity. Those we met were well clad, and good looking people, men, women, and children. They were coming out of the adjoining fields and lanes, and all moving in the direction of this sutler's stand. In the fields were log cabins; and here and

there we saw the Indians working, men, women, and children, with hoes, &c., whilst some half dozen little ones came running by the side of the stage extending their little hands for presents. We threw them some change, which they picked up, and returned.

The Oneidas and their confederates were once a powerful people. They (the Oneidas,) have been traced as far back as the St. Lawrence, and are said to have once occupied the country in the neighbourhood of Montreal; but forced southward by their enemies, the Adirondacks, I believe, they finally settled in the lake country in this state. They were known to the French so long ago as 1603, the year in which the French settled Canada. It is said further, that before they were driven from the St. Lawrence, they were cultivators of the ground, but on being defeated, they resumed their warlike character, turned upon their enemies, the Adirondacks, and went nigh to exterminate them. Their power was much dreaded by the early settlers of New York and New England, and their friendship and protection sought by distant tribes. Even the Delawares, the grandfathers, as they were called, looked up to them, and considered them worthy of being sought, as did the Cherokees of South Carolina. But they have felt the blast and the mildew; and the diseases and vices of civilization have contributed to reduce their numbers, and they live a miserable (though comparatively happy) remnant of what they once were. The Oneidas number now only about eleven hundred.

The country on this road is beautiful, and fertile beyond any thing I have ever seen. Its little villages of Sullivan, Manlius, Marcellus, &c., all of them ornamented with steepled churches, whose tall, penetrating spires point to that heaven, the way to which so many weekly lessons are taught within, all present to the eye of the traveller every variety of which nature is susceptible, or with which art can adorn it, together with occasional glimpses, and near approaches to the smaller lakes, which you will see, on turning to a map, looking as they appear there, like so many leeches.

Skeneateles, I regret not having seen, having arrived there after dark. It is said to be a beautiful town, and the lake of the same name, by the shore of which the stage passed, and at the head of which the town is situated, is very interesting. It was here I parted from my agreeable and intelligent Quaker company; and the kindness of the parting, and the good wishes that were expressed, have left an impression which will revive much of this day's pleasure, should it ever fall to my lot to meet with any of them again. It is not unlikely but, as they are going into Canada, I may enjoy that pleasure at Lewistown.

The stage was now cleared of every body except myself and Ben.—Our destination for the night was here; and it being the *mail stage*, you know, I had no control over it, else I should have been happy to have spent the night at Skeneateles, and especially in half an hour after leaving there, for that time had scarcely elapsed, before the west was blackened over with a most ominous looking cloud, whose extent, and turbulent character, was made clear by the frequent flashes of lightning which it emitted; and by the rolling thunder, whose distant peals gave sure presage of the astounding effects which would attend a nearer approach to it. The storm soon commenced—wind, rain, lightning, and thunder, all in their wildest and most confused forms, seemed ready to blow away, or burn up, or deluge every thing. The horses were almost driven back by the fury of the blast, and had it blown against the side of the stage, it must have been blown over. The fierceness and frequency of the lightning blinded the driver so as to render it impossible for him to see the road, and I could feel the horses start at every peal of the thunder. They were left to their own discretion, and trotted briskly on, sometimes down hill, in a gallop, and amidst a darkness almost Egyptian, save when the lightning would flash out its fires, and then the gloom that instantly followed, would be tenfold greater. I felt, however, that the horses knew the way, and that they and I, as are all

things, were under the guidance and protection of a merciful Providence.

After the storm had abated, and the lightning was less frequent, and less fierce, and when the noise of the thunder came from the distance, and the stars could be seen over our heads, and in the western sky, Ben, who had not spoken a word before, asked me very gravely, "if such lightning and thunder were common up this way."

I should have been much gratified, could I have visited the Oneidas; also the antiquities, by the way, at Onondago, Camillus, and Pompey. Some reflections, if nothing more, might have been added, touching those ancient abodes of the long lost dead, who once, like ourselves, were the subjects of peace and of war, of hopes and fears, and all the little feverish anxieties of life, and finally, victims of the destroyer—death! Skulls, and various kinds of remains, are yet to be seen throughout this region, which serve to testify that a people once lived, and perhaps flourished here; and their mounds demonstrate that war made defences necessary, and perhaps, that they were all slain where their remains now lie; or possibly, these may have been collected from the various battle fields where they fell, and buried here. But it is all conjecture!

Would you believe it!—it is one o'clock, and I have to be off by daylight in the mail stage—so good night, or rather, *morning*.

Ever yours.

Rochester, Sunday, June 11, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

Time, you know, is said to wait for no man. I have had this saying made practical in its fullest import to my way-worn frame, within the last twelve hours. I felt this morning that I would have given a great deal of the little I possess, could I have prevailed on time to have stopped the sands of his glass for but one hour. I was scribbling to you till one o'clock this morning, and had hardly felt the

comfort of my bear skin pallet, before the stage-man blew his horn—a *tin* one, but nevertheless a horn, because all people have agreed to call it so.

I entered Auburn in the night, and left it a little after day; but could see by the dawn of the morning that it is a pretty place. It occurred to me that there was, perhaps, an error in its location, as the Owasco lake is not far distant, but not near enough to combine its water scenery with that of the land. However, I can pass no judgment upon this comparative location. The borders of the lake may not be of such a character as to compensate for other advantages which the remove from it has gained for Auburn, and which, under other circumstances, might have been lost.

There is a Theological seminary at Auburn, as you doubtless know. It is said to be flourishing. I look upon these nurseries of genius and of piety to be the green spots on which a genial influence descends, and where the hearts and intellects of those who have set themselves apart for the work of the ministry, are refreshed and strengthened. Did Paul live now, he would doubtless be their advocate, that the "*sound doctrine*" he held in such reverence, and which he was so careful to exhort Timothy to preach, might be fully imbibed; and that the weapons of their warfare might be made bright! But he would preach until his eloquence would shake every false feeling from its lodgment, and make those who might cherish it tremble, as he made Felix, against every sectarian and uncharitable sentiment, or whatever should do else than unite men as brothers, and lead them to be anxious for each other's happiness. "I am of Paul and I am of Apollos," was boastingly uttered by those in older times, who made a *parade* of their attachment to the holy calling, and which called forth from the Apostle that severe rebuke, in which he announced to these sectarians of his day, that "Paul might plant, and Apollos water, but God *alone* could give the increase." If they believed the Apostle they must have felt ashamed of their contracted views of things, and of their own littleness. But I suppose

it was no less difficult then, than it is now, to conquer the stubborn prejudices of bigots, or to overcome and put right the false opinions of the ignorant. The same Apostle would doubtless inform those of the present day who, under the garb of sanctity, as is unhappily too often the case, esteem it no crime to whisper a slanderous imputation, involving the reputation of an absent and unsuspecting neighbour, that "*thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,*" is of as high origin, and as imposing and binding in its requirements, as is that other commandment, which says, "*Thou shalt not steal.*" He would give them to understand, also, that he who disregards the one, is not a whit better than he who violates the other. Many a beautiful flower is made to fade away and die, under the blighting influence of this evil! To bridle the tongue appears to be a work more difficult of accomplishment, than was the taming of Bucephalus by Alexander; and yet he who has not learned this among the lessons of prudence, to say nothing of the book in which a commandment to that effect is to be found, have made but little progress in the school of morals, and not a step in that of christianity. When you discover in any person a particular appetite for scandal, hesitate not a moment, but fix a guard for the protection of your own good name, or fly—the last is safest. You are never secure in the company of such. These are they whom the Apostle would denominate "*busy bodies;*" and of all the people in the world they are, in the eyes of the wise and the good, the most contemptible. The church itself is deeply interested in detecting and reclaiming such wanderers; as it is also in the maintenance and preservation of a general harmony—which can be secured in no way so readily as by encouraging works of mercy and the offices of kindness. *Love to God, and love to man,* comprises the sum total of the Gospel. It is around this point that its glory has collected, and from it goes forth all its loveliness.

Happy for us the time has gone by, when zealots fired the faggots, and looked with demoniac joy upon the writhing

victim at the stake; as has, in a great degree that feeling that would proscribe a brother for an opinion in matters of faith; or a variation in the exterior forms of religious worship. These were the fruits of the feudal times of the church, and they were *bitter* fruits! The habitations of cruelty, happily for the world, are depopulating fast; and the spreading of a purer and lovelier light over the dark places of the earth is visible. There is no mistaking the signs of the times. The Gospel is beginning to be better understood; it is more diffusive in its influences, and more practical in its effects. Its character, "Peace on earth and good will to man," as announced by the angel, is disclosing itself; and just as its native loveliness is made manifest, will man be disposed to embrace it; for it is not possible, according to the constitution of his nature, that man should do otherwise than love that which, to his eyes, is lovely. That the Gospel is not so viewed by every body, is because its beauties, and its exact adaptation to the happiness of man is not perceived. The advantage of these seminaries, in great part, consists in qualifying those who enter them for the task of representing the loveliness of the system; and in conferring those powers by which men can be "*persuaded*" to embrace it. I know well that without any such advantages, thousands of ministers have successfully administered the truths of revelation, and spread a moral beauty over many places of darkness and of deformity—but it does appear to me that, as other branches of information are becoming perfect, and the sciences are all getting to be full of light, that the ability of those who discourse upon things pertaining to the eternal welfare of man, should be sustained by the best helps of the wise and the learned. These, it is reasonable to suppose, are to be found in theological seminaries.

I was anxious to see the state prison—and to see as much of it as I could, I climbed, just as day had fully dawned, upon a pile of lumber, and took a look at its massy structure and impregnable and towering walls. I have just seen a

statement, in which the gross expense of this prison to the state, in 1823, is put at \$20,589, and the earnings of the prisoners, at \$9,807, making a loss to the state for that year, of \$10,782. Each convict, during the year, cost \$34.78, which is within a cent, I think, of *nine cents and a half* a day. In 1824, there were confined here 608 convicts; the gross expense for that year was \$55,792, and the earnings of the prisoners, \$33,316. The gross cost for each was \$91.67; and the nett cost, \$22.67, about six cents and a quarter a day.

The discipline of this prison is highly spoken of, and the extraordinary perfection which has been attained, is attributed to the single circumstance of its having only one head, a principal, who is charged with every branch of its concerns, and held responsible for all. The punishing power is his, as is also the control over the assistants. This doctrine of responsibility is altogether orthodox, and is good every where, in prisons, as well as in church and state.

The remains of ancient fortifications are to be seen in this neighbourhood by those who have leisure—but what can you expect of me in such matters, who reach a place at nine o'clock at night, write till one in the morning, (eat supper, of course,) and leave it at four?—By the help of the lumber, and of the morning's dawn, I did make out to see the prison, and also the general aspect of the town and of the surrounding country. The impression made upon my mind is highly favourable to Auburn. I only wish I could have given it a closer inspection.

The country for the entire route, or nearly so, between Auburn and this place, is highly interesting. There is every variety that the eye can take delight in, and that fruitfulness of the soil which insures to the husbandman the certain reward of his toils.

Some five miles before reaching Geneva, we overtook, scattered along the road, about thirty Indians of all ages, and of both sexes. There were no persons in the stage but myself and Ben, and some of them seeing this, made signs to the driver to be taken in. I told the driver to accommodate

them—if he chose. He admitted two. Soon after, a boy, about ten years old, ragged as Lazarus, came running after the stage, and making signs to be taken in too—the driver cracked his whip at him, when he fell behind the stage, but continued running. His looks were enough to excite any one's pity—so I called to the driver and told him to take the boy in, and I would pay his passage. He stopped his horses, and the poor fellow got in, but was almost out of breath.

One of the two who had been first admitted, I ascertained, could speak English. I learned from him, that the whole party were going about thirty miles further, to attend the trial of one of their people, charged with murder. What an evidence of deep interest did these poor Indians give in the journey they were taking; and what a lesson did it read to their civilized brothers in the deep concern thus manifested in the issue of the trial!

The poor boy, it seemed, had no name—and not a cent to pay his way, even for a morsel of bread. I gave him some change, and called him Ben. This delighted him, as it did the other two, who would every now and then give him a sly look, and say, Ben—Ben—and then laugh immoderately. Ben at last turned his head very composedly whenever he was called by this name, and he will, doubtless, carry it with him to his grave.

On arriving at Geneva, the Indians left us, and proceeded on their journey on foot.

Geneva is certainly a most beautiful town, and of great promise. It starts at the foot, and on the borders of Seneca lake, and is built, the business parts of it, upon the first rise of level ground immediately along the lake shore, whilst the upper, or high ground, west, is also set out with some fine buildings, which are highly ornamental, not less on account of their own appearance, than on that of their commanding position. The hotel at which the stage stopped, is an uncommonly fine building, spacious, and handsomely located, just on the lake shore, and from the top of which, I

took time to look upon the lake, which is strikingly beautiful—its waters were smooth as glass, and clear as chrystal. The day (Sunday) put it out of my power to judge of the appearance of Geneva as a place of business; but from its exterior, I should infer it was prosperous now, and that it is destined to become yet more important, I think, is very certain. The lake is thirty-five miles long, and three or four miles wide. Its waters, though remarkable for being very cold, it is said, never freeze. It is moreover said, that although frequently attempted in many parts of it, and by the most skilful, no soundings have ever been made. I do not infer from this, however, that the lake, in those places, has no bottom, though such is said to be the fact. I think it more reasonable to believe that it has; and that the bursting up of the water at those fathomless points throws back the lead, as do the issues from the bottoms of the lesser springs the sand and shells, &c., as we have seen; and the lead diverging, is carried off horizontally, the action of the water still sustaining it to a distance till the line is run out, and the conclusion arrived at, that “there is no bottom.” What are these lakes but springs of a larger size?—I know all this is supposition. But I am satisfied with my solution of the problem, because, perhaps, I prefer to believe in any reasonable explanation of the inability of those who tried it, to find bottom, to believing, as some do, that the lake, at those places, has no bottom. We read of a “bottomless pit,”—but no where, at least on such authority, of a bottomless lake. If we did, and if it were in *the book*, I, for one, would believe it—there being already many things there which the line of my reason is not long enough to fathom, but the truth of which I am not going, for that reason, to doubt; I think it is safest to stick to the book. What though parts of it are mysterious? it only resembles the other works of the Almighty. Indeed I should think it more mysterious still, if the economy of the Eternal, in regard to us beings of a day, were not sometimes, and in some of its arrangements, a little beyond our comprehension; and especially as when the mists thicken

upon our sight, and shut it out, like the blue places in the scenery of the universe, in which the eye loses itself, nothing is taken from the roundness, or beauty, or perfection of the whole.

I was told by a person who accompanied me to the top, or rather to the upper portico of Mr. Lynch's hotel, that fine trout are caught in Seneca lake; and that in the common opinion, their numbers would be greater if the water were not so cold.

Geneva was located by a Col. Williams, agent to Sir William Pulteney, some — years ago, who named it after the town of the same name, and which was once an ally of one of the Cantons of Switzerland, and who located, at the same time, the town of Bath, at the head of the lake, giving it this name in honour of Sir William, who was earl of Bath. Bath is said to be a flourishing town also.

I was joined at Geneva by Judge S——e, of Little York, in Canada, his lady, and niece, a most interesting and captivating child of about seven years old. We dined at Canandaigua, which is, according to my taste and observation, the prettiest town I have yet seen, nor will I be thought extravagant in my admiration of it, at least by those who have seen it, when I add my doubts whether there is one more beautiful in the United States. I speak not of the style of the buildings, though this is excellent, and in some instances of superior elegance; nor of the plan of the town, nor of the country round about, nor of the lake, but of the whole together—the *tout ensemble*. From the hotel, the view is captivating, embracing a wide extent of uncommonly picturesque scenery—vallies, rolling mountains, &c. Canandaigua lake, along the northern termination of which the road lies, and north of which, and at some considerable remove from it, perhaps half a mile, Canandaigua stands, is a beautiful sheet of water, and when blended in one view with the scenery in every direction all around you, and with the town, it is strikingly beautiful. A little island was pointed out in the lake, and near its northern termination, on which,

it is said, the Seneca Indians sought a hiding place for their women and children when they expected an attack from General Schuyler.

There is something remarkable in the step, or terrace-like appearance of the country between Geneva and Canandaigua. It seems to have been formed by the action of the waters which appear to have receded from a kind of diverging line, or summit level, half way between those two places, and at intervals of time, so as to leave each terrace in each successive recession, as we sometimes see it on river shores, (one half of the operation at least,) where the sand is thrown highest farthest from the waters, and a step lower, and then another, and lower still, till you reach the beach over which the waters continue to roll. Suppose a similar operation upon the other side, and equi-distant, and you have the view, upon a small scale, of the terrace between Geneva and Rochester. But I leave these appearances to be accounted for by geologists.

Flying, as I am, I had no time to stop and take a look at the burning springs, not far from Canandaigua. These are worth seeing, if the account given of them be correct. The flame from them, it is said, is frequently seen burning through and in contact with the snow! By means of tubes, this gas is said to have been conveyed from the proprietor's fields to his dwelling, and from which a sufficiency of heat is procured, by its mixture with the atmospheric air, to answer the purpose of cooking; and has been made also to supersede the use of candles.

From Canandaigua we took the route through Mendon and Pittsford, to this place, where we arrived about half an hour by sun, and found the air so cold as to make fires necessary for our comfort. A large one was blazing in the bar-room when we entered; and many persons seemed to be enjoying the rare luxury of a blazing fire on the 11th night of June. I asked for a thermometer to note the degree of temperature, but there was none at hand.

I must defer what I may have to say about Rochester till I reach Lewistown, which, "barring accidents," will be tomorrow afternoon; the distance from here is 110 miles.

I have just disposed of a moderate supper, a little tea and a cracker, and am going to bed, somewhat, but not much, indisposed.

Ever yours.

Lewistown, Monday, June 12, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

Rochester is now to be spoken of, and of the route from it to this place. I shall have to make short work of both, and scarcely sketch as I go. It is difficult to begin a sketch of such a place as Rochester. The place is in such motion, and is so unmanageable as to put it out of one's power to keep it still long enough to say much about it. It is like an inflated balloon rolling and tumbling along the ground, and which the grapple itself cannot steady. It is unquestionably a wonderful town; and a town of extraordinary pretensions. It may be referred to as a standing proof that the wilderness may be made to vanish almost at a stroke, and give place in as little time to a city! It really would seem that by one hand the forest had been made to disappear, and with the other a city had been made to grow up in its stead. It was only fifteen years since the surveyor dragged his chain over the brush, and dead wood, and around the enormous living trees that flourished there, and divided the ground into lots; and only fourteen years since the place was first settled! The war, it is said, and with reason, impeded its growth, and choking up the channels that were prepared to let in the settlers, put it back at least two years, so that Rochester is only in fact about twelve years old! In this short space of time, nearly six thousand citizens people it—and, as if it was destined to come up at once a full grown city, without waiting as usual for the gradual increase and perfection of its several parts, we see here some of the finest and most commodious public houses; an eye and ear infirmary; a bank; *six* churches,

Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, and Catholic; a court house and jail; and *public baths!* This you may find some difficulty in believing; but believe me it is so. Nor are these appendages part of a log-house settlement. The town is generally built of brick, and the houses are commanding, and some of them beautiful. Buildings appear to be running up as rapidly as ever, and so pressing is the demand that the workmen have no time to clear the streets of the rubbish, the lumber, I mean, and shavings, and hills of mortar, and broken bricks, that go well nigh, in some places, to choke up the streets. It is like a hive; and the apertures every where around it, are full of bees, pressing into it. Every thing in Rochester looked to me to be in motion. It is true the day had stilled the noise of the hammers and trowels, &c. but the hands of the workmen appeared to have let them go only for a moment. The streets are laid off regularly, and the side ways of several of them are paved with flag stones.

The country round about is fertile beyond any idea you can form of it; and the town is near the Genessee river, and not far from the falls, which are ninety feet high. I saw only the spray ascending from the bottom, into which the water tumbles, looking like mist high up in the sky. Who has not heard of the Genessee country? And of its proverbial fertility? On the river, and near Rochester, are numerous manufactories, which have also recently sprung up here, and these bear strong testimony to the action within the town.

I do not wonder at all at the man (not of Ross, but) of Rochester, who, on arriving at New York, exclaimed: "of all the places I have seen New York reminds me most of Rochester." Perhaps the noise and bustle of Rochester may have been the first sounds of the sort that had ever filled his ears. He might have been a settler in those parts, and heard nothing but the momentary crash of the falling of a tree, and the sound of the axe, as the workman, stroke after stroke, divided it into ten feet lengths; and of the maul, heavy and dull, in its sounds, as it fell upon the wedge that split it up into rails—or of the sharper sounds of the broad axe, as it

chipped off the projections, and smoothed down the sides of the logs, or cut them into dove-tails for the cabin in which he lived, which being done, all was still again, save when in spring time, he entered his "clearing," and drove his oxen over the rugged ground, when the echoes of his own voice in commanding these dull animals, or the crack of his whip, were all the sounds that fell upon his ear—till suddenly the work of the building of Rochester commenced, and astounded him! Nothing rang in his ears afterwards to equal the confusion of those first and suddenly created sounds, and they were even more deeply impressed and multiplied, than were those which he afterwards heard in New York. His first impressions, like those of most of us, were the deepest, and most lasting—Like the child who sees the candle, and wonders at its blaze, and at last grasps it with its unsuspecting hand, sees afterwards at a distance a mountain on fire, and is reminded by it of the candle. The candle had made a first and lasting impression in the one case, and served as a rallying point for the recollection in all that resembled fire; and so had Rochester to this wonder-stricken man in all that resembled the bustle and noise and business scenes of a great city. But after all he had but a child's head.

Soon after leaving Rochester, we reached that extraordinary ridge, called the "*Ridge Road.*" It commences near to Rochester, and continues to within a few miles of Lewistown, and though but a highway, and principally of sand, is a great curiosity. This ridge is in some places but little more than wide enough to allow the passage of the stage; and is never so wide as for the eye to be without the range of its width both ways. Sometimes it inclines gradually into the valleys on both sides, then again the ways to the depths below are precipitous and appalling! Speculation has been busy in regard to this ridge. Many theories have been built upon it. I would venture one, or more, if you will not think me too adventurous. You will only have to recur to your limits. Within these, and there is no getting without them, I am free as a bird, and know no horizon

less universal than I see. If I alight in my way upon a wrong point, or feel too feeble to sustain myself, I have only to lift my pinions and seek a right one.

Now, as to the cause or origin of this extraordinary ridge, I believe all agree to refer its creation to the agency of water. But the water of what? My own belief is, the waters of a great sea, the remains of which upon the one hand are now known by the name of Lake Ontario; and on the other by those of the little lakes of Oneida, Otisco, Skeneateles, Owasco, Cayuga, Geneva, Canandaigua, &c. This belief, or theory, requires that the waters should have retired from either side of this ridge; and so I believe they did. Nearly all those little lakes, if not all, have connection yet with Lake Ontario, and doubtless formed part of a vast inland sea, reaching to some southern boundary that might possibly be defined, and breaking over at some point, or points, the country was drained as we now see it, leaving Lake Ontario and the lesser lakes as they are. But where the southern recession of the waters found an outlet to the Atlantic, I am not prepared to say. At this ridge, these two divisions of water may have met, and here the deposit may have been made, and here left by the retiring of the waters. But how useless is speculation—and how wild too! It is far easier, my dear ***, to refer all this variety upon our earth's surface, of mountain and valley, hill and dale, and the more irregular proportions to that awfully calamitous period, when "the fountains of the great deep" were broken up; and when, as Campbell tells us,

"A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe."

I think I may feel secure upon this rock, and here therefore I take my stand.

We passed on this route several little towns, all, or nearly all of them appeared to be flourishing. Among these I was particularly struck with the neat appearance of one called GAINES, where an academy of brick was going up. What could the citizens do to elevate its character so effectually as

to build an academy? I wish these fountains of science were open in every village and hamlet of our land. Our liberty will remain secure while the people continue to be enlightened, and the order and polish of society will be preserved. But once ignorant, "*farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness.*"

On approaching Lewistown, and when within a mile or so of it, we are in the neighbourhood of the Tuscarora reservation, a place of rest, it may be hoped, for some two hundred and about fifty of these people, who a long time ago emigrated from North Carolina, and joined the confederacy of the then five nations, making it six. I may possibly see these Indians on my return, when I may write you something about them.

We arrived at this place about an hour by sun. The most commanding object, on entering Lewistown, is the monument of General Brock, beyond and upon the heights of Queenstown, just across the Niagara river. The town is small, and has nothing very important or striking in its appearance; but it is full of interesting recollections of the late war. Several well dressed Tuscaroras were returning from it as we drove in, having been here, as I supposed, shopping. I find myself in excellent quarters. The hotel is new, and very pleasant in all respects.

I was highly gratified with my company, and quite in love with my little prattling companion, the niece of Judge S—e, a sweet, intelligent child, whose acquirements are far beyond her years. A steamboat being reported ready, and which it took the remainder of this evening for the Judge to reach, I reluctantly parted with them—receiving a gracious invitation, should I visit York, to let them know it. I scribbled some lines with my pencil for my little favourite, presented them, and received at parting a kiss in return. I hope so sweet a bud may be permitted to live, and bloom into a flower, as beautiful as present appearances authorize the belief that it will be. You shall hear from me from the Falls of Niagara—till then, good bye.

*Falls of Niagara, (Forsyth's. Canada,) }
 Tuesday, June 13, 1826. }*

MY DEAR ***

My last was from Lewistown. Having received there the information that the steamboat, the Superior, would not leave Buffalo for Detroit before the 19th, I determined to remain in the neighbourhood of Lewistown for three or four days, and visit Fort George, the Tuscarora Indians, these falls, &c., and made arrangements accordingly.

A little after night a carriage drove up, when I thought I recognized a voice that I had heard before. I looked out of the window, and by the light of the moon, distinguished the person of a man that was, if not familiar, at least like some one whom I had seen recently—but I was unable to determine who he was, or where I had seen him. On going down this morning to breakfast, who should I meet in the passage but my *Charles J. Fox*, of Albany, who instantly recognized me, and in less time than it has taken me to write his name, ascertained my destination, and informed me of his own. He was bound, with his family, to Grand river, on Lake Erie; and on my asking when he intended to leave Lewistown, got for answer, that he should be off "*directly*." I mentioned the information I had received respecting the time when the Superior would leave Buffaloe—when he replied, "if you are right, then I am bad off." We were then at the breakfast table, which he left in a second to hunt for a newspaper. He soon returned, bringing one in his hand, saying, "we are *both* right—the Superior is sure enough advertised for the 19th, but the Clay for the 14th." Of this I had not been informed, so I instantly determined to go on, and we left Lewistown in company.

The descent for a hundred yards, or so, from the heights of Lewistown to the Niagara river, is so steep, as to make it unsafe for the stage to descend to the landing, so it stopped on the brow of the hill at a small house by the road side, from whence our baggage was taken down by the hand, and we walked to the landing.

The first impression I felt on seeing the rapid whirl of the current, was that of surprise that Gen. Van Rensselaer should have attempted, in the face of batteries, and with such a landing to make, so precipitous, and with such hills to climb, to cross here, unless, indeed, the ferrymen had been experienced, and the boats, in all respects, exactly adapted to the enterprize. I did not doubt the skill of our ferrymen, practised as they are, to take us over in safety, and yet no one can look at the whirls, and rapidity of the current, without feeling some doubt, if nothing more, as to the point where the opposite landing is to be made. After having been whirled round and round for at least twice the distance that marks the breadth of the river, we were landed at the very point that had been selected. But this never could have been accomplished by any save experienced boatmen. It is necessary to know the force of the counter currents, and the action of the eddies upon the boat, and to make the corresponding calculations—for at one time you are forced down the river, and at another, driven up it.

On landing, we proceeded on foot up the hill to Queens-town, to the tavern, and paid our passage in a stage that we were told would be along directly from Fort George. Meanwhile, we concluded to ascend the heights and see the battle ground, and the monument of General Brock. The ascent was steep, and the distance full half a mile, and the day hot.

We saw the remains of the works of defence which the British had erected, and walked over the ground that had been made wet with the blood of contending armies. The places where Col. Wool gallantly tore from a bayonet the white handkerchief that had been hoisted upon it by one who supposed it was time to stop the carnage, and the ascent, some distance further down, up which the intrepid Fenwick was climbing when he received from a pistol ball a shot down his face, from his forehead to his chin, which left a deep furrow there, and carried with it the sight of one eye, and part of the organ itself, were both pointed out to us. The sight of these places revived recollections of the eventful times in

which they happened, and which, if I had leisure, I would refer to more at large—but I must pass on. I need not tell you that the river, and the ground, and the points to be carried were of such a nature as to require no ordinary men to dare them, and none would, but such as did. But we have, happily for our country, no lack of such materials; they are indigenous to the soil, and are no less at home on the ocean.

The monument of General Brock is one hundred and fifteen feet high, with a base, it is said, of three hundred and fifty feet above the river. It resembles, at a distance, the monument of Washington, in Baltimore, but without its due proportions at the base; the base of this being too small. It is built of grey limestone. The prospect from the hill on which it stands is very commanding. We saw the entrance into Lake Ontario, and all the intermediate points of Queens-town, and Lewistown, of course, and a vast extent of beautiful scenery all round—both in Canada and the United States. The way into the base of the monument was open, and on entering it, we found it filled with lime and lumber. There were no steps by which to ascend to its top. It stands south, and west of the spot where it is said the general fell; and about two hundred yards from it.—And there is the eglantine bush, near which he fell—and which an Irish woman, whose husband was in the battle, assured us, “nothing had been able to kill, and never would be.”

An accident having happened, as we afterwards learned, to the stage, we were delayed for at least two hours upon these heights—nor is it so certain when we should have got off, had we not sent a messenger to the stage office to say that it was not possible for us to be delayed longer, and to request that some kind of conveyance should be sent to us. Two two-horse wagons, drawn by Canadian ponies, were soon in motion, and in these we took our seats on the monument hill. We passed, on our route, several places of interest. The seat of the late duke of Richmond was pointed out to us—a neat cottage looking building, as was also the *tumuli*, or the direction, rather, in which they were, that

have been rendered more particularly interesting by having disclosed, by the blowing down of a tree, the roots of which upturning much earth, many human bones, and the relics of Indians, such as beads, pipes, &c., that had lain concealed there, perhaps for centuries—also the battle fields.

We arrived in safety in our new mode of conveyance, at this place—this great *gorge* of waters; and I have this moment returned from a survey of the terrible grandeur!—Dinner is announced, and after which, the time will have come for our departure to Buffaloe, where I will resume and finish this letter.

Buffaloe.

We have just arrived at this flourishing place; the sun is about an hour high. It matters not how rapid the glance is that surveys Buffaloe, it will be sufficient to satisfy any one that it is destined to be among the greatest of our western towns. But to go back to the falls of Niagara, and to the battle fields in their neighbourhood.

The first thing I did on arriving at Forsyth's, was to go to the upper portico of his house, and look from thence upon this "hell of waters!" * * * * * I have been as far as the note of admiration, after "waters," for five minutes, thinking whether I shall attempt to give you a description of this indescribable cataract—I am not yet determined what to do—stop, or go on. You will, no doubt, expect something, and I should be sorry to disappoint you, yet I shall disappoint you any way—for how can any conception be given of that for which there is no parallel, and with which there is nothing to compare it? To what would you liken the sun? But the sun does not surpass all the powers of language to describe it as a world of light, illuminating and warming the universe, more than does the Niagara cataract all that relates to the ocean, or the fountains which dash down the mountain precipices to mingle their waters with it. To comprehend the falls of Niagara, you must *see*, and *hear* them—you must therefore behold for

yourself—then come along with me to the top of Forsyth's house. There!—what think you of that?—On your right, and south, and just before you, is that almost semi-circular verge of *seven hundred yards* round, and over which, an unbroken surface of transparent green water pours without a particle of foam at the turn, and at the rate of, perhaps, *fifteen millions of tons in twenty-four hours!* But all which breaks into foam in its one hundred and seventy-four feet of perpendicular descent at about seventy feet from the turn of the verge, leaving upwards of one hundred feet of foam and spray in the regions below, which flying up into mist, furnishes a medium, and place of repose for an *iris*, as if to mock the eye with the calm and settled splendour of its glory, at the same moment that it is convulsed by the terror and tumult of the scene below! Passing your eye a little further round to the left, is Goat, or Iris island, which separates the falls on the British from those on the American side, and beyond that, and farther round, are the rapids, on the other side of the island, and the great sheet of water, nine hundred feet broad, foam, nearly from the verge, flying over in a more perpendicular descent, and in a thinner sheet, to the depth of one hundred and sixty feet. That side is less magnificent than this, but is it not also grand? Then up the river, and upon this side of the island, and to your right again, (that is, if you can disengage your eye from the crescent,) you see for better than half a mile the rapids galloping on, all white with foam, to the tremendous precipice; but just before they reach it, do you see how they seem to shrink from the leap, and how smooth they become, and how green! Do the terrors of the approaching deep thus operate to make what was but a minute before so buoyant and white with foam, pour over here with a surface so depressed and so smooth?—or is it because their rocky bed at this turning place is itself worn smooth and deep, and there is nothing to intercept the great river in its fall into the gulf below? **ONWARD!—OVER!**—are the only words that can convey the impression arising from the sight of the rapids above, and

the falls below. They appear to be the words spoken by the Eternal when the hurrying, and splashing, and foaming scene of the rapids commenced; and when their waters first made their pitch into the awful profound! The impelling mandate has never been for a moment disobeyed, and it is yet "*onward,*" and "*over,*" and will be, till the same voice shall speak, and alter the arrangement; or break up the connexion, and the form of it, which now exists between these falls and the great chain of lakes whose outlet is over them.

Now come with me from the portico. I will take you to another, and more awful view. The way leads from the back of Forsyth's house, and through the garden to the edge of the level on which the house stands—from which level, and at some two hundred yards from the house, you descend, by means of steps cut out of the bank, upon another plain, which seems to be on a level with the river and the verge of the cataract. The ground you see is damp, and every floweret, and spear of grass, and bush; the arbor vitæ, and the aspen, are all wet—it is from the spray which you see flying up before you like a white summer cloud, and which falls again in one ceaseless, but delicate shower. No clouds are needed to discharge their treasures, to make green and lovely the verdure that grows here.

These planks that lie before you, lead, one division of them, that to your right, to the table rock; they are necessary to carry you dry shod, for you see how wet the ground is. In the direction of that rock comes the upper curvature of the river, and do you see how it circles off again as if to spare us; and how it strikes against an elevation of its rocky limits, and throws a vast sheet of water upwards, and gives you that fine view of its under surface, and that beautiful edge, so white with foam? But it does not seem safe to venture upon that rock; it is the table rock, as I have told you, part of which not long since, and under circumstances of a peculiar interest, fell off into the caverns below. Let me mention these circumstances, as I received them from Forsyth.

One evening, Forsyth, on going out upon this rock, his eye being familiar with all its parts, detected a crack across it. He returned to admonish a party of ladies and gentlemen, who were in the practice of going out upon it every evening, and who would sometimes take their tea there, against venturing upon it again; but he missed them. They were out rambling—and before they returned, as usual, paid their visit to this rock. On arriving at the house Mr. F. mentioned to them his discovery, and that he had been in search of them to give the alarm. His communication made but a light impression, as they had been there since, and had seen no change. He was, however, so well convinced of the danger, as to have a fence run across the rock, and inside the fissure or crack. In the night, and when nature all round was sleeping, except the falls, a terrible sound startled every thing, and by its alarming import, lifted every head from its pillow, that the ear might the more distinctly comprehend its meaning—but it died away, or was absorbed in the noise of the cataract, whilst the trembling of the house that had been shaken, also gradually subsided, and all was still and steady again. It was believed to be an earthquake, but where the great convulsion had taken place no one presumed to judge. In the morning Mr. F. went to the rock, and found that it was broken at the place indicated by the crack, and had fallen into the caverns below, where it lay strewed in thousands of huge fragments! He returned and made this known to the company, who felt, and with horror, how narrow their escape had been! The fall of the rock had occasioned the noise which was taken for an earthquake.

We will not go out upon the remains of this rock, but just look over from its connexion with the main on which we now stand; and now we will go to that little watch-box as it appears to be with its sharpened top just above the hill, and to our left. Its octagonal, or hexagonal form is just visible. It leads by means of any quantity of steps which strike out from a centre shaft and fasten to the outside of this tower, to the world

below—and when we shall get to the bottom and look up, this tower will appear like the

“Mast of some tall admiral.”

This going down is fatiguing enough, but you will find it more difficult getting back.—However, come along. This you see is sure enough an awful abyss! No wonder, however, when for centuries this river has been pouring over here, and excavating and deepening the gulf. You see the same roll of the green body of water, thick, smooth and flowing, coming over the curve, and there on your right that sheet which, following the inclination given to it by the rock over which it flies, still shows you its under surface, and its edge of foam. It crosses, you see, part of the great body of the fall, diagonally, and shoots far in towards the centre of the gulf. Those rocks that over-hang their base, and appear ready to fall on and crush you, and which seem to be brushed by the passing clouds, are about three hundred feet above you; and all these piles of broken rocks, are the fragments that every now and then fall from those projections—and no wonder, for do you not feel how the earth shakes? Now you have the view of this mighty cataract; the verge above, and the pouring over of the water, and the foam below, and the spray flying away into the air, and in its midst that beautiful iris, which, although the spray be so evolved and various, retains its position unchanged; and on your right at your feet, look again at the piles of rocks, and above and over you, at the rough projecting and dripping sides of the great mountain of rocks out of which they have fallen, and then at that sheet of white foam on the American side—and how terribly sublime all this is!

But I must pass on and go beyond that sheet of water, that flies over to our right, and which displays its under surface, as if to invite you to look behind it, and between it and the wall of rock; and see how the confusion appears there. Well, I am back, and safe—but was disappointed in my wish to see behind the cascade. I reached the point from which two

steps more would have conducted me in its rear, when a gust of spray rushing out, impelled by some suddenly released air, nearly suffocated me, and I was compelled to retreat.— You know I was wet before, but now I was, as the folks say, *wringing wet*. The first thing I saw, was Ben, who had earnestly implored me not to venture, and whose eyes had been turned in all directions, but chiefly to the rocks that hung over us, and which he looked every moment to see tumble down, and who could not be induced to go more than half way from the steps or tower, to the cataract. He saw me issue from the mist that had enveloped me, and at that instant he ran, making the rocky fragments fly from under his feet, as he went, till he reached the tower, when entering it he stood to get breath. When I overtook him, I found him holding on to the part of the building, and looking back over his shoulder, as if doubtful whether I was safe, or whether it was my sprite that he had seen issuing from the mist; but on recognizing me he exclaimed, with hurried and panting breath, but with deep emphasis: “*Sir, I do hold this to be a most dangerous place!*”

I returned to the house, dried my clothes, dined, and took the stage for this place.

And now, if this moment occurs to me that I have been wasting time in my efforts to show you the falls of Niagara; and especially as I have in my head a description in all respects perfect, and withal so beautiful. You have read it, I know; but I must nevertheless give it to you.

“The roar of waters! From the headlong height
 Niag’ra* cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
 The *hell of waters!* where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
 And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,

*Velino in the original.

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald:—how profound
 The gulf! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings, thro' the vale:—Look back!
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,—a *matchless cataract*,

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glitt'ring morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien!"

Byron, in this inimitable description, refers to the *Cascata del Marmore*, to see which he had made two visits—One of his views was from above, the other from below. The lower view, he tells us, is to be preferred. And so it is here; but from either, a view of that cascade he says was worth all the cascades and torrents, put together, in Switzerland: and of this he would have said, it is worth all the cascades and torrents, put together, *in the world*. But even his genius could not have given a more grand description of Niagara, than he gives of the cascade in Italy, had his eyes beheld it; which, however, they never did.

I have some speculations to offer on these falls, which I shall defer until I return, when I shall visit the American side, and say what I now believe to have been once the appearance of this country, and where I believe the falls once to have been. I may, on this subject, amuse, if not instruct.

I passed in my route from Queenstown to Waterloo, (whence we were ferried over to Black Rock,) the once bloody fields of Bridgewater and Chippeway, and glanced, I could no more, at the principal positions, as these were pointed out to me, where contending armies had met, and where the best described scenery of a fight by Homer; as Pope has translated it, was fully matched, though by the use of different weapons. Of that fight we have the following vivid description:—

“An iron scene gleams dreadful o’er the fields,
 Armour, in armour lock’d, and shields in shields:
 Spears lean on spears, on targets, targets throng,
 Helm stuck to helm, and man drove man along.”

But was there any of the blaze, and thunder of artillery there?—and did sheets of fire pour forth from a long line of musketry? Did the air ring, and sing, with thousands of unseen deaths? No! Greece never saw, nor heard in olden times the one or the other, nor saw a fiercer fight, nor witnessed a prouder display of heroic ardour than our countrymen showed when the eagle of victory descended upon them at Bridgewater and Chippeway; and crowned them with a wreath of blazing glory—And not there only, but all along this northern boundary from Plattsburg, where the moral courage of the few—the 1500 men—resolved to meet the overwhelming physical power of the many—the 15,000!—and where, too, those high spirits, those sons of liberty conquered; to that “*brilliant achievement*” of the 7th September, 1814, at Erie. How black was the cloud that hung over all that region; how fierce were its emissions of fire; and how frequent! Who did not hear its thunder? But black as it was, and full of fury, there were hearts stout enough to rush into it; and upon these chosen defenders the lightning spent itself; the thunder was exerted, but the Jove who lit the one, and hurled the other, gave back before the bright and vivid flashes from the eyes of our eagle; and his seat, so terrible to behold, was removed; his cloud melted into thin air, and liberty triumphed at the sight! Lundy’s

lane! yes—and who can tell the feats that were performed there; and upon that height to which all eyes were turned; and to which every soldier bent himself; and from whence, amidst carnage and fire, and the clash of bayonets, the enemy was *forced* to retreat. It is not possible, my dear **, to ride near those scenes of conflict, without feeling the heart to swell, and all the better feelings of our nature rise into a glow of patriotism and of gratitude! We owe these brave men much.—The least we can do is to be grateful. And as if such doings as these were not sufficient to convince the world that America had resolved, now, for the second time, to be free, the lakes and the ocean were on fire with the brilliant achievements of our commanders there. What daring in fight; what self-possession in the moment of peril—what humanity in victory—what gentlemanly courtesy to the vanquished! Rough as war is, even in its smoothest dress, yet how is it relieved from its horrors, by the polished and humane conqueror? We may challenge the world to match the patterns we have set it in this, of all others, the most captivating appendage of war. Humanity in victory! That spirit that would soothe not the sufferings of the wounded only; but the depressed and mortified spirit that labours in sorrow at defeat. Who is not as proud of the officers of our army and navy for their courteous conduct to the beaten enemy, as for the valour and skill which won for their country the renown of their victories? Let it be the business of our officers to cultivate those feelings of generous sensibility. It is the dew to their laurels which will keep them fresh and green for ever.

The road from Forsyth's to Waterloo, a little place opposite Black Rock, goes over a level plain bordering the river the whole way, a distance of sixteen miles, to the ferry, which is a mile wide. Noah's Grand island lies in the Niagara strait a little above the falls, some six miles, perhaps, and the view of it from the road is perfect, and favourable to the island itself; but the Jews have not yet begun to people it; and there is now but little ground to expect that these

extraordinary people will ever go by the way of the Niagara strait to the Holy land. But no matter,—except so far as Major Noah is concerned, they will be assembled in Palestine; for the word of the Eternal has spoken it. But when? must be left to the time when in his wisdom it may be best to order the great assembly to repair thither.

General Porter's residence at Black Rock, is the most commanding object at that place. There appear to be some efforts making to revive Black Rock; but it does seem to me that it is destined to be swallowed up by Buffaloe. Great efforts I learn have been made, and are yet making, to secure to it a portion of the activity and business which distinguish Buffaloe, but it must, I think, eventually abandon the struggle. Part of the pier constructed at Black Rock, and which is a work of considerable labour, had broken through, and the water was pouring through the opening as we crossed; and to this kind of accident some think it will always be liable—but why need it be? The harbour of Buffaloe is a natural harbour, and a good one. As to the town, it is another wonder, like Rochester. You know it was destroyed by fire by the British, during the late war, and although but a single house remained in 1814, it is now a place of considerable extent, and peopled with six thousand inhabitants! It is improving rapidly. The court house is a pretty building, fifty feet square, and has a fine appearance, with a belfry in the centre. A new Presbyterian church is going up, ninety-four feet by seventy; the height of the steeple is to be sixty feet from the square, and of three sections. There are rooms under the whole for Sunday schools, lecture rooms, &c. Judging from these dimensions the church will be very handsome. Its location is just opposite the public square, and parallel with the Episcopal church, which is much smaller and of wood. The Eagle hotel, in which I am, is a noble building, finished in the best style, and in all respects entitled to the commendation of being a first rate house, except, what will appear strange to you, there is not a bell in it! When I wanted Ben I had either to keep a look

out at a window, or to catch the sound of some footstep, and request to have him sent to me, or go down, after him, or call. It is to be hoped, this extraordinary omission may be remedied. It was the same at Sheppard's, at Utica. There is one store here that attracted my attention, and I was curious to ask its dimensions, and learned it was ninety feet by seventy, and I saw it was three stories high. The main street of Buffaloe, is nearly a mile long; about one half of it is completely built upon, and with fine houses; the rest not so close. It leads from the landing through the heart of the town.

The position of Buffaloe is fine. It stands on a gradual slope of otherwise level land, to the river and harbour, and looks out upon lake Erie, the water of which furnishes a distant and well defined, and beautiful horizon.

Near this town, some four or five miles from it, is the Seneca reservation—and upon this lives the famous Red Jacket, between whom and his followers, who are pagans, and Little Billy, and his adherents, who are christians, a controversy has been long carried on—but with all his admitted cunning, and strength of intellect, and powers of oratory, Red Jacket and his party have yielded to the christian cause, though only so far as to withdraw their active opposition. I intend, on my return, to go out and see these people, and hope to have an interview with Red Jacket himself. You will, of course, hear from me, and of the result of our meeting.

I embark in the morning in the Henry Clay, for Detroit, having sent down and secured a berth—so good night. My next will be from Detroit.

Present me in terms of friendship to our friends generally, and say to my family that I am well—though they will know it, as I drop a hasty line saying as much, and refer to you for particulars.

Heaven bless you all.

Detroit, Michigan territory, Friday, June 16, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I arrived at this place this morning at ten o'clock, after an agreeable passage from Buffaloe of thirty-seven hours, exclusive of the time lost in stopping at Grand river, Cleveland, Sandusky, &c., to put out and take in passengers—distance about three hundred and thirty miles. Nothing could be more smooth and beautiful than Lake Erie during the entire voyage. Scarcely a ripple was seen for a moment upon any part of its surface, which, however, was undulating. It was the calm of the face of the lake, but not a levelling of the roll of the wave, which, I believe, is rarely witnessed. The captain assured me he had seldom had so smooth a passage.

There are few incidents that can be supposed to happen in a trip by water from Buffaloe to Detroit. But I will try and make you acquainted with such as did occur, and with my own reflections, as usual.

It is due to the boat in which I made my first lake voyage, that I should speak of her as being one of the first class. She is schooner rigged, and has depth and beam suited to the use of sails, when these are needed; and her timbers are stout and well put together, that she may endure the shocks of this inland sea, and the stormy route for which she was built.

In this fine boat I left Buffaloe at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th instant, in company with some thirty cabin, and perhaps forty deck passengers, the latter chiefly emigrants from New York, and the New England states, to this territory, and three Indians.

I must decline introducing you to the company, except once more to the warm-hearted, jolly old gentleman, the C. J. F. of Albany, and his family, with whom, you know, I set out from Lewistown; and to Doctor — and lady, and her sister. I have been more than once tempted to be a little more particular in sketching my Albany landlord. You

will imagine a man six feet high, or near it—corpulent, but active, with dark complexion, and hair that had once been black, but has now grown grey—full eyes, a good brow, and nose, and a mouth that one would think had been formed for eloquence. The expression indicates a stir of genius within, and no little facility in his way of imparting a reasonable quantity without. There is a warmth of temperament about the region of the heart which often shews itself in the glistening of his eyes, and a tremulousness of speech as he conducts a story (and he has no lack of them,) to its termination; and when glory, or fame, or suffering, is an ingredient, his eyes keep company with his voice by growing wet. I should take him to be a lover of noble deeds, and as possessing a good deal of that kind of feeling—that sympathy, if you please, of our nature, which leads man to be kind to one another. Few men can tell, or tell better, a good story, or strike out of a dull one with greater facility, an occasional spark of humour. To do this, is his aim. His mind is always kept upon the *qui vive*, ready to strike where he thinks he can make the stroke with most effect. But like other men, he sometimes misses the mark. Nature did much for my Albany landlord, in both the qualities of his head and heart.

On arriving at Grand river, about fifty miles from Buffalo, this family landed, but not before I got a mark of my landlord's good feelings. "Sir," said he, "you do not look well. I know a little *good, real good*, French brandy is a good thing—if one does'nt take too much of it;"—this was said with a shake of the head, and a wink; "and as I doubt your getting, up this way, such as I call *genuine*, I must get you to accept," drawing it from under his coat, "of this bottle—I know there's none better in America. I've had it bottled for twenty years." I thanked him, and took the brandy—it was all he said it was; and never was a present more opportunely made, for my health required just such a cordial. On landing, I was introduced to the son-in-law to whom this visit was made—a polite gentleman, and

parson of the parish there—the same who was deputed to address Lafayette on his visit to that place.

I had noticed, from the time we left Buffaloe, a man and his wife, deck passengers—emigrants, who owned, in part, the wheels, and carts, and looms, and the fixtures for log huts that were soon to be built in the woods of the Michigan territory. He was tall, and gaunt, and bony, with a long neck, sharp visage, quick movements, long arms, and broad hands. She was short, round, and not more than half his years. He appeared to be fifty—she not over five-and-twenty. Around her were hanging three flaxen-headed children, except when every now and then two of them, the third was too small for such exercise, would race it round the deck, or tumble over some of the baggage—but happy as happy could be. The father partook of the pleasure of these little ones, but the mother was pensive! I noticed that her eyes were often filled with tears! I did not see her smile once during the passage—but noticed that she often sighed. This never failed to afflict her husband, who would sit by her and take her hand, and show more feeling and sympathy than his rough, leather-stocking exterior authorized the belief that he possessed—but it was of no avail! The wife remained the same pensive, sorrowful sufferer, but the cause did not appear.

The emigrants to new countries partake more or less of the character of the first settlers of—Kentucky for example. They are men of a fearless temperament; and who flinch from neither toil nor danger—but are disposed rather to court both. They constitute the bone and muscle of our strength, and are to our thicker settlements what the mountains are to the country—*barriers*; and it is but little more difficult for the streams to run up the sides, and over the one, than for the hostile dispositions of the Indians to pass to the other. I have a great respect for those pioneers—they are the fathers and mothers who are destined to provide the country with many a noble defender; and whose arms, well practised by the use of the axe and the plough, and eyes,

with catching a ready sight down the barrels of their rifles, will, in time of need, be found as they have been found, foremost in danger, and efficient and victorious in the battle! Who does not admire the firm and unyielding patriotism of those north-western regions in the late war? Look at Sandusky, and at the fortress there—see its youthful defender—but a boy; mark his cool and deliberate conduct—his judgment—his matchless bravery—his success! Look at the trenches of that stockade fort, and see them filled with the bodies of the foe; and how *short* work our youthful hero made of it! After passing Cleveland, a pretty place, which is mounted upon a high bluff, and composed of some fifty houses, we entered Sandusky bay and went up to the town of that name, as is usual. The houses at Sandusky are few, and chiefly of logs. The place looks comfortless, but then it is named Sandusky, and that gives it interest, because nobody ever hears it mentioned without associating with it the name of *Croghan*. A line of Campbell may well be applied to him and his little command:

“Still as the breeze—but dreadful as the storm!”

Not a gun was permitted to be fired until the enemy, numerous and powerful, with his train of Indians, was at the trenches; and when, without doubt, it was thought that the captives within had concluded tamely to submit to their fate; but at that moment the masked gun was discharged, and the fury of war was poured upon the assailants, and the trenches filled with the bodies of the slain, whilst the survivors, horror-struck at such a display of bravery and death, retreated, leaving our smooth-faced boy conqueror! Conqueror of what?—of a stockade fort, that was not worth a dozen barrels of pork and flour? No, not that only, but of *moral influences*, which were brought mightily to bear in favour of our cause, and made it strong.

It was night when we passed near the Three Sisters, that particular part of Lake Erie so called, because of a cluster of three islands, which was lit up with such glory on the

10th of September, 1813, by one of the most striking naval victories that ever honoured a commander. I felt the influence which yet surrounds the spot, and could not get rid of, "Sir, it has pleased THE ALMIGHTY to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies, on this lake." Perry's name will be revered and loved, whilst a drop of water remains in Lake Erie; and even should it dry up, the name would endure; and it, together with that other victory on another lake, and the name of Macdonough, are united in the same keeping, and by the same history, and are both handed over to the records of immortality. There they are engraven, side by side; and upon the same scroll are to be seen other names, who, on the ocean, reflected honour on their country, and of whom their country will never cease to be proud. Our flag is full of glittering stars; and no time can make these dim. It has been ordained that they are to shine, and for ever.

From Buffaloe to *Presque Isle*, a distance of about ninety miles, the lands are moderately high, rolling, rich, and beautiful, and appear to be pretty well settled along this entire route. I make this remark here, because I think them more beautiful and inviting than the lands on any other section along the southern shore of the lake. The northern shore I did not see. And now a word about the magnitude of Lake Erie. I knew its length, that it is somewhere about three hundred miles; and sixty broad, and they say two hundred feet deep; and that its surface is five hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of tide-water at Albany; and yet I confess I had no more correct conception of the lake as it appeared to me, than if I had never had the slightest acquaintance with its dimensions. All my previous conceptions of a lake fell so far short of its actual vastness, and ocean-like appearance, as to be wholly absorbed in the view of it. The general impression we all have of a lake is, that it is some limited, pond-like collection of waters; and although we have some knowledge of its extent, we do not embrace, in our thoughts about it, the one-tenth part of its

vastness. I never was more confounded in my life; and could but wonder what my opinion of lakes will be, after I shall have seen, and navigated Huron and Superior. Lake Erie, though considerably smaller than either, is a vast sea, and often more stormy, and even dangerous, than the ocean itself.

It is hardly possible for any thing to exceed in beauty the river Detroit, and its shores, and islands. The associations, also, which rise out of the view of such places, as Amherstburg and Malden, Fighting island, and Spring Wells, and the old Huron church, are full of interest. I need not dwell upon them, they are connected, the most of them, at least, with the late war. The British schooner, the Wellington, was lying at Malden, full of British soldiers, destined, we were informed, to Drummond's island; and at Amherstburg a centinel was on guard—but the appearance of the place would lead very naturally to the inquiry, what is he guarding? There appeared to be little there that any body would be at much pains to take away. The shores on the British side are bolder than those on the American, but look as they must have looked half a century ago. There appears to be nothing going on in the way of improvement, either in lands or buildings; but a new face is put on things on the American side, save where, here and there, an old French family lingers, and wherever that is, the picture of inactivity and barrenness is visible, just as if reflected from the Canada shores.

The city of Detroit lies on the left of the strait as you ascend the river, and has a fine appearance. This is heightened by the position of some fine buildings, and by nothing more than the Catholic church with its five steeples. The city is long and narrow, and is built upon the bank of the river, or strait; and upon its first and second elevations. I should judge the line of buildings, lengthwise of the city, would measure nearly a mile, but these are scattered. If you had ever been at Chestertown, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, I would refer you to it as seen from Primrose's

point, as an almost exact likeness of Detroit, except that Detroit lacks that beautiful elevation, north, on which Washington college stands.

The most commanding, and in all respects, the best looking building, is that which is owned and occupied by Major Biddle. It was built, I believe, by the unfortunate Hull. I may give you, after I look around me, a little better conception of Detroit. It has been a theatre of wars, and especially distinguished, you know, both in earlier and later times. The two most prominent periods in its history, are, the siege of Pontiac, the famous Indian chief, in 1763, and the destruction of the garrison at what is called to this day, "*the bloody bridge;*" and its remains yet

"Tell ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turned th' unwilling waters red;"

and its surrender in 1812, by General Hull. I may, perhaps, write you touching both these events.

On arriving, I was met at the wharf by the Governor's secretary, Major Forsyth, with the Governor's compliments, and an invitation to take up my quarters with him. Whilst I appreciated the kindness of the offer, I was led to decline it, feeling as I do the need of rest, and of that kind which might not comport so well with the regulations of a private family. Soon after I had got into quarters, the Governor called in person, and repeated the request, which I again declined—but an invitation to dinner was accepted.

At two o'clock I paid my respects, for the first time, in his own house, to a man, for whom, for fourteen years, I have cherished a feeling of the sincerest attachment, and whose talents will yet be availed of by the nation, and in some department of the general government. This is my prediction—mark it. I found him in his house, all that he had ever appeared to be out of it, and even more interesting. In his domestic relations, he is sustained by a wife whose manners have blended in them the captivating union of a fine intelligence, and the best feelings of the heart; and these are

sustained by a suavity that passes over the ordinary and colder formalities of mere civility, and provides for herself at once, a lodgment, not merely in one's respect, but in the heart. An interesting and intelligent daughter, just from boarding-school, three younger, and one son, compose the members of this family. I had the pleasure to meet here Mrs. and Col. W——l. Of the Colonel, you know all that history has preserved—and that is enough; because it is all honourable. Of his lady, I must be permitted to express, to you, my high opinion of her intelligence, and accomplished manners.

I am invited to spend the evening at Major Biddle's, and the hour having arrived, I must bid you good evening. Say to all, I am well.

Ever yours.

Detroit, Saturday, June 17, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

This morning, after breakfast, while in the sitting room looking over a newspaper, the distressed female entered, about whom I have written, and after she was seated, I asked if this was her first visit to Detroit? She answered it was—adding, “and I am sorry ever to have visited it at all.” “It appears, madam,” said I, “to be a pleasant place; and the society I have met since my arrival is very interesting.” “Yes,” she said, “pleasant enough, but what of that; or what matters it how interesting the society is, to one who is destined to the woods beyond, never more to see one's family and friends?” She fetched a sigh, and turning partly round, looked out of the window, to avoid, doubtless, discovering the agitation which actually shook her. I told her, “it was a trial, and in feeling it to be one, she gave proof of those attachments which were creditable to her heart, as such feelings must be always honourable to their possessor; but, that by indulging them too far, they become a source of affliction.” She said, “yes, I know it; but I cannot help it—I hope I shall recover from them.” This woman is from the

state of New York; and was the only one of the emigrants who looked as if the world hung loosely about them; and as if when one part of the garment did not fit well, or keep out the cold, they knew how, and where, to tuck in another.

Particular refinements should, if possible, be confined to the particular spheres of life in which their possessors are destined to move. It often happens that a little change, or some sudden transition, from one kind of life to another, destroys the balance on which happiness is suspended, and life has entailed on it a scene of discomfort, if not misery, to its close. "I am determined, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content," was the declaration of one who was no less a philosopher than christian. And the man who has seen thirty years, has made but a slight acquaintance with this world of mutation, if he have not come to the same conclusion. I know, my dear ***, that a change in external circumstances, a transition from ease and affluence, to embarrassment and want, changes, by discolouring it, the medium through which even many professed friends see the subject of such a change; but never yet did it alter the attachments of one genuine friend, who was worthy of that sacred title, in prosperity; or the good opinions of any sensible and honourable man. "Worth," not the external circumstances of life—but

"Worth makes the man—want of it the fellow."

Adversity, however, is a fine trial for any one; and is oftener, by far, a blessing than a curse. Were it to do no more, it would *test our friends*. We may well call many who bear this name, "*summer friends*;"—because, when adversity comes, it is like winter, it dissipates them, nor does it ever fail to discover to us the nakedness of mere pretenders, and separate them from the sincere and constant; and even to our very senses, place in bold relief before us, those, who were only *pretenders*. And it is worth a blast, to any man, who could not discriminate without it, to know the sincere

from the insincere. Nothing is more trite, yet nothing is more true, than that

"A friend in need,
Is a friend indeed."

For my part, I know no sight more captivating, than to see a friend clinging to his friend in his adversity; going with him in the wreck of his affairs, with all the aid he can afford, and with all the soothing which it is in his power to impart. And next to the interest which such a sight cannot but occasion, is that which is produced on witnessing them risen together in the bond of the same fellowship, and enjoying the calm and the sunshine of the same prosperity under better fortunes.

The company at Major Biddle's last night, was sufficient to satisfy me, that although I had reached the confines of our population, in this direction, I am yet in the circle of hospitable and polished life. The Major, in all that is sincere and excellent in friendship, gives proof that he has not forgotten the character which fame has attached to his name, but maintains the standing that it has acquired in so many brilliant achievements; and his lady is in all respects highly accomplished.

I spent the morning in reading, and in writing, and in *feeling*. I cannot get rid of thoughts of home, which would be less oppressive could I hear from there. But, as yet, I am without a line. At two, I dined with the Governor; and as you may be curious to know what kind of a mansion he occupies, I will give you a sketch of it. It is not exactly in, nor entirely out of the city—I mean its settled parts; but stands by itself on the bank of the river, with the road-way from the city towards Spring Wells, between it and the precipice, or edge of the bank, down which a diagonal and rough way has been cut to the river. The house is of cedar logs, and weather boarded, one story, with a high sharp roof, out of which, and near the centre, comes a short stone chimney of enormous thickness, and on which the roof leans, being a little sunk round about it. Before the front door, which is nearly

in the centre of the building, the building being some fifty feet front, is a porch that, being a little out of its perpendicular position, inclines north. Its figure is as nearly that of a square as of any other figure, with a sharp Chinese looking top, that shoots up some three feet above the eaves of the house, and seems to have in no one place the least connexion with the building. I told the Governor that my puzzle was to decide which was built first, the porch or the house. He acknowledged his inability to decide the question, but added, "the house itself is anterior to the time of Pontiac's war, there being on it now the marks of bullets which were shot into it then." I learned afterwards that the porch had once ornamented the garden as a summer house; but had been advanced from its retirement to grace the front of the residence of the executive of the Michigan territory. A post and board fence runs between the house and the road, the house standing back from the line of it, some ten or twelve feet. Two gate ways open into the enclosure, one having been intended to admit, and the other to let you out, over a circular gravel walk that gives figure to a green plat in front of the door, and between it and the fence. One of these has been shut up, but how long I don't know—So we go in and come out at the same gate.

The position occupied by this relic of antiquity, is very beautiful; not on account of the views to it, and from it, only, although these are both fine, but it is sustained on either side and in the back ground, by fertile upland meadows, and flourishing orchards and gardens, which give it a most inviting appearance; and serves to impress one with the idea of old age surrounded by health and cheerfulness. In front are the shores of Canada, with the beautiful river between, and to the right the Huron church, &c. the sound of the bell from which strikes gratefully upon the ear. Now for the inside of the building.

You enter first into a room, or saloon, of some ten feet square, in which the Governor receives his business visitors; and where lie scattered about in some tolerable confusion,

newspapers, and the remains of pamphlets of all sorts, whilst its sides are ornamented with Indian likenesses, and pipes, and snow shoes, and medals, and bows and arrows, &c. On your left is the door which leads into the dining apartment, back of which is another room, (in which is a fire place,) of about the same size, divided from it by folding doors. This dining room is warmed in winter by one half of a stove, whilst the other half, passing through the partition into the saloon, keeps that comfortable.

From the right of the audience room, or saloon, you enter the drawing room; and in place of the back room, in the left division, two rooms are arranged, one of which serves for the library, and the other for a lodging room. These rooms being all well carpeted and curtained, and furnished in excellent, but plain style, present a view of comfort which forms a striking contrast to the exterior; and you are made to forget, in the midst of these interior accommodations, the odd-shapen and ancient appearance from without. There is much of the simplicity of republicanism in all this. Extrinsic appearances are to a reasonable extent disregarded; and the higher value is attached to the interior; and this is not an unfit emblem of the Governor himself. You are not to imagine, however, that this is intended to apply to his person; that is portly, and altogether governor-like, and in regard to which he is neat in his dress, and though plain, polished in his manners.

I have been just shewn the pallet on which I am destined to repose on the shores of the lakes; and the two stout Mackinac blankets that are to cover me, and between which I see a pair of nice sheets, and a pillow, together with a mosquito net; and by the side of these is a stout oil cloth. This is intended to lie beneath the pallet, by night, and between it and the ground, and as a covering for it by day; and the whole, when rolled up, for a seat in the canoe. For this preparation I am indebted to Mrs. Cass. The Governor is provided with a similar one. You see I am telling you every thing.

The arrangements for the expedition being generally anticipated, our company and supplies will leave here in a schooner called the *Young Tiger*, as soon as the wind blows fair, for Mackinac, where barges are ordered to be provided to carry them from thence to the *Fond du Lac*. I say as soon as the wind blows fair—for the current here being at the rate of about two miles the hour, a fair wind is required to force a vessel through it. We shall proceed as soon as our supplies are off; unless we are detained by the non-arrival of our canoe, which, however, we expect hourly. Having never seen a birch canoe, I am anxious to know in what kind of a conveyance I am destined to go up the lakes.

Good night—ever yours.

Detroit, Sunday, June 18, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

The Governor and family attend the Protestant Episcopal church; but to-day, on account of the absence of their minister, they went to the Presbyterian, where, as it was agreed last evening, I attended also. It is matter of trifling import what name designates the place in which man holds communion with his Maker, nor who leads his devotions, provided the offering be sincere, and the hearts of both speaker and hearer be rightly affected. The Deity fills every place with his presence, and

“We cannot go where universal love
Smiles not around.”

Still, however, there are reasons, and proper ones, no doubt, which attach every person to some particular community of christians, either on account of the forms of worship, however wholly unessential these may be, or from early or later attachments to doctrine; or to Gospel ministers—it matters not—and wherever the inclination of a man may lead him to worship, he should be permitted to go, without incurring either the suspicion or comments of others. As in matters of political orthodoxy, so in those which relate to

religion—"All men are born equal;" but as in politics, no one should assume the right, on that account, to be licentious; so in religion, none should feel at liberty to exercise a freedom which should go beyond the prescribed limits of the oracles of the Almighty. I am not opposed to candid, and honest, or even *spirited* inquiry, but I have no respect for the *contentious*, who do more, in my humble opinion, to disturb the order and harmony of society, and mar its beauty, than could be accomplished by the sneers and scoffs of witting infidels to the end of time.

Men will differ. It is right they should—but, then, it ought not to be a consequence that they should become enemies on that account. The same rule that would justify in you the exercise of one set of opinions in regard to any subject, would guarantee to me the right to entertain another, in reference to the same subject, although they might happen to differ from yours. The truth is, my dear ***, men always did, and they always will differ; and the only remedy for discord lies in a free accordance of the right to do so, with no other limits in regard to morality and religion, than those which are plainly established in the Gospel.

I doubt not but that the world is wisely adjusted. So far as the Deity is concerned, all is right. What is wrong, we make so. If we, as a great family, are not happy, it is our own fault. It is the pleasure of our Maker that we should be so. Evil comes of man—and rely upon it

"Man shall be blest—as far as man permits."

The morning was wet and disagreeable. I concluded the call which it was promised would be made at my lodgings, would not therefore be made—so I went alone in search of the Presbyterian church, but had not gone a square before I met the carriage.

On seeing the minister, the Rev. Mr. W——s, I was forcibly impressed with his fitness for the sacred calling. His countenance not only wears the expression of benignity, but his entire appearance is that of a man in feeble health, which

alone was calculated to interest me. The thin partition that seemed to be between him and the eternal world, made his exercises the more appropriate, and gave to his discourse a deeper interest. The text was—“*In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,*” which led the preacher, very naturally, to discourse upon natural and moral evil. This he did, and somewhat eloquently. He made, as every man ought, short work of the controversy which too generally grows out of this subject. He took the world as we see it to be, and demonstrated from it that moral evil does exist, and that as to man, he needed no argument to convince him that he was himself the subject of it—the proof was in his own conscience; and that all attempts to reason it out of existence, whether in relation to the natural or moral world, because we cannot comprehend the infinity of the wisdom that *permits* it, must prove fruitless. No man can be prevailed upon to believe in his own purity. If, therefore, he be impure, he must have undergone some change—that is, if God made him—for nothing, it is fair to presume, could come from the hands of an infinitely holy Creator, in an impure, or unholy state. Thus man stands—a guilty, self-condemned creature, in presence of his maker! But here it becomes man to stop. The question is useless—why did God *permit* this change? The evil exists, and God, in his wisdom, knows best, *why* it exists. If it be not revealed to us, then it is fair to presume it is a question, the answer to which it is not necessary for man to know. But is there no remedy? There is. Is it *simple*? Be it so—if God provided it. But what is it?—wash in Jordan? Naaman considered that to be beneath his dignity. But that was the direction of a prophet; yet, though a prophet directed, and not God, a belief in its efficacy, and which belief would have been tested *by the trial*—would have cured this leper! The provision made by the Eternal is not less simple. He requires it of man so to see himself as to hate, and abandon his sinful practices, and to lead a new life, by faith in his Son; that is, as I understand it, by so believing the precepts

of the Gospel, and in their exact adaptation to his happiness, as to *practice them*—and this is all. The rest may be safely left to our Creator. We have no longer imposed upon us an obligation to offer up sacrifices, or to go to Jerusalem to worship. One great offering has been made, and accepted. Is this mysterious? Most truly so—but nothing can be more certain than that “*in due time Christ died for the ungodly.*” I pretend not, my dear ***, to dive into the depths of this great mystery—I read it in the book, and in a book too that abounds in so many truths, as to force my assent, as well to the parts which I think I comprehend, as to those I do not. The entire scheme I take to be God’s, and adopt the following sentiments of Cowper:

“Happy the man who sees a God employ’d
In all the good and ill that chequers life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.”

I had not mentioned to Ben till this morning, that he must take passage in the Young Tiger—the canoe not being calculated to carry more than the voyageurs, the Governor, and myself, and the cook. He had already begun to feel himself out of the world, and this intelligence including in it the idea of separation from me, made a deep, and apparently painful impression on him. He soon became reconciled, however, on learning that several persons, our secretary, Col. Edwards, and others of our party, were going up in the same vessel; and that we should meet again either at Mackinac, or the Sault de St. Marie. The wind would every now and then freshen, and blow fair, when the starting signals would be made. Indeed this had been the case for several days. I learned that Col. Wool had taken leave so often during the week, and returned again, as to make it matter of certainty in every body’s opinion, that he would be back again to-day. But the wind that had baffled so long, now blew steady and stronger, and long enough for all hands to assemble, and depart. The British schooner,

the Wellington, Capt. McIntosh; the schooner Commerce, and the Lady Washington, all availed themselves of the same wind, and went in company.

I am doubtful whether Ben or I felt the pain of parting most. The poor fellow had been all attention to me, and in the seasons of my indisposition, particularly so; and then the attendance at the hotel, with all the good dispositions of the landlord, to say the least of them, *might be better*—and here again I feel the want of his attentions. I committed him to Col. Wool and Mr. Brush.

We look, now, anxiously for our canoe, that we may follow.
Good night—ever yours.

Detroit, Monday, June 19, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

The morning broke away finely. Soon after breakfast, Major F. called, and invited me to join him in a ride to the Governor's farm, about six miles down the river. I accepted the invitation—the ride was agreeable, as such, but the road passing through what is called Spring Wells, and over mounds, once the burial places of the Indians of this quarter, made it one of peculiar interest. Spring Wells are distant from Detroit about three miles; it was here, you know, General Brock landed when he captured Detroit. This is the incident that gives special interest to this place; for to me, the sight of the shore which received the first tread of that hostile army, could not be looked upon with indifference, and especially when the landing was but the precursor to events of the most calamitous and disheartening description—involving not only the character of the officer, and I may add, his life, to whom the defence of Detroit was intrusted, but the honour of our country, and the lives of hundreds of its citizens.

I had been early that morning in company with Colonel H——t, in praise of whose gentlemanly courtesy, it would not be possible to say too much—to visit the fort which the

unfortunate Hull had surrendered, when the way of the approach of the enemy was pointed out to me, as were all the places of interest in the city, and which had relation to that fatal event, even to the ground upon which our garrison was marched when they were surrendered prisoners of war.

Col. H. having been upon the spot, and familiar with the events of that day, spoke of them generally, and freely; and of the parties to them. I forbear their enumeration. The fruits were bitter—but these are no longer tasted. It is best that every thing relating to the surrender should perish. The unfortunate Hull, too, is no more. It is due to ourselves that we tread lightly on his ashes. I have never been able to get my consent to believe that he sold his command—I cannot believe that he bartered his country's honour, and the blood of its citizens, for gold! He is out of the reach of censure now; and equally beyond the reach of any redeeming opinion, though it should be expressed by the nation. For one, I would be disposed to unburden his memory of the weight of suspicions so revolting; and which the previous history of his life will not justify. Yet I take no exception to the judgment of the court. It was called for. Public opinion, and perhaps justice, as the case stood, required it. Men who undertake the execution of great trusts, should know themselves better than to engage in them without a thorough consciousness that they possess the pre-requisites for their execution. Now, as to this unhappy officer, I do believe that age had unnerved him. He became suddenly, and even to himself, mysteriously, the victim of *fear!* For it is said, and by the person who first undeceived him in his calculations upon the Indians, the Wyandotts, I believe, by pointing them out to him on the Canada shore, whither they had gone the night before, that his face became instantly colourless, and his lips wore a purple hue, as if the circulation of the blood had been arrested, or driven in upon the heart;—and that he was violently agitated! I received this from the lips of the person who, having seen the Indians on the British shore on the morning of the attack, waited on

the General to communicate the fact to him. It is said, from that moment he ceased to be himself—*it was, therefore, panic!*—He did not sell his command, nor was he a coward—but he was suddenly and unexpectedly met by disheartening intelligence, and prostrated by it! Still the judgment in his case was called for—lessons must be given; and it is hoped that the one given in the case of the unfortunate Hull, may act as a warning to all subsequent commanders, and lead them to examine well into their ability, and in all respects, to stand the fury and tumult of war, before they engage in conducting it. It is not every man who can ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm.

On our return from the Governor's very valuable farm, we rode upon one of the mounds to which I have referred. There appears to have been three of them, but only one retains much of its original conical figure, and this, like the other two, is fast finding its level. A principal cause of the mounds wasting away, is, the cattle go upon them to get into the cooler, fresher air, which blows upon them from the river, near the shore of which they are—and to get rid of the flies. The soil being light and sandy, is kept stirred by them, and the rains wash it off. Hence the exposure of human bones from time to time, as the several layers, or strata, are reached; for they appear to have been buried at different depths, and upon one another. I picked up some ribs, a bit of an *os frontis*, and pieces of *vertebræ*, but all in a state of decay, so much so, that they crumbled at the touch. Major F. told me he had taken from the same mound a skull of enormous dimensions, and so much above the common size, as to be matter of curiosity. This is promised to me—"if it can be found." Should I get it, you shall see it; and it will be the first skull of man or woman, whose death could not have happened short of a hundred years ago, that you will have seen. It will not answer, however, for a *test* of the doctrine of phrenology, because no mortal lives, now, who can tell what the character of the man was, who once wore this crown.

This subject of phrenology, by the way, is an interesting one. It will not do my dear ***, to treat it lightly, because some laugh at it. It may be called a new theory—new at least to the most of us. It is true, Doctor Gall, as long ago as 1796, delivered lectures upon it at Vienna. But, like all other new conceptions, it was a long time before it was brought fully before the public, when it met with the opposition to which every new theory has been subject from the beginning—and has shared, perhaps, as large a portion of ridicule as any of them. But if this were a good reason for rejecting it, then the present opinions entertained in regard to the formation of our planet, and of its revolution round the sun; of the circulation of the blood, and a thousand other discoveries, would never have been received. I confess, without pretending to have examined this theory with much attention, that it does not appear to me to be so ridiculous as some would have us believe it is. There does appear to me to be enough of science in the system to recommend it to the candid examination of, at least, the curious—if not of the philosopher. Is it so that men are distinguished by every variety of character? That there is an almost endless diversity in their talents and dispositions? Is it so that man is an organized being; and that he is “furnished by nature with highly interesting susceptibilities; and a vast apparatus of mental organs,” by which the mind “manifests its energies, and enters into its different states?” Then wherefore should it be thought strange that the governing organs, wheresoever by comparison and analogy these may be ascertained to lie, should be larger, or smaller, in proportion to the action to which their relation to each other may have subjected them? Or, that in their original formation, particular organs should be more or less active, or smaller in some, and larger in others? And that in proportion to this difference in capacity, so would be their powers, and (under circumstances calculated to excite them,) their action. I do not see any thing so unphilosophical in this—and yet I believe it is on such a basis the advocates of phrenology rest,

in great part, the truth of their theory. Doctor Gall, we are told, "did not, as some have imagined, first dissect the brain, and pretend by that means to discover the seats of the mental powers; neither did he first, as others have conceived, map out the skull into various compartments, and assign a faculty to each, according as his imagination led him to conceive the place appropriate to the power. On the contrary, he first conceived a concomitance betwixt particular talents and dispositions, and particular forms of the head; he next ascertained, by removal of the skull, that the figure and size of the brain are indicated by these external forms; and it was only after these facts were determined, that the brain was minutely dissected, and light thrown upon its structure."

Accident first discovered this theory—as it has others. It owes its origin to a difficulty with which Doctor Gall had to contend in competing with certain individuals in learning to repeat, accurately, his lessons by heart. His schoolfellows, we read, who were gifted with this facility "in getting lessons rapidly by heart, and giving correct recitations, although many of them were by no means distinguished in point of general talent, possessed *prominent eyes*." We are further told, that "after much reflection, he conceived, that if memory was indicated by an external sign, the same might be the case with other intellectual powers; and thereafter all individuals distinguished by any remarkable faculty became the objects of his attention." Now, if in pursuing his inquiries, Doctor Gall, and subsequently, Doctor Spurzheim, and more recently other inquirers as indefatigable and as learned as they, it has been ascertained to be a fact, that certain propensities, and sentiments, and intellect, attend upon certain developments of the brain, as these are indicated by the exterior formation of the skull, there seems to be nothing incompatible with the soundest deductions of reason, to admit all that the *reasonable* advocates of the doctrine contend for. But I am not well enough versed in this science to discourse to you about it; what I have read of it,

however, has satisfied me that there is nothing unreasonable in it; and I hope those who are engaged in testing it, may go on until enough of facts shall have been collected to confirm, fully, its truth, or demonstrate its futility. If I get the skull, little as it may aid in building up or pulling down the theory, I shall take it with me on my return. If it shall turn out to be a perfect and well defined head, it may be admitted to the honour of being marked off into thirty-three divisions, and of being talked about by the scientific at Washington, to which honour it never would have attained, had it lain in its mound, although the requiem of the waves of the strait would have continued, and however insensible the skull must have continued to be to the dirge, it would have sorted better, perhaps, with its untenanted and death-like condition, to have remained in the mound.

Ever yours.

Detroit, Wednesday, June 21, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I was not in my usual spirits yesterday, and therefore did not write. I felt an unaccountable loneliness; and could by the aid of a little fancy, though surrounded by society and within its reach, and of the most agreeable and polished sort, have imagined myself on the island of *Juan Fernandez*, another Selkirk; and as much of a solitary as he. I believe this feeling originated in a disappointment in not having heard from home. It is high time I had a letter. I shall expect one to-morrow by the steam boat—when I shall hope to see it headed—“*all's well.*”

I have just returned from a ride of nine miles up the river to Grosse point, where I have been for the twofold purpose of seeing the country, and the vessel, (as I hoped I should,) charged with our canoe, the delay of which, alone, detains us. From Grosse point the prospect is open to a fine view of Lake St. Clair. The road to this point is along the margin of the strait, and affords a pretty view of the land upon the

one side, and the water on the other. The grounds, for the whole way, are certainly excellent, and are for the most part cut up into small farms, on which are as fine apple orchards as I have ever seen. Many of them, however, are suffered to run up into shoots and suckers, and others for the want of attention in pruning off dead limbs, to go to decay. The inhabitants on this route are principally French. They appear reconciled to let the earth rest, and the houses to go to decay around them; and the orchards to decline and die. This portion of the population, however, is declining fast; another generation or two will know them only from history, and perhaps from lands which, on comparison, will be even then found in arrears. When time shall put these fine, but neglected lands into other and more skilful hands, this beautiful country will have imparted to it that fruitfulness, and those charms which nature has done her part in conferring—but not before.

In the middle of the strait, and about two miles above the city, is a superb island. I could have wished they had called it by another name than *Hog* island. It is said to contain a thousand acres of prime land, but only a small portion of it is cultivated—the rest is in wood. This beautiful island, too, has been the theatre of savage barbarity. The spot, however, that attracted most of my attention, was “the bloody bridge,” to which I have already referred. The remains of it are yet visible, as I have before stated. It was here that Pontiac by his skill and courage, secured for himself the title of the brave, and for this bridge that of “*bloody*.” I believe I promised you a sketch of the siege of Detroit, during which this famous battle was fought? I would like much to disclose to you the history of those times, but this alone would require a volume. I will just review the origin, and progress, and termination of this siege—But I will be as brief as possible.

The French had held possession of Canada, and exercised an influence over the Indians of the lake country, for more than a century. The wars between them, it is true, were

frequent and bloody; but these being succeeded by seasons of peace, the Indians were, meanwhile, operated upon by presents, and by the priests, and not a little by the growing power of the French, until at last the animosity of the aborigines gradually subsided, and was succeeded by attachment; or, if not by this, by a state of dependence in matters of trade which led them to wish success to the French, at least over the English. They had surveyed the French power, and had contended with it. They knew how far it was intended to operate upon them, and the limits that had been assigned to it. It was grown familiar to them; as had, also, the French traders. When, therefore, this connexion was dissolved by the ascendancy of the British power, in 1760, and Montreal and its dependencies in the lake country, fell under British rule, the Indians, ignorant of the relations in which they were to stand towards this new power, and cherishing a sympathy for the French, became restless, and following their warlike propensities, were prepared to rally under the banners of a leader, and measure strength with the new power. It was under these circumstances, and at this period, that Pontiac, an Ottawa chief, a man of wonderful resource, of deep and daring device, and stratagem, and gifted, withal, with a most commanding eloquence, resolved on prostrating the British power, and securing to himself and people, freedom alike from both French and English rule. His efforts were unremitting; and throughout the vast regions of the north-west, his active spirit was felt by the numerous bands inhabiting there. His was the power that operated upon masses. But there was no sounding of the tocsin—no alarm of war was given—no motion of the wave was felt—but a breeze was heard, and a deep and silent stream was made to flow; and although it was seen by the eyes of observing Englishmen, it was taken for a stream of fertility, which was passing on, enriching and beautifying the region as it went. It was a deceitful stream! for Pontiac was busy in all directions multiplying currents, which at the concerted moment, were to be precipitated into it, and like a mountain torrent,

he intended that in its course it should sweep every thing away before it.

It was in the month of November of the year 1760, that Major Gladwin was detached by General Amherst, the commander-in-chief, and then at Montreal, with a thousand men, to take possession of Detroit. Owing to the advanced state of the season they penetrated no further than Niagara—but wintered there, and employed the early part of the following spring and summer in preparing boats and fitting out the expedition. In September following they arrived at Detroit, when the post was formally surrendered by the French, and taken possession of by the English. In the following month Major Rogers, with his rangers, who had accompanied Major Gladwin to Detroit, took possession in like manner of Michillimackinac.

