

Fort Howard at Green Bay, and Fort Dearborn, commanded by Capt. Morgan,* that stood on a point, now forming a part of the city of Chicago. Although the danger from the Winnebagoes had abated, owing to Black Hawk's failing to entice other tribes into the conspiracy against the whites, and the Indian War of '27 ended; yet the recent troubles made me rub up my rifle, and prepare every thing needful to insure the successful performance of the duty I was about to undertake. Carrying the mail during the depth of winter, a distance of two hundred miles, through a trackless wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wilder Red Men, was attended with no small danger. It will not be inappropriate, then, to describe my accoutrements and arms, to be used in case of emergency. My dress was a *la hunter*, one common to the early period, and best suited to my purpose. A smoke-tanned buck-skin hunting shirt, trimmed leggins of the same material, a wolf-skin *chapeau* with the animal's tail still attached; and moccasins of elk-hide. I must have had the appearance of a perfect Nimrod. My arms consisted of a heavy mountaineer's rifle that I had bought at St. Louis. It was rather long when I got it—the stock was bound with iron, and carved on it was a cheek piece and buffalo bull's head, that made it an efficient weapon in the hands of a strong man, even when not loaded. I, however, thought it unhandy, and had the barrel shortened, the cheek piece cut off, and a strap attached to it, so I could sling it over my back. Suspended by a strap from my shoulder was a large horn, containing two pounds of powder. Buckled around my waist over the hunting-shirt, was a belt containing a sheath knife and two pistols—one of which got lost, the other I have now—attached to the belt also, was a pouch of mink skin, wherein I carried my rifle bullets. The foregoing comprised my arms and accoutrements of offence, if we except a short handled axe, thrust in the waist-belt.

It had been customary for the carrier who preceded me, to be attended by a party of individuals, who, for any motives

*Capt. WILLOUGHBY MORGAN, who subsequently rose to the rank of Colonel, commanded at Prairie Du Chien, and died there.

L. C. D.