

Langlade's old soldiers, lived at Mackinaw, where he had a family. He was once setting trout-lines under the ice on the border of Lake Michigan, when a heavy wind blew a large body of ice, where he was, quite a distance into the Lake, upon which he remained nine days, without food, when the wind veered about and drove the ice on shore again. He must have died at Mackinaw many years ago.

La Fortune was another of my grandfather's war followers, a hardy Canadian; he had an Ottawa wife, and lived with the Indians near Mackinaw, among whom he was noted as a great hunter.

Machar, another of the party, was an uncle to my father, and was the grandfather of Mrs. John Dousman, of Lake Shawanaw. He was a native of Canada, a man of great fearlessness, and was long a trader in the North-West. Once when he had his trading post at the Falls of the Chippewa river, with three men with him in his employ, he persuaded a band of Chippewas, encamped some distance above him, and a party of Sioux below, to meet at his post and make a treaty of peace and friendship, for they had been implacable foes from time immemorial. They accepted the invitation, met, and smoked the pipe of peace, with many a pledge of friendship. The Chippewas first took their departure, when the treacherous Sioux managed to get around and then ahead of them, and killed one of their number. The Chippewas then returned to Machar's trading post, and lingered around there till they had exhausted their own supplies, and nearly all the provisions of the traders. They then applied to Machar for further aid, when he gave them ammunition, and bid them go the next morning to hunt for deer, and not fail to bring him all the deer they should kill. The next night they brought in thirty deer. Machar then supplied them with powder, lead, and other necessary articles, and bid them return home and go to hunting, to pay their credits and support their families. They obeyed his directions. And this