

been the caterer; certainly we had no more eggs than we desired to eat.

Our party consisted of Mr. Baird, myself, and two small children, Miss Rees, Miss Irwin, and a servant girl. The crew were: four Frenchmen,—good singers,—our ever faithful Awishtoyou, as steersman, and our old hunter, Wabegenese, as bowsman.

On leaving home we were escorted by a party of ladies and gentlemen, in a Mackinac boat, as far as "the island," since called Doty's Island. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin, Jr., their daughter Mary, Irwin's sister Kitty, and their friend Miss Russell, Samuel Irwin, Miss Frances Henshaw (sister of Mrs. E. S. Whitney, and in later years wife of Dr. Truman Post, of St. Louis), and Charles Brush.

We were invited by Augustin Grignon, of Kaukauna, to pass the first night of our journey at his home, where we were entertained in a hospitable manner. The evening was one of pleasure. Miss Henshaw, in a charming way, amused the party, and seemed herself delighted with the novelty of the trip. Miss Russell, although naturally a great talker, said that everything was so new and interesting that she could find nothing to say. Miss Rebecca Rees, now widow of Dr. Whiting, of Detroit, and Miss Jane Irwin, now widow of J. V. Suydam, seemed to hold themselves in reserve for the remainder of the journey.

The next morning we left our Grignon friends, they wishing us all sorts of good luck, with a kind invitation to stop with them on our return.

On nearing Grand Chute, now Appleton, the scenery was beyond anything I can describe. Each shore was varied in outline, while the rapids or falls impressed one with their greatness, enforcing a sense of personal insignificance. The hand of man had as yet left nature's loveliness unmarred. There was not a house in the place. We went ashore at the lower, and strolled along to the upper landing. On the way there we seated ourselves on the brow of the hill, and watched the crew as they carried the canoe.