

on the east,—the line afterwards adopted for the government road,—we headed for Fond du Lac. At Calumet, on the way, we saw a small Menomonee village resting on the lake shore, but did not go down to it, keeping steadily on our way along the ridge and through the prairie which lies to the east of the lake. At Fond du Lac there was a Winnebago village, but we crossed the river without visiting the savages, for whose company we were not over anxious. Wistweaw, however, was sent back there to engage a guide to pilot us to the Four Lake country. These lakes, together with Green and Fox lakes, were landmarks more or less familiar in name to the old traders, through their employés engaged in collecting furs from the Indian villages of the interior. But no white man, it may be confidently stated, had ever yet visited the country with a view of ascertaining its adaptability for becoming the abode of civilized life. There was then scarce an opening in the forest west of Detroit.

After some waiting, our Menomonee returned in company with a Winnebago, mounted on a scrubby pony, who volunteered to show us the way across the country. The guide did very well for five or six miles, then pushed ahead for a mile or two and flung himself on the grass. When we had caught up, we asked him to remount and go ahead; but he made no sign of moving and sulkily exclaimed that he never had been the slave of a white man and never would be. He was finally induced to put us on the trail for Lake Horicon and then, giving the lash to his pony, started back to his village on a lope. Lake Horicon, we found to be only a marsh. At its head, there was a cluster of Winnebago wigwams. The Indians there, essayed to put us on the trail to Four Lakes, but we brought out at the Green-lake prairie, where we struck another village of the Winnebagoes. To seek information there, was impossible, for the women and children hid themselves, and the bucks were assembled in their long medicine lodge, gambling, and would pay no attention to us whatever.

Thus left to our own resources, we set off due south across the prairie, until, to our great joy, we found a deep-cut trail