

held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living! At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible of course that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury. From this circumstance I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses."

After describing the many hair-breadth escapes which befell him at the hands of the savages, Mr. Henry was eventually saved by Wa-wat-am, or Wow-yat-ton (Whirling Eddy), his adopted Ojibway brother, in the following characteristic manner, which we will introduce in his own words, as an apt illustration of Indian custom:—

"Toward noon (7th June), when the great war chief, in company with Wen-ni-way, was seated at the opposite end of the lodge, my friend and brother Wa-wa-tam, suddenly came in. During the four days preceding, I had often wondered what had become of him. In passing by, he gave me his hand, but went immediately toward the great chief, by the side of whom, and Wen-ni-way, he sat himself down. The most uninterrupted silence prevailed. Each smoked his pipe, and this done, Wa-wa-tam arose and left the lodge, saying to me, as he passed, 'Take courage.'

"An hour elapsed, during which several chiefs entered, and preparations appeared to be making for a council. At length Wa-wa-tam re-entered the lodge, followed by his wife, and both loaded with merchandise, which they carried up to the chiefs, and laid in a heap before them. Some moments of silence followed. at the end of