

In a few moments Red Squirrel was up to us, but so hard pressed had he been that he was unable to tell us what had happened. We supported him, not without difficulty, to the fort, when his snow-shoes being taken off, had he not been resting in our arms, he would have sunk fainting to the ground. We delivered him over to his mother, who chafed his limbs, and used every other means she could devise for restoring his strength. It was some time before he could speak. He had ably fulfilled his mission, having watched the enemy's camp until the previous day, when finding that they were about to move northward, he had set off to bring us tidings of their approach.

He was, however, observed, and six of their fleetest runners had pursued him. Hour after hour he had continued his flight, though he confessed that, had we not come to his assistance, he should, he believed, have fallen even in sight of the fort.

That night was an anxious one. Frequent alarms were raised that the enemy were upon us. At length the morning broke, and as the sun rose above the eastern prairie his beams fell on the plumed heads and trappings of several hundred warriors, who came on, confident in their numbers, and believing that our small garrison would easily become their prey.

They halted when considerably beyond range of our weapons, and having sung a war-song, gave utterance to one of those terrible whoops which are said to paralyse even horses and cattle. Ponoko had in the meantime, dressed himself in the costume in which he had been discovered when lying wounded, and the gate being opened, he sallied forth with feeble steps, very