

Reminiscences of life in territorial Wisconsin.

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REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN TERRITORIAL WISCONSIN. BY ELIZABETH THÉRÈSE BAIRD.¹

¹ Mrs. Elizabeth Thérèse (Fisher) Baird was born at Prairie du Chien, Wis., April 24, 1810. Her youth was spent upon Mackinac Island, where, in 1824, when but fourteen years of age, she married Henry S. Baird, a young lawyer, and at once accompanied her husband to their new home in Green Bay. Mrs. Baird remained a resident of Green Bay until her death, November 5, 1890. A brief biographical sketch of this remarkable pioneer woman will be found in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 17, 18, and a portrait facing p. 17 of that volume, In the Green Bay *State Gazette*, between December 4, 1886, and November 19, 1887, Mrs. Baird published her reminiscences in a series of articles. In *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 17–64, we reproduced, in condensed form, and with annotations, such part of these reminiscences as related to her life upon Mackinac Island and the particulars of her return trip thereto in 1825; herewith, we present the remainder of this very interesting series, condensed at a few points, and otherwise edited in accordance with an agreement between Mrs. Baird and the Editor, the former contributing some information which did not appear in the articles as originally published in the *State Gazette*. See Mrs. Baird's "Indian Customs and Early Recollections," in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, ix, pp. 303–326.— Ed.

Upon August 12, 1824, I was married at our home on Mackinac Island to Henry S. Baird,² and the following month we left for Green Bay, upon the schooner "Jackson," Capt. John Burnham. She was eight days coming the two hundred miles.

² Baird was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1800, but came with his family to Pennsylvania in 1805. He studied law at Pittsburg and Cleveland, and in 1822 went to Mackinac, where he practiced his profession and taught school. Visiting Green Bay in June, 1824, he

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was favorably impressed with that then frontier post, and upon returning to the island induced his young fiancée, Miss Fisher, to marry him at once and commence life upon the Wisconsin side of Lake Michigan. It is at this point that Mrs. Baird takes up the story. Mr. Baird died at Green Bay, April 30, 1875. A biographical sketch of him will be found in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, pp. 426-443.— Ed.

As the vessel entered Fox River, Fort Howard did not present so much the appearance of a fortress as did my beloved Fort Mackinac, for it stood on low ground. It looked strong, but it had a lonely appearance; all that gave it life was the handsome large garden which lay to the north. This, however, was the external appearance. There was life enough about it, no doubt; a military life is always lively.

Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, who had been on a tour of inspection, was on board, hence our vessel cast anchor in front of the fort, from which a salute was fired. There were also on board two ladies, who belonged to the families of some of the military officers. Soon the fort barge, manned by soldiers and an officer in full uniform, came to the vessel, the officer coming aboard. Altogether there was a fine display.

But the detention was not quite agreeable to us, and we were glad to leave our distinguished passenger at the fort, and sail on about a mile up this beautiful river. We cast anchor opposite John Lawe's residence, which was the stopping place for all travelers.¹ We were rowed ashore in the schooner's yawl, as there were then no wharves or docks. The river looked clean and broad. The wild rice, a patch several yards in width growing along its borders, was a novel sight.

¹ Lawe, whose father was an officer in the English army, came to Green Bay in 1797, when but sixteen years old, as assistant to his uncle, Jacob Franks, an English Jew who represented at Green Bay the fur-trade firm of Ogilvie, Gillespie & Co., of Montreal. On the outbreak of the War of 1812–15, Franks returned to Montreal, turning over his large

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business Go Lawe. For an estimate of Lawe's career, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, pp. 247–250.— Ed.

As there were no hotels or even private boarding houses here, all travelers had to depend upon the hospitality of its citizens. A houseless couple, we were invited to dine

John Lawe's House (From Martin and Beaumont's *Old Green Bay* .)

Surgeons' Quarter, Fort Howard (From Martin and Beaumont's *Old Green Bay* .)

207 at the Lawes. All the family (six daughters and two sons) were extremely polite, and for the eldest daughter I formed a strong and lasting friendship.

Judge Lawe was hospitable and generous to a fault. His home was a large one-story building with many additions. The ceilings were low, and the windows so small that when the Indians came peering in, the room would be almost darkened. The house had a sort of dreamy appearance; it stood near the water, with only a path through the grass leading down to the river. All around the house and store stood Indians waiting to trade off their peltries. Mrs. Lawe was one of the best of women, and as she wore the Indian dress, that at once endeared her to me.¹

¹ Mrs. Baird's grandmother was Migisan, the daughter of an Ottawa chief, Kewinaquot (Returning Cloud); the other elements in her blood were French, German, and Scotch.— Ed.

Louis Grignon² invited us to spend the night at his house, and come to an early tea. There being no streets, there were, of course, no vehicles. Every house was built near the road. We took the foot-path which led along the river's shore, and from which pathways diverged to each home along the way. The old Grignon homestead stood a little north-west of the present residence of Miss Ursule Grignon. It was a roomy, low house, with very low ceilings and small windows; yet it looked very cheerful with its rustic furniture. Indian mats were used instead of carpets, as with all French families at this time. Mr. Grignon had a

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houseful of handsome daughters, who made his home attractive. He was a gentleman of the old school. He spoke little English, but his French was excellent, and his manners delightful. Madam Grignon used neither the French nor English, but spoke the Chippewa.

² Louis Grignon was a leading fur-trader at Green Bay; he had been a lieutenant in the English Indian department during the War of 1812–15. Numerous letters by and references to him appear in almost every volume of *Wis. Hist. Colls.*— Ed.

The morning following our arrival, we set out to seek what was to be our home. The foot-path from the house 208 to the river, and along its edge, was one way, but we preferred going through the woods.

We dined by invitation with Major and Mrs. Robert Irwin, Sr. After a late dinner we again resumed our walk. A path, turning past the last house on the street, that of Robert Irwin, Jr.,¹ led up through beautiful woods, about a quarter of a mile to Camp Smith,² which stood on the summit of the hill, directly in the rear of the present location of R. B. Kellogg's barns. A large two-story double log-house, with two smaller houses, were all that were left of the old fort buildings. Of the two latter one was the garrison school house; the other, a "wash house." The large house, the only one to be procured at this place, my husband had rented in the previous June. Here we went to housekeeping. This house was built in the usual manner of army officers' quarters: a broad hall through the middle, with a large room on each side and a fireplace in each. Upstairs there was a narrow hall, with a bedroom on either side, each with its fireplace. At the rear of the main building a narrow hall, divided in the middle, ran crosswise, and from these halls the housekeeper entered her own kitchen, which was entirely separate from the other. Each kitchen, had its own fireplace and doorway, leading out of doors. We chose the south side of this house.

¹ Robert Irwin, Jr., arrived at Green Bay in 1817. His younger brother, Alexander, came with their father, Robert Irwin, Sr., in 1822–23. All three became prominent in the business and social life of the town. In 1822, Robert Irwin, Jr., was appointed postmaster of Green

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Bay, and held that office for many years. See frequent references to the Irwins in previous volumes of *Wis. Hist. Colls.*— Ed.

2 Fort Howard was built in 1816, on the west bank of Fox River at Green Bay. In 1820, Col. Joseph Lee Smith, then in command, built a new fort ("Camp Smith") on "the other side of the river, some three miles further up stream, and on high ground a half mile back from the river. This was at what was subsequently called Shantytown."— *Wis. Hist. Soc. Proc.*, 1899, p. 139. In 1821, Smith was succeeded by Col. Ninian Pinckney, and in 1822 by Col. John McNeil, who removed the garrison to Fort Howard. See article, "The Military History of Green Bay," *Ibid.*, pp. 128–146.— Ed.

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In our part of the back hall, Mrs. Daniel Curtis (wife of Captain Curtis, U.S. A.) was killed by lightning three months before, while alone in the house with her three little children. When her neighbors discovered her lying dead on the floor, her babe lay asleep in the cradle, and her two little children were at the table eating; a fourth child was at school. Mrs. Curtis was a grandmother of the wife of Gen. Phil. Sheridan.¹

¹ "Captain Curtis's daughter Irene married General Rucker, U.S.A., and their daughter became the wife of General Philip H. Sheridan."—Neville and Martin's *Historic Green Bay* (Green Bay, 1893), p. 193. Curtis, on leaving the army, became a Green Bay school-teacher; but after teaching for a year was succeeded by A. G. Ellis.— Ed.

We found that our goods had arrived, but no servant was to be procured; so we set about making ourselves as comfortable as we could. In those days there were no markets, no bakeries, no one who sold cooked food in any form. Everyone had to do her own cooking, which was all very well for those who knew how; but only think of the plight of those who, like myself, did not! Having always been a petted child, being an only one, my education in the housekeeping line was at first no better than in any other.

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We lived alone in the large house nearly two months. My husband's office was near Judge Lawe's place, some two miles away. I was alone all day, with not a human being near me. The nearest house was that of Robert Irwin, Jr., about a quarter of a mile (as I have already stated) through a thick wood. As I did not talk English, speaking only a few words, and understanding it as little, conversation with my neighbors was not interesting to me, and I did not seek them as I would have done had they spoken French. In consequence, my life was very solitary. My husband would mount his horse directly after breakfast, and I would not see him again until near evening. But housekeeping was new and difficult for me, and there was little time left to fret. That I shed many tears I cannot deny, but they were all wiped away and forgotten, as soon as my husband arrived home. 15

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I must now mention another dwelling, which was built for the commanding officer of the garrison, and was located below the hill west of Kellogg's barns, ours being to the east. It was like the house on the hill, a large two-story log structure. Maj. Henry B. Brevoort, the United States Indian Agent at Green Bay, occupied this house in 1824. He was a strange man, never mingling with other people. His wife and her niece, Miss Navarre, were French. They too, lived the isolated life which the head of the household seemed to prefer. However, the daughter was beautiful, and as she grew into young womanhood not even the father's unsocial nature served to exclude the company whom she attracted by her charms.¹ In after years, Paul Ducharme² lived in this house, and cultivated a fine garden for Judge Lawe.

¹ In *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, viii, pp. 293 et seq., is an entertaining sketch of early times in the Northwest, by Major Brevoort's daughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Brevoort Bristol. See *Ibid.*, xi, pp. 390, 391, for Morgan L. Martin's estimate of Brevoort.— Ed.

² A brother of Dominique Ducharme, who was the first white settler at Kaukauna (1793).— Ed.

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In 1823 the Northwestern judicial district of Michigan Territory was formed, comprising the counties of Mackinac, Brown, and Crawford, which counties embraced a large part of the present state of Michigan, the whole of what are now Wisconsin and Iowa, and a part of the state of Minnesota. In that year Gov. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, appointed James Duane Doty as judge of the district. The judge went to live at Prairie du Chien in 1823, but the following year he returned to Green Bay, making his home here for many years.³

³ Doty's commission as judge of the United States circuit court for the counties of Michillimackinac, Brown, and Crawford, was dated February , 1823 (according to *Historic Green Bay*, p. 183). He was then 23 years of age, and his yearly salary \$1200. The first term of his court was opened at Mackinac, July 21, 1823; the second at Prairie du Chien, October 17, following; another term was opened at Prairie du Chien, January 12, 1824, and still another at the same place, the following May 10th; he held a term at Mackinac, July 19, 1824; and opened his first term at Green Bay, October 4, 1824. Judge Doty's "Notes of Trials and Decisions," 1823–30, a neatly-kept MS. book of about 300 quarto pages, is in the possession of this Society.

In his address before this Society, in 1851, Morgan L. Martin said: "The first Court held in Brown county of which any record is preserved, was a special session of the County Court, July 12, 1824, Jacques Porlier, Chief Justice; John Lawe and Henry Brevoort, Associates."— Ed.

James Duane Doty's House, on Doty's Island (From photograph taken in 1899.)

Doty's House, at Shantytown (From Neville and Martin's *Historic Green Bay* .)

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In October, 1824, the first term of the circuit court was held at this place. The court convened at the small school house, previously mentioned. The jury sat upstairs in our house, and two Indian murderers, when not wanted in the court room, sat in my kitchen.

