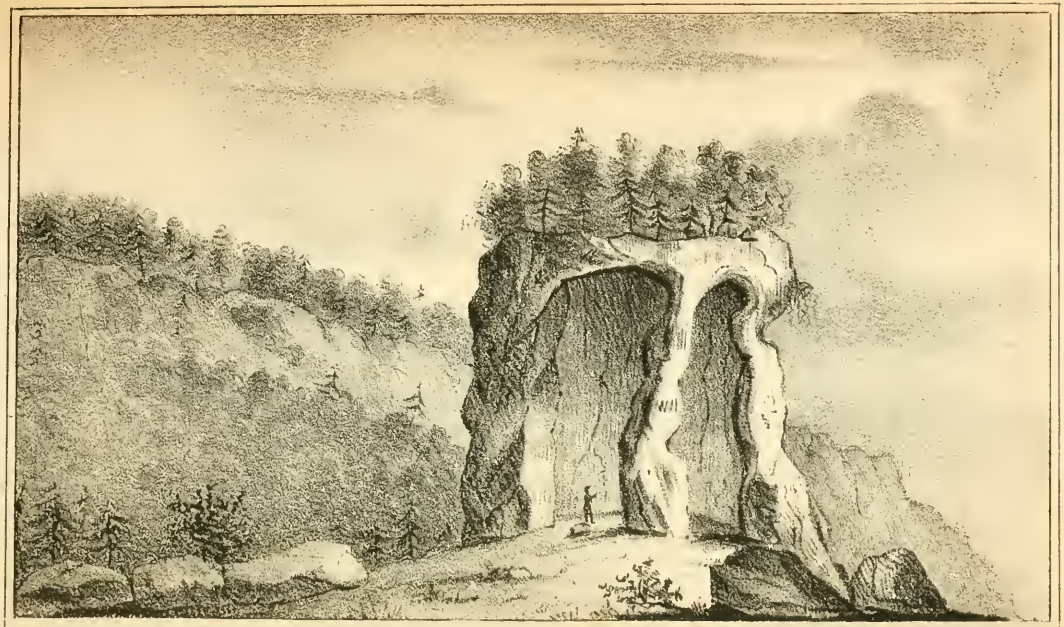
IV
Gilman

LIFE ON THE LAKES.



J. Barber del. *Bufford's lithog.ª N.Y.*

LA CHAPELLE OR DORIC ROCK

LIFE ON THE LAKES:

BEING TALES AND SKETCHES

COLLECTED DURING

A TRIP TO THE PICTURED ROCKS

OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TRIP

TO

THE PICTURED ROCKS.

LETTER I.

August 19, 1835.

This day I left my home on a tour of pleasure. Pleasure! how that word mocks the feelings of my heart. Pleasure! Leave my home—my best of friends—my sweet girls—my little bright-eyed boy; all these I leave—for pleasure. I leave the quiet joys—the dear, the heartfelt delights of home—in search of pleasure. Vain thought; or, if pleasure be thus found, oh, how widely does it differ from happiness! They do, indeed, differ; pleasure may curl the lip or flush the cheek; pleasure may beam in the kindling eye, or move in the dancing step; pleasure may do all this, and yet

the heart, that home of happiness, be void and desolate. But you will say, dear S——, that I forget the task you have assigned me. You asked me for an account of my wanderings, and I begin with an avowal of my feelings; and why not? they are the wanderings of the heart.

Five o'clock, P. M. On board the steam boat at last, after a world of bustle, noise, and confusion at the landing-place. It is amusing to watch the moving throng that crowd on board the departing steam boat. How they push, and scold, and swear; how they seem to rejoice when those before them are checked, even though the pause does not at all advance, perhaps impedes, their own progress. Where now is that regard for others, that benevolence, that philanthropy of which each individual of this crowd thinks himself possessed? Gone! Gone! The universal passion, selfishness, has swallowed up all the minor propensities of the man—even his vanity and affectation. * * * The last bell has

rung or tolled, I do not know which they call it, and now we are off. The eager, intent look of busy anxiety, which marked the face of the traveller while there was yet something to be done to secure the certainty or the comfort of his passage, now gives place to a calm satisfied expression, as each feels that the first step in his journey is taken, and, as he flatters himself, well taken.

Half-past 8. Leaning over the taffrail to watch the bright sparklings that streamed from around the rudder, Murray, who, as you know, is very learned in all matters relative to the steamboat navigation of the North River, says he never saw the phosphorescence so bright before. After we had for a long time watched, and mused, and moralized on the subject, I was so superfluous as to direct the attention of a young doctor to the sight; he glanced for an instant at the bright bubbles as they sprang from beneath the keel and went dancing and sparkling along the dark water, and then turned coldly away: "Oh, I have seen the

same at sea,"said he,"" and much finer." Bah ! there spake the doctor! he has the true Esculapian pretension to omniscience ; he has seen every thing— knows every thing— understands every thing: he is a learned man and a wise doctor. Aye ! aye ! learned and wise, no doubt ; for who is so learned, who so wise, as your fool? I recovered my good humour in a long pleasant chat with E——, that prince of lawyers and pleasantest of Irishmen. By his influence—and it is deservedly great—I have obtained a good berth, instead of being obliged to pass the night (for sleep would have been out of the question) on a settee. Nor did the counsellor's kindness end here. He is an angler; not a mere catcher of fish, but an angler, *dignus nomine*. Islip knows his name, and even Jerusalem (Long Island) has heard his fame. And yet he has given me permission to troll for salmon trout on the Upper Lakes. Let me, however, while I acknowledge the counsellor's kindness, do justice to his consistency; this concession

was only obtained by many specious arguments and much vehement entreaty. At first he was firm as a rock. Trolling! that vile, that murderous practice! abhorred at once and despised by all good men and true anglers. He permit or countenance it? Never. The bones of old Izaac Walton would move in his coffin in horror at the degeneracy of his disciple!

But I had my arguments, though they were directed rather to extenuate than to justify the proposed aberration. The scene of my transgression was distant, and something might be conceded to that. My evil example could not contaminate any true disciple of the gentle craft, as the secret of my criminality would be buried in mine own breast, or at most only known to the rude children of the forest, on whose darkened minds the rays of science have never beamed; to whom the fly is unknown; the reel unheard of; who live, and, alas! will die, ignorant of the joys, the triumphs, and the glories of angling. This argument, though the counsellor al-

lowed it some weight, was still insufficient to obtain so great a concession. Then, at last, finding all other inducements to fail, I told him that, if denied so small a privilege, I might break at once through all restraint; resolve among the Indians to be an Indian; and, under the guidance of some savage Chippewa, catch the white fish, as they do, in a scoop net. The lawyer was confounded. "White fish in a scoop net! Catch white fish in a scoop net? Can such things be? can they be done, and yet the doer retain the form and semblance of a man?" While thus his mind was confused, well nigh distraught with this new, this till now unheard of horror, I easily obtained from him pardon, and, indeed, permission to commit the minor offence. Enough—too much of this—Good night.

Aug. 20*th.* Arrived at Albany. Hurried ashore, hurried to the rail-road office, hurried in getting my ticket, hurried into the car, and superlatively hurried to Schenectady. The car ran one mile, as we timed it, in 2 min. 36 sec. Really after such a suc-

cession of hurryings, 'twas quite a relief to find onesself safe on board a canal boat, gliding slowly and quietly up the far-famed valley of the Mohawk. I lounged most of the day on the deck to enjoy the changing, but, *slowly* changing scene. Its beauties far surpassed my expectations, and the grandeur of one beetling precipice, round whose base the canal wound, was almost appalling.* To the dweller in cities, whose mind has felt the cramping influence of the eternal brick walls, which shut in the thoughts and feelings as completely as they confine the view and circumscribe the footsteps; 'tis delightful once more to emerge from the swarming city, and look on the face of Nature. But I am getting sentimental; adieu.

* I think of all men on earth the New-Yorkers have the poorest faculty of giving names to places; their names are either flatly common-place, most ridiculously and superlatively pedantic, or so decidedly vulgar, that one would think they could have had no origin higher than a Dutch bar-keeper. This place, for example, was called The Nose, or else The Great Toe, of some one, I have forgot whom.

Aug. 21*st.* The closing in of evening deprived us of the pleasure of seeing Little Falls, which I regretted very much. Then came the sleeping in a canal boat; but of this I will not speak. I cannot hope to receive, even from you, any reasonable amount of sympathy. The misery of being put on a middle shelf, two above and two below me, about eighteen inches apart, in the hot, crowded cabin, on that damp, muggy night; none but those who have experienced that abomination can adequately sympathize with a sufferer, and to their minds I should be unwilling to recall the painful reminiscence of their own past distresses. Let that night be forgotten.

At the dawn of day we found ourselves in Utica. I hurried to the Hotel, Bagg's, where an hour's rest in a good bed nearly restored me. My recovery was completed by an excellent breakfast. But let me not dismiss thus negligently the first good meal I have eaten since I left New-York, for steam boats and canal boats rival each other in

the sweated greasiness of their breakfasts and dinners, and the vapidity and the nothingness of their teas. Not so mine excellent host at Utica. That breakfast was *good;* the coffee hot, strong, and clear; the rolls sweet and light; the fish fresh, firm, and high flavoured; the eggs boiled to a second; the fowls tender and delicate; all united to give the weary traveller assurance of—satisfaction.

Breakfast over, I hired a little dearborn wagon, and started for the Trenton Falls. I was alone, as one should be who desires not only to see but to feel the beauties of such a place. The ride is not particularly interesting, though from the top of the first high hill,—the Yorkers with their usual taste call it by some vulgar name which I have succeeded in forgetting,—we had a very good view of Utica and the adjoining country. Arrived at the Falls house, I took my solitary way to the banks of the Trenton, no intrusive companion to "mar my meditations," no teasing cicerone to show me what

I did not want to see, and fall into every day raptures at the sight of those beauties which were in honest truth only lovely in his eyes because they gave him a chance of picking the traveller's pocket. No, I was alone, "alone with Nature."

Descending by a wooden staircase I approached the bank just where the leaping torrent springs from its last confinement between the crags, and runs smiling on in the bright sunbeams, which touch with gold its amber-coloured waters. It seemed rejoicing in its recovered liberty, and pleased (after its turbulent course among the Highlands) to pursue its way in peace. I could sympathize in the feeling, oh! that the time may soon come, when the disturbed current of my life may run a course as calm and peaceful as Trenton's smiling stream. Now we begin our walk along the bank; the first fall is in view —to the left the water tumbles in one rich mass from the rock, in which it has already worn a deep channel. To the right, the ledge is of its original height; and over it the

water only finds its way in a thin white sheet of foam. Here let us pause. Look upward; see how the cliff ascends on either hand, till that little span of bright blue sky seems to rest upon its top. Yet the craggy sides are clad with a rich and beautiful verdure. Thus it is ever with the works of God: in his magnificent creation, sublimity the most awful, and beauty the most enchanting, are joined. 'Tis only man who seeks magnificence in desolation, and fears ever that his greatness will be overlooked, unless it is made the fruitful source of calamity to his fellow-creatures. Let us advance a step or two and we shall gain a full view of the cataract, the deeper mass of water, as it plunges into the gulf below, preserves half-way down its rich amber hue; then it is dissolved into white foam, and soon loses itself in the boiling vortex.

