

cal among us with a deep sense of poetic feeling. If I ever felt poetic, it must have been during one of these night bivouacs, when listening to the beating of the waves on the beach, mingled with the melancholy notes of some night bird.

Many exciting incidents occurred during the voyage. One I will give an account of. It was early one morning, shortly after we had left our previous night's camping place, and got about half a mile from land, that we observed a number of wolves on a point, and others swimming in the Lake. Their howling had attracted our attention, and we were wondering what possessed them when one of the men remarked, "perhaps they are after deer." But where were they? This was soon found out, for some distance ahead of us on the right hand side, we discovered a large doe, that the brightness of the morning sun prevented us from seeing before. She was swimming swiftly out to sea, and had evidently seen us, for she was straining every nerve to increase the distance between herself and our boat. Now I had often killed deer in the water, after having put hounds in the mountains to drive them down, but never before had I hunted with wolves. Entering into the spirit of the thing, I examined the priming of my rifle, and took a station in the bow of the boat, as the men began to pull for the poor animal. The billows were running pretty high, but the make of the boats caused them to ride the waves without shipping a spoonful of water.

A Frenchman named Joe King was in the other boat, urging the men to exert themselves to the utmost, that he might obtain the first shot. The two boats were about forty fathoms apart, and the distance between them and the doe, at the start, was equal. As the excitement of the race increased, the howling of the disappointed wolves was lost in loud shouts from the men, who propelled the rival boats through the waves that had increased in size, under the influence of a north east wind. Gaining at every pull, on the struggling animal, we soon came within easy shooting distance. King now got ready to shoot, but I knew the unsteadiness of the boat together with the excitement would cause him to miss. Confident of the result, I was perfectly