

the loading of the canoe being re-fixed, ready for the morning's start. Meanwhile Lady Bartram busied herself in cleaning the fish, at which she appeared perfect—indeed, she might have secured a professorship anywhere for superiority in this line. Well, the fish are at length in the kettle, Lady Bartram fixing all the dishes, plates, etc., I had, on the mats in my tent. The fish were presented in a big tin dish, boiling hot—all Lady Bartram's volunteer work, having assumed entire control over the kitchen department.

Now, reader, you may wish for, but you won't get a taste. You may, however, take a peep at our tea party, all squatting flat on the mats; Mr. Anderson, the writer, presiding, with Lady Bartram on the right, Sir Bartram on his left, ready to bring the tea kettle, and then Master and Miss Bartram in front, scrambling for the fish eyes in the dish, at which their progenitors exult to witness their activity. Mr. Frank had said, "You'll get used to it." But I never will.

Crossing Winnebago Lake with difficulty, we pushed on through the Rice Lakes. Now we are fairly on Fox River, passing Butte des Morts. Here, many years since, a French Jesuit and his men had been murdered by the Winnebagoes. Camping and tea-ing with no variety; however, after some days, we got used to it.

In due time we reached Portage, Ouisconsin, a carrying place of three miles across to the Ouisconsin River. All over in two days. This river has a smooth, strong current, with many shifting sand banks. On this portage, I first became acquainted with rattlesnakes; and from all I had heard, I was not desirous of getting used to them.

Eighteen hours' travel, sixty leagues, brought us to Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi. Here was a little village of perhaps ten or fifteen houses; and at the [distance] of three miles were three farmers. Except one framed one, the houses were all built of logs, plastered with mud, and covered either with cedar, elm, or black ash bark. The people were nearly all Lower Canadians, carrying on, with small or larger stocks, the Indian trade. Without exception, they were kind and hospitable, and prided themselves in their honesty and punctuality in paying their debts, and