

## MAKING A MOTION PICTURE IN 1848

### JOURNAL OF CANOE VOYAGE FROM THE FALLS OF S<sup>T</sup> ANTHONY TO S<sup>T</sup> LOUIS

[*The first installment of the diary kept by Henry Lewis during a sketching expedition on the upper Mississippi in the summer of 1848 appears with an introduction in the June issue of this magazine, ante, p. 131–158. Lewis devotes many of the early pages of his journal to an account of a visit to Wabasha Prairie during the Winnebago troubles of 1848. In the entries published herewith, the artist relates the story of his journey from Fort Snelling to Galena while engaged in making sketches for his great panorama of the upper Mississippi. B.L.H.*]

After waiting some four or five days at S<sup>t</sup> Peters for a fair wind — and the wind being determined not to be fair — we determin'd to start. accordingly every thing being in readiness and attended by an escort of Cap<sup>n</sup> Eastman and his family and divers other lookers on besides one passenger a M<sup>r</sup> Weld[,] Farmer for the Indi[a]ns at Crow Wing village (of whom more anon)<sup>18</sup> we left our comfortable quarters under the hospitable roof of the Cap<sup>n</sup> on Monday afternoon, 27 July<sup>19</sup> at 3 o'clock firing a salute at parting in military style, intending to encamp for the night at Little crows village after a pleasant run altho' the wind was ahead we arriv'd at the village at 8 o'clock in the evening and here our troubles began — a trouble which altho' it may appear very insignificant at first sight threatens to rob us of half the please [*pleasure*] of our trip, if not half our blood. I mean the musquetoës I had often heard people talk of clouds of

<sup>18</sup> The reference is to Eben Weld, who was government farmer at Kaposia, on the present site of South St. Paul. Little Crow was the chief of the Sioux band living at Kaposia, which was often called Little Crow's village. Two letters by Weld, in which he tells of his experiences in Minnesota, are published *ante*, 15: 302–306.

<sup>19</sup> This date, which is inserted above the line, obviously is wrong. Lewis might have intended to write July 2, which in 1848 fell on a Monday. In a number of other entries, he gives the day of the week incorrectly. For example, June 14, the day on which he left St. Louis, was a Wednesday, not a Monday. See *ante*, p. 150.

these tormentors and of persons being eaten alive. these I consider'd figurative expressions, but sorry experiance has taught me they are too true. Had we remain'd expos'd to their attacks in the bottom on which we encamp'd that night all that would be left of the chronocle[r] of this journal would have been his skeliton. but fortunately we accepted the hospitality of M<sup>r</sup> Weld for which we paid dearly afterwards and got a pretty good nights rest in his house.<sup>20</sup> The men roll'd themselves up in their blankets and lying down in the rank grass with no canopy but the heavens managed somehow to live th[r]o the night. and taking a sketch of the village which contains some 14 or 15 lodges,<sup>21</sup> we started again with a strong head wind our boat swarming with our tormentors, so that it was nothing but slap slap until even an anchorate would have lost his patience.

With all our labour and the current to help us we made but 15 miles this day I took several sketches after having rigg'd up a bar in our little cabbin, but altogether it was a wretched day and we hail'd with pl[e]asure a beautiful looking spot about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 w[h]ere we concluded we would encamp. But oh how appearances in nature as well as man do som[e]times deceive this you would suppose the breeding place of all the blooded stock of this most blood thirsty crew. We had hardly landed when we were attacked by hundreds. the fire after it was made attracted thousands and we ate our supper attended by the obsequ[i]ous attentions of millions, until fairly driven into our tent and under our bar where we thought we should have some little peace but bars were no bar to them and we had scarsely got under it when whiz whiz, hum hu[m] you would have thought yourself in a hive of bees. it was dreadful after the fatigue and heat of the day thus to be annoy'd so we determin'd if possible to kill every one in the bar and then try and sleep again so procuring a light we went to work and kill[e]d some hundreds and once more compos'd ourselves but it was no use—in they came again I dont know how, for the bar was perfect, and we got no sleep that night and were fairly driven away without our breakfast, for it was impossible to eat it even if we cook'd it.

