

trade. I consented to do so, on condition of their leaving with me one of the boats, an interpreter, and four men. This was acceded to and I was left in sole charge of the Sioux trade.

In case this narrative should fall into the hands of any French cooks, which is not very likely, I must enlighten him touching the mode in which we prepared a Christmas dinner in Onketah Endutah's dominions, in the year 1811. Our stock of wild fowl, which our fall sport had laid in, was consumed. The Indians, on whom we had depended for venison, were a great distance from us; and we had, for some time, been feasting on dried and smoked muskrats, a bale of which *savory* meat had been secured from the Indian autumnal hunting season. Christmas day had arrived; and, as on former festival days, I was minded to prepare something new for myself and friends to eat, and to talk about for a while.

So, immediately after breakfast, I called my servant, and told him we intended to have a "sea pie" for dinner; and that it must be made under my own inspection, as I wanted it particularly nice. "So," said I, "go and wash your hands very clean, and bring Red Whale's large wooden bowl full of flour, to be made into a paste." That being done, and set by the fire to raise, I directed that six of the fattest muskrats that could be found in the bale be brought; cut off the head, and hairy part of the feet, throwing them away. Divide each muskrat into six parts, and wash them in warm water. Then put into a piece of deer skin a dozen grains of pepper, and powder it, by pounding, as fine as snuff, and pulverize some salt also.

Is the bake-kettle clean? "Yes, sir," replied the servant, "I baked bread in it yesterday." "All right," said I; "now roll out some paste the size of the bake-kettle not more than half an inch thick; grease the bottom of the kettle with that lump of tallow; fit the paste to the bottom of the dish. Then lay on the paste a layer of muskrat meat; pepper and salt it; then some strips of paste over the meat, and so alternate the courses till the kettle is nearly full." After filling the dish with water, covering it tight with plenty of live coals on the top, it was left to cook by a slow fire. But pepper and salt did not save it, nor savory