

of the country was rugged and rocky, but the discovery of mineral had caused an excitement, that brought emigrants there in swarms, who on their arrival would go to *prospecting*, frequently making fortunes, but oftener failing to make anything.

It was during Taylor's command, in the year 1829, that the present Fort Crawford was commenced. It was known that I came down the Wisconsin River, and therefore Taylor chose me to pilot the men up along that river to a given point, where they were to cut timber for building the Fort. I guided them as far as where Helena now is. We found such timber as was needed, and the men commenced cutting down the trees, and preparing the logs to raft down stream. I returned to the Fort, having performed the duty allotted me, to the satisfaction of the commandant. This apparently raised me in favor, for I was appointed to do much outside duty, and frequently had a file of men under me. Many a time was I sent out on special duty, which none would have been entrusted with, but such as could command the implicit confidence of Old Zack himself. In an early stage of the Fort's erection, Col. Taylor sent for me, to know where would be the best place to burn lime. I told him that the stone along the bluff, to eastward, was of a sandy formation, but I was sufficiently acquainted with the west side of the river, to know that plenty of good limestone existed there. He then gave me directions to take a file of men, and go over and find a convenient spot to make a kiln. It was an easy matter to have told of several with certainty, but it was my motto, to "Obey orders, if you break owners," so following his directions, I took two men and started across the Mississippi in a *piroque*. This species of water craft was a dug-out made from the trunk of a mammoth pine. In the center of this large canoe, was rigged a mast, with a large square sail. There was no wind, so we had to propel it with paddles. On reaching the west side, below where the town of McGregor now is, we turned the dug-out down stream, and running along the bluff until we reached the Coulee where old Jack Frost then lived, and there landed.