After rowing against a head wind for three miles we came upon

<sup>20</sup> In a letter of February 10, 1846, Weld relates: "I have a large two Story House and am the only occupant." See *ante*, 15:305.

<sup>21</sup> In *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, 56, the picture of this village reproduced herewith is entitled "Klein Rabendorf."

Red Wings village[,] see page [*blank in MS.*] in sketch book, beautifully situated on a plateau back'd by a range of beautiful bluffs; the termination of this range forms a bold headland on the river and from its peculiar shape is call'd la Grange (the barn)<sup>22</sup> on the beach under it this bluff there was a fine gravel beach with a breeze blowing from land which seem'd musqueto proff [*sic*] and here we took our breakfast surroun[d]ed by some forty as hungry savages as you can well imagine. One of the head men attracted by the smell of the savory fare made a speech in which he highly complimented us and the boat and finished by telling us he was a great man, who liv'd without fear of the Chippeways, and was in fact a great chief. in conclusion he came to the pith of the argument namely that he had a very hungry family at home and finish'd as all indian speeches do finish by begging our last loaf.

As a specimen of the bravery of these Indians I will mention an incident that took place last winter at this village related to me by the Indian farmer. Some indians from a neighbouring village had had some quarrel in a drunken braul but had parted with no other harm than threats and hard words. A short time afterwards one of these indians happen'd to come to this village and whilst seated in one of the Wigwams one of the men with whom he had quarrel'd crept *behind* him and cut his throat. They buried him in ten minutes, but it was suspected that he had been murder'd here and the village hearing that his *brother* was coming up to take revenge, man, woman and child left the village and cross'd to the other side — and all from one man.

Having finish'd and been gaz'd at to the hearts content of the Indian I prepar'd before leaving to enjoy a view from the summit of La Grange and arming myself with my gun in case of Rattle snakes which are very numerous on this bluff I started I found the views from the top so beautiful that I made a panoramic series of sketches embracing the whole horison, and then we embark'd again on our long and thus far tedious voyage.

after a hard days rowing we cross'd half way thro' lake Pepin and

<sup>22</sup> The present city of Red Wing was built on the site of a Sioux village and is named for the line of chiefs who ruled there. The most prominent feature of the landscape in this vicinity is Barn Bluff, which was known by the early French explorers and traders in the region as La Grange. Sections entitled "Roth Flügeldorf" and "La Grange" appear in *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, 76-82.

encamp'd July 14<sup>th</sup> on a beautiful beach which looked as tho' a musqueto or any other annoyance could not dwell there. But we had hardly got our fire made when Whiz, whiz buz buz they came thick as ever until I was fairly constrain'd to eat my supper with my head under a bar — and a funnier set of looking objects perhaps never was seen than we presented each trying with all his might and main to keep off the tormentors. This lake is 25 or 30 miles long with an average width of pe[r]haps 3 miles. it is very subject to sudden storms and squalls, and we heard many ominous prophesies as to whether our little craft could live to pass its dangers, to say nothing of ourselves and we were gravely told to coast along its dangerous shores. I however having a strong and fair wind launch'd boldly on its bosom and steering for the very centre rode on its long swelling waves like a duck Nearing the Lovers Leap or Winonas rock where it is said an Indian maiden disappointed in love committed suicide, and as the height of this rock has been a matter of a good deal of dispute, I determin'd to measure it and it remains with me to tell the exact height at the base of which love and suicide met.<sup>23</sup> by dint of hard and very dangerous climbing I succeeded at last in reaching the very brink of the precipice and with a long line taken for the purpose I drop'd the other end to my man Franscois below. we found the height to be 126 feet. taking with me as a remembrance of the spot in the shape of a branch of cedar the parent stem of which might have witness'd the event (supposing cedars have eyes) even if it had happen'd four hundred [years] ago, and after taken [*taking*] a couple of beautiful views from the summit and seeing like a speck far in the lake below my first officer Robb<sup>24</sup> with the pioneer cutter I de[s]cendend [*sic*] and again took to the middle of the lake.