Here is a crag, nearly bare; and far up its sheer side hangs a fallen and half-decayed tree, it seems as though each moment it must lose its precarious hold, and be precipitated into the stream below; and yet it

hangs, and from its appearance must have hung there for months, perhaps years; while all around the base of this same cliff are strewn huge masses of the solid rock, which have been riven from the crag above; and yet that dying, decaying tree, still kept its hold. I have often seen the same thing in the life of man; the pale sickly invalid, whose hold on life seemed frail and worthless, and whose fall into the gulf of eternity has been watched for and waited for by those whose firmer health and hardier frames seemed to promise long life, has lived on, and lived on, ever dying but never dead; while multitudes of those who waited for, and it may be, *wished* for, his departure, have been hurried before him to that dread tribunal where evil thoughts are crimes.

Let us pass forward: here is another, though a less remarkable, fall; and here the huge cliffs from either side approach each other as if to bar the passage of the impetuous stream. Now we must creep

close to the face of the rock, hold fast to the chain, and look not too steadily on the boiling gulf beneath your feet. Ah! here is a little standing place; now pause, and look about you; see the mighty mass that hangs over your head, its top projecting far beyond where you stand; look at the vast fragments that are strewn around, the frost has riven them from the rock above; now let us pass on. But will it not fall upon our heads if we pass beneath it? Vain foolish coward! No! Think'st thou the Almighty architect, who built these walls, will cast them down and mar his wondrous work, because an insect, a worm like thee, is crawling below? No! No! Pass on! Pass on, and find thy safety in thine insignificance.

* * * * * * *

We arrive at last at the third fall; and see! there is a house perched up among the rocks. There the traveller may, if so disposed, supply himself with crystals, which are found in great numbers along the bank of the river.

From this point I advanced nearly a mile up the stream, and at every step new wonders and new beauties met the eye ; but Trenton has been often described, and never by any one who would not do it more justice than I am capable of. Returned to the cottage. I ascended the cliff and passed along its summit; from time to time I had striking views of the falls, roaring and foaming far below. But soon, too soon, the last point of view is gained, the last look is taken. I bid farewell to Trenton. As I turned away, trying to arrange in my mind the various objects I had seen, and which together make Trenton the wonderfu compound of beauty and sublimity that it is, I felt, deep in my heart, the value, the inestimable value of that Holy Religion, by faith in which, as we look at such a sublime spectacle, we can call the mighty maker, "Our Father." Yes. The Creator of all these wonders, He at whose voice the whole scene sprang into existence—He is "Our Father." * * * They sat side by side,

and a few low murmured words were all that passed between them. Then he turned away from her, and busied himself with his pencil. Left to herself, the fancy of that young and gentle girl called up a thousand sad reflections —sorrow—and if I read her looks aright, self-reproach. Her face, which is at all times pensive, grew sad, and soon a big bright tear gathered in either eye, and, overflowing the lid, coursed slowly down her cheeks; then another, and another bitter tear followed; at last a sigh, almost a sob, broke forth. It roused her companion; he turned, and his quick eye, and it may be his accusing conscience, read all her heart. He spoke a few low earnest words; I heard them not, but the tone was cheering and their effect was instant. The tear was dried, the sad look disappeared; and as she listened to that voice and gazed on that face, too well beloved I doubt not, a sweet smile of fondness beamed on her lips. Yes, she smiles; all that she has suffered, all that she has sacrificed, all is forgotten in the tide of love

that comes gushing up from her full heart. Farewell, erring child of affection, farewell. God pity, God pardon thee. Farewell.

Leaving the falls I returned to the Hotel called the Falls' House, and ate my dinner wi h a private party, into whose gracious company the landlord intruded me to save himself the trouble of a separate table. I think the most vulgar thing in life is gentility. Talk of your clowns, your clod-hoppers, your hod-carriers or canal-diggers; their vulgarity—and it is rather coarseness than vulgarity after all—cannot compare with the vulgar gentility of a very genteel young man. How he bows, and flourishes; how laboriously vulgar, how unutterably disgusting he is. But you know the animal, and can judge of the pleasures of a dinner with such a set. But dinner, even in genteel company, cannot last for ever; 'tis over; we part; a rising cloud warns me to hurry forward, my wagon is brought out, and we are off. Before half the distance to Utica had been passed, however, the rain descended in tor-

rents, and by the time I reached Baggs's I was nearly drenched. Here was a pretty adventure for a rheumatic! However, it is done, and now nothing remains but to change dress, and then warm myself before the large roaring fire which blazed in the bar room. This soon made me comfortable, assisted, indeed, by something warm internally. But you exclaim: "What! you take a little something warm internally now and then? Heh Doctor."—Hem! my friend—you know—circumstances. Nonsense; what am I blundering about? something hot did I say? and is not tea hot? Scoffer! I defy thee.

LETTER II.

August 22d.

This morning, at half-past two, was roused by the welcome news that the Major had arrived. We soon exchanged *how d'ye do's*, and then he left me till morning.

Half-past 8. After another capital breakfast at Baggs's—such a nice veal cutlet—I know it is not "the thing" to eat veal cutlets for breakfast; I understand all that: "Know the right, and yet the wrong pursue;" and surely never were the pleasures of sinning against gastronomic laws presented to mortal palate in a shape more enticing than that small, delicate, white, tender veal cutlet; the Count D'Orsay himself would have eaten it for breakfast, aye though Ude stood by.

We embarked on board the canal boat for Syracuse. The rain fell in torrents, yet the air was close and hot, and of course the crowded and not over-clean cabin was any thing but pleasant. Yet I, poor invalid, dared not, after the imprudences of yesterday, creep forth from my noisome prison. 'Tis in vain to hope that any passengers that ever embarked on board a canal boat should be otherwise than disagreeable to each other under such circumstances, and ours were certainly not an exception; we were superlatively disagreeable.

About noon it cleared up, and the sunshine without soon gave us bright weather within. All was now smiles, congratulations, and compliments. Few but philosophers could withstand the influence of a warm rain and a crowded cabin, and there was but one true philosopher among the forty-five passengers that thronged the canal boat, St. Lawrence. She, for my philosopher was of the fair sex, appeared the very perfection of fat imperturbable good-nature. The cabin was, as I said before, hot and crowded; the men scolded below and swore on deck; the children squalled, the women fretted, all but that one fat, good-natured philosopher. There she sat, calm, placid, unmoved; a half smile always on her lips, plying her needle with steady industry; a noisy drunkard pushed his way into the cabin, all was uproar and confusion. The women screamed, the men cried "turn him out;" the captain stormed and entreated by turns; finally, other means failing, the vagabond was forced out, cursing and swearing all the while in

the most horrid manner. Yet still the old lady sewed on. Ah! there is the opposition boat, she left before us; what a triumph if we pass her. The captain shouts to the driver, the driver cracks his whip and whoops to his horses, and every body on board feels the excitement of the race; yet it did not divert, even for a moment, the eyes or the thoughts of the old lady from her sewing. We gain upon him, we are close to his stern; and our helmsman, in a voice of triumph, bids him of the other boat shear out. "Shear out, shear out," is repeated by a dozen voices; but the fellow ahead is pragmatical, and will by no means sheer out, and give his conqueror free passage. Every one on board, except the old lady, is loud in condemnation of such obstinacy. Our captain gives the order to push on at all hazards. The driver cracks his whip, the stout bays spring forward; again we approach him of the opposition,—nearer, nearer yet; crash! our figure head has smashed in his stern ornaments, the boat

creaks and trembles with the shock; the hands laugh, the passengers shout, the women shriek, the children bawl. I looked at the old lady,—she never missed a stitch; she is a philosopher. She has resisted "external influences," which have, I believe, nearly turned the head of every one else on board. No! here is another exception, in the shape of a huge overgrown country bumpkin, who, stretched out on the locker, his head resting on an old pair of saddle-bags, has slept through it all; and whose incessant, though low and measured snore, forms an excellent accompaniment to the old lady's ever active needle.

This last crash has been too much for the "other line" boat; she sheers out. With a loud triumphant hurra we pass forward; we are the first, have gained full fifteen minutes on her, and consequently, instead of being delayed on the canal till half-past ten, we shall arrive at Syracuse at the very seasonable hour of a quarter-past. The victory, and the spoils of victory,

are ours. But stay, we are not yet at Syracuse; 'tis now near sunset, and I will take one more lounge on deck before the falling dews confine me to the cabin. I was just sinking into a delicious reverie, when I was roused by a soft fat hand laid on my shoulder. "Have you seen my Nathan?" I looked up; can I believe my eyes, my fat philosopher stands before me! The quiet smile has given place to a rueful expression of anxiety, and again she asks, "Have you seen my Nathan?" I was just collecting my ideas for a reply, when the steersman called out, "Bridge! Bridge!" I sat down, almost instinctively, on a low trunk, and stooped my head. Not so the old lady; she stood confounded. In vain the steersman, the captain, and the passengers shout "Bridge! bridge!" "sit down! sit down!" At the last moment I sprang on my feet, caught the philosopher—philosopher no longer—by one huge fat arm, and endeavoured to pull her down upon the trunk. She sat down, but alas, not on the trunk, but

flat on the deck. The timbers creaked, the planks bent; "Lord have mercy upon us!" screamed a woman from the cabin; "we have struck another boat!"

The bridge is passed, the philosopher is safe, but not content; for the next minute she began again with "Where is my Nathan?" Then grown desperate, she screamed "Nathan! Nathan!" Something between a groan and a grunt was heard from the forward part of the boat, and next minute the head and shoulders of the lost darling appear. He is the identical sleeping bumpkin whose snores kept such admirable time with the old lady's industrious needle. He is her youngest—aged nineteen or twenty—her darling, her little boy; the varlet measures five feet ten in his stockings. No one is a philosopher at all times; the mother was only philosophical while her sleeping beauty lay quiet by her side. At length we heard the glad news, "there is Syracuse;" and soon after were in the tavern. They put the Major and myself into the same room, (two beds I

insisted on); we had also, thanks to the progress of the age, separate wash-stands; but these refinements have not yet become habitual, for when I asked for a towel, the man told us there was one; and when we desired a second, his stare showed plainly enough that he thought us much more nice than wise. Good night. God guard my home and guide my wanderings.

LETTER III.

August 23d.

Rose at early dawn, partook of a good breakfast (famous black bass here! they get them from the lake); then took a hack and rode over to Salina, to examine, as far as time would permit, the great salt works. They are very extensive, but I will not fill my letter with an account which would differ only from an hundred which are already in

print, by being less perfect. They have lately introduced the plan of evaporation by steam, which answers very well, and combines, so my Cicerone (for here I had, and was glad to have, a Cicerone) told me, most of the advantages of solar evaporation and boiling. There are several springs, and from one of them the water is conveyed through wooden pipes to Liverpool, as my guide assured me; adding, "You must have heard of Liverpool salt." I had indeed heard of Liverpool salt, but that the salt water was conveyed from Salina to Liverpool was news to me; however, I asked no questions, trusting that time would explain the wonder. I wish by the way I could break myself of my habit of asking questions and expressing surprise; 'tis very vulgar, and quite ruinous to a man's character for wisdom. If any thing comes up that a little startles you, it is far better to shake your head and look grave, than to cry out and ask a thousand questions about it. Ten to one "the progress of events" will elicit all you

want to know. In this case, for example, I was rewarded for my forbearance by having Liverpool (a little village three miles off) pointed out to me when we stood on the top of the salt works.

