

spent a few days, being entertained at the hospitable old trading house, the only habitation there. In April previous, on my way home from Detroit, Mr. Juneau's house was my only stopping place between Chicago and Green Bay; my business relations with him compelled my sojourn there for several days. At none of my visits did the "stinking skins" or the "odors" given off by fresh meats and fish which had become rank before being consigned to the "spit," produce an unsavory perfume. If there were any such, they never invaded the comfortable dwelling in which we were entertained, but were confined to the storehouse, the usual adjunct to all Indian trading posts.

As a man, Solomon Juneau needs no encomiums from me. He was always the same unselfish, confiding, open-hearted, genial, honest and polite gentleman. Our business relations commenced in October, 1833, and continued for several years.<sup>1</sup> His first hint of the prospective value of his location at Milwaukee came from me, and he was so incredulous that it was sometimes difficult to prevent his sacrificing his interest to the sharks who soon gathered around him. Himself the soul of honor, and unaccustomed to the wiles of speculators, without a friend to caution him he would have been an easy prey of designing individuals. Green Bay was his home as well as that of the Vieaus, and it was not until 1835 or 1836 that Juneau first thought of permanently residing in Milwaukee,—after it came to be seen that the place was going to become a village.

Juneau and I were joint owners of the original plat of Milwaukee. We never made any written memorandum of the terms of our partnership, and on account of his residence on the spot he took the principal management of our joint interest for more than three years. At the close, accounts between us were adjusted and property valued at hundreds of thousands divided, with as little difficulty as you would settle a trifling store bill.

It would take a volume to enumerate the many admirable traits of character which distinguished my late friend, Solomon Juneau. The intimate relations existing between us

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<sup>1</sup> Buck's *Pion. Hist. Milwaukee*, i., pp. 16-18.-- Ed.