

The morning after the council, Ashawaubomay and his beautiful young squaw went in a canoe up the river, to the south side of the creek, quite near its mouth, and located. They raised a large family of children and lived as nearly like whites as possible. They were warm friends of old Judge Charles Reaume and lived with him much of the time. Ashawaubomay was indeed a fine Indian,— quite like a white man. He was buried on his little farm, on the shore of the creek.

Some fifteen years ago, I attempted to give the name of this Ottawa Indian to the town in which I live. But the county board got the name all mixed up, and the town goes by the title of Ashwaubenon, which doesn't mean anything at all. But such has been the fate of too many geographical names, of Indian origin, when falling into the hands of people in authority, who have no care for historical accuracy.

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*Papers—Public Lands*, iv.—the creek is styled “Chewabiney river,” and the territory described in Mr. Vieau's story is there platted as claims Nos. 25, 26 and 27, held by Thérèse Rankins, Thérèse Larose and Susan Larose, respectively. See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x., pp. 93, 94, for reference to Achoabeme, probably the hero of this tale.—ED.