

present cemetery, on the top of the hill, where no road was yet cut, was a small house owned by a Mr. Robinson, from whom the hill took its name, and which is still retained.

The foot-path near the river led on to a small house on the flats opposite the cotton farm, which was owned by Mr. Beaupré.

On the top of the next hill, was the residence of Mr. Amable Durochier, which commanded a fine view of Fox River. This house was a handsome one, though made of logs. Now we enter, next in order, the town, then properly named Menomoneeville, but known as Shantytown, and now called Allouez. And here the society was made up entirely of Eastern English-speaking people. Of this society, may be mentioned Mr. Daniel Whitney, then unmarried, and his clerks; Mr. Robert Irwin, Sr., and his wife; Rob't Irwin, Jr., and wife; and the sons and daughters of the former; Judge Doty and his family; and Mr. William Dickenson. There were about thirty houses in the place, and two stores, one being kept by Mr. Whitney, and the other by Mr. Irwin.

Our advantages were few. The only church edifice was the small Roman Catholic chapel, of which mention has already been made. Here no regular priest officiated, one coming occasionally at long intervals. Mr. Williams officiated once in a great while at Fort Howard. A small school was all that was needed, there being but a few children to educate.

Mails arrived once a month, carried on a man's back, and that man was still living a year ago at Portage City. His name is Bellaire.

We were a happy band, united in all social feelings, without jealousy or envy. Not made unhappy by the riches of a neighbor, for riches were possessed by none of us. We were about equal in worldly goods, none very poor, and none rich. Life was fresh and bright. We all had to work hard; but we were young. Female servants could not be had, male servants we had to have, as each household had to provide its own fire-wood.

The resorts of our small community were few. The popular amusement, it seems almost unnecessary to say, was dancing. And in the winter, dancing and sleigh-riding. Our music was not fur-