

MENOMINEE RANGE HISTORY – EXCERPTS FROM TROUTING ON THE BRULÉ RIVER –1879

[Compiled and Transcribed by William J. Cummings]

Trouting on the Brule River, or Lawyers' Summer-Wayfaring in the Northern Wilderness by John Lyle King, Chicago: The Chicago Legal News Company, 1879, pp. iv-vi

...For an excursion, and on a vacation furlough, to one of these streams noted for trout, three Chicago lawyers, in **August, 1875**, joined in a party. These were **JAMES L. HIGH**, author of the works on "Injunctions," "Extraordinary Legal Remedies," etc., **JONAH H. BISSELL**, compiler of "Bissell's Reports," and the writer [**JOHN LYLE KING**], together with **LORENZO PRATT**, a Chicago capitalist.

The party sought recreation and mental rest. Other members of the bar had journeyed some of those regions, in their vacation freedom, on a tour of rest, sport and pleasure. They had found and reported a full and rare fruition of enjoyment, in their wanderings to and on the **Brulé river**. A like expedition, with identical purposes, following the path of **Cook, Campbell, Judge Blodgett** and others, promised equal and similar delight and good. It was a journey and sojourn in open air, made up of canoeing, tenting, portaging and roughing generally, with the incidents of shooting and fishing.

The outfit and supplies were provided in Chicago, and sent by the **Chicago & North-Western railway** to **Section Eighteen**, a station of that road eighteen miles beyond **Marinette, Wisconsin**. The other accessories – a team for the land route and the guides – were engaged in advance at Marinette, and met the party at Section Eighteen. The canoes were to be procured at **Badwater**, on the **Menominee [River]**, where the water travel began.

The guides were Indians. One of them was **George Kaquotash**, a **full-blooded Menominee**, muscular, lithe, active – a veteran of the woods and of the **Brulé**

[River]. The other was **Mitchell Thebault**, **mostly Menominee, with a French infusion of blood and name**, with his complexion paled to a hue of little lighter than the usual Indian copper tint. Though with the manners and habits, in some degree, of civilized life, they were essentially, in nature and native dialect, **Indians**. In August of 1877, a second excursion to the **Brulé river** was made by the same Chicago party, excepting that **MR. FRANKLIN DENISON**, also a Chicago lawyer, took the place of **MR. BISSELL**.

This volume is an itinerary [*sic – itinerary*] or narrative of these excursions. It is made up and revised from diaries whose notes were jotted down on the way. They were kept chiefly to vary or to fill up and divert idle intervals, or otherwise vacant leisures. The notes were off-hand, and took the impromptu form and pressure of the body of the time when penciled. With some revision, the notes were published partly in the *Chicago Sunday Times*, and partly in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, and from these journals, with fuller revision again, they are now reproduced in this volume. Their further publicity is more of the instance [*sic – insistence*] of others than at that of the writer himself.

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The **Michigami [*sic – Michigamme*]** river has its source in **Lake Michigami [*sic – Michigamme*]**, in the iron and copper regions of Lake Superior. Its course is southeasterly. Its length is about ninety miles. Our party struck this river at **Republic**, reaching there by rail from Chicago, and coursed it about fifty-three miles, making thence overland and water

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routes by **Lake Mary**, the **Paint river**, **Mud lake**, the **Trout (known as Sugar) river**, **Lone Grave (or Bass), lake** [*sic – lake,*] and **lakes Chicagon** [*sic – Chicagoan*] and **Minnie**, to the **Brulé [River]**, a distance of thirty-five miles. With the exception of the **Hamilton and Merryman lumbering company's camp**, about eighteen miles above its mouth, the **Michigami** [*sic – Michigamme*], from the point where the party touched it, traverses an unbroken wilderness. This can now be reached by team on a supply road from **Badwater**, which also extends to the headwaters of [*the*] **Ford river**. The **Michigami** [*sic – Michigamme*] flows through the richest of forest scenery, and on its banks are numerous points where deer may be shot, and, at places where small streams come in, trout are found. Downward canoeing is a most delightful experience of the rambler on this stream.

The **Brulé**, in **1875**, also ran its whole course through a complete wilderness. It was then reached by overland route from **Section Eighteen on the Chicago and North-Western Railway**, by way of **Badwater**, on the **Menominee [River]**, and in canoes thence. Since that time, several changes are visible in the few lower miles of the river. About seventeen miles above its mouth at the **Michigami** [*sic – Michigamme*], a dam has been erected, and there is said to be fine trouting at that point. A mile below that is **Armstrong's Camp**, and below the latter two miles is **La Montaigne's Upper Camp**; three miles further down is **Cauldwell's farm**, and five miles from the latter is **Stephenson's Brulé farm**. Here is the log cabin at which our party made a descent on the cook and his dog.

