

A PRELIMINARY RAILROAD SURVEY IN
WISCONSIN IN 1857.

Andrew McFarland Jarvis.

The following account of an ordinary summer surveying expedition contains nothing of excitement or adventure. The events narrated are commonplace and the narrative does not furnish any contribution of value relating to contemporaneous knowledge ^{whether} of the conditions of life in Wisconsin; of the fauna and flora of the state; of the climate of the region, or of the geology of the parts which were traversed. The minor sufferings disclosed, such as working day after day in swampy regions, where occasional wading kept the clothes of the ^{person at work} wader damp from morning till night; ^{running line} the working in wet weather when every leaf upon the shrubs and bushes through which we were forced to push ^{our way} contributed to our drenching; ^{frequently} the frequent failing ^{to} connect with our camp at night, a delinquency partly due to inadequacy of maps, partly to lack of roads and partly perhaps to bad judgment, and finally, ^{enduring attacks from myriads} the terrible pest of insects ^{at the same season of the year} were all of the same nature as those experienced by every hunter or fisherman who goes into our woods on a camping expedition. The fresh air, the out-of-door life, the beau-

tiful lakes, the lovely prairies, the splendid forests in the Yellow river region, the sparkling creeks in the hills and the broad rivers lined with stately trees in the valleys were compensations, which converted what ^{would} ~~might~~ have been suffering to older persons, into mere discomforts to the young men composing our party.

One feature alone of our summer's experience remains indelibly imprinted upon my memory, to recall which I shrink from making any effort, and concerning the details of which I should hardly expect credence if I were to tell the story as it now comes back to me, and that is the extent and the effect of the combined attacks of the mosquitoes and gnats. ^{assaults of these insects} To their ~~attacks~~, those who were using the instruments were especially exposed. All others including even the axemen could protect themselves with veils and gloves. Moreover while we who were handling the instruments were taking our sights, no matter how brief the stop, the others could start smudges and cower in the smoke. The use of a veil was not consistent with sighting through a telescope, nor could one readily manipulate the screws of an instrument with gloves on. Hence the compass-man of the party and myself had probably a better conception of the number of mosquitoes in Wisconsin that summer and of their voracity than did any other members of our party. Fortunately the period of their

abundance did not last long.

We saw partridges and pigeons and one or two deer but naturally a large party ^{tramping along} ~~moving~~ without attempt to suppress the noise of its movements would not be likely to encounter much game. We saw but few snakes until we got into the ^{Elk} creek district and there quite a number of prairie rattle snakes suffered on account of the natural animosity of man against their species. At one camp on that creek eight or nine were killed. We saw no elk, perhaps there were none there at that time, but we did see numerous antlers shed by the bucks, lying on the ground near our line.

The story of our summer's experience has been extracted from a diary written day by day during our trip. Thoroughly conversant with the fact that there was nothing of special interest in it, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites has insisted that it ought to be reduced to writing, and deposited in the archives of the Wisconsin Historical Society. As a corresponding member of that society, I yield to the secretary on this point, hoping that his judgment may prove to be better than mine, and that this account of our surveying expedition may have value enough to justify his opinion that it ought to be preserved.

THE SURVEY

In the Spring of the year 1856 I entered the service of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and reported for work at the office of the Division Engineer in Rienzi, Tishomingo County, Mississippi. I remained there about one year but in the succeeding ~~Spring~~, the affairs of the Mobile and Ohio ^{Rail} Road being in some confusion, I came North to Chicago, and secured a place on the La Crosse and Milwaukee Road in connection with an expedition which was about to start a preliminary survey of a line from Portage to the foot of Lake Pepin. Mr. Thomas Daniels was the chief of the party. A. Cleveland had charge of the compass, and I had charge of the level.

On the 21st of April, 1857, I went to Milwaukee. During the next few days, until the party was organized thoroughly, we were engaged in making tracings of township maps.