Altogether the works are well worth seeing, though I could not but smile when my Cicerone told me that an Englishman had said to him that Salina salt works were better worth seeing than Niagara Falls. Provoked by my incredulous smile, the good man went on to argue the point, and gave a very good reason for placing the sight of these springs beside, or even before, that of "*The Falls.*" "They are both the wonderful work of the same great God," said he; "and this, if not equally surprising, is a much greater mercy to mankind." Right, my honest friend! You are perfectly right. As an evidence of His goodness, this should be more dear to the hearts of his grateful children; though that may, as an evidence of his power, fill the mind with a more awful reverence.

After spending an hour or two very pleasantly at the works, we embarked on board the canal boat, which had left Syracuse at the same time we did, but had been delayed by the numerous locks between the two places.

Leaving Salina, the canal passes by the borders of Onondaga lake, one of those beautiful sheets of water which adorn western New-York. The water of the lake is fresh, though, from the great quantity of salt which flows into it from the neighbouring springs, marine plants of different kinds grow thick upon its borders. It is about six miles long and four broad. Next the canal passes for awhile along the bank of the Seneca river, and then enters the stream, which is dammed up for that purpose. A few miles passed, and again we enter a canal. From this we pass into the beautiful Oswego river, down which our course lay to lake Ontario. Our trip this day has been much more varied than before; it is by far the most agreeable

specimen we have yet had of canal navigation. The change which we made every few miles from the river to the canal, and then back to the river, broke in upon the eternal sameness of ordinary canal travelling. The character of the stream was varied at every step—now it expanded into almost a little lake; then again the approaching shores would narrow the channel till you could cast a stone across it; then came a dam, and a pretty cascade or a rapid, where the water would boil, and foam, and chafe against the sunken rocks which block up the channel. The scenery along the bank, too, was interesting, particularly to citizens like the Major and myself, to whom the face of nature was almost unknown. The canal has been in operation so short a time, that but a very small portion of the land along its borders has as yet been brought into cultivation. We could therefore see it in every stage; first the thick dark forest, where the hand of man had as yet done nothing; then the enclosed field

filled with blackened stumps; next comes a field, where part of these stumps have been grubbed up, and which has already been put in cultivation, though the crop must of course be imperfect. Here again is a more regular clearing, a rough log cabin is surrounded by a few acres of meadow land; at last we come to a little village, with its fresh clap-boarded houses in all the greenness of their first creation. The state of the country here adds another to the thousand proofs already existing of the wisdom of our system of internal improvement, and I will not dismiss the subject without an ascription of honor to the memory of Clinton, to whom New-York is indebted for the great benefits which have resulted from even the imperfect and tardy attention she has paid to the counsels of the wisest and noblest of her children.

About mid-afternoon we arrived at Oswego; it is a fine growing little place. It has started into existence so recently, and progressed so rapidly, that its appearance pre-

sents some rather curious incongruities. For example, a large three story granite store standing in front of a lot, the rear of which, about two hundred feet distant, is scarcely yet redeemed from the forest. We found the little place all in "a twitter," like a young girl receiving a visit from a favourite lover. Mr. Van Buren, to whom its inhabitants attribute so much of the prosperity of the place, was on a visit to Oswego.

I did not see him, but as I stopped for a few hours at Oswego House, where he was staying, I had an opportunity of seeing a vast number of newspapers from all parts of the country, which *the courtesy* of the Vice President induced him to place on the bar room table for the edification of the general public of Oswego. To be sure they were all on one side in politics, and some of them contained pretty strong eulogiums on the character and talents of the favourite son of New-York; but I am no politician, and was glad to get the general news, come how it would.

The pier at Oswego is a splendid work, and a lighthouse is now being erected on the end of it, which will make the harbour of easy access at all times. A British steam boat was lying at the pier, bound for Queenstown and intermediate places. The United States, also a regular packet, was hourly expected. Here, of course, a struggle began between the runners of the two boats. He of the William IV. insisting much on the speed of his boat and the uncertainty of the arrival of the United States; while the Yankee runner dwelt on the superior size, the more elegant finish, and the better accommodations which the United States afforded; much, too, he said which was calculated to rouse patriotic feeling in those who, wanting office, or for any other reason, might be particularly desirous of making their love of country and their attachment to a republican form of government the subject of remark in a bar room. We walked down to the pier, and went on boad the William IV. Her appearance was not very inviting. The main-

deck was occupied by a swarm of emigrants, whose lack of cleanliness not less than their brogue, marked them as from the Emerald Isle. There they stood, sat, and lay about the deck—men, women, and children—all huddled together, with an utter disregard of the commonest decencies of life, which was sickening. These, in the language of that great pensioner on the poverty of his countrymen, Mr. Daniel O'Connel, are "the finest pisantry in the world:" truly the peasantry of the Old World (thank God we have no peasantry in America) must be a curious breed of animals if these are the best of them. Having pushed our way through these good people, at no small offence both to eyes and nose, we gained the stairs and ascended to the upper deck. This too, contrary to usage, was in part occupied by half-pay passengers; but their appearance was so respectable, their demeanour so quiet, that no cabin passenger could possibly object to their presence. They were all of one party, a band of "brother Scots;" and, as one of them told

me, (in the rich Doric dialect, which, after the brogue below, sounded absolutely musical in my ear,) from "Aberdeen awa," and bound for Hamilton, where "some of our ain folk had gone last year." Success to them, say I, with all my heart, wherever they go. I wish they were bound for our Yankee side of the lake however. I intimated something of the kind to one of them, a clean limbed, active, hardy looking fellow, who, with his "auld mither," by her looks at least seventy, "my Nannie," a nice sonsie dame, and the "Weans," to the number of half a dozen, were of the party. His answer was very decided:—"They had always lived under the king, and would live so still. America was a fine place, doubtless, but he was not well used to their ways." I said nothing; but as the recollection of certain mobbings and burnings lately enacted by the Sovereign People of our beloved and highly-favoured land of liberty came to my mind, I could not help thinking, Bonnie Scot, you may not after all be so greatly mistaken in your choice as some of us would fain think.

LETTER IV.

August 23. *Steam boat on Lake Ontario.*

RETURNED to Oswego House. The public room was still in an uproar with the contention of the runners. He of the William IV. was a very merry good-looking sailor, who had lost a leg. He wore a square-tailed coat of black cotton velvet, a glazed hat, a flaming yellow vest, and pantaloons of real old-fashioned corderoy, and stumped about, flourishing his stick and cracking his jokes at the expense of his rival, a tall, thin, sour-faced fellow, who could only swear in his own defence the same oaths over and over again. "By G—d the United States was a far finer boat, and twice as big as the William IV." and "he would be d—d if it was not a shame for Americans to encourage an English boat in preference to one owned

by their fellow-citizens, and named in honour of their own country." Neither his oaths nor his arguments could prevail on us to await the uncertain arrival of the United States; so we ordered our luggage to the William IV. and soon ourselves followed it, our one-legged friend stumping on before, laughing and joking all the way.

We found in the cabin of the William IV. a very pleasant party, with one paltry exception, in the shape of a half-bred bastard of some Canadian lawyer, whom the possession of a little money led to mistake himself for a gentleman. He tried very hard to mar the harmony of the party, but there was good humour and good sense enough to make all his miserable bravado pass for just what it was worth. It was near dark when we left Oswego, and we of course saw nothing of the scenery till next morning, when we found ourselves coasting along the northern or Canadian side of the lake, approaching Toronto. We landed there about ten. It has of late become quite a place of

business, but to us the most interesting feature about it was the fort at the entrance of the harbour, near which the gallant Pike lost his life. He was killed by a stone from the magazine, which was blown up just as the American troops were ascending the bank. A gentleman on board was good enough to point out the precise spot. Gen. Pike was (I can speak from personal knowledge) a brave and gallant soldier, an enlightened and accomplished officer, and a polished gentleman, to whose memory his country has not done justice; but, alas for our country, to whose memory has she done justice? What one among the band of patriots and heroes who have lived and died for her, has had cause to speak of her gratitude? Let Prescott, who, where all were brave was called "the brave," let Prescott, rotting in jail for a paltry debt; let St. Clair, the chivalric, the high-minded St. Clair, starving in his mountain cabin; let—but why multiply names? let all and each who have loved and served, but scorned to flatter her; let them all

answer, for all can testify to the ingratitude of the Republic.

Soon after leaving Toronto, the weather became thick and hazy, and we had only an occasional glimpse of Canada as we stopped at one or two landing-places. When we entered Burlington Bay, however, it cleared up a little, and we had a good view of that lovely sheet of water. The entrance is not more than fifty yards across; and even this is in part artificial, as the low narrow strips of land, that run out from either side, nearly united in their natural state, and left only a passage a few yards wide and a few inches deep. This entrance has been widened and deepened by the government, and now steam boats (though not those of the largest class) pass in and out without difficulty, on their way to Hamilton, or rather to the landing-place; for the village of Hamilton is about a mile inland.

Burlington Bay is about six miles long and from two to three wide. It is surrounded on three sides by high and very heavily timber-

ed banks, and on the other by the two low, narrow promontories of which I have spoken, and which separate it from the main lake. The land extends four or five miles back at the level of the banks, and then rises into fine, bold, well-wooded hills, which nearly encircle the bay, and present the appearance of a beautiful amphitheatre. Night closed in before we left Hamilton, where we were detained several hours landing our emigrant passengers.

The Major, who stayed on deck after I had gone to bed, amused us next morning by a detail of the various expedients to which the sons of Erin resorted to avoid paying their passage. One fellow denied his wife and children; the wife and even the children uniting in the deception, insisting that they had never seen the man and knew nothing of him. The poor woman protested with many tears that she had expected a friend at the landing, who was to pay her's and her children's passage. Captain Hillyer, though a most kind and gentlemanly man, was too well versed

in the way of the world to be thus taken in, and seized part of the fellow's baggage. This at the time created a prodigious uproar; but finally, when the Irishman found that Hillyer was firm, he acknowledged his family, and pulling out a rag, untied it and produced near a dozen sovereigns; one of which he very coolly tendered to the captain for his passage.

A woman stayed on board till just as the boat was shoving off, protesting and vowing to the Virgin Mary and all the Holy Saints—the Pope, the Devil, and all other Kingly Potentates, that she had not a cent; but at the last moment she too produced her little store, and it was not very little either, paid her passage and went grumbling away.

Our Scottish friends of the upper deck had in the mean time taken their departure, having first duly paid their money, which the captain received entirely on their word, confident that each one would give a full and true catalogue of the men, women, and children belonging to him.

Aug. 24th. This morning, at daylight, found the boat alongside the wharf at Niagara. This is a small and not apparently a thriving place. We left it, and began to stem the rapid whirling current of the Niagara river. It is a fine bold stream; but Niagara river, Queenstown, the battle ground, the Brock monument, &c., &c., are all familiar to you. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that we landed at Queenstown; and, after a tedious ride over a bad road in an execrable carriage—remember all this was on the English side—found ourselves at Walsh's Hotel, close by the Falls.

Here we met a most exquisitely marked specimen of the vulgar overbearing John Bull. He was a superlative. You know that some of my best friends are Englishmen, and I will confess that an English gentleman is a gentleman after my own heart. A French gentleman is too French for me; a German gentleman almost always smokes tobacco, and that you know I can't abide. An Italian knows too much about music; a Spa-

niard or Portuguese is black-looking, and wears mustaches; but an English gentleman is almost always a fine, noble fellow, with a heart (as they say in Connecticut) as big as a meeting house. Now for the other side of the picture. It is my devout belief that a vulgar Englishman is vulgar to a degree utterly unapproached by any other kindred, nation, or tongue under heaven. But breakfast waits, let us away.

