

history of Wisconsin, as far back as the year 1825, let me first tell you what hardy exercise and Western life have done for my constitution.

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No. 2

I should have told you, that when a boy I was uncommonly large for my years; and it was my delight to swim, ride, run, wrestle, fish and hunt, in all which robust and athletic sports, I greatly excelled. And it is possible, that this love of sport, interfered not a little with the course of my studies, for my father sometimes had to reprimand me, and limited my hunting excursions to one day in the week, and that was generally Saturday. So, in consideration of the short allowance that the restriction gave me, I frequently extended my hunts to two days, thus including the *first* day of the week, and appropriating it to my purpose. I can recollect on one occasion, when about sixteen years of age, I was along with two or three young companions, hunting ducks and other water fowl, on a small branch of the Mohawk river. It was in the spring of the year, and one of the early freshets caused by the melting of the snows on the Catskill mountains, had swollen the creek and overflowed large tracts of low land, thus forming an admirable feeding ground for mallard, widgeon and numerous other wild-fowl, that instinct taught to leave the sea coast for these inland marshes, where the food they liked was most plenty. The ducks flew best in the morning and latter part of the afternoon, and were almost as abundant as they are here on the Mississippi.

What I am now going to relate, happened on our second day out, which perchance was one of those *first* days of the week. We had hunted with good success the day before, and were determined to have one day more. But the wind had changed, and the weather was raw, and though we waited patiently all the forenoon, the ducks did not come in much, so very few were killed. It was very cold and chilly, but having forgot the tinder-box, (there were no phosphorus matches then)