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JOHN JOHNSTON.

THE
HISTORIC JOHNSTON FAMILY

COMPILATION OF

DATA PREPARED FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society

HELD IN THE STATE CAPITOL, LANSING

JUNE 3—5, 1902

BY CHARLES H. CHAPMAN
OF SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

THE HISTORIC JOHNSTON FAMILY.

Compiling such records of the Johnston family as limited time and space would permit, the writer has endeavored to preserve and verify the historical correctness of events and dates, even at the sacrifice of several good stories. The compilation is made largely from the writings of early travelers to the Lake Superior region and from some of the works not in general circulation, of Henry R. Schoolcraft, the historian, who married the eldest daughter of John Johnston. An intimate acquaintance with John McDougall Johnston, youngest son of John Johnston, and all of the sons and daughters of John McDougall Johnston, for nearly a quarter of a century, has made the compilation of the following pages a work of much pleasure, and enabled the writer to correct a number of errors and add a few historical events heretofore unpublished. The following letter from Miss Anna Johnston, granddaughter of John Johnston, is self-explanatory:

Sailors Encampment, June 5, 1902.

Mr. Charles H. Chapman, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan:

Dear Sir:—Mrs. Anthony sent your letter to us, thinking that we could give you some information about our aunt, Mrs. Henry R. Schoolcraft. She was the third child of John Johnston and the eldest daughter, who was born January 31st, 1800, and died May 22, 1842, at Niagara, Canada West, we think while on a visit to her sister Mrs. McMurray. We have no record of her marriage. She lived at Sault Ste. Marie for eleven years after her marriage, and for eight years at Mackinaw in the "Old Agency." She was the mother of two children, Janie, who died a few years ago in Richmond, Va., and Johnston Schoolcraft, who died some time after the civil war. I think he was in the Southern army. We have a photograph of Mrs. Schoolcraft taken from a painting, also one of our grandfather taken from the painting we have at home. Mrs. Jameson, an English writer was acquainted with our people and pictures Mrs. Schoolcraft, "with features decidedly Indian, accent slightly foreign, a soft plaintive voice, her language pure and remarkably elegant, refined, womanly and unaffectedly pious." * * * With regard to our grandfather, we have several papers pertaining to his life, which I could not copy now, but will send them to Mrs. Anthony so that when you visit DeTour you may look them over and copy whatever you may see fit. Hoping that you may get a little help with your paper from what I have written, I am,

Very truly yours,

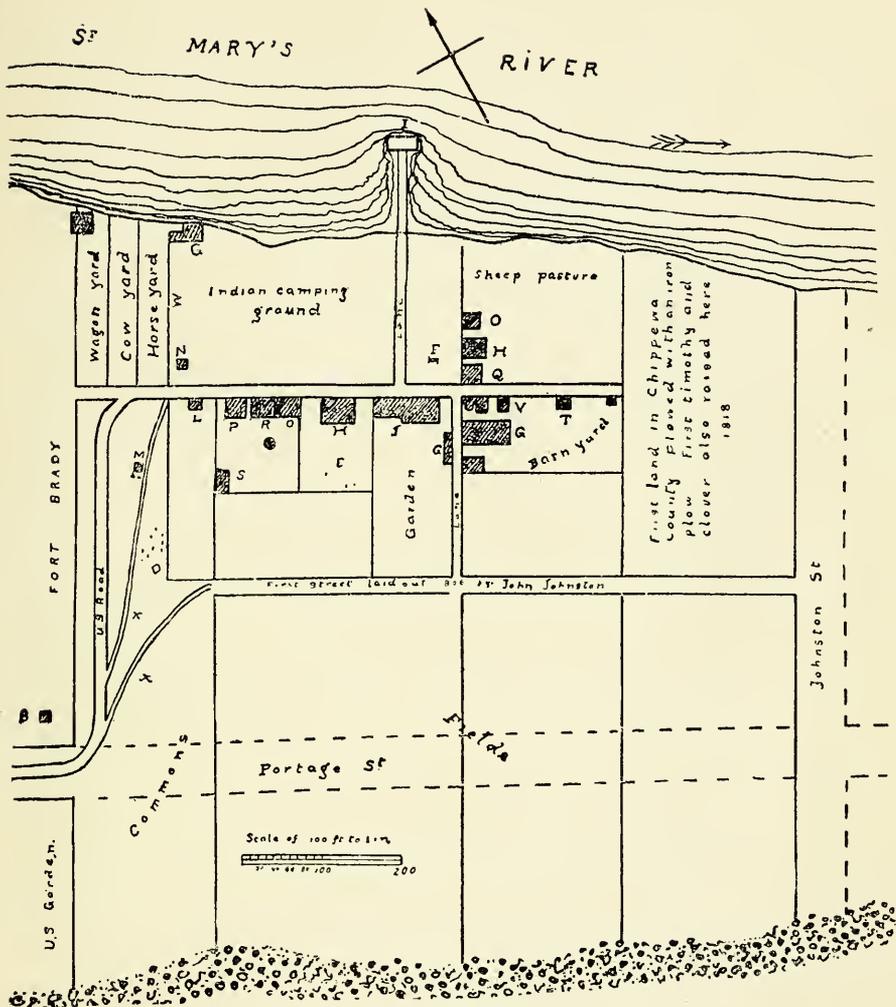
ANNA M. JOHNSTON.

John Johnston, the head of the Johnston family, so well known to the historian, the traveler, and the resident of Michigan and the great Northwest, during the first quarter of the last century, was born in Antrim county, Ireland, near the village of Coleraine, in 1763. His father was a civil engineer, who planned and executed the waterworks at Belfast. His mother was a sister of Mary Saurin, wife of Bishop Saurin, of Dromore, and also sister of the attorney general for Ireland. Mr. Johnston emigrated to the new world in 1792, and was received by Lord Dorchester, governor of Canada, and presented such strong letters of recommendation that the governor urged the young Irishman to remain in Montreal until an opening for him should occur in the British service. Johnston soon joined a trading party bound for Lake Superior. He spent some months at the Saut* and then followed Lake Superior as far west as La Point, opposite the Twelve Apostles islands, where he established a trading post. Soon after his arrival there he met a beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of the head chief, Wab-o-jeeg or the White Fisher, a bold and successful warrior. The following year, 1793, Johnston and the Indian girl were married and settled at Saut de Ste. Marie, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred September 22, 1828. For 35 years he was a leading frontier merchant, and although far removed from the comforts of civilization there was always a refined and cultured atmosphere about his modest home.

In 1814 Lieut. Col. Croghan of the United States Army was sent to capture the British position at Mackinac, then commanded by Col. McDowell. The latter, hearing of the intentions of the Americans, sought the aid of Johnston and his friends at the Saut, and it appears to have been freely given. Not only did a band of 100 men set out for Mackinac under Johnston, but this force was provisioned and equipped by him. The American, Col. Croghan, appeared to understand the situation thoroughly, and dispatched Major Holmes to intercept the Indians; but the Johnston party took the unknown route west of Sugar island, now the Hay Lake channel, and then through the West Neebish, and escaped. On the arrival of the Americans at the Saut, they found that those whom they had set out to intercept had eluded their vigilance, and, being urged on by rage and duty, destroyed the trading village near the falls. After this Major Holmes returned to aid in the assault under Col. Croghan. He was among the 17 soldiers killed in that affair August 4, 1814. His sword was stolen by the Indians and presented to George Johnston, second son of John Johnston.

Subsequently, after the peace of 1815, when the republic had driven all her active enemies from her soil, Mr. Johnston appealed to the powers that once were to compensate him for his loss and expenditures. The British very gracefully refused to acknowledge his assistance or recompense him for the loss incurred in aiding them. Johnston then presented his claim to the United States government for loss of property, and met with no success, owing to his loyalty to the British cause. The testimony and correspondence in Vol. 4 of American state papers, on pages 697-701, show that John Johnston was an officer in the British service during the war of 1812, and it was largely for this reason that the commissioner of the general land office at Washington refused to confirm his claim to a tract of land at Saut de Ste. Marie which had been improved and a large number of buildings, including the Johnston residence, yet standing, store, warehouses and farm buildings, built thereon. The title to this land was finally confirmed by Congress in 1853, and is known as private land claim 105 in the city of Sault Ste. Marie. The annexed map was first sketched from memory by John McD. Johnston, son of John Johnston. It was

* Mr. Chapman has followed the old way of spelling Saut de Ste. Marie—and has taken great pains to verify the spelling of some of the Indian names, accepting the best authority for these. No quotation marks have been used for letters or legends as they can, we think, be easily recognized as such.—Editor.



- A. Block House.
- B. Magazine.
- C. Palisade 18 feet high.
- D. Old graves.
- E. Old Jesuit Cemetery.
- F. Fur Press.
- G. Barns.
- H. Warehouses.
- I. Dock on which Governor Cass landed, 1820, and U. S. troops, 1822.
- J. The Johnston residence, now owned by Mr. E. S. Wheeler.
- K. Fisk House.
- L. Mrs. Cadotte's House.
- M. M. DeBois' House.
- N. Tarder J. Drew wintered 1815.
- O. Men's House.
- P. Dwelling.
- Q. Store.
- R. Carpenter Shops.
- S. Blacksmith Shop built 1795.
- T. Milk and Ice House.
- U. Root House.
- V. Wine Cellar.
- W. U. S. Fence.
- X. Paths.

afterwards drawn to scale by Col. E. S. Wheeler, of the United States government engineering corps, who now owns and for many years resided in the old Johnston homestead. Col. Wheeler compared and corrected the map by an old map in the records of Fort Brady, made by Lieut. Wescott early in the last century.

There were eight children in the Johnston family, all born at the Sault: Louis, born 1793, died at Malden 1825; George, born 1796, died at Sault Jan. 6, 1861; Jane, born 1800, died at Niagara May 22, 1842; Eliza, born 1802, died 1888; Charlotte, born 1806, died 1878; William, born 1811, died at Mackinac 1866; Anna Maria, born 1814, died at Pontiac 1856; John McDougal, born 1816, died at Sault Feb. 14, 1895.

Of the children, several were prominent actors in making history three-quarters of a century ago: Louis served on board the Queen Charlotte when she was captured by one of the United States gunboats under Commodore Perry on Lake Erie in 1813. George served in the British army, and was in the engagement at Mackinac Island August 4, 1814. William was an Indian interpreter at various times for the United States government. John McD. was for a number of years Indian interpreter to his brother-in-law, Henry R. Schoolcraft, and afterwards acted in this capacity for the United States government. Jane was a woman of great beauty, highly accomplished, and of much ability, and was married in 1823 to Henry R. Schoolcraft, the writer and historian. Eliza, a woman of great beauty and accomplishments, never married. Charlotte became the wife of an Episcopal clergyman named McMurray, a missionary at the Sault at the time, but subsequently arch-deacon of Niagara. Anna Maria, the youngest daughter, was the wife of James L. Schoolcraft, who was murdered at the Sault in 1846 by Lieut. Tilden of the United States army.

All of the early travelers to Lake Superior speak of the interesting Johnston family and the hospitality and entertaining ability of John Johnston. During the month of July, 1826, Colonel Thomas L. McKenney, of the Indian Department at Washington, and a joint commissioner with Governor Cass in negotiating the treaty of Fond du Lac, in company with the governor, visited the Johnston family at the Sault, and in a letter to his wife, describes the girls and the home as they appeared to him at that time. Col. McKenney says:

We spent this evening, I mean the Governor, Colonel Croghan and myself, at Mr. Schoolcraft's, where we met Mr. Johnston, the patriarch of the place, and his family, except his wife, who, though not of the party this evening, I have seen.

Mr. Johnston is by birth an Irishman, and his connections in the "old country" are among the nobility. He has been in this country nearly forty years. His wife is a woman of the Chippewa, or, as it should be called O-jib-way nation, and daughter of the famous Wab-o-jeeg, the great chief formerly of La Point, of Lake Superior, a man of renown, and one who ruled both in wisdom and valour, and proved himself in every emergency, to have been worthy of the station he held as chief of his band.

A personal acquaintance with Mr. Johnston and his family I esteem to be among the most interesting circumstances of my, so far, agreeable travels.

Mr. Johnston is in his 64th year, and Mrs. Johnston in her 54th. He is feeble and decrepit. A free liver in earlier life, he now feels the burden of 64 winters to be great; and in addition to the infirm state of his health, he has the dropsy in one foot and ankle, which at times occasions him great pain, and often deprives him altogether of ability to walk, which he never does without limping, and then by the aid of a staff. His education and intercourse with polished society in early life, indeed up to his 30th year, have given him many very striking advantages over the inhabitants of those distant regions, and indeed fit him to shine anywhere; whilst

the genuine Irish hospitality of his heart has made his house a place of most agreeable resort to travelers. In his person Mr. Johnston is neat; in his manners affable and polite; in conversation intelligent. His language is always that of thought, and often strikingly graphic. He is always cheerful—even when he is afflicted most. There is something charming in such an autumn. It gives place to winter so gradually as to make its retirement imperceptible. It is beautiful to see those bright gleams of setting life thus shining upon the evening hours of such a man.

In height Mr. Johnston is about five feet ten inches; and before he was bent by age and infirmity his figure was doubtless fine. His hair is of the true Scotch yellow, intermixed with gray. His forehead, though retreating, is high and full, especially about the brows. His eyes are dark, small, and penetrating, and full of intelligent expression. His nose and mouth (except that the loss of teeth has changed the character of the latter some, though his lips have yet great firmness) are well formed, and judging from what is left, and from a portrait which hangs over the fireplace in the drawing-room of his residence, he must have been very handsome when young.

Mrs. Johnston is genuine Chippewa, without the smallest admixture of white blood. She is tall and large, but uncommonly active and cheerful. She dresses nearly in the costume of her nation—a petticoat of blue cloth, a short gown of calico, with leggins worked with beads, and moccasins. Her hair is black. She plaits and fastens it up behind with a comb. Her eyes are black and expressive, and pretty well marked, according to phrenologists, with the development of language. She has fine teeth; indeed her face, taken altogether (with her high cheek-bones, compressed forehead, and jutting brows) denotes a vigorous intellect and great firmness of character, and needs only to be seen to satisfy even a tyro in physiognomy like myself that she required only the advantages of education and society to place her on a level with the most distinguished of her sex. As it is she is a prodigy. As a wife she is devoted to her husband, as a mother tender and affectionate, as a friend faithful. She manages her domestic concerns in a way that might afford lessons to the better instructed. They are rarely exceeded anywhere, whilst she vies with her generous husband in his hospitality to strangers. She understands but will not speak English. As to influence, there is no chief in the Chippewa nation who exercises it, when it is necessary for her to do so, with equal success. This has been often tested, but especially at the treaty of cession at this place in 1820. Governor Cass, the commissioner, was made fully sensible of her power then; for, when every evidence was given that the then pending negotiation would issue not only in resistance on the part of the Indians to the propositions of the commissioner, but in a serious rupture, she, at this critical moment, sent for some of the principal chiefs, directing that they should, to avoid the observation of the great body of Indians, make a circuit and meet her in an avenue at the back of her residence, and there, by her luminous exposition of their own weakness and the power of the United States, and by assurances of the friendly disposition of the government towards them and of their own mistaken views of the entire object of the commissioner, produced a change which resulted on that same evening in the conclusion of the treaty.

I have heard Governor Cass say that he felt himself under the greatest obligations to Mrs. Johnston for her co-operation at that critical moment; and that the United States is debtor to her, not only on account of that act, but on many others. She has never been known in a single instance to counsel her people contrary to her conceptions of what was best for them, and never in opposition to the views of the government. Her Indian name is O-shaw-gus-co-day-way-qua. The Daughter of the Green Mountain.



MRS. JOHN JOHNSTON (O-SHAU-GUS-CO-DAY-WAY-QUA).

So much for the father and mother. I will now make you acquainted with some of their children. Of Mrs. Schoolcraft you have heard. She is wife, you know, of H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq., author of travels and other works of great merit, and Indian agent at this place. She is a little taller and thinner, but in other respects as to figure, resembles her sister, Mrs. McMurray, and has her face precisely. Her voice is feeble and tremulous; her utterance slow and distinct. There is something silvery in it. Mildness of expression, and softness, and delicacy of manners, as well as of voice, characterize her. She dresses with great taste, and in all respects in the costume of our fashionables, but wears leggins of black silk, drawn and ruffled around the ankles, resembling those worn by our little girls. I think them ornamental. You would never judge, either from her complexion or language or from any other circumstance, that her mother was a Chippewa, except that her moderately high cheek-bones, her dark and fine eye, and breadth of jaw slightly indicate it; and you would never believe it, except on her own confession or upon some equally responsible testimony, were you to hear her converse, or see her beautiful, and some of them highly-finished, compositions, in both prose and poetry. You would not believe it, not because such attainments might not be universal, but because, from lack of the means necessary for their accomplishment, such cases are so rare. Mrs. Schoolcraft is indebted mainly to her father, who is doatingly fond of her, for her handsome and polished acquirements. She accompanied him some years ago, and before her marriage, to Europe; and has been the companion of his solitude, in all that related to mind, for he seems to have educated her for the sake of enjoying its exercise. The old gentleman, when in Edinburgh, had several propositions made to him to remain. The Dutchess of Devonshire, I think it was, would have adopted Mrs. Schoolcraft; and several propositions beside were made to settle upon her wealth and its distinctions; and his own friends and connexions joined to keep him among them by offers of great magnitude. But he told them he had married the daughter of a king in America, and although he appreciated, and was very grateful for, their offers to himself and his Jane, he must decline them and return to his wife, who, through such a variety of fortune, had been faithful and devoted to him. Mrs. Schoolcraft is, I should judge, about 22 years of age. She would be an ornament to any society; and with better health (for at present she enjoys this great blessing but partially) would take a first rank among the best improved, whether in acquirements, taste, or graces.

