

engaged as a commission merchant and in the transportation business. At one time he was appointed Indian agent. He was an active, industrious man, and in his wife possessed the most capable helpmate that ever man was blessed with.

Never did younger people depart from home more gayly than we. We left after an early breakfast, expecting to reach Stockbridge, on the east side of Lake Winnebago, before dark, where we intended to stop at William Fowler's.¹

We took the military road, which was uniformly good. Snow had fallen the night before and covered all of the bad places, so of course we plunged into them in an alarming way.

At noon or soon after, we reached Gardner's place. This was kept by a colored man and his wife. We stopped here to dine. No one ever passed Mrs. Gardner's dinners. She was an excellent cook, and got up very nice meals. The rooms, too, were good. Everything about the house was neat, and it was a real comfort to occupy one of her beds after a trip over the road.

We had been traveling on the "straight cut road." The old landmark, the "eagle's nest," was in view long before we reached it and long after we passed it. Some time after leaving Gardner's we came to the end of Captain Scott's portion of the military road. The way that followed was good, but one was never sure of missing the stumps. We were now in the Stockbridge settlement, where the log houses were rather near together for farms. There were many stumps in the very streets of Stockbridge, and as they were covered with snow it was an easy thing to hit one. One of them upset us at Fowler's very gate.

We were well cared for at the Fowlers'. The next morning we again took an early start—so early that the stumps in the road were no more visible than the night previous.

¹ A Brothertown Indian who served in the third session (1845) of the fourth territorial legislature, being one of the three representatives in the lower house, from Brown, Calumet, Fond du Lac, Manitowoc, Marquette, Sheboygan, and Winnebago counties.—Ed.