

He evidently soon found out that dog-driving was not to be done by my line, for he sat down very often and looked at me. I coaxed him and, I am sorry to say, swore at him in English and French and, not knowing Huron, I called him "bad dog" in Latin and Greek ; but it was of no use. Finally he lay down just as we were going around a hill about 10 or 12ft. above the level. At last, out of patience, I placed the muzzle of my rifle against the back of the sleigh and pushed with my shoulder against the butt of the piece. The result exceeded my expectations, for the dog made aspring forward, I lost my balance and fell over the side of the hill, head first into a snowdrift, from which I could not extricate myself, owing to my pack being twisted round my neck. Fortunately the cook, not seeing me behind him, came to look for me and got me out all right, but with any amount of snow down my back, which was far from comfortable. The cook then talked to the dog ; I dont know what he said, but it evidently produced an impression, for I walked in front of the two dogs, while the cook followed behind the last, and we got on very well.

CRAWFORD LINDSAY.