

This was a thunder-clap to me. An immediate explanation from Mr. Julien was demanded. I was furious, and showered all the abuse I could muster on his cringing head. My mind as to what was best to do under the circumstances, was soon made up. I called my interpreter into council, and said, "Now, boy, you know how Mr. Julien has deceived me; are you willing and ready to carry a load on your back across to the house near the Missouri, which Mr. Julien has treacherously put there, with the intention of stealing all the credits I made to those Indians last fall." All were willing. "Tit for tat," said I; "he wanted to ruin me, I will only *injure* him. Some of you ask his interpreter to go with us, and carry a load." He accepted the invitation. Then my party, including myself, became nine strong.

I left my own interpreter in charge of the Des Moines trading-post, and started the next day with seven loaded men, taking provisions for one day only, depending on game for our supply. The little islands of wood, scattered over the boundless plains, were swarming with wild turkeys, so that we had plenty of poultry. At the end of six days we reached our destination safe and sound, taking Mr. Julien's two *engagés* by surprise. My party soon fitted up a temporary shop. Not long after, the Indians came in, made a splendid season's trade, managed for the transportation of my packs of fur by leaving a man to help Mr. Julien's two *engagés* down with their boat. Thus I completed my winter, and Mr. Julien found his trickery more costly than he anticipated.

My next winter [1802-1803] was spent with the Winnebagoes, on Rock River. They were the most filthy, most obstinate, and the bravest people of any Indian tribe I have met with. Here I had a half-breed in opposition in the trade. Our houses were about half a mile apart, and between us was a very high hill, over which we had to pass by a little path through the bushes. On one occasion, returning from my neighbor's, on a very dark night, I lost the path. The hill, I was aware, terminated on my right, in a precipice at least three hundred feet from the river below, and that the path ran within fifty or sixty feet of the precipice. I was at a loss what to do. If I sat down to await the return of daylight, I would surely go to sleep, and in a dream,