

bidding me good-bye, they were swept down the stream. I went along down the Chippewa into Lake Pepin, without seeing anything of Gardenier's party, and feeling anxious about them, for they had been absent four days without provisions, I got into the canoe with Boiseley, and taking our guns and something to eat, started to find them. I knew very near where the raft would bring up, so putting into a Slough that has its rise in the big marsh, we paddled the little canoe through the water at a good rate, until unfortunately we run on a sunken log and were upset. Boiseley seized the guns and carried them ashore, but all our food and ammunition was damaged or lost. I turned the canoe right side up, and getting in, we continued up the Slough, came to the marsh, and as I expected, found the raft jammed against a pile of drift-wood in the Slough, some distance above. The raft was deserted of everything except the whisky barrel, and that was *empty*. Boiseley said the men had been gone from the raft at least two days, and knowing that they would head off my raft, somewhere below, we did not try to find them, but started to return to our party. We had gone back some distance, when passing close to a small island covered with willows, a band of young Sioux braves jumped up and gave the war-whoop. The Indians told us to come to them, and even waded towards us, but preferring to keep our guns, blankets, and canoe, in our own possession, we paddled away through the islands, and soon got out of their reach.

In our haste to leave the Indians, we missed our way, and wandered around in the marsh for two days before we reached the Mississippi River, far above our raft. We were hungry, for our provisions gave out two days previous, our guns were wet, and all the powder spoiled, so we could not shoot any game for food. Landing on an island in the river, we hauled the canoe up, and went to sleep without a fire. Next morning the wind blew so, we dared not leave the island. I had been so long without eating, that I did not care if I ever saw food again. I had a hot, bitter sensation in my stomach. Late in the afternoon of that day we saw a canoe, with two