

up cheerily. I was nearest the wood, with my gun and pack by my side. On a sudden, the most fearful shrieks and shouts I ever heard rent the air, and some fifty warriors, in their war-paint and feathers, with their axes gleaming in the fire-light, sprang out of the wood, not a dozen paces from me, and before the Crees could rise to defend themselves, were among them, dealing death on every side. As I could not help my companions, seizing my pack and rifle, with one spring I threw myself into the thick underwood, and made my way, not turning to see if any one was following, down to the river. Creeping under a bank, I lay hid. The shouts of the Blackfeet, and the shrieks of the dying Crees, reached my ears. I every moment expected to hear some one coming to look for me. At length I could distinguish only the shouts of the victors as they triumphed over their slaughtered foes. Morning came, and creeping out of my place of concealment, I found that the Blackfeet were gone. A dreadful scene met my eyes at the Cree Camp. The killed had been scalped, the rest had been carried off prisoners. On searching for the trail of the Blackfeet, I found that they had gone the very road I should have to take to the settlements.

My best chance of escaping them would be to keep on the other side of the river. I set to work, therefore, to build a raft to cross the stream. I soon cut down a number of young trees, choosing those of the lightest description, and bound them together with withes I found near. I came also upon several dry logs. These, from being light, were very valuable. I partly built my raft in the water, so as to have less difficulty in launching it. I then cut a long pole, with which to shove it along. Scarcely had I got on, when I found it whirled along by the current at a rate I had not expected. I tried to reach the bottom with my pole, but in vain. Down went the raft, whirling every moment more quickly.