

found out that the little Englishman—Weyotehun, the Meridian Sun—became, in some way, aware of danger ahead, which caused him to take his departure; and the war-party became so impressed with this foolish idea, that they hurriedly jumped into their canoes, and returned to Weyotehun and his big gun. I must do the Sioux the justice to say, that on the whole, they were the most cleanly—had the best regulations as a tribe, though, like most others, governed by superstition—were the swiftest pedestrians—the best bow-and-arrow men—the most enormous eaters at their feasts, yet could abstain longer without food, than any of the numerous tribes I have met.

I at length reached home after four weeks sporting, glad of the change, and happy to rid myself of the many insects which nip so sharply in Indian camps. The remaining summer days of perfect idleness in my isolated situation, were long and tedious, varied only by accompanying a party of two canoes of hunters in search of buffaloes at the Great Stony Lake, the source of the river St. Peter's. When, on the fourth day within eight or ten miles of our destination, we could hear the roar of the bulls, like the rumbling of distant thunder; and when within a mile of it, we could see thousands of them swimming about in the water. In fact, the whole lake was literally full of huge buffaloes, cooling themselves. The wind being favorable—*from*, not *towards* them—we went on quietly until we reached a clump of ten or fifteen acres of timber, where it was our intention to camp. At length my guide drew my attention to the bush, which was also full of them.

He was the only hunter with us; I wanted to fire, but he shook his head as a veto on my wishes. Wrapped in a buffalo robe, he got quietly out of the canoe, passed unheeded through the crowd to the edge of the prairie land, about fifty yards, and immediately shot one. At this signal, I was at once in the bush among the host but they were so frightened, running, jumping and bunting, that I was so confused that I could not take aim at any one in particular, so let fly at the flock, to no purpose. Within fifteen minutes, my guide had three fat cows lying at his feet. When I reached the prairie, the whole scene before us was one black, living,