The first object that engaged Major Gladwin's attention, was to secure the friendship of the Indians, to do which he held treaties with them at Saginac, the river Raisin, and at Brownstown. He thought he had realized this object. In the spring of 1762, every thing appearing quiet, the British Fur Company commenced the prosecution of the Indian trade; and in the month of June a party set out to open this traffic, protected by a company of rangers. They left Michillimackinac in bark canoes, destined for the Grand Portage. Here a post was established, which being defended by a stockade work, the rangers separated from the trading party, and came on to Detroit, where they arrived in October. Every circumstance justified the English in concluding that the Indians were satisfied with this new state of things. Nor were any signs of dissatisfaction manifested until the spring of 1763. It was at that period the commissioners were appointed to explore the southern shores of Lakes Michigan and Huron; and to confirm the apparently friendly dispositions of the Indians; and, where it was necessary, to treat with them for such portions of lands as might be considered important for military posts. On arriving at the south-west point of Lake Michigan, the party was met by numerous bands of Indians,

who discovered signs of unfriendliness; so much so, that the commissioners concluded it best to abandon the enterprize. They did so, and returned to Detroit, when Major Gladwin deemed it expedient to send confidential persons among the Indians of the river Huron, to ascertain, if possible, their disposition towards the English, and whether those indications of hostility, as manifested on Lake Michigan, were general. Such was the report of those agents, so adroitly did the Indians cover their deep laid plans, that Major Gladwin concluded, all was safe; and that no feelings other than those of the most friendly sort, animated them. But he was a vigilant officer, and as such lost no time in putting his command in the best possible situation for defence in any emergency. At the same time, acting under the influence of the report of the commissioners as to the aspect of things in regard to the Indians of Lake Michigan, he kept scouts constantly in motion, that in the event of a movement being made, he might have the earliest information.

Every thing was calm. Peace, and the prospect of a long continuance of it, except the excitement at Lake Michigan, (and that was not sustained by the Indians in other quarters) seemed certain—when at this moment of stillness, and when not a note of the war drum was heard, a scout returned bringing the information that a large body of Indians were in Lake St. Clair, in canoes, coming in the direction of Detroit, whilst numerous traces of them were discovered coming in from almost all directions, towards the strait. In the month of August, Pontiac appeared in the neighbourhood, followed by about three thousand Indians, who in a few days after, and in the most friendly manner, put up their lodges, (poles covered with rush mats,) around the village and about the fort, and began, as was their custom, to play at their several games of ball, &c. In the midst of these amusements, Pontiac proposed to treat with Major Gladwin. This wily chief had already captured Michillimackinac—but no tidings of this had yet reached Major Gladwin. That capture was made by stratagem; and stratagem was resorted to for the capture

of Detroit. He obtained the interview—and told Major Gladwin, that he and his people desired to take their new father, the king of England, by the hand; and requested a council. It was granted, and the third day after the interview was set apart for the meeting. Major Gladwin, although impressed with the sincerity of Pontiac, was nevertheless guarded in his intercourse with him; and to prevent surprise, it was made a standing order, that not more than six Indians should enter the fort at any one time, except the squaws, and these were permitted to come and go as they pleased, and especially as they made moccasins and other things for the soldiers. It was also the understanding, that the council should be held in the fort; and that not more than thirty-six chiefs should be present.

The day before the council was to have been held, a squaw who had received of Major Gladwin an elk skin, out of which to make him moccasins, returned with the moccasins and the remainder of the skin. The Major was so much pleased with her skill as to request her to take the skin and make another pair like those she had made for him, for a friend. She received the skin, but instead of leaving the fort, loitered about within it until the hour arrived when an officer, whose duty it was, went round the fort to clear it of strangers. On coming to this squaw, she manifested a reluctance to go out. At last, she handed the skin to Major Gladwin, to whom the officer had conducted her, and then said she was willing to go. There was something so peculiar in her manner, as to induce Major Gladwin to insist on knowing why she would not take the skin with her, when she answered—“*because I can never bring it back again.*” This answer increased the anxiety of the Major, and he urged her to tell him *why* she could never bring it back. At last, and after exacting a promise that what she was willing to disclose should remain a secret, she said—“Pontiac has formed a plot. He is to meet you in council to-morrow with thirty-six chiefs. Each of these chiefs will come with his gun, but it will be cut short and hid under his blanket.

He is to give a signal. It will be this. In the course of his speech, and at the moment he draws out the belt of wampum, these short guns will be fired—you and your officers are to be shot—then they are to rush to the gate and let in the warriors.” The skin was taken by the Major, who thanked her for her information, when the squaw left the fort.

The gates of the fort were now barred, and the usual watch set. In the night a yell was heard! It was new in its character—it was answered down the lines of Pontiac’s encampment. A feeling of apprehension ran through the garrison. The fires were ordered to be extinguished, and the garrison to repair to its posts. Every thing was silent! But the yell was not repeated, nor was the garrison attacked. Similar precaution was observed after day-break. Only one half the garrison were permitted, at once, to set down to breakfast. The hour—about ten o’clock, arrived, when Pontiac and his chiefs were to meet in council. Meanwhile, Major Gladwin drew out his men and faced them inwards round the council house. Pontiac, with his thirty-six chiefs, arrived, and close after them came a large body of his warriors—but when the number stipulated had entered, the gates were shut. Pontiac eyed this array of the garrison, and on arriving at the council house, demanded of Major Gladwin what it meant?—and asked if it was not a new way to hold a council with men under arms. He went so far as to require that they should be sent to their quarters. This, of course, was not regarded. The council opened—and the moment arrived when the belt was to be drawn from the pouch that contained it, and which was to be the signal for the attack; but on reaching that part of the address, this ceremony was omitted. Pontiac’s chiefs looked at each other confounded, not knowing why their chief had faltered; and Major Gladwin, at the moment stepping up, tore away the blanket from one of them, and disclosing the short gun, charged Pontiac with treachery, and a base design to murder him and his garrison, and ordered him out of the fort.

Other accounts state that Pontiac, on seeing the soldiery thus drawn up, and the guns pointed, and lighted matches

lying beside them, did not enter the fort. It was, however, certain, that the fort was immediately attacked, and that the assailants were desperate in their efforts to carry it. It was now that Pontiac's genius discovered its fruitfulness; and his bravery was made manifest. At one time, (and this mode of attack was often renewed,) attempts were made to cut away the pickets and force an opening into the fort; at another, a cart was filled with combustible materials, fired, and run up against the pickets; at another, he conceived the design of setting fire to the church, the church being near the fort, by means of an arrow and lighted spunk; but on being warned by the priest, that God would frown upon this act, abandoned it. A constant firing, meanwhile, was kept up by the assailants upon the fort; and which the fort returned from ten brass four-pounders, and with small arms—but from the fire of the pieces, the Indians were in a great measure secured by the nature of the ground—their range embracing but few of those who were attacking the pickets, and only those who were at the furthest remove from them, and upon the outskirts.

This mode of assault was weakened at last by a resolute movement of Major Gladwin, who ordered, when the Indians should attack the pickets again, that the soldiers within should aid in cutting down that part of them which might be assailed. This was accordingly done. The Indians seeing the opening made, rushed to it, but were met at the moment by a discharge of artillery that had been placed opposite the opening, and driven back with great slaughter. Night coming on, the Indians drew off. But for eight days the attack was renewed, and with considerable slaughter on both sides. The garrison now felt itself in extreme peril. It had been for some time sustained on half rations. But now, in addition to the growing scarcity of provisions, it was reduced to three rounds of ammunition a man! Great anxiety was felt for the arrival of a vessel that was known to be in the river with supplies. Pontiac penetrated the perilous condition of the garrison, and to cut off its expected

supplies, headed a detachment of his warriors and went down the river to intercept them. The detachment descended the river on the Canada side, and met the vessel at Fighting island, and after a bloody fight, boarded her. Capt. Goulding, who commanded her, resolving to sell the prize and his own life at the dearest possible rate, gave orders to fire the magazine. Some Frenchmen on board hearing the orders, immediately interpreted them to the Indians, who precipitately left her, when a breeze sprung up and run the vessel to the fort, before which she anchored. The Indians now retired from before the fort. A short time after, Pontiac sent in a flag, and requested that two officers might be sent to him, with whom he might hold council. The commanding officer refused to comply. On this refusal being made known to Pontiac, he said—"Go again. You know me to be faithful to my word. Tell the commander that no injury shall happen to his officers. Pledge yourself for me, body for body, for their safe return." Major Gladwin still declined; when Major Campbell, who was not then in command, and Mr. or Captain McDougall, volunteered to go out and meet Pontiac. They found him encamped at the house of *Meloché*. The ceremony of a council having been gone through with, Pontiac declared them to be prisoners, hoping by this act, it is supposed, to procure the surrender of the fort. The prisoners were treated well, in all respects. Soon after this, Pontiac intercepted and captured several barges, and subjected the boatmen to the ordeal of running the gauntlet. Many of them were killed in this severe punishment, by the squaws. Nothing, meanwhile, transpired at the fort. The Indians and the garrison, however, kept mutual watch upon each other; and now and then a solitary shot was fired, as if to remind the parties that peace was not concluded. Capt. McDougall made his escape, and got safe to the fort; but Major Campbell, owing to his age and imperfect sight, declined to make a similar effort. Major Gladwin, finding his barges were intercepted and captured, sent the *Beaver*, a small schooner that had arrived since the capture of Michil-

limackinac, to Niagara, for a reinforcement. Her passage was prosperous. She returned in three days, bringing three hundred men. At twelve o'clock of the night succeeding their arrival, these troops, headed by an officer whose name is not known, marched out of the fort to attack Pontiac in his camp, which was near Parent's creek. He took with him two guides, Messrs. Chapeton, and St. Martin. But though the movement was made in the night, Pontiac's vigilance was awake. He knew of it; and arranging his warriors behind a picket fence, on the upper bank of Parent's creek, he waited the arrival of the troops, who came by the way of the old river road, and at the moment the column was fairly on the bridge, his orders were given, and a thousand Indians poured their destructive fires into it. The detachment was crippled—and fell back; but being hotly pressed, was nearly annihilated—few escaping, some say only *seventeen*, to the fort, to tell the story of the bloody rencontre, or the fate of their unfortunate companions. This was just as day broke, on the morning of the 9th of August, 1763. The commanding officer was among the slain, and his head was chopped off and stuck on a post of a fence. A Mr. St. Aubin, on visiting the battle-ground on that morning, saw upon the bridge alone, from eighty to one hundred dead bodies! The passage over it was stopped up by them! Pontiac, on the day after the battle, sent for some Canadians who lived near, and pointing to the dead bodies on the bridge, and to the batteaux in the creek, said—“Take these dead dogs—put them in those boats of mine, and convey them to the fort.” The order was obeyed, so far as a removal of the bodies were embraced in it, but they were buried in the cellar of a Mr. Sterling's house. Pontiac, aware that a reinforcement had been brought by means of the Beaver, harangued his followers, and told them they could not expect to reduce the fort whilst that vessel was permitted to float. Means for her destruction were immediately sought. Barns were pulled down, and faggots prepared, and large rafts—these were set afloat, and fired. The

vessel was often in the most imminent hazard. Seeing this, Major Gladwin ordered her down the strait to Niagara. The Indians followed in their canoes, and by close and desperate fighting, often so near as to be scorched by the fire from the guns of the schooner, killed all her crew except three; and these were saved by the timely arrival of two or three barges which Major Gladwin had sent to support the schooner.

The fort yet resisted the attacks of the Indians—when they became restless, and expressed their desire to take the fort at once, or to abandon the effort. Another attack was made—when an Ottawa chief, who was fighting in company with his brother by the side of Pontiac, was shot. His brother immediately retired, sought Major Campbell, whom he met walking out near his place of confinement, having had enlargement given to him by Pontiac, and striking his tomahawk into his head, laid him dead at his feet! The murderer, knowing of Pontiac's pledge, and that his vengeance would follow the act, fled to Saginaw, and from thence to Michillimackinac. Pontiac, on learning the fate of his captive, sent warriors in all directions after the murderer, but he could not be found. The death of Major Campbell gave Pontiac great concern, who was often heard to express his sorrow on account of it.

Soon after this, the Indians departed and went to their several hunting grounds. In the following spring peace was concluded—Pontiac having meanwhile sent a peace-belt to all the bands, and one to Major Gladwin.

This spirited and bloody investment led to extensive preparations on the part of the English, which resulted in a movement by General Bradstreet, in the summer of 1764, at the head of three thousand men, to raise the siege of Detroit. Meanwhile, a corresponding movement was making at Pittsburg—from whence the forces of that quarter were to penetrate the western wilderness and form a junction at Detroit, with General Bradstreet.

Pontiac, it may be presumed, was apprised of these movements, and hence, no doubt, his proffer of peace, which was

concluded before the arrival of General Bradstreet. This celebrated chief and warrior survived this peace not more than two years. He went to Illinois. Carver relates, that he was followed by an Indian who attended him as a spy; and who, on hearing him express himself in council, in terms of hostility to the English, plunged his knife into his heart, and killed him on the spot. By others, it is stated, that he was killed by an Indian who fell in love with his wife.

I am indebted to a friend for the following spirit-stirring lines, supposed to have been addressed by Pontiac to his warriors when he first heard the news of the preparations under General Bradstreet; and under the effects of which, it is supposed they were acting at the battle of the bloody bridge, and in those desperate assaults on the fort:—

Now the war-cloud gathers fast,
 See it rising on the blast—
 Soon our peace-fire shall be quench'd,
 Soon our blades in gore be drench'd.
 See the red-foes' legions pour,
 From *Wyaunoc*'* gulfy shore,
 Threat'ning war to me and mine,
 Means, and pow'r, name, and line.
 None may 'scape whose souls are free—
 None who love sweet liberty.
 Who is true, or who is brave,
 Or who loathes to be a slave.
 Warriors, up!—prepare—attack!—
 'Tis the voice of Pontiac.

Hang the peace-pipe on the wall—
 Rouse the nations, one and all;
 Tell them quickly to prepare
 For the bloody rites of war.
 Now begin the fatal dance,
 Raise the club, and shake the lance.
 Now prepare the bow, and dart—
 'Tis our fathers' ancient art.
 Let each heart be strong and bold
 As our fathers' were of old.
 Warriors, up!—prepare—attack—
 'Tis the voice of Pontiac.

* Chippewa name for Niagara.

Take the wampum, warriors, fly—
 Say a foreign foe is nigh.
 On he comes with furious breath,
 Speaking peace, but dealing death;
 Spreading o'er our native plains,
 Forts, and banners, fire and chains.
 Death comes marching in his train,
 With the family of pain,—
 Not the pain that warriors fear,
 Not the faggot, ball, or spear—
 Not fierce danger—*that is sweet*—
 Not the red-pines' burning heat,
 But the bane from which we shrink,
Fiery, fell, destroying drink!
 Warriors, hear!—Be wise, be brave—
 Rise, to conquer, and to save.
 Rise to save our bleeding land,
 From the rampart, and the brand,
 From the arts, and from the crimes,
 Of other, and far distant climes,
 From the thirst of sordid gains,
 That ere long shall blast our plains;
 And that cold, un pitying rush,
 Name, and rule, that aims to crush.
 Firmness now is all that saves.
 To submit is to be slaves!
 Now, or never, to the field,
 Teach the lordly foe to yield.
 Spurn his council, spurn his laws—
 Strike—and strike for freedom's cause.
 Rally!—rally, for th' attack—
 Drive th' invading legions back
 To their homes beyond the seas:
 Thus great MANITO decrees—
 Up—to arms, begin th' attack,
 'Tis the voice of Pontiac.

Let your suff'rings—let your wrongs—
 Swell your rising battle songs—
 Let your drums a death-note peal,
 Boding deeds of strife and steel.
 Let your piercing battle yell,
 Echo back from wood and dell—
 Echo—echo—far and nigh,
 While our scouts prolong the cry,
 Till it reaches ev'ry ear,
 That's open Indian wrongs to hear.

Let it fly o'er plains and deeps,
 Gath'ring force as on it sweeps.
 Louder—louder!—Ev'ry hour
 'Till it wakes our utmost pow'r.
 Rousing all our warlike bands,
 Waking all our pillag'd lands,
 'Till one deep appalling cry
 Rings throughout the western sky,
 Echoing *vengeance!*—LIBERTY!
 Up—prepare the lance—the rack—
 'Tis the voice of Pontiac.

Former woes provoke your ire,
Think, but hate, and *feel*, but fire!
 Ev'ry peaceful hue be fled,
 Ev'ry hue but warlike red.
 Strangers occupy our soil—
 Sons of dull mechanic toil.
 They pollute our ancient seats,
 Altars—groves—and fond retreats.
 Ever claiming deeper grants—
Nothing can allay their wants,
 Or evade their arts, or will;
 But they've driv'n, and drive us still,—
 Pouring onward as they go,
 Livid streams of liquid wo,
 That subdues the soul when quaff'd,
Bitter—bitter—fiery draught.
 Conq'ring not by sword or might,
 But this soul destroying blight,
 Of all ills the last, and worst,
 Spirit brew'd, and spirit curs'd.
 Warriors, pause—and hurl it back—
 'Tis the voice of Pontiac.

Now my fav'ring dreams portend,
 Their ill-gotten pow'r shall end.
 Now the gaol is reach'd and won,
 Fate decrees!—*it must be done!*
 Crush the serpent ere his length
 Tells superior skill or strength;
 Strike the panther ere he springs,
 And the mortal fang he flings.
 Take the monster grizzle—bear,
 Young and feeble in his lair,
 Mar his talons, blear his sight,
 Ere he waxes strong in might.

Else the day shall hasten by—
 Else we quickly droop and die!
 Or shall linger on our lands,
 Frail, dependent, feeble bands—
 Weak in numbers, low in fame,
 Sad, improv'rish'd, sunk and tame!
 Asking alms from door to door,
 Where our chieftains *ruled* before—
 While the stranger lords it high,
 'Neath our once joy-kindled sky—
 And his children as they turn,
 From the furrow, blade, or urn,
 Axe, or pestle, pipe, or bone,
 Once our fathers', or our own,
 Shall with pride indignant spurn,
 Name and nation, bone and urn,
 And exclaim—*contemptuous grave*—
 Indian dog, or Indian slave!

Heav'ns! And can ye live and burn,
 And not on the insulter turn?
 Have ye hearts, and have ye ears,
 And not shake your vengeful spears?
 Are ye men by God's decrees.
 And can suffer taunts like these?
 Rend! Oh rend th' empurpled sky,
 With your thrilling battle cry—
Vengeance! Valour! LIBERTY!
 One and all to the attack,
 'Tis the voice of Pontiac!

It has just occurred to me as not unworthy of remark, that when the English succeeded the French in the occupancy of those regions, a warrior arose to oppose them in the person of Pontiac; and (although not so immediately after the change,) when the Americans succeeded the English, another, equally distinguished, and following out *the same plan*, (a combination of all the tribes east of the Alleghany mountains,) arose to oppose the Americans, in the person of Tecumthé, or Tecumseh, as he is usually called. It is possible that some chief, equally politic and daring, and gifted with like powers of eloquence, and capacity for command, may have headed the tribes, against the French. Their wars, we know, were desperate, and often bloody.

There seem, then, to have been three periods, (assuming the first, which it is not unreasonable to do,) in each of which a great chief arose among the Indians, to lead his people against the encroachments of the three successive powers that at far distant periods invaded their country. I might speculate some here, but I am invited to spend the evening at Col. H——'s; the Governor and family, I learn, are to be there, and in general, the beauty and fashion of the city. The hour has arrived, of which you, no doubt, will be glad—as but for this, I might wear out your patience in speculations on the thought, that great events never fail to produce the corresponding genius and power to direct them.

Good night—ever yours.

P. S. Eleven o'clock. Just returned from the party, and highly gratified with the company in general; but charmed with the polite and polished attentions of Mrs. H. and the Colonel. They are both esteemed to be ornaments of Detroit, and I do not wonder at it.

Detroit, Thursday, June 22, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

It is concluded that we are to leave here to-morrow. Our canoe not having arrived, we have chartered the schooner Ghent. The want of wind, or the having too much of it, from a wrong quarter, can alone delay us.

Having some calls to make, and some attentions to bestow upon certain little matters, which must be looked after preparatory to our departure, I shall have to be brief in whatever things I may have to remark upon in regard to this city. As for its appearance, I must depend on giving you a better conception of that, upon a drawing, if I can obtain one.* If not, you must make the most of the slight references which I have already made to it. I have said, I believe, that the city occupies the first and second elevations from the river. It shows now one main street, Jefferson street, I believe it is called, and which is long and pretty well built upon. The

* Could not command a satisfactory one.

street on the first step from the river, is also well built upon; and back of Jefferson street, are others, partially set out with houses, as are the cross streets, of which there are some three or four. Back of the whole, and some four hundred yards from Jefferson street, is the state house, a fine building just put up; and between it and the western end of the city, is the fort, which was surrendered in 1812, by General Hull. The old fort, which is so called, and against which Pontiac made his attacks, was only a *picket*-fort, and on the water's edge. This is regular built, upon commanding ground, and was very formidable. This fort, and the grounds belonging to it, and the buildings, except the public store house, arsenal, and the necessary grounds for them, and which is at this time in charge of a most worthy and meritorious gentleman, and one of the relics of the revolution, I mean Col. P——s, have been presented to the corporation of the city of Detroit, by the Congress of the United States; and are worth to it some hundred thousand dollars. It is to be hoped that whatever disposition may be made of these grounds, it will never be permitted that the mounds of the fort lose any of their figure or loftiness, or an inch of the ditches be filled up.

I have seen a plot of this city. I wish for the sake of its designer, towards whom, personally, I entertain the kindest feelings, that it had never been conceived by him. It looks pretty on paper, but is fanciful; and resembles one of those octagonal spider webs which you have seen in a dewy morning, with a centre, you know, and lines leading out to the points round the circumference, and fastened to spires of grass. The citizens of Detroit would do well, in my opinion, and their posterity would thank them for it, were they to reduce the net-work of that plan to something more practical and regular.

I will only add in regard to this city, that its position on the strait is very beautiful; that its population is about two thousand five hundred; and that its location is highly favourable for commerce. The steam boats Superior and Henry Clay, are surpassed by few, if any, either in size, or beauty

of model, or in the style in which they are built and furnished. But there is business for more; and three or four, it is believed, are now in a state of forwardness, to run also between Buffalo and Detroit. I should infer from what I have seen, that they all may do a profitable business.

There are in Detroit a court house of brick, (for the county of Wayne) eighty-eight by sixty feet; a jail, a stone building, eighty-eight by forty-four feet; an Indian council house, also of stone, fifty by twenty-seven feet; an academy, fifty by twenty-four feet; a bank, of brick, only thirty by twenty-five feet; the arsenal, a fine building of stone, seventy by thirty-four feet, and a public store house, one hundred and four feet by thirty-four. There is also the Roman Catholic church with its five steeples, one hundred and sixteen by sixty feet, upon which, it is said, thirty thousand dollars have been expended; and for its completion twenty thousand dollars more will be required. The Presbyterian church, a handsome wooden building seventy feet by forty, and a Methodist church of brick, fifty by thirty-six feet. There are also two printing offices, a land office, custom house, and post office. The mail arrives three times a week over land, and about twice a week by the steam boats; and there are some thirty stores, some of them fine.

Detroit is destined, and at no distant day, to be a flourishing city. It is an old place, in name, having been settled some hundred years ago by the French; but it is a city of but yesterday, in all that relates to its present improvement and appearance. The French never went beyond the improvements which are embraced by a few log houses, built on confined and narrow streets, and a picket fort; and their leavings were some twenty years ago, I believe, all, or nearly all, consumed by fire. A gentleman is boarding here in the same house with me, who built the first house in what is now the compact part of the city, after the fire. It stands nearly opposite the place where stood a gateway of the old picket fort, and on the main street.

The press of emigration into the Michigan territory, of which Detroit is the capital, is proof of the high estimate which is taken of the quality of the lands. In point of sales, I believe the exhibit of the books of the land office here, will show it to be the *first*.

Among the number of calls made by me to-day, was one to Mr. Woodbridge, the secretary of the territory, and there I had the gratification to see, for the first time, his wife's father, Judge Trumbull, author, you know, of *McFingal*. This old veteran in satire and song, is, now in his seventy-sixth year. He has the most perfect use of his faculties; walks with ease and spirit, and sees to read without the aid of spectacles, and hears pretty well. His conversation is sprightly and interesting. Like all men of his age, to him also the past looks the greenest; and he loves to refresh both his spirit and his eyes by re-viewing it. To me, nothing is more agreeable than the conversation of a sensible old man, especially if he goes back to the past, which all persons advanced in age are apt to do.

The Judge must have been, when young, very handsome. He retains yet the traces of early and uncommon beauty, in both the form and expression of his face. His eye yet has its sparkle. To look at it, you would be certain it had been given to flashing out wit—and that the spirit which animates it, once held close and happy communion with the muses.

How few, and scattering, are those relics of revolutionary times!—How venerable are they!—A few years more, and they will have all sunk into the grave—but *their memory can never die*.

I have just returned from the Governor's, where I have spent the evening, and most agreeably, notwithstanding a most furious gust of wind and rain, accompanied by vivid and frequent flashes of lightning, and the most appalling thunder. The elements appeared to have united to produce the wildest disorder and uproar, and to change the very aspect which, on such occasions, they usually wear. A most remarkable cloud, dark and gloomy, but coloured in places by

a yellow tinge, and which reached from horizon to horizon, came transversely over the strait, and the city, widening in its course, and blackening, till the heavens were shrouded, when the fury of the storm was poured forth! Great fears are entertained for the steam boat, the Superior, which was expected up about an hour before the gust arose, but has not yet arrived.

I have this moment heard the signal gun announcing the arrival of the Superior. She is several hours out of her usual time; no doubt, in consequence of the gust.

This is my last letter from Detroit, but I shall note our progress up the lakes, and you shall have, in a journal form, whatever may occur; and this I will forward to you from time to time, as opportunity may offer.

And now, after requesting the favour of you to present my remembrance to our friends, generally, and to — and to —, and —, in particular, and wishing for you, and them, every earthly felicity, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

*On board the schooner Ghent, Capt. Hinkley, }
river St. Clair, Friday, June 23, 1826. }*

MY DEAR ***

The wind favouring, we left Detroit this morning at eleven o'clock. Our company consists of the Governor, Col. Croghan, who is now on his first tour of inspection, as inspector-general of the army; Mr. Porter, one of the party destined for the Fond Du Lac, and myself. At eight o'clock, p. m. we had passed up the strait, and through Lake St. Clair, where the wind left us, and we came to anchor, distant from Detroit about thirty-five miles. The river at this place is narrow. Extensive marshes on either side, through which it winds its way, produce immense quantities of mosquitos. These annoy us very much. Yet there is no escaping, except the wind shall blow, not only fair, but strong enough to force us through the current, which is rapid, and runs, at

this place, at the rate of three miles the hour. A cloud having risen in the west about sun-down, gave us hope that we should be soon able to weigh anchor, whilst flashes of lightning, and occasional, though distant thunder, foretold, if not a storm, yet as much wind as we should be able to manage. At ten o'clock we felt the wind from the cloud. The night was dark and stormy; but we got under way. We had proceeded but six miles, when, from a light in her bow, a vessel was seen coming down; we approached within speaking distance, and hailed. We learned that our canoe was on board, when both came to anchor. Our voyageurs were dispatched for the canoe, and were soon alongside, singing, as is their custom, their "boat song." We were scarcely again under way, before the wind fell—when we again came to anchor. At this moment, the moon emerging from a dark cloud, delineated upon the opposite heavens a well defined bow. It was the first lunar bow I had seen; and for that reason, doubtless, was the more interesting. But the mosquitos that the breeze had blown into their native marshes, returned, and annoyed us so, as to make it impossible for me to sleep. I got up and read. At two o'clock in the morning, I went on deck, and got in between the folds of the mainsail, and there slept till day.

Saturday, June 24th, 1826.

Morning fine, but calm. There is no moving against this current, but by the aid of a fresh, fair wind. The river reflects every thing upon it, and from the shores, like a mirror. It is clear as crystal.

At early dawn, my attention was attracted by the beating of an Indian drum, and which was to our right, and seemed to be on an island in the distance. On going on shore, and inquiring of a family who lived in a log cabin, what it meant, was answered, "they have been beating it all night—that an Indian doctor was curing a sick Indian, and this was part of his ceremony. It will beat until he gets better, or dies." At eight o'clock the drum ceased—when, as we supposed,

the poor fellow had died! At nine o'clock, went ashore again, and in the canoe; and for the first time felt the movement of this "egg-shell," and heard, for the second time, the chanting of our Canadians. They make the thing fly—but I have to sit as still in the bottom as a statue, for, having no ballast in, the least inclination either way would rock it over. At ten the wind sprang up, and we got under way. When off Oak island, two Chippeway Indians came off, bringing some fine bass, and venison, just taken. Bought some. Wind freshened, and blew strong. We had tied a rope *around the bow* of the canoe, and the schooner had it in tow; but on turning Oak point, a direction was given to the canoe, which, on being checked as the schooner rounded, not only dragged it under water by first upsetting it, but twisted off the bow, when it parted. The schooner was laid too, and the wreck brought up and made fast to her stern. This has decided the question whether we shall proceed in the schooner, or take to the canoe; and imposes upon the Governor, as he conceives, the obligation to be a sick man, from this to Michillimackinac, where we intend having our canoe mended. It is somewhat remarkable, that in a sail vessel of any kind, the Governor suffers from sea-sickness most distressingly; but in a canoe, he is never sick.

Having ascended the river St. Clair to within seventeen miles of Fort Gratiot, we were again becalmed, and dropped anchor, of course, just about a mile and a half above Westbrook's, a bold and hazardous pioneer of the north-western army in the late war. Col. Croghan knew Westbrook well, having commanded him in this war, and so he, Mr. P., and myself, concluded to pay him a visit. This man has acquired no ordinary celebrity. He risked more, perhaps, than any other individual, in these daring adventures which it is necessary for some persons to engage in, on the enemy's lines. His feats had been narrated to us by the Co'onel, but I was desirous of hearing them from Westbrook himself. Among the events which go to make him famous, are the following:

At a certain period of the war, it was deemed important to intercept the enemy's mail in its passage from Burlington to Long Point. The enemy's country was, of course, to be entered. The expedition was entrusted to Westbrook. He took with him a certain number of men, some two or three, perhaps, and after endeavouring to fall in with the mail, at several points, missed it. It was not in Westbrook's character to engage in an enterprize and return without spoils of some kind. In this instance he resolved, if he could not capture the mail, to capture Major T——y, who then commanded between Amherstburg and York, and upon this adventure he forthwith went. On entering the town in which the Major held his head quarters, and ascertaining his residence, he entered it—and with a pistol in his hand, he approached the Major's bed where he was sleeping. He put one hand on him, and holding the pistol to his breast with the other, told him he was his prisoner. The commotion awakened Mrs. T——y, who in the moment of alarm was about to cry out, when Westbrook, with his usual self-possession, said—“Madam, your husband's life is in your own hands—if you are quiet he lives as my prisoner; if you create an alarm I will kill him!” Novel and terrifying as was this sight, and horror struck as was Mrs. T——y, she quieted her alarms into silence. Westbrook hurried the Major, and bore him off prisoner of war, first having provided horses from the Major's stables, and the best he could select. They had not gone far before they were hotly pursued; but Westbrook knowing the country, took off into by-paths which no one would think of, or suspect had been taken by him. In tying the Major, Westbrook had drawn the cords so tight as to give him pain. To obtain releasement, he proposed to go on as a prisoner, and pledged his honour to make no resistance, and asked upon that pledge to be untied. The request was complied with. Westbrook made for his own house, for he had one in Canada, and entered it to get some wheat which he thought had been threshed out. The wheat, however, was in the chaff, so he told the soldier who entered

the house with him, to turn the handle of the fan, and he would feed the hopper. Major T——y meanwhile, was seated, and near the corner of the room in which Westbrook had put his muskets. These were loaded, and the bayonets were fixed. The Major, at the moment when the soldier was bent downwards turning the fan, and Westbrook filling the hopper, sprang to the corner, and seizing a musket, charged upon Westbrook, and demanded his release. Westbrook threw down the half bushel, wheat and all, met him, parried the thrust that was aimed at his breast, and received it in his thigh. Westbrook at this moment called for his pistols with a full determination to blow out the Major's brains. The soldier, however, delayed, and he resolved to take his prisoner alive to Detroit. So he bound him, and tying his feet under his horse's belly, jogged on; and actually delivered him at Detroit, having made this extraordinary capture one hundred and twenty miles in the enemy's country!

At another time he was ordered to look in upon a party of the enemy that had been committing a good deal of havoc, and annoying our citizens sorely. He took with him on this occasion about twenty-seven men. Every person he met endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprize, assuring him that he would be cut to pieces, and he and his men all killed or captured. This alarmed his men, and ten of them fell back, feigning to be sick. But Westbrook pressed on, until at last he arrived in the neighbourhood where the enemy lay, and ascertained him to be one hundred strong. He resolved on attacking them—so taking a position under a hill, distant from the enemy about half a mile, he ordered three of his best marksmen to crawl round the brow of it, and at the signal to fire, and to “pick off,” as he phrased it, “their gentry”—when at the same moment he would head the remaining fourteen, and gallop down the lane in front, and attack them sword in hand. The signal was given, and the men fired—when he made his onset from an opposite direction, he and his men yelling like savages. The enemy fled in the utmost confusion, leaving a lieutenant killed and

several wounded, and some of their arms. Westbrook returned to camp without losing a man, or receiving the slightest injury, and reported his adventure.

It occurred to him on another occasion, when he was out skirmishing, that he might possibly recover some ordnance and balls which General Proctor had, in the precipitancy of his retreat, thrown into the Thames. He no sooner conceived the design, than he proceeded to execute it. His first movement was to go to an Englishman who was known to him, and require him to tell him where these guns, &c. had been thrown. The Englishman begged not to be forced into a compliance, alleging the danger he would be in of being hanged, should it be known. It was agreed by Westbrook, not to urge him further, and that he need not open his lips, provided he would walk to the spot from which these articles were precipitated, and there *stand*. The Englishman complied. Westbrook fixed his tackle, ordered some of his men, who were expert swimmers, to dive down, and make fast his clamps, &c. It was done, and by this means this man recovered an eight and a half inch howitzer that had been captured of Burgoyne, several pieces of cannon, shells, and several tons of balls, and conveyed them in safety to head quarters. It was with this same howitzer that Colonel Croghan afterwards, blew up the block house which covered the schooner Nancy, near the mouth of Nautauwasaga river, at Machedash bay.

The above incidents, and others of like character, had been previously narrated by Colonel Croghan, as we approached Westbrook's house, which is a large building of wood, two stories high, and painted white, with four rooms on a floor; and which stands about a hundred yards from, and fronting this river.

Westbrook was at the door, having been informed by Mr. Porter, who preceded us, that his old commander, Colonel Croghan, was coming. On approaching, I saw his face was lit up with an expression of interest, which was natural enough, as doubtless his feelings had been unexpectedly ex-

cited and driven back upon the past. . "Mr. Westbrook," said Colonel Croghan, "how do you do?"—"Well, Colonel Croghan," said the old fellow, advancing to meet him, "but indeed I should'nt have known you, you're altered so much." Turning to me, he said, "I do not know you, I believe?"—"I presume not, sir," I answered—"it is the first time we have met." "Colonel M'K——y," said Colonel Croghan, "from Washington." "I am glad to see you, sir;—gentlemen, come, walk in." We were scarcely seated, before he stood before Col. C. and said with emphasis, "Colonel, I am, *indeed, glad to see you!*" I saw that the past was all before him, in the person of his Colonel. As soon as he had paraded his decanters and tumblers, and taken his seat, I called his attention to the events of the late war—when he went over them; and, in regard to those I have mentioned, in the order in which they stand. The only variety consisted in his gesticulations, and these were entirely appropriate, especially in his description of the manner in which he pinioned his prisoner, when he threw his shoulders back, and his elbows behind him, saying—"so—just so;" and "then, sir, I tied his feet," &c. And when he arrived at the attack made upon him by Major T. he said, "I do'nt know, Colonel, that I ever showed you the hole here in my thigh," pulling up the leg of his trowsers, &c.

In stature, Westbrook is about six feet two inches. His hair was once sandy, or rather fox colour; but the fierceness of the reddish cast is now softened by an intermixture of grey. He has a fine face—his features being moderate in size, and well proportioned. The expression of his countenance is mild, but firm; and he has a quick-moving, and intelligent eye. His form is good, with broad shoulders and chest, and excellent, and well finished limbs. He has no education, yet he talks well, and is precise, and graphic in his descriptions. He is now in his fifty-fifth year, and is married to his second wife, and has a family of fourteen children.

Westbrook is a man who did, and who will always carry his ends. If he once resolves upon the accomplishment of any object, he is sure to realize it. The means are mere materials to be judged of by his conceptions of right; and these are generally made to obey the impulses of the moment, come from what quarter, or involve what consequences they may. That he did the state service in the late war is certain—and for that he ought to be remembered. For his perception of morality, and observance of the christian rules, he is accountable to his God.

The evening brought with it no wind—and it being pretty certain that we should remain at anchor for the night, Col. C——, Mr. P——, and myself, agreed to go out and spear fish. We accordingly sent ashore and had the bark got for flambeaux. To me this method of taking fish was entirely new. We were scarcely prepared for the work, before, as night set in, we saw lights in different directions along the Canada shore. Every thing was calm, and the surface of the river smooth as glass. I soon recognized the exactness of the delineations of this mode of taking fish by Cooper, even to the "*note of admiration!*" We were soon of the company of those who go out in the evening along the shores of this river to take fish by torch light. The bark is fired, and being rolled up, is held in the hand of a man over the bow, and some three feet above it; or it is broken up and put in what resembles a frame of a lantern, which being attached to a pole, inclines forward, and over the bow. The light from this, reflecting into the water, which is clear as crystal, at the bow, and on either side, discovers the fish that are lured by it, in the pellucid element below. The boat glides down the current noiselessly, and is sculled back again slowly. The spear is like a fork, barbed and sharp pointed, which is attached to a pole of some ten feet long. This is held by the spearsman, (in our boat one stood on either side of the man who held the flambeaux,) and when a fish is seen, it is forced through the water; sometimes with one, and sometimes with both hands. Being inexperienced in this method

of taking fish, the Governor, who knew that none but the old fishermen knew how to make allowances for the density of the water, and to adjust the line of the stroke to the object struck at, made himself merry at our prospects, and proposed to make a supper of our luck. We returned at half past ten o'clock, with eight fine bass and a pickerel. I turned in as before, in the folds of the mainsail, and slept well. Cooper's description of taking fish by torch light is so inimitable, that I decline attempting any, but refer you to him. He makes a perfect picture of it.

Sunday, June 25th.

We have wind this morning, but it is ahead. The morning is cloudy and damp. After breakfast the clouds became thinner, and we went ashore, and visited a family, part Indian and part French. The wind died away again to a perfect calm. We saw some children fishing on a log that was run out into the river, and we joined them, and taking a fish a-piece, (Colonel C. and myself,) returned to the vessel. Time, under such circumstances, hangs heavily. We feel the want of society, and of those interesting exercises which distinguish and make so lovely the Sabbath day. But here

“The sound of the church-going bell,”

is never heard! Retired early to my lodgment in the mainsail.

Monday, 26th.

Morning damp and cloudy. Wind ahead—due north. The air cold. Prospects discouraging; for there is no leaving this anchorage under such circumstances. True, we have a sufficiency of stores, and fish are plenty—but our object is ahead; and to be thus delayed, even in the midst of plenty, is oppressive. Our sailors went out last night and took fifty fine bass, sheeps-head, pickerel and pike. But neither these fish, nor the sport, if it can be so called, of taking them, would keep us here; if the accident had not happened to our canoe. We would be, in possession of this little bark, su-

perior to the current, and even to the winds, in a place so narrow as this. Now we are stopped by the one, and baffled by the other; and shall be subject to such delays until we reach Michillimackinac.

My health is greatly improved. I confess, however, that I am not insensible to the loss of home and its endearments.

At two o'clock, the John Quincy Adams came down from Michillimackinac, and on nearing us, anchored. We heard of the "Young Tiger," with our provisions and stores. The J. Q. A. passed her about one hundred miles ahead. By this time, doubtless, she is at Michillimackinac. At sundown the wind shifted to the south-west, but did not blow strong enough to force us through this current. How invaluable are steam boats felt to be by persons thus circumstanced! None know so well how to appreciate their importance as those who are becalmed, and whose destination is against the stream.

Tuesday. 27th.

Slept last night in the cabin, but do not feel so refreshed as when I rose from the mainsail. The air is pure and bracing above; but not so below. Wind, north-west—this, as to direction, would do, but it is not strong enough. We amuse ourselves with conversation and by reading,* and go-

* Having received, under cover, from an anonymous friend, a few days before I left home, a paper, inclosing a Eulogy on Cowper, the poet, I asked permission to read it. I enclose it to you, hoping it may gratify you as much as it has me, and those to whom I have just read it.

"Eulogy on the Genius of Cowper, read as an exercise at the Anniversary of the Theological Seminary at Andover, in 1824, by the Rev. MILTON P. BRAMAN.

"To discuss the merits of Cowper, is like analyzing the qualities of an intimate friend; the emotions of our hearts towards him are not so much admiration as tenderness; not so much admiration for illustrious genius, as affection for the loveliness of personal character. The accounts of his life, as portrayed by the hand of friendship, and exhibited in his private correspondences, and wrought into the descriptions of his poetry, are made up of these lesser incidents and hourly displays of feeling, which constitute the material and charm of personal friendship. We feel ourselves linked to him by the ties of a long and affectionate intimacy: we are let into the se-

ing on shore. Here we walk up and down the bank of the river, think of home, and wish for the wind to blow. Near our walk on the bank are growing the wild gooseberry, and the garden currants. From the regularity of the bushes, it would seem they had been planted. But we see no remains of the habitation of man near. Still, Indians may have once

erecy and confidence of his bosom; and our souls mingle with his, and flow together with it in its current of thoughts and joys and sadness. Other poets are borne above us, and break away from the sympathies of the soul, and are wafted in vast elevation on the breath of a general fame; we gaze on them with a feeling of cold and tumultuous wonder, and every personal trait and favourite virtue and weakness, are swallowed up in the full blaze of intellectual glory. But Cowper has descended from the dazzling height and glorious company of his fellow luminaries, hovering over the dwelling of peaceful life, and shedding down upon them a soft radiance, as if imploring the love and fellowship of mortality. His image is mingled with our visions of domestic bliss; it dwells among the remembered pleasures of childhood and home. The spirit of his soft and lovely character steals through the relations of private intercourse and social affinities. We throw open to him the inmost sanctuaries of our bosoms, and he enters a dear and welcome visitor. His very name kindles up within us a glow of human sensibility and celestial purity. The thought of him is like a whispering vision of paradise. How softly do our contemplations repose on this dearest and most sacred image of genius! how quietly he steals away one and another of our sympathies, 'till the enchanted heart surrenders in sweet captivation, and rejoices in his power!

“There was in the constitution of Cowper a deep and strong morality, a quiet, but inextinguishable warmth of temperament, in which every pure and amiable feeling sprung up in ever-blooming freshness and verdure. It was in his age and before, that the hollow-hearted poetry of France had spread its elegant and frosty incrustations over the fountains of the British Helicon; but the streams still flowed beneath, and collected in secret their force, 'till they gushed forth warm and sparkling in the genius of Cowper.

“The original temperament of Cowper fitted him for a secluded retreat and select friendship. His situation might seem to deprive him of much of that literary stimulus and that wide fellowship with the play of human passions, which is so generally necessary to sustain the heart in healthful and vigorous exercise; but a manner of life which was ill suited to the general structure of our moral nature, was just adapted to give his the most vigorous expansion. His acute sensibilities shrunk from the rough contact of a selfish and unsympathizing world; he sighed for the protection and nourishment of tender childhood; he wanted to repose on the bosom that loved him with maternal fondness. His gentle and innocent affections expanded themselves to sweet smiles, and soothing voices, and delicate assiduities; and as

lived near this spot, and their lodgings being so frail have left none of their remains. Time and the elements soon destroy an Indian tenement.

The robin red breast is here, and other birds, whose notes are familiar; and these serve to cheer and remind us, in the solitude of these shores, of places more dear.

the tender vegetable drinks in its life from the dews of the evening, so the heart of Cowper banquetted on the soft elegance of female courtesies. He could not tolerate a distant and civil friendship; if he loved, it was with the ardour of young and untaught enthusiasm. With the boundless confidence of inexperience, he clasped his friend to his inmost self, and bathed and blessed him in the outpourings of his purest affections.

“Domestic seclusion was the element in which he lived and breathed. He delighted in the contemplation of human character and manners, as they displayed their countless hues to objects of pleasure and ambition; but they must be chastened and mellowed by distance; the toil, and clamour, and confusion, and heart-breaking of this restless and turbid life—he loved to feel and pity them all; but it was in the musing of quiet contemplation; it was as one who at a distance from the haunts of men, and his feelings soothed to the mildness of an evening sky, listens to the mingled murmurs of a busy and expiring day. The heartlessness of an indolent and irregular life, the succeeding months of agony which rolled over him, must have given double attractions to a scene of calm and hallowed repose; here he found rest and healing to his wounded spirit; here it flowed even and tranquil like the gentle ripples of an ocean after a night of shipwreck and storm; and the scenery of life comes reflected from his mind in all its original beauty, and in crystalline purity.

“There is a peculiar charm pervading the writings of Cowper, which the heart only can understand. He has no loftiness of diction, or surprising novelties of imagery to lead captive the fancy. His style is that of an even and unambitious phraseology. You see no labour of thought, nor sudden impulses of inspiration. When he rises, it is in gentle undulation. There is sometimes such a want of vigour, that he almost borders on the very verge of tameness, when some happy thought will awaken a new gleam of poetic fervour, and every reader will forgive him his error. The tone of feeling that pervades his composition, is perfectly inimitable, it is so entirely the effusion of his native and spontaneous temperament. The directness and simplicity of his expression, too, no art can equal, because art did not produce it; it is as limpid as water, and the sentiment is seen through it as a medium of perfect transparency. It is so original and peculiar, so shaped to the thoughts to which it gives utterance, so impregnated with the warm and living spirit that glowed within him, that it seems not collected from the common vocabulary of the language, but the birth of occasion, and to be thrown out as a new creation from the omnipotence of his fancy.

At eight o'clock, A. M. weighed anchor under favourable auspices. Wind fresh from the west. Passed the Superior, of Buffalo, a fine schooner, bound down. At twelve o'clock, the wind that had been gradually falling, ceased, and we dropped anchor, having come only three miles in four hours! At half past one, weighed again. Wind fair, and free; at

"In many respects. Cowper was a contrast to Thomson, whose genius was certainly inclined to the French models. Thomson had more splendour, but less of that earnest sincerity that flows into the heart like a stream of liquid pathos. He has a more ambitious fancy, and while in Cowper you are absorbed by the beauty of the scenery, in him you think of the superlative elegance of the description. The one throws the riches of his fancy on the riches of nature; his heart leaps forth and colours with his passion the scene which his pencil is to draw; while in the descriptions of Cowper, you have the naked and exact impress of the living beauty which caught his delicate and sensitive eye. There is more invention in Thomson, and more reality in Cowper. In Thomson, you see the out-burstings of riotous and intoxicated power, the wide diffusion of a spirit so plastic and penetrating, that it moulds and fires every subject of the hardest and roughest materials. Cowper transfuses a sufficiency of fervour into every subject; and while there is no forced animation, there is no overflowing fulness; nothing wanting, and nothing to spare.

"Cowper was a christian, and I doubt not, that often has the devout spirit risen from the perusal of his strains, and rapt in the holy elevation caught from this mingled flame of genius and piety, poured out the ecstasies of his soul for such a gift to religion. It has been the reproach or misfortune of its friends, that they have cramped its energies by scholastic definitions; that instead of letting its native attractions shine through the medium of a rich and elevated diction, they have both from the pulpit and the press, disguised it by a quaint and pedantic phraseology; they have sullied its lustre by numerous and gross perversities of taste; they have chilled its generous and lofty spirit by narrow, and spiritless, and common-place sentiment. This reproach can be, and it ought to be, wiped off. The separation between taste and devotion, is a most unnatural divorce. Cowper had a soul keenly alive to every beauty of nature and art; and religion, as invested with the charms of his poetry, never wore an earthly robe that shone so like its-hue of original and celestial loveliness. Never dwelt there in a human being a temper that mingled so kindly with the bland spirit of christianity. It touched with its hallowed fire all the springs of his elegant taste; it breathed its inspiring vigour into all his innocent loves, till every element of his beautiful genius, like the scenes it described, wafted nothing but incense to heaven. What! shall man be attracted to every other of his interests by the forms of a seductive rhetoric, and the power of a brilliant and fascinating imagery? Shall genius pour forth its praises of nature till the stars above us twinkle

half past two, opposite the county town of St. Clair county, a little town hardly yet in the gristle, there being only seven houses, besides the court house and the jail. These latter remain to be finished. Distant from Detroit seventy miles, and within three miles of Fort Gratiot. At half past seven o'clock, P. M. becalmed, and dropped anchor within thirty feet of the Canada shore, along which are three or four little log cabins, which seem to relieve the eye from the undisturbed solitude that reigns along these shores. Night is the only time when any thing is seen or heard; and then they are lit up with numerous fires, and ever and anon you hear the paddle strike against the side of the canoe; or the spear plunge into the deep—when all is still again. The shores, for the last twelve miles, are beautiful. The banks are bold, and the woods lovely; and these are reflected as in a mirror in the river that runs rapidly, though smoothly by. The water is delightful to drink, and is very cool withal.

Mr. P. and myself crossed over to the mouth of Black river, so called on account of the colour of the water, which is as black as ink, occasioned, doubtless, by a vegetable deposit. This water makes its black mark in the crystal current of the St. Clair, and is avoided when the bucket is sent

down with new lustre, and the whole earth wake to new beauty, as when it burst fresh from the bosom of Almighty love? Shall vice itself glitter in the magic of unwonted melody, and the heart be drunken with its sorceries? Shall the God of heaven be blasphemed in colours dipped in his own glory; and shall religion, the joy of angels, and dearest friend of humanity, the bright hope and vision of immortality, meet the naked selfishness of the heart without a grace to soften and conciliate? Must it contend, not only with the polished shaft of wit, the subtleties of depraved reason, and the host of mighty passions—but must it also wage unnatural war with those very refinements and sensibilities of our nature, which owe to it their purest nourishment and noblest elevation? It has done that for man, which ought to fill every heart with enthusiasm. The prospects of its achievements are enough to open all the fountains of the soul; to make it break from its tame and proscribed impurity of diction; to pour around christianly the light of every taste, and the charm of irresistible persuasion. Then melting down every obstacle, it shall go forth conquering and to conquer, till every eye is ravished with its beauty, and every heart yields it the homage of veneration!"

down to get a supply. We found the few people who live near its mouth, in the midst of low grounds and mosquitos, with fires at their doors to smoke away these tormentors, and rain frogs on the logs of their huts to sing them to repose.

Wednesday, 28th.

Just before day I felt the boom rock, and the wind penetrate the mainsail, where I had once more chosen to sleep. I put my hand out, and looking at the north star, ascertained it was fair. I called the captain, and in a few minutes the topsail was set, the anchor up, and we were under way. We were now fairly in the current, and by four o'clock we were opposite Fort Gratiot; and at half past four, opposite the light house. Indian lodges were seen on both sides of the river, and although the wind blew fresh, we made only about four miles the hour, as in the rapids the current opposed us at the rate of six. We had, therefore, an opportunity of seeing the Indians, who came out to observe us. We were particularly struck with several, who, on coming out of their lodges, ran towards the house occupied by Col. McD—g—l, the keeper of the light house. They ran in, and immediately came out with rifles, and fired a salute. This, doubtless, was in honour of the Governor, for Col. McD—g—l had been informed that he was below, and had sent him word, by no means to pass without calling, as he had some refreshments, &c. which he had procured on purpose for him. Just as we were passing the Colonel's house, a man came out, not quite half dressed, rubbing his head, which was bald, with a towel, and calling to us; but had not come more than ten yards towards the shore, before he turned short about, and still rubbing his head, ran in again. The salute was continued until some ten or twelve rounds were fired, when we found ourselves through the rapids, and fairly out upon Lake Huron. The wind blew fresh, and the lake began to show itself in something of an angry mood. Reefed the topsail. Soon after the wind fell, but the lake was yet boisterous. Dinner being

announced, I was anxious to know its effects upon the Governor. He prudently declined coming below, not willing to venture into close contact with the vapours from boiled meat, in the midst of a rolling sea. The Colonel, and Mr. P., and myself, enjoyed the meal, and not a little under the influence of relief from our bodings in regard to the delay which threatened to keep us for some time longer in the river St. Clair. We drank, among other things, (for you must know, we had some wine along,) to absent friends. This is a standing toast.

At half past six, P. M. off *Point au Barque*, the southern cape of Saginac bay, and seventy-five miles above the light house at Fort Gratiot. Wind yet fair, but light, with occasional showers, and a temperature, judging from my feelings, for I have no thermometer, of about seventy degrees of Fahrenheit. At sun down, totally becalmed, and rolling about most uncomfortably upon this inland sea, which is not yet quiet from the effects of the strong wind that prevailed this morning. No land visible except *Point au Barque*, all the rest an ocean without a shore; and bounded only by the horizon. At twelve at night wind freshened from west-south-west.

Thursday, 29th.

Rose at six o'clock; off the high lands of *Sable*, and going at the rate of nine miles the hour, with the wind west-south-west. The sky clear, and the air cool. We are now within eight miles of Thunder bay, distant from *Point au Barque* seventy-five miles, and we have advanced this distance since last evening. At a quarter past seven, the wind heading us for a few moments, suddenly died away, and we are again left to roll about in this sea, nearly opposite Thunder bay. In an hour after the wind rose and blew hard, but not so much ahead as to make it necessary to tack, nor so free as to make it easy to keep our course. Wind increased. Double reefed the topsail, and reefed the mainsail. Wind increased yet more—when it was concluded to make a harbour. We

made one at half past four, P. M., by running into *Presque isle* bay, a beautiful indentation of the lake, and in shape something resembling a horse shoe. It is about two miles, by one and a half, and is one of the prettiest and safest harbours in the lake. The water over the bar is about three fathoms, and generally, in the bay, from three and a half to four fathoms, and is like crystal. We went on shore. Saw numerous tracks of deer on the beach, gathered some flowers, and picked up some shells; and towards night, prepared for another fishing expedition. We were not successful. At two in the morning, the wind favouring us, we got under way.

Friday, 30th.

Weather cloudy, and damp, and cold. Wind heading us, swells high. No keeping one's feet. Prospects lowering. Stormy. Wind whistles in the rigging. Resolved to seek a harbour. Tacked about, and ran down the southern shore, and anchored ten miles below "Forty mile point." Prospects squally. The captain thinks our situation not safe, and resolves to run down and seek a more secure harbour for the night. Weighed anchor, and ran down the coast until we made our beautiful bay, and once more, and at half past five, P. M., cast anchor within it. Just as we turned to run in, a bow of uncommon brilliancy burnished the lake, and lit up the heavens. It seems to have come to us after the storm of the morning, as a messenger promising more tranquil times; and the heart-cheering exclamation of the Deity to those who survived the flood—"Behold, I do set my bow in the cloud," comes to us with some, but doubtless a very small portion, of that joy which lit up the future of their prospects. Went ashore on the same beach which I thought had been trodden by us last evening for the last time. Saw some deer feeding near the shore on little hillocks, or mounds, that rise out of the sand. They appeared not to regard our approach, and thus indicated their own sense of the security of this their retired, and little frequented home. Returned to the vessel about sun-down. Wind lulled into a perfect

calm. The wood robin enlivens the surrounding solitude, and cheers us with his evening song.

Saturday, July 1st.

Morning cloudy, but some prospects of clear weather. The clouds are thin, and have parted in many places, shewing the blue sky beyond. The temperature is milder. But the wind is yet ahead. Visited the beach again, and soon after, the wind sprung up from the south-east, when we weighed anchor, and left this beautiful and secure harbour with no expectation that we should ever see it again. There is something melancholy in parting even from an anchorage, where safety has been realized, and which has, from this or any other cause, interested our feelings, when we feel that it is a last parting. As we passed over the bar the wind lulled; the water was calm, and its surface unruffled. Looking over the side of the vessel, I saw the bottom distinctly; almost as much so as if no water intervened. I was curious to know its depth, and at that place it measured *twenty-three feet*. As I drew the line up, a shoal of fish swam in, and under the vessel, near the bottom of the lake. The evening is lovely. Sun-set splendid! Every thing calm and noiseless. Even the surf rolled on the shore with tenderness. Our sails hung loosely and motionless by the mast. So variable are the winds in this lake country. We were not yet more than five miles from our anchorage, though we weighed the anchor with such a fine prospect of a speedy run to Michillimackinac.

Sunday, July 2d.

Seven o'clock, A. M. Wind ahead, and weather damp and foggy. Lake rough. The elements the same, and in all respects, as when we returned on the 30th ultimo, to seek shelter from the storm; and we are at this hour nearly in the same place as when we tacked about on that day. We are now resolved to proceed, and take the chances. How baffling!—But how like life!—*Ever varying!*

Hope sees the prospect with delighted eye—
That's all! * * * * *

At ten o'clock the wind blew hard from the north-west, and in the very eye of our course. Our destination was Michillimackinac. We held a council. The question submitted was—"Shall we continue in the eye of the storm to make efforts to reach Michillimackinac, or bear away and make Drummond's island?" It was strongly urged by the Governor that we bear away for Drummond's island, and we bore away accordingly. On arriving at Drummond's island, it being forty miles from both Michillimackinac and the Sault de St. Marié, we here determined also on our ulterior movements from thence;—it is to leave the schooner, and take barges for the Sault; and omit calling on our way out at Michillimackinac. So the matter rests for the present. A little southing of the wind, and a smoother sea, may alter our present resolves, and we may yet make Michillimackinac. A few hours will determine.

At eleven o'clock, I was struck with the thought that those who are dear to me at home, and thousands of others in our polished cities, and in all our little towns and villages, were thronging the temples of the Almighty—whilst the bells were yet ringing their peals; and I, lonely, (for the thought made me feel so,) was doomed to be buffeted about by the billows of Lake Huron, and driven from my course. Under this feeling I went below and took a number of the Quarterly that Governor Cass had brought with him, and turned to the article headed "*New Churches.*" It is a defence of the Church of England from alleged attacks, direct and indirect, of the dissenters. The writer concludes his essay in these words: "But her cause," the cause of the church, "is that of good sense and rational piety; her benefits are felt through the whole mass of society, from the highest to the lowest, &c. &c. We trust, without the least apprehension of danger from the blundering demagogue, the bitter and envious dissenter, or the artful infidel, who would make common cause with the latter, in order to overthrow that which he knows to be the bulwark of sincere christianity; we trust her to the right feeling, the sober reason, the well deserved

attachment of her country; which, under Divine Providence will maintain her in her state of dignity, as well as usefulness; the church which has produced more learning than any in Europe, which is defaced by fewer blemishes, and adorned by as much true religion as any system of christianity since the days of the Apostles.”

There is something of the bigot in this; and some claims set up for superior purity, which I am not prepared to cede. I cherish for this church a heart-felt veneration. The world owes much to her efforts in the cause of religion. From her much light has proceeded. Nobody questions her advancement in learning, nor that some of her divines have set the way marks to fame, and immortality. But is this a good reason why dissenters, to whose efforts this very church owes so much, in the stir which their unremitting labours have carried into her very citadel; in the necessity which her clergy have felt to reform themselves, as well in life as in zeal, should be thus assailed? Surely the numerous dissenters, who are joined by this writer with the infidels, and denominated as “bitter, and envious, and as artful” as they, do not, in this country at least, come under a denunciation so sweeping and so severe. I really consider all such invective as disparaging to the cause of religion; and am not disposed, because it is indulged in by a writer in support of the church for which I feel a strong attachment myself, to acquiesce in such an assumption of learning and purity, when made at the expense of the humble and less pretending; but who are no doubt as sincere, as learned, and as pious, as the writer for the Quarterly, or those whose cause he espouses with so little of that spirit of toleration, which is the glory of both reason and religion. The writer, as if coming to himself, says in another place, and with as much beauty as truth: “Human errors, as the generations of those who hold them, are of leaf-like number, and duration; but the principles to which they may be traced, are few and lasting.” In these sentiments we agree. After all, perhaps, a little intemperate

zeal led him astray, and a little reflection may put him right again.

At twelve o'clock we were off the Manitoulin islands, and in a direct course to Drummond's island. These islands are said by the writers on Canada, to have been once peopled by what they call the Amicways, who were by them styled a family. This family was said to have descended from the Great Beaver, a mythological personage of distinction. The name, *Manitoulin*, signifies the residence of *manitoes*, or spirits. There is no doubt but in times past, as indeed in the present day, the Indians attached great importance to those admitted residences of their manitoes. It is not improbable but that these impressions were made originally, and maintained to this day, by the *mirage*, or looming which gives to these islands the most fantastic and ever varying shapes, and which are often strikingly beautiful, or terrific. These changes, which the children of nature could not comprehend, were attributed to genii, or spirits; and the places where they were most frequently witnessed, (and these are the islands) were considered as being inhabited by *manitoes*, whose power was in such varied exercise. We saw all this variety of form given, by this looming, to those islands.—At one time they would be invisible—then an arm, like a promontory stretched out for miles, and apparently above the surface of the lake, would show itself. At another, a castle would appear, with its walls and towers—and huge piles of ruins; when suddenly all these would vanish, and new forms appear. It is to these islands, made thus strangely various by the mists and vapours, and the light, that the Indians go, to perform their mysterious rites, or to pacify the spirits that preside there.

At one o'clock, Drummond's island and the high lands of St. Joseph are in view directly before us; and in the west, on our left, Michillimackinac and *Bois Blanc*, looming above the other dark lines that the fogs and vapours make upon the sky. Wind west, and moderate.

At five o'clock, dropped anchor in the Detour, having an island nearly in the middle of the Detour, about thirty yards from our stern, filled with Indians—drunk, noisy, and naked! This sight interested me more than any I had seen. The boat was let down, and Colonel C——, Mr. P——, and myself, went on this island, on our way to Drummond's island, which is about a mile across from our anchorage. We there learned from an interpreter that these were Indians who had been to Drummond's island, (principally Chippeways and Ottawas) to receive their annual presents; and that having got them, they had as usual given them for whiskey, and were now enjoying the luxury of being drunk and naked. They soon thronged the shore of the island, and some of them jumped into our boat. We maintained our position with composure, when, after a short period, they went out; when we continued on to Drummond's island, Mr. P—— being charged with directions to hire or purchase a barge to take us on to the Sault. On landing, we found there several officers of the post, and were introduced to them by Captain M'Intosh, the commander of the schooner Wellington. We were received with great courtesy, and invited to their quarters. Where all are polite, it may be deemed invidious to mention any; but I must introduce into this journal the names of Captain Anderson and lady. After having taken wine with the officers, Capt. A. shewed us the gardens, and accompanied us to the Indian lodges. There remained of the nearly three thousand who had been there to receive presents, about six hundred, principally Ottawas. Their lodges were in fine order, and filled with many comforts; and themselves well clothed. After having visited them pretty generally, we arrived nearly opposite Capt. Anderson's quarters, when he invited us to take tea, adding Mrs. A's request to his own, and when we referred to the lateness of the hour, he overcame all further difficulties which our wish to return to the vessel might have started, by adding, "Mrs. A. has prepared tea, gentlemen, and desired me to express the hope that she may not be disappointed in seeing

you.” As we neared the house, my attention was attracted to a building not far off, in which some persons were singing. I inquired what it meant? The captain answered, “the Indians are worshipping.” “Who are they?” “Ottawas.” “What is their religion?” “The Roman Catholic.” “Have they forms of worship?” “Yes”—and then listening awhile said, “I will bring you the hymn they are now singing.” It was the following:

SUR CET AUTIL.

Jusus nosē
 Ontetuta kisa ki hin
 Hustiwenig kimanna Ti hin
 Jusus nosē
 Kigate pue tun
 Kakik kiga Pamitun
 Jusus nosē.

Wa bami chin
 E pitch kas ke nindaman
 Na nengum ka kis nis kihinan
 Wa bami chin
 Ni chin gue nindis
 Soga nita nosē nindis
 Wa ba mi chin

Ka antchi ta min
 Mi na watch ni gatissi
 Jusus ca ni qu nis ki a si
 Ka ontotis ta
 Matotu enini
 Kee men ni ga wilissi
 Ka ontetista.

Enabiguis
 Ka win we bi ni chin ken
 Ka win pakite nimi chin ken
 Enabiguis
 No gue nemechin
 Nosē cha we ni mi chin
 Enabiguis.

A friend has politely favoured me with the following translation:—

“*On this Altar,*

Jesus Father—I love you perfectly. I reverence your communion, Jesus Father. I will trust in you. I will ever be mindful of you. Jesus Father preserve me. I am sorrowful. I have offended thee often. Preserve me, for I am wretched, and all evil. I am resolved to be so no more. Have mercy upon me. I will never more excite your displeasure. Bad men, or bad company, I will certainly resist. Have charity—and do not cast me off. Do not abandon me. Out of charity save me. Father be charitable. Give me charity.”

It may be proper to state, that I have copied the original from an almost illégible hand. The orthography, therefore, may not be entirely correct.

The Indians that remained on the island, were, no doubt, the most improved in all respects. I believe they were from L'Arbre Croche, about twenty miles west of Michillimackinac. The Ottawas of L'Arbre Croche have been for many years the most improved Indians in those regions, and upwards of fifty years ago supplied Michillimackinac with corn, and other articles of subsistence. They are the best dressed Indians I have met with; and are so superior in cleanliness, and comforts, and conduct, to the Chippeways, as to be known from them by their gait and exterior.

The following is a literal translation from the *Ottawa*, of the Lord's prayer.

“Father ours in heaven—Who art. Greatly to be revered is thy name. We beg that the same goodness which reigns ever in thy presence may come amongst us. But as thy will so surely is fulfilled here on earth, in Heaven,—so be it done. This day deign to give us our food. Pity our mournful cry, when evil we have done, as we ourselves do to those in mercy who evil do to us, as much as we can easily resist, let it be to us when permitted as a trial, increase us in strength when every thing that is evil comes amongst us, that we may always know thou only surpassing all art mighty forever, that thou mayest be adored. Amen.”

We spent a most agreeable hour in Capt. A's family, Mrs. A. herself being highly qualified to please, and uniting, with her other attractions, a good deal of personal beauty, we regretted when the time arrived when it was necessary for us to return.

On leaving Capt. Anderson's, Mr. P. went to the landing to order the barge round, whilst Col. C. and myself walked about looking at the Indians. Presently we heard a note of an Indian's flute—

"It rose—that chaunted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirits o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harpstrings meet—
And take a long unmeasured tone."

Nothing can be more mournful in its tones. It was night, and a calm rested on every thing; and it was moon-light, all which added to its effect. We saw the Indian who was playing it, sitting on a rock. We approached him, when I took his flute and tried to play. It had but three holes. I could produce a tone, but could not vary it into an air of any kind, which diverted him, and he laughed at my want of skill. We afterwards learned that this Indian was in love, and that he would sit there all night indulging in this sentimental method of softening the heart of his mistress, whose lodge he took care should be opposite his place of melody; and within reach of his monotonous, but pensive strains.

It is not possible for any thing to be more sterile than is Drummond's island. It is the picture of barrenness. Covered with limestone, there is scarcely upon its elevations a foot of ground, except here and there, and around its shores, out of which vegetation can grow. The officers' gardens have been made by *scrapings*, and by making a deposit. At a little distance, it has the appearance of an ancient eastern city, with broken walls and columns—the tall dead trees resembling the spires of fallen temples. Yet it is a beautiful place for all;—I mean the scenery around it, and as seen from it. Several little islands lie in the harbour,

and to one of these a rustic bridge has been attached; and on the island is a little cottage—whilst all these, and the surrounding scenery, are reflected in the crystal-like water of the lake.

On our return to the schooner, we concluded to land on the island and see how drunken Indians looked by torch light. They were yelling, and making cries of the most appalling sort. We landed however, at ten o'clock, when, to our surprise, we saw several barges drawn up, and several tents erected, and fires burning. It was our party who had preceded us in the *Young Tiger*, and who had come down from Michillimackinac, and landed there in an hour after we dropped anchor! I scarcely ever felt a sensation of greater pleasure. Ben soon presented himself, wrapped in a blanket great-coat, delighted once more to see me, as indeed I was to meet with him. We concluded at once to give Governor Cass credit for at least a partial prescience, for nothing could be more opportune. Had we not yielded to his vote, and gone to Mackinac, instead of coming to Drummond's island, we should have missed our company.

It is not possible to give a description of the looks of those staggering and besotted Indians, when seen by torch light. The torch is made of birch bark, and emits a large flame, and much smoke. The glare from one is livid, but a hundred, all lighted at once, and flaring about in all directions, and reflecting upon naked and painted savages, with bells rattling from their long and plaited locks, and who every now and then fall into a thicket, and letting go their grasp of the torch, send it flaming and smoking along the ground, produced an effect which it is not easy to describe, whilst its fittest resemblance is that hell of which we read, where the wicked are said to gnash their teeth, and from whence the smoke of their torment ascends!

All this evil comes of whiskey. We saw a log house on the island, where a sutler had fixed himself, and I counted on the shore seventeen empty barrels!—For their contents, these poor wretches had exchanged their fine Michillimack-

inac blankets, and strouds, and kettles, and knives, and calicoes, that had been distributed to them at Drummond's island, where, and at other places along these lakes appointed for the purpose, the British government squander, annually, a sum, little short, if any, of one hundred thousand dollars. It is believed the Indians in Canada do not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand—and yet the British Indian department is composed of one superintendant-general; one assistant superintendant-general, and three superintendants, who receive immense salaries, besides the pay to numerous agents. Here we have, and within our states and territories, about one hundred and thirty thousand, and altogether, say four hundred and seventy thousand.* *Our* organization is deficient. It will, doubtless, be improved.

After looking, and with pity, upon the abject condition of these Indians, we went on board of the schooner, and by half past eleven o'clock, had retired to rest.

Monday, 3d.

Rose at half past three. Fine morning. Every thing in a bustle of preparation—barges in motion, and baggage and stores lying about in parcels, to be divided as the capacity of the boats will permit. Breakfasted at five o'clock. We left our canoe, and with her three voyageurs, to mend and bring her to the Sault; and then in four large barges, with provisions and presents for the Indians, each capable of carrying forty barrels, and propelled, some of them, by twelve oars, we took leave of our obliging Captain Hinkley, and of the schooner Ghent.

Our company is now composed of Governor Cass, and myself, as commissioners, Col. Edwards, secretary, and G. F. Porter, assistant secretary, Col. Croghan, Major Whipple, commissary;—Christian Clemens, who has charge of the public goods; Henry Conner, interpreter; Joseph Spencer, in charge of the boats; J. O. Lewis, James W. Abbott, assistant in delivering provisions to the Indians, and E. A.

* The latter according to Doctor Morse.

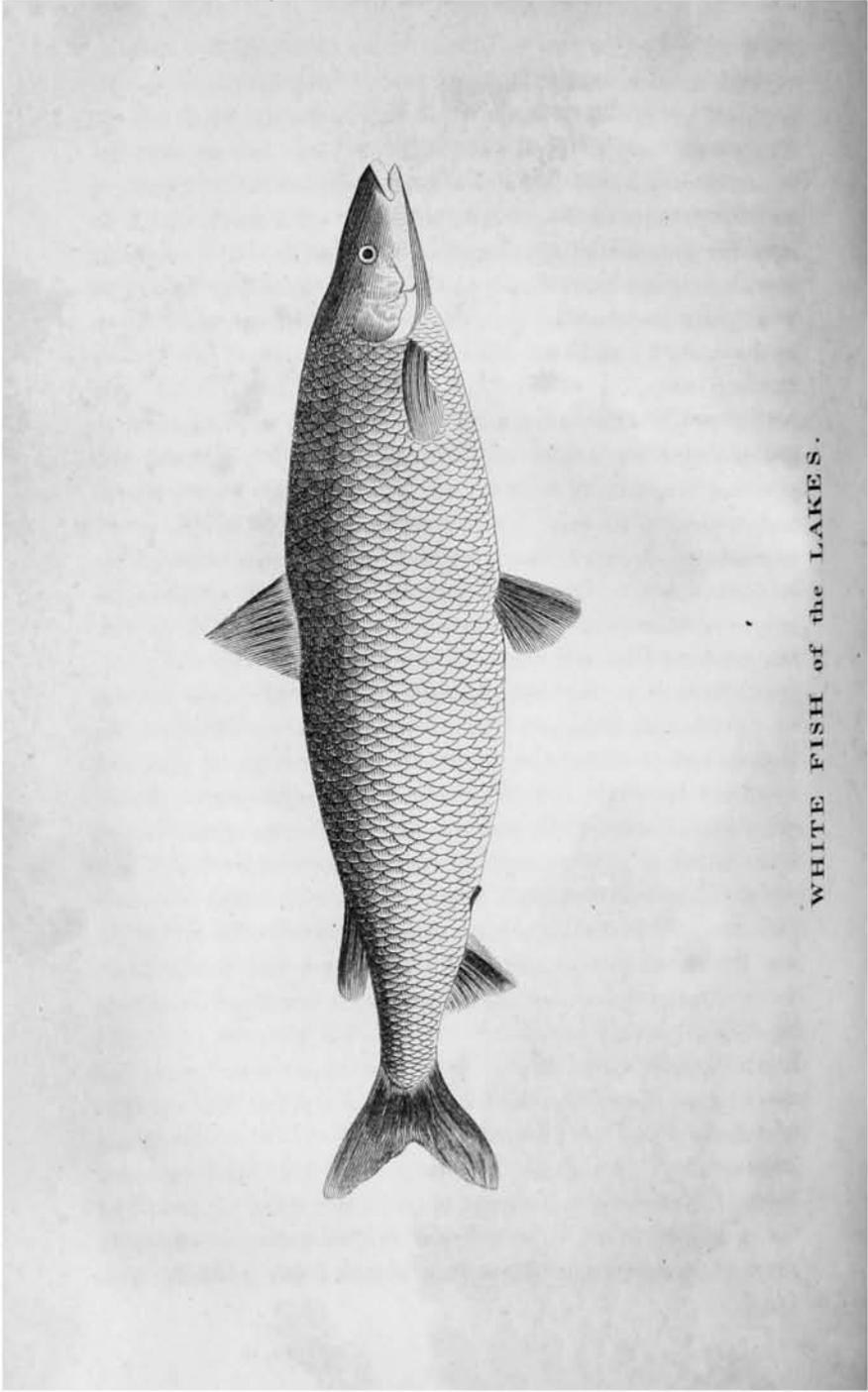
Brush—together with thirty-one engageés, or voyageurs; one baker, and one cook; making a total of *forty-three*, besides the three voyageurs we have left to mend and bring on our canoe.

The Detour soon widens into an expanse of waters of four miles, and is studded with islands, all of them green and beautiful, and of a circular form, and which are from fifty yards to a mile in circumference, and in the distance are seen the highlands of St. Joseph, and the island of that name, just before us; whilst the Indian canoes are in motion, skimming this beautiful expanse of waters, and in all directions, conveying to their villages those who have been at Drummond's island; whilst behind us the schooner Ghent is seen getting under way for Michillimackinac. Our barges, dressed off with the flags of our country, look like a little fleet. The whole together would make a beautiful panorama.

At half past seven o'clock we had neared, and were off the island of St. Joseph, distant about seven miles from our anchorage in the Detour. This island was a depot of the British during the late war, and was destroyed by Col. Croghan, the gallant officer now with us. The white chimneys, the only remains of the buildings, stand like monuments along the south shore of the island. The island slopes beautifully on its southern side, and shows a verdant surface grateful to the eye of the voyager, in a region where so little else, except lakes, and rivers, and forests, are to be seen. When nearly opposite this island, we noticed a canoe, filled with Indians, having a flag flying, following us, and every soul in it appeared to have a paddle. Our bargemen did not remit their labour, but we were soon overtaken. It contained old Neguegon, or the Wind, and his family, who, with so many others, had been to Drummond's island to receive presents from the British king. This was not in the direction of his home, his route being by the way of Michillimackinac, but he said he had heard that his father Gov. Cass had passed, and he had come on to see and

shake hands with him, and to get, *of course*, some presents. We gave him some salt, and pork, and tobacco, and an order on Col. Boyd, Indian Agent at Michillimackinac, for some articles for his family. This old man is an Ottawa and lives well. His canoe was pretty well laden. He was one of the few Indians who remained friendly to us during the late war. By his side was seated his aged and wrinkled squaw, and ranged in the order in which people are forced to sit in bark canoes, were his two sons and four daughters; two of the latter were uncommonly handsome. To one of these, the youngest, Col. Croghan gave some silvered lace and beads, which threw her into a paroxysm of joy. The old man was asked if he knew the person who had given those beads? He seemed in doubt. The Governor told him he was the same who whipped the red-coats at Sandusky, when he instantly recognised him, and to show us that he did, put a hand upon each of his own shoulders, to indicate the places where his epaulets were worn.

At two o'clock entered the mouth of the St. Mary's river, distant from the Sault twenty-one miles. Current strong and wind ahead, as it has been all day. Several canoes of Indians going up; and others encamped on the shores. Passed the Nibish rapids at five o'clock. The current here, for a mile in extent, is not less than at the rate of six miles the hour. These rapids are distant from the Sault about fifteen miles. Progress slow. Barges large and heavy laden. The manner of rowing them differs from our long and regular sweep of the oar. The motion is short and quick. The oar is dropt into the water, a sudden short pull is given, when it is lifted out, and then dropped quick in again, and seems to be more laborious than the method practised with us. These bargemen, however, keep time. About three miles from the Sault ascended another set of rapids. These whirl in every direction; but the bargemen, even by starlight, appeared to know every turn and pitch of the current, and how to overcome it. We landed at the Sault at one o'clock on the morning of the



WHITE FISH of the LAKE S.

4th of July.

And opposite the buildings owned and occupied, as we learned, by Mr. Johnson. The morning was dark and cold. The spray from the rapids made it so much so as to make it feel like winter; and my teeth chattered! Not knowing exactly where we were, we sent two of our company to seek for accommodations. They returned in half an hour with the agreeable information, that we could have lodgings at a house kept by a Mr. Harris; but that we should have to re-embark, and pass the fort, the pickets of which are in the river, and go up the current for at least half a mile further on. This went hard with us all; for, in addition to the cold, we were all much fatigued and *very hungry*. We reached the landing beyond, and at two o'clock in the morning of the 4th of July, I was seated before a large fire in the kitchen, with my great coat on, and was not warmed for half an hour. Meanwhile preparations were going on to get us some refreshments, and among these was a *white fish*. On hearing that we were to have one of these fish, the Governor, who had retired, got up, and prepared to join us. This fish being, in the universal estimation, the finest that swims, I have procured a perfect drawing of one, and inclose it herewith. It resembles our shad, except its head, which is smaller and more pointed. The one from which this likeness was taken, weighed four pounds. Their weight varies from this to ten, and sometimes fourteen pounds. The meat is as white as the breast of a partridge; and the bones are less numerous and larger than in our shad. I never tasted any thing of the fish kind, not even excepting my Oneida trout, to equal it. It is said they do not retain this character after being salted; in this respect our shad and salmon have the preference. I never felt the comfort of a good meal more thoroughly in all my life; and this, I believe, was the general feeling. At half past two day broke. We took the appearance of the morning to be the rising of the moon. But it was the mingling of the early rays of this glorious day—this beloved 4th of July; this

Jubilee. How many greetings have been poured forth from millions of freemen in honour of this morning; and how many hearts felt new pleasure, as across this entire continent its light sped. But who feels as feel those veteran warriors, and the sages, whom Heaven in mercy yet spares to grace and ornament this citadel of liberty, built by their own hands, and cemented with their own blood. We, of the present generation, I know, love this day and reverence it, but we cannot feel as do our patriot Fathers—as Jefferson, and Adams, and Carroll feel—those three surviving signers of that glorious instrument which lies at the foundation of our liberty. Or as those feel who compose that thinned line of worthies, whose motto was “*Liberty or Death.*” Could the world witness the flush of their way, and war-worn cheeks, and see their dimmed eyes wet with tears of gladness, and their bosoms heave with gratitude to God for sparing them to see this Jubilee of our freedom, and what their eyes have seen, and their hearts have felt, it would not only venerate these relics of the past, but be inspired to imitate their noble example. How rich will be their memory in the future! Posterity will gaze in transport on the column of their fame, as it will continue to rise and enlarge till time shall be no more; and eternity swallow up the glory in the bright effluence of its rays. The signers to that instrument, in fact, built, each of them, his *own monument*, and with his *own hand*. And there each will stand, nor fall, but with the

“Wreck of matter,
And the crush of worlds.”

Due honours have been paid to this day at this post, and besides, Colonel Croghan has reviewed the troops, and was received with the usual compliments.

We have been politely and hospitably received by Col. Lawrence, the commanding officer, and by the entire garrison; by Mr. Johnson, the patriarch of the *Sault*, Mr. Schoolcraft and others.

We find every preparation made on the part of the commanding officer, and a spirit of co-operation in the trust confided to us, highly honourable to the command. Captain Boardman, an experienced officer, and one who has seen service, is appointed to command the detachment which is to accompany us as our escort; Lieut. Kingsbury, a promising officer, goes as second in command, and Doctor Pitcher as surgeon. We cannot proceed, however, for some days.—Many little matters preparatory to the step we are about to take, six hundred miles beyond the limits of civilization, and where we shall be alone among the mountains, and forests, and lakes, will have to be attended to; and besides, the military must remain for inspection.

Sault de St. Marié, July 4, at night.

MY DEAR ***

I am once more, as you will have seen at the close of the accompanying journal, on firm ground—and now, having gathered up the pieces of paper on which my journal from Detroit to this place has been written, I enclose them herewith. I know I only send you a skeleton, and even that very clumsily articulated; but it is the best I could do; and being such, you must make the most of it. I hope, although written with a pencil, it may remain legible 'till it meets your eye, when, there being no more use for it, you can put it by. It may serve, when I return, to recall the images of the past.

I will write you during my stay here, as before; and when I get on Lake Superior, shall resume my journal form again.

Not a line from home since I left there!

Good night—ever yours.

Sault de St. Marié, July 5, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

The inspection of the troops commenced to-day. The Colonel (Croghan) asked me to accompany him. I was

aware of the tediousness of the process, and would willingly have declined the honour; but I acquiesced. It is not for me to know what Colonel Croghan may report to his government; but I take it upon myself to tell you that the celerity and precision of manœuvring, but *especially* the police of the garrison, reflect great credit on the commanding officer. I will not go over the inspection, step by step, and in the order of it, but will just add, that nothing was left unscrutinized, either in the persons, clothing, or equipment of officers and men. The quarters were literally *rumaged*, and the bedding sifted, and the kettles and spoons, and knives and forks, all closely examined; and all on the part of the inspecting officer with a celerity and self-possession, which demonstrated that he had no part of this duty to learn. I believe there was not a man in the quarters, from the Colonel to Sergeant Snow; and from Sergeant Snow to the most unobserving private, who did not feel the conviction of Croghan's powers, and his exact fitness for the place. Indeed, few men have more, either of the gait or expression of the soldier. His face is altogether a military one. There is something in his eye that passes from it, in command, like fire. He never blunders. He knows the forms and the order, and is gifted with a voice, and with language to command, and a most soldierly person. He is, I should say, about five feet ten or eleven inches high—straight as an arrow, with a fine breadth of the shoulders and chest, and is compact and well made in all respects. There is a spring, and elasticity in his movements, and a quick and penetrating spirit about him, that make his presence felt. No man carries a warmer or more generous heart. It is the very fountain of benevolence—and his eye, which flashes so in command, is soft and expressive when he mingles in society. His complexion and hair are both light—of the latter he has not enough to keep the *elves* busy. If Croghan had not the heart I have described, he would not be worth any thing. If that were cold and selfish, he would be—*not where he is*. It was this generous heart of his that operated upon him at

Sandusky—for show me a generous man and I will show you a brave one. Show me a cold, calculating, cruel man, and I will show you a treacherous man and a coward. A brave man is mild in peace; but in war and in a righteous cause, he is a lion. These are the characters who are fit for private friendship or the public service, who adorn and honour both; and Croghan is one of these. I need not tell you that such an officer is popular here—He will be so every where. Gifted, as he is, with such qualifications, and with such a heart, he could not be otherwise.