I have seen Niagara; I have seen, and I hope in some poor imperfect measure have felt, the sublimity, the grandeur, of that magnificent, (and I best describe my own feelings when I call it) that awful—that terrible sight.

After half a day spent at the Falls, we embarked on board a poor dirty little steam boat, which undertook to stem the current to Buffalo, a task for which her power but illy adapted her. We got on, however, slow and sure, till near Black Rock. Here the wind came sweeping across the lake, cresting the waves with foam, and driving the current

against us with redoubled fury. The poor little Victory (for that was her most inappropriate name) could barely hold her own against it; in vain the wood was thrust in, and the steam raised, till the ladies were nearly frantic (all but sweet Madame L. who bore it like a heroine) the boat did not gain a hundred yards in an hour. 'Twas now pitch dark, the waves and the sky looked angry and lowering; the poor Victory tossed and tumbled, she pitched and rolled, in short, she did every thing but make headway. In this extremity the Captain resolved to try the British shore; here the current was not so strong, and we succeeded in creeping up opposite Buffalo. Then we started across, and after another hour's tossing in the lake, the Victory won the shore, and fixed herself to the huge bulk of the Thomas Jefferson. Most gladly did we leave her, and took refuge at a Hotel, Mr. Allen's; he had been our travelling companion since we left Oswego, and to his attention we owe every thing.

LETTER V.

August 25th, Steam boat Thomas Jefferson.

Rose early to take a ride round the city of the west. 'Tis a noble little city; not very clean, and so very new as to be almost green, yet evidently flourishing, prosperous, and full of life, animation, and business. In the outskirts of the town are some private residences, that would compare with the best houses in or near New-York; one of them, which we were told was the residence of the Mayor, is a most elegant structure, and in the very purest architectural taste. There is a hotel building, which will be one of the largest in the Union; it is much wanted, as the present means of accommodation are totally inadequate. Among the public buildings we remarked two very pretty theatres, one particularly so. Both are now occupied, and in successful operation every other night. What a change does

this one fact argue ! think of what Buffalo was ten years ago—twenty ; nay, twenty years ago it scarce existed. After a long ride and some rambling round the city, we repaired on board the Thomas Jefferson, a large and splendid boat, now bound for Detroit. They had considerable difficulty in getting our huge steamer out of the narrow creek, crowded as it was with brigs, schooners, sloops, and steamers, not to mention canal boats, flats, and smaller craft without number. In the attempt to avoid a flat loaded with stone, we ran against, and tore the front off a small house, which was perched on the very end of a pier. I think you would have been amused had you observed the expression of mingled shame and terror, in the face of a woman, the occupant of the second story of that little place, when her privacy was thus, at an unfortunate moment, too suddenly and unceremoniously made public. She screamed, she blushed, she tried to run down stairs ; and then her courage failing her, came forward to the front in

hopes of escape in that direction; then, as the recollection of her yet imperfect, and somewhat Eve-like costume flashed on her mind, she retreated behind a door, and the onward progress of the boat hid her from our eyes. I dare say she was a very nice woman, and wished she had had on her *jupon*, and so in truth did I. After a deal of noise and confusion, we gained the lake and had free way.

The day was fine, the lake calm, with just air enough to make it cool; we had a delightful run to Erie. Here we stopped for two hours, rode round the place, and made some purchases of stores, the Thomas Jefferson not being supplied with all we wanted. Erie is a very dirty, though they say rather a thriving, place; the people are expecting all possible prosperity from some new canal which is to enter the lake here. In the course of the day and evening we stopped at several places, though I did not land. The weather was delightful; and the appearance of the lake, with its blue

waters and bold woody shores, absolutely enchanting. Night closed in; morning dawned, and still we were ploughing the calm placid bosom of lake Erie.

Aug. 26th. At half-past nine A. M. we stopped at Cleaveland; and here, for the first time in fifteen years, I touched the soil of my dear native Ohio. I could not have selected a better place to give me ocular demonstration of the onward progress she is making. This town is growing with a rapidity absolutely magical, has doubled its population in three years—'tis now over six thousand—and quadrupled its business in the same time. The buildings are either frame, clap-boarded and very neatly painted, or brick, faced with a blue grey freestone, which is found in great abundance about three miles from here, up the creek; and which is an excellent material for building. There has been lately a very destructive fire, but they are already busied in preparing the site for larger buildings. The whole place is noise, bustle, and confusion; and

without exaggeration might remind one of South or Wall street. The inhabitants are very sanguine of the future onward progress of the place, and anticipate a great increase of business on the completion of the rail-road, which is to terminate at this place. From the amazing advance in the price of real estate here, and the number of speculators from all parts of the country, who make Cleaveland the theatre of their operations, confidence in its future prosperity must be very generally felt among the knowing ones.

About three miles from the landing, we were told there was a suburb, where most of the wealthy citizens reside in elegant and spacious mansions. These, however, we did not see, as our captain would only allow us two hours. We took a look at the canal, which enters the lake here ; there are two locks near the entrance. The work appears to be well done, and the canal in full operation; that and the basin being now crowded with boats of all descriptions. Rambling

about where every thing interested us, our two hours passed rapidly away. The bell rang, and we are on board. I did not go on shore again, though we stopped at Huron and Sandusky. The Bay of Sandusky, and the islands beyond it, present many beautiful views. The entrance to the bay is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, but it soon increases to three or four miles; and as the shore is very much indented with little creeks and inlets, and runs out into many pointed capes, the scene from the steamer was constantly varying and always delightful. Beyond Sandusky Bay our course lay among the islands which stud that part of the lake. They vary very much in size; I saw one which could not contain a quarter of an acre, others were miles in extent. Night again closing in, denied us the pleasure of seeing the scene of Captain Elliot's (commonly called Perry's) victory; and also the entrance of Detroit river, which I was particularly desirous of seeing, having heard much of its beauties.

Aug. 27th. At the dawn of morning found ourselves quietly alongside the dock at Detroit; dressed and rode in a hack provided by the keeper of the hotel (a custom in these parts) to Griswold's Mansion-House, was soon domesticated in one of his comfortable rooms, where I am writing to you, and from whence I now send you my love.

LETTER VI.

Detroit, Aug. 28.

At last we have come to a pause, and I have time to think and feel a little; I have as yet only *seen.* Our progress has been so rapid, and our tour has presented us from day to day with such a variety of interesting objects of observation, that my mind has been in a constant hurry and confusion; now I can "*stop and think,*" a very valuable privilege in all journeys—that of life included. The glance we have

had of Canada would not justify me in expressing any very decided opinion as to the character of its inhabitants. To those few, however, with whom we have been brought in contact, in the steamers and elsewhere, I have often been tempted to apply the Latin proverb, which says of certain barbarians, that they are—"*ipsis Germanis Germanior;*" so our good friends across the lake are more English than the English. There is an aping of English dress, an affectation of English manner, even an eager adopting of English cant phrases, which they would be better without. One thing I particularly regretted to observe: the tone of indifference, or rather of quiet acquiescence, in which duelling is always spoken of. This is, I suppose, the necessary consequence of Canada being the residence of so very many naval and military officers; not only those on service in the colony, but the vast number of half-pay officers, with families, who have settled in Canada. They have given a sort of military tone to the feelings of the people; yet at the same time

it cannot be denied that gentlemanly manners are more universal, and, it is fair to infer, gentlemanly feelings more prevalent, than on our side. The manner is, as I have already said, very English, quite too much so to suit the taste of an American, that is, if he be a very american American, which you know I am not.

On our side of the lakes the people are very different from the Western folks I have known in my early days on the banks of the Ohio; and a very slight acquaintance with them will serve to show the reason. The great mass of the people here are Yankees, or, what is the same thing, only one degree further back, West New-Yorkers. The very names on the signs at Cleaveland, Erie, &c. speak their parentage; you have a Baldwin, a Spooner, a Peabody, or a Curtis, on every sign. They are all doing well for themselves and well for the West; making fortunes and giving citizens to the Republic.

N. B. The number of little children here is, as they say in the West, *a caution.*

One very striking and very sad difference I observed between the emigrants—the Scotch I mean, who thronged the upper deck of the William IV. and those who crowded the Thomas Jefferson: the dreadful extent to which intemperance prevails among our people. The bar on board the Thomas Jefferson was never empty; the cry was "Mint Julep," "Rum," "Whiskey," "Gin Sling," from morning to night; the demands often faster than the bar-keeper could supply them. He told the Major that on the late trip of the Thomas Jefferson to Chicago, he took five hundred dollars at the bar in less than three weeks. Another of the boats is said to have made at the bar three thousand dollars in one season. The effect of this constant dram-drinking, at least the immediate effect, was annoying enough on board the Thomas Jefferson. Two or three men were staggering round the decks, all the time, drunk as beasts. One wretch lay on the main deck, close by the entrance of the ladies' cabin, for near half a day. Add

to this that we had one regular fight, an accidental set-to, and quarrels innumerable.

Do the friends of temperance know these things? Do they know that while they are wasting their time and impairing their energies in quarrels among themselves about fermented and non-fermented wine, their great enemy still holds almost undisputed possession of one of the fairest and most rapidly improving portions of our country? that while they are wrangling on the question whether they shall or shall not use small beer, or green tea, or milk, or milk and water, alcohol is slaying his thousands and his tens of thousands in the West? But I must return from this digression, and give you a sketch of our doings at Detroit.

We found the place quite in an uproar with the prospect of a war with Ohio. Judge ——, to whom I had letters, is very warm on the subject, has evidently studied and understands it thoroughly. He stated the claims of

Michigan very clearly, and, Ohian* as I am, I will admit he made out a very strong case for the Territory. We had on board the Thomas Jefferson yesterday, a very tonguey Yankee lawyer, who resides at Toledo, and was very full of the subject. He, like all the Toledo people, was very warm in favour of the claim of Ohio. Thus we have had an opportunity to hear, *viva voce*, both sides of the argument; and, after hearing them, I cannot doubt that "much may be said on both sides of the question." Much will doubtless be said, much written on the subject, but *no fighting;* it is not in the spirit

* I use this word out of respect for Mr. Senator Ewing of Ohio, with whom, I believe, it originated. I would do almost any thing that is honest to manifest my respect for that man; at the same time I must, as an independent Republican, take the liberty of saying, that a more barbarous cacophony never came from the lips of an orator. It is also a very singular anomaly, that the Senator should so earnestly recommend the word as a substitute for Buck Eye; he himself is the very man of all the world who should be called Buck Eye and not Ohian: the Buck Eye is rough and strong, "Ha! there's sympathy;" it grows up in the woods without any gardening, "there's more sympathy;" it does not take a good polish, "would you desire better sympathy?" Mr. Senator!

of either party; they will talk loud and long, and if any thing seems likely to be gained by it, bluster abundantly; but *no fighting*. "Villanous saltpetre" will not be called in as arbiter. Valour there may be, I will not deny it; indeed, it were little better than treason to do so; but it is a most prudent and self-preserving valour.

In the meantime, the preparations are made here with an earnestness which is quite amusing, and the authorities lead and the people follow in measures to "preserve the integrity of Michigan," "assert her sovereignty and vindicate her laws," with a sobriety of countenance that is remarkable. That the authorities often laugh in their sleeves I have no doubt. How the deuce they contrive to keep a serious face when in presence of the sovereign people is to me astonishing. We were honoured by an introduction to the Supreme Executive, whom we found, though the blast of war was blowing in his ears, not at all disposed to take King Henry's counsel and "imitate the action of the tiger." He is a

very pleasant, good-humoured, and withal intelligent functionary. Whatever may be the fate of the war, one thing I consider certain—*he* will take it easy; he may argue, but he will not quarrel; he may possibly fight, but he will not get angry.