Charlotte comes next in order, being younger than Mrs. Schoolcraft by some two or three years. Here again, without the advantages of education to the same extent, or equal opportunities for improvement, but with no deficiencies in these matters, you have a beautiful specimen of female of mixed blood. This interesting young lady has but little of the mother's complexion. She possesses charms which are only now and then seen in our more populous and polished circles. These are in the form and expression of a beautiful face, where the best and most amiable and cheerful of tempers—the loveliest and most captivating ornament of the sex—sits always with the sweetness of spring, and from whence the graces seem never to have departed even for a moment; and all this has imparted to it an additional interest in her own total unconsciousness of their presence, and of her powers to please. Her eyes are black, but soft in their expression, and between her lips, which I have never seen otherwise than half parted with a smile, is a beautiful set of ivory. Her style of dress is neat, and in all respects such as we see in our cities. She would be said to be rather tall; yet her person is good. She sings most sweetly, but seems unconscious of it; and, lest I should forget it, I will copy into this letter a beautiful song which she sings with her most enchanting effect, called the "O-jib-way Maid." Having prevailed upon her to sing this song several times, I have learned the air

with a view of having it written out in parts. Mrs. Schoolcraft has obligingly favored me with the original, and with her literal translation of it, in prose; and Charlotte has presented me with a version of it by a major of the United States army. I have heard this little song sung in both the original and its version. The airs are different; both are plaintive, and both sweet, but that in which the original is sung is the wildest. My opinion of Charlotte is that she would be a belle in Washington, were she there, as I find she is here. No one speaks of her but in terms of admiration of her amiable disposition, and in praise of her beauty; and according to my own observation and taste, she merits richly all the praise that is bestowed.

consent to speak English. I have not, therefore, been able to judge of her im-

Eliza, who is next younger than Mrs. Schoolcraft. I have never yet got her to prove me. She appears to be a fine young lady, and of excellent dispositions. Her complexion is more like her mother's than the rest. The youngest, Anna Maria, is now about twelve years old, and is growing up, I think, in most respects, like Charlotte. She certainly bids fair to be handsome.

When I look upon this group of interesting children, and reflect that their mother is a native of our wilds, I wish, for the sake of the Indians, that every representative of the people, and all who might have influence to bring about a complete system for the preservation and improvement, of at least the rising generation, could see them too.

But lest I forget it, I will now copy.

THE O-JIB-WAY MAID.

ORIGINAL OF THE O-JIB-WAY MAID.

Aun dush ween do win ane
Gitchy Mocomauñ aince
Caw auzhaw woh da mode
We yea, yea haw ha, etc.

Wah yaw burn maud e
Ojibway quainee un e
We maw jaw need e
We yea, yea haw ha, etc.

Omowe maun e
We nemoshain yun
We maw jaw need e
We yea, yea haw ha, etc.

Caw ween gush sha ween
Kin wainyh e we yea
O guh maw e maw seen
We yea, yea haw ha, etc.

Me gosh sha ween e yea
Ke bish quaw bum maud e
Tehe won ain e maud e
We yea, yea haw ha, etc.

Literal Translation by Mrs. Schoolcraft:

Why. What's the matter with the young American? He crosses the river with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Ojibway girl preparing to leave the place; he sobs for his sweetheart, because she is going away, but he will not sigh long for her, for as soon as he is out of her sight, he will forget her.

VERSION.

That stream, along whose bosom bright,
With joy I've seen your bark appear;
You cross, no longer with delight,
Nor I, with joy, your greeting hear.



MRS. HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT
(FORMERLY MISS JANE JOHNSTON).



And can such cause, alone, draw tears
From eyes, that always smil'd before?
Of parting—can it be the fears;
Of parting now—to meet no more?

But heavily though now you sigh;
And tho' your griefs be now sincere,
To find our dreaded parting nigh,
And bid farewell to pleasures dear—

When o'er the waters, wide and deep,
Far—thine Ojibway Maid shall be,
New loves will make you cease to weep,
Nor e'er again, remember me.

Saut de Ste. Marie, July 6, 1826.

Mrs. Johnston and some of her remarkable ancestors deserve more space and time than I can here give. However, I will introduce the father of this talented Indian woman with one of his war songs, as he used, together with his warriors, to sing it and as translated by Mr. Johnston:

Where are my foes? say, warriors, where? No forest is so black,
That it can hide from my quick eye, the vestige of their track;
There is no lake so boundless, no path where man may go,
Can shield them from my sharp pursuit, or save them from my blow.
The winds that whisper in the trees, the clouds that spot the sky,
Impart a soft intelligence, to show me where they lie,
The very birds that sail the air, and scream as on they go,
Give me a clue my course to tread, and lead me to the foe.

The sun at dawn, lifts up its head, to guide me on my way,
The moon at night looks softly down, and cheers me with her ray.
The war-crowned stars, those beaming lights, my spirit casts at night,
Direct me as I thread the maze, and lead me to the fight.
In sacred dreams within my lodge, while resting on the land,
Bright omens of success arise, and nerve my warlike hand,
Where'er I turn, where'er I go, there is a whispering sound,
That tells me I shall crush the foe, and drive him from my ground.

The beaming west invites me on, with smiles of vermilion hue,
And clouds of promise fill the sky, and deck its heavenly blue,
There is no breeze, there is no sign, in ocean, earth or sky,
That does not swell my breast with hope, or animate my eye.
If to the stormy beach I go, where heavy tempests play,
They tell me but, how warriors brave, should conquer in the fray.
All nature fills my heart with fires, that prompt me on to go,
To rush with rage, and lifted spear, upon my country's foe.

Wab-o-jeeg was the second son of the famous Mongazida. He was generally victorious, and so entirely defeated the Ottagamies that they never afterwards ventured to oppose him, but retired down the Wisconsin river, where they settled.

But Wab-o-jeeg was something more and better than merely a successful warrior: he was remarkable for his eloquence, and composed a number of war songs, which were sung through the Chippewa villages, and some of which his daughter often repeated. He was no less skillful in hunting than in war. His hunting grounds extended to the river Broule, at Fond du Lac; and he killed any one who dared to intrude on his district. The skins he took annually were worth \$350, a sum amply sufficient to make him rich in clothing, arms, powder, vermilion, and trinkets. Like Tecumseh, he would not marry early lest it should turn his attention from war, but at the age of 30 he married a widow, by whom he had two sons. Becoming tired of his elderly helpmeet, he took a young wife, a beautiful girl of 14, by whom he had six children; of these Mrs. Johnston was the eldest. She described her father as domestic and affectionate. There was always plenty of bear's meat and deer's flesh in the lodge. He had a splendid lodge, 60 feet in length, which he was fond of ornamenting. In the centre there was a strong post, which rose several feet above the roof, and on the top there was the carved figure of an owl, which veered with the wind. This owl seems to have answered the purpose of a flag; it was the

insignia of his power and of his presence. When absent on his long winter hunts the lodge was shut up, and the owl taken down.

The skill of Wab-o-jeeg as a hunter and trapper brought him into friendly communication with Mr. Johnston. While on one of his expeditions, when encamped at Red Cliff Point southwest of the Twelve Apostles islands, and trafficking with Wab-o-jeeg, he saw the eldest daughter of the chief, and no sooner looked than he sighed, no sooner sighed, than he asked himself the reason, and ended by asking his friend to give him his beautiful daughter. "White man!" said the chief with dignity, "your customs are not our customs! You white men desire our women, you marry them, and when they cease to please your eye you say they are not your wives, and you forsake them. Return, young friend, with your load of skins, to Montreal; and if there the women of the pale fates do not put my child out of your mind, return hither in the spring and we will talk further; she is young, and can wait." The young Irishman, ardently in love, and impatient and impetuous, after the manner of his countrymen, tried arguments, entreaties, presents, in vain; he was obliged to submit. He went down to Montreal, and the following spring returned and claimed his bride. The chief, after making him swear that he would take her as his wife according to the law of the white man, till death, gave him his daughter, with a long speech of advice to both.

Mrs. Johnston relates that previous to her marriage she fasted, according to the universal Indian custom, for a guardian spirit. To perform this ceremony she went away to the summit of an eminence and built herself a little lodge of cedar boughs, painted herself black, and began her fast in solitude. She dreamed continually of a white man, who approached her with a cup in his hand, saying, "Poor thing! why are you punishing yourself? Why do you fast? Here is food for you!" He was always accompanied by a dog which looked up in her face as though he knew her. Also she dreamed of being on a high hill, which was surrounded by water, and from which she beheld many canoes full of Indians coming to her and paying her homage; after this she felt as if she was carried up into the heavens, and as she looked down upon the earth she perceived it was on fire and said to herself, "All my relations will be burned!" but a voice answered and said, "No, they will not be destroyed; they will be saved;" and she knew it was a spirit, because the voice was not human. She fasted for ten days, during which time her grandmother brought her at intervals some water. When satisfied that she had obtained a guardian spirit in the white stranger who haunted her dreams, she returned to her father's lodge carrying green cedar boughs, which she threw on the ground, stepping on them as she went. When she entered the lodge she threw some more down upon her usual place (next her mother), and took her seat. During the ten succeeding days she was not permitted to eat any meat, nor anything but a little corn boiled with a bitter herb. For ten days more she ate meat smoked in a particular manner, and she then partook of the usual food of her family.

Notwithstanding that her future husband and future greatness were so clearly prefigured in this dream, the pretty O-shaw-gus-co-day-way-qua, having always regarded a white man with awe, and as a being of quite another species (perhaps the more so in consequence of her dream, seems to have felt nothing throughout the whole negotiation for her hand but reluctance, terror, and aversion. On being carried with the usual ceremonies, to her husband's lodge, she fled into a dark corner, rolled herself up in her blanket, and would not be comforted nor even looked upon. It is to the honor of Johnston that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position, and that she remained in his lodge ten days, during which he treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect, and sought by every gentle means to overcome her fear and gain her affection; one traveler, referring to this



JOHN McDOUGALL JOHNSTON.



incident, says it was touching to see how tenderly and gratefully this was remembered by his wife after a lapse of 36 years. On the tenth day, however, she ran away from him in a paroxysm of terror, and, after fasting in the woods for four days, reached her grandfather's wigwam. Meantime her father, Wab-o-jeeg, who was far off in his hunting camp, dreamed that his daughter had not conducted herself according to his advice, with proper wife-like docility, and he returned in haste, two days' journey to see after her and finding all things according to his dream he gave her a good beating with a stick, and threatened to cut off both her ears. He then took her back to her husband, with a propitiatory present of furs and Indian corn, and many apologies and exculpations of his own honor. Johnston succeeded at length in taming this shy wild fawn, and took her to his house at the Saut de Ste. Marie. When she had been there some time she was seized with a longing once more to behold her mother's face, and revisit her people. Her husband had lately purchased a small schooner to trade upon the lake; this he fitted out, and sent her, with a retinue of his clerks and retainers, and in such state as became the wife of the great Englishman, to her home at La Point, loaded with magnificent presents for all her family. He did not go with her himself, apparently from motives of delicacy, and that he might be no constraint upon her feelings or movements. A few months' residence amid comparative splendor and luxury, with a man who treated her with respect and tenderness, enabled the fair O-shaw-gus-co-day-way-qua to contrast her former with her present home. She soon returned to her husband, and we do not hear of any more languishings after her father's wigwam. She lived most happily with John Johnston for 36 years, till his death, which occurred in 1828.

At the treaty of Fond du Lac, concluded August 7, 1827, was given to O-shaw-gus-co-day-way-qua, wife of John Johnston, to each of her children and to each of her grandchildren, one section of land. Part of this land was selected from the high lands of Sugar island, a few miles below the Saut. Following the death of her husband, she turned her attention to the manufacture of maple sugar on her estate and each year marketed several tons. In the fall she would go with her people in canoes to the entrance of Lake Superior to fish in the bays and creeks for a fortnight, and return with a load of fish cured for the winter's consumption. In her youth she hunted, and was accounted the surest eye and fleetest foot among the women of her tribe. Her talents, energy, activity, and strength of mind, and her skill in all the domestic vocations of the Indian women, have maintained comfort and plenty within her dwelling in spite of the losses sustained by her husband, while her descent from the blood of their ancient chiefs renders her an object of great veneration among the Indians around, who, in all their miseries, maladies and difficulties, applied to her for aid or for counsel.

She inherited the poetical talent of her father Wab-o-jeeg and here is a little fable or allegory which was written down from her recitation, and translated by her daughter:

THE ALLEGORY OF WINTER AND SUMMER.

A man from the north, gray-haired, leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries. Looking around him one day, after having traveled without any intermission for four moons, he sought out a spot on which to recline and rest himself. He had not been long seated before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in appearance, with red cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his hair covered with flowers; and from between his lips he blew a breath that was as sweet as the wild rose.

Said the old man to him, as he leaned upon his staff, his white beard reaching down upon his breast, "Let us repose here awhile, and converse a little. But first we will build up a fire, and we will bring together much wood, for it will be needed to keep us warm."

The fire was made, and they took their seats by it, and began to converse, each telling the other where he came from, and what had befallen him by the way. Presently the young man felt cold. He looked around him to see what had produced this change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm.

The old man spoke, and said, "When I wish to cross a river I breathe upon it and make it hard, and walk over upon its surface. I have only to speak, and bid the waters be still; and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of my foot makes soft things hard; and my power is boundless."

The young man, feeling every moment colder still, and growing tired of the old man's boasting, and morning being nigh, as he perceived by the reddening east, thus began:

"Now, my father, I wish to speak."

"Speak," said the old man, "my ear, though it be old, is open—it can hear."

"Then," said the young man, "I also go over all the earth. I have seen it covered with snow, and the waters I have seen as hard as stone; but I have only passed over them, and the snow has melted; the mountain streams have begun to flow, the rivers to move, the ice to melt; the earth has become green under my tread, the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful; and all the power of which you boast vanished away!"

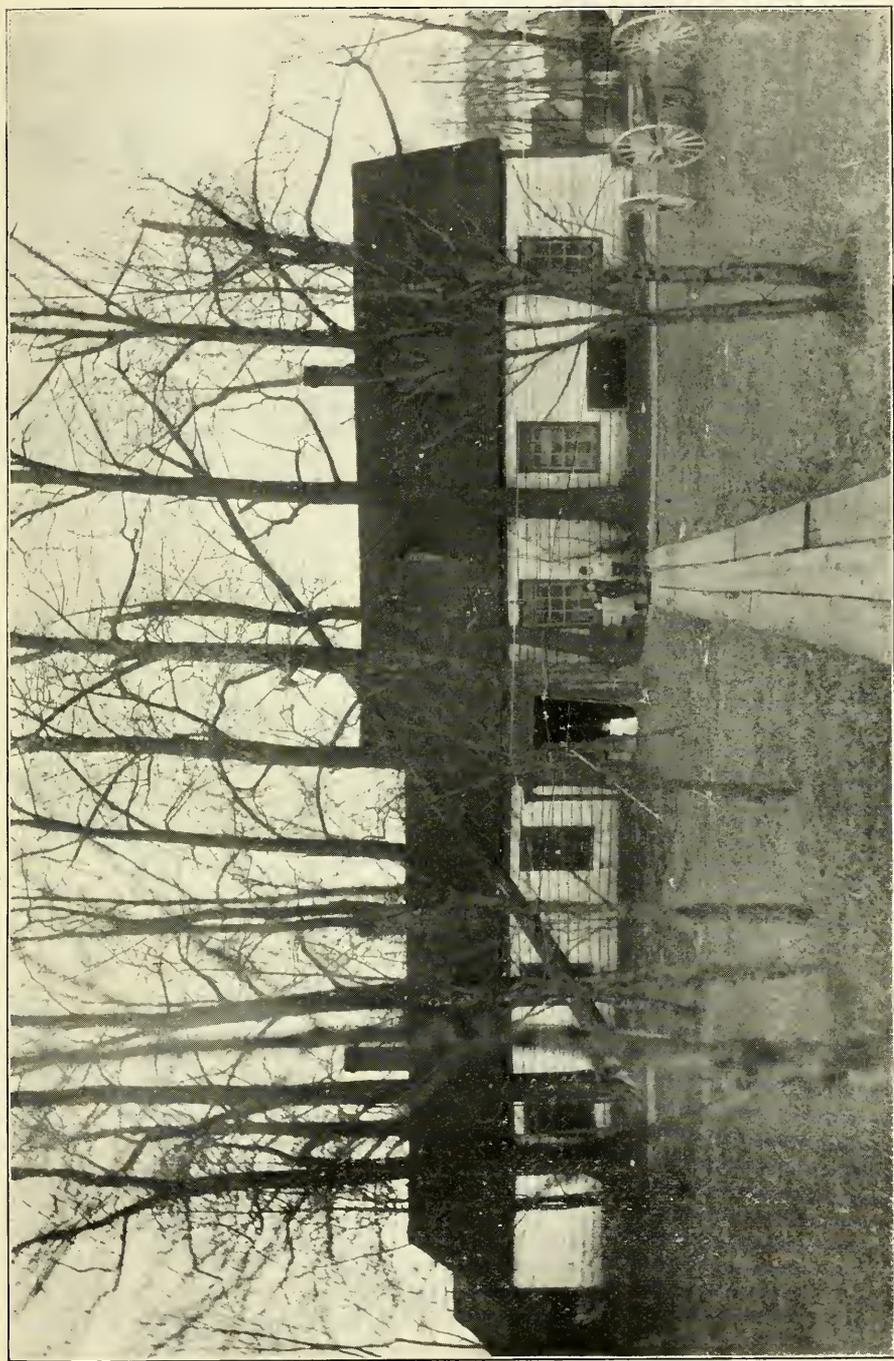
The old man drew a deep sigh, and shaking his head, he said, "I know thee, thou art summer?"

"True," said the young man, "and here behold my head—see it crowned with flowers! and my cheeks, how they bloom—come near and touch me. Thou art winter! I know thy power is great; but, my father, thou darest not come to my country; thy beard would fall off, and all thy strength would fail, and thou wouldst die!"

The old man felt this truth; for before the morning was come he was seen vanishing away; but each, before they parted, expressed a hope that they might meet again before many moons.

O-shaw-gus-co-day-way-qua (Mrs. Johnston) died at Sault Ste. Marie in November, 1843. Several grandchildren and great grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston now reside at the Sault, Neebish, and De Tour, on the Straits of Ste. Mary's.