On April 25~~th~~ we went to Portage. During the night it snowed, and on Sunday morning, April 26~~th~~, the ground was covered with snow. It disappeared rapidly the next day and on Wednesday we went into our first camp near Silver Lake.

The next day we started out to work. Our second camp was close to a marsh, near to a pioneer road. The

Compass party had some difficulty in running the line here, and owing to the heavy rain we were obliged to spend the night in this camp.

On Saturday our camp was moved to ~~the~~ Fox River where we remained over Sunday, ~~May 3rd~~ *the third of May.*

lay
~~laid~~ On Monday we started out again with our work which ~~laid~~ through a marsh, or marshy ground, all day, and our camp was moved to a point near the Packwaukee Road.

Camp number ~~8~~ *five* was pitched Tuesday, May 5th near a man's house.

The sixth camp was pitched in the yard of a man's residence on the edge of some woods in a fertile valley. The line during the day was hilly. The country over which we ran on May 7th was also hilly, but in the evening we found camp number (7) pitched near Westfield in a beautiful plain,

On Friday, May 8th the cone of my level got stuck and I was obliged to quit work. Our eighth camp was pitched that night in the highway North of Westfield.

On Saturday, May 9th, went to Westfield and tinkered up the instrument, after which I worked until nearly dark and then missed my way in going to camp. Finally I reached a house, procured a guide and got to camp about 9 P.M. This camp, which was the ninth, was near Woods Lake and I found next day that the situation was *very attractive.* ~~beautiful.~~ We were on the

shore of a lovely little lake, clear as crystal, with a sandy bottom, ^{the whole being} ~~which was~~ encircled by hills. We stayed there over Sunday and also spent Monday night there, the compass party finding some difficulty in locating a suitable line in this vicinity.

On Tuesday, May 12~~th~~, we ran two lines, one on each side the lake, and at night found the camp on the bank of Deer Creek. The soil was sandy and covered with charcoal from recent fires.

The line on Wednesday, May 13~~th~~, followed a lovely valley up to the bluffs on the edge of Burr Oak ~~Prairie~~. From the bluffs the beautiful prairie was spread out at our feet. We found the camp that evening in the prairie near a farmhouse. We were obliged to spend the next day there on account of rain and fatigue.

On May 15~~th~~ we ran several tentative lines, and the camp was not moved.

On May 16~~th~~ our line entered ~~Grand Marsh~~, and at night we found our wagons on a low point running out into the swamp.

We spent the next day, Sunday, at the same place, doing a little tentative work in trying to get a line across the ^{the low ground in which was covered with water.} ~~marsh~~, occasional strips of solid land being interspersed throughout the way.

On Monday, May 18~~th~~, we took our mid-day meal at

~~Rock-a-cro~~
~~Rocheaeris~~

Creek. On the opposite shore high rocky bluffs rose out of the marsh. We worked all day practically in water two or three feet deep. Occasional crests of higher land cropped out, making islands, on reaching which we thought each time we had reached the main land at last. In the expectation that we might be able to start on dry land the next day we continued at work until the sun was nearly down. It was about 7 P.M. when we cached our instruments and tools and started for Saratoga. About dark we struck dry ground and wandered about, ~~in every direction~~ in search of our camp, through high brush, occasionally crossing a creek, till about 10 P.M. when we stopped, made bough shelters, built a fire, and ^{lay down} ~~camped~~ for the night. It was so cold that I could not sleep. At early dawn started again to hunt up camp. After travelling for an hour we met our Commissary. We got our supper of yesterday and breakfast of to-day in one meal and then went on to camp number (13) at Saratoga. A portion of the day, being already exhausted, ^{later} the tents being at some distance from the point where the line was abandoned, and it being evident that we needed a good start in the morning to get through the marsh in one day, we rested in camp for the remainder of the day. Our difficulties in the way of failing to connect with our camp, and also in finding such an unexpected length of line in the submerged district were attributed to defective maps.

