

On the 23d of September, (I kept a journal,) we were met about twenty miles below the trader's block-house, by one of his half-breed sons, who had come to take command of the keel-boat and crew, so I might go ahead and give in my report of the trip, before the boat-men had a chance to make any of their usual complaints. This custom was undoubtedly a good one, though I did not take advantage of it to the detriment of the men, but gave a favorable report of everything. When the boat arrived, Mons. Jones, as the old Scotchman was called, met them as they landed, praised the men for their faithfulness, and paid them what little might be due them, giving to each a trifling present. Now, I had observed while acting as clerk the previous winter, that a few beads, paints or cheap calicoes, would purchase many valuable furs; and after going down with the bales of skins, I had learned how, after receiving the cargo of goods, that a considerable sum was placed to my employer's credit, which made the fur trade appear very profitable in my eyes. So I readily agreed to receive what wages were due me, in goods, hoping to make a large profit on them. The old Scotchman did not seem over pleased with the goods I had selected by his direction; however, he paid me with some of them.

And thus ended my connection with the first and last expedition that I ever accompanied on Red River, or the lower Mississippi, and also the detailed account of it, which is as correct as memory will allow me to relate.

I clerked for the trader during the fall and winter of 1820, but had very few opportunities to sell my goods, for good reasons: first, the goods I had were not suitable; and if they had been, I could not have traded them, for the old Scotchman, who had been an *engagé* in the Hudson Bay Fur Company, was exceedingly grasping, and could not let me buy fur on private account, any where near the trading post. This prompted me to make several excursions among the Shawnee and Osage Indians, from whom I got a few packs of valuable fur. But, though there was an excitement about a trader's life that had a charm for me, yet often, when camped by a sheltered spring,