

half demented with fear. At another time, seeing a number of Menomonee Indians come into the store and house, which were adjoining, and had a connecting door, my grandmother fled to her room, and fastened the door; but her curiosity prompted her to open the door ajar, and peep out, when she discovered all the Indians seated around the room, except one, Pack-kau-sha, who, having no seat, was standing up near her door. She at once concluded he was watching his chance to destroy her, and in her frenzy, without knowing what she was doing, snatched a dull round-bladed case-knife, dashed open the door, and seized the Indian by the collar, and making an effort to stab him, exclaimed, "Pack-kau-sha, you rogue, you are a dead man!" The Indians at once discovered that she was greatly excited with fear, and all united in hearty laughter and strong assurances of friendship. Her good husband would quietly say, "What are you doing, my wife? Go back to your room, and don't disturb us here." When she would see a canoe of Indians coming, she would open the door, and exclaim in the most forlorn manner—"They are coming! they are coming! Now we shall be massacred!" It was some time before she got the better of her foolish whims and fears about the Indians.

Early the next year, 1760, Charles De Langlade again repaired to Canada, and found a commission of Lieutenant awaiting him, from the King of France, dated the 1st of February of that year, which evinced in a high degree the confidence of his King and Government. But while he served during the war under commissions of Ensign and Lieutenant, he appears to have held commands quite equal to that of Captain. This year's service must have been very severe and trying, demanding unusual care and anxiety to oppose a much superior force. When all hope of much longer being able to maintain possession of Canada had ceased, Gov. Vaudreuil gave specific directions to Charles De Langlade, at Montreal, on the 3rd of September, 1760, to take charge of