

and the woods, and speculate on the bones that have been whitening there for more than the age of man.

"There the slow blind worm leaves his slime
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time.
The knot-grass fetters there the hand
That once could burst an iron band."

The last time the author was on the spot, a pit had just been dug on the top of the hillock, and in it were put, with shrieks and howling, the remains of a noted Winnebago brave, whose war cry had been heard at Tippecanoe and the battle of the Thames. At the head of the grave was planted a cedar post, on which the rude heraldry of the natives had emblazoned the rank and achievements of the deceased. Three black emblems represented three American scalps. Let us be forgiven, reader, for dwelling on the place. Silent and solitary as it now is, it is the scene of events that mayhap it will please thee to hear related. Alas! that strife and slaughter, and the extermination of a native tribe, should be pleasant things for us to write, or for thee to read.

About the year seventeen hundred and twenty-five, the principal village of the Saque nation stood on the Butte Des Morts. Here the Saques were accustomed to stop traders passing into the Indian country, and to exact from them a tribute—as the Winnebagoes have since done.* The traders submitted with reluctance, but there was no help. At last,

*We learn from Schoolcraft's *History of the Indian Tribes*, III, 279, that the Winnebagoes evinced some insolence towards the Americans during the years immediately succeeding the war of 1812-15; that Hoo-Choop or *Four Legs*, a stern chief at the outlet of Winnebago Lake, assumed to be the keeper of the Fox River Valley, and levied tribute, in some cases, for the privilege of ascent.

Col. T. L. McKenney thus alludes to this Winnebago custom of exacting tribute: *Four Legs*, a fine looking chief, occupied, with his village, the tongue of land which runs out between Winnebago Lake, on the one side, and Fox River on the other. When Gen. Leavenworth, some years previous to 1827, was ascending the Fox River with troops, on his way to the Mississippi, on arriving at this pass, *Four Legs* came out, dressed in all his gewgaws and feathers, and painted after the most approved fashion, and announced to the General that he could not go through; "*the Lake*," said he, "*is locked*." "Tell him," said the General, rising in his batteaux, with a rifle in his hand, "that THIS IS THE KEY, and I shall unlock it and go on." The chief had a good deal of the better part of valor in his composition, and so he replied, 'Very well, tell him he can go.'"

Ne-o-kau-tah, or *Four Legs*, has his village at the outlet of Winnebago Lake. He served under the British during the war of 1812-'15, figuring at Fort Meigs, Sandusky, and on McKay's expedition to Prairie du Chien. He was an active and influential Winnebago Chief, and a very worthy man; but like most of the Red Race he dearly loved fire-water, and indulging too freely, he fell a victim to it in a drunken debauch at the Wisconsin Portage, in 1830. Mrs. Kinzie relates the particulars of his death and funeral observances, about his Fox wife, and gives an interesting account of his adroit management to marry off a very Hecate of a daughter for ugliness to the late John H. Kinzie, then in the employ of the American Fur Company at Prairie du Chien.