

We, accordingly, retired to our lodges, (which had been put up in the mean time,) and spent the night. The next morning we called upon him, and told him that we wanted his two boats' load of goods to divide among our people—for which he should be well paid in the spring with furs and peltries. He consented—told us to take them—and do as we pleased with them. Whilst our people were dividing the goods, he took me aside, and informed me that Col. Dixon was at Green Bay, with twelve boats, loaded with goods, guns, and ammunition—and wished me to raise a party immediately and go to him. He said that our friend, the trader at Peoria, was collecting the Pottawatomies, and would be there before us. I communicated this information to my braves, and a party of two hundred warriors were soon collected and ready to depart.

I paid a visit to the lodge of an old friend, who had been the comrade of my youth, and had been in many war parties with me, but was now crippled, and no longer able to travel. He had a son that I had adopted as my own, who had hunted with me the two preceding winters. I wished my old friend to let him go with me. He objected, saying that he could not get his support if his son left him: that I, (who had always provided for him since he got lame,) would be gone, and he had no other dependence than his son. I offered to leave my son in his place—but he still refused. He said he did not like the war—he had been