During the first quarter of the last century, the Johnston family's old homestead, with its spacious sitting-room, large, open fire-place, and highly-polished beams and woodwork, was to the traveler, the resident of the Saut, and the army officer from Fort Brady a place of the most pleasurable resort, taking the place of the opera house in the cities. During the long winter evenings while Kabbebonicca (the northwest storm spirit) was breathing his icy breath of the severest blasts, "with no earth beneath and no sky above," the visitors, who would be seated with the family and who always found this home a welcome retreat, would frequently observe a sudden commotion, and find, from the countenances of the family, that agreeable news had arrived. "Old —— has come!" There is general joy. An old Indian enters, enfeebled by years and no longer able to join warriors and hunters now, perhaps, absent on some dangerous enterprise. He possesses a memory retentive of the traditions of the tribe, and probably an imagination quick at invention or embellishment. He loves to repeat his tales, and all dearly love to listen. The old man, seated and surrounded by an attentive circle, begins his tale; and as the interest rises, and the narrative requires it, he now changes his tone to imitate different



HOME OF THE JOHNSTON FAMILY, BUILT ABOUT 1815.

speakers, varies his countenance and attitude, or moves across the room to personate the character he describes. Thus the Indians hand down their traditions of different kinds from generation to generation. Some of their tales were evidently forged for the purpose of teaching the duty of subserviency to the priests, others to respect old age and morality, and others to inspire the young to deeds of endurance and bravery in the chase and on the battlefield. A few of the stories thus told are here given:

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

There was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her and sat musing there, when, it was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was guided only by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the trees put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young Chippewayan began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She, whom you seek, passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your enquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a confidence which seemed

to tell him there was no bloodshed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had traveled half a day's journey through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in every thing. She had exactly imitated his motions and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewn on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and rank, were there; some passed, and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leapt out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, no chilly winds; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered for hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze: "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you and which you are to perform are not yet finished. Return to your people and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate when he surrenders back your body he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows and hunger and tears.

WANISHISH-EYUN.

Wanishish-eyun was the wife of a brave young hunter and warrior, by whom she had two children. They lived together in great happiness, which was only varied by the changes of a forest life. Sometimes they lived on the prairies; sometimes they built their wigwam in the forest near the banks of a stream, and they paddled their canoe up and down the rivers. In these trips they got fish, when they were

tired of wild meats. In the summer season they kept on the open grounds; in the winter they fixed their camp in a sheltered position in the woods. The very change of their camp was a source of pleasure, for they were always on the look-out for something new. They had plenty, and they wanted nothing. In this manner the first years of their marriage passed away. But it so happened that as years went by the reputation of her husband in the tribe increased, and he soon became to be regarded as a Weetshahstshy Ateepe, or chief. This opened a new field for his ambition and pride. The fame of a chief, it is well known, is often increased by the number of his wives. His lodge was now thronged with visitors. Some came to consult him; some to gain his favor. All this gave Wanishish-eyun no uneasiness, for the red people like to have visitors, and show hospitality. The first thing that caused a jar in her mind was the rumor that her husband was about to take a new wife. This was like a poison in her veins; for she had a big heart. She was much attached to her husband and she could not bear the idea of sharing his affections with another. But she found that the idea had already got strong hold of her husband's mind, and her remonstrances did little good. He defended himself on the ground that it would give him greater influence in the tribe if he took the daughter of a noted chief. But before he had time to bring her to his lodge, Wanishish-eyun had fled from it, taking her two children, and returning to her father's lodge. Her father lived at some distance, and here she remained a short time in quiet. The whole band soon moved up near the pictured rocks, to their hunting ground. She was glad to go with them, and would, indeed, have been glad to go anywhere to get farther from the lodge of her faithless husband. Here the winter wore away. When the spring opened they mended and fitted up the canoes which they had left in the fall. In these they put their furs and departed for the Saut. The night before reaching the destination, the band camped at Point aux Pins, a short distance above the falls. Wanishish-eyun lingered behind a short time the next morning. She then put her canoe into the water and embarked with her children. As she approached the falls, the increasing velocity of the current rendered the paddles of but little use. She rested with hers suspended in her hands, while she arose and uttered her lament:

"It was him only that I loved with the love of my heart. It was for him that I prepared with joy the fresh-killed meat and swept with boughs my lodge-fire. It was for him I dressed the skin of the noble deer and worked with my hands the moccasins that graced his feet. I waited while the sun ran his daily course for his return from the chase, and I rejoiced in my heart when I heard his manly footsteps approach the lodge. He threw down his burden at the door; it was a haunch of the deer; I flew to prepare the meat for his use. My heart was bound up in him, and he was all the world to me. But he has left me for another, and life is now a burden which I cannot bear. Even my children add to my griefs—they look so much like him. How can I support life when all its moments are bitter! I have lifted up my voice to the Master of Life. I have asked him to take back that life which he gave and which I no longer wish. I am on the current that hastens to fulfill my prayer. I see the white foam of the water. It is my shroud. I hear the deep murmur from below. It is my funeral song. Farewell."

It was too late to arrest her course. She had approached too near the abyss before her purpose was discovered by her friends. They beheld her enter the foam; they saw the canoe for an instant on the verge and then disappear forever. Such was the end of Wanishish-eyun; and they say her canoe can sometimes be seen, by moonlight, plunging down the rapids and into the big falls.

WA-WA-BE-ZO-WIN.

At Gros Cap there was an old hag of a woman living with her daughter-in-law and son, and a little orphan boy whom she was bringing up. When her son-in-law came home from hunting, it was his custom to bring his wife, the moose's lip, the kidney of the bear, or some other choice bits of different animals. These she would cook crisp, so as to make a sound with her teeth in eating them. This kind attention of the hunter to his wife at last excited the envy of the old woman. She wished to have the same luxuries, and in order to get them she finally resolved to make way with her son's wife. One day she asked her to leave her infant son to the care of the orphan boy, and come out and swing with her. She took her to the shore of a lake where there was a high range of rocks overhanging the water. Upon the top of this rock she erected a swing. She then undressed and fastened a piece of leather around her body and commenced swinging, going over the precipice at every swing. She continued it but a short time when she told her daughter to do the same. The daughter obeyed. She undressed, and tying the leather string as she was directed, began swinging. When the swing had got in full motion and well agoing so that it went clear beyond the precipice at every sweep, the old woman slyly cut the cords and let her daughter drop into the lake. She then put on her daughter's clothing, and, thus disguised, went home in the dusk of the evening and counterfeited her appearance and duties. She found the child crying and gave it the breast, but it would not draw. The orphan boy asked where its mother was. She answered, "She is still swinging." He said, "I shall go and look for her." "No!" said she, "you must not—what should you go for?" When the husband came in, in the evening, he gave the coveted morsel to his supposed wife. He missed his mother-in-law, but said nothing. She eagerly ate the dainty, and tried to keep the child still. The husband looked rather astonished to see his wife studiously averting her face, and asked why the child cried so. She said, she did not know—that it would not draw.

In the meantime the orphan boy went to the lake shore, and found no one. He mentioned his suspicions, and while the old woman was out getting wood, he told him all that he had heard or seen. The man then painted his face black and placed his spear upside down in the earth and requested the Great Spirit to send lightning, thunder, and rain in the hope that the body of his wife might arise from the water. He then began to fast, and told the boy to take the child and play on the lake shore.

We must now go back to the swing. After the wife had plunged into the lake, she found herself taken hold of by a water tiger, whose tail twisted itself around her body and drew her to the bottom. There she found a fine lodge and all things ready for her reception, and she became the wife of the water tiger. Whilst the children were playing along the shore, and the boy was casting pebbles into the lake, he saw a gull coming from its center and flying towards the shore, and, when on shore, the bird immediately assumed the human shape. When he looked again he recognized the lost mother. She had a leather belt around her loins, and another belt of white metal which was, in reality, the tail of the water tiger, her husband. She suckled her babe, and said to the boy, "Come here with him whenever he cries and I will nurse him."

The boy carried the child home and told these things to the father. When the child again cried, the father went also with the boy to the lake shore and hid himself in a clump of trees. Soon the appearance of a gull was seen with a long shining belt, or chain, and as soon as it came to the shore, it assumed the mother's shape and began to suckle the child. The husband had brought along his spear, and seeing the shining chain he boldly struck it and broke the links apart. He

then took his wife and child home, with the orphan boy. When they entered the lodge the old woman looked up, but it was a look of despair; she instantly dropped her head. A rustling was heard in the lodge, and the next moment she leaped up and flew out of the lodge and was never heard of more.

MASH-KWA-SHA-KWONG.

Mash-kwa-sha-kwong was a first-rate hunter, and he loved the chase exceedingly and pursued it with unceasing vigilance. One day, on his return home, on arriving at his lodge, he was informed by his two sons, who were but small then, that they were very lonesome, because their mother was in the habit of daily leaving them alone, and this occurred so soon as he started upon his daily chase. This circumstance was not unknown to Mash-kwa-sha-kwong, but he seemed fully aware of it; he took his boys in his arms and kissed them and told them that their mother behaved improperly and was acting the part of a wicked and faithless woman. But Mash-kwa-sha-kwong behaved towards his wife as if ignorant of her vile course. One morning, rising very early, he told his sons to take courage and that they must not be lonesome; he also strictly enjoined them not to absent themselves nor quit their lodge; after this injunction was given to the boys he made preparations, and, starting much earlier than usual, he traveled but a short distance from his lodge, when he halted and secreted himself. After waiting a short time, he saw his wife coming out of their lodge, and immediately after a man made his appearance and, meeting Mash-kwa-sha-kwong's wife, they greeted one another. His suspicions were now confirmed, and when he saw them in the act of carrying on an illegal intercourse, his anger arose; he went up to them and killed them with one blow; he then dragged them both to his lodge, and tying them together, he dug a hole beneath the fire-place in his lodge and buried them. He then told his sons that it was necessary that he should go away, as he would surely be killed if he remained, and their safety would depend upon their ability to keep the matter a secret. He gave his elder son a small bird (Kichig-e-chig-aw-na-she) to roast for his small brother over the ashes and embers where their mother was buried; he also provided a small leather bag, and then told his sons the necessity of his immediate flight to heaven, or to the skies; and that it would be expedient for them to fly and journey southward, and thus prepared their minds for the separation about to take place. "By and by," said Mash-kwa-sha-kwong to his sons, "persons will come to you and enquire for me and for your mother; you will say to them that I am gone hunting, and your little brother in the meantime will continually point to the fire-place; this will lead the persons to whom I allude to make inquiries of the cause of this pointing, and you will tell them that you have a little bird roasting for your brother; this will cause them to desist from further inquiry at the time. As soon as they are gone, escape! While you are journeying, agreeable to my instructions, I will look from on high upon you; I will lead and conduct you, and you shall hear my voice from day to day." Mash-kwa-sha-kwong at this time gave his sons an awl, a beaver's tooth, and a hone, also a dry coal, and directed them to place a small piece of the coal on the ground every evening, so soon as they should encamp, from which fire would be produced and given to them; he told his elder son to place his brother in the leather bag, and in that manner carry him upon his back; he then bade them farewell.

The two boys being thus left alone in the lodge, and while in the act of roasting the little bird provided for them, a man came in, and then another and another, until they numbered ten in all; the younger boy would from time to time point at the fire, and the men inquired to know the reason; the elder boy said that he was roasting a bird for his brother, and, digging the ashes, produced it. They inquired

where their father and mother were; the boy answering them, saying that their father was absent hunting, and that their mother had gone to chop and collect wood; upon this information the men rose and searched around the outskirts of the lodge, endeavoring to find traces of the man and his wife, but they were not successful, and returned to the lodge. Before this, however, and during the absence of the ten men, Mash-kwa-sha-kwong's elder son placed his little brother in the leather bag (Ouskemood), and ran away southward.

One of the ten men observed that the smaller boy had repeatedly pointed to the fire-place, and that they might find out something by digging; they set to work, and found the woman and the man tied together. On this discovery their wrath was kindled, they brandished their weapons, denouncing imprecations upon Mash-kwa-she-kwong, who was, of course, suspected of having committed the deed.

The ten men again renewed their search in order to avenge themselves upon the perpetrator of this dark deed; but Mash-kwa-sha-kwong, in order to avoid instant death, had sought a large hollow tree, and entering at the bottom or root part, passed through and reached the top of it, from whence he took his flight upwards to the sky. His pursuers finally traced him, and followed him as far as the tree, and into the sky, with loud and unceasing imprecations of revenge and their determination to kill him. The spirit of the mother alone followed her children. About mid-day the boys heard, as they ran, a noise in the heavens like the rolling of distant thunder.* The boys continued their journey south, when the noise ceased. Towards night they encamped; they put a small piece of the coal on the ground, then a log of fire-wood was dropped down from the skies to them, from whence a good blazing fire was kindled. This was done daily, and when the fire was lighted, a raccoon would fall from on high upon the fire, and in this manner the at their camping place, and sometimes during the day, the Red Head's voice boys were fed; and this overruling care they experienced daily. In the evenings was heard speaking to his children, and encouraging them to use their utmost exertions to fly from the pursuit of their mother. To aid them in escaping, they were told to throw away their awl, and immediately there grew a strong and almost impassable hedge of thorn bushes behind them, in their path, which the pursuing mother could scarcely penetrate, and thus impeding her progress, tearing away her whole body and leaving nothing but the head. So they escaped the first day.

The next day they resumed their march and could distinctly hear the noise of combat in the sky, as if it were a roaring thunder; they also heard the voice of their mother behind them, desiring her elder son to stop and wait for her, saying that she wished to give the breast to his brother; then again Mash-kwa-sha-kwong's voice encouraging his sons to fly for their lives and saying that if their mother overtook them she would surely kill them.

In the evening of the second day the boys prepared to encamp, and the noise of combat on high ceased; on placing a small piece of the coal on the ground a log and some fire-wood was let down as on the preceding night, and the fire was kindled, and then the raccoon placed on it for their food. This was fulfilling the promise made by their father, that they would be provided for during their flight. The beaver's tooth was here thrown away, and this is the cause why the northern country now abounds with beaver, and also the innumerable little lakes and marshes, and consequently the rugged and tedious traveling now experienced.

On the third day the boys resumed their flight and threw away their bone, and it

*Note by Mr. George Johnston, from whom this tale was received.—Anything of the kind, or a similar noise heard, is attributed by the Indian to this day as an indication of the contention between Mash-kwa-sha-kwong and his pursuers, and hence a prelude to wars and contentions among the nations of the world.

became a high, rocky, mountainous ridge, the same now seen on the north shore of these straits (St. Mary's), which was a great obstacle in the way of the woman of the Head, for this was now her name, because that part alone remained of her whole frame, and with it she was incessantly uttering determinations to kill her elder son; the boys finally reached the fishing place known as the eddy of Wah-zah-zhwing at the rapids of Bawating (Sault Ste. Marie), situated on the north shore of the river. Here Mash-kwa-sha-kwong told his sons that he had himself been overtaken in his flight by his pursuers and killed; and he appeared to them in the shape of a red-headed woodpecker, or a *mama*. This is a bird that is seldom or never attacked by birds of prey, for no vestiges of his remains are ever seen or found by the Indian hunter. "Now, my sons," said the red-headed woodpecker, "I have brought you to this river; you will now see your grandfather, and he will convey you across to the opposite side." Then the boys looked to the southern shore of the river, and they saw in the middle of the rapid an Oshuggay standing on a rock; to the Oshuggay the boys spoke, and accosted him as their grandfather, requesting him to carry them across the river Bawating. The Oshuggay, stretching his long neck over the river to the place where the boys stood, told them to get upon his head and neck, and again stretching to the southern shore, he landed the boys in safety upon a prairie; the crane was seen walking in state up and down the prairie.

The persevering mother soon arrived at Wah-zah-hawing, and immediately requested the Oshuggay to cross her over; stating that she was in pursuit of her children and that she wished to overtake them; but the Oshuggay seemed well aware of her character, and objected to conveying her across, giving her to understand that she was a lewd and bad woman; he continued giving her a long moral lecture upon the course she had pursued and the bad results to mankind in consequence, such as quarrels, murders, deaths, and hence widowhood.

The woman of the Head persisted in her request of being conveyed across. Objections and entreaties followed. She talked as if she were still a woman whose favors were to be sought, and he as if he were above such favors. After this dialogue the Oshuggay said that he would convey her across on the condition that she would adhere strictly to his injunctions; he told her not to touch the bare part of his head, but to get upon the hollow or crooked part of his neck; to this she agreed, and got on. The Oshuggay then withdrew his long neck to about half way across, when, feeling that she had forgotten her pledge, he dashed her head upon the rocks, and the small fish that were so abundant instantly fed upon the brain and fragments of the skull and became large white fish. "A fish," said the Oshuggay, "that from this time forth shall be abundant, and remain in these rapids to feed the Indians and their issue from generation to generation."

After this transaction of the Oshuggay's landing the boys safely across, and dashing the woman's head upon the rocks, he spake to the crane, and mutually consulting one another in relation to Mash-kwa-sha-kwong's sons, they agreed to invite two women from the eastward of the tribe of the Wassissig, and the two lads took them for wives. The Oshuggay plucked one of his largest wing feathers and gave it to the elder boy, and the crane likewise did the same, giving his feather to the younger; they were told to consider the feathers as their sons after this; one feather appeared like an Oshuggay and the other like a young crane. By and by they appeared like human beings to the lads. Thus the alliance was formed with the Wassissig, and the circumstances of the Oshuggay and crane interesting themselves in behalf of the boys, and the gift to them of their feathers and the result, is the origin of the Indian Totem.

Here Mash-kwa-sha-kwong's sons were told that they would be considered as chieftains, and that this office would be hereditary and continue in their generations. After this they multiplied exceedingly and became strong and powerful. About this time the Obinangoes (or the bears' totem) came down from Shaugah-wah-mickong, near the extremity of Lake Superior. On their way eastward they were surprised on reaching Bawating to find such a numerous population of human beings; they were not aware of its being in existence; fear came upon the Obinangoes, and they devised the plan of securing friendship with the Oshuggays and Cranes by adopting and claiming a relationship with them, and calling them their grandsons. This claim was yielded, and they were permitted to remain at Bawating upon the score of relationship, thus happily attained. The Obinangoes eventually emigrated eastward and settled upon the northern coast of Lakes Huron and Ontario.

Population increased so rapidly at Bawating that it was necessary to form new villages, some settling on the Garden river, some upon the Pakaysaugaugan river, and others upon the Island of St. Joseph's and upon the Menashkong bay and Mashkotay Saugie river.

About this time a person in the shape of a human being came down from the sky; his clothing was exceedingly pure and white; he was seated as it were in a nest with a very fine cord attached to it, by which this mysterious person was let down, and the cord or string reached heaven. He addressed the Indians in a very humane, mild, and compassionate tone, saying that they were very poor and needy, but telling them that they were perpetually asleep, and this was caused by the Mache Monedo who was in the midst of them, and leading them to death and ruin.