There is now a railroad, operated by the North-Western company, the **Menominee River Railroad**, from the line of the former at **Menominee River Junction** to

Quiniseck [*sic – Quinnesec*], about twenty five miles. This point can be reached by rail from Chicago, direct, in about sixteen hours. From **Quiniseck** [*sic – Quinnesec*] a **new wagon road has been made to Twin Falls**. Between the two falls it crosses the Menominee on a fine **iron bridge** recently constructed, and passes near the south end of **Badwater (or Spread Eagle) lakes** to the **Commonwealth iron mines**, thence north-easterly, near **Fisher's lake** [*sic – Fisher Lake*], to **Stephenson's farm on the Brulé**. From this farm supply roads run to points on [*the*] **Paint river**, and also a supply road runs nine miles to **Brulé dam**, built in 1878. The distance from **Quiniseck** [*sic – Quinnesec*] to this point is about thirty miles. This dam is a mile below **Chickabiddy Camp**.

Quiniseck [*sic – Quinnesec*] is already something of a village, and is the depot of several productive iron regions. From **Vulcan**, on the **Menominee River Railroad**, a supply road runs to **Sturgeon river**, where both good hunting and fishing may be had. On [*the*] **Pine river**, reached from **Twin Falls**, there are good fishing and hunting. From **Carney**, on the **Chicago and North-Western Railway**, a road runs due west, crossing the Menominee at the **Peemenee** [*sic – Pemene*] farm of the **N. Ludington Company**, to the north branch of **Pike river**. From the farm, the road traverses a park-like and picturesque country of pine plains, Norway pines and scrub oak, and is reputed to be an extremely pleasant and easy route. The trouting on the north branch of the **Pike**, as well as on the main river, is said to be superior. Bass fishing and hunting on **Caton lakes** are very fine. There is a good hotel at **Carney**, where arrangements can be made in advance, for teams and supplies for parties in quest of hunting and fishing amusement at points and in regions

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accessible from that point. The sportsman may also made a fine trip on the **Escanaba river**, by reaching it by rail to **Smith mine**, and thence down the stream by canoe or boat to the mouth. Trouting and deer hunting on this river, [sic] afford most excellent sport.

In consequence of these recent openings up of mining and lumbering points, and of roads to them, the sporting realms of forest and stream are made more easily and directly accessible. A sufficiency or abundance of supplies, the necessary and proper staples of subsistence, may be obtained at the various logging and mining points. At **Marinette** and **Menominee** a retinue of **Indian guides** for a journey and sojourn in the woods, [sic] may always be had.

With the exception of the points now mentioned, the regions traversed by the **Brulé and Michigami [sic – Michigamme]** are wholly a wilderness, **unsettled, even by Indians**. The only landmarks are the trails or portages, impassable except on foot, and known only to hunters, trappers, prospectors, locators, surveyors or adventurous sportsmen on summer rambles. There is no sort of habitation or cultivation. Not more than two or three parties, during a season, penetrate these forests. For such parties the supplies and appliances of subsistence must be taken along or obtained at the lumber camps, and must be such as will admit of being transported in canoe and packed over the carries.

The forests are almost impenetrable, from the dense luxuriant growth, undergrowth and fallen and decaying timber. There are trails or portages, as they are indifferently called, between different points, and these are passable only on foot, and most of them with difficulty in that way. The canoe is the means of travel. The country is threaded in many directions with

watercourses, and interspersed with lakes and lakelets, and by portages, the canoes and the outfit of the parties can be transported from one navigating course to another.

In these regions mink, otter, deer, some bear, and waterfowl, particularly in their season, are found. The sportsman who ventures through the forests may find in them and along the water a surfeit of booty for his gun or rod. For the most part he is powerless, except when near some of the points with railway reach recently opened, to utilize the spoils any more than in supplying his camp fare as he passes along. Only in exceptional instances, and usually in limited quantity, his trout, or deer, or ducks, beyond the needs of traveling consumption, must be wasted or left behind, neither sufficing for his own prolonged wants or for gifts to friends at home.

As well as a canoe to move him, the traveler must have a tent to house him, and such outfit of camping appliances and such store of provisions as may suit his taste, his capacity of transporting them, the length of the route and the duration of his sojourn. Most essential, too, is the **guide**, his *cicerone*, the impersonated guide-book of the way, the navigator of the birch-bark, the carrier of the luggage, the tent-builder, the log-heap fireman, the cook, the baker, the scullion, in fact the indispensable general utility man and brother. He is, or should be, an **Indian or half breed**, and practically they are the same.

