

deer 50 or 60, coming slowly towards us. It was a noble sight. But they scented us and made off. I tried to cut off a solitary one, and walked a long way parallel to and not far from it, but a river was between us, and I had to abandon it. They were being driven down to the sea for refuge from the mosquitos, and "bull-dog" flies. After an hour wasted we started again, and about noon stopped for a few minutes at a rocky island (half way to Churchill, *i. e.*, 90 miles from York), for the men to land and get a dinner of gulls' eggs. Again, at 2, we were stopped by tide; we could not go out to sea because of the ice, and besides the wind was dead ahead of us.

So we landed for a hunt on miles of swamp and marsh, abounding with small plover, snipe, and myriads of mosquitos, but no deer just then. I walked for one hour and ten minutes straight inland, and yet the coast line seemed quite close, so deceiving are distances. Then I got a duck and nine small plover, and had an exciting but vain stalk after two deer, and had a weary tramp back to the boat, with no coat on, and a N. wind and no dinner, reaching it about 6 p.m. We could not get off that night, ice was close to us, and Joseph our guide had a bad sick headache, which I doctored. So after drying my leg clothing and foot gear, which were soaking, I turned in at 11, though it was still quite light.

Thursday, 11th July.—After a good sleep, barring sore bones, and occasional chilliness, I got up at 5.15, and had a good sluicing in a sea-pool, the tide was miles out then. After a cup of coffee and a biscuit I landed and started with Joseph to hunt for deer. We were to walk towards Churchill, till the boat picked us up. For a long time we saw nothing but myriads of mosquitos.—I was in my shirtsleeves and had no veil with me, but used a large handkerchief over my head and a willow branch in my hand and so survived. But they were in solid clouds, and at the same time we looked out on miles of ice in the bay. At last we saw a fine herd of reindeer at the very edge of low water, (because of the flies) and only slowly retreating as the tide rose. We got them to windward of us, and then Joseph stalked them and got a long shot, which he missed. They came galloping up close to my ambush, and I could not have failed to get one, perhaps two they were so crowded, but my gun missed fire and they got away. But it was a fine sight. About 10.30, after 4½ hours stiff walking, our boat picked us up, and we went on before a good breeze. About 7 o'clock that evening we saw a polar bear walking along the edge of the shore