

mind with what devotion my ever dear father and mother read their Bibles on Sundays, and abstained from all week-day employments which were not absolutely necessary. They were now very old, and I would be delighted to see them; but my mind was fixed. There were no pleasures and enjoyments in the society and occupation which lay before me; I cared not for money, nor had I a desire to heap up riches. When my old master, Mr. Markland, wrote to me, while I was spending my last winter in Cornwall, requesting me to go back to him, my reply was, "I am engaged to Mr. McKinzie, and I shall look in future to my gun, knife and tomahawk for a support." This decision influenced me to refuse Mr. McKinzie's offers at Mackinaw to return to Kingston; for, from my boyhood, I felt proud of keeping my word.

I, therefore, engaged with my friend Mr. Frank, of Green Bay, and went and wintered [1801-1802], on the Rivière des Moines. This river empties into the Mississippi from the West, about forty miles above where I wintered last year.¹ I ascended the Des Moines about fifty miles, to the Ioway tribe of Indians—a vile set. A Frenchman named Julien² was my only competitor this year for the Indian trade at this point. These Indians hunted near the Missouri, about ninety miles across the country from where we were located.

It would have been an easy matter, though somewhat expensive, to have sent goods around by and up the Missouri to the vicinity of the hunting grounds of the Ioways; but to avoid this expense, for which there seemed no necessity, Julien and I agreed that neither would send outfits there, but trust to our own exertions in the spring, when the Indians, we concluded, would bring the furs to our shops. I considered myself quite away from trickery; but as time hung heavily upon me, I wore it away as well as I could by hunting, making oars, paddles, and other *whittlings*, until about Christmas. Then Mons. Julien and his interpreter had a quarrel; and following the vile conduct of his master in deceit, he told me that Julien had deceived me, having sent goods up the Missouri last fall.

¹ This would place the former trading-post not very far from the present city of Quincy.

L. C. D.

² Doubtless Julien Dubuque.

L. C. D.