The wind held fair for 10 or 12 miles further when it died away after giving a parting puff which drove my hel[m]sman Francois,

<sup>23</sup> The many versions of the "Winona Legend" connected with Maiden Rock on the east shore of Lake Pepin are examined by G. Hubert Smith in an article published *ante*, 13: 367-376. Lewis includes lithographs of Lake Pepin and of Maiden Rock in *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, 86, 96; and he devotes sections to Lake Pepin and "Der Mädchensprung" (p. 87-99).

<sup>24</sup> Robb left St. Louis later than Lewis, joining the artist on the upper river. Instructions for Robb are included in Lewis' letter to Stagg written aboard the "Senator." A draft of the letter is in the back of the manuscript diary. Robb's contribution to the panorama is discussed *ante*, p. 140.

nearly out of his senses and from his post. I was busy sketching at the time, when I hea[r]d an exclamation *Mon Dieu Mon Dieu*, we are lost. I flew to the helm lower'd the main sail and bringing her head round again soon put all to rights. We now had to take to our oars and rowing some six miles we came near the foot of the lake which here terminates in a beautiful bay of gravil among which are many beautiful shells and pebbles here are found great numbers of carnelians and agates besides very fine specimens of jasper and field [*feld*] spar. the rocks arround are principally unstratified sand stone with large boulders of granite scatter'd at intervals.

Seeing a tent at the further side of this bay about a mile and half to leeward and not having seen Cap<sup>n</sup> Robb since morning, I thought it might be him so heaving to I fir'd a gun which was immediately answer'd by my consort I again cross'd the lake and found the cap<sup>n</sup> encamped in a spot which combin'd the most exceeding beauty with great utility. It was a scene to be remember'd for a life time; before us stretch'd the Lake for fourteen miles, with its beautifully picturesque shores, and the spot on which our tent was pitched was form'd of the beautiful gravil and sand for which this lake is celebrated. The sun was just setting in the greatest splendour and as he was slowly sinking behind the hills seem'd to linger a mome[n]t as if loth to part with a scene so lovely. We soon had a fire made from the trunk and branches of an old Cedar and sat down right weary and hungry to a good supper of broil'd Ham coffee and lobsters — (think of lobsters on lake Pepin[]). after making a sketch of our encampment and writing a little in my journal I turn'd in to my tent and slept such sleep as you who dwell in cities seldom know. We made this day only 20 miles owing to head winds and numerous stoppages.

July 14 Got breakfast by daylight and made an early start, the wind high, but fair. The surf running pretty considerable strong from the lake fill'd the bows of our little bark but it could get no further and as to sinking—that was impossible as I had so constructed my boat that it was a perfect life preserver. Therefore when she was bail'd out and her head put before the wind we sail'd away beautifully and the wind holding fair all day we made a fine run to Wabashaw prairie distance 60 miles, and encampd.

I dont know that I have given you a scene in camp and as I have a little spare time I might as well do so now. As soon as the boat