Aug. 29th. A most dreary and dismal day, rain, rain, rain incessantly; of course I am shut up in my little chamber. The company below are stupid, and they leave the doors open, so there is no reason why I should go down, and a very good one why I should not. Yesterday afternoon we had a delightful drive round Detroit, and for several miles both above and below it. The land is generally fertile, though much of it is still under the French cultivation; and nothing can be imagined more miserable than their agriculture. The farms are laid out in a very singular manner, having only forty or fifty yards front on the river, but extending back two miles. Most of the fence here is of the old palisade fashion, formed of small round logs four to six feet

long, stuck into the ground in rows close together, and connected by a single rail nailed on within six or eight inches of the top. As these logs or stakes vary a good deal in size and in height, and all have the bark on, they have a very wild appearance. This sort of fence has some advantages, the most important of which formerly was its serving as a rampart against Indians.

Detroit is very beautifully situated on ground which rises regularly and very gradually from the river. The plan on which the city is built, which was drawn by Judge Woodworth, is a curiosity. It is not divided into squares nor circles, oblongs nor triangles; nor indeed after any figure known to geometry; so that it is impossible to give any one who never saw it an idea of the regularity of its irregularities.

The place is growing very fast, and the value of property increasing at an astonishing rate. A lot of ground opposite the Mansion-House, one hundred feet front and about two hundred deep, was recently sold for twelve

thousand dollars; the purchaser has since been offered twenty, and expects to get twenty-five thousand for it. I counted eighteen large brick stores now being erected on Jefferson Avenue. This is a noble street, strait, wide, and extending parallel with the river from one extremity of the town to the other. The population of Detroit, though originally almost exclusively French, is now very mixed; and emigrants are pouring in by thousands. Among them there is a much larger proportion of Irish than will ever be of benefit to the Territory. The most conspicuous of the public buildings is the Roman Catholic church or cathedral. It is certainly the most grotesque building I ever saw; has five spires—a tall one at each corner in front, a small one in the centre, and two something larger at the other end. The two in front look much as Stratford steeple would if you should cut it off about the middle of the belfry, and stick it on to one of the towers of St. Thomas's church. But the whole build-

ing is vile in taste; nothing approaching to elegance, regularity, or proportion about it. There are some vestiges of the old French fort south of the town; and the Arsenal, which in these "piping times of peace" is converted into a Hardware store, is still in perfect preservation.

Half-past 9, *P. M.* Have just retired, after spending an evening with Mrs. D. the first lady I have had an opportunity of talking with since I left New-York. What a charm there is in female society! how it refreshes and brightens up the mind! Here have I been for ten days, talking exclusively with men; sometimes pleased, often informed, but quite as often bored to death with their sense or disgusted with their nonsense. Oh how delightful is the lively chat, the spirited sense, or the not less pleasing nonsense, of a clever woman! Mrs. D. is——but stay, I believe I will confine myself to the praise of the sex in general, nor dwell too long on the perfections of any particular individual; 'tis

the safer ground for a married man. So, no more of Mrs. D.

LETTER VII.

Sunday, August 30th.

We left Detroit in the schooner White Pigeon this day, at half-past nine A. M., with a fine leading breeze and every prospect of a quick and pleasant passage. The appearance of Detroit from the river is strikingly beautiful, particularly when seen as we saw it, the tall spires and the new buildings shining in the bright sun-beams.

The shore on the American side soon becomes low, and a few miles above Detroit begins to be marshy near the water's edge, though the woods are thick at a short distance back. An hour's sailing brought us to the entrance of Lake St. Clair. The shores are still *flat* and uninteresting; and where the land is under cultivation,

'tis commonly the French; and their poor sickly cornfields, and crowded unproductive orchards, speak the wretchedness of their mode of farming.

One feature in the landscape is rather pleasing—the old windmills, whirling their huge arms around, or stretching them out in the sun in tattered inactivity.

For awhile our "White Pigeon" flew over the waves of Lake St. Clair at a merry rate, before a favouring gale, but ere we gained the opposite shore, we experienced the fickleness of the changeful breeze; the wind hauled round, first abaft the beam, then abeam, then on our quarter, and finally nearly dead ahead. The schooner, however, was well calculated for beating, and hugged the wind closely.

In this way we approached the mouth of St. Clair river. Here the lake is very shoal, and the channel, in which there is only about nine feet water, very intricate. As we drew full nine feet, our advance was almost hopeless; though, owing to a change in the direc-

tion of the channel, our course was not quite so near the wind.

Captain N——, who is an excellent pilot, and familiar with every crook and turn in the channel, determined to make a bold push for the river; he accordingly placed one of his best seamen, a fine stout Canadian, at the helm, and himself mounted the fore gaff to look out for the channel and give the word. A man was stationed at either quarter to heave the lead, and we advanced.

The wind was heavy, so that we drove through the water very fast. Before long we began to feel that the keel touched, and looking astern, could see the muddy water eddying round our rudder. Still we kept onward. Every now and then the leadsman on one side or the other would sing out, "Six," and once "five half feet;" showing that his side was already out of the channel. Now we approach the elbow; the Captain cries, "Luff! luff!" the man at the helm bent his whole strength to the tiller, when,

snap! it broke short, close to the rudder head. Of course the vessel was utterly unmanageable, and swung right across the narrow channel, pushing her stern deep into the mud.

The Captain, who had flown to the deck, now set about making a new tiller; and in an hour 'twas done. The anchor was now put out ahead, the vessel lightened aft (she was too deep there), and finally they succeeded in heaving her off.

We had the more occasion to rejoice at our escape as we passed the schooner —— at anchor, taking in her lading from a lighter alongside. She had been aground three days, and after many fruitless efforts to get off, the captain was obliged to send to Detroit for a lighter. We were now over the shoal place, and soon after entered St. Clair river. The points on each side the entrance are low and sandy; but the shore, particularly on the Canada side, soon rises, and a heavy growth of oak and chesnut make an improvement in the character of the soil.

Frequent clearings on the American side—new log huts and small patches of Indian corn—showed the rapid progress of emigration. The water of St. Clair river is clear and sparkling; the current about two miles an hour on an average, though it varies very much, being in some places scarcely perceptible, while near Gratiot I am told it is eight knot. We had not made more than ten miles when a turn in the river brought the wind dead ahead, with a head current of two miles. Nothing of course was to be done but drop anchor and wait *patiently*, if we could, for a fair wind.

It was now near night, and the Captain proposed to pay a visit to his home, which, as he told us, was only a few miles distant, and from which he had been absent two months. At first hearing of his intentions I quite sympathized with him, pictured to myself the transports of his delighted wife, the caresses of the smiling children, and all the delights a husband and a father feels when, after long absence, he again sees his home.

My heart had only well warmed, when all was chilled by the avowal of Captain N——, he was a bachelor; the very first sailor I ever met with who belonged to the fraternity. Yet N——, to do even an old bachelor justice, is a thorough sailor; and I feel that we are in good hands.

Now will I creep into my little state room and try to sleep. *State* room! what a strange name for the confined, cramped up boxes to which it is usually applied, even on board packets; but here, my state room is, in shape, size, and opportunity of ventilation, very like a baker's oven. But *n'importe*, it is clean; and that given, I can always work out comfort some how or other.

Monday, Aug. 31st. This morning, finding that the wind was still unfavourable, the Major and myself determined to go on shore at a wood wharf just above where we lay, and try our luck in fishing. At the wharf we found an old Frenchman, or rather French Canadian, busy in bringing a raft of boards and smaller timber ashore.

With the ever-ready courtesy of his nation, Monsieur Mini (for that was his name) offered us his boat, and even volunteered his assistance in managing her. Major took to the boat, but I stayed on shore, willing to sacrifice something of my chance of catching fish for the pleasure of a chat with Mini. He was born in the house he now occupies, as was also his father; so that the log farm-house has been in the family of the Mini's nearly a hundred years; quite aristocratic for America!

M. Mini is now past fifty. He has a fine family of children; two bright active boys were assisting their father in unlading the timber. They all splashed about in the water without seeming at all to mind the wetting.

At first sight, from the dark eyes and olive skins of his sons, I had supposed that M. Mini had taken unto himself "*facon du nord*," a wife from among the savages; but I was mistaken. About an hour before noon Madame made her appearance; she was very large, fat, and, to tell the truth, rather dowdy-

ish; but she was indeed a *help meet* for M. Mini. No sooner had she laid down two large baskets, and rid herself of some part of her upper clothing, than Madame waded deliberately into the water, seized one end of a stout beam, and dragged it ashore; then in again, till she was as wet as her husband or children. Thus the four toiled on till near one o'clock, when a little girl came from the house with a small basket covered with a nice white napkin.

Madame now deserted the raft; indeed, it was nearly all ashore, and betook herself to cooking. A fire was kindled by the side of the fence, and I soon heard her summon Monsieur and the two lads to their dinner. He very civilly urged me to partake of their poor fare as he called it, but I declined; the odour of the garlic, which greeted my nostrils from afar, was by no means inviting. Then he pressed me to take a little whiskey; just a little, as he was sure it would do me good. It was only by telling him that I was an invalid I could escape from his importu-

nities, for by speaking his own language I had quite won his heart.

Why is it, by the way, that the French people are always gratified by the attempts of foreigners to speak their language—always ready to correct, in the mildest and most indulgent manner, their mistakes, to overlook their blunders? While, on the contrary, an Englishman seems to be provoked if a poor Frenchman attempts to pronounce a few words of English; his mistakes are all exaggerated, his blunders laughed at.

People will tell you 'tis because Monsieur is naturally polite. Now, with deference to authority, this is nonsense; no man nor nation of men is naturally polite. Politeness is in its essence a thing of art, a thing to be acquired.

Then, if the Frenchman is not naturally more polite than his Island neighbour, I believe with all my English prejudice, I must admit he is more amiable, more benevolent; no, not more benevolent in real substantial benevolence; the fast-anchored isle knows no

equal, but amiable, I believe that is it; the Frenchman is naturally more amiable in the little benevolences of life, "*les petites soins*" as he would call them.

But to return to Monsieur Mini. He ceased to urge his whiskey upon me when I said I was an invalid; but when I added that I was a doctor, nothing would satisfy him but that I should examine the neck of Madame and prescribe for her. She had an enormous goitre of twenty years' standing, and Monsieur was sure that an American, who spoke French so perfectly well, must be a very skilful physician.

I was sorry to be obliged to give a very decidedly unfavourable opinion in the case of Madame. She tells me that the goitre is very common here; in fact, that at least one in ten of the natives, have more or less of it. I suspect there must be some mistake in this, as I have seen but one besides herself.

'Twas now two o'clock. The Frenchman had landed all his timber, and with his fami-

ly returned home. The Major had gone up the river in the boat, and I was left alone.

I had been but indifferently successful in fishing, having caught only about a dozen small perch, and one bass. I began, however, to have a regular sportsman's appetite, and resolved to stop at a log-house which was in sight a short distance inland, for supplies. I found a coarse rough looking Irishman lounging at the door, and within a very pretty, though not very tidy, half-breed, at the wash-tub, surrounded by a herd of ragged, dirty children. I asked for some milk, but she had none for herself. She directed me to a larger farm-house still further inland, where, she had no doubt, I could get all I wanted.