I have named Sergeant Snow. This man attracted my attention in the inspection, as being of an unusually fine appearance, and superior to his comrades in all that was soldier-like. After the inspection I asked if he was not a well drilled soldier; and got for answer that he was, and not only well drilled himself, but that he knew well how to drill others. I saw in his face the blue marks made by burnt powder, and some scars—and inquired where he received these? “At the sortie of Erie,” was the answer. He was blown up in the gorge of the bastion there, and had a brother killed by his side. He was also in the battles of Chippeway and Bridgewater, and lost another brother under Wilkinson at Christler’s. This man feels the pride of a soldier, and has the confidence of his officers. He is round and well built. His face is full and firm set; with an eye that never blinks. They call him “old Sergeant Snow,” though he is only forty. But he is old in the years of hard service. I could but wish Snow well. But, poor fellow, what prospects has he?—When age and infirmity come upon him, what will he do? He knows nothing but how to drill, and how to fight. For such good fellows, there ought to be some provision; and I wish Snow in his old age a snug home, where, with his wife and children, he may spend the evening of his days in peace and plenty; tell of the events of the past, show his scars, and “how fields were won.”

Good night.

Sault de St. Marié, July 6, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

It was not my intention to have omitted, in my notice of the inspection, a reference to the hospital and the school; yet I believe I said nothing of either. Were I a surgeon, I would adopt as a model this hospital, and its entire arrangement—except that the building is too small, and rather low pitched. Every possible attention has been paid by the officers charged with it, towards making it a sweet and even inviting place. The apartments are in the nicest order, and well ventilated. The sick are as well provided for, even to a nice linen night cap, which is carefully placed under every pillow, as if these essential preparations were made by the hands of a provident and affectionate friend.

The cases I saw were, generally, inflammatory and rheumatic, in the production of which, whiskey has no inconsiderable agency; and in which the lancet is, as it ought to be, freely used. It does appear to me that this part of a soldier's rations might be dispensed with, or commuted. It is notorious, that many persons enlist, to whom whiskey, at the commencement, is nauseous—but it is part of their supplies. They receive it, taste it, and taste it again, until at last it becomes agreeable, and the use of it is continued until they are afflicted with inflammatory diseases, or turn out to be confirmed drunkards.

Rheumatic affections are obstinate up here. Cures are difficult to be performed. It would be wise policy to transfer soldiers afflicted with this disorder in this latitude, to more southern regions; and to where the air is not charged with vapour, as it is here always, by the spray from the rapids.

The school is kept by a Mr. M'Cleary, a non-commissioned officer of the post, and a most interesting appendage truly, it is to the fort. The system is Lancasterian in part, but is, in my opinion, in some particulars, at least, an improvement upon it. For example—the pupil is not only required to spell the word correctly, but to give its derivation.

or meaning. A given number of words being written on a slate, they are called over by the monitor, when the meaning will be given by the dictator, until the meaning of every word is comprehended by each member of the class. This mode of acquiring the definition along with correct orthography, is important. Every body knows how forcible are right words—but these cannot be used with certainty or effect, without a right knowledge of their import.

The examinations in geography and astronomy, were highly creditable—indeed, striking, there being only two of the twenty-four scholars, over ten years of age.

This school, which is within the fort, is under the direction of a committee of officers, who prepare or revise the rules for its government, and visit it, &c.—the whole subject to the approval of the commanding officer. Mr. M'Cleary, besides being well qualified to conduct so important and interesting an establishment, is a man of genius. We were shown two emblematical transparencies which he had prepared in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of our independence. One of them represents a soldier of the United States army, embracing a Chippeway Indian chief, dressed in the costume of his nation, and in the centre of the picture is an eagle, with a scroll from his beak, having on it,—*“Washington and Lafayette”*—and this motto:

“We are a firm and solid brotherhood,
Which neither treachery from within, nor
Assaults from without, can dissolve.”

The other is an emblematic scroll, having on it,

“NATIONAL JUBILEE,

Fiftieth

ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

“From a feeble infancy she has grown to a giant size, and a giant’s strength.” And, *“Here may the oppressed of every country find a refuge, and the industrious a home.”* And, *“Our agriculture has reduced the wilderness to submission.”*

The inspection was continued to-day. Manœuvrings and firings, &c. Here I thought I discovered a want of practice. The men can do better in battalion than in brigade. But their fatigue duty has been great, and less attention has been bestowed upon this branch of the exercises. The entire inspection, however, went off much to the credit of the garrison.

The Indians who live about here in summer, and who subsist on the fish taken by them in the rapids, but who go in winter into the interior to hunt, assembled to witness these manœuvrings. It was easy to see that they had yielded the contest for supremacy. They looked as if they believed the white man had got the ascendancy. They sat in groups on the green, upon their hams, as is their custom, their bodies naked, with a blanket round their hips, smoking their pipes—silent, but watchful. The pipe of an Indian is generally from two and a half to three feet long. This, and a pouch made of the skin of some animal, in which he carries his *kinnikanic*, a kind of fragrant weed that has a leaf like our box wood, and is gathered from a vine, or his tobacco, or both, are his *constant companions*. The first thing he does on sitting down, is to take out of this pouch some of these leaves, and if he has it, some tobacco. The tobacco he holds between his finger and thumb, and cuts it slowly with his knife into small particles, which drop into the palm of his hand, then rubbing them there with his fingers into powder, he presses it into the bowl of his pipe. By means of a steel and flint, he strikes fire into a bit of spunk, and lights his pipe. He then rests the bowl on the ground, or the stem on his knee, and putting the other in his mouth, smokes until he envelopes himself with these fumes, which, if the wind should happen not to blow, is soon done.

Thus seated, and thus smoking, did the Indians of this post watch the movements of the military. The little naked Indian boys, and hardly better clad girls, were meanwhile sporting over the green, playing ball—*bag-gat-iway*, caring

no more about the military, than the military cared about them. This ball-playing is not unlike our game of *bandy*. We strike the ball, you know, with a little stick, curved at one end; they catch it up with a dexterity which for my life I could not imitate, with a stick, having a little pocket at one end, about twice the size of the ball, and made of network. The material of the pocket is generally deer-skin, cut into strings. The pocket is about two inches deep. With this, and when in full run, they strike the ball, and dexterously take it up, flourish it over their heads, and run, and throw it, as they think proper, when the whole group give chase to overtake it, and change its direction. These boys and girls are nimble as fawns, and fleet as the wind.

We spent this evening, I mean the Governor, Col. Croghan, and myself, at Mr. Schoolcraft's, where we met Mr. Johnson, the patriarch of the place, and his family, except his wife, who, though not of the party this evening, I have seen.

Mr. Johnson is by birth an Irishman, and his connexions in "the old country" are among the nobility. He has been in this country nearly forty years. His wife is a woman of the Chippeway, or, as it should be called, the *O-jib-wa* nation, and daughter of the famous *Wa-ba-jick*, the great chief formerly of *Le point*, of Lake Superior, a man of renown, and one who ruled both in wisdom and valour, and proved himself, in every emergency, to have been worthy of the station he held as chief of his band.

A personal acquaintance with Mr. J. and his family, I esteem to be among the most interesting circumstances of my, so far, agreeable travels. Allow me to make you acquainted with this family.

Mr. J. is in his sixty-fourth year; and Mrs. J. in her fifty-fourth. He is feeble and decrepid. A free liver in earlier life, he now feels the burden of sixty-four winters to be great; and in addition to the general infirm state of his health, he has the dropsy in one foot and ankle, which at times occasions him great pain, and often deprives him, altogether,

of ability to walk, which he never does without limping, and then by the aid of a staff. His education and intercourse with polished society, in early life, indeed up to his thirtieth year, have given him many very striking advantages over the inhabitants of those distant regions, and indeed fit him to shine any where; whilst the genuine Irish hospitality of his heart, has made his house a place of most agreeable resort to travellers. In his person, Mr. J. is neat; in his manners, affable and polite; in conversation, intelligent. His language is always that of thought; and often strikingly graphic. He is always cheerful—even when he is afflicted most. There is something charming in such an autumn! It gives place to winter so gradually, as to make its retirement imperceptible. It is beautiful to see those “bright gleams of setting life” thus “shining upon the evening hours” of such a man.

In height, Mr. J. is about five feet ten inches—and before he was bent by age and infirmity, his figure was, doubtless, fine. His hair is of the true Scotch yellow, intermixed with grey. His forehead, though retreating, is high and full, especially about the brows. His eyes are dark, small, and penetrating, and full of intelligent expression. His nose and mouth, (except that the loss of teeth has changed the character of the latter, some, though his lips have yet great firmness,) are well formed, and judging from what is left, and from a portrait which hangs over the fire-place in the drawing-room of his residence, he must have been very handsome when young.

Mrs. Johnson is a genuine Chippeway, without the smallest admixture of white blood. She is tall and large, but uncommonly active and cheerful. She dresses nearly in the costume of her nation—a blue petticoat, of cloth, a short-gown of calico, with leggins worked with beads, and moc-casins. Her hair is black. She plaits and fastens it up behind with a comb. Her eyes are black and expressive, and pretty well marked, according to phrenologists, with the development of language. She has fine teeth; indeed her

face, taken altogether, (with her high cheek-bones, and compressed forehead, and jutting brows,) denotes a vigorous intellect and great firmness of character, and needs only to be seen, to satisfy even a tyro like myself in physiognomy, that she required only the advantages of education and society, to have placed her upon a level with the most distinguished of her sex. As it is, she is a prodigy. As a wife, she is devoted to her husband;—as a mother, tender and affectionate;—as a friend, faithful. She manages her domestic concerns in a way that might afford lessons to the better instructed. They are rarely exceeded any where,—whilst she vies with her generous husband in his hospitality to strangers. She understands, but will not speak English. As to influence, there is no chief in the Chippeway nation who exercises it, when it is necessary for her to do so, with equal success. This has been often tested, but especially at the treaty of cession at this place, in 1820. Governor Cass, the commissioner, was made fully sensible of her power then—for, when every evidence was given that the then pending negociation would issue not only by a resistance on the part of the Indians to the propositions of the commissioner, but in a serious rupture, she, at this critical moment, sent for some of the principal chiefs, directing that they should, to avoid the observation of the great body of Indians, make a circuit, and meet her in an avenue at the back of her residence, and there, by her luminous exposition of their own weakness, and the power of the United States; and by assurances of the friendly disposition of the government towards them, and of their own mistaken views of the entire object of the commissioner, produced a change which resulted, on that same evening, in the conclusion of a treaty.

I have heard Governor Cass say that he felt himself then, and does yet, under the greatest obligations to Mrs. J. for her co-operation at that critical moment; and that the United States are debtor to her, not only on account of that act, but on many others.—She has never been known in a single instance, to counsel her people but in accordance with her con-

ceptions of what was best for them, and never in opposition to the views of the government. Her Indian name is *Oshauguscodaywaygua*.

I have obtained a perfect likeness of her. It is by Mr. Lewis, who has been most happy in catching the very spirit, as well as form of her face.

So much for the father and mother.—I will now make you acquainted with some of their children. I believe they have seven, three sons, and four daughters; but having no acquaintance except with the daughters—two of the sons being small boys, and these not here, I will confine myself to them.

Of Mrs. Schoolcraft you have heard. She is wife, you know, to H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq., author of travels and other works of great merit, and Indian agent at this place. She is a little taller and thinner, but in other respects as to figure, resembles Mrs. M——r, and has her face precisely. Her voice is feeble, and tremulous. Her utterance is slow and distinct. There is something silvery in it. Mildness of expression, and softness, and delicacy of manners, as well as of voice, characterize her. She dresses with great taste, and in all respects in the costume of our fashionables, but wears leggins of black silk, drawn and ruffled around the ankles, resembling those worn by our little girls. I think them ornamental. You would never judge, either from her complexion, or language, or from any other circumstance, that her mother was a Chippeway, except that her moderately high cheek bones, her dark and fine eye, and breadth of the jaw, slightly indicate it—and you would never believe it, except on her own confession, or upon some equally responsible testimony, were you to hear her converse, or see her beautiful, and some of them highly finished compositions, in both prose and poetry. You would not believe it, not because such attainments might not be universal, but because, from lack of the means necessary for their accomplishment, such cases are so rare. Mrs. S. is indebted, mainly, to her father, who is doatingly fond of her, for her handsome and polished acquirements. She accompanied him

some years ago, and before her marriage, to Europe; and has been the companion of his solitude, in all that related to mind, for he seems to have educated her for the sake of enjoying its exercise. The old gentleman, when in Edinburgh, had several propositions made to him to remain. The Dutchess of Devonshire, I think it was, would have adopted Mrs. Schoolcraft; and several propositions beside were made to settle upon her wealth and its distinctions—and his own friends and connexions joined to keep him among them by offers of great magnitude. But he told them he had married the daughter of a king in America, and although he appreciated, and was grateful for their offers to himself and his Jane, he must decline them, and return to his wife, who, through such a variety of fortune, had been faithful and devoted to him. Mrs. Schoolcraft is, I should judge, about twenty-two years of age,—she would be an ornament to any society; and with better health, for at present she enjoys this great blessing but partially, would take a first rank among the best improved, whether in acquirements, in taste, or in the graces.

Charlotte comes next in order, being younger than Mrs. S. by some two or three years. Here again, without the advantages of education to the same extent, or equal opportunities for improvement, but with no deficiencies in these matters, you have a beautiful specimen of a female of mixed blood. This interesting young lady has but little of the mother's complexion. She possesses charms which are only now and then seen in our more populous and polished circles. These are in the form and expression of a beautiful face, where the best and most amiable and cheerful of tempers—the loveliest and most captivating ornament of the sex—sits always with the sweetness of spring, and from whence the graces seem never to have departed even for a moment—and all this has imparted to it an additional interest in her own total unconsciousness of their presence, and of her powers to please. Her eyes are black, but soft in their expression, and between her lips, which I have never

seen otherwise than half parted with a smile, is a beautiful set of ivory. Her style of dress is neat, and in all respects such as we see in our cities. She would be said to be *rather* tall. Yet her person is good. She sings most sweetly; but seems unconscious of it—and least I should forget it, I will copy into this letter a beautiful song, which she sings with the most enchanting effect, called the “*O-jib-way Maid.*” Having prevailed on her to sing this song several times, I have learned the air with a view of having it written out in parts. Mrs. Schoolcraft has obligingly favoured me with the original, and with her *literal* translation of it, in prose; and Charlotte has presented me with a version of it by Major H. S——th, of the United States’ army. I have heard this little song sung in both the original and its version. The airs are different; both are plaintive, and both sweet, but that in which the original is sung is the wildest.

My opinion of Charlotte is, she would be a belle in Washington, were she there, as I find she is here. No one speaks of her but in terms of admiration of her amiable disposition, and in praise of her beauty; and according to my own observation and taste, she merits richly all the praise that is bestowed.

Eliza, who is older than either Mrs. S. or Charlotte, has never yet got her consent to speak English. I have not, therefore, been able to judge of her improvement. She appears to be a fine young lady, and of excellent dispositions. Her complexion is more like her mother’s than the rest. The youngest, Anna Maria, is now about twelve years old, and is growing up, I think, in most respects, like Charlotte. She certainly bids fair to be handsome.

When I look upon this group of interesting children, and reflect that their mother is a native of our wilds, I wish, for the sake of the Indians, that every representative of the people, and all who might have influence to bring about a complete system for the preservation and improvement, of at least the rising generation, could see them too.

But least I should forget it, I will now copy for you

“THE O-JIB-WAY MAID.”

Original of the O-jib-way Maid.

Aun dush ween do win ane
Gitchy Mocomauñ aince
Caw auzhaw woh da modé
We yea, yea haw ha! &c.

Wah yaw burn maud e
Ojibway quainee un e
We maw jaw need e
We yea, yea haw ha! &c.

Omowe maun e
We nemoshain yun
We maw jaw need e
We yea, yea haw ha! &c.

Caw ween gush shā ween
Kin wainyh e we yea
O guh maw e maw seen
We yea, yea haw ha! &c.

Me gosh shā ween e yea
Ke bish quaw bum maud e
Tche won ain e maud e
We yea, yea haw ha! &c.

Literal Translation, by Mrs. S—ft.

Why! what's the matter with the young American? He crosses the river with tears in his eyes! He sees the young Ojibway girl preparing to leave the place: he sobs for his sweetheart, because she is going away! but he will not sigh long for her, for as soon as he is out of her sight, he will forget her.

VERSION.

That stream, along whose bosom bright,
With joy I've seen your bark appear;
You cross, no longer, with delight,
Nor I, with joy, your greeting hear.

And can such cause, alone, draw tears
From eyes, that always smil'd before?
Of parting—can it be the fears;
Of parting now—to meet no more?

But heavily though now you sigh;
 And tho' your griefs be *now* sincere,
 To find our dreaded parting nigh,
 And bid farewell to pleasures dear—

When o'er the waters, wide and deep,
 Far—thine Ojibway Maid shall be,
 New loves will make you please to weep,
 Nor e'er again, remember me!

Sault de St. Marié.

THE O-JIB-WAY MAID.

That stream, a - long whose bo - som bright, with joy I've
 seen your bark ap-pear; You cross no lon - ger with de-
 light, Nor I, with joy your greet - ing hear.
 And can such cause, a - lone, draw tears, From eyes, that

al - ways smil'd be - fore? Of part - ing can it
 be the fears, Of part - ing now to meet no more?

I hope to hear this pretty little song sung and played when I reach home. I wish you to introduce it into society. It is one of the wild flowers which I have gathered with great care—let it not “blush unseen,” nor “waste” any of its “sweetness.”

I have made reference in this letter to Wa-ba-jick, the father of Mrs. Johnson, and great war-chief of Le Point of Lake Superior. I inclose his war-song, as he used, together with his warriors, to sing it, and as translated by Mr. Johnson:

THE WAR SONG OF WA-BA-JICK, OR THE WHITE FISHER.

On that day when our heroes lay low—lay low—
 On that day when our heroes lay low;
 I fought by their side, and thought 'ere I died,
 Just vengeance to take on the foe, the foe,
 Just vengeance to take on the foe!

On that day when our chieftain lay dead, lay dead,
 On that day when our chieftain lay dead;
 I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band;
 And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled,
 And here on my breast have I bled!

Our chiefs shall return no more, no more,
 Our chiefs shall return no more!
 Nor their brothers in war—who can't show scar for scar,
 Like women their fates shall deplore—deplore,
 Like women their fates shall deplore!

Five winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend,
 Five winters in hunting we'll spend;
 Then our youth grown to men, to the war lead again,
 And our days like our *fathers*, we'll end, we'll end,
 And our days like our fathers, we'll end!

You may be curious to know how a gentleman of Dublin, or Belfast, should find his way up Lake Superior; and what led him to unite his destiny to the daughter of *Wa-ba-jick*? He meditated no step of the sort when he landed in America. But it occurring to him, when at Montreal, that he would take a trip up the lakes, he procured an outfit, and following the impulse, pursued his way until he arrived at Michael's island; from thence he went over to *Wa-ba-jick's* village. His outfit was such as to enable him to make occasional exchanges with the natives, which his independence led him to do in preference to being dependent on his family. This resulted in his becoming a trader. *Wa-ba-jick's* daughter had been solicited by; and refused to other traders—but Mr. Johnson, nevertheless, asked her of her father.—“Whiteman,” said *Wa-ba-jick*, “I have noticed your behaviour. It has been correct. But, whiteman, your colour is deceitful. Of you may I hope better things? You say you are going to return to Montreal—go; and if you return, I shall be satisfied of your sincerity, and will give you my daughter.” He went to Montreal, returned, and married her. She was then delicate, and, as Mr. Johnson tells me, very beautiful. To this hour, I am assured, he has never had occasion to regret the union.

Ever yours.

Sault de St. Marié, July 7, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

Almost all the names by which places are known in the lake country, that do not retain their Indian titles, are derived from the French, the first settlers—I mean, of course, after the Indians. “*Sault*,” which is pronounced *so*, you are aware, means *leap*, and was originally applied to the rapids here. This has been transferred to the village; and the river having received the name of St. Mary, it is nothing more nor less than the *leap of the river St. Mary*. The same with *Detroit*—that being the French term for *straight*; the town had this name transferred to it, from being built on it.

The river at this place is about one mile and a quarter wide. Across the rapids it is not more than three hundred and fifty yards. The rapids themselves being about three quarters of a mile in extent. They pitch and roar, and are white with foam for nearly the whole of this extent. On the opposite, or Canada side, you see the old North West Fur Company’s establishment, and along down the river for about two miles, you may count about eighty houses, including every kind of building; the principal one, and this is very large and commodious, is owned by a Mr. Armitinger, who, like Mr. Johnson, whose residence is on the American side, and nearly opposite, has an Indian wife, and at least *one* (for I have seen her) very accomplished and polished daughter. I was introduced to her at Doctor Pitcher’s, and was afterwards shown some drawings made by her, by Mrs. Doctor F——. She was educated, and by the best masters, at Montreal.

The following table exhibits the number of buildings, and how occupied, and the population of the Sault, exclusive of the fort and garrison. The buildings are one story, of logs; and generally covered and weather-boarded, (if I may so say) with bark, and a large portion of them are unoccupied

and going to decay. There are but three or four comfortable houses here, and one of these, and the best, is owned by my old friend Mr. Johnson.

<i>Buildings occupied.</i>	<i>Ditto un-occupied.</i>	<i>Coopers' Shops.</i>	<i>Ware-houses.</i>	<i>Store-houses.</i>	<i>Bake Houses.</i>	<i>Tailor Shops.</i>
24	33	1	4	4	1	1
<i>Blacksmith Shops.</i>	<i>Retail Stores.</i>	<i>Grocery Stores.</i>	<i>Men.</i>	<i>Women.</i>	<i>Children.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
1	3	2	47	30	75	152

The principal part of these buildings are on the river shore, a street dividing them from it, of about ninety feet wide—some of them are on the north side of this street, and at the head of wharves, or piers, that are run out for landing places. These are used for stores, or places of deposite. A few of the buildings are scattered upon the elevation above the bank, and upon a level plain, which runs back for some distance. The plain is run up with undergrowth part of the way, say a half, or three quarters of a mile, when the growth is larger, and is composed of the pine, the maple, the mountain ash, and some elm. The most of these little buildings are occupied by the voyageurs, and their Indian families, and their dogs.

The fort is picketed, is without mounds, but is defended with block houses. It occupies part of this level, and between the village and Mr. Johnson's. It is garrisoned now by about two hundred effective men.

The staples of the place, are the white fish and maple sugar, and some few, but not many, furs. The first are taken in great quantities, and in two seasons. One commences in May, and continues until the first of August; the other begins about the first of September, and continues till frost. But for this beneficent provision of a kind Providence, it would not be possible for people to live here. Both the

whites and the Indians derive the chief of their subsistence from this inexhaustible source.

The white fish is taken by both whites and Indians with a scoop net, which is fastened to a pole about ten feet long. It is hardly possible for me to describe the skill with which the Indians take these fish. But I will try. Two of them go out in a bark canoe, that you could take in your hand like a basket, and in the midst of the rapids, or rather just below where they pitch and foam most. One sits near the stern, and paddles; the other stands in the bow, and with the dexterity of a wire dancer, balances this "egg-shell," that you or I would be certain to turn over in our attempts to keep steady. When a fish is seen through the water, which is clear as crystal, the place is indicated by the man with the net, when, by a dexterous and quick motion of the paddle, by the Indian holding it, he shoots the canoe to the spot, or within reach of it, when the net is thrown over the fish, and it is scooped up, and thrown into the canoe—meanwhile the eye of the person in the stern is kept steadily fixed upon the breakers, and the eddy, and whirl, and fury, of the current; and the little frail bark is made to dance among them, lightsome as a cork; or is shot away into a smoother place, or kept stationary by the motion of that single paddle, as circumstances may require it. It is not possible to look at these fisherman Indians, and Canada French, and even boys and girls, flying about over these rapids, and reaching out this pole with a net to it, without a sensation of terror. Yet it has scarcely ever happened that any of them are lost; and I believe never, unless when they have been drunk.

These fish are caught in great abundance, and sold as low as two and three cents a-piece. The brook trout are taken here also in great abundance.

Sugar is the next great staple. It is made from the maple, and principally by the Indian women. You know the manner of tapping the tree, and of boiling the sap, and fining the syrup, and therefore it is not necessary that I should trouble you with an account of it. Henry tells us the ear-

lier part of the spring is that best adapted to make maple sugar. The sap runs only in the day, and it will not run unless there has been a frost the night before. When, in the morning, there is a clear sun, and the night has left ice of the thickness of a dollar, the greatest quantity is produced. Three families in this neighbourhood, of which my old friend Mr. J——'s is one, make generally *four tons* of sugar in a season. Some of it is very beautiful. I have some *mococks* of it given to me by Mrs. Johnson, of her own make. It is as white as the Havanna sugar, and richer. A *mocock* is a little receptacle of a basket form, and oval, though without a handle, made of birch bark, with a top sewed on with *wat-tap*, (the fine roots of the red cedar, split,) the smaller ones are ornamented with porcupines' quills, died red, yellow, and green. These ornamented *mococks* hold from two to a dozen table spoons full of sugar, and are made for presents, or for sale, to the curious. The larger ones, also of birch bark, are not ornamented, and contain from ten to thirty pounds of sugar. This is an article of exchange with those who make it. They give it for labour, for goods, &c. and generally at about ten cents per pound. Indians often live wholly upon it; and Henry tells us he has known them to grow fat upon this sugar alone.

Potatoes of the finest quality grow here; as do oats. And this season, which, however, is not usual, vegetables look very promising. Peas are just blossoming, and strawberries, of which there are a few, just turning. I see a much more abundant show of vegetables than I expected, from accounts which I had read of the total barrenness of this place. It is poor enough, however; and the seasons and location are all unfriendly to great productiveness, but the specimens in the military gardens, and those also in the garden of Mr. Johnson, demonstrate that man can accomplish much, even over the most forbidding state of things, and in the very face of nature, who frowns, as she certainly does here, upon all such efforts.

Of the climate you may form some tolerable conception, from the following statement, derived from the meteorological records of the medical branch of the military at this post.

On the first day of February, 1824, the thermometer fell to 33° below zero, and into the bulb; and remained there from twelve o'clock at night, until sun-rise next morning, when it shewed itself at 33°, which is the gauge at the bulb. The mean temperature of this whole month, was below zero, a fraction over three degrees, at seven o'clock in the morning. On the 29th January, 1825, the coldest day for that year, the thermometer stood at 25° below zero. On the 30th January of this year, at 7 o'clock, A. M. it stood at 12° below zero; at 2, P. M. at 11°, and at 9, P. M. at 22°. On the 31st, it stood, at 7 A. M. at 37° below zero; at 2, P. M. at 4°, and at 9, P. M. at 18°.

From the first to this date, the temperature is indicated as the thermometer stood at

	7 o'clock,	at 2,	and at 9.	wind.	aspect.
July 1,	54°	70°	56°	W.	cloudy and rain.
2,	53	75	55	S.W.	clear.
3,	61	76	58	W.	ditto.
4,	54	75	59	W.	ditto.
5,	54	77	62	W.	ditto.
6,	64	83	64	W.	ditto.
7,	63	84	67	W.	ditto.

Morning and night, you see, are temperate—noon hot, and generally the temperature varies between 18 and 20° from seven to two, and from two to nine o'clock. I am promised a copy of the diary,* on my return, from this date, which may, perhaps, embrace all August, as well as July. From these, and the reference I have made to the degrees of the winter's cold, you may form some estimate of the kind of climate enjoyed at this place. The west and north-west winds prevail, and the coldest month is February.

Snow fell last winter, from the first of October to April, inclusive, to the depth of about seventeen feet—that is to

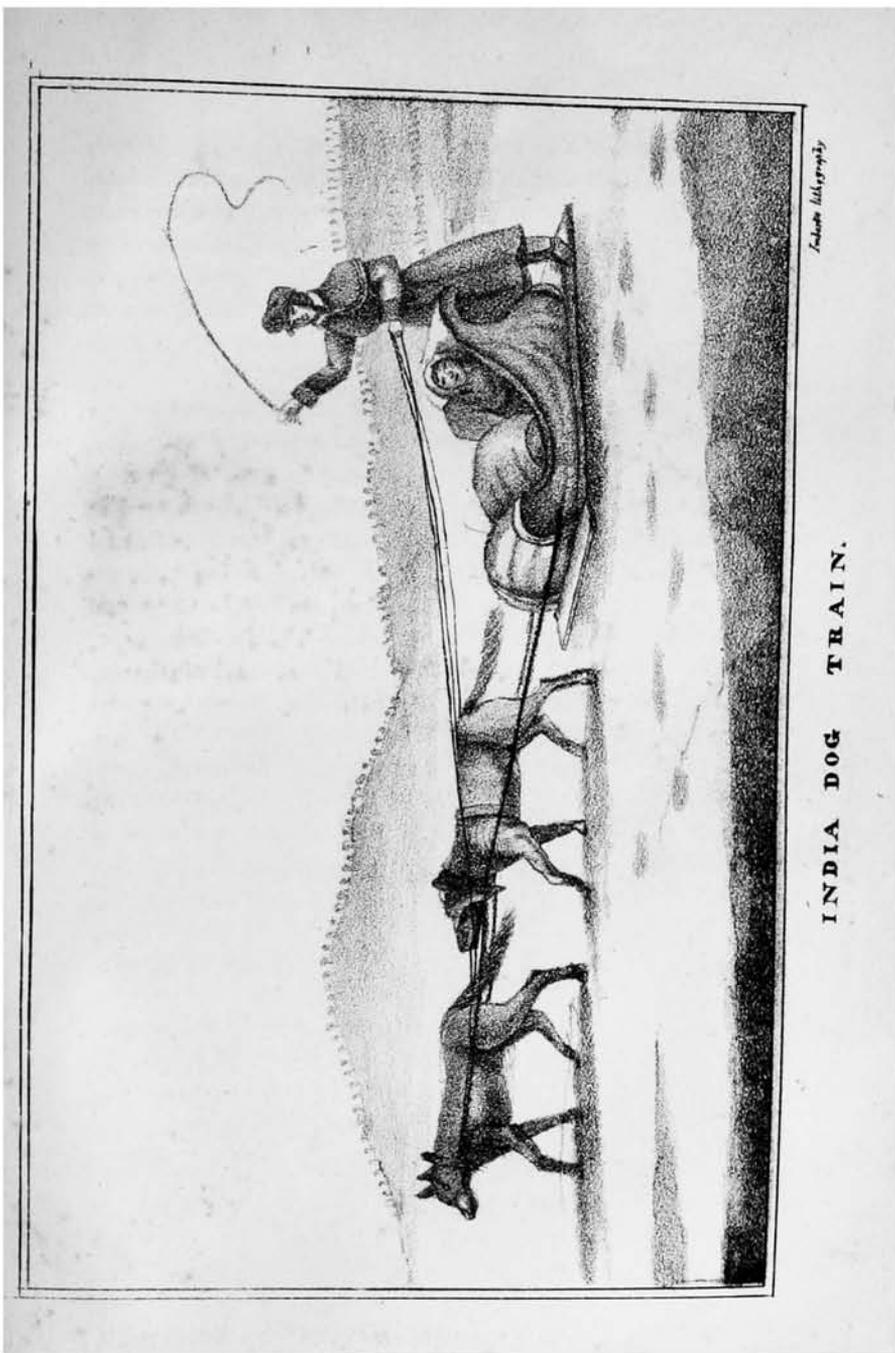
* See appendix—Diary for the Sault, and also Michillimackinac, for the same period.

say, in October, one inch; in November, nineteen inches; in December, fifty-five inches; in January, fifty-five inches; in February, twenty inches; in March, twenty-seven inches; and in April, sixteen inches. These measurements were taken where there was no drifted snow, and do not embrace the frequent morning showers, (if they may be so called) that are created out of the mists and vapours that rise from the rapids.

It is no wonder that in such a country, people, who go out at all, have to resort to dog trains, and snow shoes. But these dog trains are very convenient. The snow shoes look to me to be unmanageable; yet those who are accustomed to them make great progress. I inclose you a drawing of each.

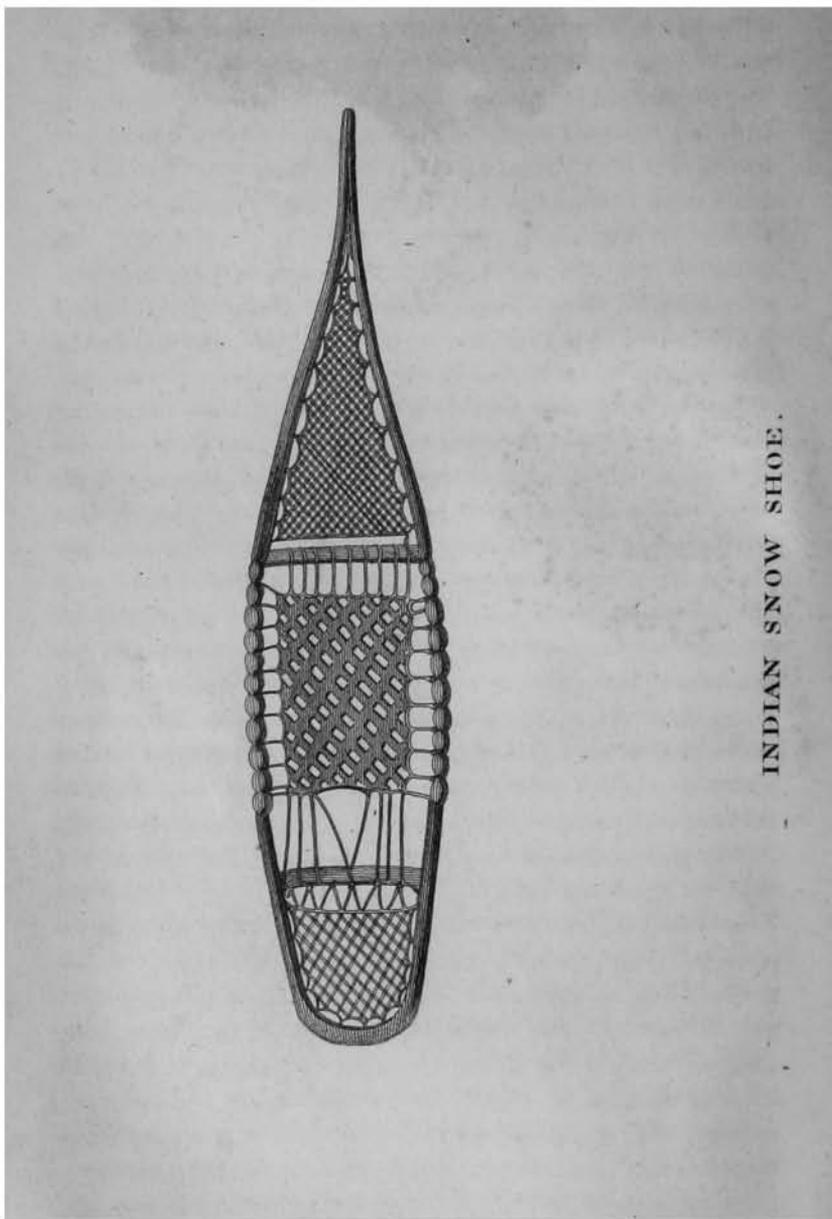
The dog train is made of a light frame of wood, and covered round with a dressed skin. The part in which the feet go, is lined with furs, and is covered in, like the fore part of a shoe. Its bottom is of plank, about half an inch thick, and some six inches longer than the train, and an inch or two wider. In this train a lady is very comfortable, and can take a child in her arms, whilst her husband or friend, standing on the part of the bottom that projects behind, gives the word to his well-trained dogs, who are capable of trotting with this family forty miles in a day. They generally wrap up and get well fixed in a room, before a good fire, open the door, help the dogs to draw the train upon the snow, crack the whip, and go. In this vehicle visits are constantly paid in winter—or else upon snow shoes.

A snow shoe is formed as you see it in the drawing. It is three feet three inches long, and eleven inches wide. A net work of twisted deer skins, cut into strips, is fastened to the frame. The foot is confined to it by means of strings of the same material. The snow shoe used in the mountains, is turned up at the end, and is pointed. These shoes are ornamented with paint, or porcupines' quills, according to the owner's fancy. To walk well upon these broad and long bottoms, requires practice. Henry resorted to them, he tells us, in his trip from Fort William Augustus to Montreal.—



Indian lithography

INDIA DOG TRAIN.



INDIAN SNOW SHOE.

“The snow,” he says, “which lay upon the ground” (this was in January, 1761,) “was by this time, three feet deep. The hour of departure arriving, I left the fort on *snow shoes*, an article of equipment which I had never used before, and which I found it not a little difficult to manage. *I did not avoid frequent falls*; and, when down, was scarcely able to rise.” You only have to look at this snow shoe, and think of its length and breadth, to conclude it altogether reasonable that Henry should not only fall down often, but find it hard work to get up again. And yet, on practised feet, a journey can be made upon them of forty miles in a day.

Nearly two hundred years ago, the Jesuits found their way into these north-western regions, unfurled the cross, and undertook an explanation of its mysteries, and to apply its efficacy to the natives at this place. Then, truly, the Indians were the lords of the soil; and like their own elements, imparted warmth or freezing as their friendship or their hate bid; and there were none to control. They acted without fear, and without restraint. Then they were happy. In the forests and in the rivers were their treasures; and they knew when and how to draw upon both. They lacked neither food nor shelter, and lived in their uncontrolled and native grandeur. Then their wants were few. Soon after the traders established a post here, for the purpose of exchanging European commodities for the products of the chase—and then the curse was inflicted that has ever since been wearing down the strength of the once mighty population of those regions. The blast and the mildew are not more fatal to the farmer’s hopes, than have spirituous liquors been, and are yet, to the happiness, and even lives, of these wretched Indians. It was a noble act in Louis XIV. I think, to interdict the introduction of brandy among the Indians. That monarch proved by that act that he preferred the peace and happiness of this race, to the gains which it was possible to wring from them, even though his own subjects were to reap the benefits of the commerce. But the evil was only restrained. It was destined to break out again under British rule, and to

continue from that day to the present. To see these miserable remnants of a once mighty race, strolling over these grounds in ignorance, seeking every where to obtain the intoxicating beverage, and miserable without it, and brutified with it—is truly afflictive! But humanity must triumph. What is best may be long opposed, but it will succeed at last.

We are all in a stir, preparing to be off—though I am sorry to say the Governor is not well, nor has he been for two or three days. Our barges have ascended the rapids.

After dinner I paid a visit to Mr. Johnson. He has presented me with the skin of a Wa-ba-jick—or the White Fisher. “This,” said Charlotte, as she handed it to me, “is *my grand father*—at least in name.” I inquired if this animal was the *totem* of his band—and was answered, “no,” and informed that “the totem of his band was the rein-deer.” This totem among the Indians, appears to me to be something like the binding obligations of brotherhood that unite the masons—though, perhaps, it may exceed even these in its practical influences. You have had so fine an illustration of its power and sacredness in the last of the Mohicans, that I have not the heart to do more than refer to the scene in which Cooper has introduced it, and leave you to imagine how deep was the wisdom that devised, and how binding and humane the policy that confirmed its sacredness, *among the Indians*.

I have omitted to notice the rise this year in the waters of the lakes. They are said to be higher by two feet than they have been known to be for many years. I noticed all the lesser islands partially overflowed on my way up, and thought it could not be usual, as bushes and other things not aquatic, were growing out of the water.

This rise is occasioned, doubtless, by the great rains that fell during the last year in all the region of country a thousand miles beyond this, and which swelled the rivulets and streams, and rivers so, as to destroy nearly all the *follavoyne*, or wild rice, on which the Indians in those parts de-

pend, mainly, for their support. We shall know more about it as we approach the head of Lake Superior, some six hundred miles beyond this. Good night.

Sault de St. Marié, July 8, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

Our engagés are busy in the work of preparation, in breaking up and assorting packages, and so arranging every thing, that every thing may be stowed to the best advantage. We are destined, I find, to be close packed.

The Governor has just inquired how I will proceed, in a barge or in a bark canoe—adding, that he had selected the barge. I chose the canoe, when it was arranged that Mr. Schoolcraft, and I, and Ben, would be the passengers for it. The canoe is upwards of a year old, but is newly gummed, and has some five or six new ribs put in to strengthen her. The voyageurs are engaged, and on the spot, each with a red feather in his hat, and two others, in possession of the steersman, one for the bow, and the other for the stern of the canoe. These plumes in the canoe are intended to indicate that she has been tried, and found worthy. We shall be guarded from the action of the sun's rays by an awning. This, however, must come down when the wind blows, but then it will not be needed.

I have been examining this canoe, with the view of describing it—but the thing is so new to me in all respects, that I am doubtful where to begin with it. Its length is thirty feet, and its breadth across the widest part, about four feet. It is about two and a half feet deep in the centre, but only about two feet near the bow and stern. Its bottom is rounded, and has no keel.

The materials of which this canoe is built, are birch bark, and red cedar, the whole fastened together with *wattap*, and gum, without a nail, or bit of iron of any sort to confine the parts. The entire outside is bark—the bark of the birch tree—and where the edges join at the bottom, or along

the sides, they are sewn with this *wattap*, and then along the line of the seam, it is gummed. Next to the bark are pieces of cedar, shaven thin, not thicker than the blade of a knife—these run horizontally, and are pressed against the bark by means of these ribs of cedar, which fit the shape of the canoe, bottom and sides, and coming up to the edges, are pointed, and let into a rim of cedar of about an inch and a half wide, and an inch thick, that forms the gunwale of the canoe, and to which, by means of the *wattap*, the bark and the ribs are all sewed; the *wattap* being wrapped over the gunwale, and passed through the bark and ribs. Across the canoe are bars, some five or six, that keep the canoe in shape. These are fastened by bringing their ends against the gunwale, or edge, and fastening them to it with *wattap*. The seats of the voyageurs are alongside of, but below the bars, and are of plank, some four inches wide, which are swung, by means of two pieces of rope passed through each end, from the gunwale.

Here then is the canoe. But so light is it, and so easily damaged, that precautions are necessary to be taken in loading it, and these are attended to by placing round poles along the bottom. These, resting on the ribs, equally, for the whole length, cause the burden to press equally from one end to the other. Upon these the baggage rests, and also the crew and the passengers. Our seats are in the middle—and we make them by rolling up our beds. We lean against the sides, or against a bar at our backs, and for comfort, put our great-coats between us and the wood. As yet, I have not tried this mode of voyaging, but so it is described to me. Our baggage and stores, and the provisions for the voyageurs, and our tents, &c., are estimated to weigh at least five hundred weight; and then there will be eleven of us, (including Ben,) who will not weigh short of fifteen hundred weight—so this canoe *of bark* is destined to carry not less than *two thousand pounds!* The paddles are of red cedar, and are very light. The blade is not over three inches wide, except the steersman's—that is, perhaps, five.

There is a dumb Indian who lives near this place—(they call him *Dummy*,) who is a famous canoe maker. I have engaged him to make one, (a *model** of the one I am going in,) to take home. I will then shew you an exact likeness of this contrivance, together with its awning, and paddles, and poles, and a specimen of the gum and the bark, and the wild rice, and the little hatchet, and the wattap. Wattap, are the roots of the spruce, or cedar; and gum is the resinous substance extracted from the pine, and boiled—when it becomes hard.

Our generous friend, Mr. J. gave us a dinner to-day, at which, besides the Governor and myself, were some of the officers of the garrison. Here the domestic skill of the family was discovered. The variety, the cooking, and the exquisite preparation of the *beaver's tail*, that nice morsel which could not be dispensed with even in Lent, and when to make it matter of safety in eating it, the question was referred to the *Sorbonne*; and the privilege to eat it granted:—all was prepared in a style that would vie with the skill of the professed cooks in Washington—yet it was all prepared by Mrs. J. and her daughters. We were regaled also with fine wines—but chief, and in my esteem more valuable than all the rest, with a warm and generous welcome, and an intellectual display on the part of the old patriarch, that would have done honour to those clubs of which Addison, and Steele, and Parnell and others, formed part.

But how often do I think of home!—and of the friends who are there! Are you all well? Has no inroad of desolation been made? Does health bless you, and all who are dear to me? These are questions which, it appears, I am doomed not to have speedily answered; perhaps, not until I return to Detroit. But shall I ever see Detroit again? That

* From this model, which has been presented to the Secretary of War, Lieut. Farley, of the topographical bureau, drew the sketch from which the accompanying engraving has been prepared for this work.

is a question, the answer to which is known to Him only to whom the future, the present, and the past, are all one.

Good bye—ever yours.

Sault de St. Marié, July 9, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

The bells in our cities and villages have chimed. The Sunday schools have received and dismissed their numerous attendants; the minister of the Gospel of peace, has pronounced his morning's benediction. How interesting it is to recur to those Sabbath-day incidents, and to anticipate the period when they will be once more enjoyed by me. Here we have none of these things. There does appear to me to be in operation now, a moral machinery more extensive and more vigorous, and more practical, than the world has ever before witnessed. Whatever some may think of all this, it cannot be the mere work of man; and if not, results the most extraordinary, it is reasonable to expect, will be produced by it. Isolated and detached efforts are seldom productive of much general good, or evil—it is when they are combined, and are made to act as masses, upon masses, that whatever they may be calculated in their nature to produce, may be reasonably looked for to be accomplished. Hence, the vastness and combination of these moral efforts must give them success. Now, for my part, I am not able to discern any consequences that can possibly flow to the human race, except those which are in their very nature beneficial, from Sunday schools, Bible societies, Tract societies—from those interesting nurseries of benevolence and virtue, the female Orphan asylums, and from the preaching of the Gospel. All these tend, naturally, to enlighten and bless the human race; and the more universal these are in their operations, the sooner will the great ends of the providence of God in originating them, be accomplished. "*Good will to man,*" must have prompted to all these benevolent efforts; and "*Peace on earth,*" cannot but result from them.

When I commenced this letter, my dear ***, it was not my intention to have discoursed upon these topics—but only to remark upon *female orphan asylums*—and I was led to indulge in some reflections on this bountiful provision of the humane, on seeing go by me this morning, *in rags*, two pretty, but fatherless little girls. I was reminded by their loneliness, and generally distressed appearance, of two little unfortunates, whose history I once had narrated to me in the city of —. I had been out with a friend to hear Doctor — preach in the female orphan asylum which forms such an ornament to that city. After the ceremonies were ended, my friend asked me if I had noticed two pretty children with rosy cheeks, and whose faces wore a peculiar and lovely smile, seated together in such a part of the room? I replied, I had. There are, said my friend, circumstances attending their case, which are interesting. I asked to know them.

There lived in this city—my friend proceeded by saying—there lived in this city, some — years ago, a merchant of high standing, of great respectability, and wealth. In such a year he lost his wife; and in the year following, a ship or two at sea. He determined to mend his fortunes. He made known to a friend of his the plan he had conceived, and his friend approved it. He proceeded immediately to make his arrangements, and part of these related to a proper disposition of his family during his absence. He put his three daughters to a boarding school, and left the means necessary to pay for their education and support for the time he had made his calculations to be absent. His two sons he concluded to take with him, and put to school in Europe. The ship in which he sailed was not heard from so soon as was expected. Twice the period elapsed in which she ought to have been heard of, but no tidings were received. At last, and after a long period of time, and when fears had been confirmed by the very silence of every thing in regard to the fate of the ship, it was ascertained by the finding of part of the wreck, that she was lost! Letters of administration

were taken out by a friend; his estate examined into, and found to be insolvent!

Some months after this, a gentleman was walking by —, and seeing under the shade of one of the large trees that grow there, two pretty little girls, and on noticing the younger wiping the face of the elder with her handkerchief, and appearing to be addressing her in the language of soothing, was led to approach them. He discovered the elder, who was only about seven years old, to be in tears! This interested his feelings, when going up, he addressed them, and asked if any thing was the matter? No answer was returned. He begged them to speak freely to him, and offered his friendship—when the younger one spoke, and said—“only, sir, our little sister has died.” “I wish that were all,” said the elder, sobbing deeply—“or, that I were in heaven with her. She is in heaven.” The gentleman begged to know the cause of her grief, when the elder continued—“my papa, sir, was lost at sea at such a time;—the lady with whom he left us is dissatisfied, because our quarter bill is not paid;”—she could proceed no further. Come with me, said this gentleman—you shall be provided for. So, taking one by each hand, he went with them to their boarding house; ascertained that they were truly orphans in every sense of the word, paid their arrearages, and with their own consent, transferred them to the orphan asylum, and these were the same interesting children you noticed. But, continued my friend, that is not all. Their father had been the principal promoter of that very asylum; much of his means had been given for its erection, and he was one of its largest contributors.

Thus you see, my dear ***, how this benevolent man had prepared, by his liberality, a place of refuge for his own children, and at a time when he never conceived such a thing possible, that any of them would be under the necessity of going there, to get back any part of their father’s bounty. *Rewards will follow the good.*

I do think if there is a charity upon earth, which the angels in heaven delight most to look upon, it is an asylum for female orphans. Helpless innocents!—What a beautiful sight, to see these poor little fatherless and motherless females snatched by the hand of charity from the rude billows of this buffeting world, and placed in these nurseries of peace and virtue. It is in these places we see “the wind tempered to the shorn lambs,”—and He who, in the exercise of his goodness, loves to make his creatures happy, delights in beholding them.

I see around me, at this place, many children, whites and Indians, for whose benefit a school of some sort should be established; and the day is at hand, I trust, when the roar of these rapids, and the martial music of the fort, will have mingled with them,

“The sound of the church-going bell,”

and the melody of both heart and voice, to Him, who bids those waters roar, or bids their roaring cease. It is said “the desert shall smile, and blossom as the rose, and the solitary places become glad”—And so it shall be; for the harp of prophecy has been strung and sounded to the promise.

Colonel Croghan took passage to-day at twelve o’clock, in a barge from the Fond du Lac, bound to Michillimackinac. We part from him with reluctance. His noble and generous conduct won for him a friend in every member of our party, and in every officer and soldier of the garrison; and long will we remember the pleasure of his acquaintance. We attended him to the landing, and freighted the barge with our good wishes for his preservation and happiness.

The Governor and myself dined to-day with Mr. Schoolcraft, to whose politeness and his wife’s courtesy, I am indebted for most agreeable quarters—for here, although I have my pallet at our boarding house, they have been principally established. I can never forget the hospitable and polite attentions of this family. The family circle is at present enlarged by a visit from Mr. Schoolcraft’s sister, a fine

and intelligent young lady of the most amiable disposition and agreeable manners. She intends spending the winter here; and trying, of course, how she can stand frost, and the dreariness of this secluded region, into which not even a newspaper will get from the world within, after the first of November, until April or May. I mean upon a general reckoning as to the severity of the winter.

There is to be a *Wa-ba-na* to-night; and this was indicated this morning. The Indians were seen preparing for a feast by killing and dressing one of their dogs. A *wa-ba-na* is a dance—the ceremonies attending which, are understood to be offerings to the devil; after which a feast is eaten, of which the flesh of the dog is considered the nicest offering. I shall attend this dance, and will describe it in my next.

Good night—always yours.

Sault de St. Marié, July 10, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

The *wa-ba-na* was, sure enough, danced last night, and I witnessed it. At eight o'clock the preliminary commenced by beating the Indian drum, or rather, thumping it; for an Indian drum is unlike ours, and resembles a tamborine, with rattles in it, which is held in one hand by a string, while with a stick in the other, the drum is struck *thump—thump—thump*; slow at the beginning, then in quicker time, and then by a stroke and a half, or a kind of double stroke, which is accompanied by singing; which, however, is no more like singing than the drum is like our drum, but a kind of *eh, e-o-a*, the *eh* uttered sharp and aspirated. The tent in which these ceremonies were performed, was on the green, and nearly in front of Mr. Schoolcraft's residence, and not more than fifty yards from it. The night was star-light, which just made the Indians visible as they moved cautiously over the green, or stood round the tent, looking through the numerous openings in the bark that covered it, upon the ceremonies within. I took my station at one end of this

tent, and that which was opposite the opening, or door way, which is made by fastening a piece of bark at the top, which, on entering, is pulled to one side, when it falls in place again. The tent was oval in its form, and the frame of it, as usual, of poles bent over at top, with two openings to let out the smoke. Oval tents are generally those in which large families reside, and they generally have two fires, one near each end, and of course two openings at top to let out the smoke. When the family is small, a circular and smaller tent is made with one opening in the centre. This tent was fifteen feet long, and nine wide.

On taking my station, I saw the Indians to the number of twenty-two, seated on the branches of the spruce tree, of which they had made a carpet, all round the tent, and as near to the walls of it as they could get. There were two women, and two girls, the latter about ten years old—the rest were men, painted, and dressed out in feathers of various kinds. The drum was not silent a moment; but an Indian who held it, kept on beating it, while every soul in the tent was as still, and looked as serious, as if it had been a funeral. Presently one of the little girls rose, and stepping into the middle of the tent, and near the door, began to dance. The dance of the females is peculiar—they never lift their feet off the ground, but placing them close together, keep time to the thump of the drum, by raising their heels, by moving first to the right, and then to the left, by turning their feet in these directions, keeping up the perpendicular motion meanwhile. This little girl danced for about five minutes, and then sat down; when an old woman rose in the opposite end, and danced in like manner, and for about the same length of time. As soon as she was seated, an unusually tall Indian with a cap of skins on, and a covering of the same, entered with a wild and fierce countenance, blowing, and looking round the tent, and uttering at every expiration of his breath, an *eh—eh—eh*;—when presently, a younger Indian entered, and seized him by the arms, and being disengaged by the force of the other, caught at his

body, as if his object was to make him surrender something. Presently the older and tall Indian took the drum, as did the other Indian, another drum, when both of them went round the tent half bent and stepping to the time, beating it in the faces of the Indians who were seated round it. After going round several times, he began a speech—It was an address to the Evil Spirit—the substance of which was, as I learned, to appease him; and to beg his compassion on them. But its delivery was attended with the most violent gesticulation and contortions of the body, and with such effort that the perspiration ran off his face in streams. He then went round the tent as before, followed by some half a dozen of Indians, all singing and half bent, and stepping as they went to the time kept by the drums and the singing—When this old man would make another address, and the dance would be joined by others. This was the dancing part of the ceremony. Whilst this was going on, others would be smoking. All this was visible by the light from the two fires which were kept burning by having thrown into them pieces of bark.

At about eleven o'clock, I felt an Indian take me by the arm. I looked round, and as I did so his face nearly met mine, and he whispered—“*needje—needje—whiskey—whiskey—wa-ba-na.*” Friend, friend, whiskey for the wabana. I gave him six pence. He stepped quick round the tent, and I saw him put his arm in through the bark, and touch an Indian who was sitting there, who rose instantly and went out. At half past eleven they returned, bringing some whiskey, which they distributed to the company. The same monotonous thump, thump, thump, of the drum was continued, and the same circular dancing continued; and the same speeches made by the old man, who by this time looked worn out by his exertions. He was the priest, or *Jossakeed* of these mysterious rites.

At twelve o'clock I went to bed. At four I rose, and went to the tent. The same ceremonies were going on as when I left them at twelve; and they continued until sun-

rise, when the feast was brought in. It was in two kettles, each holding about six gallons. One was smoking hot, and the broth looked thin; the other was colder, and stiffer. I do not know which had the dog in it—perhaps both. Several persons who were not at the wabana, came in the morning with their bowls made of birch bark, to get some of the feast. When the feast was brought in, the drum-beating and the dancing ceased. The whole company, the old man especially, looked languid; and some of them had fallen asleep. I did not remain to see the feast eaten. It is a rule with an Indian to leave nothing of what is set before him—of course, I presume these twelve gallons of mush-looking soup were eaten.

We dined to-day with Colonel Lawrence, in company with the officers of the garrison. At four o'clock, the Governor and party, accompanied by the military, got off, destined this evening to *Point aux Pins*, about six miles up the river, where they are to encamp for the night. Mr. Schoolcraft and I, and Ben, go in the morning. We have so much the heels of the barges as to feel at liberty to play about as we please, knowing our ability to overtake them when we think proper.

The military is composed of

Elijah Boardman, Captain commanding.

Julius J. B. Kingsbury, second Lieutenant.

Doctor Pitcher, Surgeon.

Commissioned officers,	3
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Non-commissioned do. (sergeants)	5
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Corporals,	8
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Musicians,	4
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Privates,	48
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Mr. Hulbert and Thos. Edwards, } Sutler's clerks,	2
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Total,	65
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These go in three barges of twelve oars each, taking with them their own provisions. Thus our entire strength is increased to one hundred and twelve.

The Governor was off before several ladies and gentlemen who had proposed to take leave, got to see him—and as there was a paper to be signed by him that had been omitted, I took the canoe, and accompanied by Miss Johnson, and Miss Schoolcraft, and Mr. Porter, went after him. We overtook his barge about three miles above the Sault.

It is not possible to describe the movement of this canoe when propelled by eight fresh voyageurs, and on a smooth stream—and even against the current. But returning, the thing appeared to fly! and the chanting of the voyageurs gave life and great animation to the movement. We went out from the Sault by the way of the canal, which has been cut by the troops to bring in a current to turn a saw mill. On returning to the entrance of this canal, several ladies of the garrison, and officers, were there to meet us. Having left Mr. Porter with the Governor, there was room for two of these, and we took in the lady of Capt. D——n, and sister of Mrs. Doctor P——r. While these ladies were embarking, some one on shore said—“I wonder if these fellows know how to paddle that canoe?”—There was in a moment a confusion of language, like a little Babel, in which the voyageurs all talked in their Canada French at once—when the bowsman pushed the canoe into the current, and a chaunt was struck up, called the “*White Rose*,” and to the great terror of the ladies, they made the canoe fly along the very edge of the rapids, and up the stream, and then down again, and into the rapids, and out of them, and having circled round two or three times in this manner, returned to the opening of the canal, and shot in like an arrow, and down to the landing place at the mill; and at the rate of some seven or eight miles the hour—wagging their heads, and showing by other signs that they had answered the question practically and satisfactorily. The usual progress, in still, smooth water, and on a voyage, is four miles the hour, including rests—short pauses made of about three minutes in every two miles, when they light their pipes. The word is “*pipe—pipe*,” when the paddles are instantly drawn in, and the

voyageurs strike fire, light their pipes, and draw a few whiffs, and then away again.

I noticed, that these men make just *sixty strokes* with their paddles in a minute, keeping perfect time. I will be able, during the voyage, to say something more on the subject of this canoe, and the voyageurs, and our mode of getting along. You may expect to hear of our progress—at least, it will be all noted in my journal; and according to my promise, I will *try* to give you the same views of things that I may have myself. I have a world before me, but perhaps a barren and unfruitful one, and in all things, except those which relate to nature; and I expect to find her sound asleep: and in the same slumber in which she has reposed since the creation. I may, perhaps, find some traces of her beauty, or deformity, (the latter made so, however, since she first came from the hand of her creator,) and these I will endeavour to sketch, and preserve for you.

I shall leave here in the morning. My prayers will be left for your happiness, and for the happiness of all who are dear to me at home. Good bye—ever yours.

June 11th, 1826.

Embarked at the Sault de St. Marié this morning at nine o'clock. After passing through the canal, the rapids commence, and just on our right, and immediately beyond, the river widens to about a mile and a half. The highlands of Canada are on our right; and a level shore, thick set with maple, birch, &c., on the American side, on our left. In the distance, to our right, and about fifteen miles due north west, is the *Gros cap*, deep blue in its colour, and resembling the front of a well-defined thunder cloud. On arriving opposite *Point aux Pins*, we looked to see the smoke from the Governor's camp fires, but none appearing, we inferred he had encamped beyond. Opposite this point, we saw several Indian huts, which line the shore of a beautiful curve in the river, and at their doors, their owners and their dogs, the latter, with their long pointed noses and fox ears, howling at us as we passed.

On doubling Point aux Pin, a beautiful round island presented itself; leaving it to our left, we had a full view of Point Iroquois, which upon the one side, (the left,) and *Gros cap* on the other, form the two capes, or the outlet of Lake Superior. It is only repeating what has been said before, and by almost every writer who ever entered this lake, when I say the prospect is *indescribably grand!* Those two points, five miles apart, and the mountains and rolling hills of Canada stretching far away to the right, and then falling suddenly into the lake; and the less towering hills on the left, stepping down more cautiously, and opening at once into a little sea, with an Indian canoe, as we happened to have one before us, and just far enough in the distance to look as if it were on the borders of the horizon, made a new and delightful impression on my mind, on entering this great father of lakes. But this is only a bay of the lake, after all. Leaving Paris island to our right, and after stopping at a little island which lies off some three hundred yards from Point Iroquois, for refreshment, (and where, as evidence of the improvidence of Indians, our voyageurs found, where an Indian lodge had been, several articles of value to these poor creatures,) we continued our course, making a wide traverse from this island in a direct line to White Fish point, which is distant from the Sault forty-five miles; and from this island about twenty-five. We had yet seen nothing of the barges. The canoe that had preceded us, inclined along the southern shore, and was the same that we had left at the island in the Detour, to be mended, and which I had loaned to the garrison the very evening before, to send some oars up to their barges—news having been received that the soldiers had broken several of theirs, on the evening of their departure. We had lost sight of this canoe by getting ahead of it, and keeping wide out from the land. At about an hour by sun, our men heard the sounds of the oars—but we could not, even by the help of a good glass, catch a glimpse of the barges. We neared the land, and listening attentively, heard them again, and getting the line

of their direction, steered for them. We found them between Tonquamenon and Shelldrake rivers, the former thirty, and the latter, thirty-nine miles from the Sault. The appearance of a storm, with some rain, induced the Governor to land earlier than he otherwise would have done. *Our* object was to make White Fish point, which we could have done. We were landed, and our tents were up, the barges drawn well on the shore, and our canoe out on the beach, bottom upwards, at six o'clock—meanwhile, there fell a slight shower. Soon after, the clouds were all blown against the eastern and northern sky. Against the first, the sun lit up a more splendid bow than I remember ever to have seen, not excepting that which spanned the heavens over the Brandywine in the Potomac, as a token of lasting glory and fame to Lafayette, at his departure. We see no land except the shore we are on.

I am noticing the manner of embarking and debarking, and other matters relating to a voyage in a canoe. I have some things, I find, to learn in regard to this "egg-shell."

I am made sensible, on landing, of the value of the mosquito defences with which I am provided. These flies are numerous and troublesome. I wear a straw hat, which Mr. P. purchased of W——k, on the St. Clair river; and which he gave me in exchange for one that I had bought at Detroit for *eighteen pence*. For this the ladies at the Sault, (Mrs. and Miss Schoolcraft,) had made a veil of green gauze, which was so fashioned as to fit the bottom of the crown, come over the rim, and draw just above my shoulders, and round the lower part of my neck. This guarded my face—gloves guarded my hands; and at night my net, so kindly furnished me by Mrs. Cass, preserved me; for, judging from the quantity, and the earnestness with which these mosquitos bite, I should have been tormented without it. I could hear the poor fellows who were not thus guarded, *blessing*, and fighting the mosquitos during the night—some of them looked next morning as if they had been in a battle of another sort.

I omitted to refer to the bloody battle fought on Point Iroquois, a long time ago, between the Fox and Chippeway Indians, and the Iroquois, and where the latter were slain in such quantities as to decide not only that contest, but put the war between the parties to rest, for the future. It is said the Foxes and Chippeways crossed over on the ice from the island where we refreshed ourselves, and attacked them, as is their custom, before day, and unawares. Their bones are said yet to whiten the battle-ground. The point took its name, which is not customary, from that of the vanquished party.

As an instance of the increased celerity of the canoe over the barges, it is only necessary to remark, that the barges moved from a point seven miles in advance of us, and had, besides, four hours start of us. We, in the canoe, I find, will have opportunities of rest, and for running into bays and rivers, and for climbing mountains, and picking up shells and pebbles, &c., and yet join the party at night.

Wednesday, 12th.

Rose at the beating of the réveillé. Morning cloudy. Struck our tents, and embarked at four o'clock. Atmosphere thick and damp. Ran up the shore of White fish point, which stretches far out into the lake. A barren sandy point, with nothing on it but drift wood. Not even a pine tree can live upon it—and it is as level as it is lifeless. It derives its name from the fish of this lake, and on account of its being a fine place for taking them. From the Canada shore, nearly opposite, projects another point—the opening between them may be eight miles. On passing this opening, we are fairly out upon this great lake, whose vast sheet of water was seen when the fog subsided, as far as the eye could take it in—

“A glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm.”

Hitherto, and when out in the lake, or bay rather, (that is between Point Iroquois and *Gros cap*, and the opening at White fish point) the shores of Canada could occasionally be seen; but now all to our right, and in front, is one vast ocean of transparent water, over which air as pure as ether perpetually hovers in stillness, or blows in tempests. Variety is the character of this region. The elements appear to have nothing else to do but amuse themselves. We saw a raven as we turned White fish point, and numerous flocks of pigeons. At seven o'clock landed for breakfast, about ten miles from our encampment. We were presently overtaken by the fleet of barges, six in number. They were favoured with a fair wind, and came up with sails set and flags flying, making quite a show; for each barge has a sail. It is a square sail. The tackle is simple. The sail is fastened to two yard-arms; to the middle of the upper one a rope is tied, which passing through the top of the mast, furnishes the means of hoisting this sail. We have a similar arrangement for the canoe. Indeed it is part of a canoe's fixture. The Indians generally use a blanket for a sail. Before the wind, and with such a sail, these bark canoes make great speed.

At eight o'clock we were under way. The wind freshened, and blew west by south. The temperature fine. Loose clouds floating over the sky, with occasional blue openings between them. This indicates fair weather. Debarked at eleven o'clock, having come fifteen miles. Barges not in sight. Appearance of a thunder gust. A stillness prevailed, and the lake was hushed. Clouds from the south-west rolled over the edge of the forests, that cover the precipices on our left. We took the hint, and were under our tent in five minutes from the time we landed—the oil cloth was also spread over our baggage, and the canoe bottom upwards on the beach, and the voyageurs under it. It rained hard for five minutes, accompanied with sharp lightning and heavy thunder, when it ceased. The wind coming out from the north-west, blew the storm over; but it brings with it the roll of the surf on the shore. The

beach is covered with granitic and hornblende specimens, smoothed off and almost polished by the action of the waters and by the grinding of the mass of pebbles which covers the shore.

This has been a day of variety. Morning cloudy and damp; then the appearance of sunshine and fair weather, which was realized; and then suddenly a storm, that made it necessary for us to take shelter; and now clear again, but with a change in the temperature from pleasant to cool, which has driven me into an overcoat. We re-embarked after the storm, and though the swells were high, the canoe rode them like a duck. But the swells increased, and the wind blowing on the shore admonished us to seek a shelter. We had passed Vermilion point, nine miles from White fish point, and at four o'clock, P. M. entered *Twin*, or, as it has been, though not so well, called "Double hearted" river. We did this exactly in time; for the gust set the lake in a fret, and the breakers lashed the shore most angrily. The banks are precipitous, and, judging from the fallen down trees, top foremost, some reaching half way, and others into the lake, the waters must rise high here, and break in great fury against the bank and high up it, thus to dislodge so much earth, and undermine such forests.

This river is entered obliquely from the north-east, and over a shallow bar, on which the breakers foamed and roared as they rolled in. A sandy point, four hundred yards long and from five to forty yards wide, comes down from a bluff of at least two hundred feet high, and divides the river from the lake. We encamped on this point about midway, and sheltered our barges from the storm in the river behind. Our canoe, as usual, is on the shore. I clambered up to the top of this bluff. The view into the lake, over its rough and sea-like surface, was grand! The wind freshened into a gale, and blew off the very curls of the waves. Two of the barges had not got in. Doubts are entertained of their safety. On coming down from the bluff, the wind, and the roar of the lake and of the breakers, made it difficult

to hear the loudest calls. At this moment looking up, I saw the barge in which was Capt. Boardman, labouring to enter the mouth of this river. I stopped to witness and mark the result. Full half an hour did twelve men toil at the oars, but in vain. If a yard or so was made, or twenty of them, a sea would roll out and force them back. Hope sometimes cheered me. Presently our voyageurs ran down the beach, entered a barge, and pushed across the river, which is narrow, only about sixty feet wide. I had confidence in their conclusions, whatever they might be. I soon saw they had gone to assist in what was destined to be a wreck! The strength of the men failed them, though I could see Capt. B. in every part of the barge, apparently encouraging his men, and sometimes he would seize an oar himself. But it was in vain. In a few minutes the storm and the surge got the better of his strength, and the boat was driven on the beach. The surge rolled over, or broke against her side, driving her high up against the bank. Every thing is wet, men, baggage, guns, provisions, and ammunition. The Canadian French, our voyageurs, seized the articles, shouldered what only a horse in our country would be expected to carry, and took it up the height, or along the higher parts of the beach, and out of reach of the breakers, whilst Capt. B. and his men were in the water, waist deep, the swells often breaking over them, trying to save the barge from being dashed to pieces. Some of her ribs are broken, and planks driven in. No lives are lost, and no limbs fractured. But it was an interesting struggle, and long and bravely resisted by Capt. B. and his men. We are concerned for the safety of the other barge, (which had not yet got in sight when the storm raged) in charge of Lieut. Kingsbury. Towards night we learned, but not satisfactorily, that he had landed four miles below, and was safe.

By sun-down the lake was literally a sea of billows. The sight is grand and awful! The sun went down into this troubled ocean in great glory; whilst the moon in the south-west

looked tranquilly upon this world of commotion, from a sky as pure and cloudless, as if there were no winds, and no vapours to disturb or darken the beautiful face of the heavens.

A council has been held, and it is determined by the majority to be safest to cross over the river for the night. The lake rises upon our tongue of land on which we are encamped. Tents all down except ours; and Mr. S. and myself have concluded to hold on. Ben looks rather serious at this conclusion of ours, and expresses his doubts. He thinks he never saw such commotion before; and as to the lake, it is certainly advancing upon us. He asks "if it is not *safest* to get further from these breakers?" He sees the lake in a foam, and its billows high up in the sky on the one side, whilst we are on a sand bar sixty feet wide, but elevated a little, with a river fifteen feet deep on the other. But we told him we considered it time enough to move when danger was nearer; as yet we had sixty feet of sand. And so it is determined. It is night. I never saw a more beautiful sky. The moon, with her attendant near her side, that lovely star, that I have so often seen before, and the whole expanse all lit up with these little luminaries, all silvery, and all still, form a contrast of the most striking character, to the fury and foam of the lake beneath.

Thursday, 13th.

Clear and fine morning; but so cold, that I am obliged to resort, not to my great coat only, but to my flannel also. The wind blows with less fury, but it blows a gale yet. An old soldier, a sentinel over the contents of the wrecked barge, and who had been sentinel, in his turn, for ten years, says, "last night was the most awful night he ever saw." His post was on a little elevation on the lake shore, from which, by the light of the moon, he had the lake and its stormy billows full before him. We have heard with certainty from Lieut. K. and his barge. He took shelter in a

little river, or creek, three miles below—all safe and all well.

All hands are engaged in mending the wrecked barge, in caulking her, and in assorting and drying the wet cargo; whilst the soldiers are, to a man, busy in cleaning their rusty guns, drying powder, &c. I made another visit to the top of the bluff, to look over the vast expanse of troubled waters in front, and at the winding passage of the Twin river upon the other side of its base, which (the bluff) from an apex of not more than thirty feet, swells out at the bottom to about two hundred feet. The waters of Twin river are of the colour of amber, its darkest hue, and as clear; and being sheltered by this bluff are as smooth as glass. The discolouring materials are by some said to be ore, which is supposed to form the basis of these sand hills. My opinion is, it is owing to vegetable matter, vast bodies of which lying about the flats through which most of these rivers run; and so many millions of roots of trees and shrubs lining their borders, enough, one would think, to impart a colouring to the lake itself. But the river, and its colour, are both soon lost in the wide expanse of the pure crystal-like water of this inland ocean. There is nothing chalybeate in the taste of the water of these rivers; and the most of them are thus coloured.

After dinner I asked the voyageurs if they thought they could conduct the canoe in safety over the breakers at the mouth of the river? They said they could. I told them to put it in the water, and I would go down the lake and visit Lieut. Kingsbury. We were under way in five minutes. Nothing can exceed the skill of these voyageurs in places of difficulty. The steersman has his eye on the motion of the waters, and the relation the canoe bears, at each moment of time, to the surge, when he gives the word, and the paddles are plied with redoubled energy, and before a breaker reaches the canoe, she is past it; or by retarding her movement, it rolls over and sinks before it reaches her. We got out in safety, though not without attracting much observation

from the soldiers and others on the beach. We ran down opposite to where Lieut. Kingsbury lay; but dared not go near the beach. We kept well out, and the distance, and the roar of the breakers, made it impossible for me to be heard, or receive an answer. So we returned, having had the gratification of *seeing* all was well.

On re-entering the river, I kept up it to examine its character. I found it for two miles of about sixty yards wide, calm, and amber-like in colour, at which distance it divided into two prongs of about equal width. I followed the right one for half a mile further, and coming to a tree that was blown across it, my way was impeded, and the evening setting in, I returned. It is from this *double river*, that the Indians have conceived a name for it. They call it *Twin river*, or *Two-hearted river*. The first I am told is the most expressive interpretation of their word for it, which word has escaped me.

The wind has fallen. It went down with the sun. But the lake yet rolls a long and foaming surge upon the beach. We expect to embark to-morrow.

Friday, 14th.

Wakened by the beating of the *réveillé*; and the singing of a bird. My repose was undisturbed through the night. The requiem of the waves is as good to soothe one to sleep and keep the senses shut, as softer music. It needs only for the senses to be accustomed to it for it to answer all the purposes of silence itself, or of an *Æolian harp*. Lieut. Kingsbury joined us early this morning. Orders were given to embark. The air, "*strike your tents*," &c. was played; but in the moment of getting off, it was discovered that several knees in the barge had been broken, in addition to the other damage that she had sustained.

We have been expecting four Indians from the Sault, old Shingauba W'Ossin, the chief, his brother, and two others, who were to have followed the evening of the morning we left there. The storm, doubtless, has delayed them.

At nine o'clock we embarked. Day fine. By twelve o'clock we had lost sight of the barges. Went ashore, and walked along the beach, while our canoe kept company twenty yards out in the lake. Having walked about two miles, we stopped to refresh ourselves. Wind south, and light.

Ten miles from Twin river, we passed *Sucker* river, so called from the quantity of the fish of this name that abound in it. At two o'clock, in view of the western bluff which forms one of the capes of the *Grand Marais*, which is eleven miles beyond Sucker river. Being in advance of the barges; and there being no good landing for many miles ahead, we entered this place—which, however, instead of being a *great marsh*, as its name imports, is a most beautiful bay, and a harbour of the finest sort, and for large vessels. We planted our flag on the beach, that our company might know as they passed, where we were. They are not yet in sight. The northern side of the lake shows a mirage that would lead an inexperienced eye to believe its shores and mountains were seen—so exactly does this looming define them. But the lake here is eighty miles wide.

I have not seen a living thing to-day, (exclusive of our party,) except two crows, a spider, and one ant, always excepting mosquitos, of which there are *myriads*, unless when the wind blows hard upon the shore, and drives them into the forests. They never venture out into the lake; and while we are voyaging, we are free from their annoyance.

We entered this bay at four o'clock. Mr. S. and I traversed its shores, but saw nothing except the remains of Indian lodges, where these poor creatures had encamped three weeks before on their way down, as we suppose, to Drummond's island. The sand of the beach is as firm as a floor—with but few pebbles. On the eastern cape of the entrance of this bay, which projects far out in a westerly direction, are hundreds of trunks of what once formed the main bodies of pine trees—but they are now without a branch, or fragment of a branch of any kind—every thing,

bark and all, being worn off by the action of the waters. A tree stands no chance when lashed and rubbed by the waters and shores of this lake.

No sounds are heard but the breaking of the waters upon the beach; and the moaning of the winds among the pines on the heights above. At half past five, the barges in which are the Governor and his party, rounded to, and entered this bay, accompanied by our Indians from the Sault in their birch canoe. One of these steered, and the other three paddled. It is really interesting to see the slight with which they handle their paddles. Slower than our *voyageurs*, and with fewer strokes in a minute—and then they would rest, the edges of the paddles turned to the current made by the onward motion of the canoe, or lifted, dripping from the water, and there suspended—their eyes, meanwhile, surveying our encampment, and the objects around them; when presently they would make another, regular, and noiseless stroke with their paddles, and then rest on them again. It was a fine specimen of Indian caution—and silence. On landing, we learned that they had been storm-bound on Paris island, at the same time we were at Twin river. They were delighted to have overtaken us; and we were made glad also, for the poor fellows looked to us for support on the voyage. Their mats and other little matters were soon on the beach; their canoe lifted out of the water, and themselves under it; for their canoe is their house. They had first struck fire, put up two transverse sticks, and swung their kettle, into which they had put a good luncheon of pork, which we were pleased to have it in our power to give them. Our tea-kettle was swung in like manner at another fire. The military barges arrived. A fine show of tents and camp-fires, and barges. A fine picture for a painter. This beautiful curved bay, the line of tents—and all the long line of fires; the long bar, and beyond, in our front, and in full view of the bluff with which commences the *Grand Sables*, though nine miles distant. This beach is so smooth and so beautiful that we are tempted to sport upon it. Our spirits high, and health fine,

we tried for the mastery in pitching quoits, in jumping, and in running. These several trials of skill, and strength, and agility, were severely tested. At night we had a concert. Lewis sings finely, and Mr. Hulbert plays the flute sweetly; then we had a second in another flute. A little after tattoo we retired to our pallets.

Doctor Pitcher obligingly handed me his thermometer this morning. I shall therefore note the temperature at sun-rise and sun-set, because, in general, I shall then be on the shore. At noon I cannot give it accurately, unless we should happen to be on land, which will rarely happen. The reflection of heat from the water, and that arising from eleven bodies, would prevent me from ascertaining the temperature correctly in the canoe.

Saturday, July 15th.

Morning damp and cloudy. About day-break a sprinkle of rain. Thermometer, at sun-rise, 60°. Wind south, and fresh—thick fog. Delayed putting out into the lake until it should break away. At ten o'clock we determined to proceed. Got under way accordingly. The fog dispersing, we found ourselves near Point au Sablé, which is the commencement of a most extraordinary mountain of sand, called *Grand Sablé*, which varies in height from one hundred to three hundred feet; and stretches along the shore of the lake, at the base of which is a beach of not more than ten feet wide, for *nine miles*. This mountain of sand is a great curiosity. It fronts the lake so as to receive its billows, and the blasts from the north-east, which doubtless lash and sweep over its swelling sides, in those seasons when this wind prevails, but which have served only to unite the particles of which it is composed, until it shows a front like a rock. Its colour is in general yellow, and scarcely a sprig of verdure is to be seen, save here and there, in some of its chasms, made by the running over of the water from the world above, where may be seen a few shrubs of evergreen, and some long grass. Never, surely, was any thing so bleak or so barren. We went ashore, and resolved on attempting

this dangerous and sloping height. We, (Mr. S., myself, and Ben,) began to ascend this steep, and went up by pressing our feet and hands into the sand. When about two hundred feet up, a portion of the mountain, (about twenty feet square,) breaking loose, began to slide down with me towards the lake. I crossed the breach diagonally and got on a part that was firmer. I had not been there long, nor ascended more than twenty feet, when that gave way also. I made another attempt, and found this to yield, whilst above me, and in the line of my ascent, a large projection shot out some ten feet over my head, when I resolved to return. Mr. S. and Ben found firmer footing, and reached the top. From where I was the canoe looked like a toy, and the men in it like Lilliputians. Mr. S. reported the view into the lake from the top to be grand; and the appearance of the country back of it to be sandy, and level, and hard almost as a rock, and covered sparingly with the usual growth of these parts—pine—spruce—arbor vitæ, and aspen. Doctor Wolcott, in 1820, discovered a small lake of pure water a little back of those hills.

The water in the lake reflected all this great mountain like a mirror, whilst from our canoe the rocks at the bottom were seen as distinctly at the depth of twenty feet, as if they had been on the beach. Nothing can be more pellucid than this water; and nothing sweeter to drink.

On the extreme western termination a beautiful bluff strikes out somewhat angularly into the lake. It is the same that we saw from the Grand Marais. This bluff is covered with pine and other trees of this species. There are two immense exceptions on the right and left of a ravine which divides the bluff in the centre, and where nothing grows. It was the light colour of these barren sandy spots that made this bluff so plainly visible from the Marais. These spots appear to have been overlooked by nature, whilst all around is covered with a refreshing green, which forms an agreeable contrast to the *Saharrah* that we had just passed. Here we took leave of this picture of desolation and barrenness, and

voyaged up the lake along a tract of more fertile country, where the maple grows for twelve miles, when we arrived at the commencement of the *Portaillé* of the French, or, as they have been since called, *Pictured rocks*. This beginning is in the Doric rock, which is about two miles from the line of towers and battlements which compose this grand display of the Pictured rocks; and seems to have been sent in advance to announce to the voyageur the surprising and appalling grandeur which awaits him ahead. We passed this Doric rock about one hundred yards, and landed. Our barges, as usual, behind. I lost not a moment in going to examine it. I have two *perfect* views of it—even to the shrubs that grow about it. One is a front view, taken by Mr. Lewis from the lake, and about two hundred yards from it; the other is a nearer and oblique view, taken mainly for the purpose of showing a pine tree that rests on a rock, which is at least eighty feet high, and large in proportion, say ten feet—and which sends two roots over the rock into the earth beneath, and derives its nourishment and support from these alone.

The Doric rock rests on a basement of sand stone, with irregular step-like ledges of the same material, three in number, going from it into the lake, and stands about twelve feet back of a perpendicular line drawn from the last step. From the water to the level of the base of the rock, is about thirty feet; and from the base to its top, it is about forty feet. The centre of the covering, or arch, is about three feet thick—and where it rests on the pillars, about twelve. From the floor to the centre of the arch, is about thirty-seven feet. Between the second pillar of the southwest, or right of the view, and a third column in the rear, not visible from this point of view, (I write this on the lake, whilst Mr. L. is sketching,) is an altar; and to the right of that again, an urn—the urn is in the drawing. The place seems to have been provided by nature for a place of offering, whether to Diana, or which of the gods or goddesses, there are no means of ascertaining. A beautiful tree rises

motion as possible. I soon discovered the object was to avoid driving her under the succeeding wave, which, on account of her being so sharp, would have been done, had the suspension in paddling not been observed. Thus stationary, she rose over the waves that would meet her when instantly the paddles would ply again. But with all this precaution the swells would dash over us, and made it necessary for the sponge to be kept constantly employed. These canoes are bailed by means of a sponge, large enough to take up a quart or half gallon of water at a time. The barges were just in view, inclining over to the western end of Grand island, and about five miles ahead. They had got out of the reach of the billows, their force being now broken by Grand island. I confess I felt some apprehensions! No one spoke. To make the shore was not possible; to have attempted it would have been certain destruction; and the east end of Grand island was at least ten miles distant. We had no alternative but to keep on our course. In an hour we were in still water, when our voyageurs, all wet, and ourselves also, except where our great coats guarded us, began to chatter again, and pass their jokes upon the bowman, in whose face many a swell had broken in making this traverse.

The appearance of the south-eastern shore of Grand island, in going up between it and the Pictured rocks, is strikingly magnificent, not only in regard to its extent, but to the mimic cities that line its shores, and high up above the lake. The appearance would deceive any one who did not know the island was not inhabited. Buildings, of various forms and dimensions, appearing to be of stone, and brick, and wood, with spires and steeples, are as regularly shewn in this distance of ten miles, as if they were real; and serve not a little to soothe one, even with a knowledge that all this is owing to the broken up rocks, similar in their character to the *portailé*, or pictured rocks, opposite to them; because the fancy will not let go its hold of images of domestic life, and the pleasures of the social state. I

could not keep my eye off these deceptive appearances, nor, for the life of me, dismiss those feelings of ideal bliss, the reality of which would be so heightened, could we in truth be thus near the abodes of men.

