

up in another bundle, and gave to the unfortunate girl to carry.

The moon now rose: it was midnight. The five tents of the Esquimaux were situated close to the water's edge, within a half-moon formed by some rocks that projected from a small eminence. Before the tents lay the placid waters of the river, in the midst of which was an island, or rather sand-bank, and in the distance another Esquimaux village, of larger dimensions than the present. The Indians gave an "Ugh" of delight, for here was a second massacre in view, and to these savage men nothing could afford a more charming prospect.

They advanced slowly along the banks of the river, and when within about twenty yards of the tents, halted; and having tied the feet of the White Swallow, in such a way as she could by no possibility untie herself, they rushed to their bloody work.

The Esquimaux, on hearing the wild outcry of the Red-Skins, started from their sleep, and rushed forth, men, women, and children, to escape; but their ruthless foes were at every issue, and spears and tomahawks did their bloody work. The groans of the wounded, the howls of the dying, the shrieks of the children, the shrill yells of the women, were answered by the Athapascow war-cry. Not one raised his arm. Some wretched mothers covered their offspring with their bodies only to die first. One young girl, of singular beauty for an Esquimaux, caught the chief round the legs: had he been alone, he would have probably saved her, to take her to his wigwam. But the emulation of war was upon him; there were his companions to see him hesitate; and quick as lightning he ran his spear through her. But enough: I spare details more fearful still—details which haunted the first historian and eyewitness of this scene all his after-life.

The White Swallow no sooner found herself alone, than drawing the knife she had formerly secreted from her bosom, she cut her bonds, resolved as she was to lose no more time. This done, she acted with all the coolness and reflection which became the affianced bride of an Indian warrior. She watched the Red-Skins enter the camp, and even let them commence their massacre. A dozen and more dogs darted by, flying from the strangers. One of them passed close to the White Swallow, and smelt her packet of meat. She seized upon a leathern thong fastened round his neck, and throw him food. The dog devoured it eagerly. The girl at once resolved to appropriate the animal, for she knew his nature, having herself been born on the confines of the Esquimaux territory. She fastened on his back the bundle belonging to the Indians, and then gliding gently and noiselessly into the water, began to swim. The dog quietly followed her, attracted by her store of provisions. The girl was a good and powerful swimmer; but she proceeded slowly, though the noise of the sack of the village might have excused even want of caution. But Thee-kis-ho was too much of an Indian to neglect any precautions. Once landed on the opposite