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About ten o'clock we came to [the] **Sturgeon river**, where it flows into the

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Menominee [River]. Forging the former at its mouth – it being then from summer shrinking much down in the mouth – we struck the bounds of **Sturgeon, otherwise New York farm**, which lies there bordering the two streams. After the density of wilderness and naturalness we had traversed, it opened on us like a perspective of beauty and a scene of life. There are some good buildings of wood on the place, a capacious barn, a store-room, and a large acreage of meadow, the property of a lumbering company. It is the base of supplies and stores of various kinds, and also the abode of the choppers in the company's winter employ. There is an aspect of neatness, thrift, enterprise and prosperity about the farm. Its chief importance to us, however, was in its capability of supplying wants already felt. We were customers on its subsistence reserves.

The next point was **Dickey's**. Ten miles stretched between it and the farm. It was not a much more pleasing route than that already passed over. It led up a hill, and ran a goodly distance along a ridge of hills, and some if it was comparatively smooth and going, while other portions of the road were rough and broken. We tested considerably our pedestrian capacities on the way. Huckleberries were plentiful, and we picked them and mouthed our fill of them. There was much dead timber, with scattering numbers of skeleton pines and hemlocks, and nothing enlivening in the way of scenery to relieve the cheerless monotony.

We plodded wearily on till we reached a hill range overlooking the river. There was an open space from which the timber had been cleanly stripped, and a **deserted cabin** then in decay, was the sole vestige of a former busy logging camp. The ground was worthless for culture, but had a great apparent capacity for brambles and weeds.

And when its original wealth of pies had been exhausted, the place was abandoned and relapsed into a dismal waste. But the site desolate in itself, yet afforded an outlook of a charming stretch of river and forest panorama. The guides, with something of an eye for the beautiful, had told us of the view, and had led us to it.

High said that within his experience, which was one of considerable familiarity with the indigenous of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, our Indian retinue were the first of the race whom he had known to have a sensibility to the charms of scenery. **Kaquotash** and **Thebault** lingered, as we did, in admiration of the vista. Below us was the river bending, a belt or outline of gleaming silver winding through masses of verdant forest magically coloring to varying and shifting hues, from the stirring of the breeze, the shading of a cloud or the full effulgence of the sun. The blending view of woodland and stream was much finer than that at **Sturgeon farm**, and was, really, our first vision of the **Menominee [River]** picturesque.

We were tiring of the way, and longing for **Dickey's**, where we were to halt for rest and dining. **The plodding along was wearisome till the proportions of his cabin, in a patch of clearing, loomed into sight. Like the few and far between kindred structures of the woods, it was of the rude, primal, wooden style of architecture. It is a trading station, lonely in its isolation as a hermit's retreat, where the scattered few Indians repair to dicker their furs, skins and deer, for pork, flour, tobacco, gawdy [sic – gaudy] trinkets and such commodities as suit their primitive wants and tastes.**

Dickey, his cook and dog, were sole occupants of the solitary ranch. It serves as a domicile, as a store in a rudimentary form, and as a hostelry or inn, in a legal sense, as a place where

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the traveler is furnished with everything he wants, provided the traveler has occasion for very little. The little we wanted was a dinner. Our lean and hungry look was hint enough to the cook to vigorously bestir himself. We heard the clatter of pans and the simmer of the fry, and, in our waiting eagerness, grateful and tantalizing foretastes of the meal crept into our senses in savory wafts from the kitchen.

While the preparation was going on, some of us stretched on the bunks, or blanketed shelves, for ease. Dickey's white, shaggy dog jumped up and laid down beside the recumbent, or tried to; and when kicked out, betook himself to another and offered the same doggish familiarity, but with like results. The traveling of the day had sharply appetized [sic] us, so that the devastation of bread, pork, potatoes, syrup and Oolong [type of tea], surprised, thought satisfying, ourselves, but disquieted the host. Probably, with limited supplies in the out-of-the-way cabin, the exploits of six able-bodied appetites in reducing his stores might easily have inspired some anxiety in search of appetites of zest and longing unknown to the lagging or dormant appetence of the home-stomach.