It appears to me, that Grand island was once connected with the main; and that the swell of the lake, propelled by the north-east winds, and driven by their fury diagonally across the lake, broke down the connecting materials of earth and rock which once joined them, and that these materials now form, in part at least, the dividing lands between Green bay and Lake Superior. The rocks on the eastern side of Grand island, and those which form the pictured scenery opposite, appear to be the same. But this is speculation, and not worth any thing even if correct.

I need not add, that my hope of having some sketches taken of these Pictured rocks, was frustrated. I shall realize this on my return, if I have to wait a week for a calm day. But I am disappointed Such, however, is life. To be reconciled to one's lot is the highest attainment of man. Happiness is to be found no where, where there is not contentment; but where contentment is, there happiness is sure to be. I will, therefore, make the best of this disappointment, and be grateful for the preservation which we have experienced. Every thing is for the best—that is, with suitable restrictions. For myself, I am always the happier as my faith is stronger in this doctrine.

The Pictured rocks terminate opposite the western end of Grand island. For the whole way, they are discoloured, or stained, with the dripping of water from the crevices in their sides, and are to the eye like grey sand stone, stained with yellow, and brown, and even green. Their tops fringed for the whole distance, with a thick growth of verdant trees, gives a beautiful finish to their summits.

I omitted to notice a sheet of water, that flew out from the grove near the Doric rock, of fan-like appearance, small at top, and widening at the bottom to ten feet. It came over from an elevation of about twenty feet above the

lake. We saw several of these; some gushing out of the sides of the Pictured rocks, and others flying over from the level at their tops, the issue of little streamlets from the level country beyond. We more than once rested on our paddles to observe these lovely adornings of a region otherwise picturesque, but made more so by these cascades.

We landed on the south western point of Grand island for breakfast, where our entire company had landed nearly an hour before we overtook them.

This island, and perhaps this very spot, has been rendered famous. The feeling of chivalry has been indulged here; and although the occasion to which I refer, has been given to the public, and read, doubtless, by thousands, I cannot refuse it a place in this journal.

It was in the year 1819-20, that thirteen Chippeway youths left this island to go to war with their ancient enemy, the Sioux; a war, on the part of these youths, of self-destruction; their sole object being to wash away with their blood, the imputation of cowardice, that had been cast upon their band by others of their tribe, living higher up the lake, and nearer the seat of the war. Prior to their setting out, they appointed a young man, a runner, to accompany them, and watch the result of their enterprize, and in the event of their destruction, to hasten back with the tidings of it. They advanced into the enemy's country; and soon after fell in with a party of four times their strength. They immediately selected their ground, and directing the youth to take a position from which he could see the battle, made their onset. It was previously agreed that after this they were to retreat to a certain place, and there sell their lives at the dearest possible rate, appointing meanwhile a favourable position from which this young man might see them die. In the onset, they killed twice their own numbers; and then retreated to their last intrenchment. Enraged at their loss, the Sioux pursued, fell upon, and amidst great carnage, slew them all. The runner set off immediately for his own country, and making his way through the forests, and down the

lake, arrived in safety among his people, and told the story of these deeds of daring and of death. This young man was seen by Governor Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft, soon after his return, in 1820; and they heard him sing the song of the slain, and recount the incidents of this bloody adventure.

There is another incident that is generally recurred to by those who touch at Grand island. The North West Trading Company once had an establishment here. Their clerk was a Frenchman. The Indians beset his establishment, and resolved to take away his goods. He being unwilling to survive the odium of being vanquished, or the suspicion of having been accessory to the plunder, drew his pistol and shot himself.

Our course, on turning Grand island, was nearly north-west. The wind of the morning had increased, and although the swells did not run so high, owing to the narrow passage between the end of the island and the main, yet it was not so easy for the barges to make head-way against it. We determined, however, to proceed. Our Indians from the Sault left our encampment near the Doric rock, in company with the barges, early in the morning. Instead of landing at Grand island, they paid a visit to some of their friends whose village was on the opposite shore. But before we embarked, they joined us, dressed and painted. On asking the reason of this, I was informed it was in compliment to their friends whom they had just visited.

It was believed, when we set out from Grand island, that we should not be able, owing to the wind, to proceed far. It was however concluded to make a trading post, and there we intended to encamp; and there too we expected to find a village of Indians. On landing, however, we found nothing but a log house, in which the trader conducts his business, when there. It was empty. He had gone, it was supposed, after his supplies. The Indians had decamped. The place was in a clearing of about three acres of ground, surrounded with thick forests and the lake. We concluded to proceed further. The barges were not in sight, but we expected

they would overtake us before night, as it is usual, except in storms, for the wind to fall towards evening; and we concluded also to wait for them some few miles ahead. We had not proceeded more than two miles along the shore of the main land, before we overtook four barges that had left the Sault two days before we did, with the body of the provisions for the treaty. They were behind a point of land, and had been six miles further ahead, but were driven back by head winds; and this point afforded the needed shelter. They were deeply laden with flour, in bags, and pork, in barrels, and caution was necessary to preserve the former from getting wet. We kept on—and proceeding about six miles, put into La Riviere aux Trains for a few moments, to give time for the barges to overtake us: but not seeing them, we continued on to Laughing Fish river, and arrived there at five o'clock, P. M. A bird greeted our landing with its song. I loved the little warbler, and regretted its solitude. We surveyed the shores and found them not very favourable for encamping, and the air filled with mosquitos. At that moment we saw the barges coming round the point behind which the provision boats had taken shelter. Their direction was onward. We embarked, and both ourselves and the barges followed the curvature of the lake, and along its shores, for four or five miles further, when we landed and encamped for the night—having advanced to-day not over thirty-six miles.

The shores of this curvature of the lake, beginning at Laughing Fish river, are low, and formed of yellow sand stone, broken up into pieces of from five to twenty inches square, and these are formed into a kind of ridge, from five to ten feet high, having been driven up against the bank by the waters of the lake. All beyond is a flat country, filled with pines, and aspen, and spruce.

Thermometer at sun-down, 67°.

Monday, 17th July. T. sunrise, 60°

We had rain last night, and a cloudy, but calm morning. The stillness of the lake, and the prospect of fair weather, which opened upon us soon after we were under way, induced us to make the traverse of this bay, for it may be so termed. To have followed its curvature, would have added many miles to our distance, as the point which forms one of its capes, of which that, behind which were the provision barges is the other, cannot be much short, if any, of thirty miles in length. In the direction of the end of this point, a new prospect opens to us. The shores of the lake rise gradually out of it, and continue rising, till in the distance irregular and rolling mountains are formed, resembling the blue ridge, and veiled in a mist as blue as that for which it is indebted for its name. When about ten miles from our encampment, in the direction of our traverse, and on nearing Presque isle, we stopped on some rocks which rose out of the lake. They are barren. Seagulls make their nests in their clefts, and the waves, and the winds, and these birds are, except now and then, their only visitors. Granitic in their composition, we saw we had got into a region where rocks are in *situ*. Hitherto we had seen nothing granitic, except the pebbles that were upon the shore, and which were all evidently out of place. Some five miles further on, we arrived at the *granite point* of Mr. Schoolcraft. As we neared this point, and for the first time since we left the Sault, we saw, in the distance, some Indians on the lake in a canoe, fishing; and the smoke from their fires on shore, where doubtless were their lodges. This bay is alive with fish, principally trout. They keep the otherwise smooth surface of the water in a ripple, coming up after flies. We are without hooks and lines, else we might doubtless take them in any quantity. The first we have had, was a fine one brought to us last evening by one of our Indians. They had received a present from their friends that morning, opposite Grand island, of several. The best fish was selected, and sent by the young man of

their party, who walked with it deliberately up to the Governor and laid it at his feet, and turned and went back to his companions, without uttering a word. This is the Indian custom. Poor fellows, it was all they had to show us that they respected our attentions to them, and it was truly a most acceptable present.

Hitherto our horizon has been limited. The shores have been generally monotonous, and, except the Grand Sablé and the Pictured rocks, and a few other places, level. Now the scene has changed; and although the mountains rise into peaks, and roll and vary in an almost endless succession, and as far as the eye can see, and afford so much gratification to the beholder, they are all barren, and thinly clad with stunted growths of pine, and cedar, and hemlock, and which is not sufficient to cover their granitic nakedness. It is their diversity, and the change we experience in looking out upon nature, and not their richness or fertility that charms us so. So it will be; for

“Variety’s the very spice of life, that gives
It its flavor.”—————

The eye has been confined by low flat shores, fringed with wood. It could not pass these, and these have generally bounded our vision. Here the unprisoned eye passes out into the distance, and roves delighted over immense tracts of undulating country, until the sight loses itself in the blue mists that cover the summits of the far distant hills. Four small and beautifully curved bays, of a mile across, with precipitous and barren capes of granite, are indented along this shore; and, as if to diversify the scene, a little island, not larger than twice the size of our canoe, sits out in the lake, about three miles from Granite point, and north-east from it, covered with verdure; whilst another, and of granite, near the shore of the fourth bay, is without any covering, save three or four little pines that grow out of the crevices, and some creeping vines which are unable, even on the surface where they run, to cover its nakedness.

We were about three miles in advance of the barges, and doubling Granite point, landed for breakfast. We had not been long on the shore before the north-east wind blew with great earnestness. The swell of the lake instantly commenced its roar upon the shore, and the waters to rise. It rained. We removed our tent nearer the bank, and crossing the isthmus, which is not over two hundred yards, ascertained that the Governor had perceived it to be impracticable to follow us by doubling the point, and was making for a landing on the western side of it. In an hour after he crossed over. The wind now blew quite a gale. It was well they had not got the barges round the point, as there is no shore here upon which they could have been safe. As to our canoe, two men can pick it up and take it any where. It was now eleven o'clock, and we had not yet breakfasted. I need not add that our appetites, whetted by the motion of our boats and the lake air, enabled us to make a keen cut into our boiled corn and potatoes, and that a little tea and crackers were highly refreshing. We enjoyed this meal on the bank and under the trees, on the sheltered side of the point where the Governor and the military had made their landing.

Immediately after breakfast, Dr. Pitcher, Mr. Schoolcraft, and myself proceeded to explore the point. About midway between its junction with the main land and its termination, it is narrowed to about fifteen feet, and here it must soon open and let the water of the lake pass, making that which is now *Granite point*, *Granite island*; and at no distant day, the layers of yellow sand stone, that lie over the granite, will themselves be washed away by the waves, and leave the original formation a naked rock, or, perhaps, clusters of rocks, like those we visited in our approach to this point. These clusters were doubtless once united to the main, and covered with pine and the growth of this region, but which at last, on being deprived of their secondary formation, and of the connecting materials which united them

to the main, stand out now in perfect and irremediable barrenness.

Having with some labour clambered up the elevation which commences about two-thirds of the distance from the main to the end of the point—the whole length of the point being about three quarters of a mile—we found ourselves amidst the ruins of fallen trees, and undergrowth, and on moss so soft to the tread, that it felt velvety to the foot, with here and there a point of granite high up among the trees, darkened over by the moisture, and discoloured by the drip from the leaves of the surrounding foliage. The ground on what appears from the lake to be the crown of the point, and of a conical figure, is full of ravines, and a good deal of toil is required to be expended in descending and ascending before we reach the rocky projections into the lake, which begin to grow bare at some hundred yards all round its eastern and northern terminations. And here huge rocks, split into chasms, into which the surge of the lake enters, but to recoil from the onset, and to demonstrate how immoveable is the barrier against which these ceaseless attacks are made, stand boldly out. Descending from rock to rock for about thirty feet, I seated myself on a ledge that projected far out into the lake to survey the scenery, and contemplate the motion of the waters that in towering waves would roll against these rocks as if asleep, and unconscious of their approaching destiny, till awakened by the shock of the contact, when they would mount high in air, and fall back broken into a thousand parts, and be swallowed up by their successors, which, on reaching the same points, met with the same overthrow. I had been observing these waves for some minutes, when a mother duck with her brood of younglings, ten or twelve in number, and which appeared to be only a few days old, swam out from behind a projection of a rock where the water was comparatively still. She was, on seeing me, greatly alarmed, and quacked, and with both feet and wings made her way into the lake, and on getting ahead of her brood, would turn back and flap her wings on

the water, and then away again, till presently I only saw her as she would mount over the top of the wave, and her little family looking like small corks on the billows. Doctor P. and Mr. S. returned by another route. When I had clambered up from my rock of observation, they were gone.

Mineralogists tell us that granite forms the foundations of our earth; and that it is, as we know it to be, often seen high up in the clouds. We need require no more substantial foundation. The world is secure whilst upon such ever-during materials—nor have we cause to fear until He shall speak, whose word can dissolve them into air, or transmute them into fire.

The little emerald isle to which I just referred as sitting out in the lake, is in a due north-east direction from this point, and on a line with it. Its distance from the point on this direct line, is about three miles. I think it likely that this point was once joined to it—and that the same process that is now going on to separate the present point from the main, severed that island from its connexion with it.

There goes into the interior, from the north-eastern side of Granite point, a little river. Our tents and canoe are on its south bank, and about one hundred yards from it. Its mouth is only about fifteen feet wide; and this is open or shut, or large or small, just as the lake and the winds shall please. For, as is the case with the mouths of most of the rivers I have seen, a wind, if it be strong or stormy, and if it blow transversely across their mouths, always shuts them up to a greater or lesser extent; and when the winds fall, and the waves retire, the water comes down from the river with accelerated force, clears away the sand and stones, and opens them again.

I concluded to cross over this little river, for the purpose of taking a view of Granite point, from a point of land a little further up the lake, and to decide upon the best point from which to take a sketch. I called for one of the voyageurs to take me over. By the way, I am not certain that I have mentioned that our mode of getting in and out of the

canoe is upon the backs of our voyageurs. The reason is, the canoe cannot be run upon the shore without endangering her, so thin is the bark, and so slight and frail are the materials of which she is made. She is rounded to, generally, with her side to the shore, when two men jump out and hold her by the bow and stern, and the rest come alongside to receive us on their backs. We get in after the same fashion. Sometimes, when the lake is calm and the shore smooth sand, the canoe is run gently on, bow foremost, when we walk over it, and step out. The manner of fastening the canoe out from the shore, is by means of two poles, the heavy ends of which are placed on the beach, whilst the lighter ends are made to rest on the bow and stern, and tied there. Here the canoe rides while we eat. But when a landing is made for the night, the loading is taken out, and the canoe placed bottom upwards on the shore. But I have forgotten the adventure across the river. On calling the voyageurs, I found they had gone across the isthmus to see the bargemen. Ben who was washing some towels in the river close by, hearing my call, came to inquire what was my pleasure. On learning my object, he answered with a brisk air, "I'll take you over, sir." So taking his position on the margin of the river, and where the sand from having been well saturated by the swell of the lake was yielding, I mounted on his back, when he, to take me over in uncommon fine style, bent forward to get me higher up on his shoulders, that the water might not wet my feet, and to fix me more comfortably—when, and at the moment, the sand giving way under his feet, he pitched forward, and I went head foremost over his shoulders into the river. Had this *somerset* been cut by the Governor, or any other member of our party, I should have been sure to have entered it in my journal; and I see no good reason why I should omit it because it happened to me.

When I rose, and had got the water out of my eyes enough to see, Ben was before me in an attitude of horror! His arms were extended, his fingers spread, and his eyes

and mouth wide open! "Mercy!" he exclaimed, "mercy, sir; I was afraid your neck was broke!" I could with difficulty resist the inclination I felt to laugh at my own plight, and when I saw the horrors into which it had thrown Ben, it was still more difficult. "Indeed, sir, I am sorry for it; but"—No matter, Ben; I only have proof that you have yet to learn how to ferry me over a stream. He insisted on another trial; so after I got into dry apparel, I gave him the opportunity, and he took me over most triumphantly.

Thermometer, sun-down, 57°.

Tuesday, July 18. T. sunrise, 52°.

By the time we were ready to embark, the barges had rounded the point, and the foremost was at least four miles ahead. We heard the réveillé; but neither Mr. S. nor myself felt disposed to be off so early. Gov. Cass is all energy in the prosecution of this voyage. The truth is, he can go to sleep in less time than it would take him to turn over; so the whole time he is in bed, he is enjoying this refreshing guardian of the night; whilst I find it often difficult to realize more of its company than will make up above one half of the hours I am on my pallet. He certainly, however, apart from this, has in him a spirit of enterprize that stops at no difficulties, and regards no hours. He is a man who will be felt wherever he is; and a man who is not, is generally tame and inefficient.

The morning, as indicated by the thermometer, is cool, but calm and clear. We landed about eight miles from Granite point, and the wind favouring us, took a hasty meal of tea and bread, and pushed on under sail. Our canoe in the lead. The barges in our rear look like a little fleet. Sails spread, and they scattered wide out in the lake, a show is made which cannot be conceived of unless seen. The scenery all along this shore is very beautiful. In our rear, and yet visible, is Granite point, and the towering and rolling hills of granite in the rear and west of it. Every object in that direction is bold and irregular. An island,

always so pretty when green, is in view, and also one of the group of the Huron islands; and further on in the distance we see, like blue and irregular clouds upon the horizon, point Kewewana, usually called Kewena; and, as is believed, away off to the right Philipeaux island.

On turning Huron point (Mr. S. and myself, our canoe being yet ahead) we determined to pay a visit to the Huron islands. Our course lay, as the voyage is generally made, between them and the shore, and to the eastern side of point Kewewana. We accordingly inclined to the east and went out into the lake, and finally made a landing on the centre of the group, which is composed of six. They are distant from each other from one hundred yards to three quarters of a mile, and range nearly parallel with the shore, in a north-east and south-west direction, and are about five miles distant from it. The north-eastern island is about three quarters of a mile long. The larger ones are covered with trees and foliage; the smaller thin set with pine and spruce. Their composition is granite. We broke off some splendid specimens. While we were here the wind freshened, and the barges inclined before it farther into the lake, so as to strike Point Kewewana in the direction in which they were steering, some twenty miles higher up than usual. The military were in advance. They had got about three miles ahead of us before we embarked. We set our sail and gave chase—the Governor's barge being half a mile nearer the shore than we were, and that distance in advance of us. We soon overhauled and passed him. We took the wind freely and followed in the direction of the foremost barge; but seeing the Governor was keeping his course, we drew a little nearer the wind. The wind freshened. The swells rose to a considerable height. The barges now were only half seen when in the curve of the wave—sometimes, except the sail, entirely hid. The Governor made a signal. The barge on our right took in her sail and made towards land in a direct line, we were then ten miles distant from the shore. Our canoe seemed to labour; and as these frail

barks sometimes break in the middle in pitching over a wave, and as the wind was still freshening, we concluded to make a direct line for land also. My head ached intolerably. I felt as if we should never reach the shore, and when we had neared it, it was discovered that there was no landing! There was no beach. The woods, or undergrowth, rose out of the water. We coasted down the point for several miles, and at last made a landing, but found a difficulty in getting places for our tents. The mosquitoes, too, were annoying beyond all former example. My headache was occasioned by fatigue in climbing the rocks on the Huron islands, where I saw a little bird of the most beautiful plumage my eyes ever beheld. It was not larger than a sparrow. Purple neck and head, golden breast, green and blue wings, and brown tail. It was a solitary!

Thermometer, sun-down, 60°.

Wednesday. 19th July.

Early in the morning, Col. Edwards and Major Whipple called to inquire how I was, and to say that they never expected to see us make the land, as our canoe, and we who were in it, were never visible except when on top of a wave. Many times, they assured me, when we pitched over a swell, they gave us up for lost. We, however, apprehended no danger. We felt the buoyancy of the canoe; and although the waves followed us, showing a most threatening front, yet when they overtook us, we found ourselves lifted over them. An occasional sea would break over us in part, but not to incommode us much.

Rest relieved me of my head-ache, but we were not off so early, as I wished to have some tea. The barges preceded us. We overtook, and passed them, and landed ten miles ahead for breakfast, leaving them three miles in our rear. Day clear and temperate. Nothing can be more uninteresting or monotonous than the shores of this part of Point Kewewana. They are as level as the lake, and down to the water's edge is a growth of pine and cedar, and aspen, and spruce, &c. There is hardly any such thing as landing, for

want of a beach. Two mountains show themselves, when a little out from the shore, away off towards the end of the point, and resemble each other so exactly, that we call them twins, but they are huge ones. They appear, as you approach them, to be three miles apart. In form, they are conical, and lofty, and resemble the sugar-loaf mountain as first seen on the Frederick-town road.

Not a bird warbles to cheer us. Not a living thing presents itself to vary the solitude. Nothing is heard but the roar of the waves on the shore, nor seen, but the forests that line it, the lake, and the sky. Whether stormy or calm, the roll of the wave is heard. It never ceases. This is the music of these shores. Now and then the cry of the loon is heard—but nothing sings, save in some places an occasional and stray warbler—

“Some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still”—

and the mosquitoes. Now and then a duck is seen with her family of young ones—but these fly our approach. No Indians—no human beings—no animals—no horses, or cattle, and not even a snake! Is this solitude?—Not quite; but

To my ear and eye,
A new development of Deity!

yes—

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep lake, and music in its roar.”

These low grounds along which we have been coasting, and which constitute two-thirds of the length of Point Kewewana, it being forty-five miles long, appear to be alluvial. On reaching their termination, the lake turns short round, and forms a bend and bay of two miles, then along the shores of the point thus narrowed, to its termination. But from this turn, which is opposite a spur of a mountain, the lands

rise in rocky and broken precipices, displaying a grandeur, and a barrenness equal to any thing of the kind I have seen. It is nearly all rock—the shores are cut out into little bays of from one hundred feet to a quarter of a mile, into many of which we entered, whilst the rocky projections of the mountain hung over us as if to threaten us with destruction. Huge masses of rocks, that had parted from the mountain, were lying out in the lake, some fifty and a hundred yards from the shore, between which, and others, that formed a kind of passage way, and with perpendicular walls, our little bark was passed on the smooth surface of the waters. It was like a mite in comparison to these ruptured and stupendous fragments.

Supposing the military barges had made the point of their bearing, we kept on. We thought we saw a flag up on the beach, but were not certain—and just where these high and mountainous projections commence. We continued on, stopping along these shores, and looking back, but without seeing any part of our company. We picked up several small specimens of cornelian, and calcareous spar. When about five miles distant from the turning of the point, we came across a beautiful cascade of about fifty feet wide, that flow out of the mountain, foaming, into the lake. In coming over the rocks, it makes several pitches, or falls, and being a beautiful object, we penetrated the mountain to see out of what it came. But the way was rugged, and we returned. Near this cascade is a beautiful level ground of half an acre, as green and lovely as if art had been employed to arrange it. There were the remains of two Indian lodges, and around them various flowers—and among these, a beautiful rose, resembling our eglantine, and deliciously sweet, *without a thorn!* How few of the blessings of this world resemble this lonely and lovely wild-flower! We waited here an hour for our company, but not seeing them, resolved on doubling the point, and did so, and encamped on a beautiful elevation of level ground, some twenty feet above the lake, from which the view all round was grand! Nothing visible

but the point we are on, and the great ocean before us, and to our right and left—and Beaver island, so called, some two miles from us, in the lake, and in a north-east direction.

Night came on and no signs of our company. Our fears were excited, lest some accident had happened to the military barges in making the wide traverse the evening before, and we felt assured of this when the hour in which we supposed the Governor would venture to double the point, had gone by. We hoped they had found the flowery encamping place at the cascade; and yet we *feared* for the worst! Ben had been keeping a pretty sharp look-out. There was something inquisitive in his manner;—at last, on seeing me stop writing, he said—“do you think it safe, sir, to be away out here in the lake without the military?”—At that moment the tread of a foot was heard, and Ben started and looked round in silence at the opening in the tent, expecting to realize his fears. But it was Mr. Schoolcraft, who had been out examining the shores of the point for pebbles and specimens. I replied that we could never be out of danger while in this unprotected state, and in such a country as this; as we did not know, when we encamped, but a band of Indians might be within a hundred yards of us. “I always thought, sir, we ought to have brought guns with us,” said Ben. “Why, yes,” said Mr. S. “especially as it seems we shall be left to-night to be our own protectors.”—I asked for a drink of water. The tin bucket in which we generally dipped it up from the lake, was empty. On seeing this, Ben looked alarmed. He took the bucket and went to the door of the tent and listened for awhile, and then stepped quick off to the shore. He was back in less time than I thought it would have taken him to get there. He was manifestly flurried. “What’s the matter, Ben?” “Nothing, sir; only, to tell the truth, just as I was dipping up the water, I thought I heard somebody; but I believe it was a stick that cracked under my own foot—yet *I am not so certain.*” We told him to make himself easy—we presumed we could defend ourselves until morning. But he

was not altogether quieted; for he asked afterwards, "how far I thought the military were behind us."

This point is forty-five miles from what is called the *Once*, a bay which washes its shores where it is united with the main land. On doubling it, we shall have to coast the same distance on its northern side, to the *Portage*, the carrying place for all the trade of this lake, except such as goes up in barges. The Indians, and those who go in canoes, never come round this point. Our barges must do so, and we have coasted it to keep company, and to get information. Our Indians continued along the shore opposite the Huron islands, and crossed the portage. We shall cross this carrying place on our return, as the Governor means to return in a canoe.

Besides the distance, there is another reason why *the Indians* will not come round this point. They have a tradition of long standing, perhaps of a hundred years, that some of their people once, in going round this point, attempted to make a visit to Beaver island. They approached it; when the form of a woman appeared—and as they continued to approach, she continued to grow, until her size became so overpowering and fearful, that to get rid of her awful aspect, they fled! They interpreted this appearance into an interdiction of their right to approach it in future—and believing that this woman held dominion over all the beaver on Kewewana point, they never dared to disturb these animals here. The consequence was, that when an old gentleman, yet living at the Sault, first traversed this region, some forty years ago, the beaver in the little lakes and rivers of this point, were countless. They had been undisturbed for half a century, or more. This tradition is believed by the Chippeways to this day, and acted upon. It was doubtless a mirage that spread out in that form. If Ben had known this, it would have relieved him from some of his fears.

I noticed at the back of our tent a dead tree with some hollows in it—and heard presently the notes of a bird that I could hardly believe to be there. I listened—and then go-

ing out, discovered it to be my favourite *blue bird!* Knowing the disposition of our voyageurs to kill and eat whatever fell in their way, I gave orders that these birds were not to be molested.

*“How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar’d with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.”*

How instantly on hearing the pensive note of this bird, was I in the room where, in my tenth year, the best of mothers lay a corpse! Never shall I forget the morning after her death, when going into the room, too unconscious, alas! of the mighty loss I had sustained, I saw on the sill of the window, a blue bird. It uttered its mournful note, and flying in, lit on the testers of the bedstead—and then on the head-board, and sat pensively there; and I gazing at it, and wondering what brought it in that room—when after appearing to survey my mother, it flew out. I went to the window and saw it clinging to the lightning rod. I heard it nearly all that day. That visit made me the friend of that bird ever afterwards; and never, in all my boyish sports, could I get my consent to shoot one, or connive at others doing it.

Point Kewewana is put down erroneously in all the maps I have seen of it. Its course is as nearly east and west, as it is possible for it to be. The maps, some of them, show it to run north-west by south-east, and others north-east and south-west; but none of them place it east and west, as it ought to be. I speak now of the direction of its southern shore. Its northern is doubtless parallel. I shall be able to ascertain this. We do happen to have a compass along.

Thermometer, at sun-down, 57°.

Thursday, 20th July. T. at sun-rise, 63°.

Morning, at sun-rise, clear. Anxious about our company; and doubtful as to the cause of their delay, and whether both barges, or only one, were on the shore of the indentation

and around the fork of the point, where we thought we saw a flag, which is fifteen miles from here. Wind east—but variable. An occasional fog commencing an hour after sun-rise—then clear again. Our situation, as to location, delightful. My blue birds keep me company. We have, it is true, but one chair, my travelling chair; no table, and but one spoon, and that a big one. We have to make our tea in a tin bucket, and drink it out of tumblers. Our spoon is too large to stir it, or to take off the tea leaves. But we use the handle. We are indebted to Ben for it, who stole it from some of the company, seeing, as he said, they had enough without it. Before we got this spoon, we used to cut sticks, shave off the bark, and stir our tea, and our toddy, when we had any, with these. *Our* stores will do for the present—but our voyageurs report that they have only some flour and whiskey. We have two dozen of crackers, a bit of a beef's tongue, about a pound of cheese, and a piece of dried venison. We have, on account of our voyageurs, some anxiety, besides our doubts in regard to the boats for their speedy arrival, as our stores are with them.

At eight o'clock we were cheered by the appearance of the barges. We heard the distant noise of the short pull of the oar, before we saw them. But emerging presently out of the fog we saw the whole group, the Governor in the lead. Our apprehensions, like many of the anticipated evils of life, and which, because we *will not* believe that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," gave us concern, were happily not realized.

The cause assigned for the delay was, that the Governor had received wrong information as to the ability of the barges to make good landings, short of a point which he knew it was not practicable to reach by day-light. So on joining the company that had preceded us in the traverse from the Huron islands the day before, they determined to remain there, and make an early start this morning. It was matter of regret to all, when they found us so beautifully situated, that they had not encamped with us—and the more so, on being

informed of the interesting character of this point in a mineralogical view. We picked up many specimens of cornelian, agate, chalcedony, crystalized quartz, and amethystine quartz.

At ten o'clock embarked. I left the blue birds with regret—but with the belief that they were safe. They appeared happy in feeding and rearing their young—for their employment consisted in taking them supplies of food, and in an occasional strain of their pensive song. Blue birds, with us, have been done rearing their young a month ago.

On coming out and over the rocks at the end of the point, our canoe grazed one, which cut the bark. The leak was kept under by the sponge, and we continued on.

The termination of this point is like a human hand, except that the intervals are not so deep, in proportion, as are those between the fingers. And by going back to the point where the flat grounds terminate, and marking that down, it will answer for the thumb, not, however, when thrown out at a right angle from the hand, but when drawn up and placed on a line, or nearly so, with the direction of the fore finger. These little curvatures have been made by the force of the waters dislodging every thing that was to be moved, and leaving the rocks bare and prominent. The point, across its termination, is about two miles wide. Ten miles after turning it we came to a copper rock, and broke off some specimens, both carbonate and sulphuret. The rock stands out some twenty yards from the shore, and is between two ledges. The shore is strewed with pieces of this rock, smoothed off, and almost polished by the waters. Immediately after passing this rock, a curvature commences, a cut of half a mile deep, into the point, in shape like a horse shoe. We made the traverse from point to point—which is a mile and upwards. Stopped at a rock lying three miles out in the lake. Hundreds of sea-gulls were flying over it, and we wished to see the manner in which they made their nests. On stepping on to the rock, I saw the head of one better than half grown, in a crevice of the rock—I took it out, and

looking into the opening, found only a few sticks there, and nothing in the form of a nest. The sea-gulls are web-footed, and have a head and beak like a crow. Some are white, and some grey—they vary in size.

The ducks we have seen are all, or nearly all, of one species. They are the saw-bill. We found them in families, and never in flocks. The mother duck with her brood of young ones—but never more together. I have seen them with two little ducks, and with as many as eighteen. They appear to be from one to four weeks old. If, in getting out of our reach, any of the little ones take a wrong direction, the mother will instantly flap her wings on the water, and manifest signs of great uneasiness. The moment she becomes stationary, they all gather close around her, and when she moves off, they spread out as if to make room, and then away again.

About thirty miles from the turning of the point is a bay, or curvature, oval in its figure. It is a mile deep, on a line drawn from the centre, extending out to another drawn from its capes; the capes are two miles apart. I have met with but one bay so beautiful as this, and that is Presque Isle bay, on Lake Huron. We have had amygdaloid, the formation at the point, which I omitted to mention; and from the point to the eastern cape of this bay, where it ceases. The shores of the bay are of coarse sand. The bay seems cut out of the mountain which rises behind it, the highest part of the mountain being opposite the centre of the bay, whence it falls gradually off to its capes. The mountain cannot be less than two hundred feet high, and is of gradual ascent, all thick set with trees, of even growth, so smooth on their tops as to resemble a green carpet—a sweet relief to the eye after a voyage of thirty miles along a rocky coast. The water is beautifully transparent here, so much so as to show at a depth of ten feet, measured, the smallest shells, and the sand at the bottom, thrown up into little waves, as plain as if the medium were air, instead of water. The sun's rays are reflected on this bottom, and play upon it to correspond with the

ripple of its motion on the surface. There is something sweet in such purity!

The same stillness prevails, and the same absence of animal life, save a few additional ducks and sea-gulls, and a most uncommon bug, half crab in its form, and half something else, which Doctor P. found at Point Kewewana, and has brought with him alive, rolled up in a piece of paper. Prospect of a gust. Encamped as usual on the lake shore; and, as usual, my pallet is on one side of the tent, and Mr. Schoolcraft's on the other. Our trunks are at our heads, and Ben's blankets at our feet. Nothing could induce Ben to sleep further than three feet from my feet, or without the tent. He is apprehensive of these Indians; and appears to regard their absence as involving greater danger than their presence. He seems to feel as if this suspension of bustle was but the calm that precedes the storm; and that the absence of the Indians betokens only a gathering together of their forces somewhere, but where, he does not know.

Thermometer, sun-down, 70°.

Friday, 21st July. T. sun-rise, 60°.

The gust came, attended with sharp lightning and thunder. The waves of the lake broke at our feet, whilst above and around us, was the roar of the storm. Tent thin, and the mist from the rain coming in, wet us a little; but we are used to being wet, and it produced no effect. Where it came in fastest, I pulled between it and me the Mackinac blanket, which is the Indian's house, and great-coat, and bed.

Morning broke away finely—under way a little after sunrise. In an hour after, the wind shifted and blew from the west, and continued to increase till it became stormy. The lake was lifted into billows, and white with foam. We were now about two miles only from the portage. A point of land, running far out, invited us to take shelter. We did so. But even here the voyageurs, I found, were still again, only passing words now and then to keep the bow near the line of the swell. It was doubtful whether it was safe to

put out, and yet there was no beach on which we could land. The bluff was precipitous, and the swell broke against the bank. We agreed to leave it to the voyageurs, who, after consultation, and a little whiskey, reported their readiness to *try*, when we accordingly put out. It was a fine sight, to see these eight men, with their light cedar paddles, forcing their *bit of bark*, for such is the canoe, through and over such a sea, and against such a wind, the one lashing and foaming the shores, the other whistling, or rather, moaning among the pines which cover them;—and especially interesting, to see the steersman guiding his bark so as to keep it near, but not quite in the wind's eye, always observing a position in which the swell should strike a little to the right or left of the bow. We were all wet, but arrived at the portage, which was about twelve miles from our last night's encampment, about nine o'clock, A. M. There we found our Indians in waiting for us. They had crossed the portage, and brought their canoe and baggage over yesterday morning. The moment we rounded to, which we did, owing to the swell at a distance of some twenty feet from the shore, and in about three feet water, the Indians plunged in to assist in unloading, and our voyageurs out. We were carried ashore as usual; and in five minutes every article was out of the canoe, and she bottom upwards on the shore, our tent was up, and we under it. We passed the barges seven miles from this place. Owing to the wind and the swell, their progress was very slow.

We have now doubled Point Kewewana, and in doing this, have added upwards of ninety miles to the distance which is usually measured in ascending this lake. Its direction is, as stated, nearly east and west.

Near our tent, and on the bank above the shore of the lake, is the grave of an Indian child. The enclosure is built of pine saplings, notched at the ends, of from eight to twelve inches in circumference, and nearly in the form of a square. I sit, while I write this, upon the top of the square, which is about three feet from the ground, and ~~on~~, of course, ~~one~~

of the saplings. A flat stone is on the grave, and pieces of elm bark, which from some remains of a gable end, appear once to have formed its roof. At the head is a pine board, about three inches by two, in the form of a cross, which is four feet high, and about a foot above the square of the enclosure. On the cross is carved, in rude letters,

“ALEXI CADOTTE MORT,”

and on the upright, is written, “*age—13 mo. Ao.* (for August,) 18, 1818.” The work, doubtless, of some half lettered trader, to gratify the feelings of the parents of the child. The Indians up this way have had scarcely any instruction, except from the Jesuits, and but little of this for a century, and more. Upwards of a century ago, in the times of Father Henepin, religious establishments were located more than two hundred miles above this—and I expect to see their remains on Michael’s island, opposite Le Pont, on my way up.

Near the door of our tent is the same pathway which a century and a half ago was trodden by both traders and priests, the latter bearing the cross to the benighted aborigines of these remote regions; but alas! with what little effect. I will not enlarge now upon this thought, but make it the subject of some future reflections.

Our Indians paid us a formal visit to our tent. The old chief spoke of his age, of his apprehended blindness from cataract, and with tears, of the kindness he had experienced at the hands of the young man—the same who laid the fish at the Governor’s feet. He says he is no common youth—but a good young man. I gave each of them a ring, (Indian jewelry, very fine in appearance, but common,) set with blue and red stones, in token of friendship, which they prized highly.

The three barges, with the military, arrived. The remainder of the company two miles behind, but will not get up to-night. Wind fell with the sun. Thermometer, sun-down. 63°.

Saturday, July 22. T. sun-rise, 60°.

The remainder of the barges arrived early. We had rain last night. The prospect of the weather is such as to make it prudent to unload the barges and draw them on shore. This is done by putting a round log of wood under the bottom, at the bow, and all hands uniting in pulling them, one at a time, over it. Wind rises. Lake agitated. No prospect of being able to leave here to-day. More rain—all snug in our tents. The long line of the military on the beach below, and we on the bank above. All well, and appetites never satisfied. Our cook, a Canadian Frenchman, called this moment and said, in broken English, and manifestly excited at the extent of the demand upon his services—“*I put barr'l pork on de tabe; and boil tea in de tub—dey all ete so mosh.*” As to myself, I consider fat pork and boiled beans for breakfast and supper, quite a luxury. My health was never better. So much for the lake and the mountain air, and exposure to the elements, and lying out in tents and on the beach. There remains one feeling unsatisfied, and one letter from home, headed “*all's well,*” would satisfy that. But I am beyond its reach. Evening cool. Thermometer, sun-down, 58°.

Sunday, July 23. T. sun-rise, 58°.

Wind north, and day unpromising—but we resolved to proceed. Came thirty-six miles by half past twelve o'clock, and landed on a broad smooth beach for breakfast, it being the only good landing place between it and the portage. We found here the frame of a large lodge, eighteen feet by twenty, which had been recently occupied. This was discernible no less by the ashes, and fish bones, and the newness of the poles of which the lodge was, as is usual, constructed, than by the print of Indian feet on the sand—some with moccasins, and some, children, barefoot. We had but just landed, when the day broke away finely, and a single bird cheered us with a momentary song, when all, except the

breakers on the beach, was still again. These birds' greetings are like angels' visits,

"Few, and far between."

We had one last Sunday, and another this.

This day has been made remarkable by unusual stillness. Even our voyageurs are mute! Hitherto, and with but little respite,

"Their voices kept tune, and their oars kept time."—

Paddles, rather, and these yet ply with the same celerity, and with the most perfect observance of time, but unaccompanied with a song. I wondered, as their songs are for the most part not adapted to refined ears, whether they had ceased to sing out of respect for the day; but learned on inquiring, that their leader was not in the best of humours about something. These men are all Catholics—but have but few opportunities of instruction from their priests.

Arrived at half past five o'clock at the Ontaragon. Its shores are of sand, and level with the water; its mouth is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and its waters still. On its west shore are the remains of an Indian town, frames of lodges, and flag staffs yet up. But no persons occupy them now. We entered the river, and going up it two hundred yards, encamped on its eastern side. In the distance, about four hundred yards, and to our left, we saw some Indians and several lodges. When we entered, (our men having revived their spirits, and with these their song,) it was with our flag flying, and cheered with the chaunting of our voyageurs. The Indians were soon in motion, and running down to the bank with their rifles. fired a salute; and their dogs joined in the welcome with their howling.— We had only just pitched our tent when the barges followed us, all with flags flying; and with martial music—two drums and two fifes; and in half an hour we were all located for the night, on a good encamping ground, and on the east shore of the river *Ontaragon*—a river made famous by having on its shores, twenty miles up it, the largest mass of

native copper, it is believed, in the world. Its weight is estimated to be nearly *three thousand pounds*. We hope to possess ourselves of this great curiosity; and if we succeed, I shall take it home with me, should I live to reach there myself, and by November next—and, at any rate, I will be able to carry with me some specimens.

The level and very tame aspect of the lands bordering the mouth of this river, serve to give additional grandeur to the Porcupine mountains, which mingle their blue tops with the elouds, distant from this place fifteen miles, but look to be only five. They are said to be two thousand feet high, and to be formed of granite. There is no game in these mountains, except the bear and the common red deer.

Soon after we were all fixed, I went in company with Mr. Schoolcraft and an interpreter, to see the Indians. One large lodge, I found on reaching it, belonged to the trader for the band. He is a Frenchman. His wife is a fine looking Indian woman. She is dressed in a calico short-gown, blue strouding petticoat, ornamented scarlet leggins, and handsomely ornamented moccasins. I found her sitting in her lodge, (which is circular, and about twelve feet in diameter, and made as usual with poles, covered in with bark) making a fishing net out of the kind of thread generally used for such purposes. She rose, and smiled, and offered me her hand. In the tent were five children, from one to six years old, and at the door a poor little squalid looking boy of about seven years old, who, when he moved, did so on his hands and feet, and with a leaping motion. Around it, seated on logs, were several squaws, one with a child at her breast, and another tying her's on the back of a little girl not much larger than the child, who received her burden cheerfully. The fixture for carrying the child was this—a blanket was first thrown over the shoulders of the little girl, a string was passed round it just over her hips, and tied before. The child was put on her shoulders, with its arms round her neck, when she took the two upper corners of the blanket, and drawing them together, held them in her hand. Opposite

the door of the lodge; sat an old chief, called the *Plover*, with a ring made of lead through the cartilage of his nose, his son, and three or four children. We found all the men smoking, and silent. Mr. Schoolcraft invited the old man, who was chief of his band, and who was known to him, and who once told him a dream, which I will insert presently, to attend the treaty, stating that his great father at Washington had sent two of his chiefs, one from Washington and one from Detroit, to speak to them on business of importance, and in which their own happiness was concerned; and that he wished them all to be present, and hear what we had to say. They will all attend the treaty. A crow, as tame as a chicken, made part of this family; and six dogs with their fox ears and pointed noses, and as lean and thin as weasels. *At this little town is a house of purification.*

In an hour after we had got back, the compliment of the visit was returned by the Indians. We were smoked almost to suffocation by them. Our tent was full of tobacco smoke. We gave them some flour and tobacco. They expressed their gratitude, and the old chief, the Plover, said it was a great gift, as he had just come in from above, where he had been for the last ten days living upon wild garlic.

On the morning of the thirteenth of January last, the Plover came to Mr. Schoolcraft, at the Sault, and very seriously told him he had had a dream. "He dreamed that a man came to him from the westward; the man, as he thought, was tall and very handsome, and appeared as if he did not touch the ground, and stood opposite to where he lay; and he told the Plover, I am employed and sent to tell you, that the end of the world is at hand; and he, the Plover, immediately thought in his dream, that the man he saw, was the messenger of God; and he, the messenger, told the Plover, that there were no more manitoes under ground, nor above, nor in the water; that they were all taken away, excepting four; and the messenger pointed to the south, north, east, and west, and when those would be taken away, it should then be the end of time. The messenger pointed to

the northward and eastward, and told him to go and remain there; and when the Plover looked that way, and to the right and left, he saw and knew as if it were the extreme end of a very large lake, and the messenger told him, if you wish to remain here and fight your enemies, I have brought you a war-club,* which is sent you by him who sends me, and I am ordered to have your answer. And he, the Plover, thought that he could not overcome his enemies, or those he was to fight, nor was he willing to fight. And the messenger left him saying, it is all I wish to know. The Plover began to sing, and awoke still singing.

We are now a little short of two hundred miles from the Fond Du Lac, and feel, after our long and baffling voyage so far, to be quite in its neighbourhood.

Thermometer, at sun-down, 53°.

Monday, July 24. T. sun-rise, 49°.

Feels like winter. Indeed I have been able but once, and then only in the middle of the day, to part from my flannel, and have not been able for a few days past, and then only between twelve and four o'clock, to do without my great coat, in addition to my winter clothing.

The barges preceded us by two hours. We remained to get a little tea, and having received a present of some fish from the Indians, whose nets are spread at the mouth of the river, we concluded to add these to our repast. Wind in the morning south-east, but so variable is it on these lakes, that we did not count on its continuance. No winds blow here long from any point, except from the north and north-west. We prefer these, however, to the south wind, which generally brings oppressive heat for a few hours about noon. As we expected, the wind shifted, and blew from the west, and almost in the eye of our course, and with such fierceness as to drive the swells over the canoe, and compel us to take shelter behind a point to bail out the water. Having done

* The war-club he knew was made of the red willow, and was all over red, and of an immense size, &c.

this, we put out again, determining, if possible, to make Iron river, which was two miles ahead. We passed the barges about a mile from this point in a cove, where they had taken shelter. As we passed they put out; but, after great difficulty, succeeded in making the mouth of Iron river. Here we have all collected again. Thus do the winds baffle us. We console ourselves, however, with the hope, that the additional time which our delay will give the Indians to assemble, may make our stay at the Fond Du Lac shorter.

The Porcupine mountains begin to discover their loftiness, and a more perfect outline of their figure. They are certainly prodigious elevations, and not below the estimate taken of them. That part of the mountain which is nearest the lake, rises gradually out of it for the apparent distance of half a mile, when it shoots up suddenly into an immense and towering peak, the back part of which is cut short down, making an opening between it and a more gradual but loftier ascension, when it rolls on to the south-east, deepening in blue as it recedes in the distance.

At three o'clock the thermometer rose to 73°! Soon after this the wind lowered, when, on the suggestion of the Governor, as night seemed to be the only calm part of the twenty-four hours, we determined to go on all night. Just as we were getting ready to embark, the wind rose again. And here we are yet on the narrow stony shore of the Iron river—but with a determination to move at whatever hour of the night the wind may fall.

Thermometer, at sun-down, 61°.

Left Iron river at twelve o'clock at night, and arrived at Black river to breakfast by an hour by sun. Just at sunrise, and when four miles from Black river, I saw something on the verge of the western horizon, that from its variableness attracted my attention. None of us could fancy what it was. At one time it looked like a loon with a neck a yard long; then like two of them. Then it would appear like a log of some six feet long; and then show an opening and

look like two. Then its size would increase, and lead us to conclude it was a canoe; but so suddenly would it change, that we had to abandon that conclusion. Then it had the appearance of a flag on the water. We could distinguish that it moved, and towards the shore, and in the direction of Black river. We were alone. Our barges were not even in sight, having left them during the night. Presently we ascertained it to be a canoe with two Indians in it. Our voyageurs immediately began to chaunt, and we made chase; but the Indians reached the shore by crossing our bow at about a hundred yards distance, pulled the canoe on the shore, and ran into the bushes. The river's mouth is about fifty yards beyond this landing. We went in there and prepared for breakfast, and while our kettle was boiling the Indians came out of the woods, six in number. A man, his wife, and two children, a boy about fourteen years old, and the aged and wrinkled grandmother of the father of the children. They brought us some fish. I have not seen a family of Indians so well dressed in all this tour. The man shows in his countenance and by his manner that he is more provident than Indians usually are, and no doubt he is a successful hunter.

We cooked our fish and boiled our tea, and had finished eating, just as we saw the barges coming along the shore, about half a mile off. We embarked, and leaving a note with the Indian for the Governor, in which, after expressing our regrets at his absence during a season of such feasting, we wished him more speed the next time. As we came out of the river, the barges went in. We bowed, and rounded to, had a little conversation, when we moved on. We made presents to the Indians as a matter of course.

Took a nap in the canoe after breakfast, and woke up amidst the chaunting of our voyageurs, and in sight of the islands, which are opposite Montreal river. It is interesting to see the first *mite*, if it may be so called, of what, as you near it, increases to an island. The first thing that is seen is something dark and varying, and changeable in form

and figure, not larger than one's hand, and above the water of the lake; then a *line*, also above the water; then points from that line connecting it with the water; then a filling up, and a gradual enlarging, until the whole island is freed from the looming and the mist, and stands out before you looking like itself. Every kind of fantastic shape is given to the islands in these lakes by the mirage, or looming.

On arriving at Montreal river, we found its mouth in a direct line with the lake, choked up. A mound of yellow sand stone had been driven across it, at least ten feet high and twenty wide. The river passed out through an opening, of about twenty feet, between the eastern end of this mound and the western bluff—there being an eastern bluff, and each of them bold and not less than an hundred and fifty feet high. The river between them is about sixty feet wide, but narrows at about four hundred yards distance to what looks to be twenty, where a beautiful cascade of three falls comes foaming over as many projections or ledges of rocks from a height of an hundred feet. The bluffs have a rounded front, and widen as they turn out towards the lake, and, from bluff to bluff, the distance is three hundred yards—and, as the eye is governed by these and by the lines of the hills, and not the river, it makes a short, natural perspective, and brings the falls out into beautiful relief. These falls and the bluffs, all green with foliage, and the narrow river below, I think are as picturesque as any thing I have seen.

Under the eastern bluff was an Indian lodge. There were one man and several women and children in it—poor, and wretched, and *starving!* The poor fellow had some powder, with which he saluted us; but no shot to kill even a raven, and there appeared to be no other birds there; and no thread to make a net; nothing out of which to make a spear, and no canoe! When we fed them, it was like feeding the hungry mastiff. Scarcely time was taken for mastication. The old grandmother, wrinkled and aged, was dressed in a leather petticoat that came only to her knees;

and a leather jacket, all open before, and as greasy and black as if they had been her hand cloths for a century; and these were all! They had been living on roots for a week!

We told them we would send a canoe for them from Michael's island, distant eighteen miles, and along with it some provisions. When about half way, we met a canoe and two Indians in it with a seine. On asking them where they were going, they answered that they had seen the woods on fire near Montreal river, and expecting some of their friends were in distress, they were going to relieve them. We explained our intention, and told them to bring on the family to the treaty. We had noticed the woods on fire about a mile beyond the mouth of Montreal river, but had not imagined the cause.

Over the eastern bluff of this river goes the pathway of the portage to Lac de Flambeau, which has an outlet in the Chippeway river, which runs into the Mississippi at the foot of Lake Pepin. It was from this lake the party of Indians went who committed the murder on Lake Pepin, and who, after having been surrendered, broke jail at Michillimackinac, and to recover whom is made part of our duty.

Arrived at Michael's island, a trading post, about an hour by sun, having come seventy-five miles since twelve o'clock last night, and visited several Indian lodges by the way. On nearing the shore, (which was grateful to my feelings beyond the power of language to express; for it looked green, and had the evidences of civilized life, in houses, horses, and cattle, and fences, which I had not seen since I left the Sault) the Indians, to the number of seventy, set up a whooping and yelling, and ran down to the beach, each armed with a rifle or gun, and fired a salute of several rounds. Never were poor starving creatures more overjoyed. They had been here, on their way to the treaty, for six days, and had taken in that time but forty fish!

The first question I asked on landing, was to know of Mr. CADOTTE, who has lived here twenty-five years, if he

had any milk, and was rejoiced to get the answer "*Oui Monsieur.*" I never enjoyed this article before. It tasted like nectar—and I thought I should never get enough of it. The Governor and the barges arrived about an hour after sun-down. We were received by this worthy French trader with great cordiality. His houses were thrown open for us, and all he had was put freely at our disposal. He has an Indian wife, a worthy, well-disposed woman, and several children, several sons and two daughters, grown. His daughters both married traders. This is the only spot that has brought gladness to my heart, the associations of home and of civilized society, during a voyage of four hundred miles—since we left the Sault. It looks like a fairy scene, and every thing about it is enchantment. Yet the houses are of logs; but are lathed and plastered. Tame crows appear common in this part of the world. I notice four here that fly after the family as if they were part of it, and had never been wild.

I was struck with the mute appearance of the Indians, after the first expression of joy was over, and at their manner of grouping about against the sides and ends of the houses. Always sitting on their hams, with their feet drawn close under them, watchful, silent, and smoking. We fed them with flour and pork—and made them happy. They had but one want more, and that was for whiskey. This we chose not to gratify.

This place was once, a hundred years ago, the seat of a Jesuit mission; and it has been long occupied as a trading post. Now there is scarcely a vestige of buildings left where the cross stood, and where its mysteries were attempted to be explained to the natives. Once in about two years a priest passes from Montreal to Fond du Lac, to visit the scattered remnants of traders, and some few Indians, who have only traditions, when all is left to nature again.

Opposite this island, is *Le Point*, significantly so called, of Lake Superior. It is, emphatically, *the* point, whether viewed in its length or breadth. It was here, not however

on the point, but across the narrows of the lake, on the western shore, and about four miles west of Michael's island, that our old friend, Mr. Johnson, once lived, and where he married his wife, whose likeness I have procured. The remains of his houses and gardens, we are told, are yet to be seen.

In the year 1791, Mr. Johnson remembers to have been on Le Point, and to have seen a scientific Frenchman, or Italian, with his instruments adjusted, taking observations; and endeavouring to ascertain the longitude. He told him he had visited the highest mountains, and among these, *Mont Blanc*; and his ulterior object had relation to the question regarding the formation of the earth at the poles. His name was *Count Andriani*. Does any body know any thing of the result of the Count's investigations? Few people would suppose that this extreme point, so far beyond the bounds of civilized life, and so far in the interior, had ever been the theatre of such scientific investigations. It is stated here on the authority of Mr. Johnson. (Temperature omitted.)

Wednesday, July 26. T. sun-rise, 52°.

A beautiful morning! This, together with the green slope of the island, and its fences, and fields—some twenty acres of it being cleared—its comfortable houses; its picketed garden, where cabbages, and potatoes, and onions, are growing; *and where a few peas are just beginning to blossom*; and where I see horses and cows, and chickens, and hear the “cock's shrill clarion,” and the songs of the birds, and see “the straw built shed,” makes the intelligence which I have just received, grateful—for indeed I do not wish, yet awhile, to leave this place. It is, that one of the barges requires caulking; and that, in consequence, we shall be delayed till ten or eleven o'clock. I employed my time in walking over these cleared grounds, and in visiting the groups of domestic animals and their haunts, the chicken house, and even the cow-pen, and in indulging in those delightful associations which a sight of them inspires. These are some of the im-

ages of domestic and rural bliss—let none of them be called coarse. They are, to me, at least, delightful. True,

“The golden boast
Of Portugal and Western India—
The ruddier orange and the paler lime,”

are not here—nor the “Amomum with intermingling flowers and cherries”—nor the “geranium,” nor any thing Ausonian; and nothing from the Levant. But these are not needed. I know I see around me only the outline, and a rough one, of our more tastefully adorned, and lovelier rural retreats; but it is enough to awaken every slumbering sense, and to give an impulse to the fancy which sends it roving amidst the refinements of more cultivated scenes, whilst all around me is peaceful and still!—I am almost ready to exclaim, with my favourite—

“O blest seclusion from a jarring world;”

and yet I know when these fresh and agreeable influences which even such a spot as this is calculated to produce, are past, and they would doubtless soon pass, I should long for the more perfect filling out of the picture of which this is only the meagre outline. But nature is here—and she might make up the deficiencies; yes,

“Enchanting nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine, I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renew’d—
She’s free to all men—*universal prize.*”

I inquired if there was no orchard?—There is none. No fruit of any kind grows in those regions, except the wild strawberry, the sand cherry, and the whortleberry. And but little grain, except oats. Potatoes are grown, and of the finest quality; they are the bread of the traders. The gardens on such an island, and such an exposure as this, produce a few peas—and squashes—and cabbages; and, where the trader is a Frenchman, there is sure to be some garlic.

I wished to have visited the seat of the Jesuit mission, but was told there were no remains of it. It is north-west from Cadotte's, and distant about three quarters of a mile. Cadotte's residence is on the south side of the island, and near its southern termination. The view from it across the lake to the hills, which are in front, resembles that from those beautiful heights of Georgetown, though the back ground is more distant. If the area occupied by Washington were a lake, and the hills south-east of the eastern branch, were eighteen miles distant, and as high in proportion to the distance, the resemblance would be *perfect*. It was so agreeable to fancy the likeness, that I found no difficulty in bringing those hills nearer, and in putting a city like Washington where the lake is.—Le Point served very well for the southern shore of the Potomac, and some of its bluffs answered for Arlington house.

This part of Lake Superior is full of islands and points. It is a fine centre for trade; and from which to send out expresses to the bands of Chippeways that inhabit this region; and at which, for a more prompt control of the abuses of every description, the government should have an agency. The Indians, at these remote points, are out of reach of the influence of the agency at the Sault—between which and the St. Peter's, is a void which is too often filled up with cruelties, that need to be checked by the presence of some nearer or more central power.

At ten o'clock we embarked. Our course, round the southern point of Michael's island. When fairly round it, we were opposite, on our right, to the site of the ancient missionary establishment, and on our left, on the other shore, to the former home of Mr. Johnson. Here we are completely land-locked with islands. The horizon is marked with a beautiful green circle, made by the hills all around us, that rise gradually from the lake, some a hundred, and some two hundred feet, whilst their sides are richly enamelled with every variety of the green, from its palest to its deepest hue. We seem to be in a circular bay of about thirty miles in cir-

cumference. As we passed along the southern boundary, the islands on our right began, as if they were moving, and not us, to show us between them the great lake beyond, with more islands in the distance—then, as we would pass, these openings would shut again, and so on in succession, till their points would lock, and they would look like a line of coast. On our left, and opposite those islands, the shores are precipitous and rocky—made so by the beating upon them of the north storms. The rocks are generally of sandstone, with pebbles imbedded in them. At one place they project naked into the lake; at another, the lake has worn deep indentations into the rocks—thus making the shore irregular.

At about two o'clock we ran alongside of an immense flat rock, which projected out of the hill; got upon it, kindled a fire, and fried our fish for our lake meal. The day, which an hour ago promised to be windy, has grown calm. The water is still, transparent, and glassy, and no sound is heard but its motion in the crevices of the rocks. We stopped here an hour, being in the lead of the barges. Just as we were embarking, a canoe full of Indians, naked and painted—naked, except a certain covering made of a quarter of a yard of cloth, which they call *Auzeum*, and which is fastened before and behind to a string which goes around their bodies just above their hips—and immediately after, the whole fleet of barges and canoes, bearing the greater part of the seventy Indians we found at Michael's island. The men were all naked except the quarter of a yard of cloth. They had a blanket, or pieces of blanket, but these were not needed at this season. The women, generally, had a petticoat of strouds, and a peculiar dress for the back of the arms, and breast, and shoulders, which I mean to have sketched.

About ten miles from what may be called the capes of the bay of Fond du Lac, the lake is bounded on its south shore with a wall of red sandstone, cut out by the action of the waters after the manner of the Pictured rocks, and into all the variety of figures which distinguish those

wonderful formations. These rocks are not more than thirty feet high, but here too are vases, and urns, and castles, and arches, and pillars; and some so perfect, especially some of the vases, as to have the appearance of all the contrivances of art, not only in their formation, but in the ornamenting of them with shrubbery.—Evergreens grow out of them in such order as to convey the impression that they must have been planted there. Art could be benefitted by some of these for models. This line of rocks, which extends about five miles, was not seen by Governor Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft in 1820. It appears they passed this part of the coast in a hard rain.

About half an hour by sun we inclined to the left, and entered a bay, supposing its shores would furnish a good landing and place of encampment for the night. We were disappointed, and continuing down its southern curvature, had just got fairly out into the lake, when a canoe was seen coming towards us with paddles in quick motion, filled with Indians. Just as the sun set, they came up with us. They were eight in number, and all painted and naked. On inquiring of them, through the interpreter, what was their business, they answered, the Governor had landed and encamped four miles behind us. We kept on, when a race commenced between our voyageurs and the Indians. They were equal in number, but we had the disadvantage of being deep set in the water, by the weight of our baggage. We, however, outran them, when our voyageurs shouted after the Indian fashion, in token of victory. Soon after, we came up with two Indians who were examining their nets—we got some fish of them, and continued on. The eight Indians pointed to a landing on the left, but we kept on, and parting from them, turned a point and bore nearly south, and continued along under the shore of a long bluff for several miles without finding a beach large enough for a tent. Presently we descried on the water, or what appeared to be so, a light—we made for it. It was in a bay, and about seven miles from where we had the race with the Indians. The

light looked to be two miles off. Our men were chaunting. The sky was pure, the lake clear, and all the host of stars reflected from the surface, some direct, and some with a long train of light, like a stream of fire on the lake. Presently a canoe was seen gliding out of the bay—we rested on our paddles—when it was still also. Presently, by an occasional and silent stroke of one of the off paddles, it came alongside. There were in it five Indians. They heard our voyageurs' song, and had come out to say that there was good landing where the fire was, which was on the beach, and now just ahead of us. We went in and pitched our tent, near the lodge of the Indians. There are fourteen of them—five men, and nine women and children, and dogs in any quantity. We were soon visited by them, bringing some dried fish. We gave them in return some presents, when they retired to their lodge, and we to our pallets.

Thursday, July 27th. T. sun-rise, 51°.

Morning clear and calm, and pleasant. At half an hour after sun-rise, descried the barges coming round the point, on this side of which the bluff commences. They continued on across the mouth of this curvature, or bay, about two miles out. Several of the Indian canoes came in. Nothing can exceed the silence and caution with which these people approach a shore. When two hundred yards from it, the regular strokes of the paddles cease, and every now and then a long and single stroke is given by one of them—when the paddle, turned edge foremost, is held with its handle in the position in which it was when the stroke was given, and the blade pressed against the side of the canoe till another motion is needed to keep the canoe going, when it is lifted softly out of the water, and another stroke is given, and all is still again. It is interesting to see a dozen canoes coming in on a smooth surface thus silently, and to see the steady composure of their painted and naked burdens. On landing—which on a tolerably smooth beach, and in still water, the Indians always do by running the canoe on bow foremost—

the moment she strikes, and before her onward motion is stopped, they rise, and stepping right and left out of her, by throwing their legs over the gunwale in the water, walk deliberately on to the beach, each with his pipe and pouch, leaving two, who take up the canoe by the bars, and walk out with it, and putting it on the sand, proceed to strike fire and put up their transverse sticks, on which they hang a kettle filled with water, in which they boil their fish, or whatever they may have to eat. By the time this is done, those whose business does not embrace this as part of it, are enveloped in smoke, and while the kettle is boiling, those who attend to the cooking take out their pipes and smoke too. Scarcely a word is said except "*Bo-ju—Bo-ju*,"—spoken quick, and repeated, for the *Bonjour*, or good-day, of the French, and shaking hands. The ceremony of shaking hands is seldom omitted.

Nothing can exceed the poverty and wretchedness of these people!—and their love of tobacco and whiskey. One of the old men who came ashore out of one of these canoes, said he had eat nothing for two days, and yet his first request was for tobacco. In general, it is for whiskey. Tobacco is the Lethean antidote for all their exposures and wants. An Indian loves to soothe his brain with it, and as if seeking to do this, never smokes without blowing the fumes, in streams, from his nostrils, as well as his mouth.

Arrived at *Brulé*, or Burnt river, at eleven o'clock. Found there ten or a dozen Indians, all, as usual, hungry. Gave them some flour and pork, and tobacco. They had the American flag flying on a hill near their camp, and from under it fired a salute.

The north shore of the lake began yesterday to show itself a little—to-day it is well defined. We are yet about eighteen miles from the Fond du Lac. At this place, Burnt river is a place of divination—the seat of a *jongleur's* incantations. It is a circle, made of eight poles, twelve feet high, and crossing at the top, which being covered in with mats, or bark, he enters, and foretells future events!

When within about ten miles of the end of the lake, we noticed a line stretching from shore to shore, the north and south shores being about ten miles distant, that seemed like a narrow shadow—not very well defined. As we approached nearer, it became more substantial, and when four miles off, it was a well defined beach, with trees, pine and aspen, scattered irregularly over it from one end to the other, and this was the *Fond*, or bottom—or, more properly, head of Lake Superior. The river St. Louis enters it through this beach, which is of sand, and which is from thirty to two hundred yards wide, and diagonally—the mouth of the river being not more than two hundred yards wide.

We arrived at the head of the lake at four o'clock, and pitched our tents on the south-western side of the beach, which is washed by the river St. Louis. And here we were met by about thirty Indians. We were gladly received by them, and made them presents, as usual. The chief of the Fond du Lac band was here, and had a little son with him, of whom he was passionately fond. He wore his father's medal, and was never from his side; and when he first met us, he could scarcely take time to tell us how glad his heart was made by our arrival, before he picked up his little boy, who is about four years old, and pressed him through the crowd of Indians that he might shake hands too. We were soon told by him, that *it was his son*.

The north shore of the Fond du Lac is mountainous, and rolls on beautifully and boldly far beyond where the beach crosses; whilst the south is more level and less elevated. The beach was doubtless formed by the meeting of the current of the river, and the waves of the lake. This was the quiescent part of the waters, and here the deposite was made, and here, doubtless, the same cause will continue to keep it. It is a beautiful termination. The beach does not make directly across, but forms a curvature of moderate indentation. The river passes out about two-thirds of the distance from the south to the north side of the lake.

We are now within twenty-four miles of our treaty ground; of the American Fur Company's establishment, called the Fond du Lac department; and have come, counting from the Sault de St. Marié, *five hundred and twenty-nine miles*, as the following table of distances will show—not *measured*, but estimated distances, which, however, will be found nearly correct.

	<i>miles.</i>
From the Sault de St. Marié to Point aux Pins, . . .	6
Thence to Point Iroquois, at the entrance into Lake Superior,	9
“ Tonquamenon river,	15
“ Sheldrake river,	9
“ White Fish point,	6
“ Vermilion point,	9
“ Double Hearted, or Twin river,	12
“ Sucker river,	10
“ Grand Marais and commencement of Grand Sablés,	11
“ La point du Grand Sablés,	9
“ From the end of the Sand bank to the Doric rock,	10
“ Doric rock to the commencement of the <i>Portaille</i> or Pictured rocks,	2
“ Miners' river, so called from a company's having dug for ore on its banks,	9
“ Grand island,	6
“ Laughing Fish river,	15
“ Chocolate river,	15
“ Dead river, in Presqu'île bay,	9
“ Resting point,	21
“ Barsalo river,	3
“ Salmon Trout river,	6
“ Burnt river,	6
“ Huron river, (Huron islands opposite)	9
“ Le Point Abbaya, (east cape of Kewewana bay)	6
“ Traverse island,	15
“ South cape of Kewewana bay,	3
“ Tobacco river,	6
“ Grey Beast river, now Brush creek,	12

	<i>miles.</i>
“ Small Montreal river, now Porter’s creek, . . .	6
“ Extreme of Point Kewewana,	9
“ Petit Marias, (harbour formed by the rocks on the point,)	6
“ Grand Marais off the point,	6
“ Clemen’s river and marais,	9
“ Boardman’s river,	5
“ Eagle Nest point and river,	5
“ Portage,	9
“ Little Salmon Trout river,	9
“ Graverod’s river, (an Indian trader of this name was killed here by one of his men,)	6
“ Rivière aux Misère, or Miserable river,	9
“ Fishing bay,	3
“ Fire Steel river,	15
“ Ontanagon, or Copper Mine river,	6
“ Little Iron river,	12
“ Great Iron river,	3
“ Commencement of the Porcupine mountains,	6
“ Sucker river, now Conner’s creek,	15
“ Presqu’île,	6
“ Black river,	6
“ Little Girl’s point, (a little girl was drowned here)	15
“ Large Montreal river,	6
“ Bad river,	12
“ Island St. Michael,	9
“ Cold point,	3
“ Le Point aux Sable,	6
“ Rivière de Tour,	3
“ Rivière la Frowbois,	6
“ River Sable,	9
“ Lis-ca-na-con river,	9
“ Birch Bark point,	6
“ Cranberry river,	6
“ Spencer’s river,	6
“ Iron river, now Whipple’s,	6
“ Great Burnt river,	6

	<i>miles.</i>
“ Poplar river,	9
“ A-ma-ne-con river,	3
“ Fond du Lac—mouth of River St. Louis,	9
<hr/>	
Total from Sault de St. Marié to Fond du Lac,	520

From the Fond du Lac to the American Fur Company's establishment on the St. Louis river, is twenty-four miles—when this is added, and we shall have reached that point, we shall have voyaged from the Sault, five hundred and fifty-three miles; and my tour will have extended, on the route which I have taken, to upwards of two thousand.

Friday, 28th July. T. at sun-down, 61°.

Being within five hours of our treaty ground, we were not in much haste to make an early movement. We breakfasted before we struck our tents—and as usual, mine consisted of some tea and crackers eaten out of a tumbler. We were under-way on the St. Louis river by nine o'clock; and arrived at the end of our voyage at two.

An invisible agency has preserved us, which is not the less active because unseen; and to it we owe our gratitude. I now feel anxious to have passed the ceremonies of the treaty, and to turn my face once more towards the rising sun. How happy shall I be to be once again encircled by my family and friends, and to enjoy the refinements and sweets of cultivated and polished life. I know well there are rough places even there; and often more difficult to contend with than are the mountains I have seen; and devouring billows less yielding and merciful than are those of the lake; and among, and amidst which I expect to experience many an anxious and painful hour; but give me these, if along with them I am to enjoy “*society, friendship, and love.*”—What if the designing and ungrateful do scatter thorns in the way of the pilgrim's feet, and lacerate his feelings, and oppress him, he may find in society some heart in sympathy with his own; some faithful and sustaining friend,

whose look is consolation, and whose voice is peace. Much as I admire these wild and vast displays of creative and sustaining power; and often as I have felt my heart swell under the eloquence of nature, when she has spoken in storms, or whispered in zephyrs; when the mountains have been made to shake, and the lake to lift its billows high in air, and when all has been still again; and no sound was heard but the murmur on the shore, and nothing seen but the still leaf, the glassy lake, and the spangled and silent firmament; yet there was a charm which bound my heart, and that charm was home. I love these wonders of nature; but I love society more; for

"Man in society is like a flow'r,
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use."

It was suggested by the Governor in the morning, that we should come up to this place in squadron—so being in advance we remained under cover of an island until the barges and flotilla of Indian canoes arrived, when the whole was disposed of. Our canoe in the lead some fifty yards—the Governor's barge next, flanked by the Indians, some ten or twelve canoes of them on either side; then the barges, Capt. Boardman and his military, first, and the rest in order, all with flags flying, and martial music. The barges were thrown at such distances as to make a line of a quarter of a mile. The sight was truly interesting; while the music filled the valleys and rose over the mountain's tops, for the first time since their formation. The Indians all naked, painted, and silent, gliding over the surface in their bark canoes, eyed this, to them, wonderful display, as a new creation, and as something beyond their comprehension. They spoke not a word—but fell insensibly back from the line of the Governor's barge, and abreast of Captain Boardman's, where, for the first time, their ears, like their native hills and rivers, were greeted with "*Hail Columbia.*" We landed under a salute from

numerous Indians who had already assembled, and whose tents were pitched on an island in the river, and in various other places, and by Mr. Morrison and those connected with the establishment, and Mr. Agnew, who had preceded us some days from the Sault, charged with provisions and with the necessary preparations for the Indians who might precede us at this place against our arrival, and to the national air of "*Yankee Doodle*."

In a short time after our arrival, the Governor and myself received a visit from the chiefs of one of the bands. We told them we were glad to see them; that we had been sent by their great father to speak to them; and that when we were prepared we would ask them to meet us in council.—Meanwhile a present of tobacco was made, a twist to each, and they were told provisions would be issued to them by the officer, Mr. Agnew, appointed for that purpose. Before this short interview had ended they had struck fire, ignited their bits of spunk, lit their pipes, and almost smothered us with smoke. The Governor and I can neither of us make out so well in a fog of this sort, as neither of us use tobacco in any way. In half an hour after, another band came in, who commenced, as did the others, by shaking hands, followed, of course, by smoking. In this second band I recognized *Pee-che-kee*, or rather he recognized me—a chief who had been at Washington, and whose likeness hangs in my office there. I noticed that his eye was upon me, and that he smiled, and was busily employed speaking to an Indian who sat beside him, and no doubt about me. His first word on coming up to speak to me was, "*Washington*"—pointing to the east. The substance of his address was, that he was glad to see me—he felt his heart jump when he first saw me—it made him think of Washington, of his great father, of the good living he had when he visited us—how kind we all were to him, and that he should never forget any of it.

But I have omitted to speak of the River St. Louis, up which we have come, and on the borders of which the buildings of the Fond du Lac establishment stand.

I have mentioned that the river enters the lake obliquely, and I might have added, from the west; and that its mouth is not over two hundred yards wide. Immediately in front is an island, and between a circle of hills, one mile in a direct line from the mouth of the river, and the north and south, elevations on the right and left, which are about ten miles apart; the ground in front of the head of the lake is low, and seems to have been all once, and is no doubt now in high freshets, covered with water. The river, on passing the beach, at the head of the lake, widens to nearly two miles, but with a large portion of its borders filled with grass and beautiful white and yellow lillies, which continue to ornament it for nearly the whole of the distance to this place. There is no landing place for nearly the whole of the way. The shores are level, and the undergrowth rises directly out of the water; and from that, well out in the stream, grow those beautiful aquatic plants, the white and the yellow lillies, and much long grass. These narrow the channel of the river for the most of the way, to about a hundred yards, and sometimes to half that distance. When within a mile of this place, on our right, is a point which terminates a beautiful natural meadow; and this is the only shore of any interest on the borders of this river.

The northern shore of the lake inclines to the west, stretching far off in rolling mountains towards the Mississippi—whilst we lose sight of the southern, in the bluffs of the south side of the river, which commence about three miles from its mouth. There is but little current; and until we arrived at this place, none that was perceptible. Here it runs at the rate of about half a mile an hour; but varies according to the quantity of rain that falls. The water is amber colour, like other rivers that empty into the lake, and clear.

The agents of the company made a polite tender to us of the buildings, of which there are about six or seven. They are of logs, one story high, and covered with bark; not their roofs only, but their sides and ends also. They stand on the north side of the river, and about thirty yards from it, on al-

luvial ground, and about ten feet above the level of the water, when at its ordinary height. The river at this place is not more than one hundred and fifty yards wide, and in its middle, directly opposite the buildings, is a small oval island. On this there are a good many Indian lodges. The course of the river is nearly east and west. On the north and south are high hills, and across the centre, about one mile apart—whilst in length, the valley, if it may be so called, for the winding of the hills, land-locks the river both ways, is about one mile and a half. Between the buildings and the hills, on the north, is a piece of cleared ground, picketed in, for the growing of potatoes, and in the enclosure is a small patch of wheat, some of which is just beginning to head. In this enclosure, and near the hills, are two smaller enclosures—one, the largest, is the grave-yard for whites—the traders; the smaller is for Indians. I have asked Mr. Lewis to take a drawing of the front, and from the island; and another, a back view, from a position on the hill, just back of the grave-yards. I will see that they are both correct. The potatoes here are not yet in blossom.

Thermometer, sun-down, 74°.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
July 29, 1826. T. sun-rise, 64°. }*

MY DEAR ***

I now renew the more familiar and agreeable mode of addressing you by letter. Lake Superior has been coasted—its peculiarities, both in regard to the variableness of its surface, and its shores, have been sketched, and hardly sketched, in the journal form. It was all I could do. I fear you will find my effort to introduce you to this father of lakes, and to the incidents that attended my passage up it, as little satisfactory as my former attempts were to make you acquainted with Lakes Erie and Huron. I have given you the length of Lake Superior, viz: five hundred and fourteen miles. Its width is computed at an average of one hun-

dred and nine miles, and its depth at nine hundred feet, and its elevation above tide water, nearly one thousand and fifty feet.

Lake Huron, I believe, I omitted to state, is said to be about two hundred and fifty miles long; one hundred miles of average breadth; and also nine hundred feet deep, and is about six hundred feet above tide water.

The remark which I have often heard, that birds fly the wilderness, and follow the progress of civilization and domestic life, I have reason to believe is true. I have heard an occasional song poured forth from the solitude of the lake shore, but it has been rare, and never from a bird with which I was familiar, except the wood robin in Presqu'île bay; and the blue-bird at Kee-we-wa-na point. Where I have heard the singing of birds, has been at Michael's island, and here; and these are cultivated spots. In all the extent of coast of five hundred and fourteen miles, the length of Lake Superior, with these exceptions, I have neither seen nor heard a singing bird. At both these, the sound of the axe and the hammer have been heard, and rural operations are carried on, and here the birds have assembled.

This morning broke upon my ear, as it often, and in the spring season, breaks at home, with the cheering and familiar music of the groves. It is not possible for me to describe my sensations on hearing these familiar notes; nor the disappointment, when on awaking fully, to find myself so far distant from those places to which the first warbling of the morning had transported me. Here too is my favourite blue-bird—that bird of pensive note, and modest mein, which will never fail to remind me of the death-scene of my beloved mother. I have already recurred to it, and might have omitted it here.—But *she was such a mother!*—and lost so soon! Time can never obliterate from the memory of my heart, the endearing and affectionate tenderness of a mother so beloved. O, no—that cannot be. I know time is competent to do much—every day's experience demonstrates this. The hardest substances yield, however imperceptibly, to his touch; and as to man, frail man, he falls before his

touch like grass—or the flower of the field. But whilst I have a heart, and that heart beats, my mother cannot be forgotten.

A chief regret, and from which I have never been able to rid myself, is, that she should have died so young, and left me so early—she had not completed her twenty-ninth, nor I my tenth year. She left me before I had the proper conception of, or knew how to appreciate her tenderness and affection; and often have I been so selfish as to wish that she might have lived to receive from me, in return, some proofs that I am not insensible to her watchful and fond care over me, and of that goodness and sweetness of temper, which gave her such grace in the eyes and hearts of all that knew her—or that I could command her back. But I have been checked in this—for I could but feel

“That I should ill requite her, to constrain
Her unbound spirit into bonds again.”

It is now evening, and the robin red-breast, as the sun sinks behind the hills, pours out his liquid, mellow notes, and stretching himself until his legs attain their utmost length, and his feathers press close and smooth against his elongated body, sends forth his shrill chirp, indicating his anxiety about something, as plainly as if he spoke it. His partner delays, or some vagrant has approached his nest—and he thus, from the top of a neighbouring tree, gives the alarm. The cattle too—here they recline. But there are here no domestic fowls. Many things remind me of home, but there are many things deficient, besides the fowls.

We have ovens to put up, and several little matters to adjust before we can commence our council—and then again, the first day of August has not yet come, and that is the day the Indians were notified to attend. We expect to commence on Monday, by which time, or in a day or two after, it is likely all the Indians will have arrived. I must reserve what I have to say of these hapless people, until I shall have looked well around me. It is the only opportunity that

time has been allowed me to think—as to the past, I have flown by it without being able to fold my pinions, except at Detroit and the Sault, with any such view, and hence you have had such dry details.

A party of our men are busy in preparing the best materials in their power for removing the copper rock from the Ontanagon river. They will leave here on Tuesday next, about twenty-five strong, and in two barges.

An Indian opened the door of my room to-day, and came in under circumstances so peculiar, with a countenance so pensive, and yet with a manner so flurried, as to lead me to call the interpreter. Before the interpreter came in, he went out with a quick but feeble step, and looked as if he had been deserted by every friend he ever had! I directed the interpreter to follow him, and ascertain what he wanted; and if he could, the cause of his deserted and dishevelled appearance. I could not get the countenance of this Indian out of my mind, nor his impoverished and forlorn looks. He had nothing on his body save his *auzeum*, and a blanket which time had worn thin, over his arm, and a medal round his neck. His hair was cut even across his forehead, and hung over both shoulders. It seems this poor fellow was seeking an interview with the Governor, who was known to him. On finding him, he stepped quick up, held out his hand, and in a tone of sorrow, told the Governor he was glad when he heard his father had come up this way—he was poor, and hoped he would make him rich. This was the same man who, in 1820, undertook to guide Governor Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft to the copper rock on the Ontanagon, and who lost his way. The medal he wears is the same that was given to him on that occasion, and this is all his wealth.

That the way to this rock is difficult, may be inferred from the fact, that an Indian of that river lost himself in going to it—but his band, it seems, did not attribute his losing the way to its difficulty, but to the agency of their manito, who, they believe, guards that rock, and to preserve it from the

profane touch of the white man, had interposed, and shut up the path to it. In the belief that he had offended the Great Spirit, his band cast him off! It further happened, that the poor fellow had subsequently bad luck in hunting, and this was only a confirmation of their previous convictions—and strange to say, a constant series of ill luck has followed him ever since, till at last he believes himself that he is deserted by his manito, and hence his forlorn appearance. His name is WA-BISH-KEE-PE-NAS, or *the White Pigeon*. I shall have his likeness sketched.

The Governor and myself have agreed, as the best remedy against the prejudices and superstitions of his band, to make him rich in presents; and by so doing, it is possible both his band and himself may conclude that his manito has forgiven him, and restored him to favour.

Another difficulty happened not long since at this place, and partaking somewhat of the superstitious character of that just related. A moose deer was killed by an Indian in this neighbourhood, and brought to this post. It was an unusually large deer, and on that account, Mr. Morrison prepared a frame for its legs, and a block for its head, and stretching its head and legs over these, stuffed the body with straw, and put it in the posture of a living deer. For some time afterwards, the Indians were unsuccessful in taking the moose. One day, a party of them being at this place, one of them got a sight of the stuffed deer, and reported it to his companions—when their want of success was immediately attributed to the indignity that this one had suffered. The spirit of this deer had evinced its displeasure by thwarting their efforts to take more of its species, and their first business was to appease it. They all, with one accord, lit their pipes, and seating themselves round the skin, began to smoke, when every now and then, the spirit of the deer would be addressed by the speaker, and its forgiveness asked—and many assurances given that they were not in fault. In token of sincerity, they put their pipes into the deer's mouth, that it might smoke too; when they separated—consoling them-

selves with the belief that the spirit of the deer was appeased. But they were not reconciled to see this mock exhibition of the animal, when, to soothe and pacify them, Mr. Morrison took it down. When I saw it just now, its hide was unstuffed, its horns off, and the frame lying in different parts of the room in which it had been standing. The Indians were then perfectly satisfied.

From its buttock to its shoulders, in a straight line, this animal measured eight feet—its neck was three feet and a half long—its head, three feet—round its body, seven feet, eleven inches; and in height, it was six feet nine inches. The horns, near the head, measured nine and a half inches; round the middle part, thirty-three inches—length of the curve, five and a half feet; and there are nineteen tips, or branches—these are flat in the moose, but round in the elk.

The number of Indians to-day amounts to three hundred and thirty-two. Thermometer, sun-down, 68°.

Ever yours.

*American Fur Company's trading establishment, }
Fond du Lac, July 30, 1826. T. sun-rise, 69°. }*

MY DEAR ***

This morning is tranquil, but cloudy. The weather appears unsettled; and there is an appearance of rain.

I have often thought that every thing, brute and bird, as well as man, and the elements, are stilled and softened, or harmonious, on the sabbath—and even inanimate nature, I have sometimes fancied, partakes of the general silence, and would appear to my eye to wear a calmer loveliness. Is this fancy? Be it so. But under the influence of these impressions, I took a ramble this morning over the grounds at the back of these buildings, to the grave yards, and the hills that you will see in the drawing. Nothing is more soothing to my feelings than such retirement. Ten thousand images of the past, and creations of the future, rise before me, and nature is to my spirit like some ministering angel—whilst the Deity,

who pervades the whole, gives life and loveliness to the scene. Every where his dispensing bounty is felt. Every creature enjoys it. I am not alone in this retirement. Under influences like these, I am in the midst of enjoyments. It is here I feel the force and the truth of this line—

“God madé the country—and man made the town.”

