

my eyes in sleep. Next morning at day-break, I journeyed on my snow-shoes, cutting across a point of land, and after a hard day's tramp, I at length reached my destination.

After my third years' winter at Minnawack [1805-1806] and return to Mackinaw, the foreign markets requiring a better quality of peltry, I was solicited to go to the Upper Mississippi to the Sioux country. I wintered [in 1806-1807] on the St. Peter's River, about fifty miles above its mouth. I took up my station in a delightful part of the wood-fringe. Each bank of the river was enriched with a strip of timber, which in some places extended back a mile from the stream. Here the deer, wild fowl, and other game were in abundance; and as I had dismissed the Indians to their hunting grounds before reaching this spot, I had all the hunting to myself, and had plenty of meat—roasted geese, ducks, prairie hens, etc., but no vegetables. My French Canadian cook would occasionally treat me with a cake, baked in the ashes, from my scanty allowance of flour. As a treat, I would sometimes have venison fried in deer's tallow in the kettle,

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statement which embodies the same idea: "Several of the leading men of the Musquakie tribe of Indians, from their reservation in Tama County, were here recently. They were in charge of George Davenport, their agent, who was born among the Indians at Rock Island, and in whom they have great confidence. Mr. Davenport related many incidents in the history of the Sacs and Foxes, who formerly occupied this territory. The Musquakies are the remnants of these tribes. Mr. Davenport says they observe religious rites which closely resemble those of the ancient Hebrews. They have a Bible, of which there are several copies among the tribe, which are ancient, and preserved with great care. Each bible consists of twenty-seven parts. It is written in characters and signs known only to them. They utter prayers to a supreme being in a language entirely different from that in which they converse usually. What it is, Mr. Davenport has never been able to learn, nor has he been able to get a copy of their Bible. They get from their Bible a tradition which corresponds to our accounts of the deluge: for, one day, when Mr. Davenport was attempting to explain to them the existence of a God, and his relation to man, and also of Noah and the deluge, one of the chiefs replied: 'Ugh! We know that long time. We was all in canoes tied together. On top heap water. We put down muskrat—one, two, good many times. He come up. Last time he go down, he come up he bring mud. We know water go down.' Their religious rites are held in secret."

L. C. D.