

which well corresponded with her unequalled coat; and in her chapeau, a plume—not indicative of the warrior, and the pomp and circumstance of war, but it was a simple talisman in which she trusted for success in the chase.

In her latter years, when getting quite old, she used to pitch her wigwam frequently near my father's; and I remember that my father once, out of mischief, cut off the old woman's plume from her chapeau. She got very vexed, and reproached him for so sacrilegious an act; said he must be a fool, as he did not seem to know for what purpose she wore it. The plume, of course, which was so superstitiously regarded, soon re-occupied its place of honor. At another time, one of her dogs happened to kill one of Madame Amable Roy's hens, when O-cha-own, as she caught the culprit and tied him up, thus addressed him, with as much earnestness and sincerity as though he understood every word: "You are a fool—you have killed a hen—this is not the way I taught you to behave; didn't I always tell you never to do any mischief? Now since you have been guilty of committing murder, you must die, and follow the one you have slain." So suiting the action to the word, she knocked the dog on the head with an axe and killed him, and wrapping his body in cloths, dug a grave and buried him.

Old O-cha-own, about 1790, when seventy-five or eighty years of age, died in her wigwam, near Joseph Roy's on the west side of the river, at Green Bay, and her clothing and other property which she hoarded up, were distributed among the poor Indian families of the neighborhood. But the fact I design to bring forward by the introduction of this narrative is, that my grandfather, Charles De Langlade, when told that O-cha-own was very low, and near her end, made her a visit, and as the Catholic laity, when necessity seems to demand it, perform the rite of baptism to the dying, asked her if she had ever been baptised? "Oh," she promptly replied, "the Fathers long ago baptised me at Depere." So from this