I pushed on, and soon came in view of the house—a neat, comfortable place; a thriving orchard on one side, a large cornfield on the other, and in the rear a barn and other outhouses, new and tight, gave sure indication of industry and prosperity. Just in front, and to the right of the farm-house,

stood a small building, with "*Temperance Store*" on a large sign over the door.

My heart warmed at the sight; I breathed a blessing on the cause, and ardent prayers for its success. I entered the store, and found a neat tidy woman waiting on some customers. I asked her for some milk; with ready cheerfulness she directed me to the house; the girls, she said, would give me all I wanted.

I entered the house, and the girls, two smart active lasses of twelve and fourteen, soon placed before me a bowl of rich milk, a plate full of sweet though not very white bread, and some really delicious butter. I absolutely feasted on these dainties; the girls all the while stood smiling by, evidently amused at my voracity, yet every now and then encouraging me to take a little more, as there was plenty, I was heartily welcome. Nothing loath, I did take more and more, though never a *little* more.

The fact is, our fare on board the schooner is execrable; sour bread or mouldy

biscuit, thick muddy coffee, bad black tea.

How infamously bad, bad black tea is! good black tea, first rate, such as Jimmy Geary buys and sells; for, unlike some of the fraternity, I believe Jimmy sells the same tea he buys. Such black tea is drinkable, though I confess I like green better; but bad black tea! my soul sickens at the thought. Such tea we have on board the schooner; brown sugar, no milk. What a combination! mouldy biscuit, bad black tea, brown sugar, no milk. May I not say "I have supped on horrors?"

But perhaps your dinner is better? You shall judge. Over the stern of the White Pigeon hangs a leg of beef; not such as you put into the soup pot, but a regular cow's leg before the rounds or smoking pieces, or any thing else but the skin, is cut off. From this our cook, a French negro, cuts slices about half an inch thick; these he calls steaks. Next he cuts up a pound or two of salt pork, fries it crisp, and then puts his thin slices of

beef into the salt, the briny lard, of which the frying-pan is half full; here he cooks it till the beef is as salt and as hard as the pork. This with a few potatoes forms our dinner.

Dinner did I say? Pardon me, dear Delmonicho, that I have thoughtlessly and foolishly applied the name of dinner to such trash. It is not dinner, or if it be, some new and honour-giving title should be applied to the feast which thou providest.

But why should I harrow up my soul by such tender yet such distressing recollections. It will be weeks, perhaps months, before I again partake of thy delights. Overwhelmed with the thought, I can find no relief for the o'erfraught heart but in leaning over the taffrail of the schooner, and singing, with a voice trembling with emotion, Moore's beautiful and sweetly appropriate ballad "Oh Soon Return."—Let us return to our bread and milk. The good lady would not accept any pay for it, so I went to her store, and without letting her know why I wanted them, bought two pretty belt ribbons for

her daughters. As I bade the girls good bye I put them into their hands, and had the pleasure to see their eyes brighten with delight as they gazed on what they no doubt thought my splendid presents.

When I arrived at the wharf I found the boat waiting for me; we were soon on board the schooner and she under way. We made only three miles, however, before the wind again failed us, and we dropped anchor right opposite the house of my friend Mini. 'Tis too late to visit him, but I will send the cook ashore for some fresh eggs and milk for breakfast; though time is not given me for the duties of friendship, yet the necessities of *La Cuisine* must and shall be supplied.

LETTER VIII.

Tuesday, Sept. 1st.

Going on deck this morning found the schooner still at anchor, and the river so

completely covered with fog that neither shore was visible, so not being able to feast the eye, my affections centre on the feast for the stomach, which my last night's care will, I trust, insure me. Boiled eggs, fresh sweet bread, from my temperance store friend; for butter, which I, thoughtless wretch, had forgotten, we are indebted to the more provident Major; plenty of good milk—oh, we shall do very well.

Here comes Antoine, with his coffee-pot and his eternal mess of fried beef steaks. "Well, Antoine, do you think the eggs are done? How long have they been in?" Antoine, with his best bow, and a smile so thoroughly French in its self-complacency, replies, "I don't think, massa, they *quite* done yet, they not been more than fifteen minutes."

Oh, sainted Kitchener! Venerable shade! look down in pity, from those bright regions, where, if virtue like thine meet its appropriate reward, thou art even now cooking in golden stewpans the ambrosia on which thou

art to feast, regard in pity the woes of thy disciple. I had hopes—Yes,

> In all my wanderings round this world of care,
> In all my griefs, and I have had my share,
> I still had hopes———

I had hopes that this breakfast would have been eatable. I was philosophical, for I taught my heart to moderate its desires; the eggs were fresh, yet I sighed not for an omelet; I did not even aspire to a poached egg. No! I had tamed my spirit, till all that it desired was a plain boiled egg; and now, even that is denied me. But let me not repine, but rather strive, while I adopt the language of Newton, to attain in some degree to his philosophical equanimity of spirit, and only say to that poor ignorant, unconscious negro, "Oh, Antoine! thou knowest not the mischief thou hast done."

A light air is now beginning to draw down stream; the fog lifts, and as the sun gains power it melts gradually away; but the

breeze dies with it, and we are left in a perfect and most enchanting calm. As the Captain was taking us ashore, I begged him to let the men lay on their oars awhile, that I might take a long look at the exquisite beauties of the scene.

The clear, bright water was smooth as glass, and on the eastern side the tall dark forest cast an unbroken mass of shade upon the surface of the stream, in which every shrub and tree, I had almost said every leaf, was distinctly marked. Through this mass of shade two canoes were creeping close to the shore; the savage looks and gaudy dresses of the Indians giving an air of wildness to the scene. Nearer us, and about the middle of the river, lay our little bark, sleeping as it were upon the wave. Never before did I fully realize the perfect truth of that very poetical expression of Scott, "The swan upon St. Mary's lake floats double; swan and shadow." There is not an atom of poetic exaggeration in saying, that our pretty schooner floated double on the bright

waters of St. Clair. Not only her dark hull and taper masts, but every spar, every block, every stay or brace, all, all, down to the smallest piece of cordage, was traced out on the calm unruffled bosom of the stream with a perfect distinctness which had in it something almost magical. On the American side the scene was diversified. Here, a clump of dark forest trees, there, a patch of cleared land, not yet cropped; beyond, a farm-house, a barn, some stacks of yellow grain, an orchard, just behind the house, and further up, far in the distance, a field of corn, just beginning to assume the brown autumnal hue. Arrived at the wharf, the Major determined to devote the day to fishing; but I soon tired of it, as the sport was poor; and I confess I have not much of the still, quiet patience, which angling is supposed to promote.

Laying aside my rod, I rambled along the shore, and soon fell in with M. Mini, and accompanied him to his old-fashioned, though very comfortable, house.

Madame was of course "*Charmée de me voir*," and presented, each in its turn, about a dozen children.

In this house the old man was born, here his father and grandfather lived and died; and my old friend still clings to the spot with fond affection, cultivates the paternal fields in "the good old way," ignorant of all agricultural, horticultural, or other improvements of this improving age. The speculators have tried more than once to buy him out; but M. Mini, will not "sell the inheritance of his fathers." One of his neighbours, a Yankee, who succeeded to an old farm by right matrimonial, lately moved to the West; he wished Monsieur to buy his farm, but no, M. Mini will neither buy nor sell; he will only keep his father's land, and till it as his father did.

True, his corn is never ploughed and very rarely hoed, and it cannot be denied that the produce per acre is not very large; still it is quite as great as it ever was in his father's time, and that is enough.

His orchard is a curiosity; the trees stand so closely together, that scarce a ray of sun can penetrate the centre; and consequently, though the outer row, particularly on their outer side, are loaded with fruit, those in the centre have scarce an apple apiece, and those of the most indifferent kind. Yet Monsieur goes on after the French custom, year after year the same, always perfectly convinced that his orchard is the best, his trees the finest, his fields the most productive, his ways the wisest, because his orchard is a French orchard, his trees French trees, his fields French fields, and his ways are French ways. Ah, *la belle France!* thou art most happy in the affection of thy children.

Returned on board. Captain N. made one more attempt to stem the current of the river. We did very well for five or six miles, but then we came to a turn, round which we could not get; again we dropt anchor. The windings of St. Clair river, while they add very much to its beauty, make the navigation very difficult; vessels are often

detained in the river ten, and sometimes twenty, days; I trust this will not be our fate however, as we are now only twelve miles from Lake Huron. Three hours southerly wind, and we shall be in the lake. Good night.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 2d.

This morning, about eight, a breeze sprung up from the south-west, our anchor was soon weighed, and we began to ascend the river rapidly. At eleven we came in sight of Black river, a small stream which enters the St. Clair three miles from the lake. There is a village of rude log huts at its mouth, between which and Detroit a steam boat plies daily, ascending one day and descending the next. Just beyond stands Fort Gratiot, which, with its white palisades, makes a very pretty object; it has the same appearance of perfect cleanliness which marks all

the military posts of the United States, and which, particularly in this part of the world, where cleanliness is not quite the universal passion, makes them all so very attractive.

We did not look long, however, at the fort, all our looks and all our thoughts were on the lake beyond. It opened to view between two low sandy points; on the American side stands a small light-house, about the size and appearance of that on Sandy Point, Long Island Sound. Round this point the current runs very swiftly; the Captain estimated it, when we passed, at seven knots. The breeze, however, was fresh, and we stemmed the current easily, and soon Huron in all its beauty lay before us.

It was a striking sight; the vast expanse of deep blue water immediately before us, heaving and tossing in the rising gale; the blue line of coast, extending far as the eye could reach on either side, now sinking to the level of the water, and anon rising into bold bluffs or swelling into mountains; but you know I am not good at description.

As we left the land, the waves rose and fell in longer and bolder swells, and the little vessel begins to feel their power. She creaks and groans from every joint, and each puff of wind makes her bend her masts almost into the water. The lake is now whitened all over, and the boiling foam springs out twenty feet in front of our cutwater as the White Pigeon plunges her head into the waves.

Sept. 3d. After writing the above, yesterday, I had a furious attack of sea-sickness; the wind, though fair, was very heavy, all night and we made a very good run up the western side of the lake. Towards morning the weather moderated, and when, at eight o'clock, I went on deck, I found the vessel with all sail out, but with scarce wind enough to keep her steady.

We passed the entrance of Saginaw Bay during the night, and Thunder Bay Island just after sunrise; an other hour's sailing brought us opposite Middle Island. I was surprised to find both my map and the

Major's so very inaccurate in the delineation of this coast. Mine is by Burr, of New-York, his, Mitchell's; they both mark a deep ragged bay behind Middle Island, and lay down a number of islands, while in fact there is only one long narrow island; and the coast behind it, as I am assured by Captain N. who has been in, is nearly straight, no appearance of bay, inlet, or any thing of the kind, except where a small stream makes in. The distance, too, between Thunder and Saginaw Bay, in fact the whole coast, is extremely inaccurate.

Along this coast we have been slowly gliding all day; a fine though very light wind, a clear bright sky above us, and all around the blue waters of Huron, still heaving with the effects of the wind last night. I believe I have given you no account of the people among whom I have been domesticated since last Sunday; for lack of other matter, let us attempt a sketch, first of the Captain. Though born on the river St. Clair, he is of Yankee-parentage, and in manner a com-

plete Yankee; a short stout man, whose complexion the sun and wind have completely bronzed; active, alert, careful, and full of resource, we could not be in better hands. The mate is vulgar and commonplace.