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One of the Indians had murdered an army officer, whose name I believe was Patterson, and whose grave was in a small military cemetery but a few rods from our house. Strange to say, I felt no fear of these Indians. True, they were guarded by the sheriff, but he was in and out of the room all of the time. They were both large men and were painted black, which gave them a most hideous appearance. I was not afraid of them, because young nerves are strong. Yet, I think I should have been afraid of *white* murderers.

In November, John Dousman and family arrived from Mackinac.¹ They took possession of the other half of the house we occupied, having rented it in June at the same time my husband rented our home. The eldest Dousman child, Jane, was the friend of my girlhood. After my lonely life of nearly two months, my happiness was now complete.

¹ Augustin Grignon, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, iii, p. 242, says that John Dousman settled on the Lower Fox River previous to the War of 1812–15. See other references to Dousman in *Id.*, iii, x, xiii, xiv.— Ed.

The first call I received as a housekeeper was from Judge and Mrs. Doty. They walked up to our home, the Judge carrying their baby, Charles Doty, now of St. Andrews Bay, Florida. Mrs. Doty afterwards said she could not realize at the time that I could not speak English, but thought that I was only bashful, or reserved. The other neighbors called in due time.

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Madame Laborde came soon after to assist her daughter, Mrs. John Dousman, in the care of her household. Mr. Dousman was at one time a man of property, but was naturally extravagant. He was sutler at Fort Mackinac at an early day, which brought him into the society of the army officers, who generally lived up to their salary. Then his health failed him and his estate dwindled away. He still had some property at this place, which he had held for many years and which was one of the causes that brought him to Green Bay. His

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illness exhausted nearly all that was left of his possessions, little remaining to his family after his death.

In exchange for the lonely life I had been living, I was now surrounded by friends. We had many a sleigh-ride through the winter. Our favorite drive was to Judge Lawe's mills, on East River, where the Dickinson mills were later. As we had no church, this was one way of spending Sunday. One lady in this city will most certainly recall the sleigh-rides she took at this time with a certain army lieutenant, who a few months afterwards became her husband.

I have previously stated that there were no servants to be had here; I ought to have said maid-servants. We, however, secured a man servant, but not one who would do housework; that was considered degrading. In winter everyone had to keep a horse and a man, as each family had to provide their own supply of wood. The young man we hired, chopped the wood, hauled it to the house, prepared it for the fire, and carried it in. He would also bring in the water, take care of the horse and milk the cow; the latter he considered almost a disgrace. This man was an additional care to me. The men who would hire out for such work were young and very green Canadians from Montreal and its surroundings. They were known as *manegeure de lard*,¹ which is synonymous with a verdant or raw youth. After a time, we succeeded in getting a little Indian girl of about twelve years of age, wild as a deer, but not as

¹ "Lard-eater," a term applied by fur-traders to raw *voyageurs*.— Ed.

213 well clad. I had to dress her throughout. Remember my age ! I can, in fancy, see at this moment the clothes I made for her. It is needless to say she was of very little use to me, having never lived a civilized life. She, however, could take steps for me, and she could fight the man, which she did on all possible occasions.

At this time, all by myself, I was trying to master the English language, and learn to read. My husband was too busy to give me much instruction, as he practiced law by day and

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read it in the evening. I do not believe he realized how little I did know. He had given me writing lessons before we were married. I never attended school a day in my life, but learned to read a little from my grandfather, who taught a class of boys, but who would never oblige me to do aught against my will and pleasure. Being a spoiled child, it was my pleasure, it would seem, not to study. This was a great trial to my mother, who had received a good education.

Some time in March, 1825, we thought best to change our quarters. A house, opposite the residence of Robert Irwin, Jr., which had been a store, but was now converted into a dwelling house, we took for a few months only, as it was our intention to go to Mackinac in the summer.

My husband had to leave home in May, to attend court at Prairie du Chien. Judge Doty and he made the journey on horseback, taking for guide and waiter the faithful government blacksmith, an Indian, and one of the most reliable persons I ever knew. These gentlemen never thought of traveling, either by land or water, without the attendance of Awishtoyou.

The morning after my husband's departure I found myself alone, as my Stockbridge maid had decamped in the night. Yet I found friends who were willing to dispel my loneliness. Betsy Irwin or Agatha Grignon would come and spend the night with me in turn, and occasionally Elizabeth Grignon.

At last my husband returned, and the time came for my departure to Mackinac. On the twenty-third of June, 1825, 214 William Dickinson and Elizabeth Irwin were to be married. Although we were prepared to start, our Mackinac boat being ready, we were first to attend the wedding. The officiating justice was Jacques Porlier, Sr. He did not speak one word of English, and could not pronounce it when he tried. He read the marriage service, however, in English. Not one word could anyone understand, I know; certainly the groom did not understand a word, for he was too full of laughter to listen. All that we did make out was the *finale*, that they "were married according to the laws of the United States of America."

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At the close of the ceremony, we who were on the eve of sailing to Mackinac, remained long enough to congratulate the happy couple and drink a glass of wine to the health of all, and ourselves to receive many kind wishes from our friends for our safe journey and return.

We left Green Bay in a Mackinac boat, or bateau, to coast the shore as far as Mackinac.¹

¹ Mrs. Baird's vivacious account of this trip is omitted here, having been given in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 55–64.— Ed.

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On our return from Mackinac to Green Bay, where we arrived October 28, 1825, we went into our own house, built during my absence. It was of logs, one story and a half, with two rooms besides the kitchen downstairs, and two rooms upstairs. This house was built on the exact spot where now stands that large house nearly opposite the residence of Joseph Briquetet, in Shantytown.

It was neither clapboarded outside nor plastered in; but the chinks on both sides were so neatly fitted with pieces of wood that they presented quite a smooth appearance. Both sides were whitewashed. On the floor we spread the Indian mats, placing tables and chairs about the room. The bed, with its curtains, occupied one corner of the only room we used, that winter of 1825–26. On the bare walls hung a looking glass. Our grounds were handsome, the house being on the brow of the hill. At the base of the 215 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

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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.

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

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. Whenever 216 we made up a sleigh-ride party, we were always accompanied by Louis Ducharme, as we expected to dance wherever we stopped, whether by day or by night.

The resources of our small community were meagre. There were no churches, and few schools. Once a month a mail arrived, carried on the back of a man who had gone to Chicago, where he would find the mail from the East, destined for this place. He returned as he had gone, on foot, via Milwaukee. This day and generation can know little of the excitement that overwhelmed us when the mail was expected —expectations that were

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based on the weather. When the time had come, or was supposed to have come, that the mail carrier was nearing home, many of the gentlemen would start off in their sleighs to meet him. The arrival of the mail, coming as it did in such long intervals, held much that was sad as well as glad. For two years I received but two letters a year from Mackinac, one coming in the winter, another in the spring, so isolated at that time was the dear old island from all the world.

It is unnecessary to say what was the chief and popular amusement of this frontier community. We were all young, with a few exceptions, and as a matter-of-course dancing took the lead. Dancing and sleigh-rides made the winter's round; we never danced in summer. Fiddlers were most plentiful in those days, and the music, if not of the highest order, was enjoyed. The military had a full band, but the only parties at which they played were those which the officers gave; and very handsome parties they were, too.

Our parties were mostly impromptu affairs. One gentleman would meet a friend and would propose to go to another friend's house that evening, to have a dance. Word would be sent to the latter, and he in turn would notify his wife. If her house were small, she would clear out one room for the dance. I never knew a lady to start any of these parties herself, although always ready to join in them. At these impromptu affairs, the friends would assemble as soon after supper as possible, say about seven o'clock. They would be accompanied by Louis Ducharme, 217 and dancing would begin immediately, as all had to go home early.

Such were our informal parties. There were others, for which great preparations were made. What would the housekeeper of to-day do, if she had to prepare for a social function in the manner we did? For our jellies and blanc manges we had to manufacture our own gelatine by boiling calves' feet. The wine jelly of those days was called "calves-foot jelly." Everything had to start from the foundation. No fowls or game were ever sold dressed. Coffee was purchased unroasted. In fact, everything was in its raw state. The drinks for our parties were mostly home-made, such as currant wine, cherry bounce,

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raspberry cordial, etc. Beside the preparation for the refreshments,—we believed in great suppers,— the house, if small, had to be re-arranged so as to admit the greatest number. There was always a room provided with cradles, and a nurse or person to stay with the babies and rock them as it proved necessary, while the mothers danced. Having no servants, we could not leave the small children at home.

These were the days of tallow candles. When the town offered sperm candles, not all of us could afford them.

The second year after entering our own home, the house was completed, and a wing was added for an office, which was large enough to dance in. Before this, we Bairds had been unable to have dancing parties, not having sufficient room.

Our home and surroundings now began to look attractive. My husband was a natural gardener, and had a large garden on the north side of the house. The row of maple trees, in the yard near the road, which stood there a few years ago, and may be standing yet, he planted.

Near the river, at the southwest corner of our lot, stood the wigwam of our hunter, where he and his wife and twin babies lived. Everyone who was not an Indian trader had to keep such a hunter. Wabagenese (White Swan) was a famous hunter, but was also a drunkard—so much so that he did not even own a gun. My husband would lend him 218 his, and furnish the ammunition with the understanding that the fellow was not to touch it when drunk. Wabagenese would go off on his hunt, and return with many ducks and pigeons, often more than we could use, which enabled us to give to others.

This home became very dear to me; I loved it, for I was happy there. The society, too, was pleasant. There were many agreeable people at the fort. Some officers who had been stationed at Mackinac when I lived there, had now removed to Fort Howard. Maj.

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William Whistler's large and agreeable family I knew well. Their daughter Caroline, now Mrs. Caroline Bloodgood of Milwaukee, was of my age and we were intimate.

Capt. John Clitz and wife, parents of Gen. Henry B. Clitz, U.S. A., were exceedingly interesting people, and liked by all who knew them. Some of their children were born here. Captain Clitz, while in command at Fort Mackinac, died there (Nov. 6, 1836), and was buried on the island. In the summer of 1826, Daniel Whitney¹ left Green Bay for the East, and returning the latter part of September, brought with him a very handsome bride, who proved herself as good as she was beautiful.

¹ Daniel Whitney, of New Hampshire, first visited Green Bay in 1816, and later came to reside permanently.— Ed.

Dr. William Beaumont,² wife, and one child, were here at the time of which I am writing. I had known Dr. Beaumont when I was quite a child, he being military surgeon at Fort Mackinac. Indeed, I remember when he brought his bride to Mackinac.

² See sketch of Beaumont, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, p. 397, *note* 4.— Ed

In December, 1826, Alexander J. Irwin and Frances P. Smith were married, the ceremony taking place on Sunday, December 2. They were united by Justice of the Peace Beam.³ On the following Wednesday a large party was given at the fort by Capt. Henry Smith. The weather was very stormy, the ice not strong enough to use, there

³ See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, pp. 256, 257, for Albert G. Ellis's account of Nicholas G. Bean.— Ed.

219 was no bridge, and at that time no regular ferry. But a detachment of soldiers attended to the crossing of the river for that night. We of course attended our friend's wedding party. The house we left in care of Antoine, the tormentor. We came down on horseback, leaving our horses at Captain Arndt's Inn,¹ as it was then called. We enjoyed the party, which was as grand as the country could afford—much more so than any citizen could attain, for

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the military supplies were excellent. Caroline Whistler, the bridesmaid, and Lieut. E. Kirby Smith, U.S.A. (killed at the battle of Molino del Rey, September 11, 184), groomsman, were in attendance.

1 See *Historic Green Bay*, pp. 199, 200, for description of John P. Arndt's inn.— Ed.

Soon after the supper had been served, many left, fearing the storm, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Whitney among them. But we dancers remained, not knowing the storm was increasing. When the party broke up, behold the storm was so great we could not cross the river. We all had to stay with friends, of course, as there were no public houses. We stayed at Maj. William Whistler's, where I should have enjoyed my compulsory visit had I had my baby with me. I will not tell how badly I felt with a separation of two nights and a day from the little one. It seemed as though I never would again leave her, although I knew she was well cared for.

