

pitalities of our camp ;” but the scout refused, and after a few moments in conversation with Captain Stephens, rode away.

Meanwhile affairs had fallen out much as Little Poplar predicted. Captain Beaver, after thorough consideration of the matter, decided that it would never do to allow his men to return to Ontario without having a “brush with the Indians.” He therefore opened correspondence with Major Tonweight, pointing out the expediency of making an attack upon Little Poplar. “He is upon his reserve, it is true,” Beaver wrote, “but he has gathered his men together for the purpose of marching on Hatchet Creek, and there effecting a junction with the rebel Metis. If you permit me to run down and give them a good trouncing, it will make an end of the contemplated league.”

“Our policy,” replied Tonweight, “is not to antagonize but to conciliate; to treat all as friends till they prove themselves to be enemies.”

“But you will pay dear for your generous theory if this man, Little Poplar, succeeds in joining the rebels. And I assure you that the savage is now making ready to march.”

“The matter is in your own hands, then,” Tonweight replied. “If all be as you say, you must consult your own judgment, and shoulder the responsibilities.”

“Hurrah!” Beaver shouted. “Hurrah! Now then, boys, you’ll have a brush. Get ready for a march. You know I am only supposing a case against these Indians,” he said turning to a brother officer.

“Good God! is this outrage to occur!” Col. Denison exclaimed, when a Coureur-des-bois brought him the tidings.

And so, the sanguinary Beaver made ready to start.

“How much provisions do we need, Sir?” the purveyor asked.

“You do not need any. Let each man eat a hearty meal, and put some bread into his pocket. It is only