

his exploits. He related, in the most aggravating manner, of having captured an Ojibway youth and burnt him at the stake, vividly describing his torments. From the time and place where this capture was made, the old Ojibway knew that it was one of his sons, and under a feeling of deep aggravation, he jumped up, and grasping the war-club, he struck the red stake, but all he could say, was: "I once packed my little mat (war-sack), and proceeded towards the country of my enemies," then take his seat in silence.

The Fox warrior judged from this that he was the father of the youth whom he had tortured; and again grasping the club, he told of another whom he had captured and burnt with fire; then dancing in front of the old man, he yelled his war-whoop in aggravation. In quick succession he told of another and another he had taken, and treated in like manner, addressing himself to the bereaved father, of whose children he knew he was telling, vividly describing their tortures, and enjoying the deep anguish which his words caused in the breast of the poor old man, whose sorrowing and aged head hung lower and lower between his knees. Aggravated beyond measure, once more he jumped up, but all he could say was as before: "I once packed my little mat, and proceeded to the country of my enemies," and as he took his seat, he was jeered with laughter by the Foxes, who revelled in his distress. Once more, amidst the encouraging yells of his fellows, the Fox war-chief grasped the war-club, and dancing before the old man, he told of another of his sons whom he had treated with aggravated tortures.

Bi-a-jig had sat calmly by, smoking his pipe. Not joining in the dance, he had taken silent notice of the whole scene. His heart yearned for his old comrade, whose sorrows were being so wantonly opened afresh, by the cruel and ungenerous Foxes. His party was but a handful in