

got Brehan to sell him to me. Our carts, loaded, were then hauled across one at a time, and then our horses were swum over; they readily took to the water and crossed safely, led by the "Jew" and "Sarah." We camped the opposite side, and amused ourselves watching the half-breeds swimming their horses across. Next day was Sunday, and after reading, I enquired for Antoine, who appeared rather boozey, his friends in the brigade having evidently liquored him up in the most princely manner. I moved camp, and on his recovering read him a smart lecture. We found a beautiful place to camp, a little stream with well-wooded banks, and about a mile off, on the other side, a low mountain covered with timber. Crossing the stream we hunted this carefully for tracks on the following day, but without success, seeing only a solitary fox. We therefore struck camp, and moved on to the southward and westward, till we struck the Souris River, which we followed, hunting the thickets which line its banks. We found a few tracks of mule deer and Virginian deer. One evening I started off alone into one of the thick wooded points, and forcing my way through twined masses of hops and convolvuluses, found some fairly fresh tracks. I hunted on carefully towards the camp, when, just as I thought I was getting clear of the wood I was stopped by a lake, laying right between me and the camp. I tried to the left, but there the lake joined the river, so went back to the right, only to be confronted by the lake again. This was not amusing; the sun was very low, and forcing one's way through so dense an undergrowth very fatiguing; however, not caring to wet my rifle by swimming the lake, which was not more than fifty yards across, but deep, I tried still farther back to the right, and came to the lake again. It was impossible to follow the edge of the lake, the undergrowth there being quite impenetrable, and nowhere could I see twenty yards in front of me. So I took a drink of water, and lit a pipe, and sat down to consider. Evidently, I was on a peninsula, and the only way, besides swimming, was to get back the way I came in. So I set to work, and, after half-an-hour's fight through the bushes, hit my old trail. Then, when in the thickest under-wood, up jumped two hind wapiti close to me, and disappeared long before I could disentangle myself from the creepers enough to get my rifle up to my shoulder—it was provoking. However, sticking to my trail in I got clear, just after sunset, and was very glad to see Ally riding up, followed by Antoine with led horse for me to ride back to camp, as I was quite tired.

Next day, we found some fresh tracks by the river that we could not make out, but the mystery was solved by Villeneuve galloping up to us, saying they had seen two buffalo ahead of the carts. We galloped off at once. Ally was riding "Sarah," Antoine, "Longfellow," and I, the horse I bought from Brehan, which we had named "Doctor." Villeneuve rode with us, to shew us where they had seen the buffalo. Arrived at the top of one of the mounds of the rolling prairie, we saw two big buffalo calves quietly feeding, and charged them at once. Away they went, at a pace that surprised me; indeed it is wonderful how such an apparently clumsy beast shews such great activity. "Doctor," at first, was frightened, never having seen buffalo before, but he soon got his blood up. I was very pleased to find him very fast. When I got alongside I missed the first shot clear, from putting my rifle to my shoulder; the best way firing at a gallop being to take a quick sight, with both arms quite extended. I then shot them both after a most capital and enjoyable gallop. Antoine went wild with excitement, hollering, shrieking, whooping, and gesticulating. We sent for a cart to bring them into camp, and we were thinking of breakfast, when back came the cart with only one calf, the men saying the other, on their attempting to put him into the cart, had suddenly resuscitated, charged the men, whom he had put to flight, and had made off. I saddled the "Jew," and started off in pursuit, but had quite a long gallop before I overhauled and shot him; the "Jew" coursed and turned him like a greyhound does a hare. The buffalo had only been stunned by the first shot. Close by camp I shot two large ducks (*anas obscura*).

Next day we came to the Tête de la Biche, or North Antler Creek; here we found a Sioux (or Dacotah as they call themselves) grave; it was made of wooden bars crossed, and looking through we saw the dish placed with food for the use of the deceased on his way to the happy hunting grounds. The wolves had long since devoured both the food and the poor remains.

Following the creek some fifteen miles, we crossed it, and made across to South Antler Creek. We had an excitement on our way by Villeneuve reporting buffalo, but as we, on going up, saw neither buffalo nor tracks, he must have mistaken some antelopes (*antilocapra Americana*) or carib, as the half-breeds call them for buffalo; the mirage on the prairie magnifying objects till almost unrecognisable. And we have entered the antelope country, and saw one ourselves, but out of shot.

Next day we struck across to strike the Souris River, but Antoine got out of his reckoning, and we did not arrive; and as the only wood to be found grows by the creeks and rivers, and as there were too few buffalo for us to use their droppings to burn, the usual prairie fuel, we had to boil our kettle with dry grass, a work of much time and trouble. The following morning we struck the Souris, but we didn't know whether north or south of the boundary. We tried some miles south to find the boundary trail, but failing, turned north again. We had found a place to cross, when we discovered buffalo on the other side, and though latish started after them, Ally on "Sarah," I on "Doctor," and Antoine on "Longfellow." But within a hundred yards of them, the ground being favourable, and charged; there were two bulls, one very large one, and a cow with two calves. I rode for the big bull, and after a smart race, got up to him, and dropped him, and then raced for the second bull. Antoine raising the most awful din, with his howls and shouts. Ally well up. Getting up to the second bull, I dropped him, and to Antoine's surprise reined up, as I did not wish to kill the cow with her calves. Then Ally