

Indians in it, coming down the western shore. I told Boisleley, we must meet that canoe, if we wanted to live. Shoving the canoe out, we got in, and by paddling and drifting, made the west shore, where we were picked up by the Monomonee chief Wa-ba-naw, and his squaw. I asked the chief for food, and told him how long we had been without. He landed and made camp, and his squaw cooked some hominy. This was given to us in very small quantities at first, and no entreaty or threat could make the Indian increase the dose, until it suited his pleasure. He continued to feed us at intervals, little by little, until our appetites became ravenous, and then made us lie down, and we fell asleep. Wa-ba-naw's squaw roused us at midnight, and set before us a kettle of thick *bouillon* made of hominy and meat, and told us to eat. We eat all the soup, went to sleep, and awoke in the morning well as ever. Old Mrs. Wa-ba-naw, called me her son ever after, and I always give her a present of snuff, when she comes to see me. She lives on the island opposite Prairie du Chien, and she says she has seen twice fifty years, but that falls short of her real age. She is blind and lives in a wigwam with her son, who with another Indian, murdered an old white man, and was pardoned the same year I came to Prairie Du Chien. Mother Wa-ba-naw knows many traditions of the country.

Wa-ba-naw went down to the raft with us, from which we had been gone six days. The men were glad to see us safe, and getting the raft into the current, we floated down, keeping a good look out for any signs of Gardenier's party. Second day after my return to the raft, a signal was discovered on an island below us. It proved to be the missing party. They had been absent eleven days, and had eat nothing but acorns and roots. We treated them according to Wa-ba-naw's direction, for they were most famished, and would have killed themselves, had they been allowed to eat all their appetite craved. They took the high land after leaving the raft, and traveling ahead of us, made a raft of drift-wood that carried them to the island. The wind broke up their raft, and it was swept away, making them prisoners on the island. There they