

These poor people, thus wrecked in a desolate country, ^{1686-90.} and destitute of boats, saw no means of escape but by building a raft to cross the bay; but they built it so wretchedly that the few who risked themselves on it were all drowned. The others built a second, which proved better. On this they put all they could save of the frigate, and crossed over safely. They then remained sometime on the shore in great perplexity, because they durst not, on account of the Indians, hazard making the rest of the way by land, and their raft could not ascend the river. At last, they found a wretched canoe, which they repaired as well as they could, and in it reached St. Louis.¹

Two months then passed without their being able to learn what had become of de la Sale. Nor was this prolonged absence what most disgusted the commandant: to his grief, he beheld his colony daily diminish; sickness carried off his best men; the Indians butchered all who strayed off, hunting; some deserted, and were not ashamed to take refuge among the savages, and conform to their life; finally, some began to murmur, and from murmurs they proceeded to the most odious plots.

Mutiny and
plot at St.
Louis.

The elder Duhaut, whose younger brother had gone with Mr. de la Sale, put himself at the head of the malcontents, and Joutel learned that he pretended to nothing less than making himself the head of the band.

Yet, to all appearance, this wretch had not yet formed the black design, which he subsequently carried out. The height of wickedness is reached only by degrees; and Duhaut had, as yet, no motive to impel him to commit a parricide. The fact is, that on the threat made by his commandant to arrest him if he continued to cabal, he restrained himself pretty well, till Mr. de la Sale's return to St. Louis, in the month of August. He then learned the loss of his frigate with an equan-

¹ Joutel, *Journal Historique*, pp. 142-4; see Hennepin in *Voyages au Nord*, v., p. 218.