

With these reflections passing through his mind, Hay reached his quarters. Early next morning he made enquiries at the tavern for the *coureur des bois*, but to his surprise found that he had left a few hours before in company with some others who were on their way to the West by the Ottawa. The landlord knew nothing of him, as he had only come to the tavern late in the evening that he was seen by Hay. From the description, however, that he received of his person, Hay had no doubt that his suspicions were well founded. He sent some runners after him, but they returned in a few days with the news that though they had overtaken a party of *coureurs* on the Ottawa, the person they were in search of was not to be found among the number. Nor had the *coureurs* seen any one answering the description during the few days they had been in Montreal; but they stated that there was another party which had started about the same time but had gone further up the St. Lawrence, and it was probable the individual in question was with them. It was evident that the runners had followed the wrong party, and as nothing more was heard of the spy during the next four or five weeks, they forgot him in the excitement of the news that was constantly coming from the West.

#### CHAPTER II.

Then a batteau man passed the song,  
Rolling a volume full along:  
Up, up the waters pole we now,  
Ever sing merrily, boys, sing merrily,  
Tramp, tramp, tramp on each side of your prow,  
Onward so merrily, thus go we. —FRONTENAC.

A few weeks later Hay was at Fort Chambly, on the banks of the Richelieu, which he reached in about a day's journey from Montreal through a finely cultivated district; for the country between the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence had, at an early period in the history of Canada, been divided into *seigneuries* and settled by the proprietors. The Richelieu is a river remarkable in the Canadian annals, for it was by that route that the Iroquois, those "Romans of the New World" generally came on their warlike expeditions against the Hurons and the French. Fort Chambly

itself had been built some years previous to the Conquest of Canada by a distinguished Frenchman, after whom it was called, and was the most pretentious edifice in the Province. Built of white stone, after the style of some European fortress, it presented quite an imposing appearance to the eye of the visitor who looked at it from the opposite side of the beautiful basin of Chambly; but now, like many other relics of the old times when the French held dominion in Canada, it has yielded to the ruthless touch of time, and the stones of which it was made have tumbled over, one after the other, into the river which flows tranquilly by, until now hardly anything remains to tell that that shapeless mass of rubbish once formed part of one of the defences of the Richelieu.

At the time of Hay's visit to the fort, a number of voyageurs were camped on the banks of the Richelieu, waiting to accompany him up the river and through Lake Champlain, as he had been ordered to report on the posts and carry despatches to Sir William Johnson, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who lived at Johnson Hall, not far from Albany. Several of these voyageurs had passed many years in the West, but the unsettled state of the country had paralyzed the fur trade and thrown a large number out of employment. Some had returned to their little farms, but others, unable to resist their restless propensities, gladly became carriers for the English upon the present occasion. A reckless, daring class of men, they were ready for any sort of adventure.

The party of which we are speaking were resting for the night before they resumed their voyage on the next day up the river. They were seated around a huge fire which they had lit on the beach to keep off the flies, and were listening to some story of forest adventure which one of them had encountered some years previously. When the story was done, they called on another of their number, Bibaud by name, for a song.

"*Bien*," replied Bibaud, a handsome young fellow, with bright eyes, and a humorous expression of face, "give me time to think what I am going to give