lands Fransuois and John pitch our canvass home[,] two things always being consider'd necessary[,] water and a spot where in case of rain it could not run into our tent another important consideration is to find a location where the musquetoës are not in millions Where they are only in thousands is consider'd a good camping ground. Well, the tent being up—the next thing is to make a fire where the wind will carry the smoke towards the door of our tent to keep off the hungry varment, and heat some water to make the coffee. Whilst this is going on I take a stroll with my gun or fishing rod to look for fresh meat and if unsuccessful why we must take a rasher of broil'd ham or dried beef—and the mattresses being spread in the tent supper is announç'd in due form by striking a knife on the bottom of the frying pan and we sit down a la Turk and take our time to it in true aristocratic style. This performance being over next comes the pipes and then the long chat over the events of the day pass'd and the plans for the coming one & then right well fatigued after setting our night lines we turn in and sleep such sleep as is not even dreamt of beneath city shingles. On the lower end of the prairie on which we were encamp't (which you will recollect was the theatre of the stirring events I have related in a preceeding page) were still encamp't a company of dragoons, sent to assist in the removal of the Win[n]ebagoes. They were themselves preparing to depart as the last party of the Indians had gone up on the S Boat on her last trip.<sup>25</sup>

July 15 They were landed at Fort Snelling and from thence took up their line of march for their new country—beyond the Crow Wing river some 180 miles further forth [*north*]<sup>26</sup> Being acquainted with Cap Morgan the gentleman in command as soon as breakfast was finished we struck our tent and dropt down to his encampment where we had a pleasant chat and smoke and when about to start when the steam boat on which he was going to embark his men hove in sight and we must needs stay a little longer as we ex-

<sup>25</sup> The Winnebago were transported from Wabasha Prairie to Fort Snelling on the steamboat "Dr. Franklin." This boat is described by Merrick, in *Old Times on the Upper Mississippi*, 265. See also Russell Blakeley, "History of the Discovery of the Mississippi River and the Advent of Commerce in Minnesota," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 8: 385.

<sup>26</sup> Long Prairie, the site of the Winnebago reservation, is west of the Mississippi and north of the Crow Wing River, in what is now Todd County. It is a little more than a hundred miles from Fort Snelling.

pected to get at least some papers and see some old friends that we knew were on board. On her arrival our boat became quite an object of curiosity and many were the visits I had to pay to and from the S<sup>t</sup> Boat to show people our floating curiosity shop, and having linger'd two hours got a batch of late papers, and said farewell we up sail and once more were under way.

Three miles below here we came to Mount Tromp l'eau a large rocky mountain that stands on a small island very picturesque.<sup>27</sup> Marvellious stories had been told about a lake on its summit full of delicious fish which we found out to be all moonshine (I mean the stories not the lake) as we assended it, and also a much higher hill immediately opposite, from which I took a birds eye view of as grand a scene as ever eye rested upon. Far as the eye could reach could be seen the Missi[ssi]ppi with its thousand islands winding like a stream of silver thro' dense masses of varied green. Mountain o'er mountain rose, forest stretched beyond forest, prairie beyond p[r]arie until the eye sought relief [*sic*] in the dim purple distance with its broad masses without detail its varied and lengthen'd shadows added a crowning charm to the whole. Yet a feeling of sadness would break over one to think that all this b[e]auty — this adabtation of natures to mans wants was a *solitude*, vast, and lonely, inhabited only by a few bands of indians now fast melting away and the solitary deer and elk. No smoke from the cabin to remind one of home and its comforts no spires, or domes of cities to tell of commerce or its manufactories, no waving fields of grain to contrast with its golden undulations the vast masses of dark green foliage all all was solitude could Zimmerman have stood where I did he would have exclaim'd an[d] been satisfied [let] this be my home.<sup>28</sup> As I looked I felt how hopeless art was to convey the *soul* of such a scene as this and as the poet wishes for the pencil of the artist so did I for the power of discript[i]on to tell of the thousand thoughts fast crowding each other from my mind. But a truce to sentiment here I am with pencil and sketch book ruminating and dreaming when I should be at work so here goes to make the effort if it is only in outline to carry to my friends at home and try and give them some idea of where I

<sup>27</sup> Trempealeau Mountain is below Winona on the Wisconsin side of the river.

