

five miles off family till the last. As the flames went up every man who showed himself was shot down; and when at last more than half our number had gone under, the Red-skins brought up fagots, piled them against the stockade outside, and then the hull tribe came bounding over. Our rifles were emptied, for we could not get the men to hold their fire, but some of us chaps as knew what was coming wanted to give the Red-skins a volley as they poured in.

"I don't know much as happened after that. Jack Robins and Bill Shuter, who were old pals of mine, and me, made up our minds what to do, and we made a rush for a small gate that there was in the stockade, just opposite where the Injuns came in. We got through safe enough, but they had left men all round. Jack Robins he was shot dead. Bill and I kept straight on; we had a grapple with some of the Red-skins; two or three on them went down, and Bill and I got through and had a race for it they knew till we got fairly into the forest. Bill had a ball in the shoulder, and I had a clip across the head with a tomahawk. We had a council, and Bill went off to warn some of the other settlements, and I concluded to take directly to the water and paddle back to you, not knowing whether I should find that the Red-skins had been before me. I thought at anyrate that I might stop your going which was down to Gloucester, and that if there was a fight you would be none the worse for an extra rifle."

Mr. Welch told the hunter of the visit of the two Indian spies two nights before.

"Wall," the hunter said, "I reckon for the present you are not likely to be disturbed. The Injuns have taken a pile of booty and something like two hundred scalps, and are counting the women and children, and they moved off