

had, the wolves live on mice. The men, however, devoured it as voraciously as cats would their victims.

Foxes were in great abundance, but they were too cunning to be caught in the traps. They would take the bait, and spring and turn over their traps, but were careful to keep their toes out. So I thought I would trick them, and show them my cunning. I took six steel traps, and, with the aid of my tomahawk, set them in such a way that they would have to walk over them to get at the bait, which I placed in the circle formed by the traps. On visiting my device the next morning, I found one fox had been out-witted. I discovered him, crouched behind a bunch of grass, as if ashamed of having been over-reached.

On my way home, I met a deer, walking leisurely toward me on the ice; on seeing me, he bolted up the bank, and after a few bounds in the deep snow, he stuck fast, and, coming up to him, I soon relieved him from his dilemma by sticking my knife into his vitals.

I left him on the ice with my traps, and, returning to the station, sent a couple of men for them, and great was our rejoicing. But I was saving of the venison; all the inwards were cleaned, and served to give a relish to wolf, or such other meat of the kind as Providence was pleased to throw in our way. Time, under such circumstances, I scarcely need say, hung heavily upon me. March, however, at length came, and my hunting host brought in their rich returns, and the wild fowl were with us again in clouds, and in due time we recovered our lost flesh.

News reached me that the [Indians] who had gone in the fall to winter on the route usually taken by the buffalo, had been starving; many had died from want. In a small lake in their vicinity, it was said, that forty bodies of men, women and children had been found. It appeared, that as soon as the ice was out of the lake, they waded in, feeling with their feet for turtles and roots for food; but being too weak to return to land, they would fall down in the water, and there remain. Some were found dead on the plains.

My return to Mackinaw was as in former years. The next season [1808-1809], I wintered higher up the river, at Lac qui