

the bitter air, even though the fire greatly needed replenishing—they were startled by the report of a gun.

In an instant Dr. Richardson was on his feet, and staggering to the door he looked eagerly out, and then threw up his hands, exclaiming:

‘The Indians! Thank God, we’re saved!’

Sure enough it was a small band of Indians from the camp of Akaitcho, sent on to see if there were any signs of the expedition.

They were a full month late in arriving, and their delay had nearly cost Lieut. Franklin’s party their lives, and was indeed mainly responsible for the death of the two *voyageurs*; but, in their great joy at the appearance of their rescuers, neither the Englishmen nor the Canadians bethought themselves of reproofs or reproaches.

The Indians were enthusiastically welcomed, especially as they had brought with them some dried meat, some fat, and a few tongues; not a very abundant supply, but sufficient to infuse fresh life and strength into the starving men.

They were greatly shocked at the woful appearance of Lieut. Franklin and his party. Their haggard countenances, hollow eyes, skeleton forms, and especially their untrimmed beards, filled them with horror; and it was evident that they were impatient to get the expedition started on its way to Fort Providence, in order that they might be relieved of their charge as soon as possible.

In the meantime, however, they showed an activity and intelligence in caring for the sufferers that astonished and delighted Lieut. Franklin

They cleared the room of the fragments of pounded