

where they had come from. They still asked for bread and flour, which we deemed it wise to give them. The Indians of our crew were very careful never to encamp near one of these villages, but always chose the opposite side of the river. A canoe can never be put into the water without an Indian hearing it, no matter with how much care it may be done; and so well aware of this are they, that they seldom try to cross a river to visit an encampment.

At Fort Winnebago we were entertained by the officers; Miss Rolette was a very attractive young lady, and the whole garrison seemed pleased with her.

We travelled along smoothly, journeying slowly, and enjoying to the utmost all the trip afforded. When we reached Grand Chute, Appleton, Awishtoyou begged me to remain in the canoe and jump the rapids. He assured me I would like it. Of course I could not be persuaded to do so. We all sat on the brow of the hill and watched the canoe go over the chute, each man in his place, watching, with his pole guiding the frail bark safely down the swift, turbulent current. It is a very interesting sight; as we gazed, the canoe jumped, and away went the basket which held our best bonnets, into the air, as we supposed, never to return to the canoe; but, to our surprise, it came back safely to its place.

It may not be amiss here to describe my own bonnet, as I would gladly do of the others could I remember them. It was of pale, straw-colored silk, shaped by rattans, and was trimmed with green silk ruching, which was fringed. The basket was a light round basket with a tight cover. It held three bonnets, going up, and four on the return trip. We each had a small hair trunk, which constituted our baggage.

As soon as my husband could give me the necessary instruction in the routine of his business, I became his interpreter. His clients being entirely French, and he not understanding the language, it became necessary for him to resort to this method in order to conduct business at all.