

over one savanna after another. Our attention was arrested twice by observing the tracks of a man on the savannas, after a minute examination, we concluded that one of them was that of a Micmac or Mountaineer Indian who had been hunting here in the preceding year, and from the point of the foot being steep, that he was going laden with fur to the Bay of Despair. Being now near the centre of the island, upwards of one hundred and ten miles from the most inland part of Trinity Bay, about ninety miles of the distance being across the savannas, we had not yet seen a trace of the Red Indians. It had been supposed that all the central parts of the island were occupied by those people, and I had been daily looking out for them. They were, however, more likely to be fallen in with farther to the westward. While surveying a large lake on the S.W., we descried a faint column of smoke issuing from amongst islands near the south shore, about five miles distant. The time we hoped had at last come to meet the Red Indians. It was too late in the day to reconnoitre; and my Indian went in pursuit of a herd of deer in another direction, we having no provision for supper. At sunset he did not meet me at the appointed wood in a valley hard by; nor did he return by midnight; nor at all. I durst not exhibit a fire on the hill as a beacon to him, in sight of the strange encampment. At day break the slender white column of smoke was still more distinctly seen. There were human beings there, and, deserted as I was, I felt an irresistible desire to approach my fellow creatures whether they should prove friendly or hostile. Having put my gun and pistols in the best order, and no appearance of my Indian at noon, I left my knapsack and all encumbrances and descended through thickets and marshes towards the nearest part of the lake about two miles distant. The white sandy shore formed of disintegrated granite, was much trodden over by deer and other animals, but there