In August, 1828, we received a visit from my sister, Mrs. Joseph Rolette, who was accompanied by her husband and her two children and his two daughters.² This was the first time I had seen her since we left Prairie du Chien, when I was two years of age. Rolette I knew well. He was my godfather, and I had seen him every summer when

² When the War of 1812–15 was declared, Mrs. Baird's father, Henry Munro Fisher, Prairie du Chien representative of the American Fur Company, left that place, leaving behind him his daughter Jane, in charge of her aunt, Madame Brisbois. In after years, Jane married Joseph Rolette, then an elderly man. Fisher went to Selkirk Settlement, where he entered the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.— Ed.

220 a child, at Mackinac. Later he always stopped with us at Green Bay, when on his way to and from Mackinac. I was one of his traveling companions in one of those journeys.¹

¹ Mrs. Baird's description of this trip is published in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 55–63.— Ed.

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In 1825, Judge Dory had erected the first frame house ever built in this place. It stood on the point of land just above the old Jones place. It proved a larger house than he required, so he built another house, a brick one—that too, the first of its kind here. That is still standing, and is now called the Jones place. The frame house he sold to the government for the Indian Agency. Colonel Stambaugh, Indian Agent, moved into it in 1830.

Daniel Whitney came to Green Bay in the summer of 1819, being then twenty-four years of age. He established himself near Camp Smith (Menomoneeville, or Shanty Town), two and a half miles above the present city. This was the starting point of all of his numerous enterprises. He explored the Fox River to its source, and the Wisconsin River from the rapids to the Mississippi. In 1821—22 he was sutler for United States troops at Fort Snelling, on the Minnesota River. He also established several trading posts on the Mississippi, where he supplied traders with goods. In addition to those, he had a trading post at Sault Ste. Marie.

Between the years 1825 and 1830, Whitney explored the Upper Wisconsin, and at Plover portage he built mills. For more than fifteen years he was engaged there in the business of manufacturing lumber, and running it down the Wisconsin and Mississippi to the St. Louis market. This was the first lumbering establishment erected on the Wisconsin River, and probably the first on any tributary of the Mississippi. During the same period he also built a shot tower at Helena, on the Wisconsin River, and had an extensive business there.²

² See Libby's "Chronicle of the Helena Shot-Tower," in *Wis. Hist. Coils.*, xiii, pp. 335–374. — Ed.

At Green Bay, Whitney had a large establishment, in which he employed many clerks; all were gentlemen, and

Jacques Porlier's House (From Neville and Martin's *Historic Green Bay* .)

Daniel Whitney's House (From Martin and Beaumont's *Old Green Bay* .)

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221 proved great additions to Green Bay society. As has already been indicated, he was the most energetic business man here. He brought to this locality carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, painters, farmers, etc. All these he had in his employ, so varied were his interests.

The house now occupied by Madame Whitney on Main street, Mr. Whitney built as a farm house.¹ It was in the woods, and from the river side we could see the smoke curling through the trees. It was a double house, and Antoine Allard, a married farmer, was placed in one half of it. The Allards boarded some of the mechanics who had no families. On East River (then called Devil or Manitou), just north of D. W. Britton's landing, Whitney had a potash house, in charge of which he placed a man by the name of Clafland.

¹ Mrs. Whitney died in 1890; the old house was demolished in 1898.— Ed.

From his earliest acquaintance with the locality of Green Bay and its surroundings, Whitney entertained the most unbounded confidence in its capabilities to become the most important commercial town in the State. Acting in accordance with this faith, he, as early as possible, secured the land where the city now stands, and in 1828 or 1829 he laid out the town of Navarino, since incorporated as Green Bay, and began the building of a city.² In 1830 he had completed a wharf and a spacious warehouse. Where the Beaumont House now stands, he erected the Washington House. This he occupied as a private residence for a few years. He also built a school house, and several dwelling houses for his mechanics and laborers. From 1830 to 1840 he continued to build stores and dwelling houses. In 1831 he moved his store to Navarino. It was located on the southeast corner of Washington and Main streets. Later, he with his family took possession of the house on Main street, where he died and where the family have ever since resided.

² *Historic Green Bay*, p. 237, says 1830.— Ed.

At this time houses were very scarce, and Mr. Perry rented one-half of the farm house, where he remained for 222 a short time. He was sutler at the fort at the time the troops

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were removed. He remained here some time after the departure of the latter. He was the father of Clitz and James Perry, both of whom are now living at Fond du Lac.

In the winter of 1828–29, Alexander Grignon entered Mr. Baird's office with the purpose of reading law. The next spring he abandoned his studies in this line, saying "He was not born to be a lawyer." We were sorry to part with him. He was a fine young man, but one who had no self assumption, or he would have remained and been admitted to the bar. Here let me quote Sam Ryan, of the Appleton *Crescent*, who in an obituary on Mr. Grignon wrote: "He will be remembered as a genial and courteous gentleman. He was possessed with a fund of anecdote and adventure connected with frontier life and early history, and was always a pleasant companion and sincere friend." The tribute quoted was expressive of my own feelings upon the announcement of his death in 1882.

Gen. Albert G. Ellis¹ came to Green Bay in 1822. In 1825 he went East, and returned soon after with a bride. She was a lovely woman, warm-hearted, refined, and intelligent; she had, in addition to these qualities, force of character that inspired respect. The Ellises lived in a small log house, south of the surgeon's quarters, outside of the fort, where Ellis had a school for the children of the fort, and others who could reach him. At this home, Judge E. H. Ellis and his brother, Fred S. Ellis, were born.

¹ See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, ii, p. 424, for biographical sketch.— Ed.

In 1837, Ellis was appointed by President Van Buren as surveyor-general of Wisconsin and Iowa. At the close of the year 1833, the Green Bay *Intelligencer*, the pioneer newspaper of Wisconsin, was started by Ellis and J. V. Suydam.

In the spring of 1829, Ellis moved his family to the residence vacated by Major Brevoort, the Indian agent, who was removed to another place.

In the summer of 1827, Rev. Richard F. Cadle, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his sister, Miss Sarah B. Cadle, came to Green Bay, to establish the mission for 223

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the Menomonee children, at Menomoneeville, now Allouez.¹ What a God-send it was, to the people of this place! Would I could describe this sainted man. He was a great scholar, perfectly devoted to the church, a man of large heart, and most unselfish. His every thought was to promote the cause to which all his energies were directed, and he went about doing good as opportunity presented. He was an entertaining person, and a witty man, yet notably timid. Cadle and his most estimable sister, Miss Sarah Cadle, went to board at the Ellises, where they remained all winter. Here I will quote Ellis's estimate of Cadle: "I have had acquaintance with many of the clergy; for faithful, conscientious discharge of every duty, for untiring labor, for sweetness of temper, and all the graces that mark the gentleman and the true Christian, I have never yet found the superior of the Rev. Richard F. Cadle."

¹ A detailed account of the Cadle mission, with documentary material, will be found in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 394–515; a synopsis of its career is given on p. 411, note 2.— Ed.

Mr. Cadle, after three years of hard labor, fatigue, and anxiety, found his health failing him, and he had to ask for a successor.

But to return to Mr. Cadle's school. As the Mission House was not yet built, he obtained a small building at Camp Smith (the same in which the first court was held in Green Bay in 1824). Though small, the building sufficed for the commencement. Notice was given in November of the opening of this school; for some weeks it numbered just one scholar. Mr. Cadle admonished us not to "despise the day of small things." The school gradually increased in numbers, and soon the room was not large enough to accommodate all who came.

In 1830, George McWilliams came from Ohio to Green Bay, and the same season he and Edwin Hart built the Mission House. The building of this house was a great event for Green Bay, it being the second frame building erected in the state.² This new building was soon filled with children.

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2 See Wis. Hist. Colls., xiv, p. 476, for contemporary engraving of the mission buildings.—Ed.

224 The school was taught by Miss Kellogg (who afterwards became the wife of John Y. Smith) and J. V. Suydam. The children of the village attended as day scholars. Cadle was truly the children's friend—kind and gentle, it was his custom to combine instruction with amusement. The grounds about the Mission House were most neatly and tastefully kept, they being under the supervision of Miss Cadle.

The first year, one good-sized building for boarders and a school house constituted the mission. The next year another building was added to the number, and yet there was not room enough for the children. They came faster and in greater numbers than they could be cared for.

Edwin Hart, who had a very nice home,—his sister being his housekeeper,—boarded McWilliams. The first winter McWilliams spent here, he suffered greatly with the rheumatism. He could scarcely get to our house, with the aid of crutches, to take a hand in a game of whist. Mr. McWilliams was also the architect and builder when Fort Howard was reconstructed. He was thus engaged for four years. He was a member of the first territorial legislature, in 1836. He never married. In 1843 he went to Fond du Lac and became very wealthy, dying there, in his own home, tenderly cared for by his adopted daughter, who loved him as her own father.

The same schooner that brought the Cadles to this locality brought also a handsome, newly-married pair, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Beall. Beall was a lawyer and a Virginian; his wife was a niece of Fenimore Cooper, the novelist.¹ They were accomplished, but as odd as any one could be, their eccentricities attracting much attention. They were at first poor, but very gay. Mrs. Beall was fond of dancing, but had no idea of time. Mr. Beall never danced, but was a persistent card player. In after years, Beall was receiver of the land office. in 1835, at the land

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1 A biographical sketch of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Beall may be found in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, ix, p. 474.— Ed.

225 sale at Green Bay, he was fortunate in his speculation and became quite rich.

Mrs. Beall had two sisters with her at different times, both charming girls. The eldest married an army surgeon, the other a young Englishman. The latter was educated in Paris, and possessed a most extraordinary mind; he was, withal, a lively and genial companion. His French was notably elegant; in conversation he was polished and entertaining; his manners were graceful and courteous. He died young. This was Edward Outhwaite, father of Mrs. Flora B. Ginty, of Chippewa Falls.

Green Bay did not suit Beall after he had grown rich. They moved back to the East, where they remained until they had spent all they had previously acquired; then they returned here, as poor as they were on their first arrival. Beall became in consequence quite morose and unhappy, but no one would have discovered from Mrs. Beall that they had suffered any change in their circumstances. She was always pleasant, agreeable, very entertaining, and seemingly happy. She certainly was the most fluent talker I ever knew. They raised a large family of children, the daughters inheriting the fine looks of their parents. The sons, I believe, have all died. Beall came to a very melancholy death, out in the Far West, having been shot. Mrs. Beall became a most devoted Christian, full of charity and good works.

In May, 1830, it being necessary for Mr. Baird to attend court at Prairie du Chien, and having for a long time promised my sister a visit from me, he felt that in this trip he could combine business with pleasure. He obtained a large-sized birch-bark canoe, about thirty feet in length and five feet wide in the center. Our outfit very much resembled the one we had when we made our trip to Mackinac. We had mattresses and blankets, but no cot-beds, as those could not be carried in our canoe.

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We had a large tent, and the ever-valuable mess basket, perhaps not as well filled as it would have been had Rolette 16 226 been the caterer; certainly we had no more eggs than we desired to eat.

Our party consisted of Mr. Baird, myself, and two small children, Miss Rees, Miss Irwin, and a servant girl. The crew were: four Frenchmen,—good singers,—our ever faithful Awishtoyou, as steersman, and our old hunter, Wabegenese, as bowsman.

On leaving home we were escorted by a party of ladies and gentlemen, in a Mackinac boat, as far as “the island,” since called Doty's Island. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin, Jr., their daughter Mary, Irwin's sister Kitty, and their friend Miss Russell, Samuel Irwin, Miss Frances Henshaw (sister of Mrs. E. S. Whitney, and in later years wife of Dr. Truman Post, of St. Louis), and Charles Brush.

We were invited by Augustin Grignon, of Kaukauna, to pass the first night of our journey at his home, where we were entertained in a hospitable manner. The evening was one of pleasure. Miss Henshaw, in a charming way, amused the party, and seemed herself delighted with the novelty of the trip. Miss Russell, although naturally a great talker, said that everything was so new and interesting that she could find nothing to say. Miss Rebecca Rees, now widow of Dr. Whiting, of Detroit, and Miss Jane Irwin, now widow of J. V. Suydam, seemed to hold themselves in reserve for the remainder of the journey.

The next morning we left our Grignon friends, they wishing us all sorts of good luck, with a kind invitation to stop with them on our return.

