

next day I was invited to dine with the captain. On going to the house, the outer door opening into the dining-room, I found the table spread, the family and guests seated, consisting of several ladies, as jolly as kittens. The gents had not yet arrived. I had not been seated ten minutes before the door opened, and in rushed a host of Indian warriors, hideously painted, scantily dressed, ornamented with feathers, bear's claws, deer's horns, snake's rattles, etc., etc. The ladies almost fainting, ran off, leaving the captain and myself to see the end.

The first act of the war chiefs was to walk around the table, and pick up the pieces of bread which had been placed, after the old fashion, beside the plate of each guest, which he handed to his young men in attendance. Being acquainted with the chief, and knowing something of the language, I asked him: "What brings you here in this garb? Your great Big Knife father has sent his soldiers here to protect you, and to encourage more traders to come among you; and instead of being thankful, you come to insult them. You had better go to your camp and bring them some venison, and be kind to them." He shook hands with me, and went off with his followers. I have ever considered my having been present on that occasion to have been Providential, in saving the lives of this detachment; for, in all probability had not some one been present acquainted with the Indian character, Captain Whistler would have called in some of his men to expel the war party, in which case it is easy to imagine what the consequences might have been.

In 1804, while trading with the Pottawotamie Indians at Minnawack, or Millwackie, having no society, and little to do, I was naturally enough very lonely. I, therefore, undertook a journey along the lake shore, to visit my friend, Jacob Frank, at Green Bay. The first day's journey brought me to an encampment of Pottawotamies, at Two Rivers, nearly seventy miles distant, reaching there before night. I put up at the lodge of an old Indian chief, named Nanaboujou, who gave the following account of the origin of his tribe, in answer to my inquiry on the subject:

"I take my name," said he, "from my original ancestors, who were the first living man and woman. They found themselves in