

further. As the day was drawing to a close, we only gutted the deer, pocketed the kidneys and set off at our best pace for the big crag at the top of the ridge.

On reaching this spot I looked in vain for the island of woods described by Joe, or any smoke that might indicate the presence of our companions. For miles nothing was to be seen but granite boulders, scrub and marshes. Here was a dilemma! The sun was setting, and neither Bowen nor Joe had any provisions. We struggled on some distance in the dark among rocks and bushes at the risk of breaking our necks, and at last considered it useless to go any further. A strong wind was blowing from the direction where we expected to meet our companions, so firing signals was of no use. Coming across a large granite boulder we decided upon passing the night there. I collected some sticks and made a fire on the top of the rock as a signal, but it was unanswered. To add to our miseries it came on to rain, fire wood was exceedingly scarce, and the night was so dark that we had difficulty in collecting sufficient fuel to cook our supper, which was by no means a bad one; the bill of