On nearing Grand Chute, now Appleton, the scenery was beyond anything I can describe. Each shore was varied in outline, while the rapids or falls impressed one with their greatness, enforcing a sense of personal insignificance. The hand of man had as yet left nature's loveliness unmarred. There was not a house in the place. We went ashore at the lower, and strolled along to the upper landing. On the way there we seated ourselves on

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the brow of the hill, and watched the crew as they carried the canoe. 227 From choice they carried it on their shoulders, as it was light. The baggage had previously been carried over. The Mackinac boat, as before described, was carried just out of the water. The men walked in the water with their load, but kept near shore. It was remarkable to see with what a zest these *voyageurs* enjoyed this kind of work. The more the rapids foamed and dashed by them, the happier they seemed to be. When opposite our resting place, they greeted us in their ever joyful manner— *un cri de joy* from the Frenchmen, and a hearty *saw-saw-qua* from the Indians.

We had greatly admired all the rapids of the river, as in turn we reached them, from the *rapides des peres* onward; but we were not prepared for the spectacle that awaited us at Grand Chute.

At the “upper landing” our mess baskets furnished our dinner. We did not pitch a tent, but had a picnic under the trees. The crew made a fire, and the ladies made the coffee.

Soon after, our canoe and boat were ready and we embarked again. We crossed Little Butte des Morts, where the long railroad bridge now crosses above Appleton. We reached the island early, and here our escorts' tent was pitched under a large tree; ours was pitched near by. All lent a willing hand in the preparation of supper.

The party who escorted us from home had planned on this occasion to give us a tea party before leaving us, and a superb one it was too. The evening was very pleasant, and we sat around the fire near our tents, and enjoyed the stories that one and another told, as the evening wore on. Many are now recalled, that bring the narrator vividly to mind. In the enjoyment of the hour no one thought of watching the clouds. Fancy then, the surprise of most of us, the horror of some, when, soon after we had retired to our tents and were fairly asleep, we were aroused shortly after midnight by a severe thunder storm. The tent under the tree was not considered safe. The gentlemen who had taken shelter under the canoe came to the rescue. They took the tent down and pitched it in a safer place. The confusion

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228 of changing the tent and its contents took so much time, that daylight dawned upon us before all was settled again. Fortunately the children slept through it all, except the Irwins' little daughter Mary (about nine years old), now the widow of William Mitchell. No matter where the child was placed, the rain would drip in her face, which caused her to say: "I don't think this party is very pleasant. I wish I was home."

When daylight was fairly upon us, the preparation for breakfast began, but the rain drove the ladies into the tents, and the men took up the task. Nevertheless we had a nice breakfast, but not much room to eat it in, as we all had to crowd in our tent. However, we had a jolly kind of a meal, as, unless the rain continued, it was the last we were to share with our friends, who had escorted us thus far.

About eight o'clock the clouds began to clear away, and our canoe and boat were put into the river and loaded. Our friends were anxious to return to Green Bay, and we were quite as anxious to resume our journey. But while we bade each other farewell, the clouds again assumed a threatening look. We knew it was going to rain, still we would not wait. As we left the river at the Neenah side, Awishtoyou pointed across the lake, saying, "As there is no wind, I will steer right there, to the mouth of the Upper Fox River." We had gone but a half a mile into the lake, when another storm broke upon us. Thunder and lightning and wind, all hurled at us at once. Awishtoyou, who never spoke unless on a matter of business, said, "I'll now steer to Garlic Island." It is now called Island Park.

I never wished again to be in a birch-bark canoe in a thunder storm. Our craft, when loaded, stood about fourteen inches out of water, and the lightning seemed to play in the water all about, which brought it, in appearance, near our heads, as we sat in the bottom of the boat, our beds serving as cushions. Our shoulders reached the edge of the canoe. We arrived at the island, however, without meeting with any accident.

Early the next morning we left the island, reaching in 229 good season the village of Four Legs, where now the city of Oshkosh stands.¹

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1 Four Legs (Hootschope), the celebrated Winnebago chief, had his village at the outlet of Lake Winnebago. For accounts of this Indian, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, v, p. 96, *note*; and numerous references in x–xiv.— Ed.

The weather was delightful after the storm, and the latter was the last one we encountered on our trip.

The Indians, at this time, were not altogether to be trusted. In some of the various villages that we passed, there were evident signs of hostility. In some instances, as soon as our canoe appeared, they would flock around us in their small canoes, placing themselves ahead of us and on all sides, so we could not pass them. This we would not have attempted, had they permitted us to do so, for that would have given them a chance to shoot into our canoe. They always asked us for whisky and bread. We gave them bread and flour in each case, and that satisfied them. We were then safe to pursue our journey.

I will quote from a lecture which Mr. Baird delivered before the Green Bay Lyceum, January 19, 1859: “We frequently encamped early in the afternoon, at some spot which attracted our attention from its natural beauty or romantic appearance, and strolled along the bank of the stream, plucking beautiful wild flowers which abounded; or, clambering up some high bluff or commanding headland, obtained a view of the surrounding country, and traced the meandering stream through its high banks, far in the distance. It was in the merry month of May, when the forest was clothed in its deepest verdure, the hills and prairies were redolent with flowers, and the woods tenanted by melodious songsters. It was truly a trip of pleasure and enjoyment.”

The encamping place was always hailed with pleasure by the entire party. Many times Waubagenese would jump ashore and trot off into the woods. We would not see him again until we reached a good camping place, where we would find him with some game, the result of his chase. Sometimes it would be pigeons; at others, partridges or 230 ducks. He always had the birds ready for cooking when we arrived, whereupon we would all go to

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work to get the supper. Some of the men would aid us. Mr. Baird took it upon himself to teach us to roast the game before the fire, by putting one end of the stick through the bird and placing the other end in the ground. We often met Indians with venison, which they were very glad to barter for a piece of pork, which we could always have from the crew's supply. Thus we lived literally on the "fat of the land."

The Fox River is a very crooked stream, but the scenery along the way is beautiful. We traveled many miles to get through a short space of country. At one time we traveled all day, and at night could see the smoke of the fire which we had left in the morning. This might have passed unnoted by us had not my husband, who had previously made the journey, been aware of the fact and attracted our attention to it.

We reached Fort Winnebago on the fifth morning, but until near noon could not reach Pierre Paquette's, where we were to breakfast. We were set ashore to walk across to the residence of Paquette, while the canoe was taken on by the men, who had to follow in the winding stream of the river until they reached the portage.

Can you fancy the famished party that made a descent upon Mrs. Paquette? She had seen us coming, and had a nice breakfast or dinner, whichever you may choose to call it, ready. I had taken but a few crackers from the children's mess basket, supposing that the walk would be as short as it looked. The children had to be carried—one was five and the other a trifle over a year old—and that, too, retarded us somewhat.

On our entrance to the Paquette homestead we found a large room, with bare floor, and here the table was spread with the whitest of table cloths, and laden with apparently enough provisions to feed an army. The cooking had all been done before an open fire. There were two high pyramids of hard-boiled eggs at each end of the table; and before I was aware of it my little five-year-old child had devoured five of them. I was so greatly frightened that those pyramids made a lasting impression.

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Soon we were invited to the fort, which had just been established. It was built by Major Twiggs, and garrisoned by troops who had been stationed at Fort Howard. The officers were all bachelors, and had not seen a lady in a year. One can well imagine how glad they were to see those whom they knew so well. Indeed, we were treated like princesses. I never saw a party of men so desirous to wait on their friends. They gave us a fine banquet.

All of the officers, as I have already stated, we knew well. Major Twiggs, afterwards general in the Confederate army, I never liked; but he was very polite, and we could not help admiring his demeanor. Captain (now General) Harney I did not like any better, but could not but accept his generous hospitality. Dr. Worrell was a great favorite with us all. The lieutenants were equally cordial, but I cannot now recall their names. It was with difficulty that we got away at the appointed time, so anxious were they to have us remain.¹

¹ See A. J. Turner's "The History of Fort Winnebago," in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 65–102. — Ed.

We were transported over the portage by an ox team, canoe and all. Here we came to the Wisconsin River, where the scenery is really fine. On this stream the sand bars were frequent; some of these we could escape by paddling around, others we could not. Then the men would have to jump out and push the canoe over. I cannot in words express how greatly we enjoyed the encampments on this river. The stream is so rapid that the men really had to hold the canoe back to avoid sand bars. We did not have much singing on this part of the journey. as there was too much watching to be done, to avoid these obstructions. The banks on either side were beautiful; the hills and bluffs charming.

One day Waubagenese jumped out and walked ashore for his usual hunt. Some hours afterwards we came to some very high hills, which seemed to reach higher and higher as we advanced. All at once one of the men pointed with his paddle up to the highest peak, and there stood revealed on the highest spot, Waubagenese, in an attitude so picturesque that it made a scene never to be forgotten.

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On Sunday we stopped at a prairie near Helena. After dinner we took a walk. In the distance we saw a house which aroused our curiosity, so we wandered toward it. It was a small log structure, and everything about it was exquisitely neat. We walked around and discovered that the door was not locked, but that the house was occupied, though the occupants were not at home. We peered into the windows, and in the bedroom we saw the nicely made bed, and on the pillow lay a night cap with embroidered strings, that are still vividly recalled. There were no other habitations anywhere in the vicinity. In after years, we learned that this residence belonged to Doctor Madaria.¹

¹ See Libby's "Chronicle of the Helena Shot-Tower," in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiii.

The tenth evening after leaving home found us entering the noble Mississippi; and traveling four miles farther up the river brought us to Prairie du Chien, where we found the family of Rolette, and received a hearty welcome. It is needless to say we came unannounced.

The town was small, and Mr. Rolette had the largest house in the place. There was a porch on the top of it, which ran along the shortest side of the house, and there were seats all about, but no handsome views were to be gained from it. The prairie is very flat, and to my great astonishment the Mississippi River was full of islands. Nowhere could one see its full width.

Old Fort Crawford stood where the Dousman residence now stands. The troops were still at the old fort, and here I found Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont, parents of I. G. Beaumont of this city. The officers at the fort were Colonel —, Capt. John J. Abercrombie, Capt. Levin Gale, Lieuts. G. W. Garey, Albert S. Johnson, and Joseph La Motte.

During our stay at Prairie du Chien the town was 233 inundated, and we had to use "dug outs" to reach some places. The officers gave a large dancing party at the fort, in honor of Mrs. Rolette's visitors. There was, as yet, nothing but the walls up; the windows were

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not in, nor were the doors hung. But the floor was very smooth and offered a good surface for dancing. The party was a delightful one. It was on this occasion that Miss Emilie Rolette made up her mind to accompany us home. Later, while in Green Bay, she became enamored of and married Capt. Alexander S. Hooe.

Rolette had horses and carriages, and we visited his several farms and drove elsewhere about the country.

One evening we were startled by hearing the loud, successive reports of fire-arms. We were told that there was undoubtedly a fight between some opposing tribes who had chanced to meet near town. But as no further notice was taken of it, we retired as usual. About midnight we were aroused by hearing footsteps on the piazza, and also heard persons talking Indian. Finally, after there had been repeated knocking at the door and window-shutters, Rolette asked the reason of all the disturbance. He was informed that a great battle had been fought; the visitors were the victors, and they had come to procure some fire-water with which to celebrate the glorious event. The next morning we heard the particulars of this battle, and saw sights too terrible to be told in this narration of our charming journey.

We remained at the Prairie about ten days, when court adjourned. We then turned our faces homeward. The journey back was as full of delight as our trip up had been, but we all thought the mosquitoes had grown since we had last met them. Miss Rolette declared she never swallowed a mouthful of anything that she did not also swallow a mosquito.

As we glided along in our canoe, past the Indian villages, the natives seemed possessed with the same spirit that we had encountered in going. Several canoes would all at once appear alongside us, we scarcely knowing where they had come from. They still asked for bread and flour, which we deemed it wise to give them. The Indians of our crew were very careful never to encamp near one of these villages, but always chose the opposite side of the river. A canoe can never be put into the water without an Indian

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hearing it, no matter with how much care it may be done; and so well aware of this are they, that they seldom try to cross a river to visit an encampment.

