

moved up with his family in 1840, and I married Mlle. Grignon the following year. In 1848, at the regular payment at Lake Poygan under Colonel Bruce, a treaty was held with the Menomonees, by Commissioner Medill; the traders were there, in full force, our party being of the number. For two days, the Indians parleyed with the commissioner, but without result, when Henry S. Baird, secretary to the latter, became disgusted with their mulishness and on the morning of the third day saddled his horse and went home. Medill then appointed Morgan L. Martin as his scribe, and still parleyed through the fourth day, without success. The government, in the Cedar Point treaty of 1836, by which the Menomonees sold their possessions, had given the nation the right to hunt upon such lands as were not preëmpted, and to fish upon the larger streams and lakes, until the tribe had selected a reservation and were formally removed thereon, by the United States. The Menomonees had for twelve years made no efforts to seek such a reservation, and the government proposed, in this latter treaty, to bind them to make such selection within a given time, or be removed out of the State — for their existence in roving bands was injurious to settlement. The tribe would not consent, hence the trouble. On the evening of the fourth day, Martin came to Augustin Grignon's tent, and asked him to advise the chiefs to make a treaty, for it was their last chance, as in the event of a failure at this council, the president would remove them without ceremony, and they would then forfeit all right to a permanent home. Grignon summoned me, and requested that I should state the case to Oshkosh and the other chiefs. I did so, and that night a long council was held in the Indian camp; I staid for some time, to hear what was said. One chief, I now forget who, told them that Pontiac was right, when he gathered the western tribes in his uprising of 1763; that the whites were rapidly crowding them off the long bench, on which at first they had only asked a resting corner; and that final dissolution must certainly come. "The American never comes unless he wants something! Without a want,