

We now find the subject of this memoir, as the sequel will show, plunged in deeper distresses, surrounded with greater dangers, and exposed to more severe trials, than he had hitherto met with. On his arrival at Fort Michilimackinac, many of the traders had come in front their out-posts in the interior; from these he learned that there still existed hostile designs towards the English among the Indians. Information was also conveyed to Major Etherington, then commanding the garrison, that an attack upon them was in contemplation among the Indians, but unfortunately this intelligence was not attended to. It has been already mentioned that Mr. Henry, during his former residence in this place, had contracted an intimate acquaintance with an Indian, named Wawatam. This chief, it appears, had dreamt that he should, at some period of his life adopt an Englishman as his brother, and conceiving the notion that Mr. Henry was the person he should so adopt, he formed a sincere and affectionate friendship towards him. This chief along with his wife, paid him a visit on the second of June; and expressing his regret at seeing Mr. H. returned from the Sault Sainte Marie, implored him to go back there immediately with him and his family. The aspect and demeanor of this faithful Indian were very much altered, on this occasion; and his mind seemed evidently impressed with a deep melancholy foreboding of evil. He used every argument he could suggest to induce Mr. H. to comply with his request, to leave the Fort; saying he had been frequently disturbed of late with *the noise of evil birds*; and at the same time informed him that there were numbers of Indians assembled in the woods near the Fort, who had never made their appearance with in it. Mr. Henry having come to the Fort with the design of remaining there until his clerks should come in from their wintering grounds, no entreaty or advice from this friendly chief or his wife could prevail upon him to alter his determination, so that finding all unavailing they were at last compelled, with great reluctance on their part, to leave him to his fate.

On the morrow a party of the Indians came to the Fort to invite the officers of the garrison and traders to witness a game called *Baggat, way*, which was to be played between the Chipeways, and the Saakies, another Indian nation, for a high bet. This, as was afterwards found, was only a pretence, to render the accomplishment of their hostile designs more certain, and which were but too fatally realised on the day following, being the 4th of June. A narration of this shocking event will be best given in Mr. Henry's own words, as follows:—

"I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because there being a canoe prepared to depart, on the following day, for Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me, saying that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the beach, to inquire the news, it so happened that I still remained, to finish my letters; promising to follow Mr. Tracy, in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from my door, when I heard an Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion.