

party except the out-pickets, were snugly ensconced in a shrubbery thicket.

I had gotten a sufficient insight into their mode of warfare, and was completely disgusted with their savage performances. We were now about thirty miles from our camp. So next morning, I asked Cut-Thumb for a small canoe, which they could well spare, which he readily turned over to me. The weather was fine, and with a strong, smooth current, I made rapid progress, and might have shot several deer that were in the water to escape from the flies and gnats; but it would have been wanton cruelty, as I could not carry them with me. I reached my camp about four o'clock, my men rejoicing to see that I had not lost *my hair*.

On the next day, I began packing and preparing for my return home, as there was no more prospect of further hunting, and the war-party was not expected back for six or eight days. But, to my astonishment, Cut-Thumb and his party hove in sight, singing their triumphant song of having been six days on the war-path without losing so much as a solitary scalp. In the evening, a dance—called a ball—was given in celebration of the proud and happy event. Early the next morning all was bustle; and by five o'clock, my boats and all were over the portage, and below the Falls of St. Anthony.

Here I had another proof of the care of a blessed Providence over me. I had not noticed my cannon since the ever-to-be-remembered "pelican scare." It had been resting, with its twenty-five ball charge, and wishing to notify my men whom I had left at the fort, I extracted the balls, primed it anew, and placed a piece of punk wood, lighted on one side, so that it would not ignite the powder until I had reached a safe distance away. The breeze, however, hastened the punk-burning, and the gun went off, bursting and scattering it so that one fragment only was ever found, and that close to my feet. This happened in the midst of a group of at least three hundred souls, and not one hurt. I thought in extracting the balls, some of the paper wadding must have remained in the gun, which caused the mishap.

I was well-tired of Indian war humbug, and deer slaughtering. It appeared, that Cut-Thumb, in his dreams, pretended to have