

try when Joe, walking in advance, drops as if he were shot. I imitate him, and in our ambush have it explained that he sees two caliboo. After some pointing I make out two glorious auburn beasts, about the size of cows, with white beards and long white breast-hair, plodding heavily along through snow as deep as their haunches among some leafy stumps about half a mile off. We try to stalk them, availing ourselves of every shrub for cover. Joe scuds along crouching in the most wonderful manner; every joint in his body bent till he presents quite a frog-like appearance, but going as easily as if that were his favourite attitude and he were naturally deformed. I reduce my back and legs to a painfully acute angle, I may add, acutely painful angle, make my big person as small as possible, and follow at his heels.

They are still a long way off, when Joe stops again—'No goot; no more sticks, no more cover; I s'pose shoot here.' And I am about to try my luck at that distance, when down he tumbles again, again followed by me, and points to a third which he has detected. It is pounding along in a direction vertical to our own, in which, if it persists, it must come near the little thicket in which we are in ambush.

The excitement is too great for human nerves. I am at the heat of 'spirits boil' with our quick crouching run, but shake all over like a jelly just put on the table. I reason

Higger-higar: higger-higar: higger-higar (*forte*).
Miramichi bootay bootay bootay *ad lib.* (*diminuendo*).
Yooi Yoi (*fortissimo*).

[Pantomimic imitation of scalping.]

Higger-higar, &c. (*Da capo*.)*

I follow, both in dance and song, and to the latter add several words not found in the original Indian, till consciousness of the curious group we must form sends me rolling in the snow, powerless with laughter; and when I rise Awahwas is no more, and taciturn Joe is stoically skinning the cariboo. He has had an eye to business all along, and

with myself on the folly of this as we creep along to meet our new friend; and by the time Joe gives me his final advice, 'Behind 'um shoulder,' I am as calm again as ever.

A hundred and twenty yards distant; is it safe to creep nearer? Joe thinks so, and we sneak on.

About a hundred yards. I look at Joe for advice: his face gives no sign.

It must be little more than ninety. 'Now,' whispers Joe. I rise and fire.

The jolly big beast gives three splendid bounds high into the air from his haunch-deep footprints, and from the third falls flop, heavily, but softly, like an elephant on a feather-bed.

'Got him,' whispers Joe, and that is all our triumph at present, for the other two are still hovering near, not having seen us yet, and not caring for the crack of a rifle above the other noises of the forest. So we follow them, till cover again fails and we are forced to put up with a distant shot, which misses. They see us too now, and are off full gallop to the woods. Never mind; Joe's dream is fulfilled; we have killed our *third* cariboo.

To which we hasten back, where he lies dead and well-nigh buried. All the dormant 'Awahwas' now breaks forth in Joe, and off he starts in a dance and song of triumph round the victim, excitedly but gravely, and as if it was his duty to be excited.

there has been reason in the gravity with which he went through his wildest contortions, for our dance has beaten down the snow all round, and he has now a good hard flooring ready for his laniatorial operations.

He first takes off the head; then peels off the hide with the back of his knife as one would an orange-rind with a spoon; then disem-

* I regret that I am unable to supply a translation of this remarkable song, beyond that 'bootay' means, I grieve to say, 'brandy,' being probably connected with the French 'bouteille.' Were I to hazard a conjecture, I should say that the remainder is merely what might be freely translated 'Ri-fol-de-rol-de-riddle-dol-de-rido.'