This mysterious personage informed them also that above, where he came from, there was no night, that the inhabitants never slept, that it was perpetually day and they required no sleep; that Kezha Monedo was their light. He then invited four of the Indians to ascend up with him, promising that they would be brought back in safety; that an opportunity would thereby present itself to view the beauty of the sky, or heavens. But the Indians doubted and feared lest the cord should break, because it appeared to them so small. They did not believe it possible it could bear their weight. With this objection they excused themselves. They were, however, again assured that the cord was sufficiently strong, and that Kezha Monedo had the power to make it so. Yet the Indians doubted and feared, and did not accompany the messenger sent down to them. After this refusal the mysterious person produced a small bow and arrows with which he shot at the Indians in different parts of their bodies; the result was the killing of multitudes of small white worms, which he showed to them, telling them that they were the Mache Monedo which caused them to sleep, and prevented their awakening from their death-like state.

This divine messenger then gave to the Indians laws and rules whereby they should be guided; first, to love and fear Kezha Monedo, and next, that they must love one another, and be charitable and hospitable; and finally, that they must not covet their neighbors' property, but acquire it by labor and honest industry. He then instituted the grand medicine or metay we win dance; this ceremony was to be observed annually, and with due solemnity, and the Indians, said Nabinoi, experienced much good from it; but unfortunately, the foolish young men were cheated by Mache Monedo, who caused them to adopt the Wabano dance and its ceremonies. This latter is decidedly an institution of the sagemaus, or evil spirits, and this was finally introduced into the metay we wining (i. e., medicine dance), and thereby corrupted it.

The old chief continued his moral strain thus: While the Indians were instructed by the heavenly messenger they were told that it would snow continually for the

space of five years, winter and summer, and the end would then be nigh at hand; and again, that it would rain incessantly as many winters and summers more, which would cause the waters to rise and overflow the earth, destroying trees and all manner of vegetation. After this, ten winters and summers of drought would follow, drying up the land, and mostly the lakes and rivers; not a cloud would be seen during this period. The earth will become so dry, that it will then burn up with fire of itself, and it will also burn the waters to a certain depth, until it attains the first created earth and waters. Then the good Indians will rise from death to enjoy a new earth, filled with an abundance of all manner of living creatures. The only animal which will not be seen is the beaver. The bad Indians will not enjoy any portion of the new earth; they will be condemned and given to the evil spirits.

Four generations, he went on to say, have now passed away since that brotherly love and charity, formerly known, still existed among the Indians. There was in those ancient times an annual meeting among the Indians, resembling the French New Year's Day, which was generally observed on the new moon's first appearance, Gitchy Monedo gesus. The Indians of one village would visit those of another, and sometimes meet one another dancing; and on those occasions they would exchange bows and arrows, their rude axes, awls, and kettles, and their clothing. This was an annual festival, which was duly observed by them. In those days the Indians lived happily; but everything is now changed to the Indian mind, indicating the drawing near and approach of the end of time. The Indians who still adhere to the laws of the heavenly messenger experience happiness; and, on the contrary, concluded the old man, those who are wicked and adhere to the Wabano institution, generally meet with their reward; and it is singular to say that they generally come to their end by accidents such as drowning, or miserable deaths.

He then reverted to the former part of his story. The Oshuggays and the Cranes quarreled, and this quarrel commenced on a trivial point. It appears that the Cranes took a pole, without leave, from the Oshuggays, and they broke the pole; this circumstance led to a separation. The Oshuggays emigrated south, and are now known as the Shawnees.

BOSH-KWA-DOSH.

There was once a man who found himself alone in the world. He knew not whence he came, nor who were his parents; and he wandered about, from place to place, in search of something. At last he became wearied and fell asleep. He dreamed that he heard a voice saying, "Nosis," that is, my grandchild. When he awoke he actually heard the word repeated, and looking around he saw a tiny little animal hardly big enough to be seen on the plain. While doubting whether the voice could come from such a diminutive source, the little animal said to him, "My grandson, you will call me Bosh-kwa-dosh. Why are you so desolate? Listen to me and you shall find friends and be happy. You must take me up and bind me to your body and never put me aside, and success in life shall attend you." He obeyed the voice, sewing up the little animal in the folds of a string, or narrow belt, which he tied around his body, at his navel. He then set out in search of some one like himself, or other object. He walked a long time in woods without seeing man or animal. He seemed all alone in the world. At length he came to a place where a stump was cut, and on going over a hill he described a large town in a plain. A wide road led through the middle of it; but what seemed strange was, that on one side there were no inhabitants in the

lodges, while the other side was thickly inhabited. He walked boldly into the town.

The inhabitants came out and said: "Why here is the being we have heard so much of—here is Anish-in-a-ba. See his eyes and his teeth in a half circle—see the Wyaukenawbedaid. See his bowels, how they are formed;" for it seems they could look through him. The king's son, the Mujekewis, was particularly kind to him, and calling him brother-in-law, commanded that he should be taken to his father's lodge and received with attention. The king gave him one of his daughters. These people (who are supposed to be human but whose rank in the scale of being is left equivocal) passed much of their time in play and sports and trials of various kinds. When some time had passed, and he had become refreshed and rested, he was invited to join in these sports. The first test which they put him to was the trial of frost. At some distance was a large body of frozen water, and the trial consisted in lying down naked on the ice and seeing who could endure the longest. He went out with two young men who began by pulling off their garments and lying down on their faces. He did likewise, only keeping on the narrow magic belt with the tiny little animal sewed in it; for he felt that in this alone was to be his reliance and preservation. His competitors laughed and tittered during the early part of the night, and amused themselves by thoughts of his fate. Once they called out to him, but he made no reply. He felt a manifest warmth given out by his belt. About midnight, finding they were still, he called out to them in return, "What!" said he, "are you benumbed already; I am but just beginning to feel a little cold." All was silence. He, however, kept his position till early daybreak, when he got up and went to them. They were both quite dead, and frozen so hard that the flesh had bursted out under their finger-nails, and their teeth stood out. As he looked more closely, what was his surprise to find them both transformed into buffalo cows. He tied them together and carried them towards the village. As he came in sight, those who had wished his death were disappointed, but the Mudjekewis, who was really his friend, rejoiced. "See!" said he, "but one person approaches; it is my brother-in-law." He then threw down the carcasses in triumph, but it was found by their death he had restored two inhabitants to the before empty lodges, and he afterwards perceived that every one of these beings, whom he killed, had the like effect, so that the depopulated part of the village soon became filled with people.

The next test they put him to was the trial of speed. He was challenged to the race ground, and began his career with one whom he thought to be a man; but everything was enchanted here, for he soon discovered that his competitor was a large black bear. The animal outran him, tore up the ground, and sported before him and put out its large claws as if to frighten him. He thought of his little guardian spirit in the belt, and wishing to have the swiftness of the Kakake, *i. e.*, sparrow hawk, he found himself rising from the ground, and with the speed of this bird he outwent his rival and won the race, while the bear came up exhausted and lolling out his tongue. His friend, the Mudjekewis, stood ready with his war-club at the goal, and the moment the bear came up, dispatched him. He then turned to the assembly, who had wished his friend and brothers' death, and after reproaching them, he lifted up his club and began to slay them on every side. They fell in heaps on all sides; but it was plain to be seen, the moment they fell, that they were not men but animals—foxes, wolves, tigers, lynxes, and other kinds, lay thick around the Mudjekewis.

Still the villagers were not satisfied. They thought the trial of frost had not been fairly accomplished and wished it repeated. He agreed to repeat it, but being fatigued with the race, he undid his guardian belt and laying it under his

head fell asleep. When he awoke he felt refreshed, and feeling strong in his own strength he went forward to renew the trial on the ice, but quite forgot the belt, nor did it all occur to him when he awoke, or when he lay down to repeat the trial. About midnight his limbs became stiff, the blood soon ceased to circulate, and he was found in the morning a stiff corpse. The victors took him up and carried him to the village where the loudest tumult of victorious joy was made, and they cut the body into a thousand pieces, that each one might eat a piece.

The Mudjekewis bemoaned his fate, but his wife was inconsolable. She lay in a state of partial distraction in the lodge. As she lay there, she thought she heard some one groaning. It was repeated through the night, and in the morning she carefully scanned the place, and running her fingers through the grass, she discovered the secret belt, on the spot where her husband had last reposed. "Aubishin," cried the belt—that is, untie me, or unloose me. Looking carefully she found the small seam which enclosed the tiny little animal. It cried out the more earnestly, "Aubishin!" and when she had carefully ripped the seams, she beheld, to her surprise, a minute, naked little beast, smaller than the smallest new-born mouse, without any vestige of hair, except at the tip of its tail; it could crawl a few inches, but reposed from fatigue. It then went forward again. At each moment it would *pupowee*, that is to say, shake itself like a dog, and at each shake it became larger. This it continued until it acquired the strength and size of a middle-sized dog, when it ran off.

The mysterious dog ran to the lodges about the village, looking for the bones of his friend, which he carried to a secret place, and as fast as he found them arranged all in their natural order. At length he had formed all the skeleton complete, except the heel bone of one foot. It so happened that two sisters were out of the camp, according to custom, at the time the body was cut up, and this heel was sent out to them. The dog hunted every lodge, and being satisfied that it was not to be found in the camp, he sought it outside of it, and found the lodge of the two sisters. The younger sister was pleased to see him, and admired and patted the pretty dog, but the elder sat mumbling the very heel-bone he was seeking, and was surly and sour, and repelled the dog, although he looked most wistfully up in her face, while she sucked the bone from one side of her mouth to the other. At last she held it in such a manner that it made her cheek stick out, when the dog, by a quick spring, seized the cheek, and tore cheek and bone away and fled.

He now completed the skeleton, and placing himself before it, uttered a hollow, low, long-drawn-out howl, when the bones came compactly together. He then modulated his howl, when the bones knit together and became tense. The third howl brought sinews upon them, and the fourth, flesh. He then turned his head upwards, looking into the sky, and gave a howl, which caused every one in the village to startle and the ground itself to tremble, at which the breath entered into his body and he first breathed and then arose. "Hy kow! I have overslept myself," he exclaimed, "I will be too late for the trial." "Trial!" said the dog, "I told you never to let me be separate from your body; you have neglected this. You were defeated and your frozen body cut into a thousand pieces and scattered over the village, but my skill has restored you. Now I will declare myself to you, and show who and what I am!"

He then began to *pupowee*, or shake himself, and at every shake he grew. His body became heavy and massy, his legs thick and long, with big clumsy ends, or feet. He still shook himself and rose and swelled. A long snout grew from his head, and two great shining teeth out of his mouth. His skin remained as it was, naked, and only a tuft of hair grew on his tail. He rose up above the

trees. He was enormous. "I should fill the earth," said he, "were I to exert my utmost power, and all there is on the earth would not satisfy me to eat. Neither could it fatten me or do me good. I should want more. It were useless, therefore, and the gift I have, I will bestow on you. The animals shall henceforth be your food. They were not designed to feed on man, neither shall they hereafter do it, but shall feed him, and he only shall prey on beasts. But you will respect me, and not eat my kind.

ODJIBWA FAIRY TALES.*

There was once a little boy, remarkable for the smallness of his stature. He was living alone with his sister, older than himself. They were orphans; they lived in a beautiful spot on the lake shore; many large rocks were scattered around their habitation. The boy never grew larger as he advanced in years. One day, in winter, he asked his sister to make him a ball to play with along shore on the clear ice. She made one for him, but cautioned him not to go too far. Off he went in high glee, throwing his ball before him, and running after it at full speed; and he went as fast as he could. At last his ball flew to a great distance; he followed it as fast as he could. After he had run for some time he saw four dark substances on the ice straight before him. When he came up to the spot he was surprised to see four large, tall men lying on the ice, spearing fish. When he went up to them, the nearest looked up and in turn was surprised to see such a diminutive being, and turning to his brothers, he said, "Tia! look! see what a little fellow is here." After they had all looked a moment, they resumed their position, covered their heads, intent in searching for fish. The boy thought to himself, they imagine me too insignificant for common courtesy, because they are tall and large; I shall teach them, notwithstanding, that I am not to be treated so lightly. After they were covered up the boy saw they had each a large trout lying beside them. He slyly took the one nearest him, and placing his fingers in the gills, and tossing his ball before him, ran off at full speed. When the man to whom the fish belonged looked up, he saw his trout sliding away as if of itself, at a great rate—the boy being so small he was not distinguished from the fish. He addressed his brothers and said, "See how that tiny boy has stolen my fish; what a shame it is he should do so." The boy reached home, and told his sister to go out and get the fish he had brought home. She exclaimed, "Where could you have got it? I hope you have not stolen it." "Oh, no," he replied, "I found it on the ice." "How," persisted the sister, "could you have got it there?" "No matter," said the boy, "go and cook it." He disdained to answer her again, but thought he would one day show her how to appreciate him. She went to the place he left it, and there, indeed, she found a monstrous trout. She did as she was bid, and cooked it for that day's consumption. Next morning he went off again as at first. When he came near the large men, who fished every day, he threw his ball with such force that it rolled into the ice-hole of the man of whom he had stolen the day before. As he happened to raise himself at the time, the boy said, "Neejee, pray hand me my ball." "No, indeed," answered the man, "I shall not," and thrust the ball under the ice. The boy took hold of his arm and broke it in two in a moment, and threw him to one side, and picked up his ball, which had bounded back from under the ice, and tossed it as usual before him. Outstripping it in speed, he got home and remained within till the next morning. The man whose arm he had broken hallooed out to his brothers, and told them his case, and deplored his fate. They hurried to their brother, and as

*(Told by Miss Jane Johnston, afterwards Mrs. H. R. Schoolcraft.)

loud as they could roar threatened vengeance on the morrow, knowing the boy's speed that they could not overtake him, and he was near out of sight; yet he heard their threats and awaited their coming in perfect indifference. The four brothers the next morning prepared to take their revenge. Their old mother begged them not to go. "Better," said she, "that one only should suffer than that all should perish; for he must be a monedo, or he could not perform such feats." But her sons would not listen; and taking their wounded brother along, started for the boy's lodge, having learnt that he lived at the place of rocks. The boy's sister thought she heard the noise of snow-shoes on the crusted snow at a distance advancing. She saw the large, tall men coming straight to their lodge, or rather cave, for they lived in a large rock. She ran in with great fear, and told her brother the fact. He said, "Why do you mind them? Give me something to eat." "How can you think of eating at such a time?" she replied. "Do as I request you, and be quick." She then gave him his dish, which was a large mis-qua-dace shell, and he commenced eating. Just then the men came to the door, and were about lifting the curtain placed there, when the boy-man turned his dish up-side-down, and immediately the door was closed with a stone; the men tried hard with their clubs to crack it; at length they succeeded in making a slight opening. When one of them peeped in with one eye, the boy-man shot his arrow into his eye and brain, and he dropped down dead. The others, not knowing what had happened their brother, did the same, and all fell in like manner; their curiosity was so great to see what the boy was about. So they all shared the same fate. After they were killed the boy-man told his sister to go out and see them. She opened the door, but feared they were not dead, and entered back again hastily, and told her fears to her brother. He went out and hacked them in small pieces, saying, "Henceforth let no man be larger than you are now." So men became of the present size. When spring came on, the boy-man said to his sister, "Make me a new set of arrows and bow." She obeyed, as he never did anything himself of a nature that required manual labor, though he provided for their sustenance. After she made them, she again cautioned him not to shoot into the lake; but regardless of all admonition, he, on purpose, shot his arrow into the lake, and waded some distance till he got into deep water, and paddled about for his arrow, so as to attract the attention of his sister. She came in haste to the shore, calling him to return, but instead of minding her he called out, "Ma-mis-quon-je-gun-a, be-nau-wa-con-zhe-shin," that is, "you of the red fins come and swallow me." Immediately that monstrous fish came and swallowed him; and seeing his sister standing on the shore in despair, he halloed out to her, "Me-zush-ke-zin-ance." She wondered what he meant. But on reflection she thought it must be an old mockesin. She accordingly tied the old mockesin to a string and fastened it to a tree. The fish said to the boy-man, under water, "What is that floating?" The boy-man said to the fish, "Go, take hold of it, swallow it as fast as you can." The fish darted towards the old shoe and swallowed it. The boy-man laughed in himself, but said nothing till the fish was fairly caught; he then took hold of the line and began to pull himself and fish to shore. The sister, who was watching, was surprised to see so large a fish; and hauling it ashore she took her knife and commenced cutting it open. When she heard her brother's voice inside of the fish saying, "Make haste and release me from this nasty place," his sister was in such haste that she almost hit his head with her knife; but succeeded in making an opening large enough for her brother to get out. When he was fairly out, he told his sister to cut up the fish and dry it, as it would last a long time for their sustenance, and said to her never, never more to doubt his ability in any way. So ends the story.

TO HOPE.

(By the late John Johnston, Esq.)

Hope, deceiver of my soul,
 Who with lures, from day to day,
 Hast permitted years to roll,
 Almost unperceived away.

Now no longer try thine art,
 Fools alone thy power shall own,
 Who, with simple, vacant heart,
 Dream of bliss to mortals known.

Every effort have I try'd,
 All that reason could suggest,
 Cruel? cease then to deride
 One by fortune still unblest.

Ah! yet stay, for when thou'rt gone,
 Where shall sorrow lay her head?
 Where, but on the chilling stone
 That marks the long-forgotten dead.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL LETTERS

of the

LATE JOHN JOHNSTON, ESQ.,

of the Falls of St. Mary's, Michigan.

Introductory Remarks by Henry R. Schoolcraft, 1844.

