

The sun was setting fast, when I descended a hill, at the bottom of which was a small lake, entirely frozen over. On drawing near, I saw a beaver lodge in the middle, offering some faint prospect of food; but I found it already broken up. While I looked at it, it suddenly occurred to me that I had seen it before; and turning my eyes round the place, I discovered a small tree, which I had myself cut down in the autumn, when, in company with my friends, I had taken the beaver. I was no longer at a loss, but knew both the distance and the route to the encampment. The latter was only to follow the course of a small stream of water, which ran from the encampment to the lake on which I stood. An hour before, I had thought myself the most miserable of men; and now I leaped for joy, and called myself the happiest.

"The whole of the night, and through all the succeeding day, I walked up the rivulet, and at sunset reached the encampment, where I was received with the warmest expressions of pleasure by the family, by whom I had been given up for lost, after a long and vain search for me in the woods."

After spending a season in this manner, and sharing in all the fatigues and privations incident to such a mode of life, the whole family returned to Michilimackinac, which they reached on the 27th of April, 1764. Here they found two French traders, and a few friendly Indians, who had arrived before them, were all who had remained in the Fort after the massacre. The apparent tranquillity which the subject of these memoirs now enjoyed; was not destined to be of long duration. In about eight days after their first arrival, a party of Indians from Detroit made their appearance. These had come for the purpose of raising a reinforcement to assist in the siege of that Fort, which was then carrying on under the direction of an Indian chief, named Pontiac,* and discovering Mr. Henry to be an Englishman, proposed to make broth of him, for their companions; to inspire them with courage, before their departure. On receiving information of this, he communicated it to his friend Wawatam; and they came to the resolution of setting out immediately for the Sault de Sainte Marie; but after proceeding for a short distance on this journey, they were compelled to alter their destination, Wawatam's wife having dreamt that it would be unsafe for them to go to the Sault. This reduced the whole party to a sad dilemma. To stay where they were, would be a certain and cruel death to Mr. Henry; and they were equally at a loss where to go. Under this state, Mr. H. whose mind had a strong cast of sensibility, must have suffered much from the

* This enterprising chief had the address to attach a large party of his countrymen to his interest, and with their assistance he continued to keep up a resistance to the English after the country was in their possession. It is not certain what became of him after being driven from the siege of Detroit; while one account relates his having fled to Illinois, being afraid to trust himself with the English; and was no more heard of. Carver states that he, after becoming a friend to the English, received a pension from that government, but some years after, his restless spirit breaking out, he, at a Council in the Illinois territory, gave vent to his hostile sentiments against the government, when a faithful Indian who was present, plunged his knife in his heart, as he concluded his speech.