At Fort Winnebago we were entertained by the officers; Miss Rolette was a very attractive young lady, and the whole garrison seemed pleased with her.

We travelled along smoothly, journeying slowly, and enjoying to the utmost all the trip afforded. When we reached Grand Chute, Appleton, Awishtoyou begged me to remain in the canoe and jump the rapids. He assured me I would like it. Of course I could not be persuaded to do so. We all sat on the brow of the hill and watched the canoe go over the chute, each man in his place, watching, with his pole guiding the frail bark safely down the swift, turbulent current. It is a very interesting sight; as we gazed, the canoe jumped, and away went the basket which held our best bonnets, into the air, as we supposed, never to return to the canoe; but, to our surprise, it came back safely to its place.

It may not be amiss here to describe my own bonnet, as I would gladly do of the others could I remember them. It was of pale, straw-colored silk, shaped by rattans, and was trimmed with green silk ruching, which was fringed. The basket was a light round basket with a tight cover. It held three bonnets, going up, and four on the return trip. We each had a small hair trunk, which constituted our baggage.

As soon as my husband could give me the necessary instruction in the routine of his business, I became his interpreter. His clients being entirely French, and he not understanding the language, it became necessary for him to resort to this method in order to conduct business at all. 235 I was grateful, indeed, to assume the duties, as it enabled me to learn the English language. I gave up the position when Alexander Grignon entered Mr. Baird's office, but had again to resume it when he left. The office of interpreter I filled until we moved to Navarino;¹ and was always in readiness to be called upon in cases of necessity.

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1 The nucleus of the modern Green Bay.— Ed.

I think it was in the summer of 1829 that Dr. David Ward came to Green Bay, and at the time there was not a place in the village where board could be procured. Mr. Baird gave him a lodging place in his office, and Edwin Hart took him as boarder. Of course, he had to make the office his home in the absence of any other at the time.

About 1834 Dr. Ward went East, and brought home a wife; a good, kind, and amiable person, who made the doctor as happy as his nature would permit. He was an eccentric man. They had a nice home in Green Bay, and reared a fine family. Some years ago they left Green Bay and removed to Wrightstown. Fifteen years ago or more after that, Mrs. Ward died, and following her death came that of their only daughter. I believe two sons were left the father.²

2 Dr. David Ward was born at Wells, Brooklyn County, Vt., Dec. 20, 1799. He practiced medicine for several years in Essex County, N.Y., and in 1827 removed to Mackinac; he arrived at Fort Howard in 1831, according to a biographical sketch in the *Kaukauna (Wis.) Sun* for Dec. 27, 1889. In 1835 he married Miss Phoebe Smith, of Sombra, Ontario, who died in March, 1881, the mother of three sons and a daughter. Dr. Ward is reputed to have been the first regular physician to practice in Wisconsin Territory. In addition to his private practice, he sometimes was called upon to act as post surgeon at Fort Howard, and in that capacity accompanied the troops when they laid out the military road between Green Bay and Fond du Lac. He also taught a mission school at Shantytown, was interested in the first steamboat navigation on Fox and Wisconsin rivers (*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiii, p. 309), traveled much among the Wisconsin Indians, made what was said to be the first purchase of government land in the valley of the Lower Fox, was for one term county treasurer of Brown County, and intimately knew Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, Solomon Juneau, and other notables connected with early Wisconsin history. In 1843 he retired to his farm in Wrightstown, and there died in December, 1889.— Ed.

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In June, 1829, we received an invitation from Augustin Grignon to attend the wedding of his daughter, Margaret, who was to marry Ebenezer Childs. Nearly all of the citizens of the town were invited.

A large Mackinac boat, or bateau, was procured, with a crew both of Frenchmen and Indians. The Frenchmen were in sufficient numbers to furnish joyous boat songs. The steersman was the ever-faithful Awishtoyou, the bowsman was an Indian, of course. I would I could remember how many of us went to Grand Kaukauna, as it was called, to attend this fine wedding given by a gentleman of the olden time, when everything was done with courtesy and hospitality, such as is seldom seen in these days.

I will put down the names of those who attended the wedding, as far as I can remember: Judge and Mrs. Doty, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Irwin, Miss Jane Green (I think she accompanied us), Miss Frances Henshaw, the Misses Rachel, Rebecca, and Polly Lawe, and Miss Ursule Grignon, Judge and Mrs. Arndt and son Hamilton (their daughter, Mrs. Cotton, was off at some post with her husband), Messrs. William Dickinson, Charles Brush, and Mr. Bartlett. We had with us our three months' old baby; our oldest child was left with our faithful Margaret.

Mr. and Mrs. Grignon gave us a most cordial welcome. Madame Grignon was a remarkable woman; her extreme gentleness and politeness commanded the respect and love of all.¹

¹ See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, p. 423, *note*.— Ed.

Their home was large enough for any family, but not large enough for such a party as that we made. We arrived at 4 p. m. The tables were prepared, and were laden with all kinds of food, sufficient it seemed to feed a regiment. Not only the invited guests partook, but all the retainers, and everyone about the place shared in the wedding feast.

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Of course we could not dance, but card tables and similar amusements were proffered.
The pleasures and merriment

Capt. John Cotton's House (1842) (From Martin and Beaumont's *Old Green Bay*.)

Morgan L. Martin's House (From Martin and Beaumont's *Old Green Bay*.)

237 of that party were unbounded, as everyone was in the best of humor and ready in turn to entertain his neighbor. Judge Doty and Miss Henshaw were excellent at telling stories, with a fund of good ones ever at hand.

The evening quickly passed, for we sat at the supper table until 8 p. m. Mr. Grignon, in a very felicitous and amusing manner, announced to his gentleman friends that they would have to sleep in the barn. This announcement was received with pleasure. Even the groom and Mr. Grignon had to occupy the same quarters.

The next morning, after a sumptuous breakfast, we returned home, somewhat tired, but rejoicing that we had been able to attend the wedding of the daughter of our long-time friend. The bride spoke no English, the groom no French. The marriage ceremony was performed by Judge Porlier.

In August or September of 1831, Daniel Whitney went to Prairie du Chien in a Mackinac boat, accompanied by Mrs. Whitney, to visit very dear friends of the latter—Dr. and Mrs. William Beaumont. Miss Henshaw and Miss Samantha Brush were also of the party. Miss Ursule Grignon remained at Mrs. Whitney's home as housekeeper. This was really a trip of pleasure, for Whitney, when he had business to transact, went on horseback. In the present case, wishing to take the ladies, he went by water, inspired to do so doubtless by the account we had given of the trip we had previously made to Prairie du Chien.

When the party returned, Miss Elizabeth Rolette came with them. She had expected to visit her sister, Mrs. Hooe, at Fort Howard, but Lieutenant Hooe had obtained a furlough and had gone with his wife to his Virginia home to spend the first winter of their married

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life with friends there. In consequence of this, Elizabeth came to our home to spend the winter.

In May, 1832, we moved to our farm, which broke up our Shantytown home. Miss Rolette at this time went to visit Mrs. Whitney, where she remained until the return of the Hooes.

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In June, 1821, Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati, had come to Green Bay, accompanied by Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli.¹ On the second day of July, in a room at my home, the bishop baptized two of my children, one a little over two years old, the other two weeks. A site, at this time, was selected for a church in Menomoneeville (Shantytown). It was diagonally across the street from our house—a little to the south. This church was burned in 1846. Edwin Hart built the church; but I do not remember whether George McWilliams was associated with him in this work, as he was in the building of the Episcopalian Mission House.

¹ For account of Father Mazzuchelli's career, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 155–205.— Ed.

In November, 1833, Father Mazzuchelli came with two nuns to Green Bay. Sister Clare, an American lady, was superioress; the other was Sister Thérèse. We sold them our Shantytown home, which seemed well adapted to their use. These sisters were here during that fearful cholera visitation in 1834, when Father T. J. Van den Broek was stationed at Green Bay.

My husband thought that he could be both farmer and lawyer, but it turned out as I had predicted; he would be the lawyer, and I the farmer's wife. As I think of those days it makes me almost tremble, even now. The cholera first visited us in 1832. Mr. Baird had to go to Shantytown every day, to his business. I never saw him mount his horse without saying to myself, "Shall we ever meet again?"—the cholera threatening on one hand, the Indians on the other.²

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2 See Andrew J. Vieau's account of the cholera epidemic of 1832–33, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xi, p. 225.— Ed.

The militia had organized, and had encamped near the river, below the woods, on the west side of R. B. Kellogg's stock farm. My husband was the quartermaster. The officers were our Shantytown friends. There were received daily, alarming reports of the Indians and their doings.³

3 Reference is made to the Black Hawk War. See Marsh's journal, *ante*, pp. 60–65, relative to experiences at the Statesburgh mission during the scare.— Ed.

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One afternoon, just after Mr. Baird came home, John McCarty came in, very much excited, saying: “The Indians are coming. They are on the way. They are at Little Kaukauna, on their way down.” What to do we did not know. The fort was being rebuilt, and could afford no protection. Col. Samuel C. Stambaugh¹ was still in the Agency House, and wished all to come there who could get in. Ah, how we watched! going to every high point and anxiously looking to see if the Indians had reached DePere. The signal was to be the firing of two guns or a cannon, when the Indians should appear. All work was abandoned. No supper was provided in our home, only for the servants and the children. My husband was too anxious to eat, and I could not lose a moment from watching. Night came on, the children were put to bed, although all during the night I could not have them out of my sight.

1 Stambaugh had been the Indian agent, but was succeeded June 2, 1832, by Col. George Boyd, Jr. See “Papers of Indian Agent Boyd, 1832,” and a biographical sketch of Boyd, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xii, pp. 266–298.— Ed.

At last, as everything seemed quiet, we ventured to lie down, ready to arise at any moment. We finally fell asleep; the next thing we knew, we were aroused by hearing the

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firing of two guns. Of course, that was the signal! We did not stop to dress the children, we were already dressed; my husband had left the horse saddled. We had three children—my husband took one child and led his horse, I took another, and our Margaret took the third. We all ran as fast as we could, to the Agency House. There my husband left us, mounted his horse, and joined the militia. My feelings cannot be expressed as I looked upon him, for I thought it for the last time.

The Agency House became crowded, as all who heard the guns came there. It was early morning, just daylight, yet the frightened people continued to come.

And now can I do justice to what followed this night of terror? The guns fired, were not intended as the signal. It happened in this way: the military always fire a morning gun, and our troops felt that they must also do the same. 240 So the fright ended. There was not a hostile Indian within a hundred miles of us.

After our nerves were once more quieted, we would often amuse our friends with an account of our flight. My youngest child, whom Margaret was carrying, dropped out of the quilt in which she was wrapped, and the girl was so terrified that for a moment she really could not find the child.

In June, 1832, Col. George Boyd came from Mackinac to occupy the Indian Agency House, lately vacated by Colonel Stambaugh, who was soon after removed to some other place. The house was only about a quarter of a mile from our farm; so we considered that we were not only to have neighbors in Colonel Boyd's family, but friends.

Colonel Boyd was, I believe, a Virginian, a talented man. A gentleman of the old school, his manners were perfect, his friendship very sincere, and he was charitable to the poor. He was just the person to hold the office he did. The Indians looked upon him as a father indeed.

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Mrs. Boyd was a charming woman, her cultivation and style of manners far surpassing those of any here. She was a sister of Mrs. John Quincy Adams. I quote from a letter from President John Quincy Adams to Mr. Baird, in response to a letter informing him of Boyd's death. He says: "Your estimate of his character corresponds with that which I have long entertained of it, and if viewed with the eyes of friendship will not be disavowed by the award of impartial justice."

I have in a previous article spoken of the hard work that had to be done in these early days from the beginning, and at home. I now had a true realization of it, having a larger family to work for. In the autumn, after the beef and pork were ready, I had to dip and mould more candles, after I had rendered the tallow. Then the lard had to be rendered, and sausage and headcheese were to be made, and all made at home. There were no shops where the meat could be chopped, nor the feet cleaned for souse. Indeed, there were no shops where eatables of any kind could be purchased, and no markets here for twenty years after we 241 arrived. Some who had more beef or pigs to kill than they could use, would sell a pig or a quarter of beef to his neighbor. We often made such purchases from Judge Lawe.

