

will try his hatchet upon the English" (*Bancroft, 3*), and through seven years of blood and death the lily and the totem were borne abreast until the flag of France went down forever on the heights of Quebec.

For some time after the surrender the unrest of the native tribes was soothed into a semblance of quiet by the belief, artfully inculcated by their old allies, that the king of France, wearied by his great exertions, had fallen asleep for a little while, but would soon awake to take vengeance on the English for the wrongs they had inflicted on his red children. Then, as they saw English garrisons occupying the abandoned posts and English traders passing up the lakes even to the sacred island of the Great Turtle, the despairing warriors said to one another, "We have been deceived. English and French alike are white men and liars. We must turn from both and seek help from our Indian gods."

In 1762 a prophet appeared among the Delawares, at Tuscarawas, on the Muskingum, who preached a union of all the red tribes and a return to the old Indian life, which he declared to be the divine command, as revealed to himself in a wonderful vision. From an old French manuscript, written by an anonymous eyewitness of the scene which he describes, we have the details of this vision, as related by Pontiac to his savage auditors at the great council of the tribes held near Detroit in April, 1763. Parkman gives the story on the authority of this manuscript, which he refers to as the "Pontiac manuscript," and states that it was long preserved in a Canadian family at Detroit, and afterward deposited with the Historical Society of Michigan. It bears internal evidence of genuineness, and is supposed to have been written by a French priest. (*Parkman, 1.*) The vision, from the same manuscript, is related at length in Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*.

According to the prophet's story, being anxious to know the "Master of Life," he determined, without mentioning his desire to anyone, to undertake a journey to the spirit world. Ignorant of the way, and not knowing any person who, having been there, could direct him, he performed a mystic rite in the hope of receiving some light as to the course he should pursue. He then fell into a deep sleep, in which he dreamed that it was only necessary to begin his journey and that by continuing to walk forward he would at last arrive at his destination.

Early the next morning, taking his gun, ammunition, and kettle, he started off, firmly convinced that by pressing onward without discouragement he should accomplish his object. Day after day he proceeded without incident, until at sunset of the eighth day, while preparing to encamp for the night by the side of a small stream in a little opening in the forest, he noticed, running out from the edge of the prairie, three wide and well-trodden paths. Wondering somewhat that they should be there, he finished his temporary lodging and, lighting a fire, began to prepare his supper. While thus engaged, he observed with astonishment that the paths became more distinct as the night grew darker.