The birds, after an hour of stillness, are all harmony. Every little throat is swelled with song, and music fills the grove. These little warblers seem impelled by some joyful influence to the delightful task. Even the wren is here, busy and chattering, and the yellow, or briar bird, ready for the thistle seed whenever the down shall appear. The robin, too, as I have stated, and the blue-bird—these are all old acquaintances of yours, as well as mine; and then there are others whose notes are new to me. The dove I have not heard.

I have already mentioned that there are two grave yards here. The graves of both whites and Indians are covered in. The sides and ends of that in which the whites are buried, are of hewn logs, and the tops are of boards finished off like the roof of a house. They are not over fourteen inches high to their eyes. Some of them have a board at their head, with the name of the deceased cut into it with a knife.

The Indians' graves are first covered over with bark. Over the grave the same shelter is made, and of the same materials, as enter into the form and structure of a lodge. Poles are stuck into the ground, and bent over, and fastened at the top; and these are covered with bark. Thus the grave is inclosed. An opening is left like that in the door of a lodge. Before this door, (I am describing a grave that is here,) a post is planted, and the dead having been a warrior, is painted red. Near this post, a pole is stuck in the ground, about ten feet long. From the top of this pole is suspended the ornaments of the deceased. From this, I see hanging a strand of beads—some strips of white fur, several trinkets—six bits of tobacco, that looked like *quids*, and a little frame

of a circular form with net work, in the centre of which (it being of thread) is fastened *a scalp*, about three inches in diameter, the hair of which is of a dark brown colour, and six inches long. In the top of the red post are three feathers.

All these are frail, and can stand but the changes of a few seasons, when they will have decayed! They are, however, but little inferior to our marble—for they will live as long as the feelings that prompted the survivors to place them here, and marble does no more.

The hour for the military parade and inspection having arrived, we were notified of it, and attended this ceremony in front of our quarters. It was scarcely commenced before a shower of rain, and the prospect of a heavier one, made it proper to defer it. The appearance of the officers and men was certainly unexpectedly fine. They had been wrecked; their guns had been coated with rust, and although many days have elapsed since that disaster, the men have been constantly on duty as oarsmen. They appeared this morning, nevertheless, in the most perfect order. The equipment was complete, and their guns shone like silver.

Captain Boardman is a most valuable officer. He appears destined to be the pioneer of the military in the north-west. He was among the first to land with the troops at Council Bluffs, and the first to lead the military into those regions, and up Lake Superior, and to this spot, which is believed to be higher north than the military has ever been before. Captain Boardman has seen service, and knows his duty, and how to perform it. I consider him a fine officer—as is Lieut. Kingsbury.

Soon after the inspection, and while seated in my room, I heard a yelling and shouting among the Indians. One of the bands had landed from the island, about forty strong.— Ben came in and told me the Indians were dancing. I went out to witness the ceremony. They came up from the landing in double file, or two a-breast, with their drums in the lead, dancing, or rather jumping in short jumps, to the time kept by the drummers. The drums, as I have before stat-

ed, are like tamborines, and have rattles to them. Those who beat, or *thumped* the drums, sang also; but the song was a jumble of sounds; a kind of "a-ha; a-ha, eh, eh"—the "eh" aspirated with great force; and at short intervals the whole would yell and shout, and multiply the sounds by clapping their hands on their mouths.

On reaching the ground opposite the door of our quarters, the line was formed by this jumping motion into a circle, out of which those who beat the drums kept their stations. Round and round, they went, with a kind of double short step, first with one foot, and then with the other; but the motion throughout was up and down. When they had gone twice or thrice round the circle, the drums would give the signal, when they would scream and whoop, and clap their mouths with their hands—then stand. I could see from their breathing—for they were all naked (except the *auzeum*,) and painted,—that their dancing was a severe exercise.—Some were painted black, others one half red, and the other black, and the colours were separated by a nicely dividing line down the spine of the back, and in front; the colours dividing below the body, and one thigh and leg being black and the other red, they might have been taken for the halves of two bodies of different colours. Their heads were ornamented with feathers, and their hair plaited, with little bells and other trinkets suspended from the plaits. From the waist string of some, hung small looking glasses, and their knives, and the skins of birds; whilst their ankles were bound round with pieces of fur, and from the heels of some, would trail out a fox's tail. Some few wore leggins, and a few others moccasins. The faces of all were painted after all manner of devices; with red, green, yellow, and black; in lines, circles, and stars, or points, or all these together. That nothing in this group or medly, should be wanting to make the scene a finished grotesque, a little boy, not over five years old, was in the midst, painted black, keeping time to the drum, with an enormous head-dress of feathers, and who went through the whole ceremony with them, which

consisted wholly in the “*a-ha-a-oh*,” and muttering kinds of interludes; of the monotonous, though regular thump of the drum, the jumping of the group in time to the sounds, in a circular movement, and at intervals the yelling and whooping of the whole together. In the pauses a warrior would tell his exploits; and these would be shouted to vociferously.*

This was a pipe dance, a dance of ceremony, or rather, as it ought to be called, a *begging dance*. Their object was to get presents; and it would have been deemed most ungracious not to have given them. We put out a mocock filled with tobacco, and some whiskey, (the chief object of their visit) well diluted with water. They drank each a wine-glass of this beverage—except those who have children with them. These were brought along to multiply the glasses; for the child, being entitled to his glass in common with the rest, receives it, but never tastes it. He hands it directly to his father, who never fails to discharge the last drop into his mouth; and to feel grateful, no doubt, that he has a child present, thus to increase his bliss. Some fell heir to as many as three glasses; and if they had chanced to have had thirty children, the thirty glasses would have been all handed by these dutiful children to their whiskey-loving parents.

These presents were distributed by one of the band, who is called *Machinewa*; a kind of attendant, on whom devolves this duty. Almost every chief has one of these, who always receives presents, and distributes them to the members of the family. There is no appeal from his mode of making the division.

*I was not able to procure a drawing of the dance described above. Since my return, I have been politely furnished by Mr. V——l, with his sketch of a *discovery dance*, performed opposite the President's, in 1821,—and on seeing which, Lieut. Farley obligingly prepared one from suggestions which that sketch furnished, and which accompanies this work. That dance was performed by *Panis*, *Ottas*, and *Kansas*—and their head-dresses, particularly, differ from the Chippeways. The Chippeways all wear their hair;—but the constrained motions of their bodies in the drawing, and the order, and steps of the dance, are nearly the same.

On receiving these presents they discharged a gun, shouted, formed into double file, and went off yelling, and singing and dancing to the Captain's quarters, to get an additional supply.

All this, my dear friend, impressed me deeply. It was a scene of interest, it is true, but filled with incidents which demonstrate the superior excellence of civilized, and polished and christian society, over that of the savage. Tell me not of the happiness of the Indians—of their freedom from restraint—of their independence—it is all fable, at least as the condition of these unfortunates now stands. I believe it was different with them once. Such a sight presents a wide field for moral reflections; and furnishes a dark foreground to the picture I have just sketched, of the repose, of the peace, of the Sabbath! No one can witness such a scene, and look upon bodies of the finest mould, for they are all such, and one especially the most perfect I ever beheld, and would in Italy be worth its thousands for a model, without feeling anxious for the arrival of the time (but how slow have been its advances!) when all these unmeaning and barbarous customs shall give place to the refinements of civilized life, and the sensual object which led to this, be changed to the nobler one of which their faculties are so manifestly capable.

I look to a speedy interference of our government in this work of mercy. It is not possible for it to be longer delayed.—Public opinion, that secret, but operative and powerful principle, is strong against a further delay. It is too late now to tell us that Indians cannot be civilized, aye, and christianized too. The time was when this doubt formed the barrier to exertion; but that has been broken down.—The way is open. Experience has come in with its demonstrations—And whilst we give up the old Indians to die as they live, and leave them and their destiny to their God, we are bound by every consideration of moral and religious obligation, to save their offspring. I will not reason upon it. The proposition carries with it its own illustration and de-

monstration. Indians are men—they are within our jurisdiction—they are sufferers—we have the power, and they the capacity; and we are bound to relieve them.

We had but just dined when another band from the island, amounting to about sixty, crossed over, yelling and shouting and dancing as before, to our door. They had made but a circle or two, (assisted by two old squaws badly attired, who kept time to the drums outside of the circle, holding a paddle in one hand, and a pipe in the other) when their speaker came into our room and addressed us thus:

“Our fathers must not think we come and dance here in mockery. We come and dance because our hearts are glad. I do not speak my own words; but the words of my chiefs, who surround me;” (pointing to the old men who were seated in the room, and who did not join in the dance)—“This pipe,” he continued, “is the emblem of life. I bring it in here to represent life. It came down to us from our fathers. We expect our fathers who have come into our country, to pay us some attention.”

I replied, “that we knew their visit was not a visit of mockery; that we were glad to know their hearts were glad; that we respected the pipe, and knew it was an emblem of peace as well as of life; and that we would receive them, and give them some refreshments.” The pipe was then handed and smoked, (no very agreeable business to me) when the young men, naked and painted as before, formed themselves on the ground into a circle of twenty feet in diameter, and two, and sometimes three entered the ring, and keeping time to the drums, exhibited the most violent contortions of body. Nothing can exceed the variety of figures into which these people can throw their bodies. I had thought it impossible that any new variety of painting and ornaments could be imagined; but there was much added—some were painted white; some had red bodies, and white hands and faces; and their hair, which is generally plaited, or clubbed up behind, was now let down, and combed out, and hung over their shoulders. Some have horns on their

heads. In this display were *two* little boys to add to the variety. There was a great deal of grimace in this dance. Those who danced, had a canister with pebbles in it, in one hand, and a pipe in the other. The canister is made to rattle in concert with the drum, and both in exact time with the motions of the body. When a dancer grew tired, he selected his successor, and went up to him with a grimace, and still in time, stamping, and violently exerting himself, and shook his canister in his face. It was received, and shaken back at the giver, when he who received it stepped out into the ring and acted the same kind of buffoonery over again. I noticed one man in his native costume. He was lame, with a bent knee. He had on his head the skin of a raccoon, and wore leggins of tanned leather, and a coat of the same. This constituted his dress—and he was the only man who had on a dress of *any* kind.

This is not the way in which you, my dear ***, have been spending the day. How happy the lot you enjoy in comparison to these poor, unlettered, and benighted savages!

Thermometer, sun-down, 70°.

God bless you—good night.

Monday, July 31, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

Having understood that there was a woman in one of the lodges on the island, who had, when a child, been scalped, and never having seen a head after the scalp had been taken from it, I concluded last night to cross over to the island and ascertain, if I could, her history, and the circumstances attending her misfortune. About nine o'clock, accompanied by the interpreter, and Mr. Agnew, I crossed over, and entered a large oval lodge, in which were about twelve or fourteen Indians, lying around it, and the remains of two fires, one at each end, about which were half a dozen dogs. Two or three of the Indians were sitting up, smoking, and a woman was nursing her child in one of those Indian

cradles which have attracted a good deal of my attention, and a sketch of which I mean to have taken. We sat down, when the interpreter told the Indians that their Father, from towards the rising sun, had come to pay them a visit. To the usual answer, "egh," was added, "We are glad to see him, and that he does not hate our lodge,"—the meaning of which is, that I respected their lodge. I directed the interpreter to inquire if there was not an old woman there, who, when young, had been scalped by the *Sieux*? While the interpreter was putting the question, I looked obliquely to my left, across one of the half extinguished fires, and by the light of a flickering flame that rose at the moment, saw a form rising from a reposing position, looming behind the blaze, until by the time it was seated, I fancied myself in the presence of *Meg Merrilies*—so tall, and so bony was the figure. "I am that person," said this woman. I asked her if she would tell me the circumstances attending her misfortune. After some consultation among themselves, I was told that her cousin, an old man present, who was at the battle, would tell me, and if he omitted any thing, she would make up the deficiency. He proceeded as follows—"Five lodges of our band were near the falls of Chippeway river, (in the direction of Prairie du Chein, I believe,) having gone there to hunt. Altogether, men, women, and children, we numbered about sixty. We had killed a deer, and built a fire early in the morning, about day, to cook it. The old woman's mother went out to get some water—there was snow on the ground, not thick, but frozen—and she heard the *Sieux* crawling towards the tent—when, soon after, their whole number, about one hundred, rushed down from a height, and fired into the lodges. The battle became general. Fifteen of the Chippeway warriors were killed—all of them except three, and these held out until noon. The old woman, (then a girl about fourteen years of age,) having ran off in a fright, was pursued by a *Sieux*, who caught and tied her, and was about to carry her off as a captive and slave—when another *Sieux* came up at the moment and struck her

in the back with his war-club, and stabbed her with his knife, and she fell—at the same moment a knife was applied to her throat, when she exclaimed, *‘they are killing me!’*—at that instant she heard the report of a rifle—and heard nothing more. Towards night, she felt some person take her by the arm. On opening her eyes, she knew it to be her father.”

It appeared, from various questions and answers, that these two Sioux had been contending for her; that to disappoint the one who had succeeded in capturing her, the other had determined on taking her life;—that the application of the knife to her throat, was the commencement of the flourish that went round by the occiput and took off her scalp; at the same moment, that from the other side a similar trophy was torn by the contending Indian—for she was scalped on the right and left of the occiput; when, at the moment, and attracted by her exclamation, *“they are killing me,”* her father, from a distance, saw her situation, and fired, and killed both the Sioux that were contending for her! In going in the evening to look for his child, he went to the spot where he had last seen her, saw the two Indians dead, recovered the scalps that were yet wet from her head—but she was not there! Looking about a little, he saw some traces of blood on the snow, and following these, came to the spot where he found her. She had, it seems, in a state of insensibility, crawled here, distant from where she was scalped about half a mile.

This woman is named *O-she-gwon*. She is now, judging from her appearance, sixty years of age, and is the mother of ten children. Two of her sons are here, and are two of the best looking men I have seen; and she has with her also one daughter. She promised to come over this morning and sit for her likeness.

I made the old lady and her daughter both a present of a little cross, made of cut glass and gilt wire, about two inches long, which they appeared to prize highly. As we came out, the interpreter heard one of her sons say—“this comes

down from the gods"—meaning, it was the cross! I had dropped my pencil in the lodge, which was picked up and brought out to me. I mention this to show that Indians are sometimes honest.

Nothing can exceed the interest which a little boy, the grandson of the old lady, took in the story. He sat near the fire with his mouth open, and never stirred, but looked the narrator full in the face all the while he was telling the story. Towards the close, and when the story was told, he changed his position, and pulled one of the dogs to him and made a pillow of him for his head. The dog seemed well pleased with the arrangement. But, though reclining, his eyes would rest on the person speaking, and continued to do so to the last.

I have noticed several women here carrying with them rolls of clothing. On inquiring what these imported, I learn that they *are widows* who carry them, and that these are badges of mourning. It is indispensable, when a woman of the Chippeway nation loses her husband, for her to take of her best apparel, and the whole of it is not worth a dollar, and roll it up, and confine it by means of her husband's sashes; and if he had ornaments, these are generally put on the top of the roll, and around it is wrapped a piece of cloth. This bundle is called her husband—and it is expected that she is never to be seen without it. If she walks out, she takes it with her; if she sits down in her lodge, she places it by her side. This badge of widowhood and of mourning, the widow is compelled to carry with her until some of her late husband's family shall call and take it away—which is done when they think she has mourned long enough, and which is generally at the expiration of a year. She is then, but not before, released from her mourning, and at liberty to marry again. She has the privilege to take this husband to the family of the deceased, and leave it, but this is considered indecorous, and is seldom done. Sometimes a brother of the deceased takes the widow for his wife at the grave of her husband, which is done by a ceremony of walk-

ing her over it. And this he has a right to do; and when this is done, she is not required to go into mourning; or, if she chooses, she has the right *to go to him*, and he is *bound* to support her.

I visited a lodge to-day, where I saw one of these badges. The size varies according to the quantity of clothing which the widow may happen to have. It is expected of her to put up her *best*, and wear her *worst*. The "husband" I saw just now, was thirty inches high, and eighteen inches in circumference.

I was told by the interpreter, that he knew a woman who had been left to mourn after this fashion for years, none of her husband's family calling for the badge, or token of her grief. At a certain time, it was told her that some of her husband's family were passing, and she was advised to speak to them on the subject. She did so, and told them she had mourned long, and was poor, that she had no means to buy clothes, and her's being all in the mourning badge, and sacred, could not be touched. She expressed a hope that her request might not be interpreted into a wish to marry—it was only made that she might be placed in a situation to get some clothes. She got for answer, that "they were going to Mackinac, and would think of it." They left her in this state of uncertainty, but on returning, and finding her faithful still, they took her "husband," and presented her with clothing of various kinds. Thus was she rewarded for her constancy, and made comfortable.

The Choctaw widows mourn by never combing their hair for the term of their grief, which is generally about a year. The Chippeway men mourn by painting their faces black.

I omitted to mention, that when presents are going round, this badge of mourning, this "husband," comes in for an equal share, as if it were the living husband.

A Chippeway mother, on losing her child, prepares an image of it, in the best manner she is able, and dresses it as she did her living child, and fixes it in the kind of cradle I have referred to, and goes through the ceremonies of nurs-

ing it as if it were alive, by dropping little particles of food in the direction of its mouth, and giving it of whatever the living child partook. This ceremony, also, is generally observed for a year.

So far as I am able to learn, and judging from what I see, there are no people who love more affectionately, or with greater constancy, than do these Chippeway women. Their attachments to their husbands and their children, are strong, and ardent, and lasting; and lead them to endure privations and sufferings for them, and all manner of self-denial while alive, and to mourn for them when they die in the manner I have stated. The burdens they impose on themselves are only a little short of the labour and toil endured by the ancients in going up to Jerusalem to worship. The christian dispensation has abrogated this travelling ritual, this ceremony of the pilgrimage; and the same light, it is hoped, may soon relieve these Chippeway wives and mothers from burdens which they now impose upon themselves in carrying about with them these badges, and cause them to be satisfied with a mode less afflictive and troublesome, though, perhaps, it may add nothing to the sincerity of their grief.

Good night—ever yours.

Evening of July 31, 1826.

It is not usual for me, my dear ***, to write more than one letter in a day, but I find, on reviewing the incidents of the day just passed, that I have some other matters to crowd into my account of it.

I attended the drill this morning, and was interested at witnessing the effects of the military display upon the Indians. They discovered, I thought, a mixture of surprize and admiration. War is the glory of an Indian; and whatever is martial stirs his blood, and animates him. I thought I could discover that they saw from the celerity with which these soldiers performed their evolutions; and the skill with which they handled their guns, that they felt their superiority. I have no doubt but this exhibition of the military

among them will prove a safeguard to many a trader and traveller, who, but for the remembrance that troops can be marched into their country, and when there are efficient, would feel the gripe of an Indian's hand, and the incision of his knife about the crown—preceded by the report of a rifle and the stroke of its ball. An Indian is always sensible of power, and you will always find him on that side which he esteems to be the strongest. But in this he does not differ so widely from his more polished brother, the white man, who is, in the main, not less selfish than his impoverished and wretched red brother.

A young man, son of Pe-chee-kee, came in to-day with a British medal around his neck. I heard some of our company talking about it. On going up to where the young man stood, he folded his blanket over his breast and walked away—manifestly a good deal confused. I called him, and asked him (through an interpreter of course) to let me look at it; but he was loth to show it. Pe-chee-kee, his father, was near, and spoke, saying, "It is my medal, he only wears it for ornament." The young man came to me. I told him not to think I was hurt with him. I knew he was too good an American to wear the medal as a token of partiality to the British king. He said that was so. Well then, I continued, as you are an American *inside*, I will make you one *outside* too. I will give you a medal with the likeness of your great Father at Washington, in exchange for this. He consented. But when I brought it out, he was very particular in wishing one as large in all respects. He was very shrewd in bargaining.

O-shee-gwun, the old lady I went to see last night, came over to-day, according to promise, accompanied by her two sons. They took the covering from the old woman's back, and showed me the scars left by the stroke of the war club, and the incision made with the knife. The war club appears to have had two pieces of iron in it, or, in other words, it was doubly pointed. The stroke she received was across her back, and nearly on a line with the

bottom of the *sternum*, and on each side of the backbone were the scars. One was about three, the other two inches long, and below one of the scars, and in the centre of the *latissimus dorsi* muscle, is the mark where the knife entered. All three of these wounds appear to have been large and deep. After I had seen these scars, she took from her head the hood of her *capote*, which she constantly wears, and shewed me where she had been scalped. Her sons stood over her, and assumed the attitude, as they supposed, in which the Sieux stood when they scalped her; each with a knife in his hand. I had the picture of the scene before me. One of the knives had passed under her chin, and across her throat, cutting a deep gash, and driving in pieces of wampum, a strand of which she had about her neck at the time, and pieces of which I felt through the skin, that were then buried there, and are there now. The knife passed, as I have stated in my previous letter between the occiput and the crown, and there, and on opposite sides, the skin of the head is bare in an irregular kind of circle of about two inches in diameter. She has hair on the fore part of her head, which is black mixed with grey.

“Woes,” you know Young tells us, “love a train.” This was the beginning of life with O-she-gwun. She has never been free from trouble since. Her life has been a scene of misfortunes. She has been unfortunate in her husbands, of whom she has had three, two of whom are yet alive, but she lives with neither. I have the likeness of one of them in my office at Washington. Then she has been in bad health, and a year ago the forefinger of her left hand pained her, and her son, applying the Indian remedy, cut it off. I asked her how he performed the operation? She said he got a block, and put her finger on it, then he put a knife across it, and struck the knife with the eye of an axe. The finger was not cut off at the joint, but between the second and third joints! It is wrapped up yet with pieces of coarse cloth, but she says “*it cured it.*”

Her only comfort seems to be in her children, and they appear fond of her and proud of the attention we pay her.

A band of Indians, to the number of fifty-six, arrived to-day from Sandy lake. In this band is *No-din*, a chief who was at Washington in 1824. The moment *No-din* saw me he stretched out his arm, and pointing, said "*Washington!*" He came up to me quite overjoyed, and could hardly express himself in terms sufficiently strong to testify his pleasure. "My heart is big—I'm glad." Then taking my hand, would shake it most cordially, and point, and nod his head, and repeat "Washington." He is a good looking chief. His portrait is in my office in Washington. I made him some presents on the score of old acquaintance. Soon after, he came into my room, and putting his two forefingers together, and pointing to himself, said "*E'qua*," meaning he had a woman, or his wife with him. He afterwards brought his brother to see me; but always seemed to expect at each meeting that I would give him something.

Our bower, or awning, with its covering of leaves, under which we shall hold our council, has been put up to-day. We have taken down the tents in front of the buildings, and erected it on the ground where these stood. It is sixty feet by eighteen. We wait only for the first of August to commence our council. I have engaged Mr. Lewis to take a sketch of this bower when the Indians are assembled, and while we are engaged in council. I shall enclose it to you, of course.

I visited to-day, on the island, in company with Dr. Pitcher and our interpreter, an Indian girl, who is afflicted with *hemiplegia*. About four months ago she was taken with a severe pain in the back of her neck, which was soon followed by a complete paralysis of the left half of her body, and an entire loss of sensibility in the optic nerves. She is now perfectly helpless, and wholly incapable of changing her position, or moving any part of her body except the right leg and arm. Her eyes, though perfect and very beautiful as to form and color, have the wild and irregular

motion which characterizes *amourosis*. She complains of pains in the head, and a feeling of distress in the region of the stomach. Her pulse is moderately hard, and rather frequent—tongue covered with a thick black coating, and the mouth with sordes. The pain in the neck constituted, from her mother's account of it and her own, the only premonitory symptom.

I felt a deep interest in the case of this interesting sufferer, and calling on the Doctor after our visit, ascertained from him that the above is a correct state of her case. This girl is about fifteen. She has an unusually pretty face. Her eyes are as black as sloes, and beautifully formed, and she lies helpless with them wide open, and seems to be looking at an object above her. On putting my hand over them they proved to be utterly sightless. There were no signs of suffering in her countenance. Her lips were parched and dry with fever, and her breathing was short. I asked her if she suffered from pain; she answered by putting her finger on her forehead.

Thus we found this poor child of the wilderness, with sensibilities as keen as ours, in a lodge, with only a mat between her and the ground, and nothing but some coarse, hard materials, old cloth and the like, for a pillow; whilst all around her proclaimed, there is no skill here, and no comfort! It was not possible to look upon such an object of suffering, one so young and so handsome, so tranquil withal, and so patient, and surrounded by poverty and all the ignorance, and filth, and smoke of an Indian lodge, and not feel a strong interest for her, and an obligation to contribute all in my power towards her relief.

We have all heard a great deal about the skill of Indian doctors. No doubt some of them are acquainted with the virtues of many plants, and know how to cure flesh wounds. But take them as a body, and they are utterly ignorant, and have no more knowledge of such a case as this than they have of our *Materia Medica*, or of the Harveynian system of the circulation of the blood. T. sun-down, 65°.

Ever yours.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
 Aug. 1, 1826. T. at sun-rise, 60°. }*

MY DEAR ***

I find my mosquito net invaluable at this place. I have it fixed permanently, and am quite delighted to hear the singing of this biting tribe, while I feel secure from their attacks. Ben, I forgot to mention, is not easy, and feels some terrors on being surrounded by so many Indians. I expected he would have slept in the tent, or in an out room which adjoins mine, but the very first evening of our arrival, and just as I was going to bed, I heard the latch of the door lifted, and looking up, saw him with his blankets on his shoulders coming in. I asked him what he was going to do? "Going to bed, sir." Why, this room is small, Ben; had you not better sleep in the tent, or in the adjoining room? "Why, sir, I dont like the looks of these Indians; and, if you please, I would prefer to sleep up here in this corner." Very well, I replied, make your bed; but there is no danger. "I wish," he replied, "I could think so."

A slight shower of rain fell last night; but the morning is fine, and the elements are all composed. I had not risen before I heard in the distance the thump of the Indian drum, and now and then a yell. It turned out to be the Sandy lake band, on their way from their encampment to pay their visit of ceremony. It was the same thing over again. These had an appendage in a flag.* It is made of eagles' feathers, which stand out horizontally from a pole of about twelve feet long. These went the same rounds to the officers' quarters. We made the same kinds of presents. Whiskey is the great object. Their love of this poisonous draught is without bounds. A taste of it can be likened to nothing but the bite of a *tarantula*. It inflames them all over, and they become distracted for more. If more is given, it but increases their rage for more; and if they get

* Brought home with me, and now in the Indian office.

more, the flame is but increased, until they fall down beastly drunk, when at every passing off of the fumes of the liquor from the brain, their first exclamation is, "*whiskey—whiskey—whiskey*," as if life and death depended on their getting it. When drunk, like their white brothers, they have no control over their passions; and it is in drunken frolics that their murders are chiefly committed both on one another, and on the whites. When sober, they are altogether another people—they are mild, tractable, and friendly, but there is no security against violence from an intoxicated Indian. Except in these dancing ceremonies, we give them only an occasional drink, out of a wine-glass, and that we dilute, and firmly reject their application for more.

I am convinced by my own observation, that no policy can be sustained by our government towards these people, no matter how pacific or friendly, that shall not exclude, wholly, and without reserve, the introduction amongst them of spiritous liquors of all sorts. No one point should be left unguarded. For however well disposed those are who conduct the trade with the Indians, upon a large scale, there will be some who engage in this traffic, who are mindful of nothing but their own *immediate* gains. It would be doing injustice to those who have attended the Indians to this treaty, and who are connected with the American Fur Company, and I will name Mr. Dingly, for an example, were I not to say of them that they appear in all respects to be worthy of their trust, and kind in their dispositions towards the Indians. But even these meritorious men confirm the existence of the evil, and deplore it, as at war with the happiness of the Indians, the peace of our borders, and as injurious to the trade. They say, however, "whiskey does get into the Indian country, and it is dealt out to these people—and unless we can compete with those who *will* employ it as an article of trade, we can do nothing." And this I believe to be the true state of the case. There is less of this article vended among these remote Indians, by *thousands of gallons*, annually, than is distributed among those who live

nearer the states. It is on, and near the dividing line, where this evil rages most; and here, it should seem, *it ought to be stopped*. I doubt not for one moment, but if the Congress of the United States could see, in its collective capacity, what I have seen, beginning at Detroit, and ending at the *Sault de St. Marié*, they would hasten to enact, that from henceforth no spiritous liquors shall be disposed of in any barter, bargain, or sale, or given to any Indian or Indians, on pain of *the severest penalty known to the law*; and require it, moreover, of all officers of the government, civil as well as military, and all good citizens, to unite in detecting and bringing to punishment the violators of the act. And could our citizens see the degrading effects which whiskey produces upon this already hapless race, their humanity might be relied on to interfere and stop its further introduction among these wretched people. The evil to be felt, must be *seen*. No description can convey any adequate conception of the degraded and wretched condition in which *the use of this article has involved this people!*

After breakfast, the Doctor and myself visited the sick girl on the island. I took with me a bottle of tea, with some crackers broken in it. We found her mother sitting by her, holding her against her person, and giving her a drink of their pork and flour soup out of a greasy bark bowl. I made signs to her to stop, (the interpreter not yet having entered the lodge,) and pointed to the tea as something better. On inquiring, we found the medicine sent over last night had produced no beneficial effects. We were told she had been sick, and, as was supposed, had thrown it up. Her pulse was not so quick, but in other respects, she appeared the same. She complained of pain in her head still—and especially in the back part of it—in the *occiput*. The Doctor suggested, that possibly the case might be interesting to craniologists, who contend that the optic nerves have their origin in that region of the brain, whilst others contend they do not extend beyond the *thalami nervorum*.

The same expression of calm suffering was visible this

morning, and in all respects, the poor thing looked as she did last evening. Presently, turning her head a little, and in a quivering and feeble tone, and with slow, but distinct articulation, she asked if the Doctor could not *help her to see?* He answered, he was afraid he could not. The interpreter had hardly spoken the answer, when her head fell round to its former position, and she fetched a deep and despairing sigh! It was not possible not to feel the expression of such hopelessness, and in one so young—or to look upon eyes so lovely, and know that no “piercing ray” was admitted into their benighted chambers, and not feel emotions of the most painful sort.

At this moment her mother spoke, and said, “it was an Indian who had done that.”—How? I asked. “He put a spell upon her,” she answered. For what? She said she did not know. I had the same question put to her father, who had that moment come in. He answered by saying, that he wished to marry her, and she did not favour his application, and he supposed it was for that he had put the spell upon her. I asked the father, through the interpreter, who made the world? and got for answer the following story.

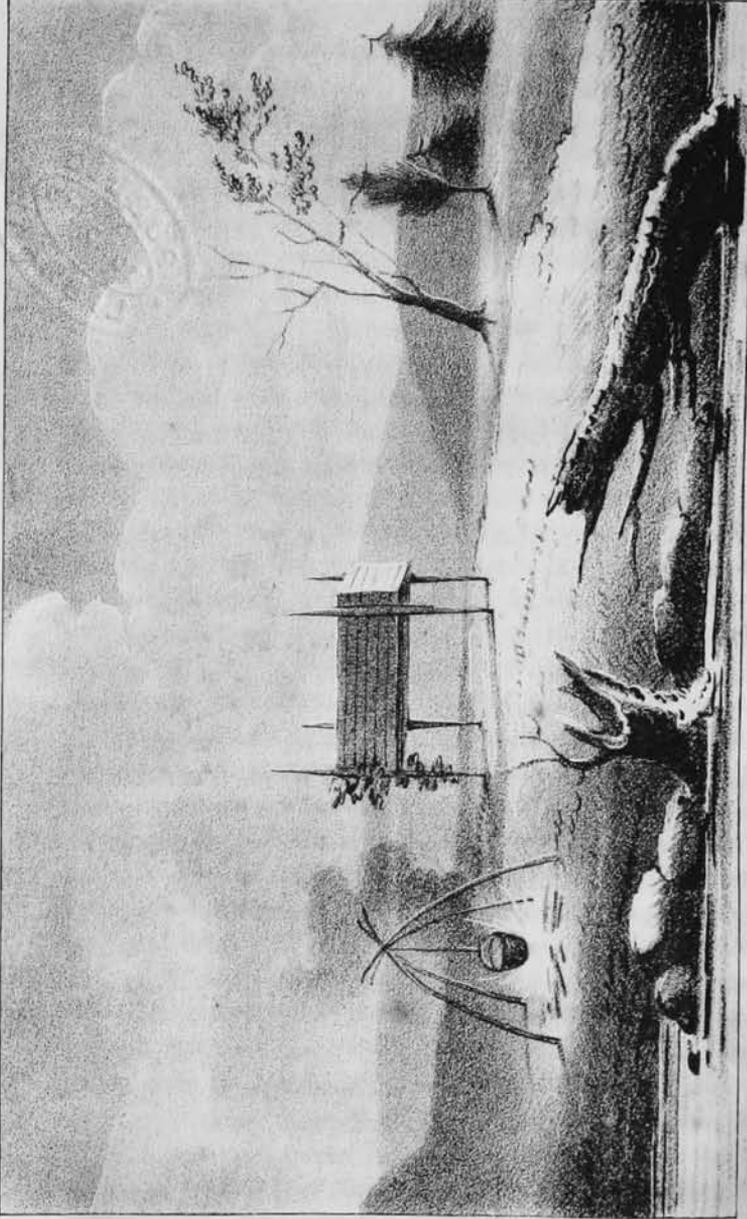
“It was made by *Nanibojou*. *Nanibojou* and two wolves, went out hunting. After the first day’s hunt, one of the wolves parted, and went to the left, and the other continued with *Nanibojou*, and *Nanibojou* adopted him for his son. *Nanibojou*, knowing that there were devils in the lake, he and his son went to war with them, and destroyed all the devils that lived in one lake, then pursued their way hunting, but every deer the wolf would start and give chase to, would run into another of the lakes. One day, the wolf chased a deer. It ran upon the ice in the lake; the wolf pursued it—the ice broke in at the moment when the wolf had caught the deer, and both fell in. The devils caught both the wolf and the deer, and devoured them. Then *Nanibojou* went up and down the lake shore crying; when a loon, in the lake, heard *Nanibojou* crying, and called to him to know what he was crying about. *Nanibojou* answered, that

he had lost his son in the lake, and the loon replied, the devils have eaten him; and if he wanted to see the devils, he might, by going to a certain place, as the devils would come out there to sun themselves. Nanibojou went accordingly, and saw devils in all manner of forms; in the form of snakes, bears, and other things; and when the two head devils got out on the bank, they saw something of uncommon appearance, and which they had not seen before, and halting, they sent a very large devil, in the form of a snake, to see what this strange sight was. Nanibojou, seeing the devil coming, assumed the appearance of a stump. The devil coming up, wrapped himself round it, and drew upon it with all his strength, and squeezed so hard, that Nanibojou was on the point of crying out, when the devil uncoiled himself a little, and then wound round him again, and drew, if possible, harder than he did before; and so severe did Nanibojou feel the pressure to be, that he was just about crying out, when the devil relaxed his hold, and returned to his companions, and told them it was nothing but a stump. But the devils were not satisfied—so they sent another in the shape of a bear, to try what he could make of it. The bear came up to Nanibojou, and hugged him, and bit him, and clawed him—and so severe was the bear on him, that he was, as before, on the point of crying out—when, as before, the bear relaxed his hold, and forebore to bite and to scratch. He, however, repeated his attacks, and it was with the greatest difficulty Nanibojou could forbear to cry out. The bear returned, and told the devils it was nothing but a stump. Whereupon the devils all went to sleep in the sun as the snakes do, when Nanibojou, on being convinced that they were all asleep, shot with arrows the two great devils. When the rest of the devils awoke, and found their principal devils had been killed, they all pursued Nanibojou with a great flood of water. Nanibojou hearing it coming, fled before it, and ran from hill to hill, until he got to the tops of the highest mountains, and there climbed the highest pine tree that he could see. But the waters followed him to the top of this

tree, when he prayed that the tree might grow. It did grow, but the waters rose still higher. He prayed again, being almost covered with water, it being now up to his chin. He prayed a third time, but the tree grew only a little. Then looking round him upon the waters, he saw a number of animals swimming in different directions, and amongst them a beaver, an otter, and a muskrat. He called them brothers, and said, come to me. We must have some earth, or we shall all die. They came—and the beaver went first after some earth, by diving into the waters, but drowned before he reached the bottom. Next, the otter went down—he got within sight of land, but lost his senses before he got a bite of it. Then the muskrat went down, and got to the bottom, and just as he got a bite of it, he lost his senses, and floated up to the top of the water. Nanibojou had them all brought to him, when he examined all their claws, beginning with the beaver, but found no earth in any of them, except a little in those of the muskrat. He took it in his hand, and rubbed it, and held it up to the sun until it dried, then he blew it all round him over the water, and dry land appeared!”

I asked who made the earth the muskrat found? He answered, he did not know. They knew nothing beyond the time Nanibojou made the earth. I asked him where Nanibojou was now? He answered, “somewhere towards the rising sun.” What is he like?—is he a man in his appearance, or what does he resemble? He answered, “he is like a man.” Was he ever married? “Yes—but he has had no wife of late.” I then asked him who made Nanibojou? He said he was a twin, and was born of a woman who had never had a husband; and who, on giving Nanibojou and his twin brother life, vanished, and had never been seen since, *nor has Nanibojou’s brother.*

During this conversation, the wife, and two other women, members of the lodge, paid the most earnest attention to what was said, as indeed they do always when their chiefs speak—they literally pay them reverence.



Book of Psalms

HEATHEN CHILD'S GRAVE.

There are many feats attributed to Nanibojou, but I have confined the above account to the statement of the chief, whose name is O-SHE-WE-GWUN, or, a *log over a stream*. His daughter's name is KICH-E-WYN E'QUA, or, a *big river woman*.

It is not possible, my dear ***, to read this account of Nanibojou, as given by this Chippeway chief, (and he gives what is the belief of his tribe,) without perceiving the analogy between it, and the Noatic flood. In the account of that flood, we read, "*the tops of the highest mountains were covered,*" and that is the substance of this tradition. Nor is the mystery of the incarnation lost sight of in the tradition of the birth of Nanibojou. He was the son of a woman who had never had a husband. And may not his *invisible* and twin brother refer to the Holy Spirit?

Now, if the Jesuits had never been among these people, nor any christian travellers; nor any of these had ever been in a christian community, the proof might be esteemed conclusive, that they are descendants in some direct line, from Noah, and had preserved the tradition, though much incumbered by the accumulations of ages, of the Noatic flood. As the case is, I do not feel at liberty to force any such conclusion, but give you the statement with these reflections, for your own consideration.

I also asked this chief where the Indians all went when they died? He said, to a large village towards the setting sun, that has no end to it—to *Jelbyug-aindahnukeewaud*, or, the country of souls. How long is it before the dead arrive at this great village? Some, he answered, get there directly—others have to encamp several nights by the way before they reach it. I asked him if the Great Spirit lived in this great village? He said, no—*He lives in the sky*.

One mode of burying the dead, among the Chippeways, is, to place the coffin, or box, containing their remains, on two cross pieces, nailed, or tied with wattap to four poles. The poles are about ten feet high. They plant near these posts, the wild hop, or some other kind of running vine,

which spreads over and covers the coffin. I saw one of these on the island, and as I have described it. It was the coffin of a child about four years old. It was near the lodge of the sick girl. I have a sketch of it. I asked the chief why his people disposed of their dead in that way? He answered, they did not like to put them out of their sight so soon by putting them under ground. Upon a platform they could see the box that contained their remains, and that was a comfort to them.

We have concluded to open the council to-morrow—the subjects to be presented, and the order of them being arranged. We have seen signs of restlessness among some of the Indians, especially those who have been here for some days. To amuse them, the Governor proposed to throw in among them brooches, and various little ornaments, to be scrambled for. This inspired them with new life. The interpreter was then directed to fix a goal, and place a hat, or knife, or handkerchief, at it, and set them to running, two at a time, for the prize. The effect was electric. All signs of animation, and the most perfect satisfaction were restored. Then a pole was stuck in the bottom of the river, about ten feet from the shore, and in eight or ten feet water—(the Indians swim like fish,) and here, truly, was a most animating spectacle. There was no preparation necessary, in undressing. The air and the water are both alike congenial, and are both met by the same nakedness. They had nothing to do but pair off, at some hundred yards distance, and run and spring off from the shore, with one hand extended as they went towards the prize, which the foremost generally bore off with him under water, whither he went by a kind of curving pitch, head foremost. Last of all, a blanket was put in a canoe, and set afloat in the middle of the stream—for this prize a dozen started. It was taken by a skulking fellow, who dove in at the edge of the water from under a barge. But he was directed to give it up to the foremost who started in the race, and who reached the canoe first. Two of these Indian youths were under water for at least

the distance of a hundred feet. I noticed they swim differently from the mode with us. They do not spread out their arms, and throw back their feet as we do; but throw out and forward one arm at a time, as dogs swim, and throw up their legs from their knees, and strike the water in their downward motion with the tops of their feet, and one foot at a time. They keep the water in a foam with their feet, by striking its surface with them.

This method of keeping alive the spirits of these people, the horizon of whose enjoyments is so very limited, was very happy. It put them all in excellent humour with themselves, besides possessing some of them with valuable articles, of which they all stood much in need. In some instances I could see the vanquished *felt* the loss of the victory!

In this crowd were two widows, with their "husbands," scrambling for trinkets; and, strange to tell, in the thickest of the crowd, where a hundred would rush to one point, were some with their children on their backs, in the kind of cradles I have mentioned, the only fastening to which is a piece of deer skin, which goes round the forehead of the mother! This cradle is shewn in the nursing scene; and the manner of carrying it, in the sketch of Indians travelling on a journey.

I crossed about noon with the interpreter, and carried some presents for the sick girl; a blanket, a piece of calico for a gown, and a handkerchief; also some pudding and sauce, new, but no doubt savoury to her palate. I told her I felt pity for her, and had brought her these things. She was told what they were, when she smiled, and frequently spoke, giving her thanks. I asked her if she would eat something good? She said yes. I put a little pudding in her mouth with a spoon, (the first spoon that was ever in her mouth) and asked her if it was good? She answered, "it is good." After feeding her with about half a cupful, I asked her if she would have more now, or at another time? She answered by opening her mouth. It appeared very

grateful to her, and no doubt was so. The interpreter said, "Your father from towards the rising sun is feeding you with his own hand." She ceased chewing the rice, of which the pudding was made, for a moment, and seemed surprised, and presently raising her hand on the opposite direction from where I stood, and rolling her sightless, but perfect eyes, in that direction, asked "is he there?" No; said the interpreter, he is on this side. She asked if I would shake hands with her? I did so; when she said, "*I wish I could see him!*"

I crossed over again this evening a little before sun-down, with the Doctor and interpreter, and took with me some gingerbread and lemon syrup. When I spoke to her, she smiled, drank some syrup, ate some gingerbread, and said she was better. The Doctor has some hope that she may recover the use of her limbs; but doubts whether her sight will ever return. We found her wrapped in her new blanket, and looking better, and in all respects more comfortable. Heaven bless you.

Thermometer, at sun-down, 60°.

Fond du Lac, Aug. 2d, 1826. T. sun-rise, 49°.

MY DEAR ***

I need not tell you that the morning is cold. The thermometer indicates that. I wonder how you all feel in Washington and Georgetown this morning in regard to the temperature? Hot enough, no doubt. Fires here, except now and then when a hot day and night come, which by the way is rare, are very agreeable. Their visits seem only as intimations that summer has not gone by. The middle of every day is warm enough; but the moment the sun loses his power in the evening, and before he gains it in the morning, it is cold. The mosquitoes have but a short season up here. By the middle of this month, their race will have been run. But they make the most of the little time which is allotted to them.

I think every now and then, how easy it would have been in some hundred lines, or in one letter, to have told you all that it might be worth while to have troubled you with. But I recur to your request. You want to know *every thing*. It is difficult for me to travel out of the record. Many a lawyer would give the better part of any thing but his fee, to have the liberty to ramble, that I have, under your grant. There is nothing that comes in with half its consolation to an unfurnished brain; and in the absence of facts, or clear testimony, and a lack of brain, such liberty is beyond all price. It is well that you thought of giving me such enlargement; for without it, I question whether you would have heard from me at all; and this, by the way, would have saved you a world of trouble in following the tracks of my sketches.

The Doctor and myself, accompanied by our interpreter, (Mr. Dingly, the trader, of whom I have spoken) visited the sick girl this morning. The medicine sent over last night, has had a good effect; but she is languid, too much so to express any one sign of pleasure at a present which I took over, of a yard and a half of blue cloth for a petticoat, and some beads. I took with me also some tea and crackers, and some raspberry jelly. It is fortunate I did; for they had nothing to nourish the poor thing with but their fish soup, coarse and unsavoury enough, and which her stomach could not bear. She drank the tea, and ate the crackers that were soaked in it, with much relish, and said, "it is good." She tasted the jelly also, and was told when she wanted any, to ask her mother for it.

The Doctor cupped her on the back of the neck. The blood was coagulated in the cup when it was taken off, indicating how languid the circulation is, and the extreme debility of the patient. But she looks more comfortable. I gave her mother a piece of soap, and she had washed her face and hands; the calico had been made up into a short gown; her arms were covered, and there was about her an exterior of comfort. But her case, after all, is one of ex-

treme doubt. It is distressing to see how unfit these people are to handle a delicate and feeble patient. Her father and mother, it is true, are always with her, and appear fond of her, and doubtless are so. Poor thing! when we go away, there will remain no diet, no refreshing cordial, and no skill, to combat with her malady.

I have mentioned raspberry jelly. It is made here by a Mrs. Coty, a half breed, and wife of a trader, a very sensible and fine woman, who is celebrated for her skill with the needle, and for making and ornamenting moccasins, leggins, &c. She lives in winter in the buildings we occupy; and in summer in a lodge near them, and it is the only really comfortable lodge I have seen. Like all lodges, its door is closed by a piece of bark, or a mat; and it has an opening at top, under which, and on the ground, the fire is made. Generally the Indians put around these lodges the branches of the spruce tree, on which they sit and sleep, but here is a floor of planks, resting on sleepers made of logs, which run from the sides of the lodge towards the passage way, which is in front of the door, and extends two thirds of the way through. This floor is about six inches from the level of the passage way. On this floor they sit on mats, or on their bedding. They have in this lodge little ottomans, which are handed out to strangers to sit on. In this lodge, which is nearly round, and about twelve feet in diameter, live two families, Mr. Coty's and Mr. Morrison's. Mrs. Coty has with her an aged, but fine looking Indian mother. This lodge is very different from that in which Kich-e-wyn E'qua lives!

Raspberries grow wild here in great quantities, and of the finest flavour. All the Indians and whites together, some six hundred persons, have been eating them daily since our arrival, from the hills back of our quarters, and they are yet plenty.

At twelve o'clock to-day our council met. The address by the Governor being delivered and interpreted, the council rose, to meet again when the Indians shall make known

their readiness to make their reply. The sketch of the arbour, by Mr. Lewis, was taken at this first sitting, and it is an excellent representation of it.

Another band of Indians arrived this morning; and this evening we have had another pipe dance, and another variety of it. The Indians all naked as before, except the *auzeum*, and painted, as usual, with all manner of devices, and with all colours. The drummers attended as before, thumping their drums and singing. But in this dance only one would rise at once, and he would step out into the circle with a canister in one hand, and a pipe in the other, and equal in antics any merry andrew who ever attempted to amuse a multitude. It is impossible to imagine the figures into which these dancers throw themselves. Sometimes their bodies will be rounded in front like a bow, with their arms pinioned down to their sides, their elbows projecting just behind their hips, while their arms, making a sharp angle at the elbow, rise up with the hands on a line with their necks, each grasping a pipe and a rattle—then with their knees bent forward, they jump to the time of the drum, or first with one foot, and then the other, stamp round the circle.

I have just seen the sick girl. The cupping this morning, has had the happy effect to relieve, in a great degree, the pain in the back of her head. The same remedy was applied this evening to her right temple. This discharged more freely, and blood of a better quality. We had not left her before the pain was lessened here also. She feels an itching sensation in her palsied leg and arm, which doubtless indicates returning life, and this was confirmed on her moving her hand. But there is no glimpse, yet, of light to her eyes that seek it so earnestly, and the absence of which she so much deplures. I carried over some more tea, and left word for them not to feed her until I returned. Her pulse, too, that guide to the judgment in cases of disease, is slower, and softer, and more regular; and there is a roundness in it which I have not felt before. The attention Doctor Pitcher has paid to this poor child of the woods, does him great credit.

But it was what I expected of him: it is only another development of the many amiable traits which I have had occasion to admire in his character.

Knowing how great a value these people put on jewelry, I took over, on two or three occasions, some silver brooches, and rings, with stones set in them. When it was explained to her what they were, and how they looked, there was a sensible pleasure manifested in her countenance, and she smiled. The disease of the body is no doubt often overcome by the buoyancy of the spirits, and confirmed by their depression. This destitute and friendless girl is no less the subject of God's care than are the ravens—and "he feedeth them when they cry,"—and should not be neglected by us.

The number of Indians to-day is six hundred and twenty-five. Thermometer, sun-down, 61°.

Ever yours.

Fond du Lac, August 3, 1826. T. sun-rise, 50°.

MY DEAR ***

This is a beautiful morning. It is fair and tranquil. The river is smooth and glassy, and the deep green of the surrounding foliage reflects full upon its bosom, so much so that its amber colour is changed. Bark canoes are constantly passing to and from the island, which gives animation to the scene. So adroitly do these Indians use their paddles, and so noiseless is every thing about the stroke they make with them, and so quick do they move, that it looks fairy-like. Some magic seems to be at work beside the regular and slow motion of the paddle, to give these bits of bark such speed. They hardly disturb the surface of the river.

My service in the Indian department, and the experience I have acquired there, served to satisfy me that it is not every body who knows enough of the Indian character to conduct councils with them to a successful and harmonious issue. I came here, expecting, myself, to learn much; and I felt that I was with no ordinary instructor. Few men have

so intimate a knowledge of the Indian character as Governor Cass. He has had much experience, and his mind never fails to profit by whatever subject comes in his way. He seizes and analyzes every thing, and with the rapidity of thought. I wrote him before I left home, that I should attend as a pupil—and, therefore, would expect him to conduct the whole proceedings. I do not, therefore, expect to open my lips on this occasion.

Our council met to-day at the signal—three discharges of musketry—when several speeches were made by the Indians, all which the Secretary to the commission will preserve to accompany the treaty, and which, if these shall be published, you will see. The only incidents of interest which occurred to-day, were those which related to the case of a speaker who had a British medal around his neck; and the appearance in council of the old woman we saw at Montreal river. After he had finished his speech, and when in the act of presenting his pipe to be smoked, the Governor (having previously suggested the propriety of speaking to him about his medal,) remarked, that we had noticed around his neck a British medal; that we supposed he wore it, not as a badge of authority, or power, but as an ornament. If he wore it as a token of authority, we could not smoke with him; but if as an ornament only, we would. He took it from around his neck and laid it on our table, saying, he put no value on it. The pipe was then smoked, and an American medal given him to take the place of the English one.

This may seem fastidious, perhaps. But when you know that one of the chief difficulties with which the government has to contend in this quarter, is that which relates to the exercise of British influence over these people; and that an Indian looks, generally, before he elects his side, to the quantum of power that may be there, and compares it carefully with that which he may be solicited to abandon, you will see that our exception to a badge of this sort is all proper. It is intended, and especially in council, where so many witness it, as a protest against their taking any other side, whilst

they profess to look to us for protection. We gave proof, in the late war, of the *kind* of services *we* expect of them. Our demand extended then no further than to their *neutrality*—and this is the only situation in which it is hoped we may ever see them in the future, on either side, should war ever again break out between us and the mother country, which, may Heaven, in mercy, forbid. This same Indian had a British flag also, which he afterwards brought, and in full council, laid at our feet. On seeing it there, the Indians set up a shout, and in their remarks, gave proof that they knew the import of a flag, and also what its surrender meant. This flag* was ordered to be replaced with an American flag.

The old woman who was dressed in skins at Montreal river, and who was starving there, having borrowed some decent clothing, took her seat in council, and was the only female in it. She wore her husband's medal, and laid as an offering upon our table, being too poor to provide a belt of wampum, some strands of dried grass, and porcupine's quills. These she brought very carefully wrapped in a piece of bark. On presenting them, she said—"I come in the place of my husband. He is old and blind—but he yet has a mouth, and ears. He can speak and hear. He is very poor. He hopes to receive a present from his fathers." So saying, she turned round and resumed her seat in the midst of the council. I have a faithful likeness of her, and inclose it. The green paint around her eyes was the only ornament with which she pretended to beautify her wrinkled face; and the medal the only adorning of which her shrivelled neck could boast.

Kich-e-wyn E'qua is better. I took over a suit of flannel to-day, and advised friction, and the Doctor has prepared some *tincture glk*. It is not yet certain whether she will recover. If she dies, her passage to the grave will have been at least smoothed. The Doctor has cupped her in the left temple. She says she is better.

The barges we passed taking shelter under a point near Grand island, with provisions, have just arrived, having had a passage of twenty-five days from the Sault.

* Now with the medal in my office at Washington.

Our council adjourned at one, to meet at three, and at the usual signal. The Governor being too much indisposed, I presided alone. The council rose at sun-down.

I have procured a full dress* of a Chippeway woman; and a drawing of one in two views, front and back. These you will see. Their arms, except the back parts of them, and the upper portion of their breasts are naked. The sleeves meet at the points, or corners of the squares behind, and are fastened with a gorget. Only those who chance to be better off dress thus. A petticoat of strouds, and a blanket, are the most usual dress; and few are in situations to command but a very scant pattern of the one, or to renew, even annually, the other. They all have full heads of hair—this they wear clubbed up behind, and wrapped in cloth or skin, and tied close to their heads.

Thermometer, at sun-down, 66°.

Good night.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
August 4, 1826. T. sun-rise, 63°. }*

MY DEAR ***

I had hoped to have seen one of these anomalies, which are sometimes found among the Chippeways, and I believe amongst other tribes in the west. It is what they call a *man-woman*. I have it from undoubted authority, that such do exist. This singular being, either from a dream, or from an impression derived from some other source, considers that he is bound to impose upon himself, as the only means of appeasing his manito, all the exterior of a woman; and undergo all the drudgery which the men exact from the squaws. So completely do they succeed, and even to the *voice*, as to make it impossible to distinguish them from the women. They contract even their walk; turn in their toes, perform all the menial offices of the lodge; wear, of course, petticoats, and breast coverings, and even go through the ceremony of marriage! Nothing can induce these men-

*In my office at Washington.

women to put off these imitative garbs, and assume again the pursuits and manly exercises of the chiefs. It is like taking the black veil. Once committed thus far, they are considered as beyond redemption, (unless their vow shall be limited, as is sometimes the case; as for example, until they take an enemy alive) and live, and die, confirmed in the belief that they are acting the part which the dream, or some other impression, pointed out to them as indispensable. Longsdorff, I think it is, in his account of the Russian embassy to Japan, says—"boys in the Aleutian islands are frequently brought up as girls. Their beards are plucked out, and their chins tatoed like women, and they supply their places with the men as concubines. These men are called Schopans. The custom has prevailed since the earliest times." Is there any link between our Indians and the Japanese, which connects this practice of the Aleutian islanders with that among the Chippeways? I leave for those who have more leisure to search for it, should it be thought to exist at all. It would be curious should it be found.

Kich-e-wyn E'qua is certainly much better—but there are no symptoms of returning sight. Her eyes, like Milton's, in search of this great blessing,

"—roll, but roll in vain to find
Its piercing ray."

There is no change in the appearance of her eyes, which, doubtless look, with the exception of their twitching motion, as they did before they ceased to receive the impression of the light.

I have been attracted to-day more than usual by the movement of the canoes, which have been unusually numerous in all directions. The Indian women, and even the little girls, paddle these canoes with great skill. Their dexterity and slight in this business would equally delight and surprise you; and you would admire the grace with which they handle the paddle. They sit in the bottom of the canoe. The woman in the stern strikes her paddle into the water, reaching well

forward, both with her arms and body, and bringing up the handle to a line with her shoulder, turns its edge quick to the current, and inclines its blade, in and out, slow or quick, as the direction of the canoe may require; when, if a wrong direction is given to it, the backward inclination of the paddle is resorted to, and the true course is instantly regained. I know nothing with which to compare the slight with which all this is done, except it be the foot of a water-fowl. You have doubtless seen the duck, for example, swim? If you have, you have seen its foot thrown forward with a quick motion, and then forced backward, and when on a line with the angle of its action, close up and follow in the line of the body; then forward again, and then backward. Just so, and with scarcely less slight, is the paddle handled by these dexterous squaws. Nor does the duck move upon the surface of the water with greater buoyancy, or stillness, than do these birchen canoes. On reaching the shore, which is always approached with great caution, the whole company rise from the bottom of the canoe, where they all sit, the better to steady it, and are out upon the shore, spreading from right to left, and with a celerity not much short of a flock of their native pigeons, when the contents of a gun are discharged amongst them, and they suddenly pitch from the bough on which they had been resting, and scatter in the woods. One of these frail vessels, on being thus unburdened, is so light, that the last one who steps out, takes it by one of the bars that crosses it about midway, and walks out with it upon the shore, as if it were a basket.

I have, on one or two occasions before, referred to the birchen canoe, in the hope of making you conceive clearly all that relates to it, and the manner of paddling it; but have never been satisfied with my attempts. I am now happily relieved from all further necessity of referring, in the way of description, to these singular conveyances, which you will bear in mind are *wholly of Indian invention, and which the white man has never been able to improve*, by having had addressed to me by my friend Mr. Schoolcraft,

the following beautiful description of the one in which we voyaged it to this place; and in which I shall return, taking Mr. Lewis with me to sketch the Pictured rocks, &c.; and Ben to cook, and make our pallets.

THE BIRCHEN CANOE.

In the region of lakes where the blue waters sleep,
Our beautiful fabric was built;
Light cedar supported its weight on the deep,
And its sides with the sun-beams were gilt.

The bright leafy bark of the betula* tree,
A flexible sheathing provides;
And the fir's thready roots drew the parts to agree,
And bound down its high-swelling sides.

No compass or gavel was used on the bark,
No art but the simplest degree;
But the structure was finished, and trim to remark,
And as light as a Sylph's could be.

Its rim was with tender young roots woven round,
Like a pattern of wicker-work rare;
And it press'd on the waves with as lightsome a bound,
As a basket suspended in air.

The heav'ns in their brightness and glory below,
Were reflected quite plain to the view;
And it mov'd like a swan—with as graceful a show,
Our beautiful birchen canoe.

The trees on the shore as we glided along,
Seem'd moving a contrary way;
And our voyageurs lightened their toil with a song,
That caused ev'ry heart to be gay.

And still as we floated by rock and by shell,
Our bark raised a murmur aloud;
And it danc'd on the waves, as they rose, as they fell,
Like a Fay on a bright summer cloud.

We said, as we pass'd o'er the liquid expanse,
With the landscape in smiling array;
How blest we should be, if our lives should advance,
Thus tranquil and sweetly away.

* *Betula papyracæ.*

The skies were serene—not a cloud was in sight—
 Not an angry surge beat on the shore,
 And we gazed on the water, and then on the light,
 'Till our vision could bear it no more.

Oh, long will we think of those silver bright lakes,
 And the scenes they exposed to our view;
 Our friends—and the wishes we formed for their sakes—
 And our bright yellow birchen canoe.

The Governor having determined to return in a canoe, has set two Indians to work to build one. The principal undertaker is one of the sons of the scalped woman—but he has in his service a numerous train of squaws and children, who do the greater part of the work. The women, in fact, are expected to labour at every thing. From the building of a lodge, to the boiling of a kettle; and from the making of their husbands' moccasins, to the construction of their canoes, and to the gumming and sewing them when they require it, is an Indian woman's employment. Every species of drudgery is imposed upon her. They are literally the pack horses too—for, on a journey, these poor creatures have heaped upon them heavy burdens, whilst the man encumbers himself with nothing but his rifle, if he has one, and if not, with his bow and arrows, his pipe, and his pouch.

I have attended the progress of the work in building this canoe. It is curious enough. Stakes are driven in the ground at certain distances, along each side of where the canoe is to be built, and for the entire length of it. Pieces of bark are sewn together with wattap, and placed between, from one end to the other, and made fast to them. When the bark is thus in, it hangs loose, and in folds, and looks, without its regularity, like the covers of a book with its back downwards, its edges up, and the leaves out. Next, the cross pieces are put in, pressing out the rim, and giving to the upper edges the form which the canoe is to bear—then the ribs are pressed in, the thin sheathing, in strips, being laid between them and the bark, and these (the ribs,) press out the bark, and give form and figure to the bottom and sides of the canoe. Weights (large stones,) are put on the

bottom of these ribs, which had been previously soaked, and kept there till they dry. The next process is to remove the stakes, gum the seams, and the fabric is complete. There remains no more to do but to put it in the water, where it floats like a feather. This canoe is thirty-six feet long, and five wide across the middle.

I hope to take home with me some interesting relics from among these people, and some drawings, in addition to those which I am now and then putting aside for you, the better to illustrate my correspondence, and which are intended for the office in Washington, and to be preserved there for the inspection of the curious, and the information of future generations, and long after the Indians themselves will have been no more. I am anxious to accomplish as much of this as my time, and the opportunities afforded me, may allow, for I am pretty certain that, although my time is so limited in these regions, another opportunity will never again occur until the Chippeways shall have lost their character, and their costume, if not their being. This remote point, so in the heart of the interior, and surrounded as it is by solitude and the lakes, feels to me, in more respects than one, as if it were somewhere, in the neighbourhood, at least, of *the end of the world*. You remember that beautiful hymn of Thomson's? I have often, when I had no idea of ever being this near to the "verge," rehearsed, (and with a glow of rapture which the composition of so much sublimity could not fail to produce)—

"Should fate command me to the distant verge
Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the wide waste, and in the city full,
And where he vital breathes *there must be joy.*"

● I have often revolved these lines in my mind since I have been removed so far from the confines of civilized life, and placed amidst the stillness, and the awful grandeur of God's

works.—They are delightful even here, where the “setting beam” of the sun shines long after it has been quenched with you.

The thermometer was, to-day, at two o’clock, at 80°!— This may serve to show you how sharp the angles are, and how sudden is the ascent from cold to heat, and *vice versa*.

No objection having been made in the addresses of the chiefs yesterday, to any part of the opening address, a treaty is prepared, and will, to-morrow, be read to them, section by section; and after the signing, we shall make the demand for the surrender of the murderers. They were told there was another, and a serious subject, to which their attention would be called after the treaty was signed, and I believe they all anticipate what it is.

Kich-e-wyn E’qua is better. The Doctor and myself have just returned from visiting her. Her pulse has a healthful action, and she is able to move her hand, and her foot. Her appetite is good, and she sleeps well.

Ben had his courage tested this evening. It was whispered that some Sioux had been seen on some of the neighbouring hills this morning. He came early to inquire if I had heard it. I told him I supposed it was only rumour. He looked anxious, and was not at all satisfied. Some of our company, it appears, who were desirous of seeing a race, had contrived to send such a rumour in the direction of Ben’s ears—and when it was known he had caught it, they proceeded to engage three young Chippeways to paint and hide themselves in the grass near the spring, and when he should go for water in the evening, to rise, and yell, and make a feint to attack him. Ben went for the water a little before the time. But as he neared the spring, they crawled towards him, and setting the grass in motion, caught his attention. He stepped quick over the fence, dipped his bucket into the spring, and, according to his own confession, was just about to run, when, as they rose and ran towards him, he saw one of them laugh. This induced him to believe it was a trick, and he acquitted himself with great boldness.

He has given out "that it's dangerous to repeat the attempt, for so sure as they're alive, he'll make daylight shine through them." It is easy to see that Ben is anxious, by his earnestness in giving out what he means to do, to avoid the obligation which a sudden fright might impose on him to run; and the laugh which he perceives would be general at his expense. Thermometer, sun-down, 73°.

Good night.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
August 5, 1826. T. sun-rise, 60°. }*

MY DEAR ***

After closing my letter last evening, it was announced that a *wabana* would be danced; and that fire-eaters would exhibit their power over this element. Two of our company went to witness the exhibition, and Ben, of course, who follows me like my shadow. On arriving at the lodge, which was about sixty yards back of the military tents, as shewn in the drawing, we soon saw from the throng of Indians around it, that the ceremonies were to be conducted there. So, without any ceremony, we went in, and crowded down between the Indians that were seated, to the number of thirty, all round the tent. The ceremony was opened by the drum, with its accustomed *thump, thump, thump*, followed by an occasional yell from the Indians. The two fires that had been burning, one at each end of the lodge, were nearly extinguished. Every now and then I threw in little pieces of bark, which made short-lived flames, enough to discover the nakedness of the Indians who were around me, and their eyes shining in all directions, some through cracks in the bark of the lodge, from without, and others from within, who, on seeing the blaze, would be turned instantly towards it. A little girl, at one end of the lodge, and an old woman at the other, commenced the ceremonies as they did at the Sault—then came the dancers in like manner as at the Sault, also, to the number of ten or twelve,

who, with bodies naked, and half bent and constrained, and violently agitated, would go round the tent up one side, and down the other, yelling at intervals, and multiplying the sounds by clapping their hands on their mouths. All at once, and by throwing dirt and ashes on them, the remains of the fires were extinguished, when for a moment every thing was still. Then the drums beat louder and quicker, and the song broke out from a hundred mouths—those without, joining those within, until it was one loud yell of savage confusion! In the midst of this, three or four Indians went round the circle blowing fire from their mouths, emitting thousands of sparks, and lighting up, by means of them, their faces, whilst their distended cheeks looked like lanterns. As one of these approached the place where I was seated, I rose, and looking into his mouth, saw in what the deception consisted. He had a reed, or some other hollow substance between his teeth. This had been filled with powder and combustible materials—the smell of brimstone was strong—and lighted. This being placed between his teeth, he blew out its fiery contents—and this was called *eating* fire. Several of them took up live coals of fire, and from their manner of holding them, I have no doubt but their hands had been rubbed with something that guarded the skin from the action of fire, but was not able to ascertain what it was. The Indian into whose mouth I looked, on discovering me, turned short round and extinguished the fire, which I presume he did by stopping the ends of the reed.

This is the whole of this feat, except that it is repeated many times. I am convinced, that all the accounts we have seen of Indians eating fire, are only exaggerations of attempts at deception like this.

We (the Doctor, myself, and the interpreter,) paid our accustomed morning visit to Kich-e-wyn E'qua, and were gratified to find her much improved. There is every symptom of returning life in her dead limbs. The more healthful action of the other parts of her body appears to be communicated, in part at least, from those members from which

life has been so long excluded. There is now some reason to hope that this child of affliction may once more walk. As to her seeing, this is more uncertain. It is possible, however, that her sight may be restored. There is no knowing what a universally healthful action of the system may produce. But this, to be continued, will need the healthful and invigorating diet of which the poor thing will be deprived, when we shall have left here. I mean, however, to leave a supply, and special directions for its use. But the improvidence and want of skill in these Indians, it is to be feared, will not lead them to make a proper use of it—and yet no people can be more assiduous than are both the father and mother, in their attentions to their sick child. We find them almost stationary, one at her head, and the other at her feet, and with deeply anxious countenances, watching over her helpless frame. Yet we have to feed her—they seem to know nothing of even this simplest part of the nursing art. We had scarcely entered the lodge this morning, when we saw from their countenances that the girl was better. On making the usual inquiry, they both looked up and said, "*she's well*,"—meaning, doubtless, that she had no pain, and was not sick at her stomach, as she had **always** been before.

Our council met at eleven o'clock, at the usual signal, when the treaty was read, section by section, and interpreted. It was agreed to without a dissenting voice. The signing consumed much time. It is true, even the cross is made for the signer, and he only puts the nib of the pen on it, but it is a short journey to travel over all the length, and the ups and downs which generally enter into the formation of an Indian's name.

The signing and witnessing having been gone through with, the council was adjourned to meet again this afternoon, at the firing of the guns.

The council met; when, according to arrangement, I made the demand for the surrender of the murderers. This being done, and there being one Indian present belonging to

the *Lac de Flambeau* band, and who was of the party who committed the murder, he was called up and formally examined. He is clearly innocent. Indeed his presence here demonstrates that. It was in proof that he dissuaded the murderers from committing the act. We told him if he had been guilty, we would have taken him with us, and tried him by our laws; and if, on proof, he had turned out to have had a hand in the bloody act, he should have been hanged. During his examination, his brother came up to the table greatly agitated. He showed great anxiety, and said he knew the murderers had *upbraided* him because he would not join them. Another Indian declared that he knew he was innocent. The Governor said, will you put your hand on your breast, and say that in the presence of the Great Spirit? The moment the interpreter put this question, he looked him full in the face, and answered, "*am I a dog that I should lie?*" This reply is somewhat remarkable, not only on account of its near resemblance to one made of old, "Is thy servant a dog," &c. but on another account. In the first place, there is hardly any thing on which an Indian sets so high a value as he does upon his dog. This is proverbial. Yet he is constantly referred to as an object of contempt! Indians never swear—I mean until they learn it of their white brothers—and their most degrading epithet is to call their opponents *dogs*. Here is a strange union of respect and contempt. But further. A dog is considered the best offering to their enraged manito, and often in a storm is one thrown overboard to appease him. Yet they kill him and eat him, and consider a feast greatly enriched when this animal, which they so highly respect as never to be without them, makes part of it. You must account for this strange variety in an Indian's notions, and his taste, in regard to the dog. We smoked with the suspected Indian, and told him we were satisfied of his innocence.

To-morrow is appointed to receive the answer to our demand. On the adjournment of the council, to enliven the

young and gratify the old, we threw out, to be scrambled for, various little matters. Some were thrown on the tops of the houses. There is no place too high or too deep for these Indians to go after what will add to their stores. If in the river, they will plunge in; and if on the house top, they feel no less hesitation in going there. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing the activity which characterizes these people. Their unbound limbs, free in their action, give them power over any thing, if it be where it is possible for man to get. They have no fear. They clamber up the sides and ends of these houses and over their eaves, and race and tumble on their roofs with as little unconcern, as if they were on the ground.

The Indian examined by us yesterday, came forward this morning, in company with his brother, and as representatives of the *Lac du Flambeau* band, said they were prepared with their answer; and again his brother came forward and declared their *chief* was innocent. He gave his word further, and said Mr. Schoolcraft knew he was. He made a request that wampum might be sent to him, that they might all walk in the same path. This, he said, would enable them to apprehend the murderers, who did not live near them, but far off. This took place before the council met, and we were induced to believe from it that we should receive a pledge of their purpose to apprehend and deliver the murderers.

At half past ten the council met. We told them we were now prepared to receive their answer to our demand of yesterday. The four principal men of the *Lac du Flambeau* band came forward, shook hands, and told us they had but little to say; that one would speak, and his words would be the words of all, and that they hoped their fathers would listen to them. They said they had with them no young men, and they felt it hard to give an answer. That they would go home first, see their young men, and then give an answer. Their speaker then placed before us two belts of wampum, and said, this is to show that we two are of one

mind. These belts of wampum were covered over with earth of a bluish cast. I inquired why they were thus covered with earth. They said their wampum was sorry, meaning the occasion was a mournful one.

They were told their answer to our demand was not satisfactory; and that they could not council with their young men, for they were not here. We demanded an answer then. We told them we believed their war chief, *Ke-way-we-nut*,* was innocent; and, in proof of our sincerity, presented a belt of wampum to be given to him—that henceforth he might come and go in safety and at pleasure. But as to the murderers, we must have them—and their answer must be given now.

After a little consultation, they answered—“*we will deliver them at the Sault, or at Green bay, next spring.*”

We expressed our gratification at the answer; and told them it would save their people from great calamity. For their great father would not sit still until his white children’s blood should be washed out. These proceedings will appear more at large in the Secretary’s report of them.†

*The council was then adjourned until the afternoon, when it was re-assembled, and honours were conferred by a presentation of medals to the chiefs, and warriors, and young men of distinction. The Governor referred the address on the occasion to me, and which was also to embrace, as a last one, a review of the past, and some references to the future. This I presume will also appear in the proceedings.‡

To-morrow we shall distribute the goods, and flour, and pork. This being done we shall embark, and look towards the rising sun. Every thing was begun, and has continued, and ended well. The Indians express themselves in terms of thankfulness. They say their great father’s hand is full of good things. I have no doubt the impressions made upon

* I have received, since my return, a likeness of this chief, by Mr. M’Cleary of the garrison at the Sault de St. Marie. It is said to be excellent.

† See Appendix.

‡ Ibid.

young and old will not be easily effaced. Many prejudices against the people of the United States, of whom they knew nothing before, are dissipated; and feelings of friendship are produced. A policy of a certain description I perceive to be necessary. I think I see wherein we have been deficient along this entire frontier. But this is official.

Just at sun-down there arrived fifteen fine looking men from *Sangué*, or Leach lake. Their arrival was followed by a dance, such as I have before described. These men are from the highest point reached by Pike, and further, in that direction, it is believed, than any white man, except a trader, and Governor Cass in his late tour, ever penetrated. They report that another party is expected to-night. These men border the country contiguous to the Sieux. Their arrival will delay us, as we esteem it to be of importance to impress upon their minds also all that has been done. And we wish to include them in the arrangement. While I write another party of thirty-six have arrived.

Thermometer, sun-down, 60°.

Ever yours.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
Aug. 7, 1826. T. sun-rise, 57°. }*

MY DEAR ***

Still colder, and the "crackling faggot" in the adjoining room confirms the testimony of the thermometer.

Last night at about nine o'clock we were informed a *jongleur* was about to commence his ceremonies. We went to see how these were conducted. The fixture was of poles, such as I have described, but instead of these being covered with mats, or bark, they were wrapped round with the sails belonging to a couple of barges, and these were made fast to the poles by means of ropes. We found the *jongleur* sitting near this place of his incantations, with about twenty Indians, all silent as the grave. Nobody felt free to disturb, by saying a word, the apparent solemnity. We had not been long at the spot before he rose from his seat on the

ground, climbed to the top of this enclosure, and which, by the way, and as far as it goes, resembles in figure a shot tower, and sitting for a while composedly at the top, begun in a low tone to utter sounds which were not intelligible even to the interpreter—these increased louder, and louder, until he reached the utmost pitch of his voice, when it was gradually lowered again to those scarcely audible sounds—when he sat silent.

The interpreter told me so far as he could catch his expressions, that he was engaged in prayer to the Great Spirit, in which he begged him to send him devils; and to give him power over them, to compel them to obey his commands. He then sang an Indian air, without words, and descended to the bottom of the enclosure. After he was there for a few minutes, he spoke, when three Indians following each other, walked round the enclosure several times, with their hands on it. Two of them sat down, and one of them stood to receive and impart the questions and answers. Before any one spoke, however, the place was violently shaken—when presently we heard something fall upon the ground within, with great weight. It shook again, and again, and at the close of each shake, and whilst the jongleur was making a strange noise within, with a tremulous crying kind of a voice, the sound was again heard as if something had fallen within, of great weight. We counted fifteen of these sounds. These we were told were the lighting down of the devils sent him by the Great Spirit in answer to his prayers.

It was now announced that he was ready to answer any questions that might be put to him; when he was asked, “what his great father at Washington was doing at that time?” The place was instantly and violently shaken, when we were told a devil had been sent to see. The answer was presently announced, preceded by another shake. It was this—“He is doing nothing; but is sitting quietly thinking about this treaty: but has people all around him with white papers before them.” After a few more questions and answers, I left the poor fellow, but not before I heard it announced that

the devils were thirsty, and wanted something to drink.— This was, of course, a call for whiskey. A little, and that little well diluted, was given to them, and some tobacco.

The only proof I got of any thing by my visit to this place of superstition, was the opinion of the jongleur himself, and which is doubtless the opinion of the rest, that this treaty is the greatest thing that is now going on upon the face of the earth; and that as such, it is that which engrosses the attention of the President to such a degree, as to make it impossible for him to think of any thing else.

Now it is hardly necessary that I should tell you that this Indian shook the poles of the enclosure himself; nor that the lighting down of the devils, was nothing more than the falling from his own hands of a stone which he had within. As to his answers, they are simple, and the whole contrivance but demonstrates how superstitious these people are. The Indians all around believe in the whole affair, and consider the answers as oracular. This faith of theirs is built upon the slight foundation which has been produced by a few answers which have turned out to be true—such as the answer to the question—“when will the storm cease?”—“when will our friends arrive?”—“are our warriors victorious?”—and the like. One answer that shall be true, operates like the prize in a lottery. It is remembered, but the blanks are forgotten.

It is out of such flimsy materials as I have collected at this ceremony, that travellers sometimes manufacture facts. It is all a sham—Indians, although they pretend to divination, and to eat fire, are no more expert in these performances, than other people.

At the signal of three guns, the multitude assembled—men, women, and children, and some dogs. This was the first time we had before us the entire collection of Indians. The women and children, hitherto, remained in their lodges; now they were all assembled; and to the number, it is believed, of nearly seven hundred. Only the chiefs sit in council, or, as in the case of the old woman from Montreal

river, when others sit there by deputation. Never before had I witnessed such a display, nor such an exhibition of nakedness and wretchedness; nor such varieties of both.— From the infant tied to its cradle, and to the back of its mother, to the big Buffalo; from the little fellow with a dress made of raccoon skins, himself not much above the size of that animal, and looking, except his face, for all the world like one of them on its hind feet, to *Wa-em-boesh-kaa*, one of the Sandy lake chiefs, dressed like a king Saul. I have got his likeness in a sitting posture, with his calumet, and pouch, and smoking. His head dress is made of the feathers of the duck's breast, and the wood-peckers' bills, and the red feathers from the head of that bird, between. His wrists are ornamented in like manner; and around his neck he wears an ornament of horse hair.

The invitation for this assemblage was given out yesterday; but the Indians from Lake de Corbeau, and Leach lake, having arrived last evening, and it having been determined to explain every part of the proceedings to them, and fully to impress upon them all that had taken place, it was announced that the chiefs would be expected to take their seats in council, and that the presents would be given out in the afternoon. The reason was, of course, explained. The new comers acquiesced in what had been done, and signed the treaty. Just as the crowd got in motion, two young men were seen to look at one another, step up quick, meet, embrace, kiss, and instantly exchange blankets! They were relations, and had lived apart, and wide off from each other in different parts of the nation, and had not met until now, for some years. They appear to be about twenty years of age. I notice they are much together.

At three o'clock the guns were fired, and the multitude re-assembled, and were arranged in bands by their interpreters, and seated in a great circle on the ground. Thus arranged, the distribution of presents commenced, which continued until near sun-down, when the appearance of a gust made it necessary to postpone it, and what remained to be done was deferred until to-morrow.

The manner of conducting this business was new to me, and it was interesting. By turning to the drawing of our council, you will see a square opposite our table. In this the presents, on being brought from the store house, were deposited. First, about twelve hundred knives—two kegs of tobacco, broken up and the twists separated. We began with these. To every man and woman was given a knife. This was the first present. They were taken round by the interpreters and our agents, to each of whom a band was allotted. The knives holding out, one was given also to every youth. Here were nearly seven hundred savage hands put in possession of a knife, and by a single *whoop*, and the onset of a single chief, we could have been sacrificed in a twinkling. Under an attack so sudden, and every Indian, or every seven Indians, selecting their man, the work might have been accomplished before the military could have cocked their guns, or even themselves warded off the attacks upon their own persons. The capture of Mr. Astor's ship, the *Tonquin*, and the murder of her crew, occurred to me. I believe it happened thus:—This ship had penetrated one hundred and eighty miles above the Columbia river, and as far as Queen Charlotte's sound, when her commander, in a traffic with the natives, and in a fit of excitement, struck one of them across the face with an otter skin. They left the ship, when she proceeded further. The natives were seen on the shore. They gave signs of a desire to trade. The interpreter warned the commander—he recollected the act of his having struck the Indian, and noticed the expression of his countenance, and foresaw their design. His admonitions were disregarded. The Indians came on board—exchanges were effected, and no signs were made of sufficient intelligence to warn the captain to be upon his guard. A Mr. M'Coy, a man well experienced in the Indian character, begged the captain to beware. It had no effect. Nothing indicated hostile intentions; and the Indians were about to go on shore, when the chief turning short about, as if he had forgotten something, told the captain they were well pleased

with the treatment they had received, and with the exchanges that had been made, but added, they were going on shore without a knife, and hoped this important article might be added. The captain, not suspecting the design of these people, ordered a knife a-piece to be given to them. Meanwhile they so arranged themselves as to be near each of the crew, and on receiving the knives, they immediately plunged them into their hearts. Two or three only escaped this sudden massacre, and they were aloft. They instantly, on noticing the catastrophe on deck, descended with the view of getting below, and there arming themselves. They were cut very much to pieces in their descent, but by tumbling into the hatchway, escaped with their lives. They were pursued; but forcing through into the arms-room, they closed the door, and fired among the Indians, and cleared the deck. They were, however, incompetent to manage the ship. In this desperate condition they enticed the natives on board, and when the ship was full of them, one of the survivors, whose name was Lewis, fired the magazine, blew up the ship, and destroyed all the Indians who were on board, and thus revenged the deaths of the crew, and died at the same moment with those upon whom he wreaked this summary vengeance.

Nothing is more difficult, than for a person unacquainted with the Indian character, to comprehend the workings and purposes of the hearts of these people. Their power consists in great part in stratagem. But a thorough knowledge of the Indian character will enable any person to avoid and elude the most of their plans.

Here we too were surrounded by knives, a most important, indeed, indispensable implement with an Indian; but in truth, my dear ***, there was nothing to apprehend. I believe nobody looked any the sharper under this display of knives, except Ben, who has an innate dread of an Indian. My own opinion is, these poor fellows, having felt our bounty, would have, to a man, died for us. We are perfectly safe in having them around us. They look upon us as benefactors and

friends—and although a white man may now and then be found base enough to attack his benefactor, I know no instance in which an Indian ever did so.

Next to the knives, we sent round the tobacco—every man and woman, and *the widow's badge*, got a twist. Then a handkerchief; then calico for a shirt a-piece—then cloth for leggins—then a quarter of a yard of cloth for the *auzeum*—then cloth for petticoats for the women—then blankets, when the prospect of rain put a stop to further issues.

I noticed the effect each gift had on this expecting multitude as it was brought out from the store-house. New joy would sparkle in every eye. The little naked children would run about almost frantic; the squaws would utter their exclamatory "*neau*," which is peculiar to the women; the boys and girls clap their hands and toss themselves about, whilst the old men smoked away like steam engines. And as the dispensers of these gifts would go round, every eye would follow them, and with an imploring look, when every now and then a fear would manifest itself, lest they who indulged it might be passed. Amidst all this, the howling of the dogs on the island testified their loneliness when left by their inmates of the lodges, whilst some few, in spite of the Indian method of keeping them at home, had swam over. That method consists in tying a piece of wattap around their necks, and putting one of the fore feet of the dog through it. Some of these, however, ventured to swim across with three legs, and varied the scene, by furnishing to the little fellows subjects to play with.

Now put all these presents together—a knife—a plug of tobacco—(these held out to go round double,) a handkerchief—cloth for a pair of leggins—some flints—a piece of calico for a shirt—the quarter of a yard of cloth; and to the women, some ribbands, and green and red worsted, and you will see, so far, what each received, except the blankets, and these were only sufficiently numerous for a supply to the chiefs and the old women, and then think how much pleasure such a present would afford to the most ordinary

menial in our part of the world. Yet, my dear ***, to naked, friendless, and in all respects, destitute people, who never before saw such a collection of desirable things together, the present gave more real joy, and will prove a more substantial benefit, than would the arrival of an East Indian to some people who are known to you. Thus it is, we appreciate a good conferred, not according to its cost, but according to its value to ourselves, and our need of it—and if there be any one pleasure on earth more pure than the rest, it is that which is derived from feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and in conferring benefits on the destitute, and making the miserable happy.