It was here that I gave way to the seductiveness of tobacco. I had long been a cloud-compeller, but for the two years previously was a teetotaler in smoking, and the delicious aroma of the weed was only to me in the vain fruition of occasional collateral sweets and sideway perfumes, which changed to be whiffed about by other smokers. But here, looking forward to days and nights in the woods, where, of all places, my ancient familiar or genius of the fume, would be an always readily evoked and answering solace and companion, alike in the hours of the sun and of the stars, and

when just at my wide I saw High leaning against a tree puffing so pleasingly, and as if impersonating all the beatitudes, and the rich burning incense that spread in a glory of cloud and odor from his amber-tipped and ruddy-tinted meerschaum [type of pipe] – “O, it came in my nose like the sweet scent that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving order” – the smoking passion sprang from its trance of two years like smouldered [sic – smoldered] embers leaping into instant, living flame.

I was at once irrecoverably enthralled in the delicious spell, and felt my utter impotency to banish the Satan-tempter to the rear. I threw myself headlong, as it were, into the full tide of fruition. Dickey had clay-pipes [sic – clay pipes] and yellow paper packages of tobacco with the Milwaukee trade-mark [sic – trademark] on. Of these I provided a supply; as they were the best in Dickey's bazaar, I was not inclined to be critical or squeamish. The luxury of that first after-dinner smoking was a supreme felicity indeed.

“And the last trace of feeling with life shall depart,

Ere the smoke of that moment shall pass from my heart.”

Our prospectus of the journey had noted on it, “canoes at Badwater.” But Dickey's saleable estate included a birch bark. It occurring to us that as a bird in the hand is worth more than the possible or uncertain bird or dozen birds in the bush, a canoe we could secure was more valuable and to our purpose than supposed or conjectural canoes up the river, we advised ourselves to invest in the present vessel. Our marine force, George and Thebault, was dispatched to the river to inspect the offered bargain and report. We put the matter in our pipes and leisurely smoked it while they were gone. Their report was

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satisfactory. The canoe was first-class, and ready for instant service. Dickey's figure was twenty dollars. The score was settled.

The Indians returned to the river, and soon thence shouldered the vessel to us, when we saw at a glance that we had acquired a very model and beauty of water-craft. It had dimensions for storage. It was staunch and tight' it was graceful and shapely; and when George lifted and balanced it on his head, to carry it through the woods, we saw its good qualities of form, size, grace and portability, at a glance. It protruded like an elongated, but seemingly imponderable, hood of bark, or huge fibrous pod. Nothing but Indian experience and patience could have worked it a way through such woods. High went afoot with it and the natives. It was to be portaged to a point above Twin Falls. On the trail were two small lakes. Bissell, Pratt and myself went with the wagon.

The route, or landway, from **Dickey's to Badwater** was ten miles. It was not really a road, in the sense of that leveling, grubbing, filling and cutting, which are supposed to be implied in the legal conception of a road where there are supervisors of highways about. The ground was of varying grades and forms of curve; declivities and acclivities, on spurs of little hills, seemingly too abrupt for safe teaming, and menacing constant upsettings. The branches of trees had often to be pushed aside; they scratched into the driver's eyes, and if our Norwegian Jehu had been long-haired, like his remote barbarous Norse progenitors, there were many obtrusive limbs which might have swung him, like Absalom, by the locks. The trail was sometimes blocked with fallen trees, and the barricade yielded only to the axe, or it might be, trees had to be felled to open a detour.

One of us went afoot, in advance, to explore the way. Another followed behind to see that nothing slipped or jarred out of the wagon. We skirted one of the lakelets which the **Indians** had crossed with the canoe, and soon after, coming to another sheet, a perilous looking bog or slough extended across the way, and there was nothing for us but to risk the treacherous passage. The horses plunged in the slough, and at once sank to their bellies, and pitched forward and fell, one nearly on top of the other. They floundered and struggled a moment. The teamster waded in, and rapidly unharnessing the animals, they recovered their legs, and being hitched to the tongue and put to their mettle, after sundry hard pulls, they jerked the vehicle from the mire, out on solid ground. We were in not a little suspense as to the probability of extricating the wagon, in its integrity, from the awkward fix.

When the route reached the river above **Twin Falls**, **Pratt** left the team and navigated with **High** the canoe there launched and awaiting him. There were then five miles of roughing before us. In that distance, there were the same, or more, obstacles to impede our journeying. Fortunately, the horses were of the sturdy and enduring kind. Their day's work would have worn down common scrubs. Evanston was an experienced teamster, and knew his business well. So neither wagon nor horses had any but trivial mishaps, though it was almost a miracle that we had not been capsized a dozen times. Towards the close of the day and the end of the route, difficulties provokingly multiplied. The timber across the trail appeared to be larger and plentier [*sic* – *more plentiful*], and the chopping was more laborious.

