

By the right of war you may claim him; but look!—his bow was drawn, and the arrow ready!—‘you never shall cross his back!’ The arrow pierced the heart of the horse, and he fell dead.

“An old woman said she would be my mother. She led me to her lodge; my heart was thawed by her kindness, and my eyes burst forth with tears; like the frozen fountains in spring-time. She never changed; but as the days passed away, was still a mother to me. The people were loud in praise of the young brave, and the chief was ashamed. I lived in peace.

“A party of trappers came to the village, and one of them took me for his wife. This is he. I am very happy; he treats me with kindness, and I have taught him the language of my people. As we were travelling this way, some of the Blackfeet warriors beset us, and carried off the horses of the party. We followed, and my husband held a parley with them. The guns were laid down, and the pipe was lighted; but some of the white men attempted to seize the horses by force, and then a battle began. The snow was deep; the white men sank into it at every step; but the red men, with their snow-shoes, passed over the surface like birds, and drove off many of the horses in sight of their owners. With those that remained we resumed our journey. At length words took place between the leader of the party and my husband. He took away our horses, which had escaped in the battle, and turned us from his camp. My husband had one good friend among the trappers. That is he (pointing to the man who had asked assistance for them). He is a good man. His heart is big. When he came in from hunting, and found that we had been driven away, he gave up all his wages, and followed us, that he might speak good words for us to the white captain.”

## CHAPTER XLIX.

RENDEZVOUS AT WIND RIVER—CAMPAIGN OF MONTERO AND HIS BRIGADE IN THE CROW COUNTRY—WARS BETWEEN THE CROWS AND BLACKFEET—DEATH OF ARAPOOSH—BLACKFEET LURKERS—SAGACITY OF THE HORSE—DEPENDENCE OF THE HUNTER ON HIS HORSE—RETURN TO THE SETTLEMENTS.

ON the 22d of June Captain Bonneville raised his camp, and moved to the forks of Wind River; the appointed place of