

child. He continued at the fort until the spring. When the traders came, they enquired for the gentleman and his family; and were told by the servant, that in the month of March, they left him to go to their sugar camp, beyond the bay, since which time he had neither seen nor heard of them. The Indians, who were somewhat implicated by this statement, were not well satisfied with it, and determined to examine into its truth. They went out and searched for the family's tracks; but found none, and their suspicions of the murderer increased. They remained perfectly silent on the subject; and when the snow had melted away, and the frost left the ground, they took sharp stakes and examined around the fort by sticking them into the ground, until they found three soft spots a short distance from each other, and digging down they discovered the bodies.

The servant was immediately seized and sent off in an Indian canoe, for Montreal, for trial. When passing the *Longue Saut*, in the river St. Lawrence, the Indians who had him in charge, were told of the advance of the English upon Montreal, and that they could not in safety proceed to that place. They at once became a war party,—their prisoner was released, and he joined and fought with them. Having no success, and becoming tired of the war, they sought their own land—taking the murderer with them as one of their war party.

They had nearly reached the Saut de St. Marie, when they held a dance. During the dance, as is usual, each one "struck the post," and told, in his manner, of his exploits. The murderer, in his turn, danced up to the post, and boasted that he had killed the trader and his family—relating all the circumstances attending the murder. The chief heard him in silence, saving the usual *grunt*, responsive to the speaker. The evening passed away, and nothing further occurred.

The next day the chief called his young men aside, and said to them: "Did you not hear this man's speech last night? He now says that he did the murder with which we charged him. He ought not to have boasted of it. We boast of having killed our *enemies*—never our *friends*. Now he is going back to the place where he committed the act, and where we live—perhaps he