

hill, and between it and the river, was a grove of plum trees festooned with wild grape vines.

We were accompanied from Mackinac by a little girl of ten years of age, who was bound to us until she should reach her eighteenth year. In no other way could we get a female servant. Marguerite Boursasa was our only servant beside our man. Antoine Robineau—who has been mentioned by Mrs. Kinzie in her book, *Wau-Bun*¹—certainly had a mission in this world. He must have been sent as a trial to all who ever had to deal with him. He was lazy, a *maladroit* in every sense of the word. He was one of the most inveterate of tobacco-chewers. This most undesirable specimen of humanity we brought with us from Mackinac as a woodchopper.

Our only neighbor was Col. Joseph Ducharme and family. They lived just south of us, where is now the north building of the Hochgreve brewery. This was a genuine French home. The dwelling was large, with a spacious porch in front, the roof coming low down, making deep eaves. The house contained a large chimney; and the French windows, which opened like doors, were filled in with very small glass. At the rear of the house, a large pine tree spread its long branches, and the roots, which were exposed in some places (as the tree grew on the edge of the hill), were as large as a small tree. This was the largest tree in the locality, it measuring from ten to twelve feet at its base. It served as a landmark for many a year. It was an old tree in 1824, and lasted twenty or thirty years after that date.

Colonel Ducharme, who had been in the French army, came to Green Bay about 1797. He had still in his possession some of his military clothes, in which he would dress on special occasions. His family consisted of his wife (an invalid who died soon after our arrival here) and four sons, all musicians. Louis, the eldest, was our fiddler. When-

¹ Mrs. John H. Kinzie, *Wau-Bun, the "Early Day" in the Northwest* (New York, 1856), p. 439.