

connection with the piece in his hand, to the imminent peril of his nose.

"I wish I were a freedman: I should soon be off to the Lake myself! I am sick of working for the Company. I did not mind it when they set me to haul meat from the hunters, or to trap furs for them, but now they make me saw wood, or help the blacksmith at his dirty forge: what has a 'Tene Jua' to do with such things as these?"

"And I am sick of starving!" said another. "This is the third winter that *something* has failed us, —first the rabbits, then the fish ran short; and now we hear that the deer are gone into a new track, and there is not a sign of one for ten miles round the Fort. And the meat is so low" added the last speaker, "that the 'big Master' says he has but fifty pounds of dried meat in the store, and if Indians don't come in by Sunday, we are to be sent off to hunt for ourselves and the wives and children are to go to Little Lake where they may live on fish."

"We have plenty of fish, it is true," said Accomba; "we dried a good number last Fall, besides having