

his narrative is all the more precious, as it covers a period when there were no newspapers in Wisconsin, as there now are, to chronicle the occurrences of each passing day, no diaries kept, and but two or three casual travelers who have left us any memorials of their observations, and those exceedingly meagre. I may over-estimate the historic value of Mr. Grignon's narrative, but I think not; if this generation cannot appreciate it, those who come after us will do so. I cannot but think, that the time will come, when some gifted son or daughter of Wisconsin will weave the interesting story of the Sieur Charles De Langlade into an historic romance or epic poem, that will impart an enduring charm to the wild nomadic times of an hundred years ago on the far-distant shores of the beautiful *la Baye des Puants*.

Capt. Grignon, now somewhat bent with the weight of almost four score years, must in his prime have been nearly six feet in height, with a manly, well-proportioned form, an expressive, benignant, hazel eye, a full and pre-possessing countenance. When about twenty-five, he married Miss Nancy McCrea, daughter of a trader of the name of McCrea, and of a Menomonee woman, one of *la noblesse*—a near relative of the Old King, Tomah, I-om-e-tah and Oshkosh. Six children were the fruit of this marriage, three of whom survive. Mrs. Grignon died at the Butte des Morts, October 24th, 1842, at the age of fifty-three years.

To Mr. Grignon's son-in-law, Louis B. Porlier, a son of the late Judge Porlier, one of the pioneers of the country, I desire to express my grateful acknowledgements for his generous and constant assistance in the procurement of this narrative, and whose intimate knowledge of the Menomonees enabled him to render both Mr. Grignon and myself essential aid.

L. C. D.