

weather continues cold, but I hope that it will soon break. The express retards much from Mackinac; but the weather has been very bad. As it comes late I trust that we shall have good news. It will require strong measures in the Spring to keep matters right. The Sauteurs of the Ouisconsin have sent me word by the Lievre—The Hare—that they are all ready when the river opens; and all the Folles Avoines are well disposed. If the Indians from any quarter circulate bad reports, please inform them that I will punish them. Keep a list of their names.

Beauprez is just arrived with the cry of hunger; the family at his house are dying. I send you a list of the articles stolen from his house. I am heartily tired and sick of this place. There is no situation more miserable than to see objects around you dying with hunger, and unable to give them but little assistance. I have done what I could for them, and will in consequence starve myself. With best wishes,

Yours truly,

R. DICKSON.

P. S.—Mr. Chandonnet might as well have passed the Winter with his Holiness, the Pope, at Rome. He did not procure intelligence from St. Joseph for which I sent him. His reason for his failure is unsatisfactory. I would not give two pence a dozen for such people.¹

Lieut. Lawe, La Baye.

¹ J. B. Chandonnai was a half-breed—son of a Frenchman, and Chipewauqua, a Pottawatomie woman, and was probably a native of the St. Joseph's region, Michigan, and born as early as 1770. He was employed by Wm. Burnett, an early trader, in that quarter, from 1792 to 1799, and, it may be, earlier and later. When the War of 1812 commenced, Robert Forsyth, the elder, was sent with a party from Detroit, among them Chandonnai, as emissaries to the Pottawatomes; and, at the same time, John Chandonnai, an uncle of the object of this notice, was sent by the British at Mackinaw, with a party of some thirty Indians, to conciliate the Pottawatomes and apprehend young Chandonnai for his attachment and sympathies for the Americans. The uncle and nephew meeting, the former made known his errand, when the latter warned his uncle if he persisted in his object, and over-stepped a designated line, he would shoot him; but the uncle drew his sword and advanced, and paid the forfeit of his life. The British Indian party, near by, hastened to the spot; to whom