

But I look upon it as a decree of fate. Perhaps there are few persons more sensible of the beauties of nature than I am, and yet so little loth to see those pristine charms effaced, the better to subserve the advancement of art and civilization.

It is near half a century since I came West, and the changes that have been rapidly effecting everything, are too numerous for me to describe. The growth of Chicago is one of those changes. When there in the year 1825, it could boast of an old log Fort, and a few cabins. What is it now? You know best, for I haven't been there these last thirty years, but I know its inhabitants are numbered at over a hundred thousand; and where I once paddled in a dug-out, is now erected large blocks of buildings.

But to go on with my story, we departed from Fort Dearborn, in a fishing boat, and proceeded north along the Lake shore towards Green Bay. We camped on the beach every night, and finally arrived off Milwaukee Bay, which we entered; and went up Milwaukee River about half a mile above the mouth of the Monomonee, and landed on the east side of Milwaukee River, just below Solomon Juneau's Trading House. I was not acquainted with Mr. Juneau at this time, though I afterwards became related to him through marriage, and learned his history. Seven years before, he had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, in the capacity of a *voyageur*, and had visited Prairie Du Chien, where he found his uncle, my wife's father, who insisted on his leaving the Company, to whom he was indebted in the sum of three hundred dollars, and loaned him the cash to pay the debt; besides furnishing him an outfit, with which he commenced trading with the Monomonee Indians, in the vicinity of Milwaukee.

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You ask why I don't tell more of the stories connected with the country, and the adventures of early settlers' life. I could give you many such, but unless I qualify them to suit the times, or give them a historical tone, whereby they may fur-