

with iron hooks, upon which hung the kettles, holding a quarter of a barrel of pork, and one or two bushels of potatoes. Then, after taking out the head of a barrel of flour, they would make a hole by removing some of the flour, pour in a pail of water, make a great bunch of dough, put it on the soiled floor, roll it out in long rolls about two feet long, and large as a good sized rolling pin, and put it in the same pot. When cooked, it was dished up in wooden bowls; some had wooden ladles, and some wooden paddles. They would sit on the floor to eat their delicious repast. I was often invited to partake. They called my father, their father; of course I was their sister. A young Indian fell in love with me. He followed me everywhere. I will not attempt to describe his dress; it was too ridiculous.

My father remained at Green Bay six years; in that time I became well acquainted with the old settlers, Mr. Daniel Whitney, Grignon, Lawe, Irwin, Baird, Dickenson, Dousman, Ducharme, Martin Beal, Capt. Arndt, his sons Hamilton, Charles, and John, and his daughter Mary, who married Lieut. Cotton, of the United States Army. There I met General Winfield Scott, General Z. Taylor, with the famous Captain Martin Scott, who could shoot birds on the wing, ride his favorite horse, call out fifteen or twenty hounds, drive out into the woods and return with one or two deer; Col. Whistler, with his large family of daughters and two sons, his wife being a resident of Detroit, with whom I was intimately acquainted; Mr. A. G. Ellis, who was school teacher; Rev. Mr. Cadle and his estimable sister; Rev. Eleazer Williams, who married Miss Jourdain, whose father, Joseph Jourdain, was blacksmith of the agency. I have an iron fire shovel that Jourdain made.

I used to think that all Indians dressed alike. It was a mistake; each tribe dresses differently. The Foxes wore dressed deer skin, soft and white, one-half of their heads shaved clean, with a great bunch of cock's feathers on the top. The Sioux dressed in deer skin, colored black, worked with porcupine quills, their hair brushed up and tied on the top of their head in one large square cushion. The Winnebagoes had their blankets daubed with paint, and large rosettes of colored ribbons; hair in