Among the articles to be given out to-day, will be fish-hooks—an important item in the catalogue of Indian supplies, as without these they would often suffer more than they do for something to eat. After a distribution is made of these, we shall divide our supply of pork and flour among all the bands, and to every family. Fortunately, we have a large supply, which will enable those who are here to make those glad who have remained at their respective lodges in every part of the country. The chiefs say they never knew what it was to live before. They are all delighted, and are loud in their expressions of thankfulness. We give out for each person, big and little, three quarters of a pound of pork, and a pound of flour, a day. How unlike their customary fare! Many weeks pass with this wretched population, in which no day brings with it a full meal; and often, and for days together, they have not a mouthful of any thing except roots, or berries. This has been a feasting jubilee to nearly seven hundred Chippeways, and never will they forget it.

Kich-e-wyn E'qua, I am glad to inform you, has every prospect of getting well, except her blindness. There are no symptoms more favourable in regard to this than when I wrote you last, except that now she is entirely relieved from pain in her head.

How beautifully did this seventh day of August close! Just as the sun went down, and in a clear sky, a beautiful arch spanned the heavens in the east, rich throughout, from its bases, which rested in the mountains, and tinged the trees amidst which they rested, with its glory, and with those same colours which I have so often looked at and admired at home. High up did this arch spring, and full against the sky, and where it will always be seen whilst the sun continues to set in the west. This was the first, and as we hope to leave here the day after to-morrow, it will doubtless be the last bow I shall ever see at the *Fond du Lac* Superior, or perhaps ever again, at a distance of more than two thousand miles from home. I saw it fade away and die!—and could but regret that any thing so lovely should be so evanescent. The Chippeways call it *Ne-gua-gun*, the same name they give to the pole which they bend over, and to which they tie their snare string.

Good night—ever yours.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
August 8, 1826. T. sun-rise, 56°. }*

MY DEAR ***

This is a beautiful morning—and though there is so much to enjoy in its loveliness, and in the fine wholesome air that we breathe here, I cannot but indulge the wish to know how all are at home. The time may arrive, perhaps, when, if the ingenuity of man shall continue to develop itself as it has done for the last twenty years, we may, in twenty years more, be able in a few hours, and through the air, to pass over the extent of space that now separates me from you all. Cowper, I remember, referred to the period, but when, he did not venture to predict, when the air would be the highway of communication from place to place, and the earth deserted by the travelling community. I do not know that this is much more unreasonable than a prediction would have appeared, if made fifty years ago, that

travellers could be able at this time to go with certainty from New York to Albany, in twelve hours; or that our cities would be lighted with gas—or that such cities as Lexington and Cincinnati should take the place of the forests in the time they have, and be what they now are.

There is a patch of wheat in the enclosure back of the buildings, as shewn in the drawing, and I mention this merely to state that it is raised, not to be ground, as we grind wheat, for there are no mills in this country, nor to be eaten by being pounded into flour, but for chickens' victuals, and to mention that it is only just now in full heading. It is spring wheat—indeed all kinds of sowing must be made here after the winter is past. It is true, it was sown a little later than it might have been, on account of a freshet which swept over all this place last spring, and carried away every thing that could be floated. The cattle took to the hills for safety, but found nothing there to subsist upon. They returned to the valley with lowing, and in great distress, but found no relief until the trees budded, when, to save them from perishing, immense quantities were cut down, that they might feed upon the young shoots. This same freshet, I believe I have mentioned, destroyed the wild rice—and this makes our visit with the supplies we have brought with us, so opportune. We are here at a moment of the utmost need of the poor Indians, and being met at such a moment, they put a correspondingly higher value on our presents.

Every thing was put in motion early this morning. The military in their fatigue dress—the voyageurs by the sides of their canoes, with little fires near them at which the gum is melted, send up their smoke into the brightness of the morning. The noise of hammers and saws, and the splitting up of boxes and making others, in which to pack away our supplies, all indicate a speedy embarkment. On the island too, and all over the valley, the lodges have turned out their mahogany coloured population, and even the dogs seem to prick up more fiercely their fox ears, and frisk about with uncommon animation, as if the bustle were understood

by them too. Every canoe is out of the water, and by their sides are seen the squaws and little girls with their coals of fire between split sticks, blowing them into heat, and then applying the fire on the gum along the seams of their canoes to soften it, whilst with the thumb of the other hand, it is pressed into the cracks which an exposure to the sun and air had occasioned. This being done, nothing remained but to receive the flour and pork, unwrap the bark and mats from the poles of their lodges, roll them up, and step lightly into their canoes, and away. The men, amidst all this bustle of preparation, touch nothing—but all over the ground they sit smoking, or stroll idly about, thinking of nothing but of the arrival of the hour when the promised drink of whiskey is to be given, at the close of all.

How true it is, that civilized and polished society may be always traced by the treatment the sex receives. These ministering angels—heaven's best gift to man, in whom all that is delicate, and tender, and lovely, centre; to whom man, in his improved and polished state, turns his imploring and fond eye in all his sorrows, and on whom he loves to lavish his blessings.—But these, among the uncivilized, are the drudges—"the hewers of wood and drawers of water." What though they be nursing mothers, and display all the interest which attaches to the fondness of a mother's love, yet upon them all manner of burdens are imposed, and they are the *slaves*, and not the glory and happiness of man. Give me back, give me back my home—my circle of "few friends, and not wishing more."—O, yes, speed the bark that shall return me soon to the circle that is so dear to me, and the absence from which I have never for a moment ceased to deplore.

The hour for re-assembling the multitude arrived, and the three guns having announced it, they came

"Trooping like chickens to the house-wife's call,"

from every direction—across the river, into which the canoes were lifted in a twinkling; down the mountain sides—

along the picket fences, and some from the buildings, where they had been to watch over the refuse of the tables, and pick up what they could find. One mixed multitude was soon on the ground—and in such confusion as to justify the belief that they never could be arranged in any tolerable order. But on being told that all the children, with their mothers, were desired to be seated together, they soon discovered their readiness to comply, and the men, and those of the women who had no children, inclining one way, left the mothers, with their charges, to take their places as they were directed. Here was a sight worth seeing. At least two hundred naked children, some tied with strings, and others with the tender roots of the cedar, to the fastenings of their mothers' petticoats—about fifty of them at their mothers' breasts, and fifty more crying, whilst their mothers were all busy in their endeavours to hush into some sort of quiet this tumult, which was heightened by the howling of the dogs at the lodges on the island, and whose cries were occasioned from being left there by their owners. A partial quiet having been secured, it was agreed to give to each of these little naked foresters as much calico as would make it a shirt; and to every one of them, accordingly, this present was made, and which was more than nineteen-twentieths of their mothers and fathers had ever had in their lives, or even so much as seen. Then it was, the "*neau*" was heard from fifty mouths at a time; and then anticks were cut by the little fellows who could run at all, or even stand. Some, on receiving the calico, would tie it round their necks, and gallop round their mothers with it, and getting it tangled round their legs, would fall down, and kick, and cry, when their mothers would reach after them, and taking them by their feet, or their arms, pull them in, brush off the dirt, and quiet them, when they would go again, delighted with the appearance of the red and white calico. Some would tie it round their waists, and make a sash out of it, whilst the little ones, attracted by the gaiety of the colours, would let go their sources of nourishment, and turn their eyes

round, and reach out their little hands and pull their present first this way, and then that, but not more ignorant of what the gift was intended for, than were their mothers. If the interpreters had not explained the use of the calico, it is very certain it would not have been understood. Every face was gladdened into a smile, and every eye sparkled, and this made no little show; for there is something in an Indian's eye that glistens always, but on being lit up with any new or joyful feelings, it grows brilliant.

And now, too, the jewelry was distributed. Every woman got a ring with a stone set in it, and a cross of glass, and almost every child; whilst to the chiefs and young men were distributed gorgets and silver brooches. It was our object, if possible, to make every heart glad by a present of something, and to pass none by.

Next came the powder, and lead, and shot, and these were nearly the last things that were given out, and this was the language of this present, "We have given you such things as we have for present use. We have fed you daily. You will, as you have been told, have provisions distributed to take home with you. This present is to enable you to supply your wants after we shall have left you." Perhaps they so understood it.

It is not possible, my dear ***, to give you any adequate description of the joy that has been imparted to hundreds of weatherbeaten, friendless, starving, naked human beings. Yes, *human* beings; for, after all, they are just like ourselves, and had it pleased God that you and I should have been born and brought up as these poor ignorant savages have been, we should have been in all respects such as they are, even to the dirt, (the least excusable exception which I take to them, as there is plenty of water) which in any quantity attaches to them. Yes, they are human beings; and there is not an Indian here who might not say, and truly,

"I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.

remnant of its Indian population?" I know, too, this question has been answered by another, "Why does not England reform and civilize her Gipsies?" But I see no reason why our Indians should be neglected, because England has a "hard-faring race" in the heart of her population. "I see," says Cowper, in reference to these Gipsies,

"I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg; dumb only when they steal.
Strange! That a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!"

I think our Indians superior in moral qualities to this self-secluded, wandering class of the population of England; to these

"Houseless rovers of the sylvan wild."

These appear to me to have less claim upon the sympathies of our nature, since they are voluntary, whilst our Indians are involuntary sufferers. The one has language, and example, and facilities for improving their comforts; the other has neither.

The hand of the government has never been either felt or seen before in this quarter; and I rejoice to think that the

first array of bayonets that was ever reflected in these streams, will be returned unstained with blood; and that so many hearts have been made glad by the kindness which our government put it in our power to shew to these poor sufferers.

In the afternoon the bands were directed to send for their pork and flour. The flour is in bags, and the pork in half barrels. Every one was told he should have as much as he could carry; and the promise was literally fulfilled. They assembled at the door of the store-house, with straps of deer-skin in their hands. These they would fasten round a barrel of pork, or a bag of flour, and lifting it upon their backs, pass them round their foreheads, and walk off to their canoes with it; and having stowed it away, come for more. Even the old woman who sat in council, came by me laden in this way, bent forward with inverted toes, and smiling as she passed, feeling the burthen of her years and her pork to be both light, though both were in reality heavier than they had ever been before. This great store was not quite disposed of this evening, the residue is to be given out in the morning, when the drink of whiskey is to be distributed. This is to be the last gift—and never before was a gift so long coming. It is that upon which they have been resting their hopes so long; and it has been so long deferred that their very hearts are sick.

This is my last night at the Fond du Lac. Thermometer, sun-down, 66°.

Heaven preserve you.

*American Fur Company's establishment, Fond du Lac, }
Aug. 9, A. M. T. sun-rise, 48°.*

MY DEAR ***

By eight o'clock we shall be off. There is something of loneliness visible all round me already. Nothing remains now of the Indian lodges but their frames; families of Indians are all over the river in their deep laden canoes; numerous dogs are galloping along the shores howling

after* those who have left them, whilst others in the canoes look over their sides and give back howl for howl. Those who reside here, show from their countenances that they soon expect to feel again all the solitude in which they have long lived; and that they regret our departure. But little bustle is seen any where, and only now and then any body seems to be employed—save when an Indian and his squaw step out of the store-house with an occasional bag of flour and barrel of pork, but which is now only occasional, indicating that the supplies are nearly all disposed of.

The morning is very fine and calm. The barrel of whiskey was in the square at sun-rise, and around it the Indians were gathered, in close and firm order, every Indian pressing in to this common centre, and stretching his neck between the heads and over the shoulders of others who had the happiness to be nearer it; whilst those within bent over to inhale the fumes from this barrel; which contained the object, of all others in this world, the most to be desired. Each brought his bark bowl, and in this received his portion. Pe-chee-kee came to me with his, to complain that it was so small—told me his wife wanted some, and his children. I answered they were better without any, as he would be himself. He seemed to think this was very strange; for all his notions upon the subject had always resulted in the conclusion that there could not be too much of any thing so good.

I crossed over amidst the canoes that were floating about upon the still surface of the river, and received from hundreds of mouths, both going and coming, the usual salutation of "*Boo-shoo—boo-shoo.*" My object was to pay a last visit to the poor girl. I told the interpreter to say that Mrs. Coty had promised to attend to her, that her lodge was to be moved over this evening near to Mrs. Coty, and that I had left provisions and comforts, such as I had, with her, with directions how to use them. That she must consider herself to be now in the hands of the Great Spirit, and I hoped he would open her eyes, and give strength to her body; and that if he did, she would be a good girl, and

thank him for it whilst she lived. She was silent, and drew short breaths during my visit—and when I told her I was going, and should see her no more, her head, that was turned round to hear my message, fell back to the position in which I had found it, and her arm from her breast, on which it was resting, by her side. She said not a word! The interpreter told her to shake hands with me. She did so—but said nothing.

On my return, and on stepping out of the canoe, I was met by a most splendidly dressed Indian, with his face painted, and every thing on his person new! He stepped up with a spring that made me stand to ascertain his object, when he smiled and put out his hand. It was the destitute Indian! I pointed him to Gov. Cass—he walked up to him. The Governor was equally at a loss to know who he was. He had dressed himself up on purpose to show his finery. I could see that he looked round upon the Indians with a loftiness of carriage and a defiance, which conveyed his own sense of the distinguished favours he had received. I forgot to mention in the proper place, that when the Indians were assembled in council to receive their presents, this man was told not to come, (he having received his before) and that he went into the room, occupied by Mr. Schoolcraft, and on Mr. B. going in after something was stopped by him. We had to go and undeceive him, for he had mistaken the order, and thought he had been told to go and guard that room. The truth is, he was little less crazy on account of his hat and a silver band around it, and an immense silver gorget, with a beaver cut in it, and his scarlet leggins, and calico shirt, and new blanket, and a paper of vermilion, &c. &c. &c. than he had before been, when under the belief that he was deserted by his manito, as well as his band.

The company is in motion—the military are playing “strike your tents,” &c.—they fall while I write. Our voyageurs are seated, and the Governor calls.

Ever yours

Burned-wood river, dusk. T sun-down, 53°.

Embarked at eight o'clock this morning. On stepping into the canoe, which I did from a bold shore, along side of which it had been brought, I found our provisions and baggage had settled her low in the water. Her gunwale was not more than six inches from it. My company consists of Mr. Lewis, the eight voyageurs, and Ben. The Governor's canoe looked large along side of mine. With him are Mr. B. and Mr. Schoolcraft, and their cook, together with their voyageurs. I saw there must be a trial of speed between the canoes. The Governor's voyageurs flattered themselves with a victory. Being seated first, we took a turn in the river before the place, with our awning up and flag flying. I had scarcely rounded to, before the military were in their barges, and the Governor in his canoe, when all were in motion to the tune of Yankee Doodle. I directed my men to let the Governor precede. They did so. At this moment Pe-chee-kee's canoe came along side, that his squaw might give me a mocock and a terrapin shell. It was the most valuable present she had to give, and was, of course, accepted. The river was alive with canoes. On looking back, we saw the members of the Fur Company's establishment standing on the shore, silent, and looking sad, nothing moved around them, save a cow, and beside them, sitting on his hind legs, was one of their dogs. No lodge remained with its bark cover on but that in which Ke-chewyn E'qua lay—nothing but frames of lodges; and nothing to shew that living beings had inhabited them but the smoke which the morning fires near each still sent up.

The Governor's voyageurs began to chaunt—I felt instantly a fresh impulse given to my canoe. We were presently along side—when the anticipated trial of speed was made. We were victorious; and then was sent up the shout of victory, and then was heard the noise and revelry of gladness. My friend, Mr. B. in the Governor's canoe, who had calculated much on a triumph, looked gloomy.

But it was of no avail; "for," said one of my men, "I would break this arm off here," letting go his paddle with one hand, and putting his finger across the *humerus* of the right arm, "before I would give up." The truth is, on all hands it is admitted, that Lake Superior has never had on its waters eight more efficient or more skilful voyageurs. It is true the Governor's canoe is larger, and is new and green, and should have two more paddles to equalize the force; but even with these we should be conquerors. The Governor's canoe ran down an Indian's, but fortunately did not sink it.

The river is like glass. One of the prettiest objects I have seen is an Indian canoe on a line with ours. It is steered by a squaw. They are nearly a match for us in speed. But what is so beautiful is the reflection of this canoe in the mirror-like surface of the river. Lewis, who is a painter, and has an eye for these things, says it is the most finished and beautiful reflection he ever saw.

About two miles from the mouth of the river we met a canoe. It contained Mr. J. his wife, and two children, on his way to the treaty. He had been detained at the Sault by sickness, and the additional misfortune to be fifteen days on the passage from the Sault to where we met him. Mr. J. is son of my worthy old friend of the same name at the Sault. I asked him if he had letters? He answered he had, and this rejoiced me, for I could but hope that letters had followed me to the Sault, and that they had been put in his charge. But he had none for me! He turned about, and is destined to accompany us back to the Sault.

At one o'clock we arrived at the head of Lake Superior, and went ashore for dinner, and on the same place where we had landed in going up. And there once more the great lake widened before us—this world of waters! But the trial for mastery must be had, and before we had reached this place, my voyageurs indulged in another shout of victory over Mr. Johnson's.

The love of society kept the three canoes, after this, together. The voyageurs had much to say to each other, and they knew how to keep company, and sometimes at the expense of wetting their passengers by the action of their paddles and the ripple of the closely intervening waters. They talked of their loves—of their canoes—praised them, and laughed at the barges for being so far behind.

I am in fine spirits at the thought of getting home, although I am nearly two thousand miles from it. We are encamped near three lodges of Indians.

Thursday, August 10. T. sun-rise, 50°.

Morning clear. Waited till seven o'clock for the military. Embarked soon after, but were obliged to put in at Iron river. Before we made the shelter, we took in much water. The wind blew quite a gale. The shot stars last night, as the Indians will have it, indicated this wind to-day. I counted at least twenty in as many minutes, whilst forks of light from the galaxy pointed west, indicating the direction in which the wind was to blow. The Indian word for the milky-way I forget, but it means, *the path of the ghosts*. There is some idea of our own notions in this idea of faintness, in the shadow-like appearance of these spirits. They have a most appropriate name for every thing in nature. Nature is their book, and they read no other.

There being no prospect of our being able to put out, I went with Mr. J. in his canoe up Iron river for about five miles. Saw only a few pigeons, a musk-rat, and a nest of eaglets. On returning, some of our men went to take the young eagles. They found the tree to be about four feet in diameter, but they cut it down. The eaglets, however, as the tree fell, spread out their wings, and finding them capable of supporting them, flew away. The prize was lost. From the appearance of the old one, they are the bald eagles of the lakes, and are of enormous dimensions.

Along the shore of the river there are a great many wild gooseberries—but nothing else, except the trees—pine, cedar,

elder, &c. that incline both ways, but farther over from the north, on which side the hills (shore,) are almost mountains, so as nearly to meet at the top.

The wind, which we hoped would fall with the setting of the sun, continues. Thermometer, sun-down, 60°.

Friday, Aug. 11. T. sun-rise, 57°.

At ten o'clock last night saw the *aurora borealis*. I had seen this northern light when a boy, and remember to have heard my father repeat many of the revolutionary stories which the old people of those times used to tell him in regard to it. I do not remember, until last night, to have seen one for many years. The Indians call it *Jebbyug netiddeward*, or dancing spirits. And indeed the name is an excellent one. Those I had seen were nothing more than the reflection of light, of a reddish colour, against the northern sky, sometimes deeper, and sometimes fainter, it is true, but here the streams of light were active and ever varying. Sometimes they would shoot up into columns, and then diverge away in flame, and then the light would fade away at one place, and blaze out at another. It was never steady, except a faint impression of a semi-circular form around the north pole; but this was visible only as the more brilliant corruscations would fade away. Left Iron river at half past three o'clock, A. M.

We met this morning, Mr. Holliday, from the *Once*, coming to the treaty, in company with Mr. O——re, who is travelling for his health. He had preceded the Indians from the *Once*, on their way to the council—not expecting it would have been concluded so soon. Mr. H. brought papers from Michillimackinac, and *one letter for me*, which left Washington on the 4th of June, three days after I did.

A little after day, and when about six miles from our encampment, Mr. J. being some hundred yards from us, and further out in the lake, our canoe ran on a rock. I felt the bark on the bottom rise under me, and expected the frail covering was torn, and that we should immediately fill with

water. The lake was deep at the place, and this rock, perhaps, the only one near where we were. The canoe lodged upon it. Our voyageurs put out their paddles, and discovering the rock to be flat, stepped out upon it, and by this means lighted the canoe, when she was pushed off. But a small leak was occasioned, and not sufficient to make it necessary for us to land to repair the damage, which a little gum would have done, unless the rupture had been great—in which case, a piece of bark would have been sewed on, and the seams gummied.

At half past five o'clock, arrived at Michael's island, and on landing, had the mortification to learn, from one of Mr. Cadotte's sons, who had accompanied the expedition to the Ontanagon, that the attempt to bring out the copper rock had been unsuccessful! On questioning him as to the kinds of efforts resorted to by the party, we learned, with regret, that after trying various expedients, and none of them succeeding, they built a large fire on it! This, it seems, was to soften it; and the object was, while in that state, to separate and bring it away in pieces. But this may in future render doubtful the character of the rock. The marks of fire on it may lead to the conclusion that the mass has been produced by the action of this element upon ore; and that it is the production of human agency. This would destroy the interest that is now felt in this wonderful production of nature.

There is a man here whose business it is to catch fish. He is sixty-nine years of age, and active as a boy, though radically diseased. His pulse beats only twenty-five strokes in a minute. On his legs, and arms, and breast, are tatoeed, the marks of superiority in his profession, which has been that of a voyageur, and it seems he excelled in carrying packages across the portages, both on account of their weight and the celerity of his movement. He is now sallow, and dropsical, but active as stated. On questioning him as to his former life, he said, with a slap of the hands, "he had been the greatest man in the north-west." It is questionable

whether Bonaparte ever felt his superiority in all the departments of mind which so distinguished him, or in his achievements, to an extent of greater excitement, than does this poor man on Michael's island, in the animating and single belief in his supremacy as a *north-western voyageur*.

Thermometer, sun-down, 70°.

Saturday August 12. T. sun-rise, 63°.

Embarked at five o'clock. At twelve o'clock, stopped at Montreal river for dinner. The mountain on the right of the entrance on fire. The atmosphere filled with smoke. I was reading the *Pioneers*, and was just at the fire scene, as described by Cooper; and never was a description more splendid, or more true.

On reaching Little Girl's point, we deemed it proper to land. The swells were high, and our canoe took in much water. The Governor and Mr. Holliday in advance.

Thermometer, sun-down, 69°.

Sunday, 13th.

Left Little Girl's point at half past three, and came to Black river to breakfast. Wind south. Thermometer, sun-rise, 67°. Our company in sight, except the Governor. At five o'clock, opposite the Ontanagon, and as I looked into the mouth of this river for the last time, felt the disappointment occasioned by the failure to bring the rock out of it. The evening calm. We kept out in the lake several miles. The moon looked out upon us as through a thin, misty veil, but her face is familiar, and I greet her. Her face, though veiled, is lovely to look upon. Wind rose—then fell again. Now fair, and then ahead—and then calm. At seven o'clock, and while the voyageurs were resting on their paddles, I inquired if they did not wish to go ashore for the night—they answered, they were fresh yet. They had been almost constantly paddling since three o'clock this morning. They make sixty strokes in a minute. This, for one hour, is three thousand six hundred; and for sixteen hours, fifty-seven

thousand six hundred strokes with the paddle, and "*fresh yet!*" No human beings, except the Canadian French, could stand this. Encamped at Fishing bay, at half past nine o'clock, having come to-day *seventy-nine miles*.

Thermometer, sun-down, 76°.

Monday, 14th.

Under way at four in the morning—having passed all the company some five, and some two miles, and wholly unexpected by the Governor, whose canoe had not been in sight the whole day, and whose camp we passed in silence, and by the light of his fires, and of the moon, but unperceived. Mr. Holliday in company. Our men threw their paddles well out from the sides of their canoes, and never struck them, and placed them in the water and took them out as noiseless as if the water had been oil. From our encampment to the point which terminates Fishing bay, is about eighteen miles. The wind springing up early in the morning from the south, we run up our sail, and made the traverse of the bay. Wind freshened into a blow. Mr. Holliday and myself keeping near company, followed in the distance by the Governor and Mr. Johnson. The military behind. We determined on making the traverse, and on leading the way to the portage, distant about thirty miles from our encampment. At six o'clock, and when about three-fourths of the way across, the lake growing white with foam, and the steersman calling for help to keep the canoe from being blown round side to the sea, which is generally afforded by two or three of the voyageurs striking their paddles down by the side of the canoe, and the bowsman working his the contrary way, a bird was seen coming across the lake, feeble in its efforts, and directing its course towards our canoes. It passed Mr. Holliday's, and on getting in a line with mine, turned and followed it. It appeared to make one last effort, and with its feet foremost, lit on the end of the upper yard, when instantly one of the voyageurs raised his paddle, saying, "*mangé—mangé,*" and in the act of giving the bird

the meditated stroke, I caught his arm, and prevented it. I then ordered the steersman to untie the rope, which, passing through the top of the mast, was tied near him, when the sail was lowered, and the bird taken and handed to me. It was too feeble to fly. Its heart beat as if it would break. I took some water from the lake with my hand, into my mouth, put the bill of the little wanderer there, and it drank as much as would have filled a table spoon—then breaking up some crackers, I fed it. My next difficulty was to fall upon some plan for taking it home. It seemed to have sought my protection, and nothing shall cause me to abandon it. On looking round me, the moccock that the Indian woman gave me struck my sight. It was the only thing in the canoe in which it was possible to put it. So I have given it a lodgment in that. It is a wild pigeon, nearly full grown, and is perhaps the only survivor of a flock from Canada. Thousands of them perish in crossing every season, and I am told they are often seen on the lake shore fastened together by their feet, looking like ropes of onions. The lake, in the direction in which this one came, must be at least sixty miles across.

This is a member of the dove family, and the “travelled dove” of the voyage. Is it a messenger of peace?—Why did it pass one canoe, and turn and follow another?—Why come to me?—None of these questions can be answered. But of one thing this poor pigeon is sure—and that is, of my *protection*; and though only a pigeon, it came to me in distress, and if it be its pleasure, we will never part.*

At ten o'clock arrived at the portage. Several families of Indians here. Here we landed, and in exactly five minutes by the watch the canoe was unloaded, and the bark, that so short a time before had been tossed about by the swells of the lake, was upon the shoulders of two of our men, who walked with it up a steep ascent of twenty feet,

* This pigeon, called by the Chippeways *Me-me*, and by which name it is called, is yet with its preserver—tame, and in all respects domesticated. It knows its name, and will come when called.

and carried it to a *pôse*, or place of rest—a thousand yards from the top of the hill. Of the Indians who are here, three were pounding corn between stones—gave them a twist of tobacco for a handful of it for my bird, who relished it much.

Breakfasted at twelve o'clock. All hands busy in carrying over our baggage and stores. The military in view, well out in the lake, on their way round point Ke-we-wa-na, which will add ninety miles to their distance over ours. We are now with our Indians from the Sault, (who preceded us to this place by leaving the Fond du Lac the day before we did,) five canoes in company. The Governor's, the Fond du Lac, as it is called; the one I am in; Mr. Johnson's; Mr. Holliday's, and Shin-gaubi W'Ossin's.

The portage has been pretty correctly estimated by Mr. Schoolcraft in his Tour. It is about two thousand yards across. The first half, from the north side, across, is elevated about thirty feet above the lake, and sandy; the last is boggy, indeed miry. The men are often more than half leg deep in mud, and pressed even lower than that by the enormous loads they carry. Their only apparatus is a piece of leather, which they make fast to their load, and then pass it around their forehead. A voyageur has been known to carry across this portage, *four hundred and eighty pounds*, by means of this strap, the package resting on his back and shoulders.

On crossing the portage, which is by the ancient pathway, and through a forest of pines thinly scattered, we arrived at the embarking place, which is made up of a muddy shore, and a narrow water way, only wide enough for one canoe, which runs through the middle of a marsh of grass, in width about a mile, and in length nearly the same, when the water course widens a little, and we wind our way through a swamp, grown up with alder and shrubs, and across which large trees had been blown, but had been cut in two by preceding voyageurs to make the passage clear for their canoes. The marks of the beavers' teeth were dis-

cernible on others of a smaller growth, which had been cut in two by these industrious animals for purposes connected with the structure of their lodges, and for food. It is said of the beaver, among other things, that the males are exceedingly jealous; and are often seen in desperate fight in the presence of the female, who remains quietly by beholding the contest, and apparently unconcerned as to which of them obtains the mastery. So says Henry. This swamp is of difficult navigation. The passage way through it being narrow, it was sometimes difficult for us to turn our canoes round the points, or to wind our way through the undergrowth that rises so thick out of the water. This kind of navigation extends about a mile, when turning to the west, we enter a beautiful river, or lake, as it is called, varying in width from one to three miles, and is some twenty miles long before it enters the lake on the south side of point Ke-we-wa-na.

The transition from the great lake to this tranquil and pretty water course, was very agreeable. Hitherto, there had been nothing upon the one hand but a wide expanse of waters, with only one shore visible—and that silent, (except the monotonous roll of the waves, on the other,) and the picture of barrenness and desolation.—Here were two shores, and both beautiful, being thick set with pine, birch, cedar, spruce, and aspen, all rich in their varied hues; and beyond were forests of maple. Here the Indians of this quarter sometimes assemble, to extract from these trees one of the few resorts they make to sustain life; but even this, and all the rest, too often prove insufficient, and these unfortunate inhabitants of a cold and sterile region, die every year, and in great numbers, of actual starvation!

I felt, when on the bosom of this beautiful water course, which the great lake had thrown into the body of this point, from its southern shore like an arm, that I should regret to leave it, and enter again upon the wide waste of waters. But eight o'clock brought us to the lake, and our ears were again met with those familiar sounds which never for a mo-

ment cease, and which are occasioned by the roll of the surf and a grating of the pebbles, as the wave retires. A shower of rain attended our landing, but in a few minutes our tents were up and fires burning, and we enjoying our repast. We have come to-day, exclusive of the portage, fifty miles. Thermometer, sun-down, 70°.

Tuesday, Aug. 15. T. sun-rise, 68°.

At ten o'clock last night, Mr. Holliday continued on home. His post being distant, from the mouth of this river, about eighteen miles, and at the *Once*. We distinctly saw a large light in, as he told us, the direction of his home, and which he believes was kindled as a guide to him; he being expected about this time.

Morning cloudy, but no rain. My little Chippeway is in fine spirits, and has already lost much of its native shyness. It eats and drinks out of my hand, and shows no one sign of uneasiness in being confined.

Landed just around what is called Cakes point for breakfast, and on an Indian encamping ground. Here I found a grave. At its head was a pine board, with the form of an elk cut rudely in it, doubtless the *totem* of the band to which the deceased had belonged.

At one o'clock, opposite Granite, or Huron islands. The same where I had seen that beautiful bird of plumage so gay and varied, going up; and after leaving which, the storm commenced which scattered us so.

The travelling companion of Mr. Holliday, Mr. Orr, had loaned me Moore's life of Sheridan. I have read it, and with intense interest. Poor Sheridan! What an adventurous life! But how blest in the loveliest and most accomplished of women for a wife. Moore has been most happy, I think, in the delineation of her character. We see her in all that makes woman lovely. She seems to have lacked no one quality, or grace, but to have possessed all, and in precisely the degree which Sheridan required. Who ever excelled her in her love and anxieties about her husband; in

the deep interest she took in all that concerned him; in her ardour and ability to serve him, in seconding and sustaining his own plans; or in her *devotion* to him. But when in her death scene, which took place, unfortunately for him, but so happily for her, in her thirty-eighth year, all the loveliness which so adorned her converged to a focus, and shone out upon the path-way to the grave, and shed over it a light so hallowed and so beautiful, I could not but admire its radiance, nor suppress the rising sigh, nor refuse a tear to her memory. I never felt a more peaceful moment than was that which occupied my feelings when in following the biographer, I found myself at the death-scene of this incomparable woman. The lake was stilled around me, and even the waves broke in softer murmurs on the shore.

Alas! for poor Sheridan. What though he was the world's wonder; what though he was so rich in all the treasures of mind and heart; what though he electrified senates by his eloquence, and lit up his oratory with the fires of the purest wit, and counselled and guided princes; and smoothed down the asperities of their family quarrels, and acted as the master-spirit in all that was grand and glorious, we behold him, in the hour of his need, deserted by those *whom he had served*, and by the world he had enlightened and honoured, and left to die in penury and want! But his angel of a wife had been removed from the observation of such extremity. Death had kindly sealed her eyes to a view of his distress, and deprived her heart of the life that would have rendered her so keenly sensible to a calamity so overwhelming as was that which fell, at last, upon poor Sheridan. It is painful to contemplate the fall of such a man, even were his overthrow attended with circumstances of ordinary calamity. But to see such a star, the glory of the British firmament, and which had attracted all eyes, and beamed down its rays upon and cheered all hearts, quenched in a murky and baleful medium, and falling ingloriously and in darkness to the earth, is deeply to be deplored! It was not enough that Sheridan should be deprived

of his seat in parliament, and he driven from his theatrical moorings, where, although often buffeted, he had rode out many a storm, and turned adrift upon the wide waste of this world, dependent on a prince's favour—a *prince's favour!*—and his property of every sort seized upon, but his library, the gift of friends, and his cup, the pledge of honour, presented to him by his Stafford constituents, but as if to crush his feelings, or pass into them the keenest and most torturing probe of anguish, the portrait of his wife (I speak of his first wife) by Reynolds, although not *sold* during his life, was actually made to pass into other hands! But this would not satisfy his hungry creditors. They seized his emaciated and worn out body, and lodged it in a sponging house, where he was kept two or three days. This was the stroke that brought him down. He sunk under it. His spirits ebbed rapidly away from life's fountain, where they had hitherto been so abundant, and he sought "a last corner" in which to lay himself down and die. But even there the harpies pursued him. "Writs and executions came in rapid succession, and bailiffs got possession of his house." But the prince's favour did not reach this last and trying extremity—no, nor was his *dying body* respected. It was seized upon by "the sheriff's officer, who was about to carry it off in its blanket, its *only* covering, to a sponging house," when Dr. Bain interfered, and by threatening the officer with the responsibility he must incur, if his prisoner should expire by the way, as was probable, arrested the progress of an outrage so murderous and foul. Still no relief came! A paragraph appeared in a newspaper—when some royal visits were made! Visits of inquiry—empty, unsatisfying calls. * * *

The hint in the newspapers was well conveyed. It was in these words. "O delay not—delay not to draw aside the curtain within which that proud spirit hides its sufferings. Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness to ministering at the splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse. I say *life* and *succour*, against Westminster Abbey and a funeral!"

In the midst of such varied and multiplied distress, died Sheridan, on the 7th day of July, 1816, in his sixty-fifth year. And when the solemn, and on this occasion, at least, the disgusting pomp of the long funeral followed, the following appropriate lines appeared.

“O, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
 And friendship so false in the great and high born,
 To think what a long line of titles may follow
 The relicks of him who died friendless and lorn!
 How proud they can pass to the fun’ral array
 Of him, whom they shun’d in his sickness and sorrow,
 How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!”

Thermometer, at sun-down, 69°.

Wednesday, Aug. 16th.

Embarked at half past two in the morning. Moonlight. By sun-rise, off Granite point, distant fifteen miles from our encampment. Thermometer, at sun-rise, 60°. Wind, N. W. and cool. But the morning clear and bracing. Breakfasted on a pebbled shore, about fifteen feet wide, with rocks some twenty feet high, right and left, and running from the mountain at their base, which rises some twenty feet back of us, two hundred feet into the lake. One of our men, after lighting the fire at the extremity of this recess, threw a blazing stick into the forest at the foot of the mountain. In a few moments it caught to the dry and dead wood and branches, and before we had half finished our repast, the roar of the fire, the crackling, and ravenous fury with which it encircled and ran up the dead pines, with flames tossing about over our heads, produced a scene which was truly grand. I noticed one tall pine tree which was dead, but its bark was yet on it, and saw the flames wrap themselves round it, and in a spiral form travel to its top, where in a sheet of fire they collected, blazed for a moment, and then expired. We often see smoke in the mountains, which doubtless comes from fires thus kindled by the In-

dians; and sometimes the quantity is so great as to darken the air, the fires raging for months.

Mr. Holliday overtook us last night at our encampment, in another canoe, and, in part, a fresh set of voyageurs. The light he saw was his own houses on fire! He arrived just in time to save himself from ruin, by his own exertions, and those of his eight men. As it was, his loss was considerable. There was great danger from a quantity of powder that he had, but fortunately the fire did not reach it. His potatoes he fears are all destroyed by the fire. This is a worthy man, and a meritorious trader. His wife is an Indian woman, and he has, I am told, several fine children, one of whom I have seen. He is destined to Michillimackinac in company with us, where he has some promising children at the school, which is such an ornament to the island. Gen. V——r, of N. Y. the generous and noble spirited friend of man, and whose means are ample like his own heart, has patronized this school in various ways. Its high character cannot but give him pleasure. The highest reward of such men is to see the good they aim at realized.

The Governor, and the rest of the company, stopped at an island to look for a relic of Indian pottery which was said to be there. We continued on towards Grand island. Just before sun-down, we descried something on the main opposite Grand island, and near the point of the *Detour*. On approaching it, it turned out to be one of those formations which are so common on these shores. It was a perfect vase. Mr. Lewis took an exact sketch of it. Its base is in yellow sand stone, which is six feet above the water of the lake. It stands about two miles west of the point opposite the south-western side of Grand island. The colour of the vase is nearly that of white sand stone, a little shaded in places with yellow. Its stem is about five feet high, and the body of the vase about twelve feet, with dimensions in all respects exactly adapted to these elevations. The trees that rise out of it are the fir, and their height is about ten feet. Evergreen and the aspen form the back ground.

The sun was down when we arrived at Grand island. We made several attempts to land on the main, but found no good encamping place. Our company were yet behind. We continued on. The moon shone brightly, and the surface of the water was undisturbed and pure, except by the motion imparted to it by our canoe.

“Blue were the waters—blue the sky,
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly spiritually bright.”

Lewis, whose voice is fine, added additional enchantment to the scene by singing some of his favourite airs.

We had thoughts of proceeding on to the point of Grand island, where we had breakfasted on our way up, but by the light of the moon we saw a beautiful encamping place on the island, about four miles from it, and as it was grown late, we determined to occupy it. Our men rounded the point, and occupied one of the prettiest encamping grounds I have seen, except that on Point Ke-we-wa-na. The Governor and the party arrived in half an hour after, and stopped on the point, about four hundred yards from us. Guns were fired from the trading post on the main, the same we visited on going up, and found deserted, and a fire lit upon the shore—the usual signals, and imports a welcome and a good landing, &c. Those of our party we had sent for the copper rock were there; and hearing the voyageurs in the Governor's canoe, built the fire, and fired the guns. They came over—and late as it was, we learned more, in detail, the history of their attempt, and failure, to bring away the copper rock. How much I regret this failure!

Thermometer, sun-down, 68°.

Thursday, Aug. 17. T. sun-rise, 58°.

I was anxious to know how the morning would appear. The Pictured rocks were now, at their commencement, not over six miles from us; and having procured a sketch of the vase, I was more than ever anxious to get also the outlines

of those mightier formations. The morning was cloudy! The west looked black, and a wind from that quarter would have effectually destroyed all my hopes of getting the sketches of the rocks. We determined, however, to embark, and wait the result of this tempest—gathering in the west, on the south side of Grand island. Meanwhile, I examined the encamping ground. Near our tent I found the frame of a large lodge, and just back of it, the kind of frame on which the Indians dry their fish. It is built over a square hole in the ground, of about six feet by three, where the fire is built. Near the lodge was a pole of about thirty feet high. At its top hung some badges of the superstition of these people. It was an offering for their sick! From those offerings, we inferred a child had been the subject of their anxieties. Near the top of the pole is a small cap, suspended by a small string—to which is attached, also, a strip of fur. Below these is a little child's covering, not more than ten inches by twelve, with no sleeves, with a feather from the wing of a hawk suspended from near the shoulder-straps. Below, there is a piece of red and white ribband, and ten feet below all, hangs a small hoop, tied round with wattap, which confines to it a parcel of white feathers.

Now, all this is said to have been devised by their *Jossakeed*, or conjurer—or their *Maakúdayweckooúyga*, or priest; and such offerings are generally the result of some dream, or of some more systematized plan of imposing upon the credulity of these unenlightened and helpless people.

At six o'clock in the morning, we were opposite the first formation of the line of the rocky and pictured scenery. I have had some views taken, that I think will be interesting. The first is an urn and a monument, with a stream of water running into the lake from between them. This stream is nearly equi-distant, between the two, but something nearer the monument. The urn is about sixty feet in circumference, and of the most exact proportions as to height and figure. Its pedestal, or base, rests upon yellow sand-stone, and not more than ten feet from the water's edge, and near-

ly on a line with it. The pitch of the stream is about twenty feet, and in width, it is about six feet. The monument stands about thirty feet back of a line drawn from the urn and along the margin of the lake. It is partially hid with trees. It rises out of a grove, and looks like a sacred place, and just such as we would fancy a monument would appear in. The urn and monument are distant from each other about one hundred yards.

It will not do for me to indulge in any reflections on this singular sepulchral arrangement; or to question nature as to these designs. Here is the urn, the naiad, and the monument; and art might profit by a view of their construction and arrangement. The views taken of them are in all respects correct.

I noticed in a general way the appearance of the Pictured rocks, on coming up. I shall now only refer to those parts of them which I have had sketched.

The next point which struck my observation with most force, was what I have called *Castle rock*. After Mr. Lewis had sketched this wonderful mass of singular and fortification-like arrangement, which is about three hundred feet high, and one hundred and fifty wide, which he did from some hundred yards in the lake, we approached it. We had got within about fifty feet of its base, when, on looking up, we found ourselves under the drip from its edges above—proceeding further in, I saw my men looking up, and apparently shrinking from its projecting sides. They inquired where I wished to go? I told them, into that largest opening. “*Mon Dieu!*” they exclaimed, and Mr. L. begged that we might go back. I wished to look into this opening, and did so. I confess I felt somewhat horror struck, for in addition to the projecting walls, which are of sand stone, and crumble at the touch, the sounds that came out of these apertures were most unearthly! One of the men got out of the canoe, and sat in a recess just in front of the opening.

This opening is about forty feet wide, and ten deep. On the right, a circular passage way winds into the body of the

rock, with a roof of thirty feet, supported on pillars, averaging about twelve inches in circumference, but the length of the canoe prevented my winding my way into this inner world. After surveying this recess for half an hour, numerous fish swimming beneath us, and becoming familiarized to the danger, we came out and continued down the coast of similar formations, but all varying, for about five miles, when we came to that which I call *Cave rock*. This we approached also, and found the tops to overhang in all the threatening postures of the first. Near this, and connected with it, and on the right, is a pile of ruins, which are the remains of one of these immense formations, that having been undermined by the action of the waters, had tumbled down, and no doubt agitated the lake for miles around.

This view, gives some idea of the continuation of this rock-bound shore, in the sections of which the walls are formed. All along the cornice of these rocks the colour is white, and stained with brown, as if by time, and the action of the elements; and here and there huge fragments are broken off as if by the same agents. Their bases are uniformly, or nearly so, of yellow sand stone. The whole, looks like the work of art; and as if, I have before said, giants had been the workmen.

The Governor, on parting from me in the morning, bade me, very formally, farewell—said he was very sorry to leave me, but that we should meet at the Sault. There I expected myself I should have the pleasure of seeing him, and not before. I knew these sketches must occupy Mr. Lewis for some time; and so made my mind up to have a lonely voyage to the St. Mary's.

Sun-set brought us to the Grand Marais, having come sixty miles to-day. We encamped on the same spot where our tent was pitched in going up, and now, doubtless, for the last time. We are at least twenty miles behind the Governor and our party—and perhaps one hundred in advance of the military. About nine miles from the Grand Marais passed some Indians encamping for the night. Got some

fish of them, and gave them in exchange pork and flour. The chief came wading into the lake, holding out his hand, saying, "*Boo-shoo—Boo-shoo,*"—and on receiving the pork and flour, was confounded at his unexpected good luck, and seemed grateful. Thermometer, sun-down, 66°.

The moon is at her full. The stars are nearly all quenched in her unusual splendour. The firmament looks like one vast mirror, and this lovely bay resembles it. It would be difficult, from the appearance, to determine which is the original, and which the reflection. On landing, I walked down on the bar, where, on going up, we had exercised ourselves so freely. But the evening—the varied and golden light in the west, and the full moon, silent, and silvery, and bright, and thoughts of home absorbed my reflections—and here it was I felt all the force and beauty of the following lines:—

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sun-set divides the day with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height—
 Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seem to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity.
 While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air.—————
 A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heav'n; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains,
 Fill'd with the face of heav'n, which, from afar
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sun-set to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest—till all is grey."—

While contemplating the stillness, and wrapt in the silvery mantle of this night-scenery, I heard a footstep—on looking round, I recognized it to be one of my men—the steersman. "Sir," said he. "I have come to say, that if it

is your pleasure, now that we have eaten and rested, we are willing to go on—the night is bright, and we will make your pallet in the canoe.” I assented, when the canoe was soon in the water, the tent down, the pallet that had been spread, rolled up, and in half an hour, and at ten o’clock, we were going out of this bay, and gliding over the surf of the lake as it broke upon the beach. The stillness which I had been enjoying, was broken by the chaunting of the voyageurs. I stretched myself down on my pallet, that was unrolled and spread out on the bottom of the canoe, and pulling my blankets over me, went to sleep.

Thermometer, sun-rise, 58°.

Friday, August 18th.

The voyageurs have been gratified. Their object was to overtake and pass the Governor and the rest of the company whilst they slept. At half past one, the entire silence awaking me, I lifted my head, and looking out, saw five barges drawn up on the shore, and the smoke of the fires at which the company had cooked their evening repast; and at three, the provision barges, and those who had been despatched to the Ontanagon, and who also got ahead of me whilst I was delayed before the Pictured rocks, and just beyond, at Twin river, the Governor, Mr. Holliday, and Mr. Johnson. I had got into a doze again, but every thing becoming so perfectly still, I was awakened, and looking out, saw the tents, and that all was silent. We passed them all, and continued on to White-fish point, where we breakfasted. Just as we had embarked, after breakfast, we saw in the distance the little fleet. I soon discovered the determination of the voyageurs was to make the entire traverse of this immense bay, from *White-fish*, to *Gross point*. It is true, the morning was calm; but there is danger in the undertaking, and it is never attempted but under the fairest prospects. We had proceeded but about one-third of the way, when the wind breezed up, and fortunately for us, it was fair. We put up our sail, and scudded before it. When two-thirds of

the way across, we saw, by standing up in the canoe, the boats following—their sails just visible. We had got within ten miles of Gross cape when the wind rose into a storm.—The waves were making, fast, when the paddles were resorted to, which, together with the wind, forced us under the shelter of Gross point just in time. We feared for our company, but keeping on, and now in calmer water upon the river St. Mary, and at three o'clock, I bade, perhaps, a final farewell to Lake Superior, and its billowy and changeful surface; its moon-light scenery; its broken and barren shores; its Grand Sablés; its Pictured rocks; its islands, and its solitude. I felt grateful for the protection I had experienced, and for the safety of all concerned; and gratified at having been made able to feed the hungry, and to assist in planning measures which we hope may prove in future a source of supplies, in part, at least, for the miserable and starving beings among whom we have been.

At five o'clock arrived at the Sault de St. Marié. It was our intention to go down the rapids, but our voyageurs dissuaded us from it, assuring us that the canoe was too deep, and that none of the crew knew the way well enough to avoid, with certainty, the rocks which are no where more than a few feet beneath the surface of the foam of the rapids.

We entered by the way of the race which had been cut by the soldiers to let in the water for a saw mill, which has been destroyed by fire since we left here; and at five, P. M. had the gratification of being once more in a place where the rights of hospitality had been extended to us; and although it is only on the threshold of civilized life, so great was the change from solitude to it, that I felt, on seeing these few log houses covered with bark, and the fort, and the faces of the inhabitants, as if I had entered a populous town. We were scarcely in our quarters before the landlady, Mrs. H——, announced the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and handed us the papers which teem with the feelings, and reflections, and honours of the people, on an occasion so unexampled!

In an hour after our arrival, the Governor and Mr. Holliday were seen careering it over the rapids, and flying by us. They were surprised on seeing us, having passed us at Grand island, and not expecting our arrival, at least, until to-morrow.

Sault de St. Marié, Saturday, August 19, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I know not when tidings have reached me of a character so impressive as are those which have announced the deaths of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson! That these hoary and venerated sages and patriots should die, was no more than what every body expected. Each of them had lived to extreme old age; Mr. Adams, I believe, had attained his ninety-second, and Mr. Jefferson his eighty-third year. But that they should have died within a few hours of each other, and on the ever memorable fourth of July, a day with which they are so peculiarly and pre-eminently identified, and along with which they will go down to latest posterity as the two most brilliant lights that adorn it; and that this 4th of July, should have been the fiftieth, *the Jubilee* of the liberty which they had so nobly and successfully united to achieve, are coincidences that cannot fail to make a deep impression wherever the story of them shall be told;—nor can any thing stop the circulation of such tidings until they shall have gone the rounds of the universe; for every man living, or who may hereafter live, will take an interest in them. I do not view this remarkable occurrence in the light of an ordinary event. There is too much of precision in it; too much order for it to have been conducted by chance. No, rely upon it, this extraordinary issue of the lives of two *such* men, has been by the appointment of “the supremely wise”—and although the object may be veiled to us, it is seen by the eye that never sleeps, and may one day be seen also by us; if not here, the secret will be disclosed in eternity. I never felt more disposed to indulge in reflections. But you will have thought it over, and heard it spoken of by hundreds, and what I should

say, would be no more than you are long before this, familiar with. So I drop it, from my pen—not from my mind. I cannot get rid of so extraordinary an occurrence. It engrosses my thoughts.

We have been politely visited by Colonel Lawrence and the officers of the garrison; and on returning it, a salute of fifteen guns was fired, which you will, of course, understand to have been in honour of the Governor. We were invited to take up our quarters in the garrison; but our landlady having made preparations for our return, it was concluded to be due to her attentions to decline the offer, except that I reserved a room in which to “scribble and doze.”

I have just returned from Mr. Johnson’s, where in company with the Governor and others, I have spent a most agreeable evening. As I am *gleaning*, I inquired of my old friend, if Mrs. Johnson could not give me some traditions of her people; or something, I was not particular what, that related to them. I got in reply the following Chippeway allegory. It was told in Chippeway with great spirit, and translated by Miss Charlotte and her father.

“A man from the north, grey haired, and leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries and climes. Looking round him one day, after having travelled without any intermission for four moons, he sought a spot on which to recline and rest himself. He had not been long seated before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in his exterior, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his head crowned with flowers; and from between his lips he blew a breath that was sweet as the wild mountain flower. Said the old man to him, as he leaned upon his staff, his beard reaching low down upon his breast, ‘let us repose here awhile and converse a little. But first we will build a fire, and we will bring together much wood, for it will be needed to keep us warm.’ The fire was made, and each took his seat by it, and began to converse, each telling the other where he came from, and what circumstances had befallen them by the way. Presently the young man felt cold. He looked round him

to see what had produced the change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm. At this moment the old man spoke, and said—“When I wish to cross a river, I blow upon it and make it hard, and walk over upon its surface. I have only to speak and bid the waters be still, and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of my foot makes soft things hard; and my power is boundless!”

“The young man, feeling still colder, and growing tired of the old man’s boasting, and morning being nigh, as seen by the rosy tints in the east, said—“Now, my friend, I wish to speak.” “Speak,” said the old man, “my ear, though it be old, is open, it can hear.” “I go,” said the young man, “over all the earth too. I have seen it covered with snow, and the waters I have seen hard; but I have only passed over them, and the snow has melted; the mountain rivulets have begun to run, the rivers to move, and the ice to melt: the earth has become green under my tread, the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful, and all that you have referred to, as being produced by your power, has vanished!”

“The old man fetched a deep sigh, and shaking his head, said—“I know thee—thou art Spring!” “True,” said the young man, “and here, behold my head; see it crowned with flowers; and my cheeks, how they bloom—come near and touch me.” “Thou,” exclaimed the young man, “art Winter! I know thy power is great; but thou dar’st not come to my country. Thy beard would fall off, and all thy strength would fail, and thou wouldst die. The old man felt the truth of the remark, and before the morning was fully come he was seen vanishing away! But each, before they parted, expressed his hope that they might meet again.”

“My wife,” said my old friend “having told you a Chipeway allegory, I will tell you first a tale of generous heroism, and then one of superstition.” So he began—“The following story I got from *Gitche-gausiné*. *Gitche-gausiné* was a distinguished warrior. After a great battle with the *Sieux*, some few skulkers took off the bodies of some of the slain, and made soup of them. *Gitche-gausiné* passing by at

the time, they said unto him, 'are you brave enough to partake of our mess, and assist us in eating the bodies of the slain?'—'No,' said he, '*I killed them, but only men, base like you, can eat them.*'

"Some years after, Gitche-gausiné fell sick, and as all supposed, died. His wife, contrary to the Indian custom, instead of burying him the same day, kept his corpse four days, insisting that he was not dead, but nevertheless, tied the bag to his back, which it is usual to bury with the dead, and in which supplies are put. On the fourth day she put her hand upon his breast, and felt it rise; and soon after discovered that he was not dead. Shortly after Gitche-gausiné opened his eyes and spoke, saying—'O, but I have slept long. I have had a strange dream.' It immediately occurred to his wife that she had not, as is the custom of these people, put by his side his kettle, and the various other affairs that are usually put by the side of the deceased, to assist him in getting a support on his journey to the land of souls. The thought had but just passed, when he continued, and said—'Why did you not place my kettle and my bows and arrows beside me? Now I know the reason I have come back. I have said I have had a strange dream. I was going along the path which the spirits tread, and it was smooth. I saw many people travelling along this path, and of various descriptions, all carrying burdens of various kinds. I saw many lodges; and in them the drums were beating, and there was dancing in them all; but nobody invited me to join the dance. Every person who spoke to me asked, 'where are you going?' 'why are you returning?' 'why not pursue your route?' I also saw much game, many deer, and elk, &c.; and feeling for my arrows and finding I had none, I determined on returning. I saw a woman—'you need not return,' said she, 'here is a kettle,' 'and here,' said another, 'is a gun.' I took them, but still determined to return, because these were not my own. As I arrived near my own lodge, I found myself on the borders of a fiery plain! I examined it. It was a circle of fire, and my lodge was in the middle of the cir-

cle. I asked myself, how am I to cross this fire?—I resolved to try. When, making a strong exertion, I leaped through the flame, and awaking, have found it a dream!”

The identical presents which he dreamed had been made him, he told Mr. Johnson he actually received afterwards. The bag that had been placed at his back was heavy, the weight of which, in travelling, he said, he found to be intolerably great; and his great object afterwards was to persuade his people not to encumber the dead with so many presents, as it made their journey through the land of souls very hard and laborious. *

These are queer stories, but go for a great deal among Indians. This chief doubtless intended, by narrating this dream, to dissuade his people from burying implements which would be useful to the living, with the bodies of the dead, where they could not benefit either the one or the other. It was an address to the superstition of his people.

Good night.

Sault de St. Marié, Aug. 20, 1826.

MY DEAR **'

Finding my room in the garrison to be so agreeable, I have occupied it exclusively, preferring to lodge in it, as well as to spend my leisure hours here during the day. On my way up, I was, as I wrote you, most obligingly and pleasantly accommodated at the house of my friend Mr. Schoolcraft—but finding, on my return, to my regret, that his amiable and interesting wife was much indisposed, I could not think of adding any thing to her cares, which must have been the case had I resumed the occupancy of the room which had been provided for me.

This morning is cloudy, and rainy, and the elements, in other respects, are all in motion, accompanied by lightning and thunder. It requires something of this sort in this region, and even at this place, with a few exceptions, to remind the people that “the Lord reigneth.” He is not seen in the

clear sky, nor in the effulgence and power of the sun; nor in the moon by night, nor the stars, whether they twinkle in their spheres, or stream across the heavens; nor in the still evening, nor in the roar of the rapids—but when his lightnings flash, and his thunder rolls, there is a stillness, and thoughtfulness, in every one; and it is felt, if not expressed, that there is a power above that is awful, and to be feared!

Man requires, from the constitution of his nature, something to rouse him to reflection, and to put him into action. He will not stir without an incentive of some sort. There must be appeals to his hopes or his fears; to his love of pleasure, or dread of pain; else he is inactive, and will degenerate. In many cases influences, to be effectual, must be even terrible in their nature. But here, those happily conceived externals which operate so powerfully with you, and which from their very nature tend to harmonize society, and make man more the friend of man, and more respectful, and devoted to his Maker, are not even seen. There are no temples here dedicated to the Almighty; no spires pointing towards heaven; no “church-going bell;” no minister’s warning, or encouraging voice—but the “ministering angels” of our world, assemble even here for purposes of social and religious worship, and within this fort, I am told, in the absence of those helps to devotion which are denied them here, they meet and read a sermon, and sing in honour of Him who “fills the wide waste” with his presence, no less than the “city full.” There is no parade made in these pious offerings; no—they are all retired and sincere, but are not the less acceptable to the good Being above, to whom they are offered as a sweet incense, whilst many a louder strain of worship, under more favourable circumstances, rises no higher than the sounding board; and many a hymn dies on the air which serves for the medium in which it is sung. Yet there are sincere worshippers every where, and under all the varieties of superstition, and violence, and hypocrisy; and the revolutions of empire that have distracted the world,

often deluging it with blood, there have been found sincere worshippers, and these will continue as ornaments of the world until there shall remain no more evil, and one pure and holy offering shall go up from all hearts to Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords; that peaceful and happy period which Cowper so beautifully delineates in the following lines:—

“O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
 Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see,
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
 And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
 Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
 The various seasons woven into one,
 And that one season an eternal spring.
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
 For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
 Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the shade
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;
 That creeping pestilence is driven away;
 The breath of heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart
 No passion touches a discordant string,
 But all is harmony and love. Disease
 Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
 One song employs all nations; and all cry
 'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
 The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy,

Till, nation after nation, taught the strain,
 Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
 Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;
 See Salem built, the labour of a God!
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
 All kingdoms, and all princes of the earth
 Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
 Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
 Is heard Salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
 And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
 Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
 To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,
 O Sion! an assembly such as earth
 Saw never—SUCH AS HEAV'N STOOPS DOWN TO SEE."

As yet, in those regions, this lovely prospect seems to be far in the distance; but even here the time will come when what has been already repeated by thousands in the worship of the church, and in which, my dear ***, you have joined to-day, will be heard by the nations of the "farthest west:" "THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE!—LET ALL THE EARTH KEEP SILENCE BEFORE HIM!"

Ever yours.

Sault de St. Marié, Aug. 21, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

You may possibly expect of me some more regular, or historical account of the Indians of the lakes, and of the relation which the various tribes of the country bear to one another, and even, perhaps, that I should venture, as many have hitherto done, an opinion as to their *origin*. Whatever might be my inclination as to these matters, I should yield it, with the knowledge I have that the result of such a discussion will, I hope, and before long, be presented to

the public by abler hands. From the interest taken in this subject by Mr. Gallatin, than whom no man is better qualified to do it justice, I trust we may all hope to be gratified with the result of researches which I know he is diligently making; and which, among other topics, will embrace the points I have referred to. I therefore, lest you may have made some calculations of the sort, now inform you that I do not consider any such design as embraced in the obligation I have assumed to write something about, *almost*, every thing, to you.

I will, however, review, in part, the past, and say some things in regard to the Indians of Lake Superior, which I have omitted. Those Indians, as you know, are Chippeways; and from Michillimackinac, which, in a direct line, may be eighty or ninety miles east from Lake Superior, and westward to the Fond du Lac, they number about *eight thousand*. They are divided into bands; and to each band there is a chief. Of these bands, there are about seventeen. Of their extreme poverty, and the wretched and miserable condition in which they exist, I have not language to give you any adequate description. Something of what relates to their sufferings, you will have gleaned from my letters, and journal. I have no wish to dwell upon these, nor will I, except to state that we have made a provision* in the treaty, which, we hope may, in part, at least, relieve them.

These Indians draw their subsistence from the lake and rivers; from the forests, and from the earth; from the lake and rivers they take fish; from the forest, furs; and from the earth, roots and berries. But their improvidence is such, that they are three-fourths of their time starving, and many of them, as I have often repeated, die annually of want! The fish of the lake are fine, and abundant—but as none of these Indians ever think of to-morrow, they make no provision in summer against the wants and the rigours of winter. In winter the lakes are

* Refers to reservations for the half breeds near the Sault de St. Marié, where they may grow potatoes and other things, and be able to feed, in part, the Indians of the lake; and to an annuity, which is intended, in part, to compensate for the grant they make of our right to search for, and take away copper, &c. from their country.

frozen, and the fish are not taken; in winter, therefore, which reigns over all this region for at least five months out of twelve, these destitute people derive no support from the lake and rivers. The same improvidence leads them to kill the game in seasons when it is destructive to its multiplication, and hence the entire amount of the furs of the whole coast of Lake Superior, may *now* be estimated as not exceeding in their cost, \$23,500!—and supposing this to be equally divided among the individuals of the tribe, each one would receive less than three dollars, which is not enough to buy a blanket of the most *ordinary* quality!

At the following named posts, are received the quantity and kinds of furs enumerated. At the

<i>Fond du Lac</i> , 150 packs, in otter, musk-rats, bear, fisher, martin, lynx, &c. &c., and may be estimated to cost	\$10,000
<i>Folle Avoine</i> , 35 packs, in beaver, otter, martin, fisher, rats, foxes, and in peltries, some coons, &c. estimated at	2,000
<i>La Cote Royale</i> , 30 packs, about the same, estimated at	3,000
<i>Lac du Flambeau</i> , 80 packs, nearly the same, but more beaver, estimated at	3,000
<i>Isle of St. Michael</i> , 10 packs, beaver, otter, martin, bear, and rats, estimated at	1,500
<i>Quiverwonan</i> , including <i>Ontanagon</i> and <i>Grand island</i> , 20 packs, principally beaver, otter, and bears, estimated at	3,000
<i>Sault de St. Marié</i> , 10 packs, same,	1,000
Total,	\$23,500

These furs bring the American Fur Company, whose agents, generally, are located at those places, about *thirty-five thousand dollars*. It must be admitted, high as the charges are to the Indians for what they buy of the traders, it is a serious undertaking, both in the risk and cost, to transport goods thus far in the interior. There is therefore

but little left for the Indians for the greater part of the year, except roots and berries! The principal of the former, they call *Waub-es-see-pin*. It is a root like a potatoe, only smaller, and grows in wet, cold ground; is mealy when boiled or roasted, and no doubt nourishing. The wild rice does not grow on the lake, but far beyond, between it and the Mississippi; it abounds on Fox river.

Here maple sugar is made; and this is another resource of these people, who reside at this end of the lake, as I have before mentioned.

It is not to be wondered at, with this exposition of their resources, that the Indians of Lake Superior should be miserable, and poor, and naked! As to the soil along the lake shore, it would defy the art of the most skilful to make it productive—it is barrenness itself; or if it were more fruitful, summer flies over it like a bird, and leaves so little of the fruitful season, as to forbid the hope that any thing would be made to grow there even were the soil better. *I consider this whole region doomed to perpetual barrenness.*

As to the manners and customs of the Chippeways, you must refer to my sketches; and irregular as these are, you may perhaps gather something out of them which may serve for their illustration. There are a few incidents, however, that I will embody here, and to which I have not before particularly referred. I would prefer not to mention one of them, but then I should be leaving you ignorant of what I have seen almost every day; at least whilst I have been among the Indians—and that, you know, would be, in some sort, a violation of my obligation.

I remember to have read, several years ago, in Brown's History of Missions, and in the first volume, and, I think, in the first section, some curious regulations which were adopted by a society of Indians who had built a town on a piece of land given them by the General Court of Massachusetts, which town I remember they called *Noonatomen*. Among these regulations were the following:

“If any woman shall not have her hair tied up, but shall allow it to hang loose, or to be cut as men’s hair, she shall pay five shillings.

“If any woman go with her breasts uncovered, she shall be fined in two shillings;—and lastly,

“Whoever shall kill their — between their teeth, shall be fined five shillings.”

If the two first regulations had been made exclusively for the Chippeways, they could not conform more closely to them. A Chippeway woman’s hair is always tied up behind, and close to her head, and never hangs loose, nor is it ever cut; and no matter how deficient she may be in clothing, her breasts are sure to be covered. But the disgusting practice which it appears prevailed among the Indians of Massachusetts, and which the last regulation was intended to destroy, prevails universally among the Chippeways. It is therefore known to be—those regulations having been adopted in 1647—*one hundred and eighty years old.*

Indians, in their uneducated and unimproved state, appear to be the same every where, and to have nearly the same habits, and customs, and manners. They *powowed*, or conjured, it seems, in Massachusetts colony, near two centuries ago, and they do the same to this day on Lake Superior.—They howled then, and greased their bodies, and adorned their hair, and the same practices are yet maintained by the Chippeways of the lakes, and by all other Indians of whom I have read, whose improvement has not been studied, and who have never been taught the lessons of morality, and cleanliness, and industry.

I have not referred to the disgusting habits of these uneducated and unfortunate people, to disaffect you towards them, but rather to excite your pity. They know no better; and no one has taught them! And how can they learn without a teacher? The Chippeways have never been taken by the hand by such a man as Elliot, under whose humane councils and pious directions the Indians of Noonatomen, and of Concord, in Massachusetts, were led up from a similar de-

gradation. They are friendless, and forsaken, and left to wander about over a most unrelenting soil, to be met naked and shivering by the northern blasts, and to perish in their own mountains, and amidst their own snows. Hard indeed is their fate!

There are a few Chippeways at this place to whom the means of improvement have been extended, and these may be referred to for proof, that nothing is needed to improve their tribe but suitable helps, and such only as our own children, under similar circumstances, would require. There is no hope—there can be none, for the older Indians. But the children may be saved; and if this were accomplished, a new race would succeed the old one, in all that relates to their civilization and happiness.

I have seen nothing Jewish among these people but their houses of purification. There is more of the Tartar visible in them than of any other people. Their complexion, high cheek bones, broad jaws, and black hair; their tents, and belts, are all Tartar-like. But I will not touch the subject of their origin.

They believe in a future state, and think that they will be spiritual, as will be every thing else. They believe they will hunt in the land of souls, but that it will be the *spirits* of the animals; and that the very briars and thorns will yield to their tread like air. Every thing will *appear* real, and yet nothing will be so. So Hume said he believed in regard to the material things of this world—and yet this learned and profound philosopher was never known, it is believed, to run purposely against a post.

The Indians, generally, are skilful in cuts and bruises, and in the diseases of the stomach, such, at least, as are to be reached and cured by emeticks. But beyond these their art does not extend.

They are superstitious—and are governed by dreams, and signs in the heavens. They go to war, or make peace; commence or abandon a journey; marry, or resolve not to marry, just as they may chance to interpret a dream, or conclude

a sign in the heavens to be favourable or otherwise. So did the Romans.

They inflict wounds on their bodies when in deep sorrow. I saw a young man who had lost a sister, and whose death grieved him much. He bore the signs of it in his thighs and arms, through which, in several places, he had run his knife!

At about ten o'clock last night the military arrived. All well. Several of our barges are yet behind; those which conveyed the provisions, and that in which is our secretary, Col. Edwards.

I dined to-day with Col. L. in company with the Governor and the officers of the garrison. The day is very cold. Fires are burning briskly in every house. I am in excellent health, and always yours.

Sault de St. Marié, Aug. 25, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I have been idling about since the 22d, looking at the rapids, and the Indians careering among them, catching fish; reading old news, which I find in newspapers that left Washington before I did, and some since; paying occasional visits to the very friendly families of the garrison, and to my old friend Mr. Johnson, whose hospitality and the pleasure of exercising it, know no bounds. On the 22d, a party was given to us by this generous and liberal-hearted old gentleman, at which were the ladies of the garrison, and others, whose accomplishments and show in the dance would answer well as ornaments for our metropolis. Mrs. Johnson seems not to have neglected to learn the accomplishment of dancing.

On the 23d, we dined with Mr. Johnson, in company with our military commander, Captain Boardman; and physician, Doctor Pitcher, Mr. Porter and others. In the night of the 24th, saw a most splendid *aurora borealis*. I have heretofore described one. This was the same in appearance, only more brilliant. My own shadow, and the shadows of surrounding objects, were all clearly defined by the light from

it; and sometimes when the light would stream up in several places at once, I could see to read by it. There is something very beautiful in this northern light. I watched it until twelve o'clock at night, and until its fires grew dim.

I have been employed to-day in packing up, and taking leave, preparatory to a start in the morning. It is not without feeling that I am about to part, and perhaps forever, from so many kind and generous friends. The ladies of the garrison, all of them so interesting, some of them peculiarly so; Mrs. A——n, to whom I am indebted for some presents, snow shoes, neck ornaments, and a beautiful worked bag; my friend Mrs. Schoolcraft, and her husband's amiable sister; and my interesting friend Charlotte, and her family, and several others, I feel that I would prefer much to take them all with me. They have all contributed, by their polite attentions, to my happiness here, upon this outskirts of the world, and would do so any where. I can only leave them my best wishes and prayers for their happiness; and these they are certain to receive. Their kindness has left a lasting impression on my mind.

I have only time to add, that we shall leave here at eight in the morning, and that I am, and shall be always, yours.

August 26th.

Morning cloudy, but we determined to be off; and at eight o'clock we waved our hands to our friends who attended us to the landing, and to our old friend Johnson's family as we passed, and who were in the door of their dwelling as we flew by. Our voyageurs were fresh, and their spirits and their pride were up, and the canoe was now all painted and ornamented, and these, together with the current, gave wings to our frail vessel, and in a few minutes we were past the bounds of the view of those we had left behind.

The canoe would be an object of interest any where, even without paint; but now, ornamented as it is, it is really striking in its effects on all eyes.

Around the sides, and upon a white ground, is a festoon of green and red paint. The rim is alternate green, red, and white. On each side of the bow, on a white ground, is the bust of an Indian chief, smoking, even larger than life. The awning is bordered with green, and red, and white; in the stern our flag flies, and in the bow is an enormous wooden pipe. The canoe is thirty-six feet long, and five wide, across the centre, and is paddled by ten men. This is the canoe that was made at Fond du Lac; and on both sides, and against the swell of the middle, is painted in large letters, FOND DU LAC. That in which I voyaged up and down the lake, I have parted from, and forever—by leaving it with its owner, Mr. Schoolcraft. In this, besides our voyageurs, are the Governor, myself, and Mr. Brush. The remainder of our company is in barges. Mr. Holliday keeps us company in his canoe, and has with him Mr. Agnew, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Lewis—and these, sitting face to face, between the centre bars of the canoe, look as close packed as (Cowper once said his summer house would be under certain circumstances,) “wax figures in an old fashion picture frame.”

At one o'clock we were off the mouth of the St. Mary's; and at half past four, opposite Drummond's island. Encamped six miles beyond the Detour. Wind north-west, and cold. We are now thirty six miles from Michillimackinac.

Sunday, 27th.

Embarked at half past five, wind north, and blowing fresh. At half past seven saw the island of Michillimackinac, looking to be about four hundred yards in diameter. Landed on an island to breakfast—from thence made the traverse to Goose island, before a fresh breeze, and over a high and rugged swell. I saw the voyageurs were alarmed. Ran round the south-west side of the island, and landed at eleven o'clock. Found some Indians here, who told us it was not safe to proceed. A cloud rose in the south, and looked threatening. Some thunder. It passed over, and there was an appearance of calmer weather; but the waves were running high. One

of the voyageurs refused to proceed, and said we knew nothing of the danger. In an hour we all thought we might venture across—distant to Michillimackinac nine miles, in a straight line. Put out. The laké (Huron) boisterous beyond what we had expected. Arrived at Michillimackinac, preceded by the barges, which, having ventured well out in the lake, took the wind from the cloud, and were fortunately blown in. Arrived at Mackinac at half past two o'clock in a heavy shower of rain, which levelled the waves of the lake, and made the water comparatively smooth.

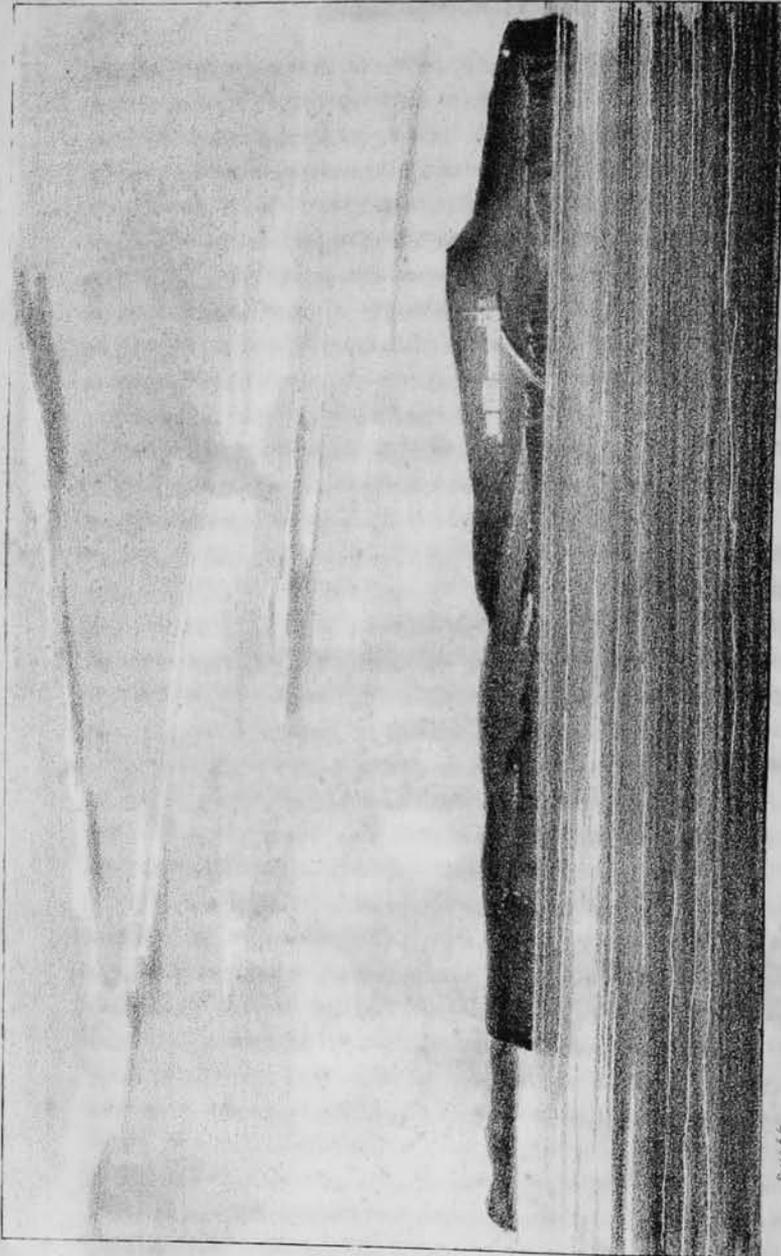
We were met at the landing by several gentlemen, and politely invited by Mr. R. Stuart, principal of the American Fur Company, to take up our quarters with him, which invitation was accepted.

Dined, and visited, in company with Mr. Stuart, the missionary establishment in charge of Mr. Ferry. Found the whole family at supper; after which, we joined them in their prayers, which are offered up after this meal, and before the children disperse. After an introduction to the members, we returned and took tea with Mrs. Stuart, an interesting lady, of accomplished manners and fine intelligence, and who has additional interest in my eyes on account of her warm attachment to the missionary establishment.

Heard that the Ghent, in which we came to Drummond's island, had returned to Detroit, was condemned, and sunk! Her bottom was entirely decayed, so much so as to yield to the slightest pressure! She went from the Detour, after we parted from her, to Michillimackinac, took in part of a cargo, returned to Detroit, and while in the act of receiving her return cargo, sunk!—Our escape was indeed narrow!

Monday, Aug. 28th.

Weather unpleasant, too wet to examine the island. Received a visit from the officers of the garrison. After dinner returned the compliment, under a salute from the fort.



Sweet

1846. of Sandlot

VIEW of MICHILLMACKINAC

There is only one company here, of forty-seven men, including officers. The place is impregnable if well fortified.

I inclose a sketch of the island, reduced from a drawing by Lieut. Eveleth, who was drowned some years ago in Lake Michigan. The drawing represents the island as it is approached from the south-east, and is an excellent representation of it, judging from what I have seen. Interesting historical events crowd in upon my mind in regard to this island; and *old Mackinac*—(you see I write the name sometimes in extenso, and sometimes as now abbreviated) to some of which I will refer in the course of my correspondence from here; and as I intend travelling all over the island, I may have some descriptions to give. But these, like the rest of my efforts to gratify you, will be sketches, and rapid ones only.

Island Michillimackinac, Aug. 29, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

All the world knows that the name of this island is Indian, and means *Great Turtle*. Some have thought it came from *Imakinakos*, from the belief that an Indian spirit once inhabited the island. The figure of the island, its top resembling the shell of a turtle, would confirm the supposition that its name is derived from its form.

The morning was clear, and was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns from the fort, and these were the tokens of those mingled feelings of sorrow and joy which are going the rounds of our country, for the loss of the two great men whose spirits, on the fourth of July last, joined in their ascent to their great reward, and to run together from the same starting place, the rounds of the same eternity. The tidings of their deaths have just been received here.

At seven o'clock the sky was suddenly blackened over with clouds from the north, and a heavy rain fell, accompanied with lightning and thunder. Minute guns were fired, after the salute, through the day, and I could but

remark, that often their flash was followed by one more brilliant from the clouds; and their roar with a peal of thunder. It seemed like reflection and echo. Minute guns, you know, are fired every half hour; and I believe I counted four distinct echoes of this sort, which followed immediately, though with louder sounds, the discharges of the artillery. The Revenue Cutter displayed her flag at half mast, and thus the emblems of mourning have been exhibited at this post, and fifty-six days after our venerable fathers, to whose memories these honours have been awarded, had fallen asleep. And further on yet are these honours destined to be shewn. At the *Sault*, and up the Mississippi; nor will they cease until every spot, on which the power of the country rests, or floats, shall have assisted in circulating the funeral dirge, and proclaiming that two great men have fallen in our Israel. We met the tidings, as I have already written you, at the Sault; and first witnessed these mournful honours here. Col. Laurence was waiting for the arrival of the official despatch. The newspapers had outrun it; but on their annunciation he thought it best not to act.

In the afternoon I visited, in company with Mrs. Stuart, and her amiable visiter, Miss ——, the missionary station, and examined the buildings and the children. The buildings occupy the eastern slope of the island, and front south-east, looking out upon the lake; and are admirably adapted for the object for which they were built. They are composed of a centre and two wings; the centre is occupied chiefly as an eating apartment, and the offices connected therewith, and is eighty-four feet by twenty-one. The wings are thirty-two by forty-four. The western wing accommodates the family. In this wing are eight rooms—four below and four above. A communication is had between the west end, and from the second story with the second story of the centre building, which is the dormitory. In the eastern wing, and on the second floor, are the school rooms; and below are apartments for various purposes. The dining room is in the centre building, and is thirty-

eight feet by twenty-one, and here *one hundred and seven little foresters eat, and are happy.* There are apartments in the eastern wing, in the ground story, for shoemakers and other manufacturers.

Every thing in the building is plain. There are no mouldings, nor ornaments of any kind. But every thing is well planned, in excellent order, and entirely adapted to the purposes intended to be answered by it.

In the girls' school, were seventy-three, from four to seventeen years of age. Three were full blood, the remainder half breeds, and quarter breeds, and fifteen white children, belonging to the island. These were examined in spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography.

In personal cleanliness and neatness; in behaviour; in attainments in the various parts of learning that they had been engaged in acquiring; no children, white or red, excel them. I could but contrast the appearance of these little favourites of fortune with that of their less favoured sisters of the lakes, nor get rid of the most agreeable surprise at the change which education, and good, wholesome food, had made. There are two daughters of Mr. Holliday here, children of great promise—I supposed them to be about eleven and fourteen years old. Their acquirements are considerable, and their appearance and manners both very fine.

The boys' school is composed of about eighty, whose ages are from four to eighteen years. Eight of these are full blooded; thirty-five are the children of the citizens of the island, and the rest are quarter, or half breeds. These were also examined in spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Thirty-five write well, and thirty had made considerable progress in arithmetic. There is one boy here from the Fond du Lac, upwards of seven hundred miles distant, and who has been at school only one year, and writes a large hand good enough for a leger! He is a half breed. There is another from the Lake of the Woods!—Poor things, how far they have to come to get light; and how few of the many are there who come at all.

I should be doing injustice to the superintendent, Mr. Ferry, were I not to speak of him in terms of unqualified approbation. Few men possess his skill, his qualifications, his industry, and *devotion* to the work. His is a practical lesson—he is a book himself, out of which the children may derive the most profitable lessons. “His own hands,” he may say with Paul, “minister to his necessities.” Such a pattern of practical industry is without price in such an establishment. Indeed, the entire mission family appeared to me to have undertaken this most interesting charge from the purest motives.

And what shall I say of Mrs. S——t?—of this excellent and accomplished, and intelligent lady, whose whole soul is in this work of mercy. This school is, in her eye, the green spot of the island; and she loves to look upon it. But this is not all. With her influence and means, she has held up the hands that were ready, in the beginning of this establishment, to hang down. She patronized the work—and now looks upon Mr. Ferry and his labours, as being worth more to the island than all the land of which it is composed: whilst he, with gratitude, mentions her kindness, and that of her co-operating husband. I do wish you could see this school, and hear Mrs. S. talk about it. She is always eloquent, but when the missionary establishment is the theme, she is more than eloquent. Her own children go to it.

I felt but one melancholy reflection, and that arose out of the thought, that after these children are educated, and shall have acquired the ability to advance their own happiness, and that of their posterity, there will be no homes for them to go to; and no theatre for them on which they can turn their acquirements to any profitable account! Vain is all this teaching, if those who are subjects of it are to be turned loose with no materials out of which to renew their condition. Can nothing be done to carry on to its consummation a work so generously and so prosperously begun? I say yes. Let portions of *their own lands* be allotted to them, and their tribe are willing to give their assent, in suit-

able farms; and implements for working them furnished; and to such as may learn the mechanic arts, the tools necessary for their prosecution, and then we shall see how effective the education will be which is now acquiring by so many hundreds of hitherto friendless and ignorant savages. And what, I will ask, could add more to the glory of our country? Tell me not of those who devote days and nights to add to the prosperity of the already prosperous; but point out the statesman who devotes his hours to the relief of the wretched; to the advancement of the cause of human happiness, to the welfare and protection of the friendless—him I will honour.

Doctor S——c politely offered to accompany me over the island, and to furnish me with a poney. After dinner we set out. We commenced our ramble by riding round the south-eastern shore of the island, along by the ruins of Robertson's folly, and thence on to the celebrated *arch rock*. After surveying this wonderful formation for some time, we dismounted, tied our horses, and commenced a steep ascent by a way which led through an immense arch, just beyond which we took our stations to gaze on the arch above us, about one-third of the way to which we had clambered. I wish I had a drawing of this wonderful formation. I find some difficulty in describing it. You will, however, imagine a shore of about fifty yards in width, washed by the waters of an immense lake, covered with huge fragments of rock, and grown up with cedars; and then precipitous and irregular and broken elevations, which look as if the elements from the north-east had been at war upon them since the creation, and varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. From these, at this place, a rocky projection stands out in a northerly direction, in the side of which an arch-like opening has been made, through which you ascend about fifty feet, when over your head you behold the Giant's arch, with a perfect, but rugged outline, one base resting on this rocky projection, and the other on the hill. The span of the arch I estimate at fifty feet, and its

centre, from the shore, one hundred and fifty feet. You would, on seeing the white clouds and the blue sky through this opening, be led to fancy it a drawing against the heavens. But this arch is crumbling, and a few years will deprive the island of Michillimackinac of a curiosity which it is worth visiting to see, even if this were the only inducement. Where it rests on the rocky projection, and the main land, the span is thicker and firmer, but as it approaches the centre, it decreases in dimensions, and does not appear to be more than four feet through, with a breadth across of not more than three feet. A few shrubs grow out of the top. I was told by Doctor S. that not long ago a young gentleman had the temerity to walk over this span from the main to the rocky projection!

