

days were cold, the wind biting, and the weather boisterous. There is nothing in the climate of Newfoundland approaching to what is called the Indian summer—namely, frosty nights and beautiful warm days late in the autumn.

Our sable line round Red Indian pond proved a failure, likewise some traps we set near another lake. There were not any beavers in this locality, but I saw plenty of houses in the river near Grand pond, though "their numerous dome-like habitations" did not "stud the gliding water," as stated by the author of a late sporting work in the Far West. According to his description, beavers in the latitudes of which he speaks must be quite different in their habits to those in other parts of the world. This at the same time appears strange, to say the least of it.

Having portaged to the river which we had ascended on our way up, we found the water high, and were able to run down without any difficulty. On arriving at the lakes where the river was joined by another branch, we halted for a couple of days and hunted in the neighbourhood with the hope of getting a deer to take down fresh to the sea, but we did not see cariboo at this place. On