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Wilderness by John Lyle King, Chicago:
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1879, Chapter II, pp. 24-28

Small meadows on either side, with five or six rude Indian cabins scattered over them, all but one on the Michigan shore, were the vista before us, called Badwater. A squalid Chippewa, with a few ragged redskin youngsters, were the populace that silently and curiously hung around. Across was Tom King's cabin home. This name was an adopted *alias*. He was really, and of his race, and of kith and kin, known as Weawbiny-Ket. He was the particular native American we wished to hold present imparlance [*sic – parlance*] with. For further advance, another canoe and another canoeist were essential. Tom was a *sine qua non* [*something absolutely indispensable or essential*], therefore, and so was one of the two canoes he had.

George bawled loudly at the cabin, and brought out the whole domestic circle, including Tom himself, and hailed him to cross over. He launched a birch bark, and paddled it and himself into our presence. The interview was to the point, and the negotiation brief. We could have a canoe and we could have him. The legal tender required for the first was fifteen dollars, and the *per diem* in currency for the services was a dollar and a quarter. This was not hard on the collective exchequer, and we accepted the terms, the vessel and Tom. Finding that this moderate item, in our general expense account, left us a liberal margin within the estimate for the trip, we thought it would not be unthrifty to charter another Chippewa auxiliary.

The Badwater men of the tribe were out fencing deer for winter venison. The only one at hand was the tawny vagrant we first saw. He, probably, was too lazy or

worthless to go fencing with his more enterprising fellows. Thebault interpreted our overtures to him. He, thinking he was the monopolist of all the present available paddling force of the hamlet, attempted to corner the market on us, and struck for three dollars a day. As in fact the aboriginal triumvirate already engaged would well suffice, his exorbitant terms were declined. When we pushed off, he gazed wistfully at the departing squadron, as if he felt he had badly overdone the business, and had made himself a too greedy instance of vaulting ambition overleaping itself.

Tom King navigated his late canoe, with High, Bissell, and part of the luggage embarked in it. Pratt, myself and the bulk of the outfit, with George and Thebault for polers, were in the larger canoe, which we named the Dickey. We set forth in high feather. This was my own first experience of birth bark navigation. The shapely and fragile coracle sat on the water gracefully and in feather-like lightness. Its treacherous unsteadiness and vagaries of equilibrium were speedily learned, and demanded a critical and ticklish nicety of poise or equilibration quite new to me. We had to bestow ourselves most cautiously, squatted on our blanket bundles, with our legs awkwardly twisted, and cramping and bending ourselves low, making it an effort and a study to maintain the trim. The facility of careening, the peril of a heedless movement turning the balance, or of tipping her over, made our probational experiences and trials in attitudes and positions, for a time, anything but assuring.

It was curious how fidgety we became and how often we wanted to shift positions, and had irrepressible tendency to motions we ought not to and dare not make. Of course, my immediate notion was, that the vaunted perfection of the canoe, as a pleasure boat, and the reputed charms of canoeing, were mythical and a tale to be

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told to the marines. To me, the disaster of a ducking seemed too imminent to admit of any foolishness or indiscretion. Still, High, who knew the eccentricities of the birches, had told us we would get used to all that sort of thing.

Our Menominees knew their business. One fore and one aft, they poled the canoe along shore, with tireless steadiness, and made it speed, mile after mile, with an ease and uniformity quite admirable and surprising to us. The Tom King – as we christened our purchase from him – followed closely in our wake. High and Bissell puffingly devoted their Chicago muscle to occasional short paddling, adding their by-play of momentum to Tom's pushing. Tom surprised a wild duck napping among the grasses fringing the shore, and dispatched him with a stroke of his pole. This took the job off Pratt's hands of firing into the unwary water-fowl. By noon we had reached the mouth of the Michigami [*sic – Michigamme*] river, a few yards up which are the falls, a cascade of about thirty feet in high [*sic – height*], over which the whole stream rushes in one volume – but without any picturesque accessories. We ran in for lunch and to prepare for a portage.

By overland, the distance is three miles to **Brulé Falls**, while by river it is seven miles. We purposed sending all the load by the Dickey, and to trail to the Paint [*River*], and as that river comes in near the falls, and would have to be crossed, to portage the smaller canoe for ferriage there. We were eager to reach the river of trout sooner than we could by the water ascent, and besides, we wanted to relieve ourselves from the weariness of our compressed, and in-the-stocks-like, sitting in the canoe. The boys – for that was the term of designation for the guides among ourselves – having engaged in culinary procedure, High and I mounted our rods to

employ the vacant iterim in prospecting the waters for possible trout. Praff and Bissell lazily reclined in the shade, sniffing the savoriness of the coming dinner.

