

stream, and the channel is worse. Often only one or two of the boats would be in sight, on account of the bends and abrupt turns in the river. At sun-down we had arrived to within fifteen miles of the mouth of the Monomonee River, and only three boats in company. I decided to encamp, and wait for the other four boats.

Selecting a place on the southeast side of the river, the men prepared camp, and I sent a skiff to the opposite shore to bring over Lieut. Gale and one soldier named Earl, who had come down stream opposite to the camp. Gale saw the other boats were missing, and sent me down in the skiff to find them and hurry them up. Some distance below, I met Melvin with two of the boats. He said Gardenier had run aground on the sand-bar that I had carefully warned him (Melvin) to look out for. I had guessed as much, for Gardenier was far behind when the other boats were warned. The channel near the bar, ran across the river at right angles with the course of the stream. Lieut. Gardenier was not aware of this, and when his boats struck the bar the men tried to force them over into the deep water of the channel just above, but this made matters worse, for the boats were heavily laden with stores, and the quicksand closing around them, soon made it impossible to move back or forwards. Between the boats and the shore on either side, the swift, icy water was too deep to wade, and the only alternative was to remain where they were until the other boats took them off. So when I got down to the bar, there they were tight enough—in more respects than one. It was very cold, and to keep the blood in circulation, they had tapped two of the whiskey casks, and were circulating the liquor—every soldier was allowed a certain amount of whiskey per diem, at that time called “whisky rations”—this article of the soldier’s rations was abolished during Jackson’s administration, and coffee and sugar substituted.

On arriving alongside of the boats, I saw it was useless to think of getting them off that night, so telling all who could to tumble into the skiff, I pulled for the shore, and after three or four trips, had all the men, together with their blankets and

provisions, safely landed in the Chippewa Bottoms. After the fires were made, I got into the skiff and rowed back to the main camp, where Melvin had arrived before me. I reported to Lieut. Gale, and sitting down regaled myself on roasted goose. Next morning we went to Lieut. Gardenier's camp to enquire into the matter of running the boats aground. A council was held, and resulted in Lieut. Gardenier's being sent back. There was an effort to attach the blame on me, but it fell through. The day following was spent in unloading the boats, and fruitless attempts to get them off the sand bar. On the third night the Chippewa River closed, and while the ice was getting stronger, we made sleds to draw the stores on the ice fifteen miles up to the point on the Monomonee River, where we were to cut timber. By the time the sleds were made, the ice on the river was strong enough to bear a team, and the sleds were loaded with casks of whisky, blankets and provisions, and we drew them up to the proper place on the Monomonee River, where Gale remained with two men to watch the stores, while I returned with the men and sleds for another lot.

It seems that soon after I left, Gale discovered a war party of Chippewas on the path, looking for Sioux, and having a natural fear of Indians, he made off through the wooded bottoms at the top of his speed. The chief of the party sent a couple of his swiftest runners to bring Gale back, but they could not overtake him. The warriors had no idea of disturbing anything, but seeing the liquor and goods lying around without a guard, they were tempted to help themselves, and took some of the goods and filled everything they had that was capable of holding whisky, and then departed. It is seldom war parties are out after snow has fallen; I have only noticed it among the Sioux and Chippewas, who were always warring against each other. I arrived the second day with more goods, and learned from the two men that Lieut. Gale had been gone almost sixty hours from camp. I sent men in the direction he had taken, and discharged guns every moment, and stationed a look-out on the high ground that commanded an extensive

view of the Chippewa Flats. The day passed without our finding the Lieutenant. On the third day, the oldest chief of the war-party paid us another visit, returning all the things they had taken, except the whisky, which they promised to pay for with venison.

While the party were in the camp, the look-out reported that he could see some object moving on the marsh, about three miles distant. Two soldiers were sent out who succeeded in creeping on Lieut. Gale, and catching him before he could get away. He had been wandering three days and three nights, and exposure had deranged his mind, and he did not recognize his friends. He was brought in, and, on examination, I found his feet and legs were frozen up to the knees. A hole was cut in the ice, and the Lieutenant's limbs thrust through. After the frost was out of the frozen parts, they were greased with melted deer-fat, and wrapped up in blankets. In a few hours Gale had come to his senses—especially that of feeling—and ordered us to carry him down to Prairie Du Chien. We made him as comfortable as possible on a sled, and with three men started to draw him to the Prairie, leaving Sergeant Melvin—who was my senior, and ranked me—in command of the men. Lieut. Gale endured great pain, for every motion was torture, but when we came within sight of the Indian lodges on Wa-ba-shaw Prairie, he forgot his pain, and wanted us to avoid meeting the Indians. This would have been a difficult thing to accomplish, so we marched into the village, and Wa-ba-shaw came out of his wigwam to welcome us. Upon learning the condition that Gale was in, the chief had him carried into his lodge, and treated after the Indian manner with a concoction of white-oak bark and poultice of roots. To these remedies Gale owed his perfect recovery, if not his life. We left Wa-ba-shaw Prairie and arrived safe at Prairie Du Chien, and the Lieutenant was placed under the care of Dr. Beaumont.\* I was immediately ordered up the river

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\*Dr. WM. BEAUMONT, a native of Maryland, entered the army as a Surgeon's Mate in 1812; promoted to Surgeon, resigned and retired from the service December 21, 1839. He was the author of an interesting work relating to experiments on the gastric juice. L. C. D.