

are carefully obliterated, and it is frequently sprinkled with water to destroy the scent lest the wolves and bears should be attracted to the place and root up the concealed treasure; and the place is not revisited until there be a necessity for opening the cache. To the hunter his horse is as essential as to the mountaineer his rifle. In the daytime, while engaged on the prairie cutting up the deer or buffalo he has slain, he depends upon his faithful horse as a sentinel. The sagacious animal sees and smells all around him, and by his starting and whinnying gives notice of the approach of strangers. There seems to be a dumb communion and fellowship between the hunter and his horse. They mutually rely upon each other for company and protection, and nothing is more difficult, it is said, than to surprise an experienced hunter on the prairie, while his old and favourite steed is at his side. The mountaineer has equally his companion in his rifle, for it is essential to his security in the vicissitudes of his hazardous life. On going from lodge to lodge to visit his comrades he takes it with him. On seating himself in a lodge he lays it beside him ready to be snatched up; when he goes out, he takes it up as regularly as a citizen would his walking-staff. His rifle is his constant friend and protector. These mountaineers have sprung up from the nature of the trade they pursue. Trading and trapping they scale the vast mountain chains, and pursue their hazardous vocations amidst these wild recesses.