We have three fellow-passengers—an old man from Down East, and two young Irishmen; the latter are sworn friends, and so thoroughly and affectionately intimate, that they sleep in the same narrow berth though there are three spare ones in the cabin, and are always side by side. Indeed, I observed this morning, greatly to my edification, that they both washed in the same water, although a bucket full of clean stood beside the basin.

What a picture of friendship! How truly Hibernian! "Ah, sure a pair were never seen so fitly formed to meet by nature." What was the attachment of David and Jonathan, Orestes and Pelides, or Damon and Pythias, compared to that of these twin gems from the Emerald Isle!

Of the hands, the most remarkable is a young Canadian, who always wears a black fur cap; he is the very beau-ideal of a pirate; small, round olive-coloured face, light compact figure, black hair, whiskers, and mustaches, a wild glaring eye, and a mouth expressing resolute sternness and almost fierceness. He speaks short and abruptly, and in a tone so decided one would think he was much more accustomed to command than to obey.

There are three other sailors, common looking fellows; last comes poor William, the boy; he has had a hard time of it, he is at every one's call, and does a portion of every one's work in addition to his own very large share.

I pity that boy; he has but one eye, and he looks sad and care-worn. How painful it is to see that look of care marking, with untimely frowns, the brow of youth, where all should be open, cheerful, and joyous. The cook, or steward as he likes to be called, remains to be described; of him I have given

you some idea. He is very polite, and, like most negroes, appears to value himself very much on the elegance of his language; he does murder the king's English with an air of perfect self-complacency which is ludicrous enough; add to this, that with all his elegance of language he can never express his meaning satisfactorily to himself without making use of a profusion of gestures, "winks and nods, and wreathed smiles," which give him very much the air of an old monkey.

The other evening I asked him for a candle; he brought me an old japanned lamp, like those used in heaters. As this elegant affair leaked like a sieve, the steward put it into a deep plate, and presenting it with an air which would have enchanted a dancing master, wished to know if I would be pleased to accept this instead of a candle. Not very much attracted by the appearance of the thing, I asked if there were no candles on board. "Oh, yes! Plenty." "Well then, why can't I have one?" The negro hesitat-

ed a moment, then bending forward he added, in a sort of low confidential tone, "There are no candlesticks, that's the *proportion* of it, Massa." This silenced me, and I took the lamp and plate.

Next night we did better. The mate cut a round hole, the size of a candle, in a potato, thrust the potato into a tumbler, stuck the candle in the hole, and I have a very serviceable, if not particularly elegant, candlestick.

LETTER X.

Friday, September 4th.

We had a pleasant run up Huron yesterday, passing Presque Isle, false Presque Isle, Forty Mile Point (so called from its distance from Mackina.) Next we doubled one of the points of a large crescent-shaped island, called by the French, "*Bois Blanc*," and by the Americans, "Bob lank," "Bob low," or "Bobby loo;" for I have heard all three

of these elegant synonymes. The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, casting long streams of light athwart the ruffled waves, when the Captain called me forward to take the first look at Mackina.

The first glance at a long looked for object almost always disappoints, but it was not so now; and as I gazed on the distant island, its steep cliffs rising, as they seemed to do, right out of the water, and towering high in air, their dark outline marked so boldly on the yet glowing West, and, even at the distance we were, the white chalky craigs shining like little pearl spots in the dark face of the island, my utmost expectations were more than realized.

The deepening twilight soon made every object indistinct, and I was just resigning myself to the idea of seeing no more of the island till morning, when from the eastern sky the darkness fled, a faint streak of reddish light heralds the rising moon, it kindles with a ruddier glow, and then from the bosom of the waters, which seem to burn all

around her, the moon arose; and soon the whole scene around us was bathed in her bright beams. Far to the North and East we see the shores of the main land, one or two islands standing forward and breaking the regular sweep of the coast; to the South-east lays the wide expanse of Huron, now all ablaze with moonlight.

Further to the South, Bois Blanc stretches her horns, spanning in a capacious and well-sheltered bay. To the West, and right over our larboard bow, lays Round Island; round in shape as in name. Its dark tree tops mark almost a perfect arch upon the sky, so regularly does the land rise from every side towards the centre, and so completely is it clothed with an unbroken forest. Now let us pass over to the starboard bow, and we have a full and perfect view of "the island" of Mackina. We had advanced so rapidly, that it was now in plain sight to the East. It is well wooded, though very precipitous, rising nearly perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet. Fur-

ther to the left stands a cliff, called Robinson's Folly, which is bare of foliage, and now shines in the bright moon.

From the base of Robinson's Folly the flat land begins to stretch out; and in the space thus formed is situated the town of Mackina, now only to be distinguished by the lights which glance from house to house, so deep and dark is the shadow cast over the town, and far out into the little bay, by the overhanging cliffs. On its summit, and just back of the town, stands the fort; its white walls circling the brow of the hill like a silver crown; a wide carriage-way ascends from the town below, slanting along the face of the bluff to the fort.

This scene was enchanting. The tall white cliff, the whiter fort, the winding yet still precipitous pathway, the village below buried in a deep gloomy shade, the little bay, where two or three small half-rigged sloops lay asleep upon the dark water; would that I could make you know, would that I could make you *feel*, its beauties. It recalled to

my mind some of the descriptions I have read of Spanish scenery, where the white walls of some Moorish castle crown the brow of the lofty Sierra. Oh, for the pen of Hoffman! Oh, for the pencil of Cole! But I have neither, so may as well content myself by saying, in my own quiet way: "The schooner entered the little bay, then lay too; the boat is hauled alongside; trunks, bags, &c., are thrown in; the Captain takes his stand at the stern, tiller in hand; we exchange a hasty word of parting with our fellow-passengers, descend to the boat, shove off! give way! We have parted for the last time from the White Pigeon; a few moments rowing, we near the wharf. Some figures are already distinguishable in the darkness; we are alongside; a few moments of hurry and bustle, and two half-breeds are bearing our luggage to the tavern. We bade a cordial farewell to our excellent friend Captain N. and followed our porters through the darkness. They stop—

"Halloa! what is here? You are taking

us into a stable yard." "Tavern, Sir," was the abrupt and broken reply of one to whom the speaking of English was evidently a labour. We enter through a wide gateway into the yard, cross it, and pass through a smaller wicket gate ; then ascending one step, we enter a sort of shed, and finally, into a low, wide hall. All is yet dark. "Where is the landlord?" "To-bed." "The servants?" "None." "Well, let us at least arrange our luggage."

Before this was well done, a gentleman entered and eagerly inquired for the news from New-York. The voice is certainly familiar. Under his guidance we find our way into the parlour, where a light is still burning. We approach the light together. "Ah! H——!" "Why, Doctor!" "George, can this be you?" We are warmly welcomed by an old friend from New-York. Our greetings over (and they were loud and long) G. found time to introduce us to Mr. ——, a young lawyer, who had been standing by, a quiet, though apparently very much amus-

ed, observer of our mutual transports. He promised to interest himself in getting us accommodations, and we left him engaged in the charitable effort; while, under the guidance of George, went over to the Company's house. Here we had the pleasure of meeting another New-Yorker, Mr. H——, and being cordially welcomed to Mackina by Mr. A——, the Company's agent.

We spent a delightful hour with them, giving and receiving news. Mr. A—— produced a bottle of old wine, which made good his honest boast that they did not drink bad wine in the island of Mackina. It was superlative; mild, yet with sufficient body, delicate, yet high flavoured. In short, 'twas what the judge (for that is Mr. A.'s title) called it, "Good Old Madeira."

The clock striking ten warned us to bid good night; at the same time we were obliged to bid farewell to George, who was to sail at the dawn of day. We returned to our tavern. It is indeed a primitive structure, but one story high, built of hewn logs

and roofed with cedar bark; yet the white-wash with which every part is covered, and which was clearly visible in the bright moon-light, gives a particularly clean appearance to the exterior, which is not belied by the looks of every thing within. The ceiling, or rather the garret floor (for there is no ceiling properly so called) is so low, that where the beams cross the room I cannot stand erect. By the kindness of our friend, the lawyer, we were accommodated with beds in different rooms; they were clean and nice, though to a very fastidious person the circumstance that there were two beds in the Major's room and three in mine, might be an objection. This we cared not for; we came here to see the country and its inhabitants (as they are), not to sleep in elegant chambers and lie on soft beds.

This morning I waked very early. At dawn heard the morning gun from the fort, and soon after a clattering about the house; and the noise of cow-bells under the windows gave us notice that the world was astir.

N. B. There are more cows in Mackina than in any other place of its size in the known world; and every cow wears, at least, one bell.

Warned by this matin music, I arose, and dressed in time for our very early breakfast. We had a broiled white fish at each end of the table; this is the first time we have seen them, they look like shad, but the taste is more that of black fish. Our friends all say that the one at our end of the table was by no means a fair specimen of the fish, of which every North-western epicure speaks in raptures. It will therefore be most prudent to reserve our opinions on their merits. After breakfast the Major and I took a stroll along the shore and through the town. The island of Mackina consists of two very distinct and widely different portions; one a high mass of secondary limestone rock, rising from four to five hundred feet above the level of the lake, covered for the most part with a deep soil of decayed vegetable matter. This is the original island, but around

this the constant action of the waves has thrown up a shoal which is gradually stretching out into the water. This lower shelf or terrace is now covered with a thin sandy soil, and on it the town of Mackina is built. It varies very much in width; in some places the water approaches within a few feet of the base of the limestone rock, at others the terrace runs out for near a mile. The town of Mackina is composed entirely of one story log-houses, roofed with cedar bark; it has a very dilapidated appearance, and is, in fact, fast going to decay.

Its prosperity was entirely dependent on the fur trade, of which it was for very many years the centre. Here the Company had their depot, from which all the traders were supplied with their annual outfit; but now the trade centers on lake Superior. The Company have their depot at La Pointe, and Mackina depends for its existence on its very trifling fisheries, and on the military post.

We passed through a half-desolate street

to the beach; the wind was high, and the surf came tumbling in with a furious roar. The beach is entirely composed of pebbles. In walking half a mile along it, I did not see a single stone as large as my hat, nor a peck of sand; it was all pebbles, varying in size from an almond to an orange.

On this beach, close to the roaring surf, we saw two Indian lodges, the first we had ever seen. I need not tell you that I examined them with great interest. The first was made by tying six or eight long poles together at one end, and then spreading them out at the other, as muskets are stacked; round these some Indian matting, made from a species of tall rush, which abounds all through the North-West, is wound, beginning at the top of the poles, and winding diagonally downwards to the ground; thus inclosing a space nearly circular, and about six or eight feet, varying with the length of the poles, in diameter. At the termination of the fold of matting a small triangular opening is left, barely large enough to allow a man to creep in

and out; this is the door. Such is the external appearance of the Red Man's home.

I stooped at the entrance to gain a view of the interior. A small fire was burning in the centre; the smoke from which, after filling the lodge, curls out at the top, where the projecting ends of the poles leave a small aperture. Around the fire lay four or five Indians wrapped in their blankets, and apparently half asleep; a Squaw stood in the centre cooking some corn in a small kettle; a half-naked boy and a quite naked infant completed the family group.