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The next objective point was Badwater and Tom King's cabin. Before we were far afloat, our seemingly inevitable and pitiless fate, dark clouds, gathered behind and portentously loomed towards us. The boys lustily swung the paddles, and the barks sprang and leaped to the strokes, cleaving the water like things of abounding life. But the clouds, like a rushing, bannered host, massed and marched rapidly, gaining on us, and, at last, the lighter skirmish van overtaking us, we were moderately showered, and, in moistened plight, we hurried into the cover of the sheltering hospice. **We were fortunate in making the refuge of Tim King's castle of pine just in time.** The showering was a petty overture only to the rain-storm [*sic – rainstorm*] that followed it, and which, as if all the windows of heaven had opened widest, poured in torrents. **The clatter of the rain on the bark roof was dinning, but it was not unpleasing music.**

While the storm was wildly driving, two drenched and be-draggled [*sic – bedraggled*] **Chippewas**, living across the river, the most abject and forlorn looking of redskin ragamuffins, returned from a **deer-fencing enterprise**, and, with a vociferous hullabaloo signaled for a canoe to cross them over. **Fencing is an Indian mode of deer hunting.** A line of fallen trees and branches, making a rude *cheval de fries*

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[“horse of the Frisians” – *The Frisians, having few cavalry, relied heavily on such anti-cavalry obstacles in warfare.*], is laid and arranged from east to west, between two points, sometimes several miles apart, at intervals of which the hunters are stationed. At the season when the deer travel south and come to the fence, instead of leaping or forcing through it, they face about and pace alongside, and passing the hidden Indian on his watch, are easily shot from the cover. This kind of ambuscading supplies most of the winter venison. Such killing seems more a massacre or butchery than sport.

While we were trying our wet clothes, we took a survey of the cabin. There was a good deal of the white as well as of the red-man in the household. Most of the furniture was of the usual plain sort. In place of Axminster carpeting or drugget, there was an Indian many-colored, woven grass matting, laid on part of the floor, which was smooth, glistening neat pine. The bed-covers were a patch-work of the brightest and gaudiest colors. Parts of the walls were profusely and jumblingly pasted with Harper, Frank Leslie and other pictorial prints and cartoons, a maze of woodcuts, the only embellishment or art pretension in the room.

Tom had a library of sacred literature – the New Testament in English, which he could not read, and the New Testament in Ojibbwa [*sic – Ojibwa*] (Chippewa) which he could read, but apparently did not. The aboriginal evangel excited my curiosity. I took a shy at it, to see how the gospels ran in Chippewa vernacular, and began the investigation in comparative philology, with the first verse, first chapter, of Matthew: “*Mesu oo otian I Reb-ematizaiani-Muzinaugun au Jesus Christ inu dabidum ouisum gaio inu Abrahanyum.*” The

twenty-four lettered word, almost an alphabet, was too much for me as a totality. I tried it in sections and by installments, with no better result – it was a poser in orthoepy [*pronunciation: the study of the ways that words are pronounced*], and beyond my power to vocalize. Ojibbwa [*sic – Ojibwa*] may be a pleasing dialect, but some of its parts of speech are rather long-drawn-out, and the syllables, in many words, run too far tandem to be conveniently rolled as sweet morsels of speech under the tongue.

Tom handsomely played host to us. He was liberal of his plain civilities. He wanted us to feel we had the freedom of the house. His tawny spouse, in speech, was nothing, if not Chippewa, and had nothing to say to us, but performed her part in the etiquette of the occasion with a pantomime of features quite as meaning of cordiality and welcome as if phrased in the formulas of the best society. She certainly won her way to our hearts and stomachs by the excellent supper set before us. The fried dried venison was a specially native dish that seemed to have a flavor and gaminess and wildness racy of the wigwam and the forest. The sauce of raspberries, picked from near-by bushes, and the syrup from the tap of maples on the hill, were so choice that by a mistake of appropriation, or thoughtlessly, we quite overstepped the etiquette which constrains guests from emptying a host’s dishes, and not enough of either was left to serve as a bare hint of what it was.

As **Tom King** had not caught the parental usage of many civilized good families, of turning the children loose in the drawing-room to practice their hilarious infantile diversions and general boisterousness for the entertainment and admiration of guests, **the juvenile fraction or fractions** [*sic – faction or factions*] of

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the household were secluded, doubtless to temporary exile and silence in the kitchen corner. Tom and his helpmate, also, themselves occupied that small apartment for the night. They assigned to us the two beds, in what was chamber, dining and drawing-room, with their gay butterfly-like overspreads. These coverlets were light and as bright and gay as the dream of a tropical flower-garden [*sic – flower garden*].