<sup>28</sup> The reference doubtless is to the Swiss philosopher, Johann George von Zimmermann, one of whose chief works is entitled *On Solitude*.

have been. There, 'tis done—and now to wake friend Robb who has taken in so much of the poetry of the scene that together with the climb has quite overpower'd him for you must recollect we are five hundred and twenty feet nearer heaven than we were an hour ago on our boat, and I would remark at passing that if the whole road to those delectable regions is as rough as this was it will be a pilgrims progress with a vengeance and an up hill business to boot.

Having order'd the men on starting to have a cup of coffee for us on our return, we got under way again, and sipping our delicious beverage and enjoying pipes took a view of [the scene] as we floated past of [*sic*] the spot that had cost us so much trouble to ascend. I had forgotten to remark that whilst at the top the steamer dubuque pass'd far below us friend Robb hoisted a blood red handkerchief on the end of an oar he had taken with him to kill rattle snakes and I fir'd a salute of defiance at the passing boat. We are now pulling away again and as the sun set is approaching we began to look out for a camping ground the evening is warm and sultry and I we [*sic*] think we shall catch it certain. therefore as we coasted along if Rob[b] or myself should see a spot we thought would do we would run the boat ashore and try it. Sometimes such an overwhelming army would attack us that we would make the most precipitate and disgraceful retreats for our boat and scratch out into the stream again. We at last discover'd a spot we thought would do at the end of a sand bar and we accordingly encamp'd. but the sentries sounded the cry instantly—fresh meat ashore ready for the charge and we were surrounded and almost carried away. By dint of considerable ingenuity we fix'd a bar on four oars stuck in the sand and defy'd them whilst we took our supper and when once we had them shut out the sensation was delightful to hear and see them in their frantic efforts *rushing madly* at the bar, trying to carry it by storm but a truce to musketoes I have had enough of them and I presume you have also by this time. after this night they were not so bad. We were encamp'd this evening near the mouth of Black river and we made this day only about 25 miles owing to a head wind and late start and numerous stoppages

July 16<sup>th</sup> Started early and after taking a sketch of the mouth of Black river proceeded on our way the wind still being ahead but it chang'd about ten o'clock and we made a fine run of it to day of

near 50 miles, took a great number of sketches. Prairie la Cross, upper Iowa river, Birds eye view of the celebrated bend call'd Coon slue, with its windings of 14 miles where it does not pass over more the [than] 6 miles in a straight line.<sup>29</sup> The view from the summit of the bluff at the foot of the slue is magnificent but almost impossible to draw, in outline. Just below here we stop'd at Mr Reeds an old hunter and trapper a man that has been in this part of the country some 34 years. We unfortunately found that he was absent at the fort where he had gone to see the payment of the indians he being farmer to Wabashaws band.<sup>30</sup> We antisipated some stirring narratives from this old man, and were much disappointed at not finding him. Here we took a bucket of fine spring water and proceeded on our way.

Soon we came opposite the island made celebrated as the spot where Black Hawk made his last desperate stand and where was fought what is call[e]d the battle of Bad Axe.<sup>31</sup> I immediately went to work and made a true sketch of the spot and near the mouth of the river made our encampment in an old deserted whiskey dealers

<sup>29</sup> La Crosse prairie is the site of the present city of La Crosse, Wisconsin. The natives frequently assembled on this prairie to play the ball game known as la crosse. See Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names*, 239. A sharp bend in the river at Coon Slough made it a danger point for steamboat pilots. Merrick, *Old Times on the Upper Mississippi*, 84, 283.

<sup>30</sup> James Reed is listed as a farmer for the St. Peter's agency in a roll of *Persons Employed in the Indian Department* for 1847-48, published as 30 Congress, 1 session, *House Executive Documents*, no. 26, p. 5 (serial 516). In 1836 he was living in Crawford County, Wisconsin, according to "The Territorial Census for 1836," in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, 13: 256. Reed does not seem to have remained in the Indian service long after Lewis' visit, for in a report dated October 9, 1848, R. G. Murphy, the subagent at St. Peter's, writes: "From what I can learn, the farmer for the Wabasha band does not reside in the Indian country at this time, nor never has done so, although he was acting as farmer for the Indians, and was under pay at six hundred dollars per annum, till the first of August last, when he was dismissed." 30 Congress, 2 session, *House Executive Documents*, no. 1, p. 474 (serial 537).

