

leaving their dead and dying behind them, unburied. My father was himself obliged to bury a great number of them, as a sanitary necessity. None of our family were afflicted with the disease, for we were vaccinated at the fort by the military surgeon, at the first appearance of the trouble.

My father, as has been amply recorded in history, was killed at Portage, near the Wisconsin river, in October, 1836, by Mauzemoneka (Iron Walker), a son of the Winnebago chief Whirling Thunder, who had at the time a camp on the high land north of the city end of the present Wisconsin river bridge.¹ Pierre Paquette, at the time of his death, was considered a well-to-do man for those times. The Winnebagoes owed him \$20,000 for goods which he had furnished them; he had a good deal of live stock, some of it on the farm by the bridge, but the most of it on his farm named Bellefontaine, twelve miles northeast of the fort, on the Green Bay military road; and it has been told me by Laurent Rolette,² his clerk, that he had in addition to this, \$20,000 in cash, in the safe. He was not only doing a big business in the regular Indian trade, but did most of the supplying of beef and horses to the Winnebago tribe. The Bellefontaine farm³ was conducted by a Frenchman whom he hired for the purpose, live stock being the specialty. In fact, blackbirds were so numerous in those days that it was quite useless to raise grain. Father used to hire Indian lads by the dozen, and keep them supplied with ammunition for the purpose of killing the feathered pests, which were slaughtered by the thousand each season, but with no apparent diminution of the number.

The administrators of the estate were H. L. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien,⁴ and Joseph Paquette, of Green Bay. This Paquette was a farmer, a cousin of my father.⁵ Mr.

¹ For contemporary statements of the affair, see *Hist. Columbia Co.*, pp. 499-508.—Ed.

² A brother of Joseph Rolette, of Prairie du Chien.—Ed.

³ *Wis. Hist. Coll.*, vii., p. 371.—Ed.

⁴ See *Hist. Crawford Co.*, p. 300, for sketch of his career.—Ed.

⁵ Morgan L. Martin, of Green Bay, wrote me, under date of October 14, 1887: "I knew Joseph Paquette well. When I came here first [1827] he