

of a steamer, which came along soon after, to Prairie Du Chien, where I was properly cared for, and my wounds received suitable attention. Since which, I have spent a short period in Illinois, and the balance of the time to the present I have devoted myself to agricultural pursuits on my farm, four miles south-west of Platteville.

GRANT COUNTY, 1855.

By W. Davidson¹

In the spring of 1828, I arrived at Galena, situated on what was then called Fevre river—the Indian name of which was then said to be Ope-a Se-pee. At that time Galena was submerged by the river, and presented rather a dull prospect; but thinking of an old adage, “keep a stiff lip and a light toe nail, and you may come out yet;” and so I have—at the middle of the horn. I then became acquainted with a few men in Galena, who afterwards proved to be friends indeed. After looking round a few days and making many enquiries, Yankee-like I commenced digging at Scrabble—since called Hazel Green. I started a prospect hole, expecting to find a mineral lode in a few days; but I found out that success was not so much in hard labor, as in good luck; and being a stranger, if I discovered a lode, the country was then staked off in what was called mineral lots, agreeable to the mining regulations, I would either have to fight my way through fifty claimants, or be swindled out of my prospect.

After a few months labor in that way, and finding nothing, I started to view what was then called Sugar Creek Diggings. T. D. Potts had then made what was considered a valuable discovery; but I thought differently, and so it turned out. The first night on our journey, we reached Col. W. S. Hamilton’s Diggings; he had made a valuable discovery; it is now Wiota—so named by the Colonel himself. We then started for the Blue Mounds, and spent the night with Col. E. Brigham; he had made what was then considered, as it has since

¹ Of Grant County.