

His reputation however suffered from his alleged over-keenness in trading with the Indians. Among other stories it is related, that he persuaded some simple minded Indians (who held to the belief for a long time), that the weight of his foot placed in the scale—on the other side of which were piled furs—was exactly one pound. Among other Indians he secured the name of “five more” because they said, let them throw off what number of skins they might, in bartering for an article, his terms were always “five more.”

Mrs. Kinzie in her book called “Waubun,” tells a capital story of him. A lady remarked to him one day, she says: “I would not be engaged in the Indian trade. It seems to me a system of cheating the poor Indians.” “Let me tell you, Madam,” replied he, with great earnestness, “it is not so easy a thing to cheat the Indians as you imagine. I have been trying it these twenty years, and I have never succeeded.”

One more story of him which accounts for my suggestion of his reason for declining the appointment of marguillier, and I have done.

One day he was crossing the river, it is said, at Prairie du Chien, and the ice ran very heavily and very swiftly. He became so alarmed for his safety that he solemnly vowed, that if spared, he would devote a thousand dollars to the construction of a Catholic church at Prairie du Chien. After hard work, he and his companion (La Framboise) succeeded in getting through the ice and making a landing. One foot was yet in the boat when Rollet exclaimed, “Collect it if you can. You haven’t got my note.”