

of the men had to remain in charge of the half loads necessarily left, thereby weakening the carrying force, which might have proved serious had a high wind occurred. However, all was safe over, and in store by sunset.

Here, then, I was in Mackinaw, truly a stranger in a strange land. I knew no one, and my only care was to perform such duties as might be allotted to me, without a murmur. Mr. McKinzie's two outfits or equipments had arrived from their trading-posts. They called to see me, and I was informed by them that the furs they had brought on here, were to be packed in a certain way, for transportation by canoe to Montreal. At it I went, and before Mr. McKinzie arrived in a light canoe, the forty or fifty packs were pressed, marked, and the bills of the contents of each pack all ready. The men complained of being given little time, but Mr. McKenzie was surprised and pleased to find all in readiness for those who wanted to return without delay to Montreal, yet would stay to distribute the goods, which were brought under my supervision, into the three outfits he intended to send to trade with the Mississippi Indians the ensuing winter.

Two of the outfits were assigned to two brothers named Lagortroin, and the third to myself. There was also a lot of old remainders of goods from a retail shop Mr. McKinzie had for long years before kept; these, not suitable for the Indian trade, I was directed to pack up, and take to St. Louis, and make the most of them. My orders were all verbal. My bourgeois—laboring men—were gone; my work was [light]; but it being too early in the season for me to start, I amused myself profitably in going out daily shooting pigeons for my pot. As my larder had nothing but hulled corn, tallow, and a small quantity of salt pork—this latter was kept as a luxury for rainy days, when the feathered tribe were permitted to rest.

As I had seen my dear mother make croxenyoles or curly cakes, of which I was very fond, so I thought I would try my hand at it. I accordingly procured two pounds of flour, put it into a wooden bowl—not over scoured, after fish—poured in cold water; not too much, lest I should drown and lose my flour, adding a little salt, and handled it until, to fancy, it appeared to