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on trees near, and always stacks of staves and hoop-poles quite handy. At one end we lived, in a frugal, but always cheery way, and at the other end was the shop, where, as nearly all my hands were German, could be heard the livelong day the whistled waltz, or the lightly-sung ballad, now in solo, now in chorus, but always in true time with the hammering of the adze and the echoing thuds of the "driver" upon the hoops as they were driven to their places.

This was my quiet, but altogether happy, mode of life in the beautiful village of Dundee, in the summer of 1847, at which time my story really begins, but, to give the reader a better understanding of it, I will have to further explain the existing condition of things at that time.

There was but little money in the West, which was then sparsely settled. There being really no markets, and the communication with eastern cities very limited, the producer could get but little for his crops or wares. I have known farmers in these times "hauling," as it was called, wheat into Chicago for a distance of nearly one hundred miles, from two to five streams having to be forded, and the wheat having to be carried across, every bag of it, upon the farmer's back, and he not then able to get but three shillings per bushel for his grain, being compelled to take half payment for it in "truck," as store goods were then called.

There was plenty of dickering, but no money. Necessity compelled an interchange of products. My barrels would be sold to the farmers or merchants for produce, and this I would be compelled to send in to Chicago, to in turn secure as best I could a few dollars, perhaps, and anything and everything I could use, or again trade away.

Not only did this great drawback on business exist, but what money we had was of a very inferior character. If one sold a load of produce and was fortunate enough to secure the entire pay for it in money, before he got home the bank might have failed, and the paper he held have become utterly worthless. All of these things in time brought about a most imperative need for good money and plenty of it, which had been met some years before where my story begins, by several capitalists of Aberdeen, Scotland, placing in the hands of George Smith, Esq.,