Few men have connected their names more widely or reputably with the red race of America than the late John Johnston, Esq., to whose life the present lines are devoted. A native of Ireland, he came to this country the year after the adoption of the constitution, a young man, having been brought up in ease and affluence, mixed freely in the polished circles of his time, and knowing nothing of society or the world, but what he had seen in these circles or read of in books. In a spirit of honorable adventure he went up into the region of the great lakes, engaged in the alluring and then half chivalrous pursuit of the fur trade; but intending in a few years to go back to his estate, then in the possession of his mother, in Antrim. With the elasticity of spirits of his countrymen, and the love of novelty, independence, and romance, of which the region in question then furnished stimulants, he pursued this business till he had assimilated his habits to it. He saw in it the means of honorable independency, without submitting to the actual drudgery of the exchanges and traffic at the interior village. His first position was at Chagoimegon, near the southwestern head of Lake Superior, where he married a daughter of a celebrated warrior, who was the reigning chief. He then fixed his residence at the Falls, or as it is commonly called by Americans, the Sault of St. Mary's. In this position he exercised that peculiar species of factorship (although he was himself the outfitter and not concerned with a company), which is necessary to conduct a department of the Indian trade. From his connection with the leading chief, his frank and honorable dealing, the reception he always gave the red men, and his

general intelligence, he exercised a wide influence over the native tribes. His original letters on coming out, and his known connection at home, had given him a reputable standing in the high government and business circles of Montreal and Quebec. His residence at St. Mary's was known as the seat of hospitality. He had early taught the forest maid, whom he had selected and placed at the head of his house, the duty of refined hospitality—a duty, it may be said, easily engrafted on the native stock; and as his children grew up, they soon became adepts in all the arts and attentions of receiving and entertaining company. The greatest pains were taken with their education and manners. He possessed a choice library of standard English works. He was a man of taste, and great fondness for reading. He amused the deep solitude of his position, during the winters, in this way, and sometimes indulged in composition. In this manner his house became, in fact, a seat of refinement in the heart of the wilderness. And in this position, with frequent journeys, local and foreign, he passed the remaining eight and thirty years of his life.

This period covers a very interesting era in our national history. It embraces the coming on, progress, and termination of the war of 1812, in some of the events of which he became involved; the survey and settlement of the boundary lines on that wild frontier, extending to north latitude 49°, and the incipient movements in our Indian affairs, which have eventuated in large cessions of territory by the tribes, and the acceptance by most of them of the plan of a removal and colonization west of the Mississippi. Mr. Johnston himself ever felt the deepest interest in the fate and fortunes of the race, in plans for the introduction of education and Christianity amongst them, and in their general exaltation in mind and morals, and restoration to all possible political rights.

It is owing to these considerations that I have introduced the present paper, which will, in the sequel, be perceived to connect itself intimately with the condition, character, and history of the Ojibwas, and of a numerous family of kindred tribes. My acquaintance with Mr. Johnston commenced in 1822, and was continued from that time to the period of his death. Convinced that his reminiscences of life would present subjects of future and deep interest, I frequently solicited his undertaking it, but owing chiefly, if not entirely, to the plea of ill-health and chronic pains, he deferred it till his last year, and unfortunately, as it is thought, for this species of literature, he did not live to complete it. He chose the form of letters, he said, to separate his labor into distinct portions, the completion of one of which encouraged him to begin another. They are addressed to me.

LETTER I.

St. Mary's Falls, 14 Jan., 1828.

My Dear Sir:—I at length have made up my mind to comply with your request and that of my beloved Jane, by throwing together a few recollections respecting my family, and of my own life; subjects that could not possibly have any interest with the world, and are only suited to the eye of friendship and of love.

As to my father's family I know nothing but what I have heard in conversation between my mother and my aunt Nancy Johnston, from whom I learned that my great grandfather John, left Scotland after the massacre of Glencoe under William the third. He, and I believe his sister, married into the houses of Leathes of Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, and Mussinden of Herringfleet Hall, in Norfolk. My grandfather William possessed an estate in the county of Antrim, held by lease under the Earl of Donnegal, and an estate in the county Down, called Newtonbreda, bordering on the estate of Lord Dungannon, to whom he sold it as

being contiguous to the demesne of Belvoir Castle. My eldest uncles, Leathes, John and Michael, were educated at the famous school of Armagh, along with Mr. Macartney and Mr. Carleton. The first became an Earl, and the second Viscount Dorchester. My grandfather left his house of Newforge and came to reside in Belfast, for the education of his younger children. Having a considerable sum of money on hand from the sale of his Newtonbreda estate, he planned and executed the water works of Belfast, on the security of a lease of 41 years. The then Lord Donnegal being insane, his tutors could only grant leases, but the next heir pledged himself and family at a public dinner given by the town to my grandfather, that the works should be granted in perpetuity as soon as the circumstances of the family would admit of it. But this word of honor, so publicly plighted, was afterwards shamefully broken; and the reason adduced for it was that from the increased growth and opulence of the town, the water works gave an influence nearly equal to that of the lord of the soil, though it was allowed by all that the increase, prosperity, and health of the place was chiefly owing to the abundant supply of an article so essential to health and manufacture. My grandfather's younger children were six, two sons and four daughters. One of his daughters married the Rev. Wm. Saurin, rector of the town, a second married an opulent merchant, whose name was Johnson, a third married the Rev. Robert Heyland, rector of Colerain, and the fourth, my dear aunt Nancy, gave up the pleasures of a fashionable life to live with my mother, when a widow, and assist her with her income and in our education. My uncles Leathes and John went early to their uncle Leathes, who, independent of his estates, had a good deal of interest from always representing the Borough of St. Edmunds Bury in parliament. They both went into the army; Leathes had soon a company in the guards, and John in a marching regiment; but their early introduction into fashionable life had a fatal effect on the fortune of both, for they soon plunged into all the dissipation and extravagance of the period; and got so much embarrassed that they joined their uncle in cutting off the entail of the estates, and for 25,000 pounds and an annuity, to one of 500 pounds, and the other of 200 pounds per annum, sold their right of inheritance to their uncle, who bequeathed the whole to his natural children, who are now in full possession of both estates. My uncle Michael had a chaplaincy in the army, and died of consumption. Leathes married the daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and had a family of four sons and a daughter; he then went out to India, where he died a lieutenant colonel. John, after losing three or four commissions, died at last a lieutenant colonel of marines, instead of being an old lieutenant general. I have never seen any of my uncle Leathes' children, I only know that his eldest son William is now a lieutenant general of engineers, residing at College Green, Bristol, after having spent many years in the West Indies. The two youngest sons of my grandfather, William and Mussinden, chose the navy and army for their professions. They made a tour into Scotland, where my uncle Mussinden raised a company in the neighborhood of Glencoe in a few weeks. They then visited Edinburgh, and were severally presented with the freedom of the city. I remember the beautiful illuminated vellum, with large green wax seals appended, which my sisters cut up to make patterns for working bobbin lace when we were children. William was a midshipman at the taking of Louisburgh, I think, in 1759. As soon as peace was proclaimed he quit the navy, and was appointed surveyor of Port Rush, in the north of Ireland. The family were all grown up and dispersed when my grandfather was made collector of Colerain. He had lost his first wife for some years, and being tired of living alone made a visit to Liverpool, where he married a widow lady of high connections, but before embarking for Ireland he had to pay 800 pounds sterling, for debts she had

formerly contracted. I believe he only lived two or three years after his second marriage. About this time my father married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John McNeil, Esq., of Coulreshkan, in English, Wheatland. He got as a marriage portion the reversion of the quarter land of Craige, less than three miles from the Giant's causeway, a beautiful situation and fine land, which did not come into my mother's possession till the expiration of twenty years after signing the marriage articles. I was born the 25th of August, 1762, and was sent to school in Colerain in my seventh year. When I left home my father was on his death bed, he had been much afflicted with dyspepsia, for which his friend and physician, a Doctor Stephenson of Colerain, had administered mercury without informing him of it. He had been on a visit to a friend beyond the river Bush, and on returning in the evening found the tide in, and rather than go two miles farther up to a bridge, he swam his horse over, and caught a cold which immediately fell upon his lungs, and in less than three months carried him to an untimely grave in his 43d year, to the irreparable loss of his family, and regret of all who knew him. My mother was left a widow with two sons and three daughters. Jane was the oldest, I was the next, Eliza, yet living, the third, William the fourth, and Charlotte, the youngest and most beautiful, but the earliest in her grave, being carried off by the smallpox in her seventh year. I could long dwell on her sweetness of temper, her early piety, her beauty and her grace, and above all her distinguished love for me, but the subject has ever been too painful for me. And now my dear sir, having given you nearly all the knowledge I possess respecting my family, I shall conclude this hasty sketch by promising that when another scribbling fit comes on I shall again renew the subject, though I feel it will become more irksome to me as my picture gradually fills the foreground.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

LETTER II.

St. Mary's Falls, 19 Jan., 1823.

My Dear Sir:—In compliance with my promise, I resume the subject of my "Simple Annals." My mother's income was much circumscribed by the death of my father, so much so, that she was obliged to withdraw me from school in my tenth year. Instead of having a handsome income from three-fourths of the water works, which devolved on her and my aunt Nancy, such had been the mismanagement, not to give it a harsher name, of the Rev. Robert Heyland, who had a fourth of the income, by his wife, that several sums were demanded of my mother and aunt, said to be expended in repairs over and above the rental, which was more than 400 pounds sterling a year. On my return from school I was examined by my aunt, who found that I neither knew Latin or English grammatically, and could scarcely write my name; so much for an Irish Latin school; and that too kept by an Episcopalian clergyman! My aunt immediately set me on a course of English grammar, and of reading ancient and modern history. I had a kind of tutor also for writing and arithmetic. To conquer the idle habits I had acquired for three years was no easy task, and perhaps no other person could have induced me to application, or have given me a taste for reading but my aunt, whose gentle and polished manners gained her alike our love and our respect. My dear mother's household cares gave her little time to attend to us, until after tea, when she, my aunt, and sisters sat down to work, and I read with them for two or three hours, which would have been very tiresome, but for intervals in which my mother and aunt pointed out the beauties of particular passages,

and the virtues and vices of the different characters which history presented to us, and the consequent effect on their lives and fortunes. But the British classics and our best dramatists were to our young and just expanding minds a source of the purest delight. This state of innocent enjoyment and consequent happiness, continued, with little intermission, for five years, until I began to fancy myself a man, and that I ought to break through the trammels of female influence and control. These ideas were much strengthened by the conversation of servants and the country people in our neighborhood, who, as all the lower class of Irish ever have been, are the most cunning and fulsome flatterers in the world. I now betook myself to courting with greyhounds, shooting, fishing, etc., instead of taking the advantage offered me by the Rev. Robert Sturrock, of studying, at his Academy of White Park, within one mile of my mother's house, where he instructed some of the first gentlemen's sons of the kingdom; among whom were my two friends and neighbors, Edmund and Francis McNaughton; the eldest now a Lord of the Treasury, and member of Parliament for the county of Antrim; the second Sir Francis, at present Chief Justice of Calcutta; the Hon. Robert Stuart, afterwards too well known as Lord Castlereagh; James Alexander, nephew to the Earl of Caldon, and now an India Director and member of Parliament, with many more, whose subsequent history I am but little acquainted with. All the advantages of such society, and the instructions of a man of exemplary piety, learning, and the most polished manners, who was on terms of friendship and good neighborhood with my mother and aunt, I foolishly abandoned for the pursuit of field sports and still more debasing gratifications. In my seventeenth year I was sent to Belfast to take charge of the water works, and for some time attended steadily to my business, by which means I raised the value of the property considerably; but I had still a great deal of idle time on my hands, and having sufficient means of indulging myself, I squandered my time and money in vanity and dissipation, with no other saving quality but a detestation of low and vulgar company, into which I was never led but once or twice, and for which I paid dearly both in purse and peace of mind.

In the midst of all my folly and extravagance I still retained a love of reading. But unfortunately I had no guide or instructor to make a proper selection for me, so that the trash of a circulating library was read over with very little taste or discrimination, and was therefore a mere sacrifice of time. I as yet knew nothing of politics, and had been only taught that loyalty to my king was absolutely necessary to every gentleman. My ideas of love of country were vague. I thought obedience to the laws, and respect for the constitution, constituted all the duties of a patriot. I was too blind and ignorant to perceive that my country, properly speaking, had no constitution; and that the laws forced upon her by another state were unjust and oppressive, and studiously calculated to repress every effort at improvement or independence. I seldom or ever recollect dates, but believe volunteering was at its height about 1783 or 4; but I never would join any of their corps, being possessed with the idea that they were on the eve of rebellion, when only temperately, but firmly, demanding their just and natural rights, so long withheld by an ignorant, selfish, and jealous government. The corporation of Belfast now fixed their eyes on the water works as a means of greatly increasing their wealth and influence; and had art and address sufficient to induce the weak and unprincipled Earl of Donnegal to break the promise of his ancestor, to grant the property in perpetuity to my family. It is true the first lease was renewed when still there were ten or fifteen years unexpired, but the second was now drawing to a close, and I took advantage of his lordship's being on a visit to his Irish estates to solicit the fulfillment of his promise, or at least a renewal of the lease.

But as I could not succeed, from the reasons already mentioned, I made up my mind not to remain a burden on my family, but to go abroad as soon as I could procure sufficient means. In the interim I sent out my dear brother William to New York, where he bound himself apprentice to a merchant of the name of Henry, who in two or three years failed, but was so pleased with him as to give him up his indentures. He then went into company with a Mr. Samuel Hill, brother to the Rev. Charles Hill, of Ballycastle, my particular friend. They did business for some time at New York, and then removed to Albany, where Mr. Hill married. As to myself, I continued my idle and debauched life for several years, until the lease of the water works was within four or five years of expiring, when, finding that all my efforts to obtain justice from Lord Donnegal were unavailing, I, by the consent of all the parties concerned, raised 400 pounds on the remainder of the lease from Mr. Alexander, his lordship's agent for the Belfast, giving up the property as security; the remaining avail to be accounted for to my family, which by the way, was never done, and then prepared to leave the scene of my follies and misfortunes. In 1789, Lord Macartney came to visit his castle at Lisanore, within 14 miles of my mother's residence, where I waited on him with a letter of introduction from my aunt. He received me with great kindness, and after stating to him my disappointments at home, I mentioned my wish to go to India, from whence he had recently returned, and where of course his interest chiefly lay. He took me into his library and showed me a list of 26 persons he was bound to provide for, condescendingly adding, he had not advanced himself in the world without being under obligations to many friends, whose services it was his first duty to repay; he however said if I was determined to go to India in preference to any where else he would, during the winter, do everything he could to forward my wishes. He further remarked that we heard a great deal of those who came from India with fortunes, but not a word of the hundreds who fell victims to the climate, and the excesses into which young men were liable to be led in such a voluptuous country. I then proposed to go to Canada, in case of procuring letters to Lord Dorchester, the then Governor General. To this he in the most friendly manner assented, and said, though he himself was not on terms of intimacy with Lord D., his friends were, and that I should write to him when nearly ready to set out, when he would forward me letters from Lord Liverpool and Mr. Brook Watson, two of Lord D's best friends, whose recommendations would have the greatest weight with him. Accordingly in spring, as soon as my affairs were all arranged, I wrote to his lordship, who in a post or two sent me the promised letters, accompanied with one from himself containing the most friendly advice and good wishes. And now that I have brought my brief and little eventful history to the eve of that step on which my subsequent fortune so entirely hinged, I shall lay down my pen and give you a little reprieve from the tedium of a recital so little interesting even to a partial ear.

Believe me ever truly yours,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

LETTER III.

St. Mary's Falls, 26 Feb., 1828.

My Dear Sir:—Ill health, indolence, and the pursuit of idle amusements, which only end in vanity and vexation of spirit, have diverted my attention from writing for some time past. But I now resume the subject with the hope of pursuing it with more steadiness and perseverance than I have hitherto done. I had many acquaintances in Belfast and the neighboring counties, which, while we are linked

in the pursuit of pleasures, we are apt to call friends, but the moment a change takes place in our circumstances, the illusion vanishes, and as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel, they soon start up in their proper form, and the chain of connection is broken forever. However, I had the consolation of two particular exceptions, in my excellent and ever esteemed friends, Doctor McDonald and Narcissus Batt, over whom the lapse and change of circumstances have had no other effect than to prove that true honor and worth, such as theirs, are immutable.

In the latter end of June, 1790, I embarked on board the *Clara*, Captain Collins, for New York. We were detained for several hours off Carickfergus in the middle of the night, by a naval officer and boat's crew, who took possession of the ship, and made a strict search for British seamen; though then at peace with the United States. I represented to the officer the cruelty and injustice of detaining an outward bound vessel with a fair wind, especially as the captain assured him that there was not a man of the description he sought for on board; but when I saw he was determined to detain the ship all night, I addressed a letter to the Marquis of Downshire, to whom I had the honor of being particularly known, stating the circumstances. I read the letter publicly, and prepared to send it by a gentleman just going ashore, but shortly after, "the man of brief authority," gave up the ship to the captain, and having eaten a snack and drunk a pint of half and half grog, he civilly bade us good night and a safe passage. I had never been at sea before, though bred up on the coast, which caused me to suffer more from seasickness than some of my fellow passengers. I lay down on the floor of the round house, from whence no inducement could tempt me to stir for nearly two days; at the expiration of which I found myself perfectly well, and as hungry as a hawk. I got a beefsteak and some porter, and never felt seasickness after. We were four who messed together in the round house with the captain, the Rev. Charles Gray of Coleraine; the Rev. Robert Cathcart, an old friend and neighbor, and a Mr. Mathews from Edinburgh. We fared as well as people at sea could possibly wish, and had such an abundance of wine, porter and spirits, that I was enabled to bestow a large hamper of wine, spruce, beer, oranges and lemons, sent on board for me by my friend Mr. Batt, amongst the passengers in the hold, several of whom were sick. Our fare was only ten guineas each, though since risen to forty; such has been the advance in living within the last thirty years! We had a favorable passage until we arrived off the Azores, where we were chased by a sixty gun ship, which having hoisted Spanish and then French colors, induced the captain to believe was one of the ships of war presented to the Algerines by France. He altered his course and put before the wind, the ship repeatedly firing at us; but our vessel being a prime sailer, and light, we soon increased our distance, and the next morning, when scarcely visible, she altered her course and gave up the chase. The second or third day after, when crossing the Gulf stream, we were overtaken by a heavy gale, which raised a tremendous sea. In the night our cabin windows were stove in; we had two or three feet of water in the floor; trunks and boxes broke from their cleatings; the poor people in the under berths were all afloat, and such a scene of terror and confusion took place as I shall never forget. Some were praying aloud, others confessing their sins, others screaming from fear and pain, whilst escaping from drowning in their berths; and at every roll of the ship dashed into contact with trunks, chests and boxes. Amongst the latter sufferers was a Mrs. Lindsey, the wife of a clergyman from the Highlands of Scotland. Whilst sprawling on the floor she was struck in the head by an iron bound trunk, which laid it open for about three inches. When candles came down, the dead lights lashed in, the scene exhibited such a mixture of frightful and ludicrous as fairly surpassed description; poor Mrs.

