

The climate now began to set in very cold, especially with an east-wind, and we were obliged to improvise mits out of old stockings. We spent altogether nearly a month in the hills hunting the surrounding country far and near, with but middling success, though we succeeded in shooting a few good stags. The heads of the largest we skinned for stuffing, preserving them in the manner before described in these pages.

On the return to our head quarter camp by the lake, it took us several days to transport thither all our gear, skins, horns, &c. The horns especially were a most troublesome addition to our loads, as they caught continually in the trees and bushes, impeding our progress, which, with eighty pounds on your back, is at all times sufficiently slow. Stephen and myself in crossing Red Indian pond in a canoe heavily laden, got caught in a squall and were nearly swamped. We had to run before it and paddle with all our might to prevent being pooped, as I may call it. At last after very hard work we got all our tackle to headquarters.

On our arrival there we found one of a party