After gazing for some time at this immense and towering arch, and being deeply impressed with the rocky grandeur of the scene, we descended to the shore, mounted our horses, and returned by the route we had come, and just beyond Robertson's folly, which is about a mile north-east from the village, and ascended a precipitous and narrow pathway to a summit of about thirty feet, and of most irregular ascent. Here we dismounted, and taking our bridle reins in our hands, the Doctor leading the way, we clambered up another pathway, just wide enough, and hardly so, for the horses feet, and fifty feet above our resting place, where we paused to rest, and to survey the gulfy way by which we had reached our present elevation. I never was so completely exhausted in my life. The horses pressed on us, nor was it possible for them to stop with any kind of safety—whilst the narrowness of the way, and its angles, across which the horses had sometimes to step, made it necessary for us to ascend at such a pace as to insure to these animals a freedom in placing their feet in such way as to secure them from a false step—one of which, it appeared to me, would have lost them their balance, and their lives!

Having rested ourselves, we mounted, and pursued our way to the *Giant's arch*, to take a look at it from above.

The view is appalling from this giddy height, but sublime from below. Thence we proceeded to the *pyramid*, or Sugar-loaf rock. I should judge this rock to be about eighty feet high, at the top, about ten feet through, and at its base, thirty. It is irregular in its form, and broken in cracks, or fissures, and out of these grow little cedars. It rises out of nearly a level plain, and is north-easterly from Fort Holmes, which is the apex of the island, and which cannot be much short, if any, of three hundred and fifty feet from the water of the lake.

From this we proceeded to *Scull rock*. This rock is due north from the fort, and about four hundred yards from it. Its form is very irregular, and rises out of a level surface, but by the abrasion of the rock, a mound is raised round it of about ten feet, and which is level with the floor of the opening which looks south; and which opening is about four feet high, and ten wide, and shell-shaped. It is irregular and broken about the mouth. This rock is famed as having been the hiding place selected by the Indian at the massacre of old Michillimackinae, in 1763, for the preservation of Henry. I cannot describe my feelings as I sat at the mouth of this rock, and looked in upon the very ground on which this adventurous traveller had spent hours of suspense, and amidst circumstances the most disastrous and appalling. I cannot resist the temptation to give you Henry's own account of this place, in his own words:—"Wawatam," the name of his preserver, "always watchful of my safety, no sooner heard the voice of drunkenness, which on the evening did not fail to begin, than he represented to me the danger of remaining in the village, and owned that he could not himself resist the temptation of joining his comrades in the debauch. That I might escape all mischief, he therefore requested that I would accompany him to the mountain, where I was to remain hidden till the liquor should be drank.

"We ascended the mountain accordingly. It is this mountain which constitutes that high land in the middle of the island, of which I have spoken before, as of a figure consi-

dered as resembling a *turtle*, and therefore called *Michillimackinac*. It is thickly covered with wood, and very rocky towards the top. After walking more than half a mile, we came to a large rock, at the base of which was an opening, dark within, and appearing to be the entrance of a cave.

“Here, Wawatam recommended that I should take up my lodging, and by all means, remain till he returned.

“On going into the cave, of which the entrance was nearly ten feet wide, I found the further end to be rounded in its shape like that of an oven, but with a further aperture, too small, however, to be explored.

“After thus looking around me, I broke small branches of trees, and spread them for a bed; then wrapped myself in my blanket, and slept till day-break.

“On awaking, I felt myself incommoded by some object upon which I lay; and removing it, found it to be a bone. This I supposed to be that of a deer, or some other animal, and what might very naturally be looked for in the place in which I was; but, when day-light visited my chamber, I discovered, with feelings of some horror, that I was lying on nothing less than a heap of human bones and skulls, which covered all the floor!

“The day passed without the return of Wawatam, and without food. As night approached, I found myself unable to meet its darkness in the charnel house, which, nevertheless, I had viewed free from uneasiness during the day. I chose, therefore, an adjacent bush for this night’s lodging, and slept under it as before; but in the morning I awoke hungry, dispirited, and almost envying the dry bones, to the view of which I was returned. At length the sound of a foot reached me, and my Indian friend appeared, making many apologies for his long absence, the cause of which was an unfortunate excess in the enjoyment of his liquor.”

All this was in my recollection. I had read the account, but had hardly ventured to anticipate that I should ever see a place made thus famous. After surveying the opening for some time, I entered it, and found it to be, in a general way,

just as Henry had described it. I sat down upon the spot on which, doubtless, he had slept on the branches of the trees, and saw around me pieces of the same bones that he had seen, and perhaps handled. "The further aperture" is to the left of the entrance, and is yet "too small to be explored." I got into it to the distance of five feet, but no further; and by the light that passed my body, saw its termination, which was not over ten feet further. With my cane, I drew out several bones from its extreme end, and shall take them home with me, as relics of a place so remarkable and so interesting. The depth of the opening, with its "further end rounded like an oven," is not more than six or eight feet; and in circumference, I should judge, about thirty feet.

It appears, from Henry, that Wawatam had no knowledge that bones were in this rock; and on returning, and mentioning it to the rest of the Indians, they all flocked to see the place, and were all ignorant, until now, of its character.

Various opinions are conjectured as to these bones, and the cause of their being here. Henry says—"some (of those who went to see the bones,) advanced, that at a period when the waters overflowed the land, (an event which makes a distinguished figure in the history of the world,) the inhabitants of this island had fled into the cave, and been drowned there; others, that those same inhabitants, when the Hurons made war upon them, (as tradition says they did,) hid themselves in the cave, and being discovered, were there massacred. For myself," he proceeds, "I am disposed to believe that this cave was an ancient receptacle of the bones of prisoners, sacrificed and devoured at war feasts. I have always observed, that the Indians pay particular attention to the bones of sacrifices, preserving them unbroken, and depositing them in some place kept exclusively for that purpose."

For myself, I have no opinion to give in regard to the subject, but incline to Henry's. One thing is certain, and that is, the time has gone by when any thing certain can be known in regard to the matter.

From Skull rock, we ascended the crown of the island, that highest part as seen in the drawing, which is just back, and north of the rock, and on which are the remains of the works thrown up by the British in the late war, and called by them Fort George, but known now by the title of Fort Holmes, and so called in honour of the gallant officer who fell in the late war in an unsuccessful attack upon the island by Colonel Croghan.

It is not possible to give you, my dear ***, even the slightest conception of the grandeur of the view from this vast elevation! The lake, Huron, spreads out before you in the east as far as the eye can see; its islands, green and ornamental, varying and beautifying the scene—Round island—Bois Blanc, and others; and then the main to the west and north-west—the Rabbits' Bask, and the opening into Lake Michigan, with the scenery of Michillimackinac itself, with its fort and beautifully varied surface, make altogether the most commanding display which the lake makes any where of its vastness, and variety, and grandeur. I wish you could see it all.

Fort Holmes is nearly a parallelogram, and though now in ruins, except some of its nearly horizontal pickets, which incline out over the trenches, and the breastwork out of which they rise, and the interior of a store room, enough remains to demonstrate the strength of the design, and its superiority over the old fort, which this completely commands. For offensive operations, however, against an attack by water, its position would be of little avail, as ships may lie under the bluffs, and out of range of the shot. Under such circumstances, a garrison could be starved into a surrender. There is one way to it also, that from the north-west, by which a siege, regularly carried on, might succeed; but not without a great expense both of blood and treasure.

From Fort Holmes we visited Croghan's battle ground, and the place of his landing, which is on the north-western side of the island, in nearly a direct line from the fort, as

seen in the drawing, and about three miles from it. The island is about nine miles in circumference. We had the place pointed out to us where it is said Holmes fell. It is a double rocky mound, just back of Dousman's stables. Col. Croghan, I understand, says he fell on the field half a mile west of this spot.

It is never an ungrateful task to speak of the attachment and fidelity of even a slave. It was to the faithfulness of one of this class of people that the feelings of Croghan's army were spared the pain of believing that Holmes, like many other gallant fellows, had been the subject of savage ferocity. When he fell, pierced as he was by two balls, this domestic, a black man, took him in his arms and hurried the body away into the woods bordering the battle ground, and there covered it carefully with brush and leaves, and then hastening to the landing, conveyed to the commanding officer the gratifying information that the body was safe. A flag of truce was sent, which was accompanied by this faithful domestic, who piloted the officer to the spot where the body was found just as the faithful negro had left it. It now lies at Fort Gratiot, in the rest and retirement of a warrior's grave, instead of having been stripped, and scalped, and mangled by the savage allies of the enemy, and his bones left to bleach on the battle-field where they fell.

From this landing we rode around the western and southern shores of the island, and saw the chimney rock, which is pretty much like the one at Harper's ferry of the same name, and stands like that on the side of a hill. It is like that also, a body of stones, which happened to have been supported by resting on one another in the hill, which once embosomed them, but the earth and looser particles having been washed away, these now stand out exposed to the view. I suppose this chimney rock to be about fifty feet high. Further on we came to a huge rock fronting the south-west, which projects out of the hill, and is in height about seventy feet, in which is a cavern, into which we rode our ponies. This we called the *Manitoulin rock*.

It is full of openings for twenty feet above our heads, and is, no doubt, a place at which the Indians have often listened in dismay to the echoes of the surge on the lake shore, not knowing whence they came, and attributing them to the voice of a *manito!*

Still keeping the shore of the lake, as indeed we were obliged to do, from the rocky and towering elevations which bind it—we arrived opposite an Indian burying ground, near which, and along the beach, were several lodges; and Indian women engaged in weaving mats; and, as usual, any quantity of their half wild dogs, with their pointed noses and fox ears. About half a mile further on, is the village of Mackinac.

I will not venture upon the history of those regions, the most famous periods of which are those of Pontiac's war, and of our late contest with England. For the incidents connected with the former, I refer you to Henry; those which relate to the latter need not be repeated here.

This island is bold and rugged, as seen in the approach to it, and on all sides, except the north-west, there the hills incline gradually down to the shore. There are the most decided marks of the action of water for two hundred feet above the level of the lake, indeed up to Fort Holmes. This forms the first mound; the next is that on which the fortress is built, which is just on the edge of an almost perpendicular descent of an hundred and fifty feet; against a large portion of this hill a stone wall has been built, by the side of which the way leads, by means of steps, into the gateway of the fort. Below this is another terrace, of about four hundred yards deep, of nearly level ground, and just under the hill on which the fort stands. On this the town is built, and the gardens are cultivated, in which are about fifty trees. This terrace stretches, varying in width, from the southern point of the island to the missionary buildings, which are near its north-eastern extremity. The village occupies a place which is about fifteen feet above the water of the lake—from it to the water is another gradual descent.

All these appear to me to mark a periodical recession of the waters. Indeed, I was shewn the stump of a cedar tree, which is near the gateway of the fort, and to the right of the steps, as you ascend them, and which is not much short of eighty feet above the level of the lake, to which an Indian, who was known by persons now living on the island, has been often heard to say his father, in his time, used to fasten his canoe.

The houses are, with the exception of those owned by the American Fur Company, all of logs, and small; most of them are covered with bark, and nearly all are going to decay. The Fur Company's buildings are extremely valuable, and well adapted to the purposes for which they were built.

Mackinac is really worth seeing. I think it by no means improbable, especially should the steamboats extend their route to it, that it will become a place of fashionable resort for the summer. There is no finer summer climate in the world. The purest, sweetest air—lake scenery in all its aged and grand magnificence, and the purest water; white fish in perfection, the very best fish, I believe, in the world, and trout, weighing from five to fifty pounds. No flies, and no mosquitoes, nothing to annoy, but every variety for the eye, the taste, and the imagination, with all that earth, and water, and sky can furnish, (except good fresh meat, and where such fish are plenty, this can be dispensed with) to make it agreeable and delightful. There are no bilious fevers here; and temperate people may, with something like certainty, if not organically diseased, spin out life's thread to its utmost tenuity. But in winter I would prefer not to be here; and that would form an exception, as to temperature, of at least *seven* months out of the *twelve*.

We shall leave Michillimackinac in the morning.

Ever yours.

August 30, 1826.

Embarked at Michillimackinac this morning at ten o'clock. Day fine, with a west wind. It was arranged that our company should remain and embark in a schooner expected hourly from Green bay—but part of them concluded to fit up a canoe and come along in company. It was so arranged. We left the island in company with this canoe; and Captain Knapp, of the revenue cutter, weighed anchor, set his top-sails, and followed after. We ran down to Twelve Miles point, and the wind having freshened to a blow, took shelter behind it. The cutter came up with us here; we had our basket of provisions upon the beach, and sent the canoe, with an invitation to Captain Knapp, and his mate, to come ashore and join us. The Captain accepted. We remained here about an hour, when we got under way; I going on board the cutter, which is a little, but active cock-boat, with only four streaks on either side of a very narrow companion way, and only thirty-seven feet long. The wind fresh. Rounded to at Twenty Mile point.

The deck of this little cutter is made of the masts of the Lawrence, Perry's ship. In one of the planks immediately under the tiller, is the bruise of a shot. Whatever can be made into convenience and fitness for the duties of a cutter for the lake service, Captain Knapp has most ingeniously effected in this, now, ten years old boat. But after all, the thing is too small. These lakes, and their commerce, and the thousand offices of accommodation to officers charged with the government business, beside the duties for the execution of which this boat was provided, demand a vessel of other dimensions; and when a suitable one can be provided for two thousand dollars, as I am told it can, it is not unreasonable to expect that, if requested, authority will be instantly granted to build one.

Came to off the lower end of *Bois blanc*, where the canoes were waiting for the wind to fall to make the traverse of five miles to the main. About two hours by sun, re-embarked on board the cutter, accompanied by the Governor.

Fine, free breeze. Carried all sail, and ran nine miles, when we came to and anchored. In an hour after the canoes arrived. Took tea on board the cutter, then went ashore and encamped for the night.

Lake Huron, Thursday, August 31st.

Embarked at half past four in the morning. Very cold—*shivering*, although wrapped well in my great-coat, and covered, besides, with a blanket. Came fourteen miles, and landed for breakfast. Embarked again at eleven o'clock, but the wind freshening, and blowing hard from the east, compelled us to go ashore. Soon after breakfast we spied a schooner bound up the lake, when Captain Knapp bore away for her, with a promise, that if there were any letters on board, he would return with them; and should he be unable to make land, it was to be indicated by a pendant at the main-topmast, when we were to go to him. We saw the meeting of the vessels—watched anxiously for the signal, but saw none, when soon after, the schooner was out of sight, and Captain Knapp being met by this eastern blow, who till then was proceeding on our course down the lake, tacked about, and gave us a last view of his topsail at twelve o'clock. He has our best wishes. We took shelter behind a point till the wind and the sun went down, when we embarked, to make up the lost hours of the day by voyaging by night. Proceeded two hours, when the wind rising, and blowing on shore, we were again compelled to land at three o'clock this morning.

September 1st.

Embarked. Morning very cold; but having no thermometer, was not able to ascertain the degree. Went ashore on the beach a little south of the south cape of Presqu'île bay, at half past seven o'clock, distant from Michillimackinac eighty-four miles. Day fine and calm, when the wind freshening from the east, but not so strong as to stop our progress, we continued on till five o'clock to Thunder bay. On arriving here, the wind had so increased as to prevent

our making the traverse. We debarked, and encamped in the bay, and just within the curve of its north cape.

This bay derives its name from the frequent thunder that, it is said, is heard here. I heard none, however, as I passed up in the Ghent; and have heard none this evening. Governor Cass tells me he has passed this bay four times, and does not recollect to have heard it thunder once.

Thunder Bay, Lake Huron, Sept. 2d.

About two o'clock this morning it began to rain, and rained hard, wetting our clothes, and beds, and bedding. About eight o'clock it thundered; but from such appearances in the sky, as to justify the expectation that thunder would have proceeded from it any where. I do not consider this as establishing any peculiar fitness of the name which this bay bears. At half past eight, thundered again; and at nine, in heavy muttering peals. But amidst rain, and those elementary appearances, which would have produced thunder any where else, as well as here. Wind south, and fresh. The air of this morning softer and warmer than it has been for some mornings past. But the rain has driven through our tents, and wet us so, as to make it more disagreeable than the cold would be. It is, however, but the luck of voyageurs in this remote region, whose means of accommodation and comfort cannot be supposed great, or varied, when a bark canoe is our store ship, and carries, besides, thirteen persons. Yet I do not murmur. These incidents serve to vary the scene; and when I embarked on these great inland seas, my mind was made up for any occurrence that might happen; and even drowning, therefore, would be the less terrible, than under circumstances where the liability to it had not led me to consider it as among, at least, the *possible events* that might happen.

The mouth of Thunder bay is about ten miles wide—the bay runs into the interior about fifteen miles, west; and shows, as far as the eye can reach, beautifully curved shores rounding to a junction, at the head of it.

At half past four, spied a sail coming from the opposite cape of the bay, and in the direction of our encampment. When about eight miles distant, by the help of the glass we discovered it to be a canoe of Indians. Instead, however, of coming within the bay, they bore out, and passed round the cape. I crossed the neck of land in company with some of our party, and waved my handkerchief to them, and in return, got a wave of the hand, intimating their intention to land further on. We saw them incline towards the point which formed a shelter from the wind and waves that were now raging, the latter rolling in immense breakers over the bar. I watched to see how these Indians would manage their frail vessel among these breakers. The second or third swell that broke over the bar, struck the canoe on its quarter, threw it round like a feather into the trough of the sea, when, supposing all was over with them, we ran to give any assistance that might be in our power, but rising again, it headed to the swells; meanwhile, their little sail was close down, and lying across the gunwales of the canoe, when, at the same moment, with a dexterity practised by none but Indians in the management of these frail barks, their paddles were out, and the canoe before the wind, and all in half the time it takes me to tell it. Presently after, they landed. The party consisted of a young man, son of *Na-o-ke-maw*, who lives at *La riviere au Sablé*, (the high lands of which are in sight from our encampment,) his wife's brother, his wife, and two children, girls—one of them destined to the school at Mackinac. They are the best looking Indians I have seen, except some Ottawas at Drummond's island; have more comforts—some property in good apparel, in chests, a little hair trunk, with their jewelry; mats for their lodge, and baskets filled with good food. They are cleanly in their persons, which is saying a great deal for Chippeways, and are, withal, handsome. They told us they had never had an escape so narrow before.

In half an hour after our return from the place of their landing, they all visited us, except the squaw and the little

girls—they were left, of course, according to the Indian custom, to put up the tent, cut wood for their fires, and to cook their supper. We found them quite intelligent, and in all respects superior to any of the Indians we had seen; I mean, of course, among the uneducated. We gave them a present of some tobacco and pork, and Indian jewelry.

Just before they left us, the young man said to the interpreter, “the wind yet blows very hard, and is against you—and there,” said he, pointing to the west, “a gust is rising!” Then looking in the face of our interpreter, he asked him with much concern, “if we had made the *manito* any presents?” The interpreter told him we had not; and asked him where the *manito* was? He answered, “close by.” I told the interpreter, who had explained this conversation, to ask him, if he thought it was too late to make the presents now? He answered, “they might, possibly, be accepted.”

Feeling some anxiety to see the *manito*, I went in company with the interpreter to the spot where the Indian had told us it was to be found. It is about one hundred yards from our encampment, and forty steps from the beach, in a thicket of pine and spruce, and aspen. The place is cleared of all kinds of undergrowth, and is of an oval figure, about twenty feet by ten, in the longest, and broadest parts. In the centre of it are about twenty stones, four of which are larger than the rest; and each of these, I should judge, would measure three feet every way. The path leading to this sacred place is well trod by those who come to make their offerings to this pile of stones, *which is the manito!* Upon the four principal stones were the offerings of these benighted people, in tobacco, bits of iron, pieces of old kettles, pipes, and various other things. The four large stones the Indians said had been there *always*, and the little ones had gathered round them since.

These offerings are made to secure the pleasure of this god, and to obtain from him the favour of a fair wind, and protection in making the traverse of Thunder bay!

Ben was quite serious when he saw how sacred the Indians held this place; and seeing the west blacked over again, and lightning darting from the clouds, and hearing the wind roaring among the pines, he asked me "if I did not think it would be better to make an offering to the manito?" He seemed concerned, I thought, when I declined it, and was more than half convinced that there was something more in this Indian intercourse with these stone gods than we were aware of.

The gust, sure enough, came over us, and it rained, and blew, and lightened, and thundered, and the elements were in the greatest commotion.

If this day is to be taken as a sample of the weather at this place, and of the quantity of thunder heard here, it is, after all, well enough named.

One word more about the manito. It is true there is no impression of the foot of *Buddou* here; no brazen enclosure, and no gems, mean or costly, to enrich the place; and no streamers to attract attention to the spot, and to ornament it; nor is it surrounded with rhododendron, but it is with the cedar, the poplar, and the aspen, and the spot is *sacred!* Nor does an Indian ever think of passing without stopping to make the customary offerings. But there is no contrivance here, no superior wisdom, to deceive and extort from the superstitious the pittance they may have laboriously earned. It is the place of the Indians' own selection, and sanctified by their own belief in the power and justice of the deity who, in their opinion, resides there. Nor do they impoverish themselves by laying down costly presents; nothing more is required but a little tobacco, for they believe their manito loves to smoke—knives, and pipes, and bits of old iron, &c. and these procure, they think, the approbation of their god, and insure the exercise of his power for their safety and welfare.

The only sentiment that arises out of this innocent and harmless offering, is that of pity, for the ignorance of those who know no better, and a regret that so much faithfulness,

and devotion, should be misapplied for the want of better light to direct it to the only true source of all human dependence.

September 3d.

Embarked at five o'clock, though amidst some uncertainty as to the state of the weather, or the composure of the bay. It looked billowy yet—but the wind had fallen. We resolved to put out, and did so. When about midway of the bay there was a perfect calm; the waves, however, yet undulating, but showing a smooth and glassy surface. A great many seagulls flew and clamoured about us, fearless and joyful; now sailing aloft, and then fluttering over the surface, eyeing some object below, then darting down on their "quick-glancing wing," touching the water with their bills, and then circling away again. These birds approached us so near as to show their eyes very distinctly. We had scarcely crossed and got under the land, when a cloud from the south-west rose over us, and the wind came out of it, fitful and threatening. It, however, soon discharged itself, without doing us any damage, except wetting every soul, the Governor and myself excepted, to the skin. We escaped by stretching ourselves out on the bottom of the canoe and drawing an oil cloth over us. It was not possible to make land, there being no beach, so we had to continue on, but cheered by the songs of these never tiring voyageurs, who made merry as if in defiance of the elements, and that comforted and reconciled us to their being thus drenched. At a little past nine we landed, took shelter under our tent, and soon after breakfasted. The opening in the west flattered us with a speedy embarkation; but another cloud arose, and left us in doubt, whether we should not have to spend another day as we spent yesterday—shore-bound and restless.

After an hour's delay we determined to proceed, and did so, and continued on our course, without stopping or eating, from about eleven o'clock, A. M. till half past seven, P. M. against a head wind and high swell, when we encamped at

the mouth of *La Riviere au Sablé*, and which is at least forty miles from the north cape of Thunder bay.

Our supper to-night consists of a kind of pancake, of flour fried in fat pork; potatoes; some bread, baked at Mackinac five days ago; and some tea. In the absence of forks we use forked sticks. But all sorts of changes from a home diet, and home comforts, we have become used and reconciled to—even to sleeping in a wet tent, upon hard ground, and in wet cloâthes! These exposures and deprivations would go hard with us at home; but they are matters of course here, and, therefore, we get along with them very well. There is but one thing that sorely annoys me, and that is being bit almost out of my patience by the mosquitoes.

We left our companions in the other canoe, Mr. Conner, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Spencer, out of sight, nor have they come up with us—nor will they to-night. They are doubtless encamped a few miles in our rear, and will be along in the morning.

September 4th.

We were prepared for embarking at five o'clock this morning, after a disagreeable and sleepless night, made so by the myriads of mosquitoes that infest the shore of this river, near which, and in an immense cranberry swamp that is some few hundred yards back of it, they are generated. We concluded, however, to send up the river to an Indian settlement for some white-fish. We were meanwhile overtaken by our company, who having continued on until ten o'clock at night, and not overtaking us, landed, and fortunately for them, out of reach of these mosquitoes. I do not know when I have spent a night so disagreeably and so restless. A thousand times I asked myself what mosquitoes were made for? If I believed in secondary production, I mean creation on the Darwinian plan, I should refer these insects, at once, to this order of generation. I wish I could forget the annoyance I have suffered; but I

shall never think of *La Riviere au Sablé* without disagreeable sensations.

The old chief, Ne-o-ke-maw, father of the young man we met with at Thunder bay, and eleven of his band came down, all in one canoe, not more than two thirds the length of ours, and of the number were a squaw and a child. They came for presents, but we had grown poor ourselves, and had none to give. We made out to muster among our men a little whiskey, the most grateful present that could be made them, except, according to their notions, there was not enough of it.

The old man, whose ancestors were part French, has a noble face; fine black penetrating eyes, a full forehead, a Roman nose, with a thin, scattering beard, (an unusual thing to have any) which was not less than an inch long, which, however, was confined to his upper lip and chin. His motions were quick, and he bore in his countenance the marks of an active and intelligent mind. His person is fine, being about five feet ten inches high, and well proportioned.

While sitting on the river shore, waiting the return of our men, our attention was excited to an interesting incident by one of the Indians pointing to it; it was a hawk in pursuit of a gull. I never witnessed a more determined pursuit on the one hand, or dexterity in avoiding it on the other. The hawk would hover over the gull, poise himself for a moment, then fold his wings, and make a sudden pitch, which was avoided only by the gull's dropping again into the water; when the hawk would circle round, and round it, and every now and then make a pitch, which was avoided by the gull's fluttering over a swell, and placing it between itself and its pursuer. The hawk, in rising to avoid the swell, would miss his aim by passing over the object of it. Both seemed aware of the relation in which they stood to the two elements, the air and the water. Though an inhabitant of both, the gull appeared to feel that its security was only in the latter; whilst the hawk avoided it as the evil most to be dreaded. This pursuit continued

for half an hour; nor did it cease, until the hawk was frightened by the noise of our paddles and the chaunting of our voyageurs. The gull was much exhausted, and would doubtless in the end, but for us, have fallen a victim to his voracious enemy. We all took the side of the gull, and if there had been a gun in company, the feeble and affrighted bird would have found a speedy relief from its terrors.

We had not proceeded over four miles before the wind from the south met us, bringing with it a troubled and billowy sea. Lake Huron looked threatening, and reminded me of some of the exhibitions of the sort which I had seen on Lake Superior. We were compelled to land on *Point aux Sablé*, which is the north cape of Saginaw bay. We can neither make the traverse of this bay, which is, from *Point aux Sablé* to *Point aux Chene*, thirty miles, nor coast round it, owing to the raging of the southerly wind, which has blown the lake into a tumult, and rolls its enormous waves into and upon the shores of the bay. We have therefore encamped, and here we ate a breakfast of whitefish, which our men got of the Indians this morning, and this it is expected will be our last meal of this delicious fish.

Off this point I went bathing. The waters of these lakes are the softest and most delightful to bathe in of any in which I have ever enjoyed this luxury. There is a sweetness even in their transparency, which counterbalances the extra exertions that are required to be made in fresh, on account of its lacking that buoyancy which belongs to salt water. I love the purity of this water, and to float upon it; and look beneath at a bottom of sand, and shells, and pebbles, and see them as distinctly for twenty feet, as if there were no medium more dense than air between them and me. The transparency and purity of the water of these lakes cannot be conceived of adequately by description—it must be seen to be realized.

On coming on shore I found my shoes and boots so cut and worn out by the stones on the beach, over so much of which I had travelled, as to make it necessary to resort to

Indian moccasins. I have as yet got no further in the dress of these natives; but know not how an obligation to remain another month or two in their country might make it necessary for me to adopt some other parts of it.

September 5th.

I have had another disagreeable night, and owing to the same cause—the mosquitoes. We pitched our tent about one hundred yards from the beach, and about half way between it and the woods of pine, and some oak, in our rear, to avoid the noise of the surf, which was beating with great violence on the shore. About the time of rest these insects swarmed. Ben made war upon such as had got into the tent, when I retired, and the light was blown out. We hoped by this means to get rid of them, but were mistaken. I called Ben, who was asleep at my feet, and utterly insensible to the bite of these tormentors, and told him to roll up my pallet and spread it out under a pine bush near the lake shore, in the shade of which I had been writing during the day, with a pencil, however, and with which all that I have written, has been written. There I ventured to repose myself, under an uncertain sky, in which here and there a few stars only, were visible. I fell asleep, and was awakened by rain falling on me. I drew my blanket over me, preferring a little sprinkle to the bite of the mosquitoes. At twelve o'clock at night the wind lulled, but breezed up suddenly from the south-east, and drove the breakers on the shore with increased fury. A little additional sprinkle of rain fell, but I went to sleep, and slept till day. On awaking, the wind, I was delighted to find, was from the north-west, but the waves broke yet with great fury on the shore, and seemed to defy us in loading and embarking. Orders, however, were given to embark. The Governor doubting whether the men would go freely to work, as it required that they should sometimes be covered by the swell, and always to be broken upon at each returning wave from their knees to their necks, handed me his watch, saying, “if there

is any signs of demurring, I shall plunge in myself." But this necessity was avoided. The men went as freely to work as if the lake had been calm.

I must attempt a description of this morning's embarkation. We have never before put out on such a lofty and threatening sea.

Two men, as usual, lifted the canoe into the water, taking care, now, to carry it out end foremost. On letting it down on the waves, each left his place at the bow, walking round on opposite sides of the canoe, holding on by the rim, when getting nearly opposite each other, they grasped the rim firmly, and aided by a third voyageur, who took hold of the stern, kept its head to the breakers. Thus ready for receiving the load, another got in the canoe to receive the baggage, &c., whilst the rest waded out with it, holding the parcels well up over their heads to keep them from being reached by the waves. Those men who held the sides of the canoe, although not in more than knee deep water, were obliged, to save themselves from being covered with the waves, and to maintain their hold of the canoe as she mounted over them, to rise with it by springing up, as the swell would strike them, and lighting down again in the trough of the sea when it had passed, and yet they were frequently wet up to their necks.

In fifteen minutes from the time the canoe was lifted from the beach, the loading was all in. The next difficulty to be overcome was to save the canoe from being thrown on the beach at the moment the men, who were holding her, should let go to take their places within. I was anxious to see how these half-water animals would manage this part of their charge. There are ten voyageurs, as I have mentioned—these all leaped in from the sides they respectively occupied, and grasped their paddles, holding them in the attitude to give the stroke. The word was given by the man who was holding on at the stern, and who was the steersman, to the two men at the sides, when they sprang in and seized their paddles, and almost in the same moment the word was given to

“*strike*,” when, as the paddles of these nine men struck the water, the steersman gave the canoe a push directly out, and sprang in with the agility of a wire dancer, and standing erect, gave direction to his charge amidst these towering breakers, with the same ease and security as if the waves had been composed, and at rest. The moment the canoe felt the force of the paddles, and moved forward, they struck up one of their chaunts, and were soon beyond the breakers, and on a less boisterous sea. The Governor and myself walked down the point about a mile, and where the water was still, and embarked there. The direction and force of the wind obliged us to coast this cape until we arrived nearly opposite the islands called by the Indians *Sha-we-na-gung*, or Southern islands, when we made for the northern, and largest of a group of three. These islands lie in the mouth of Saginaw bay, and exactly in the line of the traverse. Wind fresh, and swells high. We made the island in two hours, and at two o’clock, and landed on the western end, where we took some refreshment, and waited in hopes that the weather would clear off and enable us to make the other half of the traverse from the island to the main, or south side of Saginaw bay. The weather becoming more unsettled and foggy, and after the Governor and myself had walked over part of the island, we concluded to embark, and go round the west point of it and see how the bay looked beyond—the wind now blew from the north. It was concluded to be unsafe to make the traverse, when we landed on the south side of the island on a curved and pretty shore, where we were sheltered from the weather, and encamped.

In our ramble over parts of the island, the Governor went towards its northern extremity, and I to the north-west. He brought back a specimen of *chalcedony*. I discovered nothing, except that the island appeared to me to be about one mile long, and three quarters of a mile wide, thinly wooded with aspen, maple, pine, and oak, all well grown, particularly the maple and aspen, and abounding in pigeons, robins. blue birds, the red-head woodpecker, and cedar larks.

The wind fell at five o'clock, but too late to attempt the traverse.

September 6th.

Morning cloudy, and stormy—wind north-east. Not possible to venture out. This succession of unfavourable weather, baffling us at every point of our hopes, and clouding over our best prospects, is disheartening. The distance seems to be lengthening, and the canoe to go slower every day; and home, that should be nearer, seems further off, and to be receding! Great allowances, I find, must be made for the elements up this way. They are not only unwieldy, but having had nobody to please but themselves, they appear not to consult any one's convenience, but only their own waywardness. They are not even tamed, but are as irregular and wild as the natives, or the beasts of the forests. We choose not, when we can help it, to come in contact with them—for it is very certain they would shew us no mercy. Just now, too, they appear to be gathering their forces for the coming winter, when they will marshal themselves in terrible array over all this region, and toss the frost and the snow in billows over these waters, which will themselves have become ice-bound, and howl and moan in the mountains and forests, and every now and then involve in their destructive influences the lives of some of the unhappy natives who appear to have none to pity them!—Already the leaves are turning yellow; and every now and then, as I am seated on this beach, do I see them flying off from the stems where they have lived and quivered out their brief summer, and eddying before the wind, and finally lodging in the grass, or passing off upon the waters. The birds, too, are chirping and flying in all directions in flocks—the pigeons to the south, and the robins from place to place, seeking the most genial retreats against the coming winter. Winter!—what a shivering import attends this ominous name where I have been. The moment it is spoken, storms, ice, snow, furs, fires, snow shoes, and dog trains, dance before the eyes of those north-westerners, in every variety of anxiety, of seclu-

sion, and of suffering. Here upon this island, it is true, I am comparatively south, and can imagine how I might spend a winter here, but the annunciation of the obligation to do so, would, I confess, terrify me. No—no, give me my native latitude, the most agreeable of all the lines that mark the map of our globe, where summer, though occasionally hot, can be put up with, and winter seldom comes to pinch or distress us—or, if he comes, it is only for a few days, as if to retain his right of empire; and where spring, although now and then stung with an occasional blast from winter, is nevertheless spring, and where the autumn is fine and mellow. I wish to get home. These elements, I hope, may soon relax, and compensate, in the future, for their recent and present waywardness. But I will not complain. Taken altogether, and for these lakes, the weather has been unusually fine. Having enjoyed much of the good, I will be reconciled to take part of what may not be considered as being so. The sun was never meant to shine always, nor the elements to be calm; nor the winds to blow always one way, except the trade winds.—Every thing operates under the direction of infinite wisdom, influenced by infinite goodness.

The stormy weather passed away with the clouds in which it was brewed, and from which it was poured forth, and about two o'clock; but the wind blew too strong to justify us in putting out.

After breakfast I took a ramble, alone, over this island. My first direction was to its north-eastern extremity—my object was to search for mineral specimens. The shore upon which the surf beat violently, is formed of horizontal limestone rock, in layers, not much elevated, and numerous specimens of chalcedony line it. Some of these I gathered, but at the expense of getting wet by the breakers striking me, sometimes as high as my knees, before I could get out of their reach. I found also some coarse jasper, and cornelian, not much finer, and granite, out of place.

On arriving at the north point of the island, and going out upon it, I could hardly persuade myself that the trees, which on looking back upon it, were not apple trees; and that an orchard of them had not been planted there. The trees, however, are oaks; low, round at top, with nearly horizontal branches growing out from their bodies, and which are not over an average height, from the ground, of five feet. They are from twenty to one hundred feet apart, and occupy this end of the island as far as the eye can see. On examining these trees, they appear to have been buried by the throwing up of the sand, for the greater part of the length of their bodies, leaving unburied only their tops, and so much of their bodies as I have stated.

Crossing from the north-western to the south-eastern side of the island, diagonally, I found the surface to be undulating; some of it low, and rich, and thick set with the largest sugar maple trees I have ever seen. One hundred of these, at least, are in one cluster; and they are so close, and rise to such a height, as in a great degree to shut out the light of the day.

The highest parts of the island do not exceed the level of the water, more than twenty-five or thirty feet. The shores are low all round, and rise gradually out of the water. In addition to the species of trees which I have enumerated, is the *arbor vitæ*, which is indigenous to these regions.

I have taken up a root of one of the grape vines that grow here, intending to present it to Major Adlum, in the hope that, as it has had the hardihood to grow in such a climate, it may *flourish* with him; and that the little half-purple grape that it bears here, may swell out under better dressing and a more genial sky, into all the fulness and lusciousness of his best species. I wish this worthy gentleman success in the persevering example he has set, upon the heights of Georgetown, in wine making. I hope he may live long; and long before he dies, see his example followed by thousands, and until American wine may be every where found in the place of imported.

In addition to the birds I have mentioned, I have seen to-day, the wood-robin, whose liquid and sweet notes I have so often sat under the shade of a tree, at Weston, and listened to, until the day was past, and the evening admonished both it and me to retire. The yellow hammer is here also, and the sparrow.

It is agreeable to see the sparrows picking the crumbs at our tent door, and to hear the robin and blue bird, the noisy jay, and even the shrill-noted wood-pecker. They are the notes with which I am familiar—and give rise to associations which go back to “childhood and home;” and which the mind carries along with it as the flower does its perfume, to be shaken out by every motion of the breeze, to refresh and regale the air upon which it floats. One note alone sounds mournful; and that is the note of the blue bird!

There is nothing, after all, so Siberian in this island. With the friends I love best, I know not, after all, whether I could not live happily even here: and if the winter’s fury be not too great, in some tolerable comfort. It is in the way, too, of tidings now and then from the world which I have left so long. But Lake Superior!—No wonder the wretched natives die of starvation there. What will our government do for these poor wretches? A thousand times I have asked myself this question. What *can* it do? is the next that presents itself. I know no way, should our attempt to provide locations for their better instructed and educated half-breeds fail of affording the relief that we hope from it; but for the government to assist them in a more direct way, or adopt some policy, of some kind, that shall, at least, save them from perishing of want, and our government from the disgrace of permitting it. We may talk of our obligations to these people as we please; and because their languid and worn out frames do not lie stretched out before our eyes, and their emaciated and starved bodies plead to our very senses, we may dismiss the story of their sufferings from our memory: but still there will remain the same obligation to relieve and bless; and the same register in Heaven in which to note our

neglect to do so. There will, I fear, be a fearful reckoning to make on the score of the apathy with which the condition of our Indians is viewed.

Let me not be mistaken. I know my government is kind, and the people generous, as well as just. But what of this, if none come forward, and bring this great subject, in which the very honour of the nation is concerned, before those to whom the people have delegated the power to provide the remedy? Year after year passes away, and no hand is reached out to save; no voice is lifted up in the councils of the nation, to awaken the public mind to a sense of this serious subject; and meanwhile, all the miseries that can be conceived of, are endured by a set of *human beings*, whose obedience we demand; and whose trespasses upon our laws we punish! I will not permit myself to doubt but that this subject will engross the serious consideration of the Congress and people of the country; nor that the needed relief, which, though long coming, will, *at last*, be afforded. •

The wind has got round, and precisely in the eye of our traverse! About two hours ago we sent our canoe out to look into the roughness of the waters, and to see how it could live in their present state of commotion. The report is, the swells are too high to attempt a traverse. And here I suppose we shall be for another night.

September 7th.

Embarked at half past five o'clock. The wind having shifted to the south-west, and fallen a little; but still the great opening before us was rough, and uncertainty brooded over the waters. We made the traverse in two hours—the point on the main where we landed being about eight miles from the island.

This was a morning of uncommon beauty. The whole expanse of the heavens was cerulean, and unspotted by a single cloud, except along the eastern horizon, where a body of dark clouds rested, with irregular terminations, in which the light of the morning was first mingled, and then the sun's

rays following, gilded them with orange and gold, and lastly with his brighter glories—whilst away off in the sky and spreading out into the middle of the heavens, the solar rays yet conveyed their softer influences, and coloured the whole with a beautiful mixture of purple, and green, and orange. But all these were soon lost in the brighter light brought up by the sun, and which all at once was shed over the lake and sky, from his own face as it looked out upon the world from the edges of those clouds. All this, the retired clouds, the purity of the light, the change in the wind, is the sign, we hope, of brighter days to come.

On reaching the land, we breakfasted, and then continued our voyage, both canoes having their sails set, and flying before a fair, free wind, and at the rate of seven miles the hour, to *Point au Chané*, and with but little variation of our course, and in two hours and a half, to *Point au Barque*, when our course changing a few points, we exchanged our little square of canvass for the paddles. At half past three o'clock, having come forty miles, we landed for refreshment.

From the island to our place of refreshment, I saw nothing to remark upon; except the cavities in the rocks, which appear to be limestone, at *Point au Barque*; and the shallowness of the water along the coast, and the great extent to which these shoals make out into the lake. The caverns in the rocks are worn by the waters, and the peculiar forms which the rocks assume are occasioned by the separation of the softer from the harder materials of which they are composed. Most of these are urn-like, the stem of the urn being on a line with the waters, and exposed to their action.—Above this line, the rocks enlarge, and gradually, and just as the force of the water is diminished.

Point au Barque, once, doubtless, extended far out in the lake; and the shallow water is owing to its abrasion, and the deposite of what once formed its materials.

We continued our course until nine o'clock, when we embarked for refreshment and rest, having come sixty miles, and stopped twice, to breakfast and dine.

Friday, September 8th.

Embarked at three o'clock in the morning. Debarked for breakfast at eight, having come, I should judge, about twenty miles. Wind south-west, and light. At sun-rise, and when within about two hundred yards of the shore, we saw an elk standing with his fore-feet on the margin of the lake, his branching antlers striking wide out from his head, looking out upon its waters, and at the rising of the sun. He manifested no fear; and although our men struck the canoe with their paddles, and tried otherwise to alarm it, it maintained its position unmoved. We then turned our canoe to approach the shore, to get a nearer and better view of the only animal of the same kind I had seen, except the deer at *Presqu'ile bay*, on my way up, when he turned slowly and gracefully round, presenting his side to us, and there stood. Some bushes intercepting our view, we continued on our course.

The woods of this region abound, I am told, with this animal. On the beach, where we breakfasted, I saw the track of a wolf. Judging from the spread of his foot, he must be very large. A dog's track and a wolf's, resemble each other, except that a dog leaves the impression of his nails, which a wolf does not.

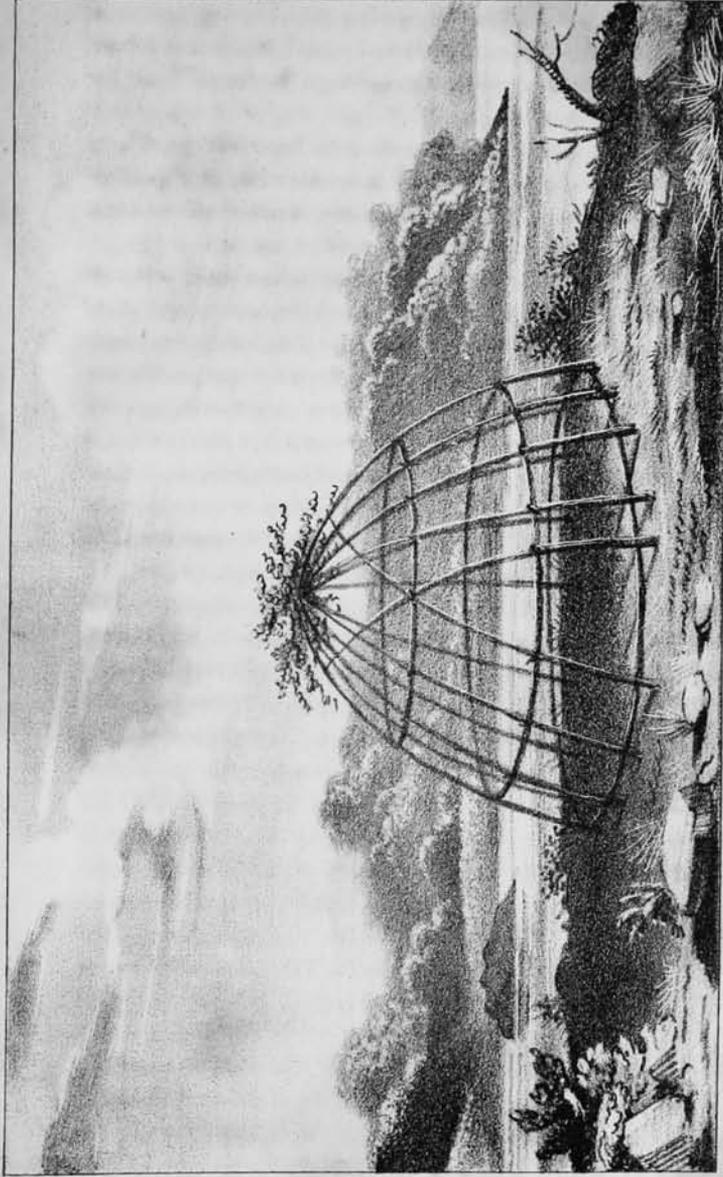
In coming out this morning, and before it was light enough to see, our canoe struck a rock, and a leak was produced by it. We kept her bailed until day-light; then went ashore, unloaded, took her out of the water, mended the breach, replaced her, re-loaded, cooked our breakfast, (made tea, and broiled a piece of meat,) shaved, washed, eat, re-embarked, and all in *fifty-seven minutes!* Some estimate may be formed from this, of the celerity of the movements of these voyageurs. I can liken them to nothing but their own ponies. They are short, thick set, and active, and never tire. A Canadian, if born to be a labourer, deems himself to be very unfortunate if he should chance to grow over five feet five, or six inches;—and if he shall reach five feet ten or eleven, it forever excludes him from the privilege of becoming voya-

geur. There is no room for the legs of such people, in these canoes. But if he shall stop growing at about five feet four inches, and be gifted with a good voice, and lungs that never tire, he is considered as having been born under a most favourable star.

Passing out of Lake Huron, and into the river St. Clair, we arrived at the light-house, near Fort Gratiot, at a quarter past seven o'clock, P. M.; having come, since three o'clock this morning, against a strong head wind, sixty miles.

When about twelve miles from the light-house, we saw the first evidences of our approach upon the borders of civilized life, since we left Mackinac. The first evidence I saw was a log of wood which had been cut with a saw, a process to which a log has never yet been subject in those regions, in the hands of an Indian. The next was a hut built of logs; it is true it was not occupied, but it had been built by white people. An Indian's house must be of such materials as he can take with him—hence he resorts to mats and bark, to cover in his frame of poles. These he can take off and roll up, and bear away with him at a moment's warning. The next, and all within three miles, was another log house, which poured out its population, big and little, from the mother to the infant in the arms of a younger sister, all in a row, listening to the chaunting of our voyageurs, and gazing at our ornamented canoe, and at the flag, which the breeze blew out, and made crack. Near this were preparations for building a mill, and a raft, several white men, three yoke of oxen, and large quantities of bark piled up along the lake shore, doubtless "for Detroit and a market."

All this may be thought unworthy of being noted—and so, indeed, it is; except to justify the remark, that no one can form any conception, after having been long shut out from every object, to remind one of civilized life, of the animation, and even tumult, of the feelings which a sight of these first and rude vestiges of civilization, occasions. I felt the impression made by them, deeply and joyfully.—I



Litho. Penn.

SKELTON of a CHIPPEWAY LODGE.

Sw. 66.

looked upon them as, at least, the frame work of the picture which my eyes long to see.

I knew there was a light-house near Fort Gratiot, and learned it had been erected chiefly for the guidance of vessels coming down Lake Huron; and that they might enter the river St. Clair, and shape their course into the rapids in safety. My surprize was great on nearing that point which terminates the lake, and within a mile of the light, as I afterwards learned, to find that there was no light. I inferred, as the moon shone, that the light from it might have been deemed sufficient. I was, however, undeceived, when within half a mile of it, by seeing the light bright and burning. The conclusion I have come to is, that the light-house is out of place; and this is the less excusable, as the point of land which forms the entrance into the river projects well out, and from it the beacon could be seen far up the lake, guiding the mariner on both the northern and southern shores. It appears, from what I can learn, that the builder put up this light for his own accommodation, and not that of the public. His accounts, I also learn, were not allowed by the agent in this quarter, in whom the right of judging had been vested, and for the very reason that the light-house had been erected on precisely that spot of ground of all others the least suited to it. But he was, nevertheless, paid—how, I do not know. It is very certain, however, that he departed from the orders of this agent as to the spot on which it was directed to be built, and placed it where it is wholly out of the way, and unsuited to the ends contemplated in its erection. It would answer almost the same purpose were it built on Hog island, at Detroit, as to any advantages which it is to the navigators of the St. Clair, and of Lake Huron; and there would have been the same propriety in paying for it in the one case, as in the other.

It is said that the English, in the late war, authorized Sir James Yeo to cause the necessary apparatus to be constructed for furnishing his fleet with fresh water on Lake Ontario; the design being, by a chemical process, to turn *the salt*

water of that lake, into fresh! This certainly evidenced, to say the least of it, a lack of right information in the British government as to the saline quality of the water of these lakes. But has not this lack of right information its full parallel in the call for an estimate of *the cost* of digging a well, as one of the items in the then proposed expenditure for the erection of the light-house at Fort Gratiot? The object was, of course, to get *fresh water* for the mason work!

There never need be included in any proposals that may be made hereafter for building light-houses, on any of these lakes, this item of *the cost of digging a well*; for no well, any where, can be found to produce water more fresh, or better suited, in all respects, for building, or more delightful to drink, than the water of these lakes, and which runs in *millions of tons* every minute by the *very base* of the light-house at Fort Gratiot, and within reach of any man's hand, and at the very spot where it was proposed to pay the cost of digging a well to get some; and so, if you are acquainted with the officer at Washington who is charged with this branch of the government business, you may tell him.

There is another objection to this light-house.—It is too low, unless it stood on elevated ground. This is the fault, also, with that at Buffaloe, and a second appropriation has been made by Congress, I believe, to rebuild it. This at Fort Gratiot will have to be not only rebuilt, but removed, and the sooner it is done, the better.

We took some refreshment at Fort Gratiot, (a fort in name only,) and at half past ten at night, trusted ourselves to the current with only one man to steer, the rest went to sleep. I saw, as we glided noiselessly along, several flambeaux on both sides of the river, and heard the same sounds of the spear, and the occasional motion of the paddles that we had remarked on our way up. By twelve o'clock all these lights were extinguished, and the silence of night rested undisturbed on every thing, and on both sides of the river. After four hours sleep, our men were waked up, and taking to

their paddles, we passed out of the river into Lake St. Clair, at half past six o'clock, and made the traverse directly through it. Morning cloudy, with some rain. From Fort Gratiot, to Detroit, is seventy-five miles. We reached the latter place at two o'clock, P. M., in a heavy rain, which poured upon us without intermission, for fourteen miles of the way.

I have yet a thousand miles before me before I reach home. I shall be even more brief in my sketches than I have been, except where I may diverge from the route on which I came.

I have written this journal so far, under every sort of circumstance; on the beach—in the mountains—in the clefts of the rocks—and in the canoe; and yet, however unfavourable my situation has been to the nicer attentions to the composition, as well as to the mechanical parts of it, the most of which is almost illegible to myself, I have been not so badly off as was DOLOMIEU, who, we are told, wrote his fragment on "*Mineral Species*" in his dungeon in Sicily, on the margin of a few books which his goaler had left him, with the black of his lamp smoke mixed with water, for ink, and a bone, sharpened against his prison walls, for a pen.

Detroit, September 10, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

With this you will receive a package, which contains, in the best manner I have been able to prepare it, all slovenly enough, I admit, an account of my voyage from Michillimackinac to this place; also, some letters written at that island. I hope you may be able to decypher them. These sketches may, possibly, serve to amuse an otherwise dull hour; or, if not, they will satisfy you that I have been faithful in, at least, making the attempt to fulfil my promise.

The Governor would not hear of my going to the public house—but continued on until we landed at that diagonal road way which I wrote you had been cut out of the bank to the river opposite his house—up which, being in mocea-

sins, and the rain having made it muddy and slippery, and being weighed down with my great-coat, which was saturated with it, I found some difficulty in climbing. Part of the family met us with glad countenances on the hill. Mrs. C., I am sorry to say, is much indisposed. We heard at Fort Gratiot that the city, and, indeed, all this country, is very sickly; and we find, out of the population of this place, about one hundred sick—a most unusual occurrence, as few places are blessed, generally, with greater health than this. The cases are intermittent fever, and with only a few exceptions, they yield to medicine.

This is a beautiful morning. The rain has refreshed every thing, and imparted a delightful quality to the air. The bell of the Huron church rings. How soft and delightful its notes come over the expanse of water which intervenes!

I will write you once more from Detroit—I hope soon to see you, and all who are dear to me.

Heaven bless you—ever yours.

Detroit, September 15, 1826.

MY DEAR * * *

I wrote you on the tenth, since which I have been delayed by the want of our records to make up our returns to government—these being with our Secretary, who did not arrive until the — instant; and then I had to wait until to-day for the regular steam-boat.

Detroit is in mourning.—Col. Hunt is dead! I have seen few men in my life who possessed more of the confidence and affection of those who knew him; and his death being so unexpected, the shock which under any circumstances would have been produced by it, has been greatly increased, and the feeling of regret is universal. Every countenance wears a gloom; and almost every eye is moistened with tears of sorrow. It was my pleasure to have formed an acquaintance with him as I passed up. It was he who accompanied me to the fort, and explained the nature and circum-

stances attending its capture; and to have visited him when sick. I saw him but the day before yesterday sitting up in his bed, cheerful, and with no more of the signs of dying about him, than if he had never been sick. Indeed, he was not supposed to be in any danger until a few hours before he died, which was this morning, at about six o'clock. I saw him well, partook of his kindness and hospitality; visited him when sick, and have, to-day, seen him a corpse!

This death has succeeded another, which also had excited a deep interest. Mrs. H—— had died but a few days before, and whilst her husband was absent on a tour up the lakes for the benefit of his health. He left her well—but is now bereft of her, and is left to mourn over so great a loss—and mingle his tears with those of five or six motherless children! Every body speaks in praise of the fine qualities of this excellent lady, and mourns her loss. She was sister of the celebrated Sylvester Larned, the popular and eloquent preacher, who died at New Orleans a few years ago; and whose loss was so sensibly felt by the citizens of that place, and by every body who had enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. I remember him well; and to have felt the force of his great powers as a preacher.

I attended the funeral of this lady on Tuesday last, and had returned from it to the Governor's but a few moments, when his sister, Mrs. S——, of Ohio, arrived. Her daughter, a most amiable and interesting young lady, had been with her uncle, the Governor, for some time, and had been informed of the sickness of her sister, but did not apprehend a consequence so fatal. On seeing her mother enter, and in mourning, her fears overpowered her; for the visible emblems of her sister's death were before her—she clasped her hands, exclaimed, "*my sister!*" and in the act of falling, was caught by her excellent uncle in his arms, who with a manner and voice, both soothing, exerted himself to quiet these suddenly created and painful agitations of a tender, and fond, and delicate, spirit. I heard her say again, "*my dear sister;*" and presently add, "*did she ask for me?*"

Such, my dear ***, is life! At dinner, this interesting young lady was cheerful and happy—in five minutes after, sorrow filled her heart, and she was sunk in gloom, the victim of a cutting affliction. She smiled then; but weeps and mourns now!

Two of Mrs. C——s's sisters, and their husbands, are also at the Governor's, which makes his family quite numerous; but his house is accustomed to many guests; and it gives both himself and Mrs. C. pleasure to receive and entertain them. It is a mansion of hospitality.

I am delighted in being able to say, that Mrs. C. is so much better, as to be able to preside at table; and by her suavity, and the constant exercise of those peculiarly happy, and harmonious set of spirits which animate her, to dissipate much of the gloom which would otherwise, and under the present circumstances, brood over the family. There is something so cheerful, and so happy in the expression of her countenance, as to make all around her feel its reviving influence. Sickness, discouraging and distressing as it always is, seems to have no power over these inestimable qualities of the heart, whence, as from a fountain, all those cheerful and tranquilizing influences proceed.

The Superior leaves here, at four o'clock to-day. I am prepared to embark; and shall in a few hours take leave of my excellent friend, the Governor, and family, for whom I shall cherish sentiments of friendship and attachment as long as I live.

Ever yours.

Lake Erie, Friday, Sept. 15, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

Embarked, in company with Mrs. N., her sister, and their husbands, on board the steam boat Superior, Capt. S., at four o'clock, P. M.; and took leave of the Governor and family, who accompanied us to the boat, with some of those kinds of sensations which swell the heart, and force from it its warmest feelings for the welfare and happiness of friends from whom we are parting, and with some of them, perhaps, forever!

On leaving the wharf, Captain S—— ran up the river towards Hog island, for half a mile, when turning, the force of the current and of the steam, soon wafted us upon the bosom of this beautiful strait, out of view of Detroit, and of those contiguous objects upon which I had so often looked, and with so much interest; and night coming on soon after, covered the world with its mantle, and shut out the views which I should have been happy again to have seen.

The Superior is a fine boat, one hundred and forty feet long, and thirty feet broad in the widest part, with ladies' apartments on the deck. She is schooner rigged, and in all respects a boat of the first class. Her commander is active and intelligent, and adds to his vigilance in the conduct of his charge, the polish of the gentleman. In such a boat, and with such a commander, I retired, and bade adieu to the lake and its scenery at ten o'clock at night, taking my bird, *Méme*, in its bark cage, to the head of my berth to quiet its alarms, which occasionally disturb its repose, and which are hushed when I speak to it. It knows my voice.

Saturday, 16th.

The wind blew hard in the night from the N. E. The lake was in great commotion. On rounding to, to enter Sandusky bay, she rocked and laboured much, and rolled her huge form over the billows to such a degree as to occasion in some of the passengers the worst of all sickness—and among them, one of my company.

The channel into this bay is staked out, and when the night is dark, it is necessary to send the long boat ahead to fix lanterns on the guides. It occurred to me that this labour and delay might be relieved and obviated, by fastening pieces of phosphorus to the tops of the stakes, and I suggested it to Capt. S. The darker the night, the brighter would the light from phosphorus be.

I went ashore at Sandusky with Mrs. ———, who was sick, and before I had returned to the wharf, the boat was off! I had the horrors at the idea of being left at Sandusky

for three or four days, and made the best use of my lungs in calling out to the captain, with the usual *yo—ho!* Fortunately I was heard, and answered, when the boat was immediately despatched, and to the mutual joy of two of us. For a Mr. ——, of Ohio, having slept too sound to be wakened by the report of the gun, which is fired always on entering the harbour, had reached the wharf a few minutes before I did, but had despaired getting on board, and was mute and indulging only in silent regrets. The night was so dark it was not possible for the captain to see who was on the wharf, or to know that all his passengers were not on board.

At two o'clock came to off Cleveland. Sent passengers ashore. Sun-down, wind increased, and blew hard. Rough sea. Passengers sick.

I had to-day an interesting conversation with a half breed Wyandott, who turned out to be the person left, and in a similar difficulty with myself, at Sandusky, on the subject chiefly of a removal of the Indians west of the Mississippi; the only measure, in my opinion, that will preserve them. He was unfavourable to the measure. I soon found that his objections arose out of a want of a proper understanding of the plan. I explained this to him, when his views in regard to the measure changed. And so I believe they would with the great body of the Indians who now object to it, if they were properly enlightened.

If ever this country had an obligation of justice and humanity to fulfil, it is that which relates to the Indians. It is far more direct than is that other subject, in regard to which, alas! the wisest and the best are baffled, as to what steps to take, or how to relieve the country from the curse which it has entailed upon it. I need not say I mean that subject, in reference to which Jefferson exclaims, in his Notes on Virginia, "*I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just!*" This gloomy subject was entailed upon us. The moral feelings of the people, I believe, revolt at it; but they see, as yet, no certain remedy.

But that which relates to our Indians is different. We occupy *their* country; and, in the nature of things, they must *perish* as a consequence of our having done so, if we do not relieve them. The obligation to do so is direct, and binding—and the responsibility is awful, seeing the way lies right before us, in which the suffering and annihilation of this unfortunate race may be relieved and prevented, and their preservation and happiness secured to them, *if we only will it!*—If it be our policy, and the welfare and prosperity of our people require that the homes of the Indians be in succession taken away from them, in the name of justice and humanity, let others be provided; and let limits be set to our encroachments. This is a subject that should not be minced. I wish I could trumpet-tongue it through all the land. If it be esteemed a crime to plead for these people; or to charge home even upon my country, that I so much love, the injustice and cruelty of permitting them to be exposed, as they are, to all manner of wrongs and suffering, and to the certainty of a final extinction as a race, without a change in our policy, I, for one, have long since made up my mind to suffer the punishment that public opinion may annex to it.

Do we differ as to the policy of the measure which looks to a last and permanent home for our Indians; or doubt the adaptation of the plan which has been proposed for their collocation, and for giving to them a government, &c.? Be it so. But does any one doubt for a moment the *certainty* of the extermination of the race, if this plan, or *some other* that may be shewn to be better, is not adopted? Nay, does any one believe it possible that their condition can be made worse by such a change? Then why not make the trial? Why suffer year after year to pass away, and affliction upon affliction to press upon these destitute and helpless people, and wear them away, and do *nothing* for their relief? Is this our policy in regard to other things? Would our councils sit quietly and see our revenue, for example, diminishing daily under one system, and not devise another—even though some might question its adaptation to the end pro-

posed to be realized by the change? And yet no one doubts, even the most ignorant know it, that our policy, in regard to our Indians, is destructive of both their happiness and their lives, and is forcing them, not out of the states only, *but out of existence!*—*Can this be justified?*

Sunday, 17th.

Arrived off Erie at ten o'clock. Harbour fine—town elevated. Fine day—fair wind—sails all set, and never once changed. Our speed, eight or nine miles the hour. Beautiful moonlight. Arrived at Buffaloe at a quarter past nine o'clock, A. M. Took lodgings at the Eagle tavern, in which are fifty-six lodging rooms, and a dining room, ninety-four feet by twenty-four. I hope, the next time I visit this house, they will have had bells hung.

Monday, 18th.

Visited the Seneca mission. I found in the school fifty-three children—ten boys, and four girls, full blooded; the rest half, and quarter blood.

Examined the first class in reading, spelling, and in defining of words; in grammar, geography, arithmetic, history, and astronomy. Second class, in reading, and in defining of words; the third class, in reading and spelling—in this class are sixteen children, from six to twelve years old.

The calls are made by the teacher, by signs—little pullies attached to pieces of wood over his head, with letters on them. He pulls a string, and the letter is disclosed which indicates the order.

This school is flourishing. The children are remarkable in each branch of learning, and would not suffer by comparison with any children in any town or city in the country. It is so strange that people will insist upon it, that Indians are less capable than whites of receiving instruction, and practising the lessons of civilization. There is no difference, or if there is, I am decidedly of opinion that it is in favour of the Indians. When will reason and facts get the better of our prejudices?

I have been disappointed in not seeing Red Jacket. After leaving the mission house, I went about two miles, to his residence; but he had gone to Tonawanta. This man has extraordinary talents; but his power is on the wane! Little Billy, who heads the christian party, has succeeded him in influence. Red Jacket is a pagan, and has a few followers.

Their government is, in fact, republican. They nominate a chief when he is young. If he grows up an intelligent and sober man, they elect him; if otherwise, they reject him. The youth fixed upon is generally the oldest son, of the oldest chief's daughter:—this is the hereditary line, but his qualities, and qualifications, secure him his supremacy, and not his descent.

Tuesday, 19th.

Left Buffalo in the stage, for the falls of Niagara, on the American side, at half past six o'clock. My collections in specimens and curiosities, I have forwarded by the canal to Lockport, where I expect to overtake them.

Arrived at the Falls at twelve o'clock. Dined. Crossed the bridge to Iris island, and once more beheld this

“Hell of waters!”

I am bewildered by the roar, and overpowered by the magnificence and awful grandeur of this place. I will not attempt a description. People who wish to know any thing about it, must come and see. I think the view from the Canada side superior—but no one ought to visit the one, without seeing the other. I have gathered some flowers from the crevices of the rocks on Iris island, which hung over the abyss, and by which little streamlets fly over into the profound, which, in some places, would be called cascades; but here, and in comparison of the great volume of water that rolls over the verge of the cataract, they look like thin streams forced through a syringe. Ben is in a constant alarm. He begs me not to go so near the edge; and keeps his own body, though ten yards from it, inclined up the hill, and towards the island. He is satisfied, he says, that the ground

shakes, and the rocks are all loose; and he expects every moment they will tumble in!

Visited the Falls at night, by moonlight, and saw a lunar bow in the spray—very beautiful, though pale.

September 20th.

Left the Falls this morning at eight o'clock, for Lockport, distant twenty-three miles. Several fine views of the Falls on this road, and also of the region round Lewis, and Queens-town; especially after passing Townsend's about three quarters of a mile, the view is exceedingly fine, embracing Brock's monument, Fort George, and Niagara, with Lake Ontario stretching off towards the east. On arriving at the hill, on a line, nearly, with the monument, you look into the valley in which Lewistown is situated, and feel the conviction that at this place the Falls once poured over, and in a wider sheet, and from the hill on which the monument stands, to that which is descended in going down into Lewistown. Here, doubtless, was once the head of Lake Ontario. In process of time the river, now called Niagara, was formed. Its current deepened the channel; and once fairly within it, it has worn it deeper and deeper, until it reached its present bed, whilst the Falls, breaking away the materials in succession, over which they had hitherto poured their vast contents, have fallen back to where they now are; and there they are the more likely to remain, as the rocks over which the river rushes are horizontal in their position. Were they perpendicular, or inclined, they would still give way. From a sketch taken of the Falls by father Henepin, they are now where they were one hundred and forty-six years ago, or at least so very near it, as for the recession to be not visible, on the comparison of his drawing with them.

These are my speculations. I am forced to condense them. Time denies me the opportunity to enlarge—indeed, he has been sweeping his scythe at my heels at every step, and forcing me on.

On passing Lewistown, we left the road on which I had entered it on my way up, to our left, and ascended what is called the mountain ridge, and which was the bluff in ages past, round which the waters went into the wide expanse; that on which Brock's monument stands being the other. The view from this ridge is vast. The road passes through the Tuscarora reservation, and having a personal acquaintance with *Kusick*, the chief, who is now in his sixty-sixth year, I called to see him, his house being on the road side. I found the old man drying fish after the Indian fashion, but he could not recall my features. On asking him a few questions, however, I found he remembered me, and evinced great pleasure in seeing me once more.

This is no common man. I remember to have felt the force of his feelings, and his manner of shewing them, when about six years ago he called to see me at Weston, my then residence, on the heights of Georgetown. I remember, my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. N., had come over to see us—and Mrs. N., on seeing a book on my table, inquired what I was reading?—"Lady Morgan's France," I replied—and on adding how gratified I was to find from it that Lafayette was so well, and so happy, at La Grange, I saw, when I named Lafayette, Kusick's fine black eyes dart a most inquiring glance upon me, which was followed by—"Lafayette—Lafayette—is he yet alive?"—Yes, Kusick, and well and happy. The old man drew a long breath, and clasping his hands, said, with deep emphasis, "*I am glad to hear it.*" Then you knew Lafayette, Kusick? "O yes," answered the old man, "I knew him well—and loved him much—and many a time, in the battle, did I pray the Great Spirit to save Lafayette." On inquiry, it turned out that this Indian had been a regular commissioned lieutenant in the army of the revolution, and had fought by the side of this veteran of liberty. Taking the hint, my friend, Mr. N., examined the records, and found, sure enough, that Kusick's name was there, when a pension was obtained for him, which he continued to draw until, as he told me, it was necessary for him

to make oath that he was worth less than he believed, *in his conscience*, what he had, would *sell* for, when he ceased to receive it. How correctly informed is the conscience of this native! What a lesson to his more refined and better educated white brothers, too many of whom, alas! regard less scrupulously than he the sacred and binding obligations of an oath—and yet, in the opinion of some, Indians cannot be educated!

Kusick shewed me a prayer-book, in Mohawk, which is the language spoken by these people—some of whom read it; and Kusick, for the benefit of his friends, reads and expounds it.

I made the following extracts from this book; and will begin with their word for *wickedness*. It is

Raorighivannerakseragwègouh. This will do for a specimen of *long* words. Their Gloria Patriæ,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore,——reads thus:—

Rot ko ni yest ne Ra nih ha,
Ne o ni Roe wà ye,
Ne o ni ne sa da yough touh,
Ro ni gogh vi yough stouh.
Tsi nee yugh ton dyo dagh sa weh,
Tsa va gouh, egh ni yought
Oe wa, ne tyut koh a givè gouh
Ne tsi ni ye he à we.

Ben attracted the attention of Kusick's wife, who claimed him as belonging to her family. I inquired, in what respect? And learned that the bear was the totem of her tribe; the bear was black, and so is Ben—he is, therefore, indebted to his colour for the admiration in which Kusick's wife held him.

On leaving Kusick's, we called a few minutes to see his son, who is a cripple with the rheumatism, and has been bedrid-

den for eight years. He is now quite white. We found him in bed in a sitting posture, with his legs doubled under him, his bed curtained in with white cotton, and looking very neat. His dress was clean, and his countenance cheerful. I purchased some moccasins of him, a painting by one of the tribe, which illustrates a tradition, and several other drawings, hunting, travelling scenes, &c. Their tradition is, that a great many years ago, an enormous bear entered their country to dispossess them of it—they attacked him with arrows, and drove him back, when he was succeeded by a stone giant of huge dimensions, before whom, their arrows making no impression on him, they fled. The drawing represents the bear, and showers of arrows flying in the direction of his head; and a giant, before whom the natives are flying in great terror. All this is executed with spirit.

In the state of New York, there are only about four thousand nine hundred Indians! What a falling off is here!—Their lands are slipping from under them as fast as they recede from their lands—and this kind of double movement will soon leave not a vestige of the aboriginal man in this powerful and patriotic state, which once *teemed* with Indians.

The Seneca's sold, recently, five small reserves on the Genessee river, besides three others, amounting to about eighty-seven thousand, five hundred acres. Purchases were made also a year ago of the Oneida and Stockbridge tribes. The Senecas now have a reservation on the Allegany river, of about

	30,000 acres,	
and number (including 66 Onandagas.)	. . .	580
Also another reservation at Cattaraugus of 22,000 acres,		
and number (including about 50 Dela- wares,)		425
Also another reservation near Buffaloe of 50,000 acres,		
and number (including about 60 Dela- wares and Cattaraugus,)		750
Also another reservation on Tonawanta creek,	13,000 acres,	

and number about		330
and on the five small reservations on the Genessee river sold recently, there are, of Senecas, about		450
The Tuscaroras have a reservation near Lewistown, which was purchased of the Holland Land Company, of	14,640 acres,	
and number		220
The Oneidas have a reservation in Onei- da county of about	12,000 acres,	
and number		1136
The Onandagas, on the old Onandaga reservation,	3,000 acres,	
and number		250
The Stockbridge tribe reside in Oneida county, upon	1,000 acres,	
and number about		170
The Brothertown Indians live on land reserved for them by the state of New York, which once belonged to the Oneidas, and number		360
The St. Regis Indians live upon the St. Lawrence, near French Mills, on a reservation of	6,000 acres,	
and number about		295
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	151,640	4,966
	<hr/>	<hr/>

Total number of reservations, eleven; and of acres of reserves, 151,640; and of Indians, 4,966.

How would it comport with the magnanimous character of New York to spare and cherish this remnant of the Six nations? It is known to her, that these poor creatures are at this moment progressing amidst all their embarrassments, in civilization and the arts. But unless aided and protected by a liberal and enlightened policy, which the state, one would think, would take pride in observing towards them,

they must soon vanish out of sight, and be no more seen! If there were no other inducements than such as arise out of our feelings, to preserve the defaced portraits and old picture frames of our ancestors, one would think that enough would be found in such feelings to lead the state to save them.

These were the tribes who were called by the Dutch, *Maquaas*; by the French, *Iroquois*; and subsequently, *Five nations*, and afterwards, when their confederacy was joined by the Tuscaroras, from North Carolina, the *Six nations*; and of whom Smith, in his history of New York, says—“No people in the world have higher notions than these Indians, of military glory. All the surrounding nations have felt the effects of their prowess; and many not only became their tributaries, but were so subjugated by their power, that without their consent they durst not commence either peace or war!”

It would be sound and humane policy to reduce their reservations, and give to them as much land as would make farms of suitable extent for every family; and apply the proceeds of the residue in stocking and improving those farms; in aiding in their cultivation; in the education of their children, and in establishing them in the world.

There are feelings, however, to be gratified, which it is to be feared may overcome those more disinterested and noble ones, which would lead to a preservation of the remnant of these people, and which *the citizens* of the state of New York, as such, would, I have no doubt, love to gratify. But wherever the Indians are, unfortunately, there is in operation against them, a force, that must press them to the earth; and unless they be removed and sheltered from its effects, and protected for the future, *grind them to powder!*

Proceeding on from the Tuscarora village towards Lockport, and when within about thirteen miles of the latter place, we met the stage going to Niagara. On meeting, the drivers reined in their horses, when our driver told the others to “turn about,” adding, “you know this is not your end of the line, and if you proceed, my passengers will have

to be left by the way; for I'll be — if I go one foot further than the end of my line." The stage going to Niagara was full; in ours there were no persons except myself and Ben. A proposition was made to exchange passengers and baggage, and if the other driver, as appeared was the case, was off his line, that he should go back, and ours proceed in his place. He, however, cracked his whip, and proceeded. On arriving at Cumming's, three miles further on, and ten from Lockport, our driver dismounted, and began to ungear his horses. I suggested to him the propriety of saving his employers from the consequences which must result from such a procedure, and not allow them to be injured in the public confidence by the obstinacy of one of the drivers. He answered the line was never to be trusted, and he had resolved to leave it; and that this was his last trip. There was no alternative but to hire a conveyance, and come on to Lockport, which I did, in a one horse carryall for Ben and the baggage, and a horse for myself, which turned out to be a broken down horse, and more than twenty times did he stumble, having come fairly down twice. Ben wanted to save my neck by risking his own; but, believing myself to be the better horseman of the two, I maintained my seat, but at the imminent hazard of my neck at every step the horse made.

On arriving at Lockport I paid D. Cummings his charge (after having paid my fare, of course, at Niagara, to the owners of the stages *for the entire route*, who are William P. Slocomb, P. Smith, and T. Fanning) for bringing me these ten miles, on a bill in these words—"For the hire of a carryall for servant and baggage, and horse for himself from my house to this place, *the stage driver refusing to come on further, alleging that it was not his duty nor his end of the line.*" I took his receipt.

I am thus particular, that whoever may see this journal may avoid a line in which there is no security against being left by the way; and no redress against such a grievance, except by resort to the law, which, for my part, I wish

to have as little to do with as possible. If law be the blessing, it is also *the scourge of the land*.

I arrived at Lockport at a quarter past two, dined, and took passage in the canal boat the Holley, Capt. Rogers, for Utica, at a quarter past three, P. M. and at four was below the Turning, the bluff of which shuts out the view of those locks, which, without dwelling upon them in a minute description, I will just add are ten in number, five on a side, each having a fall of twelve feet, and taken altogether may be considered as a specimen in this line of the arts worthy of the great undertaking of which they form so conspicuous a part; and of the state that projected and completed an enterprise so vast. I omit saying any thing of the appearance of the region about Lockport, except that it is full of evidence that immense bodies of the earth have been ruptured somewhere, and that about here the great deposit was made of all or nearly all sorts; in the separation and study of which, the geologist and mineralogist will long delight to engage, and where there is ample space to gratify the most curious and speculative. I will just add that Lockport is another wonder, and must be a place of great business, and of corresponding wealth, and that in the course of a few years.

Thursday, 21st.

Morning clear and cool. At five o'clock we had advanced fifty-six miles. By two o'clock in the morning the cabin was crowded with passengers, from the little villages, and *Shanty's*, that line the canal, the most of them going to Lockport. Out of thirty now on board, only about five are destined to Utica.

Accommodations the same as in the De Witt Clinton; and Capt. Rogers is very obliging and polite.

Arrived at Rochester at half past eight o'clock, A. M. Population busy. Every aspect in which the town is viewed demonstrates it to be a place of business, and flourishing beyond all former example.

At ten miles from Rochester is the prettily situated town of Pittsford, which is composed of about eighty houses. At the wharf, on the canal, was a canal boat, having on its side in large letters, CANAL MUSEUM. Thus are the inhabitants of the villages, and the farmers along the line of the canal, waited upon with a collection of curiosities. The owners of the museum live in the boat, and float up and down the canal in their moveable tenement.

Further on, and two miles from Pittsford, is the passage over the Irondaquit. This is an interesting portion of this great work. The valley is crossed at least seventy feet above its level, and in the direction of two points of high land on a level with the line of the canal, the passage for the canal being cut out of the earth that has been carted into the valley to join those two points. It is a ridge of earth a quarter of a mile long, with the bed of the canal running along its top, and the water of the Irondaquit passing through a culvert below. The tops of the trees which grow in the valley on either side of this ridge are, many of them, on a line with the boat. So it is—if a mountain is in the way of the canal, these enterprising citizens make nothing of cutting it down; if a valley, they fill it up, and pass the waters across, in a bed cut out of the new made ridge; and in ascending, or descending, locks are resorted to. Thus do enterprize, and skill, and money level all things.

At a little past five o'clock arrived at Palmyra. This town stands on a slope of ground to the right of the canal, on a pretty elevation, and is a lovely and inviting place. There are no ruins here to liken it to its namesake of old; but, on the contrary, every thing looks new and sweet. We stopped at this pretty town long enough for me to go up into it, and walk nearly the length of its main street, which appears to be about one hundred and twenty feet wide, and handsomely built upon. I admire the taste of the inhabitants, their houses are generally white, with green doors and blinds, and the grounds are ornamented with trees. The country round about, and on all sides, is charmingly picturesque.

On the opposite side of the canal, and north of the town, is a large crown-formed hill, which, about thirty years ago, was selected by the settlers as a place of resort and security against an apprehended Indian incursion. But the occasion passed off without making it necessary to build a fort, as was contemplated to be done. That hill will never more be sought as a place of refuge from the Indians.—What a change!

The Presbyterian church at this place, as at all others in these parts, has a towering steeple, and bells of course; whilst the Methodist church, as at Rochester, has a belfry, and bells also, and no church should be without them.

I heard the first *cata-did* yesterday about a mile from Lockport—to-night, the woods ring with them. It is very hot. Our numbers, that had diminished at Rochester to fifteen, were added to at Palmyra, and near it, in about the same number that we parted from there, thus making, in weather like this, a canal boat, otherwise quite an agreeable mode of conveyance, (always, however, excepting the bridges) a most uncomfortable place to be in.

Friday, 22d.

Morning cloudy and unpromising; but this floating hotel proceeds. The shores of the route are dotted with little villages, and are full of variety. Thick set woods—meadows—farm houses—groves—vallies—mountains, amidst all which the boat glides silently along, with no sounds but those made by the *cata-dids*, the crack of the whip of the boy who drives the horses, an occasional rubbing of the sides of passing boats; and now and then the sounds of the bugle, which is blown with great skill, and amidst this mountainous region with fine effect.

At three o'clock passed the village of Syracuse. The canal goes through its centre. Here are salt works of considerable extent, the roofs of the sheds looking, as we approach them, like a river with its surface a little ruffled.

On a nearer approach a fine view is had of the Onondaga lake, and of Salina with its handsome exterior and steepled churches.

The country round about here is hilly and beautiful. Near Syracuse the state sold, a few years ago, some lots on a piece of low ground, which, I was told, have risen in value since, one thousand per cent! They are yet burning out the timber and grubbing the stumps. In a few years beautiful meadows will take the place of the present swampy appearance of these grounds. Every thing is productive and prospering about here.

Our company is constantly changing. We parted with some at Salina, which had become interesting; but others stepped on board, so as to fill their places.

To-morrow, by ten o'clock, we shall have reached Utica, and there I shall feel myself to be once more within striking distance of home. My health is excellent; and my bird, my travelling companion, is more and more interesting to me. Its tameness and helplessness interest me; and then it is attached to me, and becomes soothed, if any thing alarms it, if I speak to it. The night is dark; with rain, and some thunder and lightning.

Saturday, 23d.

The country, as we approach Utica, becomes more beautiful. Nothing can be more lovely than the region round about Whitesburg, which is within three miles of Utica. It is the same valley of the Mohawk, the fertility of which I mentioned on coming up. The high ground was pointed out to me in the distance, on our right, on which Gen. Herkimer encamped the night before he was killed. These strifes of blood are now past. The wars between the red and the white man are over in all this region, where they were once so frequent.

The hills all round this valley smoke, this morning. Their sides are rich, as is every thing the eye rests upon. Here truly is the fat of the land; and the soil can never be exhausted.

Arrived at Utica at eight o'clock, and forwarded my baggage by the canal boat to Schenectady, having determined to vary my route by taking the stage. Coming up, I came from Schenectady to Utica on the canal; and returning, I have come from Lockport to Utica on the canal—so I have travelled, on the canal from Schenectady to Lockport, a distance of about three hundred and thirty miles, and within thirty miles of the entire canal.

The more I have seen of this great work, the more surprised am I that it could ever have had opposers. Never before was there opened in this country such a sluice of wealth, nor a way of such convenience to the thousands who resort to it in the transfer of their products to market. And I am now thoroughly convinced that unless a canal be cut, so as to form an outlet through the middle states into the Chesapeake, our country will become, in a great degree, *tributary to New York*. I do not grudge to New York any advantage which her noble enterprize ought to secure to her from the work of her own conception and execution; but I should grudge to her that *command* over the north, and the west, and a large portion of the south, which, unless other drains are cut to carry off the produce of those regions, she will just as certainly exercise, as that she now commands the trade of her own canal. I admire her patriotism. She stood forth boldly, and played her part gloriously in the late war; but I would not trust her with *the interests* of one half of this republic. Policy dictates the course which should be pursued. There ought to be no delay in following its directions. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal ought to be cut, and at once; and so should one further south. Monopolies should never be permitted. It is best that all the sections of a great country should flourish alike—or, at least, that no measures should be left unresorted to, to secure an equal distribution of the bounties of Providence. In this equality consists our strength and safety. OUR UNION DEMANDS IT OF THE POWERS THAT CAN EXECUTE THESE WORKS, TO DO IT WITHOUT DELAY. Satisfy

the people with their condition by improving it, and the people will take care of their liberty, because, upon its continuance, depends the continuance of the state of things which is agreeable and profitable to them. Does this resolve the love of liberty into selfishness? Be it so. Man is so constituted—and it is a wise and beneficent arrangement in the economy of his make, that in all things his best interests and virtue, should be united; and that in the possession of one, he should be certain also to be in the enjoyment of the other. No man can be happy who is not virtuous; and no man was ever otherwise than happy, if virtuous. Happiness follows virtue, as the shadow follows the substance, and misery is a no less *necessary* attendant on vice. God has ordained that it shall be so; and every man has the truth of the doctrine inscribed on his own consciousness.

Present benefits are apt to mislead man. He seizes them as the child does the flame of the candle, and does not always consider whether the pursuit of them, even if they be realized, will promote his ultimate good; or whether it is not best for him, on the whole, to forego them. He who reasons thus, and on reflection abandons a present good, because it is not best for him upon the whole, to possess it, is the virtuous man.

