

they slept within sturdy timber walls, two of their number guarding the door.

On Christmas eve the axes were laid by not to be taken up again till after St. Stephen's day, and the men abandoned themselves to the festivities of the season. When the stores were brought into the forest in the autumn, among other things were two barrels of rum; and from one of these on this fateful night the cook drew many kettles of liquor. The men drank deep, became hilarious, and by midnight many had tumbled into their berths intoxicated. The foreman, like the crew, drank horn after horn to friends and loved ones at home, recking not that that there were deadly foes in the forest and that ceaseless vigilance was the price of safety. And as the master showed no fear the men felt no concern, and one by one they all dropped into their berths till no sound was heard save the occasional spark explosions in the smouldering fire, and the deep breathings of the sleeping men. Edmund was still with the party, but he retired early without the suspicion that in the revel precaution would be neglected.

Ten minutes after the last of the king's men had tumbled into his bed if any one were awake in that camp he would have heard near by the strange, rasping cry of the saw-whet* and heard the call repeated in the distance; he would have shuddered at the yelping of a wolf almost at the camp door and at the far-off though distinct response. But neither the saw-whet nor the wolf uttered the cries, as the sleepers were soon to know.

Edmund relates in the manuscript which he has left that at about the hour of two o'clock he was awakened by a terrible cry, when, opening his eyes, he saw that the camp was full of Indians, and that every man was bound fast in his bed with deer-skin thongs. He marvelled much why he was not bound, and expected each moment that they would come and bind him; but they came not, and he lay in his bed looking in speechless horror upon the scene. Hate of the white man and the most cruel ferocity he saw written in the face of the Indians. They were the native Borothics, and between this tribe and the colonists there had been constant

and bloody strife, which warfare, I may add here, ceased not till the incomers with their long guns and seal-shot killed the enemy to the last man. For it was the custom to go out and lie in wait for Indians passing through the small channels in fyles of canoes and shoot them down like wild beasts. But it was not till long after this terrible night in the camp of the king's men that gleamed the last Indian knife.

Having seen the terrible work at which the Indians were engaged Edmund closed his eyes and in silent prayer asked that his turn might fall next; but while he so prayed a hand patted him upon the forehead, and a soft voice spoke at his ear, "The poor pappoose." Looking up he saw a woman clad in the savage costume of the forest. He divined that she must be a queen in her tribe for her air betokened superiority, and every gesture was one of command. She again patted him upon the head with the same words as before; and then with the tenderness of a mother to her child toyed with the locks of his yellow hair. It now dawned upon him that for some reason he must have found favor with the queen and that he was not intended for torture; but when he looked out into the fatal ring he again wished that he had not been spared to see the cruel spectacle. The ring was formed of painted savages who danced round and round, singing war songs and uttering terrifying yells. If it will not startle my readers I will tell them how those hapless men were done to death by the cruel fiends. The chief of the tribe, who was the husband of the queen, went to the bed where lay the intended victim, and glaring upon him for a moment with the ferocity of a wild beast, hissed out, "We hear ye d—n poor Ingun." The reader, I suppose, has not forgotten the night of the first snow-fall: the words spoken by the luckless master then were heard by Indians listening at the chinks of the camp. Having said these words he loosed the thongs, and seizing the victim by the hair dragged him out into the ring. Then another brave took a knife from his girdle and drew the blade around the victim's head, cutting to the bone; another falling upon his knee blew through a small horn under the skin at the forehead. A third seizing the scalp at the place where it had been

* The saw-whet (*Strix Acadica*) cries in the wood at night before a storm, and its note resembles the sound produced by the filing of a saw.