

"Capt. Etherington," said De Langlade, "I will not trouble you with any more of these old women's stories, as you call them, but I beg you will remember my faithful warnings." Etherington was obstinate—the ball-play was had on the Queen's birth-day—he was a spectator—the ball was every now and then purposely knocked over the picketing into the fort, and thrown back to them by the garrison, when at length Etherington ordered the gate to be opened so the Indians could get it themselves. The next time they knocked the ball into the fort, they all rushed in, and commenced to massacre. It was quick work, and soon over; and though M. De Langlade was there, he had no time nor opportunity to be of any service.

Capt. Etherington and Lieut. Leslie, who were among the survivors, and now in the hands of the Indians, came near being burned at the stake; the wood was all ready, and the prisoners pinioned, and the torch would soon have been applied, when M. De Langlade arrived with a party of friendly Indians, and he at once stepped up to the prisoners and cut the cords from their arms, and then, in a firm, determined manner, told the hostile Indians, "If you are not pleased with what I have done, I am ready to meet you;" but none came forward; they saw too plainly that he and his friends were well prepared to fight, and they knew that Charles DeLanglade was a stranger to fear. Now that he had saved Etherington and Leslie from the stake, he turned to the former and said, "Now, Capt. Etherington, if you had listened to the old women's stories, of which I timely warned you, you would not now be in your present humiliating situation, with your men nearly all slain." The surviving officers and soldiers were sent, under an escort of friendly Indians, to Montreal.

Pontiac's plan of surprising all the British posts in the West, included Green Bay; and the capturing of this fort was confided to the mixed band at Milwaukee, composed mostly