On Wednesday, May 20, leaving the camp at the same place we took the teams and rode down the Portage Road for a couple of miles, when we abandoned them, struck off into the Grand Marsh and hit our line near the end. We got out of the Marsh that evening with the line, and returned to camp number (13) at Saratoga.

May 21, we started out again in the wagon and rode until we struck our last evening's trail coming from the work. We followed the trail to the point where we left the line the evening before. The fire, by which we toasted our feet Monday night, had spread ^{a long distance} ~~for~~ miles around in the woods.

On Friday, May 22, I was occupied in running levels over a line which had been run by Mr. Woodward, the Superintendent of the Road, who had himself conducted an expedition running a preliminary line over a portion of the region which we were undertaking to cover. Our camp number (14) was that night on the banks of the Wisconsin River.

On Saturday the line was carried across the river, and after passing through several tamarack swamps we reached a broad flat prairie, which gradually changed into a marsh ^{The approach being over a surface of matted roots of grass & cranberries, floating on a bed of mud of indeterminate depth.} without much change of level. We returned that night to camp number (14), where we also spent the next day which was Sunday, ^{the} ~~May 24~~ ^{the} twenty-fourth of May.

Monday, May 25, we started off for work in Cranberry

Marsh, and spent the night in an old shingle shanty in a hemlock grove, our equipment having gone into camp five or six miles to the right of the line. Fortunately we had some hard bread left over for breakfast next day. During the day of the ~~(26th)~~ it rained a great deal of the time. We worked all day without other food than the remnants of yesterday's lunch and spent that night in very comfortable quarters at a mill known, I think, as Hyles' Mill, on Hemlock Creek, where we got supper. We had no communication with camp.

The morning of May 27 opened cloudy and drizzly, but fortunately cleared up later. During the day we had intervals of fair weather interspersed with rain. Mr. Daniels went to our camp for provisions for us and reached us with food and blankets just at dark, as we were about making for an old shingle shanty in the woods where we spent the night.

Thursday, May 28, opened cloudy and rainy. During a respite we started out for work and Mr. Daniels and our Commissary started with our blankets for camp. It sprinkled at intervals during the day, and at night being still separated from our camp, we were divided in opinion as to what to do for the night. With my party I went back to a house which we passed in the course of the day, where we were permitted to sleep in an old shingle shanty. The rest of our party struck out for Yellow River in search for a lodging and provisions. The portion of the party that went on joined us early in the

morning having been successful in their search for a lodging and having passed a comfortable night. After running the line for a short distance we struck Yellow River, crossed it, and ran a little way on the opposite side, when Mr. Daniels came up with provisions and ordered us to abandon the line. We then gigged back and joined the wagons. We spent the night in camp number (15) in a shanty on the banks of ~~the~~ Yellow River in company with our equipment from which we had been separated four days.

We started out the morning of May 30 expecting to push right through to Black River. It rained hard in the afternoon, and our work all day long was in a tremendous wind-fall, where it was impossible for me to get a sight with the instrument for more than a few yards at a time. We returned to the same camp where we spent last night. Being fearful that the river might rise and catch us on the other side, we started off Sunday morning, May 31, for a point on ~~the~~ little Yellow River, and cut a road through for the teams, forded both the Yellow and the Little Yellow and established camp number (16) in an old shanty on the banks of ^{the latter.} ~~the Little Yellow~~ River.

Monday, June 1, the day opened with a hard rain; after a little it ceased for a short time and we went to work. Our line lay over a tremendous wind-fall. At night

we found camp number (17) in the woods near the line.

Tuesday, June 2, was rainy, but we worked along as well as we could, and the wagons followed along the line. At night we found them a short way back. Camp number (18) was in the woods.

On Wednesday, June 3, the day was fair and we worked along at the foot of the hills in the Little Yellow River bottom. At night we went back to the camp for provisions, found that the wagons had left. We followed the trail for a couple of miles up the ridge, and found ^{number} Camp No. (19) in beautiful woods on the ridge.

