

seventy-five cents a day, and board. We returned home in a boat, down the Fox River.

After this I became one of the crew of a Durham boat—my first employer being Daniel Whitney; the next, Findlay Fisher Hamilton.¹ There were generally seven men of us—six poles and a steersman; sometimes there was a cook, but the usual custom was to have a cook for a fleet of three boats. Traders were in the habit of running such a fleet; for when we came to rapids, the three crews together made up a crew big enough to take the boats and their lading through with ease. Each boat had a captain who was steersman. Durham boats were from sixty to seventy feet long, and carried from twelve to sixteen tons.

The round trip, from Green Bay to Portage and return, would take from sixteen to twenty days; if Lake Winnebago was rough, it might last a month. During storms on the lake, we always tried to run to Garlic Island, where there was a good harbor, also good water; but frequently we were obliged to camp on the mainland.

Wages were, sometimes, for the trip; usually, however, they were \$1.25 a day and board—although, in the fall, because of the cold water through which we had to work at the rapids, we got from \$1.50 to \$1.75. The captain got from \$2 to \$2.25—after a few seasons, I became a captain. Upon reaching a rapid, going down, four of the crew would jump out, two on a side, and bear up the boat, while two men remained at the bow to pole, and the steersman kept his place at the steering oar. When the weather was cold,—for we ran during the entire season of navigation,—one man would run ahead on the bank, and light a fire to warm us, for we were completely drenched, and in a shivering condition.

During the Black Hawk War (1832), I served on the home-defense company of volunteers, under Colonel Tyler, to protect Fort Howard. That disturbance over, I ran the mail on foot, from Green Bay to Chicago, the contractor

¹ A Green Bay trader, married to Catherine Boyd.—Ed.