

In order to reap the trade from such Indians as usually came from their hunts, and camped along the river where no trader wintered—with these, the first who came were first served. I had cause to rejoice that my cunning friends did not leave for two days after me; consequently the extra oar was not needed, and my trading friends had to take my leavings with the scattered bands *en route* for Prairie du Chien.

A few days rest for all hands, and following the fashion, I one day got senselessly drunk, which was the first and last time during my Indian trade tours. While at Prairie du Chien, I punctually attended all the best nightly balls. We sometimes kept Sunday; but whether on the right day was doubtful. My *friends*, the traders, at length arrived, who represented me as a fearless and dangerous person to be let loose amongst the Indians—always carrying gun and pistols, and would shoot any one who quarreled with me. This reputation was soon made known far and near—not a very favorable one under most circumstances. But it had a good effect with that class of traders who would get beastly drunk, and fight like dogs at night, and be good friends and love each other in the morning. Though I was far from deserving such a character as they gave me, it preserved me from the gross insults to which the meek and retiring were subject.

After our few days' sojourn, I started for Mackinaw. The journeying seemed to agree with Lady Bartram and family, for they were in as good health on our return to Green Bay as when we departed. Mr. McKinzie had arrived when I reached Mackinaw, and was quite pleased with my returns and doings generally; but as he was about to be married, he gave up the trade, and pressed me very hard to go back with him, as they were wanting me to fill my old place at Kingston. But my destiny was not so ordered, and I would not be persuaded. The offer was good; but something, I could not tell, held me back.

At my master's, in Kingston, I never saw a Bible, nor heard a word about religion, except in church, and when good old Dr. John Stuart, the former Mohawk missionary, attended to prepare me for confirmation—so, I now think, that my blessed guardian influenced my decision. It is true, it often occurred to my