On the morning of Thursday, June 4 we followed a section line to our work, and after a very disagreeable day's work found our camp number (20) close to our line and near where we stopped work.

June 5, we started out to work as usual; the line lay all day through a finely wooded country. At night we had no news from the camp. We therefore struck off in a Northerly direction, taking the Stevens Point Road. ^{a road in this part of the country being at this time, a blazed trail through the woods.} After a while we heard some cattle bells. They proved to be on some animals at a log house. We travelled back on our tracks and fired pistols. They were answered. It turned out however, that the firing came from another cabin. We stopped there for the night and slept on wolves skins on the floor (very comfortably).

June 6 we started back for the line, followed it down a couple of miles from the end, and found camp number (21) abreast of station 4732. We had our supper and our breakfast in one meal, and then went to work. As the line proved to be very bad we quitted the work early, while Mr. Daniels went out to reconnoitre. We went back and met the wagons. Some of the party got guns and went pigeon hunting. At night we found the camp at section 4849 on a little creek. Both camps (21) and ~~camp~~ (22) were in range 2 East, township 24, section 6. One of our party who went out hunting did not find his way back to camp, and was missing all night. In the morning we blew the horn and fired guns, but he did not turn up.

We were sent to work Sunday, June 7, and ran ahead for a short distance, when Mr. Daniels concluded to abandon the line. We went back, met the wagons, and made arrangements for packing three or four days' provisions on our backs, so that we might run a new line, independently from camps, covering that which we had abandoned. During the day the missing man came in, worn out and haggard. *This Camp was also in the same vicinity as (21) and (22), the distances now being slight owing to abandonment of line each day.*

Monday, June 8, leaving our camp early, we started out with a reinforcement of men for ~~the~~ Little Yellow River. The day was hot, the mosquitoes which hovered round us in clouds, were perfectly ravenous. We slept that night in a

deserted shanty on the banks of ~~the~~ Little Yellow River.

Tuesday, June 9, we started out brisk and early for the work. We had worked for about an hour, when our new hands and the flagman gave out on account of mosquitoes and left us for camp. Our line lay through a wind-fall of great magnitude causing much delay in our work, and much labor in clambering over the trunks of trees piled up on each other. At night we put up a shelter of boughs, and kindled up some trees for fires.

Wednesday, June 10, after a night of great discomfort on account of gnats and mosquitoes started out for the work. The day was rainy at intervals. At night we endeavored to improve on our last night's quarters. We put up a little shelter, and did the best we could to protect ourselves from insects in the arrangement of our fires and smudges.

☐ We started out on the morning of June 11 to work with the force left us. After proceeding for a little while our Commissary arrived with a couple of extra hands. They proved to be of very great assistance. With this addition to our force we made the Stevens Point Road at about seven o'clock, P.M. where we found camp number (24) in a log cabin, which was in range 2 East, township 24, section 4.

Friday, June 12, we spent the day in running several tentative lines. We soon got among the hills where the grades were impracticable and had to gig back repeatedly. We returned that evening to the same camp.

On the ^{thirteenth} 13th we were engaged in the same sort of work. We went back on the line for some distance, then struck for ~~the~~ Yellow River, and skirted along its banks all day, angling frequently to avoid crossing. At night we returned to the same camp, where also we remained over Sunday.

On Monday June 15, we were detained in the same place by heavy rains. During a lull we got in a little work, but it did not amount to much.

On Tuesday, we started out to work, but again the rain drove us back to the same camp.

On Wednesday, June 17, notwithstanding the fact that it rained, we succeeded in doing a little work, but returned at night to the same camp.

One Thursday, June 18, the weather continued cloudy and rainy, but the day ended with a prospect of a fair day for the morrow. We spent the night at the same camp.