Lindsey, who at best might have passed for one of the witches in Macbeth, now looked a perfect Hecate; her matted locks dripping with gore, and her vulgar unmeaning countenance distorted into a most unearthly grin. No one pitied her or her fanatic husband. He had made himself particularly obnoxious to me from his language to the captain when chased by the Algerine. He told him it was an act of cowardice to run away from any vessel whilst we were all Englishmen; with a great deal more of the most illiberal and vulgar abuse. The captain mildly answered that he could appeal to most of his men, who had sailed with him when commanding a privateer during the revolutionary war, whether he had ever evinced any signs of cowardice when in conflict with the enemy. But now, as accountable to his owners for the ship, and to the passengers for their safety, he only performed his duty by avoiding danger, even supposing the vessel was not what we supposed her to be. I had at length to interfere, and sent the very Rev. Mr. Lindsey to his cabin rather precipitately.

Nothing further occurred worth noting until we got in sight of Long Island, which, as we approached, the trees seemed to start one after another from the water, and the scenery every instant developed new and interesting beauties; but on rounding Governor's Island, when the city, like a splendid amphitheater, burst upon the view, I was absolutely transported with pleasure and delight. We came to our moorings after sunset, and I slept on board that I might put my foot on American ground the day of my birth; having just attained my 28th year. And as this begins a new epoch in my existence, I shall here conclude the story of my voyage.

Remaining ever truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

LETTER IV.

St. Mary's Fall, 1st March, 1828.

My Dear Sir:—The first thing that struck me on entering New York was the kindness and urbanity of the people. I had asked my three fellow passengers to breakfast with me, and entered into the first coffee house we saw. The people told me they were not in the habit of providing meals for those who called at their house, but as we were strangers, they would give us the best breakfast they could; accordingly we had fresh rolls, excellent butter, fresh eggs, cream, tea, coffee, smoked beef and ham, for about one shilling sterling each, which I thought augured well for our future comfort whilst in the country. I then went and called upon Mrs. Sadler, in Water street, who was a distant connection of my mother's. I found her and Mr. Sadler himself, kind, friendly, and hospitable. They insisted on my residing with them whilst I remained in town. Mr. Sadler then took me to Hill and Johnston's store, and I soon found myself in the arms of the best and most affectionate of brothers. I passed a very happy week in New York, and saw in church the great and good Washington, to whom I should have had the honor of being introduced, had I been able to make a longer stay; but my passage was taken for Albany in a fine sloop, called the Hibernia, Captain Moor, where for the first time I saw my national flag displayed in all its beauty. We had a delightful passage of three days, though we stopped repeatedly to put ashore passengers and take in others. The romantic beauties of the Hudson have been so often and ably described, that any attempt on my part would be absolute presumption. Amongst my fellow passengers were several genteel well-bred ladies. The men were plain, friendly, and unaffected, and I found a very agreeable companion

in a Mr. Noble, who was going to visit an estate his father had lately bought near Johnstown, in the center of the state of New York.

We put up at Lewis's Hotel, then the first in Albany; where we spent four or five days very pleasantly. I one day took a stroll for about a mile up the hill from Mr. Lewis's, and saw five or six men, all armed with rifles, dash out of the wood to my left. I was at first a little startled at their uncouth appearance, but they accosted me civilly, and said they presumed I was a stranger, from my walking unarmed so far from the city. They told me they were in pursuit of a pack of wolves that had attacked a gentleman on horseback, the day before, on the very place where we now stood; when nothing but the power and speed of his horse saved him. The horse was cut in several places, and the gentleman's boots nearly torn off his legs—you may think I was very thankful for the warning. My informants entered the wood on the opposite side of the road, and I did not pursue my walk any farther in that direction. I got acquainted with a Mr. Bedient of Boston, who was on his way to Montreal, as well as myself; we therefore hired a wagon between us, there being no other mode of conveyance. We traveled through a fine but only partially cultivated country, until we came to Saratoga, where the scenery was dark and gloomy, and the roads most intolerably bad, being made of round logs laid beside each other, forming causeways often for miles. These roads I was informed were made by General Burgoyne in his ill-conducted, and consequently ill-fated expedition. I saw the height on which the gallant Frazer fell, and went over part of the battleground with painful and humiliated feelings, which I was obliged to conceal, as no one would have sympathized with me. How different are my present ideas on the subject, when pride and prejudice no longer blind my eyes, and I can trace the hand of Omnipotence, baffling the efforts of tyrannic power to strangle the infant Hercules, who is destined to give law to the western world! I do not now recollect whether we slept more than one night on the road from Albany to Fort Edward, but we arrived late in the evening, and Mr. Bedient immediately hired a batteau to take us down Lake George early in the morning, which deprived me from visiting the ruins of the fort. The passage down the lake was beautiful, and the scenery romantic in the highest degree. We stopped at the only house then on the border of the lake; I think the place was called Rattlesnake Point. There I saw a hunter for the first time. His costume was so different from anything I had hitherto seen, that I conceived him to be an Indian, but on accosting him found he spoke good English. He told me he had been in the woods three months, and had not been as successful as usual; he had two or three dogs with him, the merest skeletons I ever beheld. He told me that in a fortnight he would make them quite fat, by feeding them on rattlesnakes, for which purpose he had come to the lake, where they were abundant; as also to refresh himself. Cooper's description of Leather Stocking has repeatedly called this man to my mind.

In the evening we passed the rock called Roger's Leap, which certainly was a feat of activity few men would be equal to, unless pursued as he was by an unrelenting foe, which reduced it to a mere matter of "neck or nothing," with him.

We passed the ruins of Ticonderoga in the night, and slept at an inn, the lower story of which was literally washed by the waters of Lake Champlain; here we were obliged to spend a day before we could procure a boat to convey us down to St. Johns at its northern extremity. We passed the first night at a blacksmith and farmer's, where we had everything clean and comfortable, the contrast between their mode of living and the beings we call farmers in the north of Ireland was painfully striking. The second night we passed at a Judge McNeale's, who I found was a descendant of the McNeales of Clogher, near Bush Mills, and Giant's

Causeway; the estate when I left home, was possessed by Sir William Duncan, late of Calcutta in India.

We arrived at St. Johns in the night, the commandant had gone to bed, and I was obliged to wait more than an hour in the guard house before I got liberty to seek an inn. In the morning I met Lieut. Boyd of Clare near Ballycastle, in the north of Ireland, an old acquaintance and neighbor with whom I spent the day.

I took a calash from St. Johns to Laprairie, and then hired a canoe and man to take me over to Montreal. The fellow took me to a small island about a mile above the town, where he landed and went into the wood. I waited in the canoe for near an hour, and then went in search of him. I found him skulking in the wood. There was something so sinister in his looks, that I began to suspect him of a design to rob me. I made him come to the canoe and embark, swearing that if he did not take me to the mainland I would split him to the teeth with my paddle. When we got opposite the windmill above the town, I made him land and shoulder my portmanteau, and thus marched him before me into town. I was directed to O'Sullivan's coffee house, where I took up my abode, intending to rest a few days before I proceeded to Quebec; chiefly that I might get over the effect of the mosquito bites, by which I was absolutely deformed and feverish. I had brought over with me a few guineas of the latest coinage, one of which I gave to Mr. O'Sullivan to get changed, and had a hearty laugh at his ignorance and impertinence, when he turned it in his fingers, and with a look half wise, half cunning said, "It is a very pretty counter." I told him to go and get it weighed, and on his return he was full as servile as before he had been insolent. The next evening I met in the coffee room my old acquaintance and friend, Mr. Andrew Tod. He was now a partner in the house of Tod, Magill & Co.; his uncle Isaac being one of the first merchants in Montreal since the conquest in 1760. To him I imparted my object in going to Quebec; he with great candor and friendship pointed out the chances against my succeeding with Lord Dorchester, and advised me, if nothing satisfactory was done for me, to return to Montreal and pass the winter, and in the spring I should accompany him to Michilmackinac, where a fair field was open to adventures in the Indian trade, to which proposition I gave my assent. And now, my dear sir, having arrived at a new resting place, "shall I not take mine ease in mine inn," only promising to take up the thread of my narrative as soon as you express a desire to hear further from,

Your ever affectionate,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

LETTER V.

St. Mary's Falls, April 28, 1828.

My Dear Sir:—Though it requires little, if any, mental effort to continue a story such as mine, yet I have found sickness an effectual preventive to the least exertion for more than six weeks past. But as I find myself relieved from intense pain, I once more take up my pen to mention, that after spending a week in Montreal, I took a place with the king's courier in a calash for Quebec. We traveled day and night, so that I never put off my clothes, nor got a moment's rest, except whilst changing our vouture, or when my companion delayed half an hour to lay in a stock of bacon and eggs, or some such delicate fare, sufficient one would have thought, to sustain a reasonable man for a week. But my friend Monsieur Labadie weighed nearly 300 pounds and was determined that neither bad roads nor the most jolting vehicle in the world, should cause the least diminution of his

en bon point. I paid two guineas for my seat, and had the honor besides of treating Mr. Labadie to all his slight repasts. We arrived the third day, and at Franks' Hotel I soon got over my fatigue and privations. I was not sorry to find that Lord Dorchester was yet at his country house, as it enabled me to ramble over the town, the plains of Abraham, etc., etc. I had never before been in a fortified town, unless the old crumbling ramparts of Londonderry could entitle it to the name. I, therefore, took great pleasure in strolling on the walls and enjoying the variety of prospect presented from them; however, my entire ignorance of garrison duty led me into a scrape ludicrous enough, though it ended pleasantly. In pursuing my walk one day along the rampart, I met the first sentinel, who called out to me to stop and return if I had not a pass. Thinking the fellow only wanted to extract some money from me, I continued to approach, when he brought his musket to the charge, and swore he must do his duty. Seeing the poor man was in earnest and apparently agitated, I returned, and as evening was near, I returned to my lodgings. The next morning, before my usual hour of rising, Mr. Franks came rather abruptly into my room to inform me that the town major was below inquiring for me, and to bring me with him to Col. England, the commandant. I bade Mr. Franks tell the major that if he would call in a couple of hours, when I should have dressed and breakfasted, I should, with pleasure, accompany him. Shortly after Mr. Franks entered again, and very seriously informed me, I was taken for a spy; but as he had formed a good opinion of me, if I wished to evade examination he would facilitate my escape. I told him I was much obliged to him for his proffered friendship, but could not think of stirring until I had got my breakfast and seen the town major. He stared at me, and said he believed I was something more than I appeared to be. I left him to enjoy his sage conjecture, and went down to breakfast. The major was punctual to his hour, and I went along with him to Col. England. My affair was soon cleared up, and the colonel asked me to breakfast the next morning, and presented me with a paper, allowing me to visit the works at the proper hours, and any company I chose to take with me; which arose from my having mentioned that some people from Montreal, with whom I had got acquainted at the hotel, wished to visit Cape Diamond.

I had got acquainted with Mr. Motz, Lord D.'s private secretary, to whom I gave my letters. In a few days after, his lordship came to town, when I had the honor of being introduced, and was received in a very kind and friendly manner; but, as Providence would have it, General Sir Alured Clark now arrived with the commission of Governor General, and with letters of recall for his lordship; however, he decided not to risk Lady Dorchester and the family at so late a season, therefore continued in office during the winter. His lordship continued very kind and hospitable to me, and questioned me as to the fate of uncles who had been his schoolfellows. He introduced me to the chief merchants of the town, and wished me to write my ideas on the practicability of opening a direct trade with Ireland. In two or three days my memoir was finished, and he again invited me along with the gentlemen concerned, to dine at the castle, when the affair was fully discussed. They all acknowledged the justice and utility of the statement I had made, but candidly avowed that their connections in London, and the general nature of their imports, precluded their taking advantage of a direct trade; though it was very evident that the products of Ireland coming circuitously through their English correspondents, cost them much dearer than they otherwise would. Thus all prospect of entering into the mercantile line fell to the ground, and I announced to his lordship my determination to return to Montreal; he then told me, as he was determined not to take his family home at so late a season, he would introduce me to the bishop of Canada, where I would spend the winter agreeable, and learn to

speak the French language, and was so kind as to add that if in the interim any place worth my acceptance became vacant, I should be appointed to it. However, I persisted in my resolution, not deeming it prudent to spend my time and money waiting for a contingency that might never occur. A few days after I took my leave, and was to set off the second day after, in company with a young ensign, who was going to join his regiment at St. Johns. But before I left town, Mr. Motz came to me with an offer from his lordship of a township on the Acadian line, but on enquiry I found it would require a considerable sum of money to make the requisite locations to secure the title. I therefore begged leave to decline the offer, as neither suiting my means or inclination. In a short time after Mr. Motz again returned—and in the most delicate manner told me he was authorized to offer me any money I might stand in need of for the winter. But as my funds were still far from exhausted, and as my determination was never to lie under a pecuniary obligation, I might not easily be able to repay, I excused myself by assuring him I had a sufficient supply for the winter. But I requested that his lordship would favor me with a letter of introduction to Sir John Johnson, of whom, and of his father, Sir William, I had read and heard enough to inspire me with admiration, and a wish to have the honor of his acquaintance. I received the desired letter in the evening, and the next morning left Quebec in a carriole, with my young Scots companion. Though early in November there was nearly a foot of snow upon the ground, and we continued the use of carriages until we came to Three Rivers, from whence we took calashes into Montreal.

My friend Mr. Tod received me with the utmost kindness and introduced me to several officers and gentlemen of the town. Sir John Johnson was absent on an excursion to the lake of Two Mountains, but his cousin, Capt. Dease, showed me the kindest attention and hospitality, and took me with him to his house in the country, where I remained until the arrival of Sir John, on whom we called the day after, and I presented my letter from Lord Dorchester. The reception I met with has left an impression that can never be effaced from my heart; and the unabated friendship and hospitality I have ever since been honored with by him. Lady Johnson and the ladies of the family, when several times passing a winter in Montreal, shall ever remain amongst my most grateful and pleasing recollections.

As I could not think of being a tax on the hospitality of my Montreal friends all winter, though much pressed by Sir John to take up my abode with him, I took lodgings at the village of Varennes, about fifteen miles from town, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence, at a Mr. Vienne's, where I continued my study of the French language, which I had commenced before I left Ireland, and began to speak it pretty much as a child begins to walk, stumbling at every step; but to the honor of French urbanity and politeness, my greatest blunders were corrected without subjecting me to the pain of seeing my awkwardness and ignorance the subject of mirth or ridicule.

I visited Montreal several times during the winter, and attended the assemblies, which were conducted with great decorum, and where Lady Johnson and her daughter, just then brought out, were received with every degree of deference and respect. The winter passed off very agreeably, and in the beginning of May, 1791, I returned to Montreal, to take my passage with my friend, Andrew Tod, for Michilimackinac, by the North or Otawis river. The mode of traveling in a birch canoe, the wild and romantic scenery on each side of the river, all was new and charming to me, except the last five or six days of our voyage, when the mosquitoes annoyed us beyond all endurance. I, who had nothing else to do but defend myself from them the best way I could, was left a perfect spectacle of deformity, my eyes near closed up, and my mouth distorted in a most frightful manner; judge then the

condition of the poor men, engaged in carrying the baggage over the portages with their faces, necks and breasts exposed, and the blood and sweat in comingled streams running from them. But they seemed to mind it very little, making game of some young men whose first trip it was, whom they called mangers de lard, or pork eaters, and treated with great contempt if they expressed pain or fatigue. We arrived the 16th at Mackinac, and were received with great politeness and hospitality by Capt. Charleton of the 5th foot, then commanding. I had been acquainted with him in the north of Ireland, when in command in the town of Coleraine. Our meeting so unexpectedly at a distance of more than four thousand miles from home, was very pleasing to both, and called up a variety of mixed ideas, some of which to me were rather painful, as they contrasted my present situation with the time I had received him hospitably at my mother's house, when placing a detachment to guard the wreck of a ship cast away within less than half a mile of Craige. As the traders, neither from the Mississippi or the Lake Superior, had yet arrived, I had some weeks leisure, which I employed in exploring the island and in reading. I shall, therefore here conclude this tedious epistle with a promise that my next shall have at least the merit of novelty to recommend it.

Ever truly yours,
JOHN JOHNSTON.

LETTER VI.

St. Mary's Falls, June 10, 1828.

My Dear Sir:—Ill health and often depression of spirits, owing to the iniquitous manner in which the Indian trade is, and has been always carried on here, and in fact all over the continent, with the addition of painful reflections, on my own imprudence and inability to compete with opponents equally active as unprincipled, have been the cause of my letting so long an interval lapse since the date of my last. But I now resume my pen in hopes of presenting you with a sketch of the arrival of the traders, and the shifting of the scene from streets unoccupied, where dullness and silence reigned unmolested, to houses crowded to overflowing, where riot and revelry, festivity and song, swept all descriptions down its heady current with scarcely a single exception. The excuse pleaded by the traders is their many fatigues, risks and privations during the winter, and often an entire seclusion from all society, so that when they again meet at Mackinac, where they are sure to see their Montreal friends, and an ample supply of wines, spirits, etc., etc., they think themselves entitled to make up for what they call lost time, by making the most of the short interval that elapses between the sale of their furs, and their repurchase of goods for a new adventure. The chief traders and Montreal merchants keep open table for their friends and dependants, and vie with each other in hospitality to strangers. But the excess to which their indulgence is carried, seldom ends without a quarrel, when old grudges are opened up, and language made use of that would disgrace a Wapping tavern, and the finale a boxing match, as brutal and ferocious as any exhibited in ancient times by the Centaurs and Lapythe.

But were I to relate all I have heard and been an unwilling witness of, this would become a chronicle of scandal instead of a letter, I shall therefore let the curtain drop for the present, only retaining the liberty of taking it up occasionally, as new acts of this far from delightful drama, may present themselves to my recollection. The Montreal canoes began to move off with their cargoes of furs and peltries, during the month of July, and the traders whose posts were the most distant, were chiefly all off by the beginning of August, so that tranquility and rationality began to reassume their long forgotten sway.

About the middle of August my friend Mr. Tod, fitted me out with a canoe of the largest size with five Canadian boatmen or voyagers, to winter at La Pointe, in Lake Superior, which station I preferred to one more to the south.