<sup>31</sup> For an account of the battle between the Sauk Indians under Black Hawk and the whites at the mouth of the Bad Axe River in 1832, see Bruce E. Mahan, *Old Fort Crawford and the Frontier*, 174-176 (Iowa City, 1926). Lewis recounts the tragic story of the battle in *Das illustrierte Mississippthal*, 132-136; his narrative is accompanied by a picture of the steamboat "Warrior" firing upon the Indians in midstream. The picture, like his narrative, must have been based upon stories of the battle that he read or heard.

cabin. This was a most delightful camping ground. the house was in pretty good repair[,] the hugh fire place open'd its hospitable jaws to receive us and soon we had a jolly fire roaring on the hearth. The imagination might here run riot in calling up to ones mind the scenes that had been enacted in this old cabin. The stories of successful hunts, the hair breath scapes, the desperate adventure, the drunken broils and consequent fights with the indians, and a dark tale of blood was hinted at how a half breed woman was murder'd by a drunken husband. but I have not time to tell you of what might have been but of what was and in spite of stories and legends I was soon as fast asleep as tho' I were in some snug little room in S<sup>t</sup> Louis instead of where I was with doors and windows all open to the breeze.

July 17<sup>th</sup> We made a late start this morning as we had to bake this complicated and difficult operation I had to take entirely upon myself as our half breeds knew nothing about it. You would have laugh'd to have seen me with my ears tye'd up to keep off the musquetoos an old wollen night cap on my head and, my sleeves roold [*rolled*] up working away kneeding whilst Robb, would be getting ready, the coals, and watching the operation with great interest. Having back'd [*baked*] my loaf I sit down to write first going down to the boat to see all to righ[t]s, hoist my signal lanthorn and set my night lines. The houses here are very scarce, and such articles as fresh milk or beef are out of the question. therefore those travelling as I did must take their coffee without milk and live on salt meat and let the *freshness* of the scenery compensate for other luxuries.

Whi[1]st breakfast was cooking I took a stroll round this old deserted mansion. There were still overgrown with weeds tho' and battling lustily with them for the mastery traces of the little garden and the field. the convolvulus was training up a high wild flower the cultivated golden rod of England, and the pink and marigold tried hard to get a peek of the smiling sun thro' the dark masses of weeds that surrounded them. barley, wheat, and corn, were growing wild all around with an aspect of desolation, and neglect, seen there in the wilderness than [*that*] one can not well describe. it seem'd as tho' man had tried hard to battle with solitude and the forrest but had—had at last to give it up again and seek for more congenial scenes. But we must away again. The Mine-ah-ah lies just below

and her little streamer points down stream.<sup>32</sup> A fair wind down the Miss. at this season of the year is not to be lost.

July 18. Struck our tent and silently stole away and on thro' many a varied scene. The picturesque bluffs still continue one which we visited was very high and steep. it is call'd Cap o lange or iron hill. it is cov[er]'d with small pieces of native iron in a tolerably pure state said to have been used by the Indians for spear and arrow heads They might possibly have welded them out into arrow and spear heads as is reported, but I much doubt it with their imperfect implements. On the other side of a small slue which divides this mountain from the one below it South stands the painted rock of the indians<sup>33</sup> this is a very ancient place of worship with them proba[bly] from its close vicinity to the Iron mountain causing many of them to frequent the spot. The rock is a painted boulder of granite about 3 or 4 feet high<sup>34</sup>

