

whom I now march." And without further parley he dismissed the lad.

That afternoon mirrors flashed signals from bluff to bluff; our men were surrounded by the enemy; and at the set of sun their lives lay at the-mercy of the men whom they had come to trounce. Julie was at the side of her lover, and tears were in her eyes.

"I beseech my chief for the sake of his love for me to desist, and allow these rash soldiers to depart." Her chief stood with arms folded upon his breast. There was sorrow on his face; but there was scorn there, too, as he turned affectionally to the sweet pleader.

"These men came down to massacre my people, that they might henceforth be clad with glory. They have not destroyed any of my men; but their dead strew the plain. They are at my mercy; so utterly, too, that if I desire it, not a man of all the host shall return to give tidings to his friends. You ask me to stay my hand. Ah! It is hard. But you ask it; you, my little lover-playmate of the sunny Saskatchewan. I consent!" Then he strode down among his men, and ordered them to cease. Naught-but the ascendancy which the splendid chief had gained over his followers, through his wisdom and his prowess, could have prevailed upon them to stay their hand, now that the men who had broken solemn faith were at their mercy. But they unstrung their bows, shouldered their muskets, and permitted the invaders to depart. Then Julie knelt at her lover's feet, and kissed his hand with reverent gratitude; and he laid his hand upon her head, and bade her arise.

Before I leave this feature of my narrative I may state that Captain Beaver subsequently sought to justify this wanton breach of faith with the Indians, upon the ground of military policy; affirming that the "punishment" which he inflicted upon the chief prevented the latter joining forces with the rebel Metis. As to the punishment, there was very little inflicted upon the Indians;—it was