Owing to constant high winds, it was late in September before I arrived at my destined winter ground, where I met with Count Andriani, an Italian nobleman and philosopher, who was taking observations to ascertain whether the earth was more elevated or depressed towards the poles. The conclusion he had come to was, that at the poles the earth must be flatter than at the equator, for we were then at La Pointe, a distance of two thousand miles from the ocean, not more than 690 feet above its level. The subject was then much discussed amongst naturalists, but is now set at rest forever, for were the high aspiring parties to move towards each other in hostile array, the consequences would be rather disagreeable to us emmets occupying the intermediate mole hills. As soon as the count left me to continue his tour of the lake, I sent off two of my men with a small equipment, to winter in the Mauvaise or Bad river. The others I set to fishing, that we might lay in a stock for winter store, the cold weather having commenced early in October. I now got a house of round logs finished for myself, the interstices plastered with clay, and a chimney of the same material; my men had also a similar house for themselves, and I began to get fire wood cut and brought home, while the weather was yet favorable. But on the 17th of November my faithless Canadians deserted, taking with them my fishing canoe, an oil cloth, nets, axes, etc., and nearly all my fish, leaving me only a lad of 17 or 18, who slept in my little kitchen, and who luckily could speak a little Ottawa, by which he would make the Chippeways understand him. I had as neighbors two Canadians, who from having acquired a knowledge of the language, had become traders; they, as well as their men, knew of the desertion of my people, and had connived at, if not encouraged them in it. I was thus left in the midst of savages and Canadians, much baser and more treacherous than they, to encounter a winter on the shore of Lake Superior, with only one attendant, a very short allowance of provisions, and deprived of the means of fishing, which I had flattered myself would have been a sure resource, at least against actual want. I sat down rather in bad spirits to ruminate on my situation, and at length it struck me that my case, in many particulars, had a resemblance to that of Robinson Crusoe, and I got up determined to follow his example by making every exertion in my power to ameliorate it.

I began immediately to prepare axes, and set to chopping fire wood, which I and my man carried home on our shoulders. The distance luckily was not great, for I was unwilling to touch about five cords left by my men, which I considered a dernier resort, in cases of bad weather or any accident. We got on very well the first day, but the second my hands became blistered, and I persisted till my axe handle was stained with my blood. I then proposed to my man that he should continue to chop and I would be carrier; this induced emulation, for I proposed to carry as fast as he could chop, and in less than a fortnight we had six cords more at our door, beside a good many large logs that we were obliged to roll. Constant exercise gave appetite for our humble fare, and fatigue induced sound sleep that left little time for painful reflection.

The Indians had left us for some time, and had gone to a considerable distance on their hunting excursions, all except the old father of the chief, who only went to a small river in the bay of St. Charles, from whence, however, he returned just as the ice in our bay was closing. My good neighbors rushed into the water and hauled the canoe to shore, and without ceremony possessed themselves of eight or ten beavers the old man had killed. They kept him, his two wives and a Mrs. Jayer, one of his daughters, who wintered with him, in a constant state of

intoxication for some days, at the end of which they fairly turned them out of doors, telling them they must provide for themselves, as they would feed them no longer. Some time after the old man came to me and complained of hunger, as his wives could not go to a deposit of wild rice they had concealed at a considerable distance, the weather having become very bad, and the snow too deep to walk without snow shoes. I told him I would not see him or his family starve, though I much feared I should want food long before spring, and that he ought to recollect he had not paid me a small credit I had made him before he went to hunt. He acknowledged the fact, but said, those who had taken him to shore made him drunk, and kept him so, until his little stock of furs was exhausted, though he knew not what he had received in return, except his meat and drink for a few days. I accepted his excuse, and continued to treat him all winter with great respect, as he showed me a large bugle belt, with which, and a silver gorget, he had been presented by Sir William Johnson after the fall of Fort Niagara to the British forces. He said he had kept his belt free from stain until now, and hoped his son Wabojee would continue to do so after he should be gone to the land of spirits.

* * * * *

Mr. Johnston laid down his pen at the threshold of his entrance upon a new theatre of life, presenting to him objects and means so different from all he had left behind that the experience of the past afforded but little to guide him in the conduct of the future. The disappointments he had met with had not, however, soured his temper, or dampened his spirits. He was ardent, young, active, possessed a constitution naturally vigorous, with a disposition social, frank and open, a high sense of probity, a firm dependence upon Providence, and a heart glowing with ardent aspirations after truth, and governed by the broadest principles of active benevolence. He was now about to commence the most important period of his life, embracing a residence of the better part of half a century in the remote solitudes of the American forest, separated from the society in which he has derived so much of his former enjoyments, and thrown wholly upon his own resources. He was brought to endure privations and to encounter perils, of which he had heard before only in the history of suffering humanity. The incidents of his new situation also brought him into contact and acquaintance with some of the most noted individuals who have figured in the commerce and politics of the Canadas during the last 40 years. And had he been spared to complete his autobiography, it would have led him to mention the names and characters of many of his cotemporaries, and to advance a fund of anecdote, and historical and other data, exhibiting a lively picture of his times. Several of the occurrences of this era, relative to the north-west fur trade, are of dramatic interest; but the veil which covers perfidy and crime would have been raised by him with extreme reluctance. He evidently contemplated with pain the approach of his narrative to the period when it would become necessary to allude to the fierce strifes carried on between rival monopolists in this trade, and as imposing a task which seemed like "walking upon the ashes under which the fire is not yet extinguished."

What he has not furnished however, it would be difficult to supply, few materials for the purpose being known to exist. He very rarely kept copies of his letters, none of his private letters, and never preserved the letters sent to him by others. The scanty materials I have been able to collect were preserved entirely by other hands. He had an aversion in his latter years to writing at all, or rather the irksomeness of the task was owing to ill health, which left him but a small portion of his time without the sense of acute pain. And he destroyed many letters and

communications which a person of greater business habits, or more distrust of the world's sincerity, would have induced him to preserve. Facts, dates, and occurrences have thus, in a measure, become blended in vague recollections on the part of his friends and family. A continuation of his life, on anything like the plan commenced by himself, is therefore impossible, and will not be attempted. Even the brief notices which follow would hardly be undertaken, were it not for the abruptness with which his manuscript terminates, and for a desire to aid in holding from oblivion the name of a man, who, gifted with powers to shine in polished circles, gave up the world for the sake of raising up to virtue and piety a numerous family, under peculiar circumstances. For it was in this region, to which he has conducted the reader in his letters, that he connected himself, by intermarriage, with one of the leading families of the native race.

Mr. Johnston's earliest efforts in the fur trade were successful, notwithstanding the perfidy of his men, who deserted him during his first season. And he continued his efforts with prospects more flattering, as experience made him acquainted with the difficulties to be encountered, and the precautions necessary to ensure success. This traffic has always been pursued at great personal, as well as pecuniary risk; but he soon found himself placed in a situation, in which it became the duty of subordinates to make those exchanges with the natives, which frequently require a patient submission to caprices and superstitions repugnant to a sensitive mind. And while every season was supposed to abridge the period of his stay in the country, he indulged in those reflections and anticipations arising from a temporary pursuit.

Mr. Tod, under whose auspices he had entered the Indian country, invited him to settle at New Orleans, where this enterprising merchant had obtained from the Spanish governor general of Louisiana the monopoly of the fur trade of that province. But the invitation was declined from a dread of the climate, to which Mr. Tod himself soon fell a victim. About the same time an opening presented itself to Mr. Johnston for his settlement at Green Bay; but his predilections in favor of a more northern position predominated, and he fixed his residence at the Falls of St. Mary, in 1793. He had the year previous married the youngest daughter of Wabojee, the hereditary and war chief of La Pointe, in Lake Superior, and now came to establish himself in permanent buildings at a spot commanding the great thoroughfare into the northwest. By this term we include an immense tract of wilderness, intersected with lakes, rivers, and mountains, which has been distinguished from the earliest times as the seat of that great and hazardous branch of internal commerce, known under the name of the fur trade.

A high, and it may be thought a proud, spirit of personal independence, which had been one of the original causes of his coming to America, and which disdained all secondary modes of action, kept him aloof from the great rival companies, who have, at various times, borne sway over the northern regions. He either declined the offers of participation in these somewhat two celebrated fraternities, or neglected the means necessary to a copartnership. While he thus kept free from entanglements in a system which he could not always approve, he, however, ran risks of another kind, and stood somewhat in the position of a man between two fires, who can neither flee to the right nor to the left. Luckily his course lay straight forward, but it is scarcely possible that a man of less intrepidity of character in the hour of need, or urbanity of manners in the social circle, could have sustained himself.

Just and honorable in all his intentions, though they were sometimes grossly misinterpreted, he expected equal justice and fair dealing from others. And when not thus openly met, he did not hesitate to give vent to a strong and manly expression of his feelings, regardless of consequences. This was sometimes the cause of

future bitterness and petty resentments. He escaped once the blow of a secret assassin; once the risk of a combat with pistols, with the slight loss of a lock from his temples; and twice, so far as I recollect his own relation, the brutal fury of the Indian knife. His own resentments were momentary, and he took a delight, when circumstances had placed an antagonist in his power, in forgiving injuries and relinquishing advantages, and in throwing the shade of oblivion over all the errors and frailties of the past. His reliance upon the overruling hand of Providence, wherever placed, was unbounded; and I know not that it has ever fallen to my lot to become intimately acquainted with any person who could, at the seasons of his greatest affliction, exclaim with such trusting confidence, "Thy will be done."

It may be inferred from these passages that the business in which Mr. Johnston was engaged was one for which his disposition and mental habits did not particularly qualify him, and which he would not himself have chosen, could it have been presented to him with all its repulsive, as well as attractive features, on his first coming to the country. Nothing, in fact, could be less congenial to his taste. Once, however, engaged in it, and he appeared, as he himself observed, to be hurried on by a fatality which seemed to forbid a return to his native land. And the prospect of getting on in the world, without imposing any pecuniary burdens upon his relatives a point on which he was peculiarly sensitive—determined him to continue, as a fixed employment what he can hardly be said to have selected of his own free will.

In the ordinary intercourse of the Indians with Mr. Johnston, at his residence at St. Mary's, he was their adviser, physician, and friend. And his disinterested conduct on many occasions led them to perceive that he had placed his claims to their friendship on higher grounds than the mere prospect of gain. His house was the resort of the needy Indian and Canadian.

"And every stranger found a ready chair."

He possessed an active coadjutor, in acts of charity, in Mrs. Johnston, the daughter of Wabojeeg whose kindness and practical benevolence were in full unison with his own. He always kept in his dwelling a full supply of medicines, which he administered gratis to all who applied. He used the lancet freely in cases of pleurisy, which is a common complaint among the natives. Although he had made no professed study of medicine, his practical knowledge, aided by books of reference, was respectable; and when the surgeons of the United States army afterwards came to be placed in his vicinity, they deemed several of his modes of practice judicious. He was often the means of granting relief, where relief depended upon the ordinary remedies of common complaints, and he seldom ventured upon other prescriptions. But his tact and decision in this department proved that, had he given early and proper attention to it, he was capacitated to have excelled in it.

The readiness with which he could be approached by complaints of poverty and bad luck, and the little effort it required to enkindle his charitable feelings, sometimes led him to be imposed upon by the inland clerks and servants in his employ. A tale of suffering seldom failed to reconcile him to loss or disappointment, which, there is good reason to believe, was frequently attributable to a want of proper diligence and economy, or still more inexcusable faults on their part.

With dispositions thus liberal, and surrounded by opponents whose vigilance was constantly on the watch, and who, in some instances, were relieved from those scruples of conscience which kept him ever above a mean act, and led him to despise trick and finesse, it may be anticipated that his march in the road to wealth was not so rapid as those who could reconcile themselves to life in the Indian country without ordinary comforts, and who looked upon every dollar spent to purchase a book, or a vase, as so much money thrown away. If Mr. Johnston had any fault

in this respect, it certainly bordered on the opposite extreme; and in ordering his household expenses, he might sometimes incur the imputation of being profuse. Yet he succeeded from the outset, often meeting with successes which he had not anticipated, and added steadily to that income, on the yearly re-investment and increase of which he depended. Twenty years devoted to this pursuit placed him in a state of comparative independence, and gave him the chief control of the trade of the southern shores of Lake Superior, and some of the adjacent regions. He contemplated his declining years, and the provision he would be able to make for his children with satisfaction.

WABOJEEG, OR THE WHITE FISHER.

This individual has indelibly interwoven his name with the history of the Chipewewa nation, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. His ancestors had, from the earliest times, held the principal chieftainship in Lake Superior. His father, Ma-mongazida, was the ruling chief during the war of the conquest of the Canadas by the British crown. In common with his tribe and the northern nations generally, he was the fast friend of the French government, and was present with his warriors, under Gen. Montcalm, at the loss of Quebec in 1759. He carried a short speech from that celebrated officer to his people in the north, which is said to have been verbally delivered a short time before he went to the field.

The period of the fall of the French power in the Canadas is one of the most marked events in Indian remembrance throughout all northwest America. They refer to the days of French supremacy as a kind of golden era, when all things in their affairs were better than they now are; and I have heard them lament over the change as one which was in every respect detrimental to their power and happiness. No other European nation, it is evident from these allusions, ever pleased them as well. The French character and manners adapted themselves admirably to the existing customs of forest life. The common people, who went up into the interior to trade, fell in with their customs with a degree of plasticity and an air of gayety and full assent, which no other foreigners have, at least to the same extent, shown. These *Couriers du Bois* had not much to boast of on the score of rigid morals themselves. They had nearly as much superstition as the wildest Indians. They were in fact, at least nine-tenths of them, quite as illiterate. Very many of them were far inferior in their mental structure and capacity to the bold, eloquent, and well-formed and athletic northern chiefs and hunters. They respected their religious and festive ceremonies. They never, as a chief once told me, *laughed* at them. They met their old friends on their annual returns from Montreal, with a kiss. They took the daughters of the red men for wives, and reared large families, who thus constituted a strong bond of union between the two races, which remains unbroken to this day.

This is the true secret of the strenuous efforts made by the northern and western Indians to sustain the French power, when it was menaced, in the war of 1744, by the fleets and armies of Great Britain. They rallied Erie, at Fort Niagara, Montreal, and Quebec, and they hovered with infuriated zeal around the outskirts of the northern and western settlements during the many and sanguinary wars carried on between the English and French. And when the French were beaten they still adhered to their cause, and their chiefs stimulated the French local commanders to continue and renew the contest, even after the fall of Niagara and Quebec, with a heroic consistency of purpose, which reflects credit upon their foresight, bravery, and constancy. We hope in a future number to bring forward a sketch of the man who put himself at the head of this latter effort, who declared he would drive the

Saxon race into the sea, who besieged twelve and took nine of the western stockaded forts, and who for four years and upwards maintained the war, after the French had struck their colors and ceded the country. We refer to the great Algie leader, Pontiac.

At present our attention is called to a contemporary chief, of equal personal bravery and conduct, certainly, but who lived and exercised his authority at a more remote point, and had not the same masses and means at his command. This point, so long hid in the great forests of the north, and which, indeed, has been but lately revealed in our positive geography, is the area of Lake Superior. It is here that we find the Indian tradition to be rife with the name of Wabojeeg and his wars, and his contemporaries. It was one of the direct consequences of so remote a position, that it withdrew his attention more from the actual conflicts between the French and English, and fixed them upon his western and southern frontiers, which were menaced and invaded by the numerous bands of the Dacotahs, and by the perfidious kinsmen of his nation, the Outagamies and Saucis. He came into active life, too, as a prominent war leader, at the precise era when the Canadas had fallen into the British power, and by engaging zealously in the defense of the borders of his nation west, he allowed time to mitigate and adjust those feelings and attachments which, so far as public policy was concerned, must be considered to have moulded the Indian mind to a compliance with, and a submission to, the British authority. Wabojeeg was, emphatically, the defender of the Chippewa domain against the efforts of other branches of the red race. He did not, therefore, lead his people to fight, as his father, Ma-mongazida, and nearly all the great Indian war captains had, to enable one type of the foreign race to triumph over another, but raised his parties and led them forth to maintain his tribal supremacy. He may be contemplated, therefore, as having had a more patriotic object for his achievement.

Lake Superior, at the time of our earliest acquaintance with the region, was occupied, as it is at this day, by the Chippewa race. The chief seat of their power appeared to be near the southwestern extremity of the lake, at Chagoimegon, where fathers Marquette and Allouez found their way, and established a mission, so early as 1668. Another of their principal, and probably more ancient seats, was at the great rapids on the outlet of that lake, which they named the Sault de Ste. Marie. It was in allusion to their residence here that they called this tribe Saulteur, that is to say, people of the leap or rapid.

Indian tradition makes the Chippewas one of the chief, certainly by far the most numerous and widely-spread of the Algonquin stock proper. It represents them to have migrated from the east to the west. On reaching the vicinity of Michilimackinac, they separated at a comparatively moderate era into three tribes, calling themselves respectively, Odjibwas, Odawas, and Podawadumees. What their name was before this era, is not known. It is manifest that the term Odjibwa is not a very ancient one, for it does not occur in the earliest authors. They were probably of the Nipercinean or true Algonquin stock, and had taken the route of the Utawas river, from the St. Lawrence valley, into Lake Huron. The term itself is clearly from Bwa, a voice; and its prefix in Odji, was probably designed to mark a peculiar intonation which the muscles are, as it were, gathered up, to denote.

Whatever be the facts of their origin, they had taken the route up the straits of St. Mary into Lake Superior, both sides of which, and far beyond, they occupied at the era of the French discovery. It is evident that their course in this direction must have been aggressive. They were advancing towards the west and northwest. The tribe known as Kenistenos had passed through the Lake of the Woods, through the great lake Nipissing, and as far as the heads of the Saskatchewan and the por-

tage of the Missinipi of Hudson's bay. The warlike band of Leech lake, called Mukundwas, had spread themselves over the entire sources of the Mississippi and extended their hunting excursions west to Red river, where they came into contact with the Assinaboines or Stone Sioux. The central power, at this era, still remained at Chagoimegon, on Superior, where indeed, the force of early tradition asserts, there was maintained something like a frame of both civil and ecclesiastical polity and government.