Friday, June 19, was clear. We went out to work with 4 new hands. At night we struck out for camp, without knowledge of its exact whereabouts. We wandered

about for a while, but finally hit it. It was located in range 2 East, township 25, section 19, just on the town line and on the banks of ~~the~~ Yellow River.

Saturday was cloudy, with occasional sprinkles of rain. We went out to work, however, and at night stopped work just abreast of camp number (25), on the other side of the river. We had some difficulty in getting across.

Sunday, June 21, was clear, and we first ran a compass line, then ran the levels over it, and returned to camp number (25).

Monday, June 22, each of us took three meals in our packs, and all the remainder of the flour was baked in biscuits. These, some blankets, and a light fly tent were packed on the little mare that accompanied the party, and thus equipped we started for Black River. In taking the mare round the swamp those having her in charge got separated from us, and we spent the night under a bough shelter.

This morning, June 23, the party rose from their couch of boughs after a cold night of it, and mutual exclamations of surprise at the swelled heads of all, caused probably by the poison from mosquito bites. Mr. Daniels started off to run down the trail of the ^{mare} ~~horse~~. About night he arrived with the animal. We ate what grub there was for dinner, and Mr. Daniels and two others started off with the mare for

Eaton's Mill on Black River expecting to reach that point that same evening. They found that they could not get through with the mare, owing to the swampy nature of the region, and one of the party came back with her. A heavy thunderstorm came up. We pitched the fly in a hurry and got under it with our blankets. It served fairly well for a protection. In the course of the night the water rose about us and put out our fires. Many low spots under the fly were filled with water to the depth of from two to three inches. We were a hard-looking party in the morning. For breakfast we had nothing but succulent leaves like sassafras. We did, however, have some tea, which was refreshing, and at noon Cleveland produced a sardine box. A sardine apiece was our dinner. We busied ourselves, as well as our strength would permit us, splitting wood for the night's fires and with peeling bark off good sized trees to interpose between our blankets and the damp ground at night. The whole party was much depressed and although our endurance had not been actually taxed to any extent, we began to think that we had scarcely strength enough to move about. The night looked a little dubious, but we were tolerably well provided for with our bark beds and blankets.

On the morning of Thursday, June 25, all hands looked haggard and all felt weak. A little before noon I went back down the line a little way, and made an unsuccessful search

for a section line. After the noon hour had passed without word from Mr. Daniels I took the compass and with the majority of the party started in the direction where we supposed Eaton's Mill lay. A portion of the party either felt too weak to undertake the expedition or doubted the wisdom of it and remained behind. Those of us who had started had advanced only a short distance when a hail was heard and we returned. It proved that Mr. Eaton of Eaton's Mill and another man had arrived with food. Daniels and his companion had got caught out in a swamp in the thunderstorm Tuesday night and had only reached Eaton's Mill Wednesday. The relief party started from there last evening and only reached us Thursday at noon. The distance to the Mill proved to be about fourteen miles instead of eight. We devoured all the bread brought by the messengers at one meal, then Eaton and his man started back. We had some pork left, and made a supper off pork and greens. Daniels and his companion did not arrive with the bread for supper, and on the morning of Friday, June 26, we were about as far off from any satisfaction as ever. About 8:30 A.M., as we were cooking our last morsel of pork with greens, we were surprised to see the Daniels Party with packs on their backs, trudging up the line, approaching us from the direction opposite to that from which we should have expected to see them. We soon devoured the bread which they brought, or nearly all of it, and then all

but three started for a point where we expected to find our wagons. We blazed our trail from the line, but found no wagons at the place where we expected them. They were in camp number (26) in range 1 West, township 26, section 21, and although we did not see them for a day or two more, we were in touch with them.

Saturday, June 27, after breakfast Mr. Daniels started off for the line. I followed him as soon as I got ready. We found the boys whom we had left at the line, in good spirits, and then started and ran about a mile and a half of line. Just about sundown a heavy thunderstorm came. We quitted work and went up to where we left our provisions, built fires and smudges, and prepared for a night's rest under the fly in the woods. The evening was cool and there was not much rain.

