

miles away. The snow was deep, and the temperature unusually cold, but my horse was too heavily burdened to admit of fast riding, so I was jogging along at an easy pace, and keeping a sharp lookout from force of habit, and had gone about nine miles, when I discovered an Indian following after me, at the highest⁵⁷/rate of speed, and frantically beckoning me to stop. I halted, and awaited his approach. It was Black Bull; he had brought me a dispatch, signed by Fred. Cadd, the trader, and endorsed by Major Crozier, which read as follows:

"Your life is threatened; return at once! Black Bull will explain;" which he did, by informing me that soon after I had left the store, perhaps forty-five minutes, Black Moon's son gave the trader a deer skin, in exchange for which he asked for a quantity of flour, sugar and coffee. The same having been weighed out to him, he was dissatisfied with the trade, claiming that he was being cheated, (which was doubtless true,) and the trader refusing, either to give him more or return the deer skin, he flew into a rage and attempted to shoot the trader on the spot: but being frustrated in his purpose, (Black Bull modestly refrained from stating the fact, which I afterwards learned, that it was⁵⁸/he who had saved the trader's life,) he declared that though they had cheated him out of his deer skin, and prevented his killing the trader, they could not cheat him of vengeance, for he knew of one white man who was in his power, and whose hot blood should melt the frozen snow, before the sun went down, and leaving the store, he mounted his horse and rode