

HOW I KILLED A CARIBOO.

TO THE BARRENS.

IT was the morning of the last day of the year; the hands of the clock were indicating half-past five, and the quicksilver of the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero; when I, Anaxagoras Linstock, tourist and philosopher, left Fredericton, in New Brunswick, in the following miscellaneous company: a Red Indian; twelve pounds of similarly-coloured beef, eight of pork, sixteen of biscuit, one of tea, and six of sugar; one gallon of brandy, tins of mustard, pepper, and salt; forty potatoes and as many onions; a frying-pan, a tin kettle, and two 'tots' or tin cups; a rifle, a fowling-piece, and ammunition; lucifer matches, snow shoes, tomahawks; a sled and pair, and Will Doherty the driver. Our destination was a tract some thirty miles distant through the bush, called 'the Cain's River Barrens;' and our object to spend six days, which I had to spare, in slaughtering or endeavouring to slaughter one or more of the Cariboo which therein do congregate.

Now perhaps I should premise, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that a Cariboo is *not* the same as a Caribee, and that I was *not* purposing to prove any of the *entente cordiale* which I may have felt for my Indian ally by aiding him in a bloodthirsty expedition against a hostile tribe. I was as yet but an undeveloped Hawkeye, being only in what is, according to Cooper, a

preliminary stage of the character, that of Deerslayer; and my thirst was but for the blood of the Reindeer of North America, the *Taran-dus* of Buffon and Cuvier, commonly called the Cariboo.

Let me introduce my Indian—Awahwas, or 'The Wild Goose,' named probably from some youthful frivolities. He is of the blood royal of the Meleceets, and heir-presumptive to the dignity of the 'Sargum,' or chief; a lineal descendant of the ancient Delaware dynasty, of which tribe the Meleceets are an offshoot; and I take Uncas and Chingachgook, immortalized by Cooper, to have belonged to but a junior branch of his royal race. Awahwas, however, is a good Catholic, and his god-fathers and godmothers gave him a new name in his baptism. These functionaries seem to have been selected in equal measure from representatives of each language prevalent in those parts, French, English, and Indian: and two names only being orthodox, to have settled their three contending claims of nomenclature by distorting into 'Susep Plançois,' what in plain English is Joseph Francis. Joe, as he is always called, is rather a short figure, slim, thin, and wiry, but not ungracefully formed. Every limb gives a hint of the most india-rubber agility, while his face, and a rather disproportionate solidity of chest and shoulder, suggest the somewhat contradictory faculty of dogged and