Sunday morning, June 28, we started out to work in tolerably good season, and worked along towards camp. Towards night we were joined by a man who had cut out a mile of road for the wagons. They were, however, still at the same camp. We quitted work about one and a half mile from the tents, which were at our camp number 26, range 1 West, township 26, section 21.

On Monday, June 29, our force was somewhat reduced by sickness, but we ran our line all day along one of the tributaries of Rock River, and at night found that camp num-

ber (27) was about a mile off in Eaton's hay meadows, in range 1 West, township 26, section 16.

On June 30 the mosquitoes and gnats were so bad that it was almost impossible to work. We stopped work at night practically opposite camp number (28), in range 1, West, township 26, ~~section~~, on Rock River.

July 1, we reached Black River and Eaton's Mill, places which we had been expecting to reach now for some time. The river is a beautiful stream, fringed to the edge with fine trees. The camp was just below Eaton's Mill on the Black River, in range 1⁽²⁾ West, township 26, section 3.

Thursday, July 2, we worked in the vicinity of Eaton's and returned at night to camp number (29), at Eaton's Mill. Some of our men went to Weston's, leaving us with a reduced force.

Friday, July 3, our line lay through bad wind-falls and at night camp number (30) was found in a hay meadow in range 3 West, township 27, section 30.

On July 4 we celebrated by running line. We dined at Avon Creek and at night reached ~~the~~ Eau Claire River. We returned to camp number (30) about 9 P.M. very much fatigued.

Spent the next day, Sunday, at the same camp.

On Monday, July 6, we ran a new line over a portion of the country which our previous line had crossed. At night we found camp number (31) on the banks of ~~the~~ Eau Claire River,

in range 4 West, township 27, section 29. The mosquitoes and gnats were very bad.

The line run on Tuesday, July 7, was over a very hilly country. At night we went to the place where we expected to find camp, but no camp was there. We followed the section line and finally found camp number (32), in range 4 West, township 27, section 20.

All of July 8 was spent in running experimental lines, and the work was made very tedious on account of the extensive wind-falls. The mosquitoes were thick and made life very uncomfortable. At night we found camp number (33), in range 4 West, township 27, section 19. We spent Thursday, July 9, in the same vicinity, engaged in the same sort of work, and returned to the same camp for the night.

Friday we spent the greater part of the day in clearing a road for the wagons, but at night weary with log-rolling, we ~~returned to the place where the camp had been for two days~~ ^{found} ~~at range 4 West, township 27, section 15.~~

Saturday, July 11, after working all day we found camp number (34)⁵ at night on the school section on a fork of the Eau Claire River, in range 4 West, township 27, section 16. The mosquitoes were very thick, so that it was impossible to sleep at night.

Spent Sunday, July 12, in the same camp.

The line on Monday was in a poor country covered

with ~~Jack~~ pines and so forth. At night I was caught at work in an old wind-fall, when a heavy shower came up. I struck out for camp and met the wagons coming along. We reached some shanties about dark where we spent the night. The location is on a fork of the Eau Claire River, in range 5 West, township 27, section 11. The mosquitoes and gnats were bad.

Our work on July 14 continued in the same vicinity and we spent the night in the same place as last night. The mosquitoes were very bad. We started a new line from the east side of the river July 15, on which we were engaged during the day. At night the compass party stopped work and left for camp. I had no information where the camp was, but by good luck I caught up with one of the men who knew, and reached camp number (3⁷), in range 5 West, township 28, section 32.

Thursday, July 16, the line ran over a rough country, but we were comparatively free from mosquitoes and at night quitted work close to camp number (3⁸), which was in range 6 West, township 28, section 35.

