

Under these circumstances, common humanity induced me to share my corn with them, which was becoming daily reduced. In the meantime, I with my men and the Indian boys were constantly roaming about, in hopes of finding something we could convert into meat. One day one of the men found the head of an old buffalo, which some of his race had lost last summer, and with difficulty brought it home. We all rejoiced, in our straitened circumstances, at this piece of good luck. The big tin kettle was soon filled and boiling, with a view of softening it and scraping off the hair; but boiling water and ashes would not stir a hair. We then dried it, in hopes we might burn the hair off; but in vain. We felt sadly disappointed, as we were on short rations, our corn supply drawing near an end.

In this dilemma, Mrs. Red Thunder, almost in despair, took her axe, and started in quest of bitter sweet, or wild ivy; and succeeded in bringing home all she could carry, and reported that there was plenty more. This vine is readily prepared for food. It is cut into chunks from one to three inches long, and boiled until the coarse, thin bark easily separates itself from the stem. The bark then makes at least three-fourths of the original quantity; it is spongy, and of a bitter-sweet taste. It is quite nutritious; and though one might not fatten on it, still it would preserve life for a long time.

I now took three of the men, and started in the direction the buffaloes usually, in mild winters, travel. We followed the river, and within four or five miles, we discovered a buffalo. Two of the men, being old hunters, said at once, "That's a scabby old fellow, not worth shooting." However, as he was not far off, I said I would try my hand at him. So, taking advantage of the wind, and skulking through the tall grass, his time was come. Crack! went my rifle, and he was down and well out of misery. On examination, it was found that his back and the upper part of his sides were a mass of scabs and blood, where the magpies and other carnivorous birds had pecked and fed, as they do when these animals become too old and feeble to defend themselves.

Proceeding on our journey, we came to a hole in the ground made by an otter, around which he had deposited ever so many