

Priest, travelling to another fort. Bad weather overtook them, and they ran short of provisions. Villeneuve was then a boy some sixteen years old. At last, when quite starving, they came on an Indian camp, only to find the Indians also without food. After much bargaining, they bought a horse from the Indians, but directly it was slaughtered, every one—Indians and all—rushing in, seized what they could, and devouring it raw, in five minutes there was nothing left. Here they stayed two days, hoping that the Indians would kill game; nothing, however, was obtained, and Villeneuve taking his two dogs, and the sled entrusted to his care, which contained the Priest's Service for the Mass, without saying a word to anyone, started by himself one night, his only provision, consisting of some tea, to try to make his way to the fort. He was frightened lest the Indians, driven mad with hunger, might kill him and eat him. He travelled slowly on, and the second night when camped, and feeding the starving dogs with strips of buffalo hide, which formed a part of their harness—he was suddenly joined by the Iroquois. Now there is a saying among the half-breeds, 'Never, when fasting, travel with the Iroquois, or they will eat you.' So he was much alarmed. 'Brother,' said the Iroquois, 'I will not die with the others, I have come to join my lot with yours.' 'Well, Brother,' said Villeneuve, 'we must do our best.' Another day they travelled on; twice did the Iroquois stop behind with his dogs. He had brought his two dogs and sled with him; the second time he returned with only one dog. 'What have you done with your dog, brother?' said Villeneuve. 'He had to be left,' was the Iroquois' sullen rejoinder.

Villeneuve that night slept the other side of the fire, with his hatchet close beside him. The next day the same thing occurred, and the Iroquois' sled was left behind. The fifth night, Villeneuve heard his dogs growl as they crouched beside him, and, springing up, found the Iroquois on his hands and knees, glaring at him. "Time to start, brother?" said Villeneuve, hardly knowing what to say. "Yes," growled the Iroquois. They staggered on, and, when daylight came, saw Indians ahead. Villeneuve tried to go faster, but, he was so weak, he kept falling down. He thought he was shouting at the top of his voice, but the Indians afterwards told him he did not utter a sound, but staggered on with his mouth open. The Indians took care of them, and fed them; much against their inclination, giving them very little at a time, and they reached the fort in time to send a party to the assistance of the others, who, though much reduced had been able to exist, by the Indians with whom they stayed, having killed game, and given them some. "*J'étais quasiment mangé cette fois là—Jamais, Monsieur, voyagez avec un Iroquois qui a faim,*" concluded Villeneuve. I certainly mean to take his advice.

We moved, on Monday, into a large wooded bay, bounded by the Pembina River on three sides, and, in the evening, hunted the western side. We found mule-deer and wapiti tracks, but not fresh. The Pembina River, like the other streams we have seen, runs in a valley it has evidently cut for itself. This valley varies in breadth from one to two miles, the river itself not being more than twenty yards across, now; but, when the snow melts, of course it is very much larger.

The valley is more or less thickly wooded (throughout the wood), extending up and beyond the banks into the prairie for a distance of from one to six miles. The banks are cut by gullies and ravines, usually well-timbered, at the bottoms of which beautifully clear streams run down to join the river. These are the favourite drinking places of the deer. As we cautiously advanced to one of these ravines, we saw feeding on the opposite side, near the bottom, a stag of the mule-deer, or black-tailed species, about a hundred and eighty yards off. Drawing back, I dismounted, crept up to the edge, and seeing no way of getting nearer, knelt and fired and hit him. Another stag now made its appearance from below; I fired again and hit him. They were standing exceedingly awkwardly to kill, with their sterns towards me. Running down, I found both of them lying down, but had to shoot again to finish them. They were young stags of the mule-deer (*caracus macrotis*) commonly called in the west, black-tail deer, or in common with the Virginian deer, jumping deer. In colour, at certain seasons, it somewhat resembles the Virginian deer, changing a bluish-mouse colour in autumn; but the tail is black and they are larger. When they are found in small patches of cover, with any extent of open prairie round, they may be readily galloped down, and shot, if the hunter is well mounted; from the distance they bound, when alarmed; it is impossible to track them, unless there is snow on the ground. We hunted this ground for two days, and saw a good many mule-deer, but I would not kill any more, having plenty of meat, and seeing no better heads than I had obtained. One stood curiously watching us, not two hundred yards off; he made such a pretty picture, standing amongst some oak trees, whose leaves had turned the most brilliant colours. At last, jerk went the little tail, and off he went into the forest, followed by some others, we had not seen.

We saw ten mule-deer that day, and the next day saw two. One had a fine head, and, as he had seen us, and was making off, out of shot, we tried to gallop him, the ground being fairly open, but although we gained on him considerably, he got into thick cover and out of sight, before I could get a shot. However, the gallop was enjoyable. Next day, we resolved to try a big ravine on the other side of the river, and, finding a ford crossed, and worked the most beautiful ground carefully up wind. Crossing the ravine, we had hardly commenced to search an oak copse, when we saw fresh elk tracks. A freshly-nipped twig or two showed us that little time had elapsed since the stag had been there. Quietly dismounting, and leaving Ally with the horses, we silently followed the tracks, but had hardly gone twenty yards when, with a tremendous crash, we heard the stag go off. He had jumped up not fifteen yards off, but, the underwood was so thick, we saw nothing but a glimpse of something dark. I fired a snap shot without effect, a tree stopping my bullet. "A cheval," said Jean, and running to the horses,