

was so small it was called "Shanty Town." There was no church edifice; the meeting, as it was called in those days, was held in the school-house. There was not a hotel at either place.

On the 4th of June, Mrs. Curtis and a hired man were struck by lightning; the old soldier was washing and Mrs. Curtis stood near. She was a sister of Major Whistler, and left four or five children. Cadamus, the oldest boy, I met in school, little Irene I knew, afterwards Mrs. Rucker. The Ruckers were connected to the Macomb family, of Detroit.

I remember well when the First United States Infantry were ordered away, late in the fall, to build Fort Winnebago. The officers had made extensive preparations for a lively winter; all were provided with splendid horses and elegant sleighs. The government anticipated trouble with the Indians when the order came. It was almost a death blow to our pleasures; many a tear was shed; the army officers were the life of the place.

At that time there was nothing between Fort Howard and Fort Winnebago but Grand Kaukaulin, where stood one house, occupied by Mr. Augustin Grignon, where I was invited to attend his daughter's wedding. She married Mr. Ebenezer Childs. Quite a large party attended. All came in a large boat called a batteau. The bride was dressed in white muslin; on the table for supper were all kinds of wild meat, bear, deer, muskrat, raccoon, turkey, quail, pigeon, skunk, and porcupine with the quills on. Her mother was an Indian woman; most of the old settlers were married to Indian women; splendid looking, clean and respectable. Some of their children had light hair, blue eyes, fine complexions; no one could tell that they had a drop of Indian blood; and all were well educated.

I remember well when Milwaukee was a wilderness, the Indians coming from there to the Green Bay agency on foot, clothed in the skins of wild animals. They came for ammunition, blankets, etc., and often was I called in the council chamber to smoke the pipe of peace, with my four brothers, younger than myself, and to listen to their speeches, which were interpreted by Richard Pritchett. It was a great delight to me to watch them cook. There was a log house with an immense fire-place, and iron crane