

I had killed a cariboo with very large horns. On inspecting the beast he proved to be a stag of more than ordinary size, his height was four feet ten inches at the fore shoulder, his length from nose to tail seven feet five inches, weight about five cwt. His antlers were exceedingly fine, and of a very handsome and unusual growth. He was of great age, and nearly white; his head and neck perfectly so. Joe told me afterwards that he had rarely seen so old or big a stag, "That proper big stag," he called it. The skin was quite soft and furry. My first shot I found had finished him; it took him slantingly, cutting through his lungs. I skinned the head of the cariboo, and returning to our camp for Stephen, who had not left, I sent him back for the skin and meat. Sebattis and I taking the provisions in addition to our blankets, set off for the rendezvous agreed upon.

After a walk of twelve miles we saw a herd of deer four hundred yards from us; thirty does stood in a heap with a large stag following them. A hundred yards behind him two smaller stags were engaged in fighting, butting each other and interlocking their horns. The master stag kept