Every fall and spring, each family had a shoemaker come, and make shoes for the entire family; and as there was but one shoemaker here we had to wait, as ladies wait now for a dressmaker.

Poor old Martz, I see him now, when by way of taking a rest from his bench, he would, on every other Saturday, get on the horse and go to the nunnery after our seven-year-old daughter Eliza, who was attending the sisters' school. On Monday her father would take her back again, on horseback, as he was on his way to his business.

I spoke of waiting for dressmakers in these days; in the days I am writing of, there were none to wait for. There were no milliners either. Woe to the woman who could not make her own dress! And yet, our dresses did not look so very badly. At least, we were content.

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“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.” Still, let me say we were fashionable and stylish people. Our fashions came from the East. We will not ask how late. But some lady, either a citizen or of the army, would arrive from the East, and she would be kind enough to lend her dress to some friend to make one by. That friend would lend to her friend, and so on until we were all served. It made no difference to us if another new dress did not appear for two or three years—until we wished to make another. We never thought of making over a dress for the fashion.

At the new church at Menomoneeville, in May, 1833, Rev. Fr. Simon Sandrell baptized my three months' old baby. Her baptismal name being Louise Sophie—my Indian relatives added to it Migisan, or Wampum. This little one is now Mrs. Louise S. Favill, of Madison.

Although our home was a gay and happy one, my work did not lessen, as no good servants could be procured.

About this time Navarino loomed up considerably, and all of the attractions seemed to be there. My husband having learned by experience that he could not be a farmer 17 242 and a lawyer at the same time, bought a lot in the new town, and built a house there. In due time we moved to Navarino, leaving our farm in Charles Mette's care, we having great faith in him.

The land office, the only one this side of Detroit, was established here in 1835; and the first government land sale that took place brought many moneyed men to Green Bay. Many came from Milwaukee, some from Chicago, and more from Detroit. They were the leading business men of those places, and some of them are yet living; but many have gone to a better land. The excitement of that time I cannot describe. It would need the pen of one of those land speculators to give a true description of it. William B. Ogden, who in after years was called the “railroad king,” was the most prominent man among the speculators. He bought largely of land at government prices, and would sell the same property at auction, in the evening. The purchases were very largely made for speculation.

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At this time, Fort Howard was more completely separated from civilized life than is any military fort of the present day. It was garrisoned by the Fifth infantry, the officers of which, with scarcely an exception, were gentlemen of cultivation and of the highest honor; and their wives were equally ladies of culture and refinement. The feeling of isolation must have been great to many, and they were glad enough to engage in the excitement of our town to break the monotony of their quiet life. Many of the officers made quite snug fortunes—Captain Marcy, Captain Clary, all except Capt. Martin Scott, “the great shot,” who did not believe in speculation. He bought cautiously and made some money, however. He used jestingly to say that he and Mr. Baird became rich honestly.¹

¹ For details relative to Fort Howard, consult Evans's “The Military History of Green Bay,” *Wis. Hist. Soc. Proc.*, 1899, pp. 128–146.— Ed.

The corner stone of Christ church was laid by Bishop Kemper in 1838, and the church was completed in 1839, just ten years after the parish was first organized. This was neither a large nor a rich parish, but it was a “garrison town,” bringing rarely cultivated people to grace our church circle and help build up our society.¹ The military were always interested in all that concerned our town, socially as well as otherwise. We were very dependent on each other for our pleasures.

¹ The parish was, however, organized in April, 1826. See proceedings of vestry, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, pp. 451–455.— Ed.

Many from the fort attended church when the services were held in a school house; but the attendance was larger and more regular when the church was opened. At one time, Capt. M. E. Merrill marched his entire company to church every Sunday.

It was our good fortune to have this very estimable man stationed at Fort Howard at several different times. I believe the first time was as early as 1833 or 1834. In 1836 he married Miss Louise Slaughter, sister of William Slaughter, first receiver of the land office

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at this place. Captain Merrill's three sons were born in old Fort Howard. Our townspeople felt bereaved when the news came that Captain Merrill was killed at Molino del Rey, Mexico.

In noting the different officers who at various times were stationed here, I may not mention them in regular order, but some I cannot omit. Ever since my childhood days I have been accustomed to military life; and when the troops left Fort Howard for the last time, in 1852, I felt as though many of my good friends had gone for ever. How those of other days come thronging to my mind as I write of the times which never will return!

The Whistler family, in particular! How well I remember each one of them, from the good, kind father and very warm-hearted and indulgent mother, to the children of the household. Many of them were born at this place. Gwendoline, now Mrs. Robert Kinzie, of Chicago, and Garland, now General Whistler, U. S. A., were born at Fort Howard. Miss Caroline Whistler (now Mrs. Caroline Bloodgood, of Milwaukee), was one of my very best friends, when we were young. Her son, Frank Bloodgood, of Milwaukee, was born at Fort Howard.

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Dr. Walter V. Wheaton, of the army, was the only physician at Green Bay, when I came here in 1824. All had to depend upon the fort physician for treatment. But everyone was satisfied, for Dr. Wheaton was very kind, and seemed to give a fatherly attention to his patients.¹ His wife was a lovable woman. She had the lightest hair I have ever seen. It was almost white.

¹ See anecdote related by A. G. Ellis, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, pp. 259, 260.— Ed.

Dr. William Beaumont was the next physician here. I do not remember the time when I did not know him. He came to Mackinac in 1821. On their arrival at Green Bay they seemed indeed like old friends. They made many friends among us. Dr. Beaumont had always

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attended the citizens at Mackinac, so came prepared to perform the same duty here. He was ordered from here to Prairie du Chien.

Dr. Edward Worrell succeeded Dr. Beaumont. He was a very reserved bachelor, and did not make many friends.

Then came Dr. Lyman Foot, who made friends readily. He attained a large practice. Many would send for him who had always depended upon home remedies. His first wife was a delightful person, although somewhat retiring in manner. Two of their sons were born at the old fort. Dr. Foot was ordered to Fort Winnebago, where his wife died. After a few years he came here and married Miss Mary Cooper (in 1836), who made an excellent mother for his children, who became very fond of her. She was much beloved by her friends.

When Dr. Foot was ordered to Fort Winnebago, Dr. Satterlee succeeded him. He and his wife were a handsome couple—both young. Dr. Satterlee was also patronized by those of the citizens who preferred him to the local physician, Dr. Ward. Dr. and Mrs. Satterlee were two of the number who established the Presbyterian church at Green Bay.

Some time after Dr. Ward came to Green Bay, there came a Dr. Berths, who located here, but did not stay long. Army doctors still seemed to be preferred by the people.

Dr. George S. Armstrong, who came here in the autumn 245 of 1835, and Dr. Judd, who came here about the same time, were the beginning of the civilian line physicians.

The Third infantry were stationed here so long, that, when the order came to remove them, some felt very much aggrieved, and did not consider they were ready to move. So, too, indeed, it was with others who were stationed here. They all remained for some years, but finally we had to part with some very strong friends. It is sad to think how many of these friends have passed away. Some are still living.

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In 1835, farmers were appointed by the government to teach the Indians agriculture. Robert Irwin, Sr., Clark Dickinson, N. Perry, and Henry Baird (my husband's father) were chosen from this place. They were sent to Winnebago Rapids, now the city of Neenah. These farmers moved as early as possible in the spring, in order that they might be in time for the season's work. Small houses had been put up for them. My husband's parents moved with the rest of the farmers, about the last of April.

We moved to Navarino in May. We had been in our new house only about four months, when Mr. Baird, being offered a high price, sold the house, and again we had to move. We bought of Edwin Hart a small log house with a red door, which stood where the American House now stands. There was nothing but the broad street between us and the beautiful river. We moved into this in September, 1835.

A few rods to the rear of our house stood a small building, intended, I believe, for a work shop. It was in that little building that the early services of the First Presbyterian Church of this city were held. It was also used for a school house; our two older children attended here. Our third child had two years before gone to a better home. Our youngest was too young to attend school.

Most of the houses in Green Bay were far apart to the north and to the east. We enjoyed our little house very much, and had in anticipation the home which we built the next spring.

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Between Christmas and New Year's we and several of our friends made a visit to the farmers at Winnebago Rapids. We went by way of the military road, as it was then called, up to the Stockbridge settlement, on the east side of Lake Winnebago, and there crossed over to the west shore, then coming down a little north to the farm house. This road was made by a detachment of soldiers, accompanied by an officer. Each detachment worked a week in turn. Capt. Martin Scott, with his men, made twelve miles of the road, which was as straight as an arrow, and at the time was considered a great feat.

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We found our friends well, and delighted to see us. Every preparation possible was made to make our stay pleasant. Maj. Robert Irwin's house was, from its extreme neatness, a curiosity. The farm houses were sealed inside. There was no plastering, and many of the floors were bare. At Mrs. Irwin's all was scoured—floors, partitions, and doors; all that was wooden, looked new. The kitchen floor was sanded. This was not the case with the other homes, as they all had poor domestic help.

We remained at Winnebago Rapids long enough to spend a day at each friend's home. We visited in turn, all of us, at Major Irwin's, Mr. Perry's, and Mr. Baird's.

In the winter of 1836, Mr. Baird had a business call to the East. It was necessary that he should go some time during the following summer. As my health had begun to fail, my husband thought the change would prove beneficial, and it was decided that I should accompany him.

It was remarkable the interest my friends took in my plans for this then long and arduous journey, and strange the different opinions they expressed on the subject. Some wished me to go; others thought that I ought not. My good friend Mrs. Emmeline S. Whitney was delighted to have me take the journey. Could we have followed her advice we should have made a long trip of it, so many places did she desire us to visit. Mrs. Randolph B. Marcy (mother of Mrs. Gen. George B. McClellan) felt greatly elated that I was to visit the land she loved so well. Poor 247 child! She had come here young and had spent three years in this wild region, as she must have deemed it. No wonder she was glad that some one was to enjoy such happiness as going East would confer. Little any of them knew how gladly I would have given it all up. I had only to look at my children, to be very faint-hearted. The wife of Capt. Robert E. Clary (a very worldly woman) thought I ought to give up all idea of the journey, for if I went East I would never be happy at the West again. I had, however, the pleasure of telling her, on my return, that the happiest moment I experienced on my journey was when I turned my face homeward.

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We had no means of informing my friends at Mackinac that we expected to leave our children with them. As my mother was at her work, the translation of some Indian books, she was at Grand Traverse for that purpose. We arrived at the dear old Mackinac home, where I would have given so much to remain, and found my mother away, as I have already mentioned, on an absence of several weeks.

My grandmother was much delighted at the prospect of having the children with her, but feared they would be lonely, as she did not speak English at all, and only Eliza could speak French. Emilie, to please her grandmother Baird, had given up speaking French, and Louise, for the same reason, never spoke it. We left the three good little girls in the care of that devoted grandmother, who took care of them with fear and trembling. I never wish any one to take their first pleasure trip under just such circumstances as I did at this time. I never shall forget the parting. The boat had to pass in front of my grandmother's home. I could see her with the little folk looking at the boat that was bearing their all away. It seemed as though I should jump overboard to join my dear children. The eldest was only eleven, the next not quite eight, and the youngest only a little over three years of age, and they were to be left for some weeks where no one spoke English. I pitied my dear grandmother. It was not until we had lost sight of Mackinac Island, by rounding the point 248 of Bois Blanc Island, that I could recover myself. My husband was greatly distressed by my weakness; he always expected fortitude from me.

I need not say I spent sleepless night. The next morning when I went on deck, I saw my children everywhere I looked. When I gazed above, they seemed to be in the clouds. When I look about, they seemed all around me. I kept my feelings to myself, for fear of adding to my husband's already tried spirit. But in due time I became interested in the scenery. I never had seen Lake Huron, and its surrounding were new and grand to me. As we reached St. Clair flats, all was very interesting to my unaccustomed eyes. And when indeed a city, the first I had ever seen. The sight of the city, where we spent two days, filled my eyes with wonder.

