

We delivered our letters to the friends of Mr. Gratiot, and after resting a few days started on our exploring expedition under the lead of James G. Soulard, the acquaintance of whose mother we had made at St. Louis, and a Mr. Goss, the business agent of Mr. Gratiot. We left Galena on a bright morning on horseback to visit Col. Henry Gratiot, a brother of J. P. B. Gratiot, at Gratiot's Grove, which lies about twenty miles northeast of Galena, within the lines of Wisconsin. The road led through a very fine country, alternately prairie and hill, crossing Fever River, which we had to ford. The Fever is a large creek rather than a river, and is not navigable above Galena, and there only during high water in the Mississippi, which causes the slack water to overflow all low lands. During low water it was a most arduous and slow undertaking to bring boats up to the city, and often quite impossible.

An old Canadian voyageur informed me that the name of the stream was "Rivière aux Fèves," or "Bean river," owing to the large amount of wild beans growing along its banks, from which it was corrupted to Fever River. This name is calculated to do injury to the climate of the country, for I never heard that fevers were prevalent along the stream, and Galena has always been considered a healthy place.

We passed through Council Hill, Benton, New Diggings, and other small settlements. On every side we saw scores of men digging and prospecting for mineral, and windlasses in operation. Towards evening we reached Gratiot's Grove, and were hospitably received and entertained by Mrs. Gratiot in the absence of her husband, the colonel.

Gratiot's Grove presented even at this early season a most charming prospect; as it appeared a month later, I have never seen it surpassed in Wisconsin. Before us lay a rolling prairie, bounded on the north by the Blue Mound about thirty miles distant, and extending east to the Peckatonica River, whose course could be traced faintly by wooded hills; the prairie was bounded on the south and west by a magnificent grove of oaks, the destruction of which had been, however, already begun, as the voracious smelting