It is said in the traditions related to me by the Chippewas, that the Outagamies, or Foxes, had preceded them into that particular section of country which extends in a general course from the head of Fox river, of Green bay, towards the Falls of St. Anthony, reaching in some points well-nigh to the borders of Lake Superior. They are remembered to have occupied the interior wild rice lakes, which lie at the sources of the Wisconsin, the Ontonagon, the Chippewa, and the St. Croix rivers. They were associated with the Saucs, who had ascended the Mississippi some distance above the Falls of St. Anthony, where they lived on friendly terms with the Dacotahs or Sioux. This friendship extended also to the Outagamies, and it was the means of preserving a good understanding between the Dacotahs and Chippewas.

The Fox tribe is closely affiliated with the Chippewas. They call each other brothers. They are of the same general origin and speak the same general language, the chief difference in sound being that the Foxes use the letter l where the Odjibwas employ an n. The particular cause of their disagreement is not known. They are said by the Chippewas to have been unfaithful and treacherous. Individual quarrels and trespasses on their hunting grounds led to murders, and in the end to a war, in which the Menomonees and the French united, and they were thus driven from the rice lakes and away from the Fox and upper Wisconsin. To maintain their position they formed an alliance with the Sioux, and fought by their side.

It was in this contest that Wabojee first distinguished himself, and vindicated by his bravery and address the former reputation of his family, and laid anew the foundations of his northern chieftaindom. Having heard allusions made to this person on my first entrance into that region, many years ago, I made particular enquiries, and found living a sister, an old white-headed woman, and a son and daughter, about the age of middle life. From these sources I gleaned the following facts: He was born, as nearly as I could compute the time, about 1747. By a singular and romantic incident his father, Ma-mongazida, was a half brother of the father of Wabashaw, a celebrated Sioux chief, who but a few years ago died at his village on the upper Mississippi. The connection happened in this way:

While the Sioux and Chippewas were living in amity near each other, and frequently met and feasted each other on their hunting grounds and at their villages, a Sioux chief, of distinction, admired and married a Chippewa girl, by whom he had two sons. When the war between these two nations broke out, those persons of the hostile tribes who had married Chippewa wives, and were living in the Chippewa country, withdrew, some taking their wives along and others separating from them. Among the latter was the Sioux chief. He remained a short time after hostilities commenced, but finding his position demanded it, he was compelled, with great reluctance, to leave his wife behind, as she could not, with safety, have accompanied him into the Sioux territories. As the blood of the Sioux flowed in the veins of her two sons, neither was it safe for her to leave them among the Chippewas. They were, however, by mutual agreement allowed to return with the father. The eldest of these sons became the father of Wabasha.

The mother, thus divorced by the mutual consent of all parties, remained inconsolable for some time. She was still young and handsome, and after a few years became the wife of a young Chippewa chief of Chagoimegon, of the honored totem of the Addick or reindeer. Her first child by this second marriage was Ma-mongazida, the father of Wabojeg. In this manner, a connection existed between two families, of separate hostile nations, each of which distinguished itself for bravery and skill in war and council. It has already been stated that Ma-mongazida was present, on the side of the French, in the great action in which both Montcalm and Wolf fell, and he continued to exercise the chieftainship till his death, when his second son succeeded him.

It was one of the consequences of the hostility of the Indians to the English rule, that many of the remote tribes were left, for a time, without traders to supply their wants. This was the case, tradition asserts, with Chagoimegon, which, for two years after the taking of old Mackinac, was left without a trader. To remonstrate against this, Ma-mongazida visited Sir William Johnson, the superintendent general of Indian affairs, by whom he was well received, and presented with a broad wampum belt and gorget. This act laid the foundation of a lasting peace between the Chippewas and the English. The belt, it is added, was of blue wampum, with figures of white. And when Wabojeg came to the chieftainship he took from it the wampum employed by him to muster his war parties.

In making traditionary enquiries I have found that the Indian narrators were careful to preserve and note any fact in the early lives of their distinguished men, which appeared to prefigure their future eminence, or had anything of the wonderful or premonitory in its character. The following incident of this sort was noticed respecting this chief: Ma-mongazida generally went to make his fall hunts on the middle grounds towards the Sioux territory, taking with him all his near relatives, amounting usually to 20 persons, exclusive of children. Early one morning while the young men were preparing for the chase, they were startled by the report of several shots, directed towards the lodge. As they had thought themselves in security, the first emotion was surprise, and they had scarcely time to fly to their arms when another volley was fired, which wounded one man in the thigh and killed a dog. Ma-mongazida immediately sallied out with his young men, and pronouncing his name aloud in the Sioux language, demanded if Wabasha or his brother were among the assailants. The firing instantly ceased—a pause ensued, when a tall figure in a war dress with a profusion of feathers upon his head stepped forward and presented his hand. It was the elder Wabasha, his half brother. The Sioux peaceably followed their leader into the lodge, upon which they had, the moment before, directed their shots. At the instant the Sioux chief entered, it was necessary to stoop a little, in passing the door. In the act of stooping, he received a blow from a warclub wielded by a small boy, who had posted himself there for the purpose. It took the young Wabojeg. Wabasha, pleased with this early indication of courage, took the little lad in his arms, caressed him, and pronounced that he would become a brave man, and prove an inveterate enemy of the Sioux.

The border warfare in which the father of the infant warrior was constantly engaged, early initiated him in the arts and ceremonies pertaining to war. With the eager interest and love of novelty of the young, he listened to their war songs and war stories, and longed for the time when he would be old enough to join these parties, and also make himself a name among warriors. While quite a youth he volunteered to go out with a party and soon gave convincing proofs of his courage. He also early learned the arts of hunting the deer, the bear, the moose, and all the smaller animals common to the country; and in these pursuits he took

the ordinary lessons of Indian young men, in abstinence, suffering, danger and endurance of fatigue. In this manner his nerves were knit and formed for activity, and his mind stored with those lessons of caution which are the result of local experience in the forest. He possessed a tall and commanding person, with a full, black, piercing eye, and the usual features of his countrymen. He had a clear and full-toned voice, and spoke his native language with grace and fluency. To these attractions he united an early reputation for bravery and skill in the chase, and at the age of 22 he was already a war leader.

Expeditions of one Indian tribe against another require the utmost caution, skill, and secrecy. There are a hundred things to give information to such a party, or influence its action, which are unknown to civilized nations. The breaking of a twig, the slightest impression of a foot print, and other like circumstances, determine a halt, a retreat, or an advance. The most scrupulous attention is also paid to the signs of the heavens, the flight of birds, and above all, to the dreams and predictions of the jossakeed, priest, or prophet, who accompanies them, and who is entrusted with the sacred sack. The theory upon which all these parties are conducted is secrecy and stratagem; to steal upon the enemy unawares; to lay in ambush, or decoy; to kill and to avoid as much as possible the hazard of being killed. An intimate geographical knowledge of the country is also required by a successful war leader, and such a man piques himself, not only on knowing every prominent stream, hill, valley, wood, or rock, but the particular productions, animal and vegetable, of the scene of operations. When it is considered that this species of knowledge, shrewdness, and sagacity is possessed on both sides, and that the nations at war watch each other, as a lynx for its prey, it may be conceived that many of these border war parties are either light skirmishes, sudden on-rushes, or utter failures. It is seldom that a close, well-contested, long-continued hard battle is fought. To kill a few men, tear off their scalps in haste, and retreat with these trophies, is a brave and honorable trait with them, and may be boasted of in their triumphal dances and warlike festivities.

To glean the details of these movements, would be to acquire the modern history of the tribe, which induced me to direct my enquiries to the subject; but the lapse of even 40 or 50 years had shorn tradition of most of these details, and often left the memory of results only. The Chippewas told me that this chief had led them seven times to successful battle against the Sioux and the Outagamies, and that he had been wounded thrice—once in the thigh, once in the right shoulder, and a third in the side and breast, being a glancing shot. His war parties consisted either of volunteers who had joined his standard at the war dance, or of auxiliaries who had accepted his messages of wampum and tobacco and come forward in a body to the appointed place of rendezvous. These parties varied greatly in number; his first party consisted of but 40 men, his greatest and most renowned, of 300 who were mustered from the villages on the shores of the lake, as far east as St. Mary's falls.

It is to the incidents of this last expedition, which had an important influence on the progress of the war, that we may devote a few moments. The place of rendezvous was La Pointe, Chagomiegou, or as it is called in modern days, La Pointe of Lake Superior. The scene of the conflict, which was a long and bloody one, was the falls of the St. Croix. The two places are distant about 250 miles, by the most direct route. This area embraces the summit land between Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi. The streams flowing each way interlock, which enables the natives to ascend them in their light canoes, and after carrying the latter over the portages, to descend on the opposite side. On this occasion Wabojee and his partisan army ascended the Muskigo or Mauvais river to its connecting

portage with the Namakagon branch of the St. Croix. On crossing the summit they embarked in their small and light war canoes on their descent westward. This portion of the route was passed with the utmost caution. They were now rapidly approaching the enemy's borders, and every sign was regarded with deep attention. They were seven days from the time they first reached the waters of the St. Croix until they found the enemy. They went but a short distance each day, and encamped. On the evening of the seventh day the scouts discovered a large body of Sioux and Outagamies encamped on the lower side of the portage of the great falls of the St. Croix. The discovery was a surprise on both sides. The advance of the Chippewas had landed at the upper end of the portage, intending to encamp there. The Sioux and their allies had just preceded them, from the lower part of the stream, with the same object. The Foxes or Outagamies immediately fired, and a battle ensued. It is a spot, indeed, from which a retreat either way is impracticable, in the face of an enemy. It is a mere neck of rugged rock. The river forces a passage through this dark and solid barrier. It is equally rapid and dangerous for canoes above and below. It cannot be crossed direct. After the firing began Wabojee landed and brought up his men. He directed a part of them to extend themselves in the wood around the small neck, or peninsula, of the portage, whence alone escape was possible. Both parties fought with bravery; the Foxes with desperation. But they were outnumbered, overpowered, and defeated. Some attempted to descend the rapids, and were lost. A few only escaped. But the Chippewas paid dearly for their victory. Wabojee was slightly wounded in the breast; his brother was killed. Many brave warriors fell. It was a most sanguinary scene. The tradition of this battle is one of the most prominent and wide-spread of the events of their modern history. I have conversed with more than one chief, who dated his first military honors in youth, to this scene. It put an end to their feud with the Foxes, who retired from the intermediate rice lakes, and fled down the Wisconsin. It raised the name of the Chippewa leader to the acme of his renown among his people; but Wabojee, as humane as he was brave, grieved over the loss of his people who had fallen in the action. This feeling was expressed touchingly and characteristically, in a war song, which he uttered after this victory, which has been preserved by the late Mr. Johnston, of St. Mary's, in the following stanzas:

On that day when our heroes lay low—lay low,
 On that day when our heroes lay low,
 I fought by their side, and thought ere I died,
 Just vengeance to take on the foe,
 Just vengeance to take on the foe.

On that day when our chieftains lay dead—lay dead,
 On that day when our chieftains lay dead,
 I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
 And here, on my breast, have I bled,
 And here, on my breast, have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more—no more,
 Our chiefs shall return no more,
 Nor their brothers of war, who can show scar for scar,
 Like women their fates shall deplore,
 Like women their fates shall deplore.

Five winters in hunting we'll spend—we'll spend,
 Five winters in hunting we'll spend,
 Till our youth, grown to men, we'll to war lead again,
 And our days, like our fathers, we'll end,
 And our days, like our fathers, we'll end.

It is the custom of these tribes to go to war in the spring and summer, which are, not only comparatively seasons of leisure with them, but it is at these seasons that they are concealed and protected by the foliage of the forest, and can approach the

enemy unseen. At these annual returns of warmth and vegetation, they also engage in festivities and dances, during which the events and exploits of past years are sung and recited; and while they derive fresh courage and stimulus to renewed exertions, the young, who are listeners, learn to emulate their fathers, and take their earliest lessons in the art of war. Nothing is done in the summer months in the way of hunting. The small furred animals are changing their pelt, which is out of season. The doe retires with her fawns, from the plains and open grounds, into thick woods. It is the general season of reproduction, and the red man, for a time, intermits his war on the animal creation to resume it against man.

As the autumn approaches, he prepares for his fall hunts, by retiring from the outskirts of the settlements, and from the open lakes, shores, and streams, which have been the scenes of his summer festivities, and proceeds, after a short preparatory hunt, to his wintering grounds. This round of hunting, and of festivity and war, fills up the year; all the tribes conform in these general customs. There are no war parties raised in the winter. This season is exclusively devoted to securing the means of their subsistence and clothing, by seeking the valuable skins, which are to purchase their clothing and their ammunition, traps, and arms.

The hunting grounds of the chief, whose life we are considering, extended along the southern shores of Lake Superior, from the Montreal river to the inlet of the Misacoda or Burntwood river of Fond du Lac. If he ascended the one, he usually made the wide circuit indicated, and came out at the other. He often penetrated by a central route up the Maskigo. This is a region still abounding, but less so than formerly, in the bear, moose, beaver, otter, martin, and muskrat. Among the smaller animals are also to be noticed the mink, lynx, hare, porcupine, and partridge, and towards its southern and western limits, the Virginia deer. In this ample area, the La Pointe or Chagoimegon Indians hunted. It is a rule of the chase that each hunter has a portion of the country assigned to him, on which he alone may hunt; and there are conventional laws which decide all questions of right and priority in starting and killing game. In these questions the chief exercises a proper authority, and it is thus in the power of one of these forest governors and magistrates, where they happen to be men of sound sense, judgment, and manly independence, to make themselves felt and known, and to become true benefactors to their tribes. And such chiefs create an impression upon their followers, and leave a reputation behind them, which is of more value than their achievements in war.

Wabojeeg excelled in both characters; he was equally popular as a civil ruler and a war chief; and while he administered justice to his people, he was an expert hunter, and made due and ample provision for his family. He usually gleaned in a season, by his traps and carbine, four packs of mixed furs, the avails of which were ample to provide clothing for all the members of his lodge circle, as well as to renew his supply of ammunition and other essential articles.

On one occasion he had a singular contest with a moose. He had gone out one morning early to set martin traps. He had set about 40, and was returning to his lodge, when he unexpectedly encountered a large moose, in his path, which manifested a disposition to attack him. Being unarmed, and having nothing but a knife and small hatchet, which he carried to make his traps, he tried to avoid it. But the animal came towards him in a furious manner. He took shelter behind a tree, shifting his position from tree to tree, retreating. At length, as he fled, he picked up a pole, and quickly untying his moccasin strings, he bound his knife to the end of the pole. He then placed himself in a favorable position, behind a tree, and when the moose came up stabbed him several times in the throat and breast. At last, the animal exhausted with the loss of blood, fell. He then dis-

patched him, and cut out his tongue to carry home to his lodge as a trophy of victory. When they went back to the spot for the carcass they found the snow trampled down in a wide circle, and copiously sprinkled with blood, which gave it the appearance of a battlefield. It proved to be a male of uncommon size.

The domestic history of a native chief can seldom be obtained. In the present instance the facts that follow may be regarded with interest, as having been obtained from residents of Chagoimegon, or from his descendants. He did not take a wife till about the age of 30, and he then married a widow, by whom he had one son. He had obtained early notoriety as a warrior, which perhaps absorbed his attention. What causes there were to render this union unsatisfactory, or whether there were any, is not known; but after the lapse of two years he married a girl of 14, of the totem of the bear, by whom he had a family of six children. He is represented as of a temper and manners affectionate and forbearing. He evinced thoughtfulness and diligence in the management of his affairs, and the order and disposition of his lodge. When the hunting season was over, he employed his leisure moments in adding to the comforts of his lodge. His lodge was of an oblong shape, ten fathoms long, and made by setting two rows of posts firmly in the ground, and sheathing the sides and roof with the smooth bark of the birch. From the center rose a post crowned with the carved figure of an owl, which he had probably selected as a bird of good omen, for it was neither his own nor his wife's totem. This figure was so placed that it turned with the wind, and answered the purpose of a weathercock.

In person Wabojeeg was tall, being six feet six inches, erect in carriage and of slender make. He possessed a commanding countenance, united to ease and dignity of manners. He was a ready and fluent speaker, and conducted personally the negotiations with the Fox and Sioux nations. It was perhaps 20 years after the battle on the St. Croix, which established the Chippewa boundary in that quarter, and while his children were still young, that there came to his village, in the capacity of a trader, a young gentleman of a respectable family in the north of Ireland, who formed an exalted notion of his character, bearing, and warlike exploits. This visit, and his consequent residence on the lake, during the winter, became an important era to the chief, and has linked his name and memory with numerous persons in civilized life. Mr. Johnston asked the northern chief for his youngest daughter. "Englishman," he replied, "my daughter is yet young, and you cannot take her as white men have so often taken our daughters. It will be time enough to think of complying with your request when you return again to this lake in the summer. My daughter is my favorite child, and I cannot part with her, unless you will promise to acknowledge her by such ceremonies as white men use. You must ever keep her, and never forsake her." On this basis a union was formed, a union, it may be said, between the Erse and Algonquin races—and it was faithfully adhered to, till his death, a period of 37 years.

Wabojeeg had impaired his health in the numerous war parties which he conducted across the wide summit which separated his hunting grounds from the Mississippi valley. A slender frame, under a life of incessant exertion, brought on a premature decay. Consumption revealed itself at a comparatively early age, and he fell before this insidious disease, in a few years, at the early age of about 45. He died in 1793 at his native village of Chagoimegon.

The incident which has been named did not fail to make the forest chieftain acquainted with the leading truth of Christianity, in the revelation it makes of a Saviour for all races. On the contrary, it is a truth which was brought to his knowledge and explained. It is, of course, not known with what particular effects. As he saw his end approaching, he requested that his body might not be buried out

of sight, but placed, according to a custom prevalent in the remoter bands of this tribe, on a form supported by posts, or a scaffold. This trait is, perhaps, natural to the hunter state.

My friends when my spirit is fled—is fled,
My friends when my spirit is fled,
Ah, put me not bound, in the dark and cold ground,
Where light shall no longer be shed—be shed,
Where daylight no more shall be shed.

But lay me up scaffolded high—all high,
Chiefs lay me up scaffolded high,
Where my tribe shall still say, as they point to my clay,
He ne'er from the foe sought to fly - to fly,
He ne'er from the foe sought to fly.

And children, who play on the shore—the shore,
And children who play on the shore,
As the war dance they beat, my name shall repeat,
And the fate of their chieftain deplore - deplore,
And the fate of their chieftain deplore.



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