

French. The Lawes and Grignons were the leading families of the place. Judge Lawe was a gentleman, hospitable, and generous to a fault. He and his family were remarkably kind to strangers, making their guests feel always perfectly at home. His house was large and low, with additions. Although not fenced, yet east of his residence was an enclosure of several acres, including in it, what is now the residence of Mr. C. H. White. There was a pond at the foot of the hill, and here swam wild geese, and domesticated ducks and geese. Deer were always kept within the enclosure, and it well deserved the name of park.

At the north, disconnected from the Lawe homestead, was a beautiful garden which extended to what is now the home of Mr. John Jacobs. This garden was made, and kept in order, by Mr. Paul Ducharme, uncle of Mr. Joseph Ducharme, of Allouez. In the middle of the garden, was a handsome little house occupied by Mr. Ducharme. North of the garden, was an old building which was called the jail.

Continuing north, we come to the Jourdan homestead, now the old Miller place. The house then stood where the large building east of it now stands. Eleazer Williams married his wife, then Miss Madeline Jourdan, in that house.

Still farther north, stood a little Roman Catholic Chapel, occupying the eastern corner of the site, where later the old "Bank Building" was placed, and east of this was the graveyard, taking in about a square. Graves were at one time underlying what is now Adams street.

Now going south from Judge Lawe's, we find the residence of Mr. Louis Grignon. Mr. Grignon was a gentleman of the old school. He spoke very little English, but his French was elegant. His house was large and pleasant, of one story, and made most attractive with its rustic furniture. Indian mats were used in place of carpets; which, indeed, every French family at that time used. Mr. Grignon had a houseful of handsome daughters, which made his home both pleasant and attractive. This house stood northwest of Miss Ursula Grignon's present residence.

Next we come to the home of Mr. Rouse, which stood where Mr. McLean now has a home. South of this, and north of the