

the sport. Twelve chiefs of the Sioux, between whom and the half-breeds there had been strife, came into the hunting-camp to treat for peace. While the pipe of peace was being smoked in the council lodge, some young men brought in the body of a half-breed, newly scalped. His death was attributed to the Sioux, for whose chiefs it was then difficult to secure a safe passage out of the camp. Negotiations of peace were of course ended. Three days afterwards a band of Sioux was found, upon which revenge was taken. Eight were killed in the skirmish. The half-breeds left the bodies of their enemies to be dealt with by their companions the Salteaux, who set up a scalp dance, and inflicted on them frightful mutilation. One old woman, whose husband had been slain by the Sioux, especially distinguished herself by her zeal in digging out the eyes of the dead foemen.

All giving grand chase, when in the midst of an immense herd of buffalo, Mr. Kane thus tells how he was himself possessed with the enthusiasm at once of an artist and a hunter. The throwing of the cap is in accordance with the Red River hunter's custom of marking his own game by throwing some article of his dress upon it:—"I again joined in the pursuit; and, coming up with a large bull, I had the satisfaction of bringing him down at the first fire. Excited by my great success, I threw down my cap, and galloping on, soon put a bullet through another enormous animal. He did not, however, fall, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing, and glaring savagely at me. The blood was streaming profusely from his mouth, and I thought he would soon drop. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist the desire of making a sketch. I accordingly dismounted, and had just commenced when he suddenly made a dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and get away from him, leaving my gun and everything else behind. When he came up to where I had been standing, he turned over the articles I had dropped, pawing fiercely as he tossed them about, and then retreated towards the herd. I immediately recovered my gun, and having re-loaded, again pursued him, and soon planted another shot in him. This time he remained on his legs long enough for me to make a sketch."

Having thus made notes in his own way upon buffalo-hunting, Mr. Kane desired to pursue his travels. His guide, though sick with measles, agreed to accompany him back to the settlement, doing no work, of course, and riding in the cart. On the way, however, the guide's strength broke down when they were in the middle of Swampy Lake, fourteen miles across. Here the traveller found only one small dry spot above water, large enough to sit upon, but not affording room for his legs, which had to remain in the

water. In the small cart there was no more room than the sick man required. Means for cooking there were none, and the dried meat had to be eaten raw. Traveller and guide were both fresh meat to the mosquitoes, who in the midst of the swamp were on their own ground, and took complete possession of their visitors. In this manner the night was spent, and at four o'clock next morning the artist in search of the picturesque had to set off through the swamp in search of the horses, catching them only after five hours' pursuit through water that reached up to his middle. After leaving the swamp the guide felt so much better that he wished Mr. Kane to push forward on horseback, while he followed at leisure in the cart; but until he had been seen safely across Stinking River, which the horses had to swim, it was not thought safe to comply with his request. Then the artist, riding forward, took a wrong track, and was up to his horse's neck in a black swamp abounding with reptiles. It was raining hard, and there was no sun, no compass, to guide the traveller. His only hope was to push steadily on through the mud in one direction, hoping thus to strike the Assiniboine River. After ten or twelve miles of uncertain floundering, the Assiniboine was found, and two hours afterwards Mr. Kane was again in Fort Garry. The poor guide who, after he had been left, became rapidly worse, was found and brought into the fort by two men looking for stray horses. He died two days afterwards.

This is no tempting picture of experience of tourists in the wilds of North America. The mere difficulties of the rock, the river, and the prairie are more than any man could conquer single-handed; and danger from the Indian is by no means an inconsiderable part of the risk to be encountered. The Indian principle of revenge demands for a life taken, or a sacrilege committed by one white man who escapes punishment, the life of the next white man who can be met with. Among the friendliest tribes, therefore, it may happen that a tomahawk is clutched by some wild painted gentleman, who looks to the most innocent white visitor for deadly satisfaction. Whoever sleeps on board canoe in the Red River is disturbed in the night by unearthly groans. The groans are not of the earth, but of the water; being a strange noise made of nights by the Red River sunfish. A strong headwind detained the traveller upon the river; but, while he occupied his time with portrait-painting in a Salteaux camp upon the river bank, a medicine-man offered to give three days of fair wind for a pound of tobacco. The charge was considered too great for so small a supply of wind, and the bargain was closed amicably at the price of a small plug for six days, the medicine-man offering a dinner of roast dog to seal the bargain.

We follow the artist in his wandering up