

Ka-cha-ka-wa-she-ka, or *The Notch-Maker*; the old Chief, Carron, was also there, but I never saw him, as he died before my recollection.

De Gere used to say, that he never saw so perfectly cool and fearless a man on the field of battle as my grandfather; and that either here, at Monongahela, or at Ticonderoga, I have forgotten which, he saw my grandfather, when his gun barrel had got so hot, from repeated and rapid discharges, that he took occasion to stop a little while that it might cool, when he would draw his pipe from his pouch, cut his tobacco, fill his pipe, take a piece of punk-wood, and strike fire with his steel and flint, and light and smoke his pipe, and all with as much *sang froid* as at his own fireside; and having cooled his gun and refreshed himself, would resume his place, and play well his part in the battle. He mourned the loss of his two brothers, who fell in this desperate conflict. The engagement over, and the surviving French commander resolving to surrender Quebec, De Langlade was among the number who thought there was yet no real necessity for such a measure, and believing it was effected through bribery, retired from the place with his chosen followers in disgust.

During this year, 1759, and probably in the autumn, my grandfather De Langlade was united in marriage to Miss Charlotte Bourassa, a daughter of Laurent Bourassa, a prominent merchant of Montreal. He had probably become acquainted with this lady either on some visits to Montreal, to purchase goods for the Indian Department, or when stationed there while in the service. He took her immediately to his home at Green Bay. She knew nothing of border life, and had a mortal fear of the Indians. On one occasion, some mischief-maker circulated a report that the Indians were coming there with evil designs, when she ran to the next house and told the alarming news, and then hid herself under a board-pile, where she was found, not by the Indians, for none came, but by her friends, snugly stowed away, almost