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On arriving at Buffalo, we were detained there one day by Mr. Baird's business affairs; and when we were ready to take the canal boat, there seemed to be some difficulty about the time of starting. It was the third day of July, and an extra boat was put on. The "Sea Bird" was the regular boat, but an opposition boat was put on for the fourth of July. There was much quarrelling between the two crews before we left. We did not then know that the captain was not aboard his boat that night, and that he had left the passengers at the mercy of the mate, who proved to be a most cruel man.

Very soon after we had started, we perceived that the boats were racing. They went at a moderate rate throughout the afternoon, but the longer they raced the warmer became the contest, and all through the evening matters did not seem quite right. Yet no one was apprehensive of any great trouble, although the boats would jerk and knock against each other. Finally, however, many began to grow uneasy, and at one time some of the gentlemen went to the mate to dissuade him from continuing the race, but they found him under the influence of liquor and very abusive. Until this I had remained serene, thinking we 249 were only journeying as usual on a canal; afterward I became very uneasy. All of the passengers tried to be as cheerful as possible, and pass away the time that promised so little of pleasure.

At last the beds or bunks were hung, and I went to bed. I did not see why we should retire, as the racing still continued and it was fearful. The men, too, were fighting. One of the gentlemen went out to reconnoitre, and found our mate flourishing around with a carving knife. This was the first that we knew we had no captain aboard.

Think of the state of affairs, with the men drinking and racing! The boats would pass each other with such a crash that everything inside would tremble. This happened several times; when at last, about midnight, a terrible crash came and over went our boat. The keel of our craft was so far upon the side of the canal that through the windows on the other side the water rushed in. The excitement of the passengers, both men and women, was intense. The gentlemen were very angry and could scarcely contain themselves. But what could

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they do? As the boat upset I was on the upper side, so of course was thrown out. The ladies all scrambled out through the windows. As I resumed my place in the cabin, one of the ladies asked me if I would hand her band box through the window, pointing to where it was. This I did. Then another wanted a basket, and so on, until I had emptied the cabin. While I was serving my friends, a gentleman came to the window and said, "I think you had better come out. I do not believe they can right this boat." I told him I had a husband on board, whom I thought would tell me what to do. After some time this same gentleman came again and said, "Are you sure your husband is where he can speak to you?" Upon that, I thought it best to look around, and in doing so I met him coming to me. He told me to leave the boat, as he thought it was no longer safe to remain. Pie had just found out that my baggage had all gone overboard. Think of this, my first trip East, finding myself at the dawn of day wrecked on the borders of the canal, no one 250 knew where! (I suppose there were farms near, but there were no houses to be seen.) And my baggage all in the "raging canal!"

A more furious set of men I have never seen. They held an indignation meeting right there, and made out papers to send to headquarters, which were, however, never used. We remained there several hours without means to get away. We thought first of waiting till the next boat came along, which would not be until night. But having no provisions, we had to enter the other boat to procure food and continue on our journey.

In the meantime my trunk, bonnet trunk, and one of the long carpet bags of that day, were fished out of the water.

We continued on the canal to Schenectady. There we took the cars for Albany. This I believe was the first railroad in that part of the country, and was newly built. Many know how that railroad was run. There being a sharp ascent in the road, a stationary engine was used on the hill; one ballast car went down hill while the passenger car came up. I think we were four hours on this part of the journey. At Albany we took the steamer for New York, going down Hudson River in the night, a fact I greatly regretted.

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In 1839, my husband again had to go to New York. At this time he proposed that we should once more leave the children at Mackinac, and that I should accompany him to New York. This I decidedly declined to do, although I knew my mother was at home and the children would be happy. I, however, consented to go as far as Detroit and make a short visit there (as by this time I had many dear friends at that place), and then go back to Mackinac and visit with my mother and grandmother until Mr. Baird's return.

At the time of which I am writing, the Buffalo boats made their trip entirely around the lakes. So, in order to get away, we had to go all around Lake Michigan after leaving our bay. We left on the steamer "Columbus," commanded by Captain Walker. We found a crowded boat, for 251 every one who desired to go to Chicago had to come around by way of Green Bay. There was no other way to get there except by sail vessels, which were very irregular in their trips.

Our boat waited in Chicago some days for a load. Travelers overfilled the boat going West, but few passengers went East, and no freight. The society on these boats was very good, consisting largely of ladies and gentlemen who were in search of new homes, and who seemed to be glad to meet with Western people. The boats were luxuriant, nothing could be more comfortable; the tables were good, the servants also. One most important person on these stylish boats was the chambermaid; and one fared well who secured her friendship. Jane Wigg was the last I traveled with. There was nothing she would not do for me or mine. I crossed the lake with her several times. These boats had two departments besides the steerage. Ladies who had small children preferred taking the lower cabin, on account of its conveniences. There were two cabins, one below and the other above.

We continued on our journey and at last reached our dear old home. The children did not dread the visit. We visited Mackinac annually, and they were always happy to be there. My mother and grandmother were expecting us, but felt greatly disappointed that we could stay with them for so short a time, as the boat remained only an hour.

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On our arrival at Detroit we found our friends expecting us. Mr. Baird left there the same day. At Detroit I was the guest of Mrs. R. Forsythe, a lovely person. She was the sister of my very dear friend, Mrs. Seth Rees, who had gone to Detroit some weeks in advance of my arrival. I enjoyed the visit very much. Mrs. Forsythe had visited me at Green Bay. At Detroit I found the widow of Dr. Wolcott of Chicago, she whom I had known in 1816 as Helen Kinzie. She was soon to marry George Bates of Detroit. She was a splendid woman. She lived only a short time after her marriage. My stay was short in Detroit, as my husband was to return at the earliest moment, and I wanted to 252 make my visit in Mackinac as long as possible. The day came when we were to return our calls. Mrs. Forsythe lived nearly a mile out of town at that time, though now I presume her home is far within the city limits. The roads were very bad, and we went in a cart on the unpaved streets of Detroit. I wonder how many who peruse this know what a cart is? Let me describe one. It is a box, fastened on timbers, and drawn on two wheels. The box is fastened to the front by a hook. When ready to unload, the driver backs up to the place and unhooks the box, which brings it to an upright position, and then he dumps his load. We did not wait to be landed in that manner, but as soon as the driver unhooked the box we jumped out.

It must be left to the imagination of the reader, the fun we had on this ride. Of course we did not mind the mud, although we were covered with it. Our pleasure was just as great. The ladies we called upon seemed fully to understand the whole affair. At last I had to part with my pleasant hostess and family, and return to my beloved ones. Our stay at Mackinac was made a very delightful one, so many friends there were who entertained me in various ways. Among them were Col. and Mrs. Joseph Smith, of Fort Mackinac. The late Madame Abbott was also a great friend of mine. She never spared herself in entertaining company, and always did it handsomely. She had an elegant carriage and a beautiful grey horse. Lecuyer was a fine driver. Many a drive have I taken with Mrs. Abbott, to visit the natural curiosities of the island.

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We returned to Green Bay on the boat which brought Mr. Baird back.

A trip across the territory was made by Mr. and Mrs. William Bruce and my husband and myself in February, 1842. We encountered deep snow throughout our entire journey, but the sleighing was generally good. Our sleigh, horses, and robes were of the best; Mr. Bruce would own no other. He was an excellent driver and prided himself on his horsemanship; his wife was equally skilled. Mr. Bruce came to Green Bay at an early day, and was largely engaged as a commission merchant and in the transportation business. At one time he was appointed Indian agent. He was an active, industrious man, and in his wife possessed the most capable helpmate that ever man was blessed with.

Never did younger people depart from home more gayly than we. We left after an early breakfast, expecting to reach Stockbridge, on the east side of Lake Winnebago, before dark, where we intended to stop at William Fowler's.¹

¹ A Brothertown Indian who served in the third session (1845) of the fourth territorial legislature, being one of the three representatives in the lower house, from Brown, Calumet, Fond du Lac, Manitowoc, Marquette, Sheboygan, and Winnebago counties.—Ed.

We took the military road, which was uniformly good. Snow had fallen the night before and covered all of the bad places, so of course we plunged into them in an alarming way.

At noon or soon after, we reached Gardner's place. This was kept by a colored man and his wife. We stopped here to dine. No one ever passed Mrs. Gardner's dinners. She was an excellent cook, and got up very nice meals. The rooms, too, were good. Everything about the house was neat, and it was a real comfort to occupy one of her beds after a trip over the road.

We had been traveling on the "straight cut road." The old landmark, the "eagle's nest," was in view long before we reached it and long after we passed it. Some time after leaving

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Gardner's we came to the end of Captain Scott's portion of the military road. The way that followed was good, but one was never sure of missing the stumps. We were now in the Stockbridge settlement, where the log houses were rather near together for farms. There were many stumps in the very streets of Stockbridge, and as they were covered with snow it was an easy thing to hit one. One of them upset us at Fowler's very gate.

We were well cared for at the Fowlers'. The next morning we again took an early start—so early that the stumps in the road were no more visible than the night previous. 254 We had driven but a few rods when again we upset. I was thrown against a stump and one arm was hurt, though no bones were broken. The pain from the injury, however, was severe. I was carried into a little hut, where the people were just rising, and placed on a bed which some very untidy-appearing folk had just vacated. I would have preferred the floor. We finally set out again, reaching the home of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Perry,¹ at Taycheedah, that afternoon. We arrived in time to enjoy one of Mrs. Perry's famous dinners. I will not attempt to tell of the warmth with which these friends met us. How wholesome and grateful such meetings are! They seemed as glad to see us as we to see them. We spent two days at Taycheedah. Our good friend, Mrs. Beall, lived there at that time. We were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Perry the first day. The second day we spent with Mrs. Beall; her husband was absent. The third day we went to Fond du Lac. At that time Taycheedah was the larger. We made but a short call on Dr. Mason C. Darling, the only acquaintance we had at Fond du Lac.²

1 Nathaniel Perry was one of the first settlers of Taycheedah, of which he was also the first postmaster. At the time of Mrs. Baird's visit, he kept the principal hotel.— Ed.

2 In 1844 Darling gave the site for a county court house at Fond du Lac; this proved a death-blow to Taycheedah, which before that time was the larger settlement of the two. It is now a small hamlet.— Ed.

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We left Fond du Lac for the Fox-Wisconsin portage, taking in Waupun and Fox Lake on the way. At Portage or Fort Winnebago, we met friends—Capt. and Mrs. Gideon Low, who had previously been stationed at Fort Howard, while Captain Low was in the army. We found him at a large hotel which he owned. Their daughter, Elizabeth Low, was soon to marry our friend, Henry Merrell, of Portage. Here we had to call a physician to attend to my arm. He discovered that my collar bone was fractured.

The day following our arrival we had many gentlemen callers. On the third day we left for Madison. On our 255 arrival there we found the legislature in session, and the usual gaieties of the capital under full sway.

We drove to the American House, which stood on the north corner of Washington avenue and Pinckney street, where the First National Bank now stands. The landlord, Col. James Morrison, told us that the house was more than full, and that he could not accommodate us. However, we were not to be disposed of so easily. Our gentlemen said if only beds could be provided for the ladies, they would sleep anywhere on the floor, making a bed of their buffalo robes. There was a Southern gentleman, a State officer (I have forgotten the office that he filled), whose daughter was with him, but, as it chanced at this time, she was absent. The landlord gave us her room. We certainly felt very grateful for the favor. Before supper we went to the room, and found it very small. We prepared for supper, and left the room, not even whispering to each other our thoughts about its dimensions.

After supper we had a call from Theophile la Chappelle, brother of the first Mrs. Mitchell. He was a member of the legislature, a bright and intellectual young man, and an agreeable talker. His sister, Mrs. Mitchell, had died the December previous, and his desire to see me was great, knowing the friendship that existed between her and myself. Poor young man! He became insane soon after this, and spent the remainder of his life at the Hospital for the Insane, near Madison.

