

miles distant, over the hill to the eastward; and on the west ran the river, beyond which was a wooded ridge that followed the river a distance of three miles up to the Rapids, that being as far as I explored the stream. The landscape has probably altered, yet an old settler would recognize my description of Milwaukee's birth-place then in embryo.

I left the neighborhood of Juneau's Settlement in the summer of 1827. We engaged a passage on one of Juneau's Mackinaw boats that were about starting for Green Bay to bring back goods; as help was not over plenty, he was glad to avail himself of our services down the Lake until the boats reached Green Bay, where others were to be engaged in our stead. It was a pleasant morning when the two boats passed out of Milwaukee River, and entered the broad Bay. The sun was just rising, and, though I was no sailor, yet I was charmed by the beauty of this inland sea. A fresh breeze commenced blowing from the south-west, and taking in all but the steering oar, we rigged the leg-o-mutton sails, and were soon wafted in our swift sailing Mackinaws outside the point. The boats were loaded with furs, blankets, kettles and provisions and yet their shape was such that they maintained a degree of buoyancy, for which they were highly prized by those who used them. I have used the Mackinaw boat on the Mississippi, and consider its shape, (pointed at both ends) admirably suited for the purpose of floating a large burden against strong currents.

We would land on the beach at night, and form our encampment on the white sand, where gathering around the camp-fire we told our tales of love, hunting and adventure, sung songs, satisfied our appetites, and smoked, or prepared food for the next day. This camping on shore was a pleasant pastime. With no tent save the star-spangled canopy of heaven, we would wrap ourselves in our blankets on a moon-light evening, and lying down amid the baggage or on the clean sand, gaze out on the Lake, where the white caps sparkled in moon beams—or looking up at the wood-clad bluffs, whose dark outlines stood in bold relief against the sky, we feasted on the romantic scenery, the mysterious beauty of which, inspired the most practi-