

I had engaged a fine looking Indian to join the Count as a voyager, hoping thereby to add to the speed of his canoe, and that we might, in our descent to the Mississippi, keep close company. I had heard much of the scenery of the Ouisconsin, and felt that my admiration of it would be stimulated, if the Count, with his lustrous eyes, could be along to see the beauty and grandeur of the scenes, and in such close neighborhood to me, as to interchange sentiments and feelings in their contemplation. An accident deprived the Count of the services of the Indian.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, being unpracticed in the handling of fire-arms, was sitting on a log with the Count's double-barrelled gun across his lap—the muzzle pointed on a line with another log, at some twenty paces distant, upon which sat the Indian,—when, as luck would have it, one of the barrels was discharged, the shot rattling against the log, and scattering the sand about, besides a few penetrating the Indian's leggins. Up sprang the astonished brave and voyager, and eyeing Mr. Jones for a second or two, said, “that man don't know what he is about”—then looking over his shoulder at Jones, walked off.

We had not been long under way, before I saw the Count's force was inadequate. I made a pause till he came up, and transferred to his canoe one of my men; the force proving yet too feeble, I assisted him with another, when onward we went to the music of the voyagers' songs, happy in the reflection that our expedition had, so far, terminated otherwise than in blood. We were charmed, too, at having escaped the monotony, as well as the tedium of the ascent of the Fox River. There are, it is true, upon its shores, many beautiful upland views, where the trees grow apart, and without undergrowth, conveying to the eye the almost certain presence of civilization. But in the main, its shores are level, and its waters are dark, and filled with the *folle avoine*, or wild rice, and various aquatic plants besides; some of them, the lily especially, very beautiful. Nature would seem, even here, to have made provision for the gratification of man; and, if the way was monotonous, she kindly scattered flowers to diversify the scene, and regale