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We received a great many callers, as Mr. Baird knew all the members of the legislature. Among them was Charles C. P. Arndt; and as he was a Green Bay boy, we enjoyed his call very much. He was naturally of a rather serious turn of mind, but that night he was very full of fun. He was elated at seeing friends from home, and coming to my side he sat down by me and asked innumerable questions about his wife and children. I was glad to tell him all I knew. His two little daughters were winsome and pretty. He said: "I will write to my wife. The news you have given me has made me very happy. It is the next thing to receiving 256 a letter from her." Poor boy! It was only about two weeks later that he was fatally shot, while in the council chamber, by James R. Vineyard, member of the council from Grant County. Arndt was a member from Brown County. As he was shot he fell at the feet of his father, Judge John P. Arndt, who was also a member of the same council. We had just returned to Green Bay from our trip to Madison, when his remains were brought home for burial. His tragic death darkened forever the lives of his widow and two daughters, the former remaining in widowhood throughout her life. He had planned a happy home for his family, having erected the main part of the building which is now occupied by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

But I must resume my story of our stay at the American House. After spending a pleasant evening with friends, we ascended to what was called the "school section," where our room was situated. Why it was so called I know not.¹

¹ The United States government granted to each Western state, when organized, out of the federal domain, the sixteenth section in each township, to be sold for the endowment of schools. This "school section" was generally reserved from sale until the county was settled. It remained vacant, for a time, therefore, often in the immediate vicinity, or indeed in the midst, of a fast growing community. This gave rise to the term "school section" being facetiously applied to generally-unused or outlying portions of large buildings—for instance, the garret of a frontier hotel, which would be called into service only when the advent of a crowd of customers compelled its use.— Ed.

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Our gentlemen had not yet seen our sleeping room. When they were admitted into it, the expression of their countenances was indescribable. We four could scarcely stand in it. What were we to do about lying down in it? The old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," we found to be true. Let me describe the room. A bed, not a large one, stood with the back and head touching the walls, and the foot of the bed was about three or four feet from the other end of the room. In front of the bed, against the other wall, was a washstand, a trunk, and a chair, and near the door stood a very small stove.

Governor Doty's Residence, in Madison (From Thwaites's *University of Wisconsin* .)

The Old Capitol (From Thwaite's *University of Wisconsin* .)

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Just imagine us in this room, making plans for the night. We ladies were seated on the edge of the bed; one gentleman occupied the chair, the other the trunk. Of course, we ladies were to have the bed, but what were the gentlemen to do? was the question. There was not room enough in front of the bed for them to lie down. A happy thought came to Mr. Bruce: "We will spread our buffalo robes under the bed, and we can have our heads against the wall." All was arranged as planned, Mr. Baird feeling well satisfied with the arrangement. The gentlemen went off for the robes and we retired. They soon returned and began to fix their bed. They were a great while about it, and we felt they were very awkward. I think by this time Mrs. Bruce wished to jump out of bed and help them; for the gentlemen, growing somewhat impatient, were not as particular in their language as they would have been under other circumstances. At last they said, "It is of no use, these robes will not spread out." The bedstead was so low that they could not look under it without a light, so they took up the greasy whale oil lamp and set it on the floor. On looking under the bed, a large, long box was discovered. It was made of plain boards, with a cover not fastened. The gentlemen were very curious to see its contents. Two canvas-covered hams were revealed. The shouts of laughter that followed, must have been heard all through the "school section." After the investigation the box was pushed back as far as possible, and

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the buffalo robes were spread down. Mr. Baird being short, could lie under the bed; but Mr. Bruce, being tall, had to lie outside on the floor. Almost as soon as they had assumed a horizontal position they were asleep; I had anticipated that there was to be no sleep, as it was far into the night before quiet settled down in the room.

The next morning the gentlemen declared they had slept well, and the day found us all bright and happy. We took a final leave of the room, not desiring to spend another such night as the previous one had been. We concluded the best thing we could do, was to continue on our journey. 18

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Before leaving Madison, I must describe the capitol of Wisconsin, as I first saw it. It was a very small and squatty-looking house, having so much the appearance of an inverted wash bowl that it was called "Doty's wash bowl." The dome of the present capitol covers the site of the old building. A common rail fence surrounded the grounds. The city in that early day was not crowded. The legislature was then the sole motive that brought people to Madison, and everyone was expected to entertain the members throughout the entire session.

In the morning of our departure from Madison, we made the acquaintance of two young gentlemen who were on their way to Janesville. They were journeying in a cutter. We joined forces, traveling together. The gentlemen both bore the name of Wright, though not bound by any tie but that of friendship. One, as we later learned, was on a journey of love; the other was only a looker-on. The sleighing was fine, and with these young spirits our ride was one of pleasure. We reached Janesville in due time, and there we found a friend of Mr. Baird's awaiting us. Gen. William B. Sheldon seemed at that time to be almost the sole occupant of the town of Janesville, as there were not a half-dozen houses there besides his. There was no hotel of any kind: but that made no difference to us, as the General had kindly invited us to be his guests. The house, I think, was of one story. It was large on the ground, with a wide porch in front, and was painted white, with

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green blinds. We were taken to this delightful home by its genial host, who acted as usher upon our arrival there, conducting us to our different rooms, and informing us that supper would be ready as soon as we wished it. As we were very hungry, our toilets took but little time. We found our rooms delightful, large, and warm; I believe they were heated by fire-places. Certainly they formed a striking contrast to our room of the night before, at the American House at Madison. The gentlemen, after a few touches, were ready for supper. As we came out of our rooms, properly paired, we met the General, who led us 259 to the parlor. And here, to our great surprise, we met *our compagnons du voyage*. They were seated with the two beautiful young daughters of the host. One was the *fiancée* of George Wright. I assure you that the surprise was not received in silence. It afforded much sport throughout the remainder of our visit. I believe these lovely girls had no mother, nor can I remember any brother.

Miss Sheldon and Mr. Wright were married the next spring or summer. They lived in Racine, where, in a few years after, Mr. Wright died of softening of the brain. I have been told that Mrs. Wright, after some years, married again and lived in Chicago. General Sheldon I never saw again after this visit, though Mr. Baird met him often at Madison, where every gentleman went for his country's good.¹ During our stay the General took us through the country round about. I was going to say the town, but there was no town there, as yet.

¹ Henry S. Baird was president of the territorial council, in 1836, and member of the first constitutional convention, 1846. William B. Sheldon was a member of the lower house, in the territorial legislatures of 1836 and 1837–38.— Ed.

We were taken to Beloit, which then was a very small place. Had we gone in the proper season, there was a chance in the city limits to find the berries for which the city of Beloit is named—the huckleberry. The French called it *au beloit*.² On the following day we bade our new but kind friends good-by, little dreaming it was a final one.

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2 See *History of Rock County* (Chicago: Western Historical Company, 1879), pp. 614, 615, for another version of the origin of the term.— Ed.

We drove from Janesville to Elkhorn, in Walworth County, to visit a brother of Mrs. Bruce, who was living on a farm. We also visited at Delavan. Here the great event of our journey took place. We reached Mr. Valentine's late in the day, and found only the ladies and an elderly gentleman at home. When Mrs. Bruce inquired for "the boys," the reply was that they would soon be in. "They had gone to hunt deer." This implied to me that they must have gone a long way off. Soon, however, we 260 heard tramping about the house; "the boys" had come and were in good spirits, as they had brought home two deer. They came right in with their hunters' dress, which was white. The stories of their hunt were very exciting. They told of the number of herds of deer they had met, and how they could chase them without the animals taking fright. The stories were so very exciting that we quite forgot to eat our supper, although we were hungry and the meal was excellent. We went to the table, but we did not allow "the boys" much chance to eat, we had so many questions to ask.

"The boys," who were nearly all married men, were very enthusiastic in describing the whole affair. As we progressed with this very cheerful meal, they began to think we did not believe the whole story. Mrs. Bruce did not hesitate to tell them she did not. They began to banter us, and said they would take us to the hunt if we would go. As a matter of course we all wanted to go. We were furnished with sheets, which we were to put on over our cloaks and wrappings, and we were to make ourselves as white as possible. The men wore regular suits, made of white cotton, both trousers and coats. As our gentlemen only went to look on, they did not wear white trousers. Before we started, I made the gentlemen promise that they would not kill a deer, as they had all the venison that they needed. They replied that they would not kill one, but would shoot at the last, or we would not see the best of the sport.

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We started soon after a seven o'clock breakfast. The three sleighs were all made as white as possible; even the black horse had a sheet on him. Our phantom procession made no noise, the state of the snow making it possible. Imagine the picture: three white sleighs with their loads of white, gliding along through the beautiful oak openings. Some may not know what an oak opening is: it is a tract of land covered with large trees, but without underbrush. The one I am writing of, had very large trees of all the kinds of hard wood of this country. As we rode along, we were all on the alert. We had gone but a little ways when 261 we came in sight of a large herd of deer. As we looked at them there seemed to be hundreds of them. As soon as they spied us they stopped quite still, all turning the same way and gazing at us. We, of course, did not stir, we hardly seemed to breathe. They gave us ample time to admire them, collectively and individually. Such a sight one can expect to see but once in a life time. Finally, they seemed to scent danger, and away they went. Their fleetness was marvelous. We also sped along rapidly, but were soon left far behind; one would have thought the hunt over. But it is the characteristic of those beautiful animals to return on their track, as if to see what is going on. This peculiarity our hosts knew, and were prepared for their return. Soon we saw them coming back. They had divided, and that made the number seem even greater. There seemed to be hundreds on each side of us, making the same graceful, thrillingly beautiful picture as before. The delight of such a chase and scene cannot be told. As the hour of noon approached, "the boys" felt we must go home. We then drove around so as to get the herd into as small a compass as possible. The animals were quietly standing, when one of the sportsmen fired his gun into the air. At this they bounded away, more fleetly than before, and where there had seemed to be hundreds at first, there now seemed to be thousands. The parting view we had of these dainty, graceful creatures was more than beautiful; it was grand.

Now I must briefly conclude the narrative of our visit with these our hospitable hosts and hostesses. The day following the hunt was made one of rest and recreation for household and guests. The ladies had a variety of work to show us, such as nimble fingers love to do.

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There were patch-work quilts and woven quilts, spun yarn, socks, stockings, etc., much more than that family could need.

We had a drive through the surrounding country, going to Delavan, which then was not much more than a name. Again, we had to take farewell of our friends, some of whom I met again as guests of Mrs. Bruce. But it has 262 been long years since then. I do not know that any of the members of the family are living.

We started from Elkhorn on a fine morning, with a new fall of snow, to go to Racine. I cannot now tell the distance between the two places. Only a few uncleared farms were to be seen in the distance, on the right and left, as we drove along. Mr. Bruce was so well acquainted with the country that he did not hesitate to take a straight course from one place to another. As we drove along on that day in February, the surroundings were beautiful, though one sheet of snow covered the country over. It seems to me now that there was never anything more beautiful than that part of this State. We were on an extended prairie, with trees in the distance. Our spirits were bouyant, and I, though not well, enjoyed everything in turn.

We reached Racine that afternoon, but I was not well enough to go to Kenosha. Our gentlemen drove over there and returned with Mrs. Blish, afterwards Mrs. William Strong, of Kenosha, and her sister, Miss Mary Irwin, now Mrs. Mitchell, of Chicago. We were all invited to Col. Thomas J. Cram's, where we passed a delightful evening. Our lady friends returned to Kenosha that same evening. The next day we left for Milwaukee, where we remained for a day. We had no acquaintances there at that time. My eyes now began to trouble me, the snow having been very trying on them. On the second day we left for Sheboygan, and on our arrival there I was entirely snow blind. I was very anxious to get into the quiet of my own home. We made short stops at Manitowoc and Kewaunee, but there was little at either place.

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Between Kewaunee and Green Bay we came to a hill so steep in the descent that it seemed as though the sleigh must tip over the horses. Mr. Bruce stopped, and, upon talking the matter over, it was finally decided that we could not drive down that hill. What were we to do? I suggested, as a jest, that we should roll down, little thinking when I spoke how it would turn out. We ladies started to walk down, but we could not stand up, and as we fell we could only get up by rolling over once or twice, before getting on our feet. As this happened frequently, we considered that we must have rolled at least half of the way down hill. The gentlemen fared better, as they held on to the sleigh, and it enabled them to descend without trouble.

At last we reached our home and found all of the dear ones well, except our young housekeeper; she had been indulging her taste for buckwheat cakes, which had so changed her complexion as to greatly alarm us at first sight. Our relief was great when the cause was discovered.