July 19<sup>th</sup> 1848 Encamp'd this evening 3 miles above Prarie du Chaen in a very rich bottom back'd by very pecul[i]ar bluffs see sketch on [blank in MS.] page we made a good run this day of 45 miles, and I took a great number of sketches, of the picturesque bluffs as we pass'd them. One bluff owing to its shape we call'd the Alter [sic] bluff, for you can see the pulpit the reading desk and the baptismal fount After marking our names on this bluff and giving its name, and after a hearty breakfast from a very fine fish which we found on our night line, we struck tent and hoisted sale for Prarie du Chain distant some 4 or 5 miles. Arriving at an island, overlooking the town I made a careful view of it, and then we row'd up to the town. It is one [of] the oldest if not the oldest town in the West, and its quaint, old, french chateaus and cottages are very pic-

<sup>32</sup> The "Minnehaha" was Lewis' boat, which the artist named for the falls near Fort Snelling. For information about the building of the boat, see *ante*, p. 158 and footnote 17. The "Minnehaha" appears in the illustration facing p. 297.

<sup>33</sup> A height of land a short distance above Prairie du Chien was known by the natives as "*Ki-ah-ka-mu-rah*, or Iron Hill, because of the large quantities of that metal found near"; the French called it "*Cap à l'ail*, or the Wing Hill, from the supposed resemblance of its outline to the *wing* of a bird." Not far away was a large granite boulder that had been painted red and was regarded by the natives as sacred. Charles A. Dana, ed., *The United States Illustrated: The West*, 94, 95 (New York, n. d.).

<sup>34</sup> In the original diary, this paragraph is followed by three and a half blank pages.

turesque. it was settled originally by traders and trappers from Canada by the way of Lake Michigan and then down [*sic*] Fox river — as early as 1734.<sup>35</sup>

On going up to the printing office which by the by is the Post Office also, I was pleasantly surprise'd at meeting Doc Randall one of the U S. Geological Corps.<sup>36</sup> he had been rob'd by the indians on the head waters of the Des Moin[e]s, by a band of the Sioux call'd the Sis[se]tons. they took two horses from them 3 out of their four blankets (they were not *savages* enou[g]h like some white men to take all) and after braking a very fine revolving rifle and the doc baromiter which last was an accident, and after looking with perfect contempt on the doc specimens, and collections of plants they gave him some buffalo meat and told him to go. We pass'd a very pleasant evening together, he telling me of all his adventures and showing me the charts maps and — sections of the whole of that interesting and almost unknown region. He has made many very valuable discoveries on this river both in coal, lead Iron and Gypsum, the latter is very valuable and very rich beginning near the mouth and continueing for 200 miles up.<sup>37</sup> There are also very large and valuable beds of coal on this river which will one day become very valuable as it is no where else found in this part of the country. After stending [*spending*] the night in our tent and taking breakfast with us, we had to part[,] he to proceed to Fort Snelling to refit and I for Galena So wishing him better luck next time we said farewell

<sup>35</sup> Prairie du Chien is located on the Mississippi just above the mouth of the Wisconsin. During the period of the French occupation of the upper Mississippi, the Indians assembled on its site to trade with the French. Forts were built there by both the British and the Americans. The Fox River was explored as early as 1634 by Jean Nicolet; in 1673 Marquette and Joliet ascended the Fox, portaged to the Wisconsin, and descended that stream to its mouth. See Mahan, *Old Fort Crawford*, 2, 3, 10. In *Das illustrirte Mississippithal*, 146, Lewis pictures Prairie du Chien with the old wooden fort in 1830.

<sup>36</sup> This was probably A. Randall, a member of the geological survey of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota made under the direction of David Dale Owen. Lewis spent a few days with Owen on the St. Croix in 1847. He doubtless met Randall at that time, a fact that would explain his pleasure in renewing the acquaintance. For references to Randall's work under Owen, see Owen, *Report of a Geological Survey*, 149, 151, 152, 155. See also Lewis to Upham, March 7, 1902, Minnesota Historical Society Archives.

<sup>37</sup> Owen mentions discoveries of coal and gypsum on the Des Moines River in his *Report*, xxi, 121.