Friday We got over the ridge onto the waters of Paint Creek, and at night stopped work in a long stretch of hay meadow, through which the line ran. We found ourselves abreast of camp number (3⁹), in range 7 West, township 28, section 32, on the head waters of Paint Creek.

Saturday, July 18, we were all day at work running over a patch of line which had been originally run by Mr. Woodward in the winter time. The trees were blazed six or eight feet from the ground, and brush was cut three or four feet from the surface. The level pegs were one and a half foot to two feet high; all indicating snow when the line was run. Our camp was on the line near the Paint Creek Road.

On Sunday we walked into Chippewa Falls, a brisk little town, where we found some letters. We received instructions here to go to Hay River instead of to the foot of Lake Pepin.

On the morning of July 20, we went back to where we left off Saturday night, and got out of the woods, onto the "open land plain" on Paint Creek in a little while. At night we found camp number (40¹) on a branch of Paint Creek.

Tuesday, July 21, we reached Chippewa River with the line, and at night found camp number (42²) just opposite Frenchtown, on the banks of the^{at} river.

Wednesday, we were engaged in running tentative lines across the river and spent the night at the same camp.

Thursday the work was very largely in swamps at the foot of the bluff on the north side of the Chippewa River, and we spent the night at camp number (42³) on Trout River Run, where the fishermen of the party found much enjoyment.

July 24 the line ran for some time through a swamp, then up on the bluff. From that point we started a line back to the dells. At night we found our camp number ⁴(43) a mile and a half off in a hay meadow.

July 25, we worked round amongst the hills, the country being mostly open and covered with tall grass. At night we left our work about ²(2) miles from tents, and followed an open valley down to them. It was cloudy, windy and rainy during the day. Camp number ⁵(44) was on Elk Creek, where we spent Sunday. Our fishermen caught many trout here, and at night we heard wolves fighting in our neighborhood.

Monday, owing to rain, we did not get an early start, but we worked as well as we could under the circumstances and at night found camp number ⁶(45) directly on our line, on the banks of Elk Creek.

Tuesday, July 28, we spent in running experimental lines. At night we found camp number ⁷(46) at the head of a small creek, emptying into the Elk.

We worked all day on the ²⁹(29)th, and at night left our work at a point where we could see the tents afar off in the valley on the head waters of a creek emptying into the Red Cedar.

Thursday, July 30, we worked all day and at night

found camp number ⁹48 on the banks of ~~the~~ Red Cedar River. The country was intersected with ravines, and we descended some bluffs to reach camp.

Today we worked round in the same vicinity, running a new line. In the course of the day we communicated with a party under Mr. Brewer, which is working from the other end to meet us.

Saturday, August 1, we intersected our lines and returned to camp number ⁹48.

Sunday we were engaged in work in the same vicinity running a new line to intersect with Brewer. We returned to the same camp, and found Brewer's camp at the same place.

Monday, August 3, we made a second intersection. After dinner we started for Portage, and travelled about ten or twelve miles. We camped for the night in camp number ⁵⁰48, Mud Creek bottom.

Tuesday, August 4, we were routed out about three o'clock in the morning, and got under way before sun-up. All hands walked on to Eau Claire where we had dinner. Our wagons arrived after dinner, and we got our traps. These we placed on a keel boat on the Chippewa, on which we spent the night. I slept rolled up in my blanket on the ledge round the boat on which the men walk when they pole it, liable at any moment to roll off into the water. About 4 P.M. we arrived at Reid's Landing, and we got on the

steamer ["]Henry Clay["]. We got off of the ["]Henry Clay["] at Wabasha, the Captain of the boat having backed out of his bargain. We spent the night in a warehouse.

Thursday, August 6, several boats went up stream during the forenoon, but none came down. In the afternoon, however, the ["]Otasca["] came down. We got aboard of her, and were landed next morning at Prairie du Chien at about 7 A.M. There we took the train and reached Milwaukee between 8 and 9 in the evening of the seventh of August. ^{Q.}