Early next morning, Tom saddled a horse, and set out for a trip to Dickey's, to procure supplies for our use – possibly, too, for his own. Our pine box pantry told a beggarly tale of emptiness. He had *carte blanche* to bring us such commodities of sustenance as that limited market would afford. The whole day would be required for the accomplishment of his mission of food, and was before us for disposal.

With a trout stream only two miles distant, of which we had most favorable hearsay, High was not the man to lazily dawdle away a good clear angling day in an Indian cabin. The chance of sport there was the more alluring from the fact that a pale-face angler was said never to have cast a line or his shadow in the petty [*sic – pretty*] stream. High thought, doubtless, it would very notably feather his cap to be, of all civilized fly-anglers, the pioneer to the mysterious and occult water. In the glamor of his vision of the venture, Pratt, also, discerned a degree and *éclat* [*brilliance of success, reputation*] of novelty. Both, therefore, on the directions given by Tom, took the trail and the hazard of losing it, and themselves, too, in the woods.

Bissell and myself rather preferred enjoying convenient scenery, and, with George and the canoe, set out on an excursion to a panorama of the scenery of Badwater lakes [*Spread Eagle Chain of Lakes*]. These sheets are a chain of

irregularly shaped lakelets opening one into another – perhaps more than a half-dozen of them – said to be called Badwater from the reputed dark shade of the water. The portage to them is a half-mile, over a steep ridge, and starts from the river a mile below Tom King's place. Of course the canoe was indispensable, both to carry us on the river and to cruise us on the lakes. Fishing for bass and pickerel was to be merely an incident, not the purpose, of the excursion, an exploration of the lakes and view of the scenery being the main intent.

Trouting on the Brule River, or Lawyers' Summer-Wayfaring in the Northern Wilderness by John Lyle King, Chicago: The Chicago Legal News Company, 1879, Chapter VII, pp. 81-83

TOM KING had horticultural pretensions; and, we had seen, in his carefully weeded garden, vines of water-melons [*sic – watermelons*] and cucumbers, and other garden stuffs, in profusion of healthy flourishing. In the night, a rare August frost, a most premature spectral harbinger of winter, strayed from the far north, and nipped and blighted by its touch the whole abundant plant. In the morning, a dense fog overhung the river and obscured the sun, but ere long the warm radiance dispelled the cloud of mist as if it were snow melted away magically. It was then an unclouded heaven and dazzling sunny day, and these were hailed by us as signs of ended rains, lowering clouds and chilling moisture, and as propitious of the favoring skies and prospering airs which would make the Menominee voyage a prolonged felicity and exhilaration. We had anticipated the descent of the river as the crowning delight of the trip.

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The squaw of the cabin breakfasted us before starting. The trout of the meadow and wood, from their being the captives of a hap-hazard [*sic* – *haphazard*] venture and surprise, and possibly because they were positively the last of the season for us, were specially relished. After the customary smoking and the loading of the baggage, and after Tom had got an extended furlough, for a day or two longer with us, from his better half, as neither he nor we were desirous of parting then, we launched away about nine o'clock. The river was unrippled, excepting at rapids; and just below those nearest the cabin, the other canoe was hauled from the dockage of leaves in which it was left the day previous, and the crews and the traps were divided between the two birches.

We had by this time familiarized ourselves with the peculiarities and caprices of the birch-bark, and felt at home and at ease in it, so that it was no longer a precarious or ticklish navigation to us. We knew now how to shift positions, how to stretch out or to stand erect, and had mastered the niceties of balancing ourselves and the canoe. For its ease, grace, lightness, quickness and docility of motion, the birch-bark canoe is peerless and superb among water-craft [*sic* – *watercraft*]; and the Menominee we expected to find precisely the stream for canoe navigation, in its most favorable conditions.

The Twin Falls are three miles apart. While the Indians were transferring the canoes and their burden around the upper falls, we scrambled to the foot, and High ventured a cast of a brilliant red fly in the whirl, though it was quite improbable that a pike or a bass would be enticed by such a flaring gawd [*sic*]. Nevertheless, though all chances were against him, he whipped the water with the fly just the same, thinking if

he did not win, he would at least deserve success. He saved his fly and restored the fictitious insect to the company of its fellow entomological gewgaws, in his fly-book, in its perfect integrity, for future use.