July 20. A fair wind and a clear sky, so after taking another view of the Prairie looking up, we hoisted all sail, determin'd to make Galena by night if the wind held good ran beautifully along 'till we arriv'd at Dubuque, which I took a view of from below call'd here on the E[d]itor of the Dubuque pater [*paper*] and left our names and objects, which he said he would notice.<sup>38</sup> left again and ran splendidly for 4 or 5 hours. We now began to pass many rafts and flats and it was curious to hear them sing out to us — What you got to sell stranger? I would generally answer Elephants turks and Carcassian slaves then there would be a pause and a talking among themselves. We had ma[n]y a pretty little bit of badinage of this kind as we pass'd the shore or rafts. Just below Dubuque is the grave of Dubuque himself on a beautiful eminence near the city he founded.<sup>39</sup> It was formerly made of lead, but the cupidity of some travelling scamps were put to the test and they mutilated and carried away a large portion of it. It has now been repl[a]c'd by one not so valuable in the shape of a substantial stone tomb. We encamp'd this evening at the mouth of Fever River 7 m from Galena. We had a beautiful camping ground but in the hurry of departure I forgot to take a view of it or to leave our names

July 21 Left at 6 o'clock for Galena we had a head wind, and as we had to go up Fever river we congratulated ourselves on the fact that we should have a fine run up. But bad luck attended us from the start this day. I had not a very clear conception which the mouth of Fever river was amongst the many slues that enter the river near its mouth, for you must know it enters the Miss. thro' a series of swamp mouths or bayous. of course I took the wrong one and consequently got slue'd, for after following it up for some 2 or 3 miles we came butt up against the end of it. Robb now got the

<sup>38</sup> At least two papers were published at Dubuque at the time of Lewis' visit — the *Miner's Express*, issued by George Green and William K. Lovell, and the *Tribune*, published by A. P. Wood. The *Democratic Telegraph* was established by Orlando McCraney sometime in 1848. Katherine Y. Macy, *Notes on the History of Iowa Newspapers, 1836-1870*, 39, 40 (University of Iowa, *Extension Bulletins*, no. 175 — Iowa City, 1927).

<sup>39</sup> The city of Dubuque was named for Julien Dubuque, one of the first white men to work the lead mines in the vicinity. He died on March 24, 1810, and was buried on a height overlooking the mouth of the Catfish River. M. M. Hoffmann, *Antique Dubuque, 1673-1833*, 112 (Dubuque, 1930).

Fever, for the river I mean, and we retrac'd our steps, or I should say our track, and finally reach'd the genuine river mouth. after a laborious row of 3 hours we got our craft up to the town of Galena and then we were among friends again. Our boat became as great as [*an*] object of curiosity as before and Rob[b] and myself did nothing else that day but walk down with little parties some to look at the boat, some at my drawing, and some to take a chat and a glass with us. I took dinner at the American House with my friend M<sup>r</sup> Snyders whom I had met and room'd with at Fort Snelling, and over a bottle of excellent wine I narrated to him my adventures since we parted. A[f]ter many adieus and shaking of hands, we party [*parted*] reluctantly from our kind and hospitable entertainers, One of whom, M<sup>r</sup> S. Harris wish'd us to stay with him 2 or 3 weeks. It was now late in the evening and so running down 2 miles below the city we encamp'd for the night. In the night the [Dr.] Franklin pass'd and not seeing us or not caring to extend to us the courtesy of most of the other boats that had pass'd us on this stream, she ran by us with a full head of steam and her swell came near sinking us. but running out of our tent in drawers and stocking feet, I was just in time to save her. I was join'd in Galena by M<sup>r</sup> Rogers a gentleman I had been anxiously looking for, to assist me in making sketches.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Rogers assisted Lewis in making sketches for the panorama. For an account of his services, see *ante*, p. 140.

[*To be concluded*]



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