But what has all this to do with the canal? I mean by those reflections to illustrate the proposition—that the citizens of the western and southern districts will, in the pursuit of their *present gains*, avail themselves of the facilities which New York has prepared for them, and in doing so, the balance of power will settle in New York, when our union will, to say the least of it, be *less firm* than it now is. And I deduce from this proposition the following conclusions—the citizens of the western and southern districts, should not be left exposed to the necessity of taking their products to this great mart, and of entailing upon their posterity the curse of a dissolved union; therefore, means should be adopted to save them from that necessity, in the opening of ways for them to travel, which, whilst these would leave

to New York all that the most boundless, *well regulated* ambition could desire, would secure to other states equal pecuniary advantages upon the one hand, and to the whole, *a perpetuity of the union on the other*.

I would say of New York, that instead of opposing the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, it should be her pride to promote it; and I will not believe, that when the time arrives to commence this great *national* work, but she will be found supporting it with all the power of her eloquence and wealth. She will then make plain the soundness and sincerity of her patriotism; and the world will see that it is not impossible for an American state to agree to forego present gains, for the sake of *the general welfare*.

Utica, Sunday, 24th.

Morning cloudy and damp. I rested well last night, and dreamed of home. I am indebted to my fancy for the agreeable interview, and for representing all things to be as I hope to find them soon, in reality.

Called on Major K——, and accompanied the family to church—returned to Sheppard's, dined, and prepared to be off *at three o'clock, P. M.*, the hour named as that at which the stage would certainly leave Utica. It was my misfortune not to get off until five! I notice these irregularities, not for the gratification of any personal feelings, but as a check to them for the future. Public opinion is the best corrective. In consequence of this irregularity, I lost the view of the entire way from a few miles of Utica, to the Falls, where I did not arrive until nine o'clock at night. The night was dark and uncomfortable—but all along the valley of the Mohawk was lit up with lights from the settlements. They looked like gems on night's robe.

The country around Utica, in this direction also, is beautiful, and flourishing. It is the valley of the Mohawk, the bed of which, across in the direction of Utica, having been in olden time about a mile and a half wide.

The stage leaving the Little Falls at three in the morning, deprived me of the opportunity of another observation, and from another point of this place of wild uproar and confusion.

Every traveller, for the benefit of other travellers, should "*blaze the trees*" where he has himself been in difficulties. Take my route altogether, I have been truly fortunate. It is proper, however, that I should make my protest against the stage regulations at Utica. They put *fourteen* passengers *in*, and *upon* the *mail* stage, on my way up; and on my way down, deferred starting for two hours after the *published* time, and by which travellers, of course, regulate their movements. Also, against the line from Lockport to the Falls of Niagara, there being no security there, judging from my case, against being left by the way. I would not hold the owners responsible for this one outrage on the part of their drivers, but I was told the line was never to be depended on.

September 25th.

The public house at the Little Falls appears to be a very good one. Waked up at half past two o'clock. Morning cloudy, with some rain. On going to the stage, I found in it—the *mail stage*—nine persons. The door was politely opened, and Ben looking by the light of the candle, turned round, and said, "I believe the stage is full, sir." I asked if the mail stage went thus crowded? And got for answer, "O yes, sir, two came in yesterday, each with eleven passengers." Well, I thought, this was at least doing as well as other people, and I had no right to expect to be treated better. But where, I asked, am I to sit—and my servant? "O, why, sir—in there," said the man, looking first one way, and then another, holding the candle just above his head. Just then he said, pointing to one of the passengers, "you, my good fellow, how came you in here?"—Going to Albany, sir, was the answer—"and you," pointing to another—Only five miles down, I belong to the line. "Well, both of you come out." The truth was, they were both

hostlers, or drivers, and both drunk. Room was made, therefore, for me and Ben.

Breakfasted at Palatine, a small village on the Mohawk, at seven o'clock, distant from the Little Falls twenty miles. Passed through some little villages, and had a near view of Amsterdam, which is near Schenectady—a place which seems to rest in the very bosom of fertility.

At three, arrived at Schenectady. I expected to have dined here, and especially as the breakfast at Palatine was not exactly such as I could relish. But there were no preparations.—I was told I could have dinner if I wished, and it could be got ready without much delay. I did not wish, however, to delay the company, the most of whom, I had reason to believe, were going on in the five o'clock boat from Albany.

My baggage had arrived here. It was put on the stage, when I was requested to pay for it—certainly, I replied, if it is proper to do so. Five shillings was asked, *to Albany*; I offered the money, when the man changed his mind, and said four shillings would do. I paid it. Now, not one cent was due. I had boated my baggage from Utica here; and there was not more than two passengers would have been entitled to, even had they brought it along in the stages the whole way; and Ben was entitled to his share.

The exceptions I take to the arrangements at Schenectady are, there appears to be nobody to direct things—hence a most unpardonable delay took place, which imposed the necessity upon those who were going beyond Albany, to remain there all night. Besides, the stages were crowded almost to suffocation; and in one of them was a *lame horse*, so lame, and so full of suffering, that when he stood, he rested his leg on his toe, and trembled in agony; and when whipped off, it was with difficulty he could move! I told the proprietor, for one, I would not go in that stage, if I was to be indebted to the exertions of that horse to help me on to Albany. I would prefer walking; and I begged him, for the sake of humanity, to take him out. I was told I

could go in the other stage; and I took my seat there accordingly—if seat it could be called.

I do think that some provision should be made in behalf of dumb animals. It is painful to see to what abuses the horse, that noble animal, is subject; and yet how rarely does it happen that his more brutal owner is punished for his cruelty to him. Every legislature, in every state in the union, and every corporation of every city, should enact laws and ordinances to guard the horse, and other animals, from the cruelties which are hourly and mercilessly inflicted on them by drunken, worthless, or mercenary owners. I consider the obligation to do so to be binding; and I have no doubt that a future reckoning will be had with those who “bear the sword,” or who have the power, and yet do not exercise it for the protection of the dumb and helpless parts of God’s creation. I am not alone in that opinion; and the gentlemen who have made law their study, and who are therefore acquainted with Judge Hale’s opinions, may find that such was his belief; or if that be considered as of doubtful character, the command—“*Be merciful, that you may obtain mercy,*” may be respected.

Arrived at Albany at quarter past six o’clock; which is only fifteen miles distant from Schenectady. I shall rest one day, to-morrow, here.

Albany, (at Cruttenden’s,) 26th.

I have employed the day in walking over the town, and had the pleasure of falling in with that excellent citizen and philanthropist, General V——r, and in reading and writing, and resting.

27th.

Took passage on board the steam boat Constellation, for West point. What magnificent scenery borders the North river! The eye never tires in roving over its mountains, feasting upon its valleys, or surveying the numerous towns and villages which border it. Fine view of the Catskill mountains, with their summits broken, and rolling, and

‘cloud-capped.’ Many a cloud rests its breast, or pours out its torrents, upon those vast elevations, whilst the lightning flashes, and streams of fire light up their tops, and the thunder roars in their caverns. Here, as on Sinai, the voice of the Eternal is often heard, and if his laws are not delivered on tables of stone, they are inscribed in the awful grandeur of the scenery, and every where it is written—
“THE LORD REIGNETH!”

Arrived at West point at a quarter past nine, P. M., and took lodgings at the public house. Met there Major-general S., and others. Late as it was, I paid a visit to my excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. McL—e, and was delighted once more to see a friend for whom I have so long cherished the warmest affection, and in whose society I have spent so many agreeable hours.

West Point, September 28th.

Visited, in company with Mr. McL—e, the library, the great store house of the literary wealth of the place, and which is graced with full length portraits of Washington, Jefferson, and Col. Williams; and a fine likeness of the Vice President, Mr. Calhoun, perhaps the best I have seen—also a bust of Washington, and a painting of Kosciusko reclining, by Miss —.

From the library we visited the chapel. This, it must be confessed, does not comport with the character of the nation. I was ashamed of it; and should never have believed it was the place in which the youths of the academy were summoned to worship, and where such a preacher was placed to discourse on the sublimest subject that is within reach of the contemplation of man, if he had not assured me it was. It is to be hoped, for the credit of the nation, that some more convenient and suitable place may be provided for the worship of Almighty God; and that to the other ornaments of West point, may be appended a temple, to be dedicated to HIM.

Visited the ruins of Forts Putnam and Clinton, in company with my friend.

"There is a magic in these ruins
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

The way was melancholy. We talked over the recent inroads which death had made in his family, in the removal of his father and brother, on the same day, and within a few hours of each other. The first had been long expected; but the last was so sudden, and so unlooked for! In the prime of life; full of health—the fairest prospects of wealth and fame were spread out wide before him; the Pinkney of the Philadelphia bar; just married, the hopes of the family resting on him, and to be cut down, was indeed painful! But he had not omitted to enlighten his mind, as to the future, and the way to him was neither dark, nor cheerless. This blunted the point of the affliction, and made room in the hearts of his family for the admission of consolation. Returning from those ruins, we visited Kosciusko's garden, &c., all of these have been so often written about, and painted, as not to require one word of description from me.

West point is truly a magnificent place; and seems to have been intended by nature for the very object which has been assigned to it.

Dined with Col. T——e, the superintendent, in company with Major-general S——, Col. Fenwick, Mr. McL——e, and others. Of Col. T., I should not be doing justice to my feelings, were I not to say, what every body knows, that he is a most accomplished gentleman, and fitted in all respects, and to a degree beyond any other man, for the dignified and responsible place he fills, and with so much honour to himself, and benefit to the country. No one can know him, or visit his important charge, without leaving the place with those sentiments.

Spent the evening with Mr. McL——e, in company with the Miss McK——ts, who have just arrived, on a visit to the family. It is very agreeable to meet with acquaintances after so long an absence, and especially those who have made part of the circle of friends at home.

West point, 29th.

Morning clear and cool. This is indeed a magnificent spot, and surrounded with grand objects. After having rolled mountains all round this place, save two openings, one made up of short hills, and the other the passage way of the river, nature seems to have spread herself out upon this beautiful level for repose, and to have left it just as she rose from it for future times; and for the American government to establish upon the spot a great national military academy.

Ascended to the ruins of Fort Putnam again, in company with the Misses McK——t's; and performed with them the great circuit of the point, not, of course, omitting Kosciusko's garden, &c.

New-York, (Park-place house.) Sept. 29th.

Dined to-day at West point, with the Rev. Mr. Mc——, and soon after took passage on board the *New Philadelphia*, the fastest steam boat, perhaps, in the world. Besides stopping, or pausing, rather, at the numerous landings on the North river, this boat leaves Albany at six in the morning, and arrives at New York at about the same hour in the evening! Owing to a strong head wind, and tide, we did not arrive here until about eight. The boat seems to fly —. It used to take two weeks, sometimes, to perform this trip, before Fulton's genius devised the means of dissolving distance, and placing distant cities contiguous to one another. His family, I am told, need the patronage of those who are making fortunes out of his intelligence. It would be no difficult matter for the steam boat companies, every where, to allot to this family the profits of *one day*; and these, no doubt, would place them in independence. I am at a loss to decide whether there would be most of magnanimity or justice in this. I will leave the question to casuists; and just add, that, in my opinion, there is enough of either to require the adoption of this, or some other mode, to draw from the proceeds of Robert Fulton's genius, as much as would make his family independent down to the last member of it.

New York, Sept. 30th.

I find I shall be detained in New York longer than I wish; not that I object being in this splendid city, but because I am anxious to be at home.

I visited several places of note to-day, and several friends. To-night I have determined to go with my good friend, Dr. R——, who I omitted to mention accompanied me from West point, and who is an ornament to his profession, to the opera.

I have been to the opera; and at the risk of being pronounced unfashionable, which, by the way, would be true enough, I was disappointed. I might, perhaps, have liked it better, did I understand Italian, which I do not. The overture was rich in all that was sweet in music, and charming in all that is captivating in its finest strains. Home, too, as sung to an Italian air, was delightful. Of the rest, my taste may be conceived of, when I say I left the theatre before the parts were more than three fourths gone through with. Give me the good old Scotch and Irish songs, with the airs that belong to them; *Old Robin Gray*, *Down the Burn Davy*, and *Kate Kearney*, and such like; and those who prefer the *out-of-breath*, *di-semi-quaver* mode of singing, may have it all for me. I love nature; and though I love song extravagantly, I prefer the sentiment without the song. to the song without the sentiment; but when they are joined, and sustained by a fine voice, the union is perfect, and my ear and heart are both delighted.

New York, Oct. 2, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

I enclose herewith a package containing my journal, which, when added to the last, transmitted from Detroit, will possess you of the sketches of my Tour to the first instant. I may write you, perhaps, once more, and if I do, it will be more for the sake of indulging in some reflections

on the *colours of waters*, which I have noticed to be very beautiful, and much varied, especially on the lakes; and on the influence upon the temperature occasioned by clearing and cultivating a country, than to say any thing of the route, or of the incidents which are likely to happen between this and home, and I shall recur to these only because they occupied some of my thoughts in the lake country, and were not noted at the time. I shall dine with Mr. A——r to-morrow, leave here the next day, stop at Burlington one night, and reach home, *Deo volente*, on the seventh. It is only *possible* that I may give an hour to those subjects, to which I have referred; and if I do, it will be from Baltimore, where I shall remain a day—but it is *certain*, barring accidents, that I will see you on the *seventh instant*. I am in excellent health, and

Ever yours.

Baltimore, Oct. 6, 1826.

MY DEAR ***

On leaving New York, instead of going up the Rariton to Brunswick, I passed out at the Narrows, and thence to Washington, N. J.; and thence over land to Bordentown. This is a very agreeable route, the road from Washington to Bordentown being very fine.

A queer fellow was on board the steamboat, a yellow man, who had a cage along, and a snake in it; and who, besides being something of a ventriloquist, was a juggler. He played off his art in the front cabin of the steamboat, in a variety of liberties with his enormous snake, the head of which he put, without the least ceremony, into his mouth, and closed his lips upon it; and then would wrap the creature round his neck, and ask the company to feel how tight he bound him. His best specimens consisted in slight of hand, and in balancing, in these he certainly excelled. This, I presume, is his easy method of getting his living. He is as light of spirits as a Mercury, and cheerful and merry as a cricket. To say the least of his calling, it is harmless.

I stopped at Burlington, as I wrote you I should do, for the night, and enjoyed the high gratification of seeing faces that have often before greeted me with smiles, and others, which though seen for the first time, were not the less agreeable; and a hospitality and friendship in all, that I love to enjoy. But for home, I should have spun out my visit; for where one is happy, there it is always agreeable to be. Burlington is a sweet place. I entered one house in it with mournful feelings—the late residence of that excellent man, Mr. McIlvaine, in which he had so recently died! I saw the children; sweet, interesting orphans, Mary and Ellen; and as I kissed them, my heart bore witness to the sincerity of my grief for their loss. May God bless, and preserve, and provide for them.

I visited the grave-yard, where, side by side, the father and son lay in the loneliness, but not the forgetfulness of the grave. For one, I shall long remember them both. On my way up, I parted, on the wharf at Burlington, with Bloomfield; and on my way down, stood near his grave! Man truly cometh up like a flower; in the morning it flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down and withered!

But I intended only to remark upon the colours of the waters: and on the effects upon the temperature produced by clearing a country. I must be brief.

You know we have the Black sea, the Red sea, the blue sea, and the green sea. History speaks of the two first; and poetry has made marvellous use of the two last.

Often have I been charmed, when on the lakes, with the variety of hues which their waters would disclose. Sometimes blue; sometimes green; and sometimes the colour of quicksilver. At other times darker colouring would shade them, but seldom, except about the mouths of rivers. The predominant, or most striking colour, was green. This was occasioned by the rays of light passing through the foliage of the shores, and conveying their own green colouring into the surface of the water from which they were reflected. I have often, when entering upon a space of water that

looked as green as the leaves on the shore on approaching it, but which changed colour as the angle of observation became shorter, dipped the water up with a tumbler, and found it clear and transparent as crystal.

The blue colouring was the reflection upon its surface of the sky, in the absence of adjacent bodies upon which the sun's rays could directly strike and be reflected. The same as to the grey, or quicksilver colouring. It came from the clouds, and was brought by the rays of light passing through them upon the water.

A writer in one of the numbers of the *Journal of Science*, says—"a green colour is seldom seen, only in small patches, and in an atmosphere filled with separate clouds, being produced by the sun's light rendered yellow by shining through some portion of a cloud, mixing with the cerulean blue produced by other portions of his light." This is doubtless true of the ocean, and where the green foliage of the shores are too remote to have its colouring transferred to the surface.

The same writer says—"if clouds be scattered through the sky, distinct and distant from each other, the blue of the waters will be changed to the colours of the clouds in places from which their masses are reflected; and if the canopy of clouds be general and black, the ocean also beneath blackens in all its parts, and assumes a dark slaty colour. If the air is full of, and covered with brilliant white clouds, so as almost entirely to exclude the ærial blue; and if the eye be near the surface of the water, that the reflection may be strong, the ocean becomes specular and metallic, and its surface puts on the appearance of quicksilver. I have occasionally at sea, by the setting sun, seen the swelling waves, in the direction of the west, put on the appearance of molten gold, by the yellow light of the sun, and subsequently of a sea of blood, or rather red molten metal, by the change of the sun's light to red."

Now all this is true of the lakes, and often have I, from some promontory, gazed at the glory which the evening sky

has shed over the vast expanse of Lake Superior; and been wrapped in admiration of the grandeur and beauty of the Almighty's works.

I need not add, that when water is coloured, otherwise than by these reflections, it is by vegetable, or mineral matter, dissolved in it. But I have not leisure to pursue this pretty subject, pretty in my view, perhaps, because my eye yet retains the impression of the loveliness of the lake scenery, and the grandeur and glory that are so often displayed there.

Every body who has lived to be forty, as it chances to be with me, knows what a change has taken place in our winters; and indeed, in our summers too. Snow, that in times gone by used to cover the fences, and make the hitherto divided fields look like one vast field of white, now rarely falls with us; or if we are called to look at the "fleecy shower," fast as it may be employed in

"Assimilating all objects,"

we feel that it will soon vanish. The cold, too, if for a day or two it be severe, soon gives place to a warmer temperature, and spring mixes its influences with the reign of winter.

Now all this, doubtless, is owing to the clearing of the country. In the lake country the forests are thick, and old as the world. The deposit of ages is at the bottom of those huge, or thick set trees, that have flourished there for ages. To the foot, when you enter them, the soil is soft, and moss, or leaves, or brush, or all these, cover the ground. Here, then, the sun's rays being shut out, an everlasting dampness prevails; and a corresponding degree of cold. Then again, those forests attract, and detain the clouds, which pour their contents into them. Vapour is given out in corresponding quantities to the atmosphere; and this, in winter, is congealed into snow, and in summer descends in more frequent showers. In such regions, winter holds his sway, as he did with us in former years; now he has measureably left us, because our forests have been cut down, and the lands being

exposed to the sun, are drier, and by consequence give out less vapour; hence we have less snow, and not so much cold weather. Our summers, too, are correspondingly warm. The earth, exposed to the sun's rays, imbibes the heat, and gives it back by reflection. When forests covered our lands, this was not the case. Winter hid his stores in them, tempering thereby the heats of summer, and drew largely and regularly upon them when his reign commenced. The axe has destroyed his magazines of vapour and storms, and now he visits us, it is true, but with less rigour than heretofore: being deprived of his

“damps and vapours!”

And now, my dear ***, my tour is at its close, or will have been to-morrow, when I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you.

I shall have, on reaching home, travelled upwards of *four thousand miles*; and in doing so, consumed of that precious commodity, TIME, *four months and seven days*.

APPENDIX.

COPY OF THE JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE TREATY
OF FOND DU LAC, AS NOTED BY THE SECRETARY.

“Fond du Lac, Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1826.

“Gov. L. Cass and Col. T. L. McKenney, Commissioners appointed by the President of the United States to hold a treaty with the Chippeway tribe of Indians, met them in Council, agreeably to previous arrangement, this day at twelve o’clock, A. M. After the usual ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace, the Governor, in behalf of the Commission, addressed the Chiefs, Headmen, and Warriors (in number about 350*); as follows.”

*“My Children,—*We thank the Great Spirit, that he has given us a clear sky, and that he has opened the paths for us all to meet together at this place. Your great father, the President of the United States, has sent us to meet you here, and to inform you what his wishes are, and this we are now about to do. You all know, that a war has long been carried on between the Chippeways and Sioux, in which many of your people have been killed. Your great father, being very desirous to terminate this war, called together, last year, at Prairie du Chein, the Chippeways, Sioux, Sacs and Foxes, Iowas, Menomónies and Winnebagoes, and after some time, the tomahawk was buried, and all the tribes became friends and shook hands together. In order to prevent any difficulty hereafter, a boundary line was agreed upon to divide your country from that of the Sioux. And it will give us much pleasure to tell your great father on our return, that his children, the Chippeways and Sioux, have attended to all he said, and have made peace with the heart as well as with the hand and tongue.

* Women and children not in Council, of course.

“But Prairie du Chein was a long distance from your country, and many of your people were unwilling to go there. Your great father has therefore sent us here to state to all your people in the middle of your own country, what was transacted at the Prairie, and to express his wish that it may be faithfully adhered to on your part. It was the desire of your chiefs at that place, that your young men should be assembled here this season, and that your great father should send to them some person, who would insist upon their remaining at peace with the Sioux.

“This peace now places you in safety. Long before your fathers were born this war began, and instead of quietly pursuing the game for the support of your women and children, you have been murdering one another. But that time has passed away—peace has been made, and you can now hunt where you please. Your young men must observe this peace, and your great father will consider as his enemy, any one who takes up the tomahawk.

“A part of the line between you and the Menomonies, was not arranged at the Prairie. It will be best to come to some conclusion on the subject.

“We observe many of your relations, born among you, who are part white. We think it would be well, if you would select a place where they can sit down and cultivate some land. Give each of them a small piece. They would be able then to support themselves comfortably, and to assist you.

“We also wish that you would allow your great father to look through the country, and take such copper as he may find. This copper does you no good, and it would be useful to us to make into kettles, buttons, bells, and a great many other things.

“We find you are very poor. Your women and children have little to eat, and less to wear. Your great father is willing to help you. He will allow you some goods every year to clothe yourselves with. He is also willing, if you wish it, to establish a school at the Sault, where your children can be instructed.

“We shall have another subject to mention to you, but we will finish what has already been mentioned before we enter upon that. You can think of these things, and give us an answer as soon as you are ready. The Council will be opened to-morrow, and three guns will be fired, when we shall assemble.”

“*Thursday, Aug. 3d. (11 o'clock, A. M.)*

“Three guns having fired as the signal for assembling, the Council, after the ceremony of smoking, was again opened. The Indians were informed by the Commissioners that if they were now ready to reply to what was said to them yesterday, they would hear them.”

“SHINGAUBA W’OSSIN, the principal chief of the band from the Sault St. Marié, then spoke—addressing himself to the Indians.”

“*My Relations*,—Our fathers have spoken to us about the line made at the Prairie. With this, I and my band are satisfied. You, who live upon the line, are most interested. To you, I leave this subject. The line was left unfinished last summer, but will be completed this.

“*My Relations*,—The land to be provided for my half-breeds, I will select; I leave it to you to provide your reserves for your own.

“*My Friends*,—Our fathers have come here to establish a school at the Sault. Our great father over the hills, has said this would be well. I am willing—it may be a good thing for those who wish to send their children.

“*My Brothers*,—Our fathers have not come here to speak harsh words to us. Do not think so. They have brought us bread to eat, clothing to wear, and tobacco to smoke.

“*My Brothers*,—Take notice. Our great father has been at much trouble to make us live as one family, and to make our path clear. The morning was cloudy. The Great Spirit has scattered those clouds. So have our difficulties passed away.

“*My Friends*,—Our fathers have come here to embrace their children. Listen to what they say. It will be good for you. If you have any copper on your lands. I advise you to sell it. It is of no advantage to us. They can convert it into articles for our use. If any one of you has any knowledge on this subject, I ask you to bring it to light.

“*My Brothers*,—Let us determine soon. We, as well as our fathers, are anxious to go home.”

“GITSHEE WAABEYHAAS, (or Big Martin,) addressing himself to the Commissioners, said:

“*Fathers*,—I thank the Great Spirit that he has brought you here in safety. You can now see us in our own country.

“*Fathers*,—I hope the line, as marked out, will not be altered. The Menomonies and I smoke together. So shall I be able to give them some of your tobacco to smoke.

“*Fathers*,—You have come. Before this, I could tell my friends nothing about the unfinished part of the road. Now I can repeat to them my fathers’ words.

“*My Fathers*,—You have met the red men in Council at the Prairie. I was not there. But I, too, have something to say, while you are making the path of your children clear.

“*Fathers*,—When I heard of your coming, I thought your hands were not empty. I expected to find something in them for your children. I live away from the waters. There is no road for my father to travel on to see me. I hear of him, as he passes my cabin, on the right hand and the left; but I do not see him. With more reason, therefore, do my young men think, that now they will not stretch out their hands in a cold night in vain. They are poor. They are not like my fathers. You, *Fathers*, travel in a full canoe. Your young men always see enough before them. But my canoe, *Fathers*, is empty. Even my women and children, whom I have left in my cabin, are naked and hungry.

“*Fathers*,—The Great Spirit has helped you to make for yourselves fire arms. We ask for some. We have none.

“*Fathers*,—If hereafter, you shall build a great fire, I shall hear of it. I live far from the water; but I will go.

“*Fathers*,—I will do as you have done, (presenting his pipe for the Commissioners to smoke) I have said.”

“*Commissioners*.—We are well satisfied with what you have said; but before we smoke your pipe, we will say one thing;” (a British medal was suspended from his neck) “we presume you brought this here as an ornament. If we thought you displayed it as a mark of authority, we would take it from your breast, throw it in the dust, and trample it under our feet. As we do not suppose you wear it as the evidence of any authority, but simply as an ornament, we will smoke your pipe.” (He took the medal off and laid it on the table.) *Commissioners*. “Here are silver ornaments, with which we pay you for your

British silver. We will now present you a medal as the proper mark of your authority."

"O-BAR-GU-WACK (an old squaw about seventy years of age, who presented herself as the representative of her husband) spoke thus to the Commissioners.

"*My Fathers*,—I am sent here by my husband. His eyes are shut, but his mouth and ears are yet open. He has long wished to see the Americans. He hopes now, *Fathers*, to find something in his cabin. He has held you a long time by the hand. He still holds you by the hand. He is poor. His blanket is old and worn out, like the one you see, (holding up her old blanket.) But he now thinks he sees a better one."

"TAHGAWAWANE.

"*Fathers*.—Let me speak a little. It is not I alone who speak. The chiefs and old men of my band, put words into my mouth.

"*My Fathers*.—You saw me put my totem on the paper, (at the Prairie.) It has been left by our fathers to us, as it descended to them from their ancestors, (became embarrassed) our forefathers left us the country we live in. Some other speaker will explain better what I mean."

"PEEZHICKEE (or La Beuf) of Lake Point.

"*My Fathers*,—This is not the first time, *Fathers*, I have met you. When we were called together yesterday, I could not speak. It came on me suddenly. I was struck. But I have not lived to this day, *Fathers*, that I should begin to be a speaker. I am one. I am not a new man. The name of a speaker has come down to me from my fathers. I will not lie. That sun that looks upon me, and these, your red children around me, are witnesses. *Fathers*, the Great Spirit knows what you say. So does our great father.

"*Fathers*,—Our women and children are very poor. You have heard it. It need not have been said. You see it. *Fathers*,—I lend those who have put me here, my mouth. *Fathers*,—You are wise. You want to make your children so. You have spoken. It is good. Our ears are open to your words. We remember them.

“*Fathers*,—Some of these, your children, were at the Prairie. But half of them do not yet know you. They want to put out the hand to you.

“This, *Fathers*, (spreading a map on the table before the Commissioners) was given to us by our forefathers. There are few now here who were then living. *Fathers*,—I want to take nothing from my friends. I want my own only.

“*My Brothers*.—Why is it that we are in difficulty? It is because you have deserted your country. Where your fathers lived, and your mothers first saw the sun, there you are not. I alone, am the solitary one remaining on our own ground. *Fathers*,—I am no chief. I am put here as a speaker. The gift has descended to me. *Fathers*,—The people who live at the Tawa Lakes, have not come. Their ears are not shut. They are open as ours. But they heard bad birds singing at the Prairie. We have not believed them. Even if what they heard had been true, we should have come. Our compassion is strong for our women and children. We should have come at all hazards. For, *Fathers*, they are very poor. And we are now here to see what you will do for us. We offer you our pipe. You, *Fathers*, look to the Great Spirit, in the sky and under the earth. You are strong to make your young men obey you. But we have no way, *Fathers*, to make our young men listen, but by the pipe. *Fathers*,—It will be long before I open my mouth to you again. Listen therefore, *Fathers*, to what I say. I live in one place; I do not move about. I live on an open path, where many walk. The traders know me. None can say, I ever looked in his cabin or his canoe. My hands are free from the touch of what does not belong to me.

“*Fathers*,—We ask you, in locating your children, to place those of the Burnt Wood country on the left side of the Portage.

“*Fathers*,—You have many children. But your breasts drop yet. Give us a little milk,* *Fathers*, that we may wet our lips.”

“YELLOW THUNDER.

“*My Fathers*,—This is not the first time I have addressed you. But I will not be long, for the sun is looking in my face. *Fathers*.—I was living quietly at home, when your arms came to

* Meaning whiskey.

me, and took me by both of mine. I would have brought more of my people with me, but the poverty of my women and children plead for them, and I have left some of my young men to provide for their wants.

“*My Fathers*,—Six summers have passed away since I listened to your words. They were good. In that time I have never left the straight path. We know you are here to do us good—not injury.

“*My Fathers*,—I have never before spoken to you. But I shall say little.

“*My Fathers*,—This medal was placed on my breast by you, when you came to my village. I was then told, that such as it should attach to me would be remembered. This one was not bought. I have worn it long. I have guarded it as my heart. I have not dishonoured it.

“I was very sick, *Fathers*, when I returned from the Prairie last year. I could hardly distinguish the day from night. Yet, when I heard of your coming, I again left my home. And I am now here to take you by the hand.

“*Fathers*,—In my country there is no copper. If I said there was, I should lie.”

“Plover, (of Ontonagon.)

“*Fathers*,—I came not here of my own accord. But you wanted me, and I am before you. *Fathers*,—The Indians who have spoken, ask for residences for their half-breeds. I too, have many, *Fathers*, let me make interest for mine.

“*Fathers*,—We, who were once many and strong, are now few and feeble. For those, my children, who are left, I ask for food and clothing. I have brought my young men here, knowing that the words of your mouth were good, and wishing that they might lay them up in their hearts.

“*Fathers*,—I have no knowledge of any copper in my country. There is a rock there. I met some of your people in search of it. I told them if they took it to steal it, and not to let me catch them.”

[The other Chiefs' names from Ontonagon not known.]

“*Fathers*,—You have heard of the words of the Plover on the subject of the rock. This, *Fathers*, is the property of no one

man. It belongs alike to us all. It was put there by the Great Spirit, and it is ours.

“In the life of my father, the British were engaged in working it. It was then about the size of that table. They attempted to raise it to the top of the hill, and they failed. They then said, the copper was not in the rock, but in the banks of the river. They dug for it, and while working under ground by candle light, the earth fell in upon them and killed three of the men. It was then abandoned, and no attempt has been made on it till now. *Fathers*,—At the time of which I speak, a great price was paid by the English, for our permission. We expect no less from you. If you take this rock, *Fathers*, the benefit to be derived from its sale, must be extended to our children, who are now but this high, (a foot.) For ourselves, we care but little. We are old and nearly worn out. But our children must be provided for.

“*Fathers*,—I have but one word more to say. At the other villages, your children have, at all times, something flying over their heads, to remind them of peace. (Flag.) At our village, *Fathers*, there is none.”

[Name not known.]

“One need not be a very great Chief, to entitle him to say a few words.

“I, and those for whom I speak, thank you, *Fathers*, that the line between us and the Sioux, is established. The Sioux, also, rejoice that this difficulty is settled. *Fathers*,—The tomahawk is buried by us in the ground. But I find it hard to bury it in my heart. It is hard, *Fathers*, to hold them by the hand, for they are faithless. One of my young men went out to hunt for a little to eat. The Sioux met him. His gun was broken before his face on his own ground. But words are empty. I will say no more, since the line is so lately established. I hope it has terminated our difficulties.

“*Fathers*,—You have said it would be well to provide for our half-breeds. Your words were good. Let land be set apart for them. We hope they may so improve it, as that when we go to see them, they may receive us in houses like these.”

[Name not known.]

“*Fathers*,—I look on you. I am pleased. When you speak truth issues from your lips.

“*Fathers*,—I shall soon have finished. I have but little to say.

“*Fathers*,—When I was at the city beyond the hills, much was said about peace, but between the Sioux and us, there seems to be no peace. A short time has passed, since your children, on the other side of the line, killed one of our young men. He was struck with my medal on his breast.

“*Fathers*,—We all reflect much on the line. We are all anxious to have it settled. Let the road between us be made broad. If there is no other way, let the bushes be broken, so that the path between us may be distinguished and clear.”

[Name of this one not known.]

“*Fathers*,—The Great Spirit has opened my ears. Yours, also, *Fathers*, are open. Listen to my brother and me, while we say a few words.

“*Fathers*,—Our father and grand-father emigrated from this place to Snake river. We, their children, live there now. *Fathers*,—The land I live on is yours. It is called ours, but it belongs to you. We take good care of it. It is a good country. We are fond of it, because in the ground on which our cabins are built, are buried the bones of our fathers. We fear a day may come, when your people may want to raise them. We hope you will permit us to remain there.

“I am neither afraid nor ashamed, *Fathers*, to look you in the face, or to ask you to listen, for my hand has never been stained with the blood of a white man. *Fathers*,—The copper I brought here was taken from the bed of my river. I will point out the place. *Fathers*,—I will shew to my traders the ground on which I wish my half-breeds to live. I am glad to find they are not forgotten.

“*Fathers*,—Look upon these strings of wampum. There are three. This line is the road my men will travel to see you. That, my women will follow. The third, I shall pursue. Before many summers have passed, *Fathers*, you will see us all travelling to your door.”

“WATTAP. [The object of his speech was to induce the Com-

missioners to constitute him a chief, in place of his brother, who had been killed.]

“*Fathers*,—You see me. I am no chief. My head is on my breast. I cannot hold it up. My brother went to the Prairie. He was a man of peace. He is gone. I am left alone. I have sat by the road side that divides the Sioux from us. I have spoken to them. They answered, If your brother sat there we would listen, but now, our ears are shut.”

“*MAW-GAW-GID*.

“*Fathers*,—I have much to say; but the sun, that is looking me in the face, tells me to be short.

“*Fathers*,—I am not a chief, but having a smooth tongue, my friends make use of my mouth.

“*Fathers*,—I never open my eyes upon the morning, but the words of my great father beyond the mountains, are sounding in my ears.

“*Fathers*,—We thank our great father that he has been pleased to put our lands in a body. So are the hearts of those rejoiced whom we call our enemies. We bid the advancement and prosperity of the American nation welcome to our country. We hope the Great Spirit will put strength into their arms, that they may put them out and take us by the hand.

“*Fathers*,—Our traders are remembered. Our half-breeds live in our hearts. They build their cabins on our land, when and where they please, and no one of us asks them why they have done so.

“*Fathers*,—There is no metal in our part of the country, to my knowledge. I have heard neither our old or young men speak of any.

“*Fathers*,—We are anxious that the road, dividing our country from that of the Sioux, should be finished.

“Our thoughts are with those of our friends who live far from the water. For ourselves, there is no danger; our feet are washed by the waters of the lake. We are safe. Not so those who see the borders of our enemies’ country.

“*Fathers*,—We offer you our pipe. With us it is a solemn thing to smoke the pipe of peace. Do not, *Fathers*, think lightly of this, our custom. I have done.”

[Name of this speaker not known.]

“*Fathers*,—Listen to us. We are all of the same origin. *Fathers*,—When we heard of your coming our hearts were made glad. We felt light as young children. For we knew you would open your ears to our words, and take us by the hand.

“*Fathers*,—The path in which the good Indian walks is clear and open; out of that path we have never wandered. We can shew no outward ornaments, *Fathers*, but in our hearts there are many. We are destitute, but our voice is as loud, and we are heard as far, as those who seem to be better.

“*Fathers*,—The people who live with us have been well treated. Our fathers have long since fallen in battle, or sunk to rest, but we, their children, look as favourably on our traders and relations, as they did. We appeal to them to say, whether in this I have uttered a lie.

“*Fathers*,—We know of no copper. We have never heard our old men speak of any. If we had seen or heard of it we would point it out.

“*Fathers*,—Our ears are not shut. We listen to what you say. We find your words good. We will not forget them. Nor shall we be afraid or ashamed, to repeat to those who are absent, what you have said to us.

“*Fathers*,—As such we look upon you; and we expect to receive from you such treatment as fathers give to their children.”

[This was spoken by an old Chief in behalf of a young man, who stood by and dictated.]

“*Fathers*,—Listen to your child: he who speaks speaks, not for himself but for me, who am no orator. He lends me his mouth.

“*My Fathers*,—I was told at the Prairie to clear my ears and listen well to what was said to me. I did so. *Fathers*,—Many summers since, my father was living, I am the son of him who was the mouth of those Indians who sat at the great council fire.

“*Fathers*,—The traders wanted to make me a chief, but they could give me no authority.

“*My Father*,—I was told by you at the Prairie that I must remain as I was, for that time, but if ever we met again you would hang my heart straight.

“*Fathers*,—I thought I would let some time pass, before I made a request. And I have not come first, I have followed those who

were behind. *Fathers*.—Give me a little of your milk* to take with me, that I may drink a little to give me strength, when I get tired and weak. *Fathers*.—I offer you this pipe of peace. Accept it, as if the spirit of my father had presented it."

[Another young man came up for whom the same chief spoke as follows.]

"*Fathers*.—You see this man—he is like a coal.† His eyes are dim. Bad water runs from them. It is because his brother, returning from the Prairie, fell to the ground.

"*Fathers*.—He is almost choked with grief. He asks for a little of his father's milk, to clear his throat."

[The melancholy Indian, from the Ontonagon, next followed.]

"*Fathers*.—Have patience for a moment. My mouth will soon be closed. *Fathers*.—I am very poor. You see I am almost naked. But yet I am a man. I am not a dog, that my friends should use me like one.

"*My Father*.—You gave me a medal and a flag, at the Ontonagon. They say I have sold my country for these things. You, *Father*, know better. You told me to sit still and hold down my head, and if I heard bad birds singing, to bend it still lower.

"*Fathers*.—My friends held down their heads when I approached. When I turned, bad words went out of their mouths against me. I could not sit still. I left my cabin, and went out alone into the wild woods. There have I remained, till I heard of your coming. I am here now, to take you by the hand.

"*Fathers*.—I have said. For though they are strong and I am weak, I am a man. I feel like a man."

"The Commissioners informed the Indians that the Council would adjourn until to-morrow, or the succeeding day; and that, in the mean time, a treaty would be prepared, embracing the different subjects mentioned to them at their first meeting."

"*Saturday, August 5, 1826. (10 o'clock, A. M.)*

"The Council met, and opened for business.

"The Commissioners then informed the chiefs and warriors, that they had since their last meeting prepared a treaty, as they told

*Whiskey. †Face painted black—in mourning.

them they would do; which would now be read and explained to them—and that they wished them to give it serious attention.

“The treaty being read, and each article fully explained, was, without a dissenting voice accepted, and signed accordingly—by the Commissioners and the Chiefs of their respective bands.

“After which they were informed by the Commissioners that the Council would now adjourn until the afternoon, when they would be called together again for the purpose of laying before them a serious subject.

“After a recess of two hours the Council convened—when Governor Cass stated, that his friend who was about to speak to them, lived near their great father, and sat by his side, and wrote for him the things that related to his red children.”

“COLONEL MCKENNEY then addressed them as follows:

“*Friends and brothers,*

“The subjects proposed to you at our first meeting, in general Council, have all been acted on and settled. During their discussion you have conducted yourselves well—and we hope that what has been done will promote your peace and happiness. We now come to that *other* subject that you were told would be presented to you, after the business first submitted should be concluded. You all know that a party of your people from the neighbourhood of *Lac de Flambeau*, killed, in the month of June, 1824, at the foot of Lake Pepin Mr. Findley, and three of his men; that the murderers were given up and put in confinement at Michillimackinac, for trial; and that they fled from justice by breaking jail.

“We come now in the name of your great father, and demand of the Chippeway nation, the surrender of these murderers—that they may be tried by the same laws by which your great father’s children would be tried had they committed the same crime. This is that *serious* subject we told you we had to present to you, and your great father expects the great men of the Chippeway nation to stretch out their hands, and take hold of the murderers, and that they will be prompt in complying with his demand.

“This we know is a serious subject. We do not exact your answer at this moment. We prefer that you should think well of it, and after you have done so—then speak.

“Before we adjourn the Council we have something else to say; when that is said, the Council will be adjourned until to-morrow.

when we shall expect your answer to the demand for the surrender of the murderers."

"Mit-talk-quis-e-ga was called up before the council table—and was informed by the Commissioners—That his great father had been told that he was one of the men engaged in the murder of some of our people two years ago. As you are a warrior and a brave man, we ask you to tell us the truth.

"*Prisoner.*—A lie has been put on me.

"Was examined by the Commissioners—and acknowledged he was with the party—saw the murder committed—told them not to do it—turned to go back—there were four concerned in the murder—those confined were the principals—none besides himself, belonging to the party, are here—the war chief has never related the circumstances attending the murder in his hearing—occurred in the night—did not know they were white people—thought they were Indians, because their camp was made of mats."

"*Gov. Cass.*—If you are innocent, we shall not touch you. If you are guilty, we shall take you with us. This is a serious matter. We will not leave it, while there is one man in the band. Our father's arm is long and strong, and it can reach and crush you. Our people shall travel in safety over this country. We will hurt no innocent man; but the guilty must and shall be punished."

"An Indian was asked whether the prisoner was engaged in the murder.—He was not. The others of the party said so.—Do you say so before the Great Spirit?—Am I a dog that I should lie?

"*Prisoner.*—The war chief, Kewaynoquet, said aloud, that they should not be killed, and I thanked the Great Spirit in my heart that they were not to die.

"*Commissioners.* We believe you are innocent. If it had proved otherwise, we should have taken you with us, to abide your trial.

"(The pipe of peace was then smoked with him.)

"*Commissioners.*—We shall adjourn the Council until tomorrow. You came here on the faith of our wampum, and you shall not be injured here. But we expect your wise men will make some arrangement, by which these murderers will be delivered to us at the Sault. It is a serious matter, and unless

something is done in it by you, before we leave here, you will be visited with your great father's heaviest displeasure. No trader shall visit you—not a pound of tobacco, nor a yard of cloth, shall go into your country. This is not a thing to pass away like a cloud. If no agreement is made by you to surrender them, the thunder and the storm will come. We will hear your answer to-morrow.

“The Council adjourned until to-morrow.”

“Sunday, Aug. 6, 1826.

“The Council met at ten o'clock, A. M. and after the customary ceremony, was opened for business. The Commissioners informed them that they had met to hear their answer in relation to the subject laid before them at the afternoon meeting of yesterday.

“The Indian belonging to the party of murderers, came forward, with three others, and said,

“*Fathers*,—We four speak as one man. Have patience. *Fathers*,—We have no young men attached to us. It is very difficult for us to make an answer to you. We have first to consult our friends, and we then make answer to any question proposed to us. *Fathers*,—We will see the men belonging to the war party, and tell them they are sent for by you. When we hear what they say, we can give you our final answer.

“*Commissioners*.—We are not satisfied with your answer. We know you cannot deliver them now, because they are not here. And after your return, it will be too late in the season to surrender them.

“But we expect you to be ready to deliver these men to us by the time the traders come in, in the spring. If they are not surrendered then, destruction will fall on your women and children. Your father will put out his strong arm. Go, and think of it. Nothing will satisfy us but this.”

“(After a consultation) *Mit-talk-quis-e-ga* replied,—*Fathers*,—Next spring, you may look for those young men who committed the murder.”

“*Commissioners*.—We are glad to receive this answer. We will take it, and deliver it to your great father, at the city to-

wards the rising sun. We hope he will be glad too. He feels pity for his red children. He is always sorry when he is obliged to lift his strong arm, and send it out among them. But he cannot permit them to kill any of his white children. When these men are given up, he will be pleased and sit still, and all will be at peace.

“Your promise to bring in the murderers, and deliver them at Green Bay, or the Sault, next year, will be put on the paper.”

“A supplementary article was accordingly added to the treaty, which being read and explained, was signed, without an objection, by the Chiefs of the band to which the murderers belonged.”

“The following speech was sent by the Commissioners to Kewaynoquet, Chief of the war party, (that committed the murders) with a string of wampum.

“*To Kewaynoquet*,—The young men under your command, two years ago, murdered some of our people. We believe you are innocent, and that you tried to prevent it. But it was a bad deed and must be punished. And the authors of it must be brought in and tried by our laws, as one of our young men would be treated, if he had murdered one of our red children.

“We send this wampum to open the path for you to come. You may come and go in peace. None shall injure you. But you must bring those young men with you. Your great father expects it, in order to prevent something worse. If they have the hearts of men, and not of dogs, they will come willingly, to prevent destruction from falling on their women and children.”

“They were now informed that the Council would adjourn for dinner, after which, they would be assembled for the purpose of having medals presented to their most deserving Chiefs and young men.”

“After a short recess, the Council convened, and Col. McKENNEY addressed the Chiefs, head men, and warriors as follows.

“*Friends and Brothers*,—This is the day* of the Great Spirit. On this day your white brothers towards the rising sun do no business—but worship the Great Spirit, who made the sun, and the moon, and the stars; the rivers, and the mountains; and who also made man. You know the God we mean. It is he who strikes fire in the sky, and shakes it with thunder. It is he

* Sunday.

who loves the man who loves peace; the man who is honest, and sober, and who will not tell a lie. The day you see is sacred. But we know you are anxious to go home to your families; and as the business that brought us all here has been finished, and we hope in a way that will make the sun shine upon you and your families, and take the thorns out of your paths, and make the paths themselves straight, we continue to use this day to prepare you to go to your families.

*“Friends and Brothers,—*We will have good things to tell your great father who lives towards the rising sun. We will tell him his Chippeway children are men, and great men; that during this Council they behaved well; that they listened like good children to his counsel, and have all determined to hold fast the treaty of Prairie du Chein, and keep the peace with their old enemies, the Sioux; and that they have determined to give up the bad men who have wet their hands in innocent blood.

*“Friends and Brothers,—*We will also tell your great father that you are poor, and that in all your great country there is little beaver; that your woods and streams are silent; that but little game of any kind can now be found; and that your traps are slow to snap. We will tell him that your winter is cold and long; and that you sit in the snow hungry and shivering, looking at the moon by night as it shines clear in the sky, and often have no tobacco to warm your mouths; that your wives and children come to you and ask—where is the game? where is the deer? we are hungry; and that your hands hang down over your knees, and your hearts swell with grief, because you have none to give them. We will ask your great father to take pity on you.

*“Friends and Brothers,—*The business part of our Council is closed. But we have seen who are your great men. We stand here to put medals around their necks—and smaller medals we will put round the necks of your first warriors, and best young men.

“All these medals have on one side of them your great father’s face, and on the other side is his pipe, his peace hatchet, and his hand.

*“Friends and Brothers,—*You are never to forget that this is a great gift. It comes from your great father himself, who sends it to you by our hands. It is a new heart. Your great

father has told us to come up here, and put it in the breast of his great Chippeway children. No bad blood belongs to this heart. It is an American heart, and is full of good blood; and if you will open your ears and listen well, and never forget your great father's message, it will make you all happy.

“*Great Chiefs*,—When you take this great medal, remember you are no more to disobey your great father; no more to advise your warriors to shed blood; no more to do bad actions. But you are ever after to listen to his counsels, and follow them; then this medal will be as a light on your breasts, to which your young men may look and get wisdom.

“*Warriors*,—When you take this medal, you give the word of a warrior, and not of a dog, to listen to your great chiefs, and mind their words; and if you disobey, and do bad actions, your medal will be a shame to you, and not a badge of honour.

“*Young Men*,—When you take this medal, remember the day is coming when the dark shades will come over the eyes of your fathers. and they will die, and when you will be called upon to take their places, and sit at the head of their Council fire. Be careful not to turn dogs when you are young. If you do, when you grow old, and assemble your chiefs and warriors around your Council fire. your women will remember your bad deeds, and laugh at you. Walk straight then. Keep out of crooked places when you are young, and when you get old you will be respected.

“The great Chiefs will now come forward as they are called, and receive the great medals sent them by their great father. (Eleven came up.)

“The warriors will now come up in like manner. (Seventeen came up.)

“The young men will now come up in like manner. (Four came up.)

“When beginning with the Chiefs the medals tied with blue ribbons were put around their necks, and each was told to remember what had been said, and put it away in his heart—when all being seated, the Colonel continued thus.

“*Chippeways*,—You all see what has been done. Your great father has sharp eyes and quick ears. He knows well who are your greatest men—and he has also a long, strong arm. But be

not afraid, he will never strike his Chippeway children, if he sees or hears they are good. But one thing you must remember. He will not allow you to kill his white children. If you do, he will rise and shake himself, and stretch out his arm and strike, when it may fall and kill the innocent too. This will not be his fault, but yours. Take care then how you stir him! You have never seen your great father's arm. Only a small particle of it—here on your right—[pointing to the military]—but it is only a bit, and a very little bit, of his little finger. This we will not leave in your country, but take home with us. He waits our return, and will not stir until we speak to him, nor until the time comes when you have promised to bring in the murderers, nor will he stir then, when he hears you are men that will not lie. We will tell him you are not dogs—but that what you have promised, you will do. Take care and let not our promise for you fall upon our heads.

“*Chippeways*,—we have spoken about your father's arm. You know nothing about it—because you have not seen it. *Pe-zee-kee* and *Nodin** have seen it—let them tell you. They know that if all your country was full of warriors, like leaves upon your trees, they could not lift it or turn it aside. Let them tell you if it is not so. I will tell you what it is like.

“You have all seen the sky grow black. You have heard the wind out of the clouds, and seen it tear the leaves off the trees, and scatter them in the air, and blow them along the ground. You have seen the tree that was yesterday full of leaves, to-day all bare. And you have seen fire struck by the Great Spirit out of the sky, that splintered the big pine on the mountain. Then you have seen something that is like your great father's arm, when he is stirred, and when he paints himself and goes forth to war.

“But he is mild in peace;—and while you are good men and mind his councils, he will never harm you, but use his arm to protect you and your wives and children.

“Yes, he is mild in peace. He is then like summer, when the streams open and the fish swim;—when the hill-side is warm and the birds do sing;—when your winter's hunts have been good, and you have brought home plenty;—when you sit at your lodge

* Two Chiefs present who had been at Washington.

with your pouch full of tobacco, and when your wives fill their kettles for you and for your children. This is like the arm and friendship of your great father, when that friendship is exercised.

“*Chippeways*,—We advise you as friends and brothers, not to offend your great father. He has sent his agent, (Mr. Schoolcraft) among you. He speaks your great father’s words, listen to him; then you will be happy—and this is what your great father wishes you to be. It is with yourselves to be so, or not. We can only advise, and this we have done.”

“Governor Cass informed the Indians that, when on to-morrow, they heard the signal for the Council to meet, they must bring with them their women and children, as they had some presents to distribute among them. Council adjourned.”

“*Monday, Aug. 7, 1827.*

“Council convened at the usual hour, and was opened for business.

“The Commissioners being informed that a band of Chippeways from Sandy lake, had arrived since the adjournment of the Council last evening, and were now present and in the Council, directed that they should be seated in front, and near to them. They were then informed that, previous to their arrival, a treaty had been concluded and signed by the Chiefs present; and that they would now explain the several provisions of it to them, so that, if they thought proper, they could also sign it. It was accordingly explained, and signed by their Chiefs without any objection. As the forenoon was spent in this business, they were all informed, that after dinner the guns would fire, when they would come for their presents.

“After a short recess they were assembled, and the afternoon spent in dividing the goods amongst them. And the Council adjourned *sine die*.

A. EDWARDS,
Secretary to the Commissioners.”

REPORT ON THE COPPER ROCK.

*To his excellency Lewis Cass, and Colonel Thomas L. McKenney, Commissioner:
for concluding a treaty with the Chippeway tribe of Indians, at Fond du Lac.*

GENTLEMEN,

In pursuance of the directions received from you at Fond du Lac, I accompanied the detachment sent to the Ontonagon river for the purpose of procuring the mass of native copper, situated on one of the branches of that stream: and now beg leave to report the result of our proceedings, together with the few observations which I have been able to make.

We left Fond du Lac on the first day of August, with two boats, containing twenty men, including our French and Indian guides; and after a short passage of something less than four days, arrived in the mouth of the river. This stream takes its rise on some of the southern ridges of the Porcupine mountains, and opens into the lake about twenty miles east of them, where they are intercepted by the coast. At its entrance into the lake it is about one hundred and fifty yards in width, which is about its size for fifteen miles; being affected for that distance by the flow of the lake in high winds. For this distance its waters are turbid and sluggish, and its banks consist of a very good bottom land, (on one side, thickly, but not heavily wooded with hard timber. As you ascend, however, this valley decreases in width, until the spurs of the mountains form high and precipitous banks, consisting of a mixture of clay and sand.

We immediately proceeded up the river to the first rapid, where we drew one of our boats on shore, and left it with most of our provisions, under the charge of one of our men. During the remainder of this day and the next, we continued to move up the stream very slowly, being compelled to drag our boat over almost continuous rapids; in many of which it became necessary to make a path for it, in the bed of the river, which consists mostly of gravel, interspersed with masses of stone, having no apparent connection with the surrounding country.

At about twenty-eight miles from its mouth the river is divided into two branches, of equal magnitude. We continued up the right branch for about two miles farther, where we found it necessary to leave our boat, and proceed by land.

After walking about five miles farther over points of the mountains, from one to three hundred feet high, separated every few rods by deep ravines, the bottom of which were bogs; and which, by thick underbrush, were rendered almost impervious to the rays of the sun, and opposing no slight obstacle to the passage of the woodsman; we at length, with some difficulty, discovered the object of our search, long known by the name of the Copper Rock of Lake Superior.

This remarkable specimen of virgin copper lies a little above low water mark on the west bank of the river, and about thirty-five miles from its mouth. Its appearance is brilliant wherever the metal is visible. It consists of pure copper, ramified in every direction through a mass of stone, (mostly serpentine, intermixed with calcareous spar,) in veins of from one to three inches in diameter; and, in some parts, exhibiting masses of pure metal of one hundred pounds weight, but so intimately connected with the surrounding body, that it was found impossible to detach them with any instruments which we had provided.

Having ascertained that, with our means and time, it was impossible to remove a body weighing more than a ton, (two thirds of which, I should have observed, is pure metal,) by land, we proceeded to examine the channel of the river, which we found intercepted by ridges of sandstone, forming three cataracts, with a descent in all of about seventy feet, over which it was impossible to pass; and the high and perpendicular banks of sandstone rendered a passage around them impracticable.

Finding our plans thus frustrated by unforeseen difficulties, we were obliged to abandon our attempt, and proceed to the Sault St. Marié.

Regretting that we have not been able to succeed in our undertaking,

I am, gentlemen,

With great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

GEO. F. PORTER.

TREATY*

Between the United States of America and the Chippeway tribe of Indians; concluded August 5, 1826.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

To all and singular to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Whereas a treaty between the *United States of America* and the *Chippeway* tribe of Indians, was made and concluded on the fifth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, at the Fond du Lac of Lake Superior, in the territory of Michigan, by Commissioners on the part of the United States, and certain Chiefs and Warriors of the said tribe, on the part and in the behalf of said tribe, which treaty is in the words following, to wit:

Articles of a treaty made and concluded at the Fond du Lac of Lake Superior, this fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, between Lewis Cass and Thomas L. McKenney, Commissioners on the part of the United States, and the Chippeway tribe of Indians.

Whereas a treaty was concluded at Prairie du Chein in August last, by which the war, which has been so long carried on to their mutual distress, between the Chippeways and Sioux, was happily terminated by the intervention of the United States; and whereas, owing to the remote and dispersed situation of the Chippeways, full deputations of their different bands did not attend at Prairie du Chein, which circumstance, from the loose nature of the Indian government, would render the treaty of doubtful obligation with respect to the bands not represented; and whereas, at the request of the Chippeway Chiefs, a stipulation was inserted in the treaty of Prairie du Chein, by which the United States agreed to assemble the Chippeway tribe upon Lake Superior during the present year, in order to give full effect to the said treaty, to explain its stipulations, and to call upon the whole Chippeway tribe, assembled at their general council fire, to give their formal assent thereto, that the peace which has been concluded may be rendered permanent, therefore:

* This work not being published until after the ratification of the treaty, it is inserted here in its ratified form.

ARTICLE I.—The Chiefs and Warriors of the Chippeway tribe of Indians hereby fully assent to the treaty concluded in August last, at Prairie du Chein, and engage to observe and fulfil the stipulations thereof.

ART. II.—A deputation shall be sent by the Chippeways to the treaty to be held in 1827, at Green Bay, with full power to arrange and fix the boundary line between the Chippeways and the Winnebagoes and Menomonees, which was left incomplete by the treaty of Prairie du Chein, in consequence of the non-attendance of some of the principal Menomonee Chiefs.

ART. III.—The Chippeway tribe grant to the government of the United States the right to search for, and carry away, any metals or minerals from any part of their country: But this grant is not to affect the title of the land, nor the existing jurisdiction over it.

ART. IV.—It being deemed important that the half-breeds, scattered through this extensive country, should be stimulated to exertion and improvement by the possession of permanent property and fixed residences, the Chippeway tribe, in consideration of the affection they bear to these persons, and of the interest which they feel in their welfare, grant to each of the persons described in the schedule hereunto annexed, being half-breeds and Chippeways by descent, and it being understood that the schedule includes all of this description who are attached to the government of the United States, six hundred and forty acres of land, to be located, under the direction of the President of the United States, upon the islands and shore of the St. Mary's river, wherever good land enough for this purpose can be found; and as soon as such locations are made, the jurisdiction and soil thereof are hereby ceded. It is the intention of the parties, that, where circumstances will permit, the grants be surveyed in the ancient French manner, bounding not less than six arpens, nor more than ten, upon the river, and running back for quantity; and that where this cannot be done, such grants be surveyed in any manner the President may direct. The locations for Oshauguscodaywayqua, and her descendants, shall be adjoining the lower part of the military reservation, and upon the head of Sugar island. The persons to whom grants are made shall not have the privilege of conveying the same, without the permission of the President.

ART. V.—In consideration of the poverty of the Chippeways, and of the sterile nature of the country they inhabit, unfit for cultivation, and almost destitute of game, and as a proof of regard on the part of the United States, it is agreed that an annuity of two thousand dollars, in money or goods, as the President may direct, shall be paid to the tribe, at the Sault St. Marié. But this annuity shall continue only during the pleasure of the Congress of the United States.

ART. VI.—With a view to the improvement of the Indian youths, it is also agreed, that an annual sum of one thousand dollars shall be appropriated to the support of an establishment for their education, to be located upon some part of the St. Mary's river, and the money to be expended under the direction of the President; and for the accommodation of such school, a section of land is hereby granted. But the payment of the one thousand dollars stipulated for in this article, is subject to the limitation described in the preceding article.

ART. VII.—The necessity for the stipulations in the fourth, fifth and sixth articles of this treaty could be fully apparent, only from personal observation of the condition, prospects and wishes of the Chippeways, and the Commissioners were therefore not specifically instructed upon the subjects therein referred to; but seeing the extreme poverty of these wretched people, finding them almost naked and starving, and ascertaining that many perished during the last winter, from hunger and cold, they were induced to insert these articles. But it is expressly understood and agreed, that the fourth, fifth and sixth articles, or either of them, may be rejected by the President and Senate, without affecting the validity of the other articles of the treaty.

ART. VIII.—The Chippeway tribe of Indians fully acknowledge the authority and jurisdiction of the United States, and disclaim all connexion with any foreign power, solemnly promising to reject any messages, speeches, or councils, incompatible with the interests of the United States, and to communicate information thereof to the proper agent, should any such be delivered or sent to them.

ART. IX.—This treaty, after the same shall be ratified by the President and Senate of the United States, shall be obligatory on the contracting parties.

Done at the Fond du Lac of Lake Superior, in the territory of Michigan, the day and year above written, and of the Independence of the United States the fifty-first.

LEWIS CASS,

THOS. L. MCKENNEY.

		<i>St. Mary's.</i>	Wauzhuskokok,	x
		Shingauga-W'Ossin,	x Nitumogaubowee,	x
		Shewaubeketoan,	x Wattap,	x
		Wayishkee,	x	<i>Fond du Lac.</i>
		Sheegud,	x Shingoop,	x
		<i>River St. Croix.</i>	Monetogeezisoans,	x
		Peezhickee,	x Mongazid,	x
		Noden,	x Manetogeezhig,	x
		Nagwunabee,	x Ojauneemauson,	x
		Kaubemappa,	x Miskwautais,	x
		Chaucopee,	x Naubunaygerzhig,	x
		Jaubeance,	x Unnauwaubundaun,	x
		Ultauwau,	x Pautaubay,	x
		Myeengunsheens,	x Migeesee,	x
		Moasomonee,	x	<i>Ontonagon.</i>
		Muckuday peenaas,	x Waubishkeepenaas,	x
		Sheeweetaugun,	x Tweeshtweeshkeeway,	x
		<i>La Pointe.</i>	Moazonee,	x
		Peezhickee,	x Gitshee Migeezee,	x
		Keemeewun,	x Mizhauquot,	x
		Kaubuzoway,	x	<i>Ontonagon.</i>
		Wyuweenind,	x Keeskeetowug,	x
		Peckwaukwotoanseky,	x Peenaysee,	x
		<i>Ottoway Lake.</i>	Mautaugumee,	x
		Paybaumikoway,	x Kweeweezaisish,	x
		<i>Lac de Flambeau.</i>		<i>Vermilion Lake.</i>
		Gitshee Waubeeshaans,	x Attickoans,	x
		Maytaulosecegay,	x Gyutsheeininee,	x
		<i>Rainy Lake.</i>	Jaukway,	x
		Aanuhkumigishkunk,	x Madwagkunageezhigwaab,	x
		<i>Sandy Lake.</i>	Jaukogeezhigwaishkun,	x
		Osaumemikee,	x Neezhoday,	x
		Gitshee Waymitteegoast,	x Nundocheeais,	x
		Paashuninleel,	x Ogeemauggeegid,	x

Anneemeekees,	x	Pudud,	x
<i>Ontonagon.</i>		Naugdunosh,	x
Kauwaishkung,	x	Ozhuskuckoon,	x
Mautaugunee,	x	Waubogee,	x
<i>Snake River.</i>		Saubanosh,	x
Waymittesgoash,	x	Keewayden,	x
Iskquagwunaabee,	x	Gitsheemeewininee,	x
Meegwunaus,	x	Wynunee,	x
<i>Lac du Flambeau.</i>		Obumageezhig,	x
Pamoossay,	x	Payboumidgeewung,	x
Kundekund,	x	Maugeegaubou,	x
Ognubayaunuhquotwaybee,	x	Paybaumogeezhig,	x
Paybaumausing,	x	Kaubemappa,	x
Keeshkeemun,	x	Waymittegoazhu,	x
<i>River de Corbeau.</i>		Oujupenaas,	x
Maugugaubowie,	x	Madwayossin.	x

In presence of—

A. EDWARDS, *Secretary to the Commission.*

E. BOARDMAN, *Captain commanding detachment.*

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, *United States Indian Agent.*

T. PITCHER, *Assistant Surgeon.*

J. B. KINGSBURY, *Lieut. 2d infantry.*

E. A. BRUSH.

DANIEL DINGLEY.

A. MORRISON.

B. CHAPMAN.

HENRY CONNOR.

W. A. LEVAKE.

J. O. LEWIS.

SUPPLEMENTARY ARTICLE.

As the Chippeways who committed the murder upon four American citizens, in June, 1824, upon the shores of Lake Pepin, are not present at this Council, but are far in the interior of the country, so that they cannot be apprehended and delivered to the proper authority before the commencement of the next summer; and, as the commissioners have been specially instructed to demand the surrender of these persons, and to state to the Chippeway tribe the consequence of suffering such a flagitious outrage to go

unpunished, it is agreed, that the persons guilty of the before-mentioned murder shall be brought in, either to the Sault St. Marié, or Green Bay, as early next summer as practicable, and surrendered to the proper authority; and that, in the mean time, all further measures on the part of the United States, in relation to this subject, shall be suspended.

LEWIS CASS,
THOS. L. MCKENNEY.

Representing the bands to whom
the persons guilty of the mur-
der belong, for themselves and
the Chippeway tribe. { Gitshee Meegeesee, his x mark.
Metaukoosegay, his x mark. }
Ouskunzheema, his x mark
Keenesteno, his x mark.

Witnesses,

A. EDWARDS, *Secretary to the Commission.*
E. BOARDMAN, *Captain commanding detachment.*
H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, *United States Indian agent.*
HENRY CONNOR, *Interpreter.*

SCHEDULE REFERRED TO IN THE PRECEDING TREATY.

To Oshauguscodaywayqua, wife of John Johnson, Esq. to each of her children, and to each of her grand-children, one section.

To Saugemauqua, widow of the late John Baptiste Cadotte, and to her children, Louison, Sophia, Archangel, Edward and Polly, one section each.

To Keneesequa, wife of Samuel Ashman, and to each of her children, one section.

To Teegaushau, wife of Charles H. Oakes, and to each of her children, one section.

To Thomas Shaw, son of Obimetunoqua, and to his wife Mary, being also of Indian descent, each one section.

To Fanny Levake, daughter of Meeshwauqua, and to each of her children, one section.

Obayshaunoquotoqua, wife of Francis Goolay, jr. one section.

To Omuckackeence, wife of John Holliday, and to each of her children, one section.

To Obimegeezhigoqua, wife of Joseph du Chene, jr. and to each of her children, one section.

To Monedoqua, wife of Charles Cloutier, one section.

To Susan Yarns, daughter of Odaubitogeezhigoqua, one section.

- To Henry Sayer and John Sayer, sons of Obemau-unoqua, each one section.
- To each of the children of John Tanner, being of Chippeway descent, one section.
- To Wassidjeewunoqua, and to each of her children, by George Johnston, one section.
- To Michael Cadotte, sen'r, son of Equawaice, one section.
- To Equaysayway, wife of Michael Cadotte, sen'r, and to each of her children living within the United States, one section.
- To each of the children of Charlotte Warren, widow of the late Truman A. Warren, one section.
- To Mary Chapman, daughter of Equameeg, and wife of Bela Chapman, and to each of her children, one section.
- To Sagonoshequa, wife of John H. Fairbanks, and to each of her children, one section.
- To Shaughnomonee, wife of William Morrison, and to each of her children, one section.
- To each of the children of the late Ingwaysuh, wife of Joseph Cote, one section.
- To each of the children of Angelique Cote, late wife of Pierre Cote, one section.
- To Pazhikwutoqua, wife of William Aitken, and to each of her children, one section.
- To Susan Davenport, grand-daughter of Misquabunoqua, and wife of Ambrose Davenport, and to each of her children, one section.
- To Waubunequa, wife of Augustin Belanger, and to each of her children, one section.
- To Charlotte Louisa Morrison, wife of Allan Morrison, and daughter of Manitowidjewung, and to each of her children, one section.
- To each of the children of Eustace Roussain, by Shawwunabunoqua, Wauwaussumoqua, and Payshaubunoqua, one section.
- To Isabella Dingley, wife of Daniel Dingley, and daughter of Pimegeezhigoqua, and to each of her children, one section.
- To George Birkhead, a Chippeway by descent, one section.
- To Susan Connor, wife of Thomas Connor, and daughter of Pimegeeshigoqua, and to each of her children, one section.
- To the children of George Ermatinger, being of Shawnee extraction, two sections collectively.

To Ossinaljeeunoqua, wife of Michael Cadotte, jr. and to each of her children, one section.

To Minedemoeyah, wife of Pierre Duvernay, one section.

To Ogeemaugeezhigoqua, wife of Basil Boileau, one section.

To Wauneaussequa, wife of Paul Boileau, one section.

To Kaukaubesheshequa, wife of John Baptiste Corbeau, one section.

To John Baptiste du Chene, son of Pimegeizhigoqua, one section.

To each of the children of Ugwudaushee, by the late Truman A. Warren, one section.

To William Warren, son of Lyman M. Warren, and Mary Cadotte, one section.

To Antoine, Joseph, Louis, Chalot, and Margaret Charette, children of Equameeg, one section.

To the children of François Boutcher, by Waussequa, each one section.

To Angelique Brabent, daughter of Waussegundum, and wife of Alexis Brabent, one section.

To Odishqua, of the Sault St. Marié, a Chippeway of unmixed blood, one section.

To Pamidjeebung, of the Sault St. Marié, a Chippeway of unmixed blood, one section.

To Waybossinoqua, and John J. Wayishkee, children of Wayishkee, each one section.

LEWIS CASS.

THOS. L. MCKENNEY.

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, *John Quincy Adams*, President of the United States of America, having seen and considered the said treaty, do, in pursuance of the advice and consent of the Senate, as expressed by their resolution of the sixteenth ultimo, accept, ratify, and confirm the same, together with the Supplementary Article thereto, with the exception of the fourth and fifth articles.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, having signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Washington, this second day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and (L. s.) twenty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States the fifty-first. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

By the President.

H. CLAY, *Secretary of State*.

VOCABULARY
OF THE
ALGIC, OR CHIPPEWAY LANGUAGE.

- GOD**, . . . { Gichée Monedo. *s.a.* Great Spirit.
 { Geez'ha Monedo. *s.a.* Merciful Spirit.
- A spirit*, Mon'edo. *s.a.*
- Bad spirit*, . . . Machée Monedo. *s.a.*
- Worship*, Annahmeaúwin. *s.i.* Prayer. Noun indicated by *win*.
- Ceremony*, . . . Meetay'weewin. *s.* Noun indicated by *win*.
This term is in direct allusion to the ceremonies of the "grand medicine." Other institutions have other names to express "ceremony." I know not that there is any generic term, although such may exist, and I be ignorant of the fact.
- Initiation*, . . . Ozbeéwaywin. *s.* Noun indicated by *win*.
This word is derived from the animate verb, *ozheau*, to initiate, to make.
- Sacrifice*, *s.* . . . Puggedinegay'win. *s.* From the animate verb, *pugedinaun*.
- Sacred thing*, . . . Monedowun'. *s.i.*
- Idol*, Ainnahmeaútuming. *c.p.* That which is prayed to. From the animate verb, *annahmeau*, to pray.
- Priest*, Maakúdayweekoon'ya. *o.p.* The man in black.
- Conjuror*, Jossakeed'. *s.a.* Noun indicated by *eed*.
- Soul*, Ojeechaúgomau. *c.p.s.a.* Shade, or shadow of man.
- Country of souls*, Jeébyug aindahnukee-éwaud. Land of ghosts.
This is, in the Indian, a sentence of two words. And the phrase is changed from *shade* to *ghost*—a change which is in strict accordance with the Chippeway idiom, and a proof that these words are synonymous.

- MAN, (homo,)** . Inin'e. *s.a.*
An Indian, . . . Unishinaúba, *s.a.*
A white man, . . . Wayweewukwon'idjig. *c.p.* Those who wear hats. This is the more common expression. They also say, Wyaubishkizzid inin'e, literally. white man.
Man, (vir,) . . . Same as man, (homo.)
Woman, . . . E'qua, *s.a.*
Men, . . . Inin'ewug. *s.p.* Plural indicated by *wug*.
Women, . . . Equáwug. *s.p.* Plural like the preceding.
Boy, . . . Kweéwezais. *s.a.*
Girl, . . . Equazais'. *s.a.* Diminutive form of the noun, woman.
Child, . . . Abbenóchee. *s.a.*
Father, . . . Oaoas'emaú. *s.a.* This word is seldom heard in this elementary form; being constantly used under the complex modification of the pronominal affixes. Thus, *nósa*, my father; *kose*, thy father; *osum*, his, or her father, &c.
Mother, . . . Ogeemoí. *s.a.* This, like the preceding, is seldom used, except in its pronominal forms.
Grandfather . . . Omeshomiss'emaú. *s.a.* Governed by the preceding rule.
Grandmother, Oaokomiss'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Husband, . . . Onaubaim'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Wife, . . . Weéweemaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Son, . . . Ogwiss'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Eldest son, . . . Mudjeekeewis'. *s.a.* *ib.*
Daughter, . . . Odaun'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Brother, . . . Osyáemaú. *s.* (eldest.) *ib. Epicene.*
Brothers, . . . Osyáemaug. *s.p.* *ib.* Plural made by *ug. Epicene.*
Brother's son, Oningwuniss'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Sister's son, . . . Odozhemiss'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.*
Uncle, . . . Oozh'ishayemaú. *s.a.* *ib.* (By the mother's side.)
Aunt, . . . Oazheegwoos'emaú. *s.a.* *ib.* (By the father's side.)
Cousin, . . . Weenemoosháemaú. *s.a.* *ib.* This word is restricted in its *use*, or *application* to males.

The corresponding word, for females, is limited by an analogous rule.

Relation, Ainoway'mind. *s.a.* Modified, in its use, by the pronominal affixes. *Ep.*

Male, I'auha. *a.an.*

Female, Nózha. *a.an.*

HEAD, Oshtegwon'. *s.i.*

Hair, Weenis'is. *s.i.* Hair of the head only.

Face, Oashkeez'ñhig. *s.i.* Countenance or look of the face: *ongezicht*. *G.*

Beard, Meeshedo'naugun. *s.i.*

Nose, Ojaush'. *s.i.*

Nostrils, Odainegoom'emaug. *s.p.* Plural made by *ug*. *s.i.*

Eye, Oashkeeñz'hig. *s.i.*

Eyes, Oashkeeñz'higoan. *s.p.* Plural made by *oan*. *s.i.*

Eye-lids, Meeshaubewinaun'un. Eye-lashes, and also, eye-lids. The plural is made by *un*. *s.i.*

Eye-brows, Omaumaug'. *s.p.* Plural made by *ug*. *s.i.*

Mouth, Odoan'. *s.i.*

Tongue, Oday'nunieu. *s.i.*

Teeth, Weebidum. *s.p.* Plural made by *un*. *s.i.*

Ear, Otowug'. *s.i.*

Ears, Otowugun'. *s.p.* Plural made by *un*. *s.i.*

Forehead, Ocutig'. *s.i.*

Cheeks, Onoowyun'. *s.p.* Plural made by *un*. *s.i.*

Neck, Ocquay'gun. *s.i.*

Throat, Ogoondushquy'. *s.i.*

Arm, Onik'. *s.i.*

Hand, Onindj'. *s.i.*

Hands, Onindjeen'. *s.p.* Plural made by *een*. *s.i.*

Right-hand, Ogitchinindj. *c.p.* *s.i.*

Left-hand, Onumun'djinindj. *c.p.* *s.i.*

Fingers, Onin'djeegunun. *s.i.*

Nails, Oash'kuñzheeg. *s.p.* Plural made by *eeg*. *s.a.*

Body, Weow'emau. *s.* *Neeow*, my body, &c. *s.n.*

Shoulder, Odineégunemau. *s.i.*

Back, Opik'wun. *s.i.*

Belly, Omissud'. *s.i.*

Elbow, Odoaskwun'. *s.i.*

- Knee*, Ogidig'. *s.i.*
Feet, Ozidun'. *s.p.* Plural made by *un.* *s.i.*
Skin, Ozhuguhi'. *s.i.*
Flesh, Weeos'. *s.n.*
Bone, Ocun'. *s.i.*
Heart, Odaih'. *s.i.*
Blood, Miskweé. *s.i.*
Milk, Totoashaúbo. *s.c.p.* Breast liquor. *s.n.*
A wound.
A scalp, Weenikwy'. *s.i.*
- NATION**, Azhewiz'oyauñg. *s.c.p.* (*ex.*) pron. 'our' included.
Tribe, Ingóda, *s.c.p. s.n.*
Clan, Tótem. *s.i.*
Country, . . . } Ak'ee, *s.i.*
Territory, . . }
Town, } Oday'nuh. *s.i.*
Village, . . . }
Council, *s.* . . . Keegedodau'ding. Kugequawin. *v.* To counsel.
Council-place, . . Ainduzhekegedoong'. *c.p.*
Speaker, Kaugeedood'. *s.a.* Noun indicated by *ood.*
A speech, Keegedowin'. *s.i.*
King, Ko'sanaun. *s.a.* Our father.
Chief, O'geemau. *s.a.*
Hereditary chief, There is no difference in the term applied to an elective, as contradistinguished from a hereditary chief.
- His heir, or successor*, } The heir called Mudjeekeewis. *s.a.*
Warrior, Oashkunzheénema. *c.p. s.a.*
Hunter, Kauossaid'. *s.a.*
Confederacy.
- TREATY**, Muzziny'egun. *s.i.* The paper upon which the treaty stipulations are written.
Allies, Waydokaugadgig. *s.p.* Plural made by *ig.* *s.a.*
Friend, Need'jee. *s.* Noun masculine, and confined, in its use, to males.
Friends, Ned'jee keeway'edoog.

*Messenger.**Belt*, . . . Pizoon'. *s.i.**Peace.**Enemy*, . . . Naudoway'see. *s.a.**Enemies*, . . . Naudoway'seewug. *s.p.* Plural made by *wug*.
*s.a.**A quarrel*, . . . Keecaun'dewin. *s.* Noun denoted by *win*.*War*, . . . Nundo'buning. *s.n.**Battle, a fight*. Megau'dewin, *s.n.* Noun denoted by *win*.*Victory*, . . . Buckinau'gaing. *s.n.**A defeat.**Prisoner*, . . . Apaunin'e. *s.a.**Death song*, . . . Nugamoon'.*Adoption.**A spy*, . . . Caumauchegaid'. *s.a.**A feast*, . . . Weecoon'dewin. *s.n.**A dance*, . . . Neémewin'. *s.n.**Murderer*, . . . Cauminuzhewaid'. *s.a.**Avenger.**House*, . . . Wacky'egun. *s.i.**Houses*, . . . Wacky'egunun. *s.p.* Plural made by *un*. *s.i.**Hut*, . . . Weegrawam. *s.i.**Door*, . . . Ishquandaim'. *s.i.**Fire-place*, . . . Podahwou'gun. *s.i.**Floor.**Threshold.**Court-yard.**Garden*, . . . Gittegaun'. *s.i.**Field*, . . . *ib.**Meadow*, . . . Mus'coday. *s.i.**A hoe*, . . . Pemidj'waugauk'iout. *c.p.* Cross-axe. *s.i.**A plough*, . . . Tauskeekumebid'jegun. *c.p.* Instrument that
splits up the earth. *s.i.**A harrow*, . . . Penauquonijegun. *c.p. s.i.* Combing instru-
ment.*A yoke.**A cart*, . . . Odau'baun. *s.a.**Kettle*, . . . Akeek'. *s.a.**Tub*, . . . Muckuc'. *s.i.*

- Earthen ware*, Wau'begun onaug'unun. Earthen dishes. *s.i.*
Arrows, . . . Assowaun'un. *s.p.* Plural made by *un.* *s.i.*
An arrow, . . . Assowaun'. *s.i.*
A bow, . . . Mittigwaub'. *c.p. s.a.*
Club, . . . Pugamaugun. *s.i.*
Hatchet, . . . Waugauk'wut. *s.i.*
Knife, . . . Mo'komaun. *s.i.*
Pipe, . . . Opwau'gun. *s.a.*
Canoe, . . . Cheemaun'. *s.i.*
Boat, . . . Mittig'ocheemaun. *s. c.p.* Wooden canoe. *s.i.*
Ship, . . . Nau'bequon. *s.i.*
A puddle, . . . Abweé. *s.i.*
Oar, . . . Uzhaib'weeon. *s.a.*
Net, . . . Assub'. *s.a.*
Fishing hook, . . . Megiscun'. *s.i.*
Snare, . . . Nugwau'gun. *s.i.*
Trap, . . . Dus'onaugun. *s.i.*
Indian shoes, . . . Muckazin'. *s.i.*
Coat, . . . Bubeencekowau'gun. *s.i.*
Blanket, . . . Waub'ewyon. *s.i.*
A post, . . .
A fort, . . . Wacky'egun. *s.i.*
A grave, . . . Jeebay'gumig. *s.i.*
Parched corn.
Boiled corn.
Meal.
Bread, . . . Puckway'zhegun. *s.a.*
Spirituos liquor, Ishcodawau'bo. *c.p.* Fire-liquor. *s.i.*
Wine, . . . Shominau'bo. *c.p.* Grape liquor. *s.i.*
Victuals, . . . Mey'im. *s.i.*
- SKY*, . . . Geézhig. *s.i.*
Sun, . . . Geézis. *s.a.*
Moon, . . . Tib'ic geézis. Night sun. *s.a.*
Ray of light.
Eclipse, . . . Geézis neébo. Dead moon, &c. *s.a.*
Day, . . . Geezhigud'. *s.i.*
Night, . . . Tib'icud. *s.i.*
Light, . . . Wass'ayau. *s.i.*
Darkness, . . . Gush'keewau. *s.i.*

- Star*, . . . Anung'. *s.a.*
The stars, . . . Anungoag'. *s.a.* Plural made by *oag*.
North star.
North, . . . Keeway'denoong. *s.n.*
South, . . . Oshaw'anoong. *s.n.*
East, . . . Waub'unoong. *s.n.*
West, . . . Cau'beunoong. *s.n.*
Morning, . . . Keegeezhaib'.
Noon, . . . Nau'wuckway. *c.p. s.n.*
Evening, . . . Oonaugooshih. *c.p. s.n.*
Winter, . . . Peeboan'. *s.i.*
Spring, . . . Seegwun'. *s.i.*
Summer, . . . Neebin'. *s.i.*
Autumn, . . . Tahgwau'gee. *s.i.*
Year, . . . Peeboan'. *s.i.* Years are computed by winters.
Month, . . . Geézis. *s.a.* Months are computed by moons.
Air, . . . Nowoi'gau. *s.i.*
Wind, . . . No'den. *s.i.*
Whirlwind, . . . Waysay'un. *s.i.*
Storm, . . . Kootau'megoot. *s.n.*
Lightning, . . . Waywass'imo. *s. singular—animate.*
Thunder, . . . Annemeékee. *s.a. ib.*
Rain, . . . Kimewun'. *s.n.*
Snow, . . . Koan'. *s.a.*
Hail, . . . Sassa'gua. *s.i.*
Rainbow, . . . Nagwau'gunayaub'. *c.p.* The snare string.* *s.i.*
Aurora borealis, Jee'byug neemeid'dewaud. Dancing spirits. *c.p.*
Milky way, . . . Jeeby'emickun'nah. *c.p.* Path of the ghosts.

* This name is connected with a tale, illustrating the origin of the rainbow, according to Indian mythology.

REFERENCES.

- s. a.* Substantive *animate*. *s. i.* Substantive *inanimate*.
s. n. Substantive *neuter*. *i. e.* *Epicene*.
s. Substantive, whose *gender* has not been determined.
c. p. Compound phrase. *s. p.* Substantive *plural*.
a. an. Adjective *animate*.
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ORTHOGRAPHY.

The proposed system has been followed, with the following deviations.

- au.* To express the broad sound of *a*, as in *fall*, *law*, &c. and the sound of *au*, in *auction*, &c.
oa. To express the sound of *o*, in *note*, and *oa*, in *groan*, &c.

Wherever the vowels *a*, and *e*, are duplicated, it is, of course, to express their long sounds. The letter *n*, thus marked *n̄*, is intended to convey a peculiar nasal sound, slightly uttered, but still necessary to identify the pronunciation. Wherever the letter *c*, is used, although it is seldom used, it is intended to express the hard sound of this letter, as heard in *cane*, *cut*, &c. and is perfectly identical with the sound of *k*. From this observation must be excepted those cases in which the combination of *ch*, is employed instead of *tsh*.