Trouting on the Brule River, or Lawyers' Summer-Wayfaring in the Northern Wilderness by John Lyle King, Chicago: The Chicago Legal News Company, 1879, Chapter XVIII, pp. 236-240

The anticipated sensation of the day was our intended and self-invited call on our former Menominee guide, Tom King, of Badwater. His pagan name is *Weawbiny-Ket*. Our Menominees interpreted it as *Weawbiny*, white, and *Ket*, arm. So his native alias means **White-arm**. Literally, on account of his dark coppery complexion, the expression is incongruous and a misnomer. But we chose to take it as meaning whiteness in the figurative sense of quality, as when it is said of a man that he is white, and, in that liberal interpretative spirit we were contemplating a reception worthy of a man and a brother. It was our cue to descend on him as a surprises party, and I intended taking, as is not unusual in such fashionable and impromptu invasions, refreshments of a cheering and festive kind. **So as we neared Badwater and swung into the reach where his cabin was visible, and knew from the blue smoke which thinly curled up from the chimney that somebody was at home, the paddles dipped quicker strokes to speed us to the place.**

Nobody, however, appeared to hail our coming. In fact, as we drew up at the landing place, the open door of the mansion was promptly shut with an emphatic slam. We failed to observe any latch string hanging out. Neither squaw, papoose or Weawbiny-ket even

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yet appeared with an eye to mark our coming and grow brighter as we came. In truth, the surprise party was a surprised party. When our surprise gave way to reflection, we concluded that sort of thing was Indian style, for the similarly meaning formula of good society, not at home. However, we thought it would not be too sensitive, or put too fine a point on it. We were in serious need of pitch to smear the canoe, and like Falstaff, hiding our honor in our necessity, we dispatched **Thebault**, as bearer of dispatches, on a mission of inquiry to **Madame King**, the Weawbiny-kettle of the domicile. He met the matron at the doorway, and held a threshold pow-wow with her.

As the result of his embrassage, our envoy informed us that Tom himself was absent up the Michigami [*sic* – *Michigamme*], and further, that Denison and Pratt had invaded her premises, at midnight, during a rain storm, drenched and in a high state of appetite. The circumstances enlightened us, and was probably the key to the mystery of the Weawbiny-kettle cold shoulder shown us. Those famished and inundated gentlemen had possibly laid waste all the provisions in the house, as well as mostly monopolized the family beds and blankets, and sent the mother squaw and little Weawbiny-kittens to the kitchen floor to worry away a hapless night. Possibly, therefore, a second apparition of pale faces, just from the woods, reduced to meager rations, was a symbol to her untutored mind of famine and freezing both. Giving the accused the benefit of the doubt, then, we wrapped ourselves in our imaginary mantles of charity, and, in a benignant frame of mind, we were prepared to go on our way, forgiving and forgetting our metaphorical and vicarious slap in the face on account of **Denison** and **Pratt**.

We ran across the river, and advanced, in full force, to a cabin there, for a supply of pitch. We found there one intimidated squaw and three papooses, “one little, two little, three little Indian boys.” But as to the pitch, there was not to be had enough to verify the proverb that whoever toucheth pitch he is defiled. We left Badwater with our colors at half-mast, so to speak. Two miles below was Badwater Crossing, a ferry established the previous year for the road to the logging camp near Brulé falls. This road marks an inroad of civilization, and pioneers the advance of man into the domain of nature.

At the crossing is a pine-log cabin, with pretensions to be classed as an inn, judging from the legend “Montreal Badwater House,” imprinted on a splint or shake over the main door. It stands on a high smooth bluff, in a handsome situation, at the convex point of a curve in the river. It has several apartments. There was a garden with familiar potato vines, beets and cabbages. Paul Miller is the Boniface, and because there was a bright-eyed, comely woman to mistress it, the household was al snug, neat and tidy, and had an appearance of home comfort. To support its tavernous pretentions, it had just had at least one guest named on its register. That was D.H. Lloyd, of the Chicago Tribune, who had a few days sojourned there. After satisfying a modest ambition with his rifle in tapping a deer’s blood and securing the carcass to be sent to the city, he had undauntedly set out on the home return, on a stout pair of shanks, through the woods to a point on the new railroad. He had stored here a gem of a birch-bark canoe, nearly tiny, pretty and light enough for a fairy craft – not much larger than a Manitoba snowshoe, and fitted only fort a crew of one.

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Here we found a package of Chicago journals, and letters from those who had something sweet and domestic to tell of home, forwarded by Arthur T. Jones of Marinette. We appreciated the civility and attention of this gentleman. He is himself a devoted and skillful brother of the angle, and is one of those of whom it is said, in the words of the milkmaid's mother, in the Complete Angler: "All anglers be such honest, civil, quiet men." For his kindness to us we would wish fortune to "set him in a shower of gold, and hail rich pearls upon him."