

Ali which was very unsatisfactory to Champlain, who had to tell the Indians (no pleasant task) that he had been deceived, and to endure their reproaches for the little faith he had placed in them. Don't you see, they said, he wanted you to be killed? Give him to us and he will tell no more lies, we promise you; and they all set at him—children, too—calling him "Liar," "Liar!" Most of all though, the loss of the year was regretted, and all its trials and dangers, and the extinction of hope to reach the sea that way. So on the 10th of June Champlain said adieu to Tessoüat, "that good old chief," with presents and promises to come again next season and help him with his wars.

In his account of the return trip down the Ottawa, Champlain pauses (and we will pause a little with him), to give an account of the Indian superstitions clinging to the Chaudière Falls. In his succinct way he says that when the canoes had been portaged to the calm water below, one of the Indians handed round a wooden plate, each putting some tobacco in it for an offertory; which done, it was placed in the middle of the clustering band, who all danced around it, chanting after their own wild fashion. One of the chiefs then made a speech, declaring that thus they had done from of old, to be preserved from their enemies; after which he hurled the plate into the seething cauldron; they shouted all together, and went on their way with confidence. It was but a few hundred yards below that spot that the writer, with a number of friends, a great many years ago, on a fine summer afternoon, met to examine an Indian cemetery.

The ground was a pure sand, and there were, even then, dozens of tumuli marking the graves. We dug into one, and three feet below the surface, under a couple of flat stones, was the skeleton of the ancient brave. The body seemed to have been laid on its side, the knees drawn up to the breast, but it may have been buried sitting in a crouching posture. We found no relics, neither pipe nor arrow-head; the doctor of the party carried off the skull, and on my return I was asked by my wife what right I had to disturb the poor man's bones? I have never exhumed an Indian since, but have felt that the same respect is due to their remains as to those of people of a lighter skin. The spot where that cemetery was is now covered with huge saw mills and millions of feet of lumber, and the *ossa* of the old Indians have been shoveled into their great river, whose falls now light the capital of Canada with a thousand electric lamps, but memory recalls the lovely spot, as it was when the pine shrubs around it exhaled their spicy perfume in the warm summer weather, and the deep, black river rushed in front, its current flecked with the white foam-dribblets from the roaring cauldron of the falls above. And imagination carries me, as easily, two or