The next lodge differed from this only in the poles being in part covered with an old ragged sail. From the top of one of the tent poles hung several white fish heads, strung as the good folks in Connecticut do apples to dry. Within this lodge I saw an infant bound to a board. This board is by no means the simple affair I had supposed; it is about eighteen inches wide; near the top a cross piece is fastened edgewise, so as to form a sort of projecting shelf

above the infant's head; at each side are handles, by which it is strapped on to the shoulders of the mother. A small hoop is bent from side to side, in front of the infant's face, to prevent its being struck by branches when the mother is walking through the woods, and also to protect it in case of a fall. Leaving these two lodges, we passed along the beach, and soon came to a new, and really very pretty birch bark canoe. As I expect to make a long voyage in one, I examined this with some care. The Indian canoe has been often described, and I dare say you have seen, or at any rate you can see, one in the Museum. Here, near their native element, I looked rather to its safety than to its beauty; though they are beyond doubt very pretty little affairs. It is very light, must be buoyant as a cork on the water, and feels tolerably firm; but I should think the high bow and stern would give the wind great power over her, and make it very difficult to steer her in rough weather. But why should I stop to calculate the

chances, and reason *a priori*. Thousands of men have travelled thousands of miles in them, and I will go on without fear. Aye, but hundreds, if not thousands, have been lost in them—so much the worse for them.

LETTER XI.

Following the line of the beach, we came to a knot of Indian lodges; several like the one I first saw, but some much more wretched. One poor fellow, not having mat enough to form a lodge, had turned his canoe on its side, her bottom windward; stuck his poles in front, and covering them with mat, made between the two his narrow and confined lodge. Another had placed his canoe in the same way, and merely stretched an old sail on two sticks, planted at stem and stern, and lay down in the space thus half sheltered. Another depended on his upturned canoe, entirely without appliances or means to boot; and

even he was not very badly off. The canoe, when turned on its side, as they always place them here, rests on one gunwale and the high bow and stern; and thus it forms a shelter, under which half a dozen men can be very comfortable; that is, comfortable "*façon du nord.*"

While we were loitering round among these lodges, a fishing-boat came in sight. All the idlers along the shore, we among the rest, ran down to the water's edge to see what luck the fishermen had had. Their draught had been very good; with two nets they had taken half a dozen large trout and near a hundred white fish. One of the trout was so large we were induced to have him weighed; he weighed forty-seven pounds. As some one opened his huge mouth, I saw in his throat the tail of a white fish. I pointed it out to the Indians, or rather half-breeds, for such the fishermen were, and immediately one of them went to work to pull it out. He tugged a long time in vain, and was at last obliged to cut the mouth a good

deal before he could get it. Out it came at last, a white fish of twenty inches long. I was amused to see the coolness with which the half-breed threw this fish among the others; for by this time the whole cargo was ashore, and the women busy cleaning them. He answered an objection which I ventured, by an assurance that the half-swallowed white fish was "*tout aussi bon que les autres.*" At the fish-boat our friend H—— joined us, and proposed a ramble over the island. We ascended the hill on which the fort stands, and passing behind it through an open space where the soldiers have a ninepin alley and a shooting ground "*pour passer le temps,*" we entered a wood of scrubby oak and dwarf maple; the ground gradually rising as we approach the centre of the island. At the very highest point are the ruins of the fort, which was built by the English. They called it Fort George, I believe; but it is now only known by the name of the gallant Holmes who fell in the unsuccessful attack made on it by Croghan.

The general outline of the Fort can still be very distinctly traced; the sodded walls have lost but little of their height, the embrasures where the cannon were placed, the reservoir for water, and the bakehouse, were each pointed out by our friend.

From the ramparts of Fort Holmes we could look over nearly the whole island; almost immediately before, and a little below us, stands the present fort; the palisades that surround it, the quarters of the officers and men, all white and clean as possible; beyond, and so far below that it is but partially in sight, lays the town, its old blackened and dilapidated buildings contrasting sadly enough with the bright newness of every thing about the fort.

To the West was an expanse of well-wooded land, rising into moderate eminences or falling away into valleys; though both hill and valley are far below where we stand. Further to the right, that is North-West from Fort Holmes, the land rises to near the level of the fort, and of course the view in that di-

rection is very limited. Turning still towards the right, we find that the land soon sinks, and gives us a view of the shore of Mackina and the strait which separates it from the main land. In this strait are several islands — the two St. Martins, greater and less, and some smaller ones, which are yet, I believe, nameless; beyond St. Martins, and nearly due East from where we stood, lies Goose Island. Behind it, yet still in plain sight, at a distance of twelve miles, lays the main land, very irregular, and as it stretches to the East, cut up into many islands, indented with bays, till finally only its general outline can be seen, and soon even that blue line is lost in the distance, or mingles with the blue clouds or bluer waters. To the South-East nothing is seen but the wide waste of waters; but South, we find the horns of Bois Blanc, and the woody summit of Round Island completes the magnificent circle of view.

When we had sated our eyes with the prospect, our kind friend conducted us to

the North-Eastern part of the island. We passed directly through a growth of small trees (there are no large trees on Mackina), and then came to an open space of half a dozen acres, covered with a rich sward, dotted here and there of a deeper green by the low wide-spread juniper bushes.

Advancing a few steps, we found ourselves on the edge of a rocky bluff more than two hundred feet high, and so nearly perpendicular that the least spring would have cleared it. Below was an expanse of thickly-wooded land, perhaps half a mile wide. The trees stood so closely together that we could not see the ground in any part, their tops formed an unbroken green carpet the whole distance from the water's edge to the base of the cliff. Did I say unbroken? Not so; in the very midst of this thick wood rises the Sugar Loaf rock; a huge conical mass of limestone. It is, I think, about eighty feet high, perhaps one hundred and fifty in circumference at the base, and not more than two or three yards across at the

summit. It is so steep that the ascent is extremely difficult, yet now and then men do attempt it, and some succeed.

It is a bare rock for the most part, yet in the clefts and crannies a few pines and cedars have found root, and now in part obscure the view of the rocks, yet rather adding to, than diminishing, its beauty.

We lounged about the edge of the bluff for a long time, gazing on the scene below. There was wind enough to keep the tree tops in the plain constantly in motion, and they rose and sank in long sweeping waves, as if in mimickry of the lake beyond.

At length we turned away, and following a winding and irregular path towards the centre of the island, we came to the Skull Rock. It is of limestone, about thirty feet high. At the base there is a small opening, some four feet wide and perhaps three high. This is the entrance of a cave, which was formally used by the Indians as a place of sepulture; indeed, bones are still found in it—hence its name.

Here it was that poor Henry was concealed by his adopted Indian brother, after the terrible massacre at old Mackina in 1757. Here he remained three or four days.

I can scarce imagine a situation more terrible. The single circumstance of being shut up in a dark and narrow cave, surrounded on all sides by the mouldering remains of mortality, seems almost too horrible for endurance. You remember Juliet's anticipations of the terrors of such a scene :—

> "Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
> To whose foul mouth no healthful air breaths in,
> And there die strangled?
> Or, if I live, is it not very like
> The horrible concert of death and night,
> Together with the terror of the place,
> As in a vault—an ancient receptacle,
> Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
> —lie pack'd?—I shall be destraught."

But these, the natural and necessary horrors of the place, were, we may suppose, as

nothing to Henry's mind, haunted as it must have been by the recollection of the savage butcheries he had the day before witnessed, and harassed by the apprehension that his place of retreat (which at the thought must have grown even dear to him) might be discovered, and his life, so often and so strangely preserved, be lost at last. It was a situation to try the heart of man; and that Henry came out of it without being, as poor Juliet says, "destraught," is proof that his was a stout one.

The cave has fallen in very much, and, though both the Major and myself entered it, yet, after advancing a few feet, finding a place through which we could only pass by crawling flat on the ground, our discretion got the better of our curiosity and we came out.

H—— tells us that, a short time ago, a gentleman penetrated some distance, though with great difficulty, the passage being so low that he could only creep, and not wide enough at any part to allow him to turn

round, so that he was obliged to make his way out feet foremost.

Leaving the Skull Rock, from which I broke off some pieces as mementos of the place, and cut a branch of a beautiful mountain ash which grew just above the entrance, too beautiful to be even in thought connected with such a spot of gloom—leaving the Skull Rock, we rambled through the woods, till at length we passed near the burying-ground of the garrison.

There are about a dozen graves, enclosed in a neat picket fence. This fence, by the way, was put up by an officer formerly in command of Mackina, at his own expense; before his time the graves had been entirely unprotected, as well as unhonoured. The deed does him credit. I wish I knew his name.

But two of the graves have head-stones, or rather head-boards. They are erected, as the inscriptions painted in black letters on them tell, over the graves of two privates of the garrison, one of whom was drowned in Mackina harbour last year.

From hence we returned to the fort, and entering it, were introduced to the officers. They received us with the perfect courtesy which distinguishes the gentlemen of the army, and of which, as well as of their high literary and professional attainments, our country may be proud.

The physician of this post escorted us to his quarters, where we had some pleasant chat. I have already, I believe, told you that the fort is built on the very edge of the bluff; from the rear of the Doctor's quarters we could have tossed a biscuit into the garden several hundred feet below. East of the garden, and on the same level, stands the very pretty *cottage ornée* of Mr. Schoolcraft the geologist; it is a charming spot, surrounded by grounds laid out with great taste, with several forest trees, and two splendid mountain ash. The bluff, which towers up at a short distance behind the house, must shelter it from the North and North-West winds very perfectly.

Leaving the doctor's quarters, we descend-

ed by the broad way which passes diagonally in front of the rock, and which forms so striking a feature in the view from the water, to the town.

Certainly I have never seen a place which presented as many picturesque objects as Mackina; not only in the scenes I have tried to describe, but in a thousand others. The old half-decayed town, the dilapidated houses, some of unbarked, others of squared logs, others again coated with cedar bark as they lay on shingles with us. The roofs are of cedar bark, laid on in the same manner as on the sides, and kept down by long narrow strips of wood extending from one side of the building to the other along the middle of the pieces of bark. The doors are low, the windows small, and sometimes, though this is now rare, have shutters of cedar bark.

Many of the houses are dreary enough; roofs full of holes, doors broken down, sashes driven in, shutters torn away or only hanging by loose leather thongs. In these

wretched hovels you will sometimes find large families of squalid looking Indians, or more commonly half-breeds.

Yet the half-breed population is by no means always in a condition so miserable; many of them are very comfortably situated, and I have seen several neatly dressed children that were extremely pretty.

LETTER XII.

Mackina, Sept. 5th.

This morning took another stroll through the island to visit the arched rock. On our way out of town we passed a house, now partly in decay, which was built of piles driven into the ground close together as they make fences here. These were all of the same height, and formed the walls of the house. On them a light frame was erected, and then the gable ends and roof, completed with cedar bark. Next we passed some

Indian lodges. With the "*bo jou*," the universal salutation in this country, I went into one of them. An old cross-looking man lay wrapped in a blanket, smoking; a woman sat on a low stool busied in stripping the husks off some green corn; two half-grown girls were lounging about. At the woman's feet sat a boy of three or four years, perfectly naked; and beside him stood the carrying-board, tipped over so as to rest on one end and one handle. On this an infant of six or eight months was strapped, with folds of some kind of Indian cloth ornamented with porcupine quills.

The little fellow did not seem to be very uncomfortable, but smiled when I chucked him under the chin. The mother, too, smiled, pleased apparently with the notice taken of her child. A mother is a mother still, even among the Mackina Indians.

Near another lodge I saw an Indian girl pounding corn. Her mortar was made of a log two or three feet long, hollowed out for two thirds its length. In this huge mortar she had three or four pints of corn, which she

pounded with a pestle of proportionate size ; at a little distance, I had supposed, from the size of the mortar and pestle, she was churning. The girl worked as all Indians about here and every where else I believe do, very lazily ; striking five or six blows a minute, she would be half a day probably preparing meal enough for one small loaf of bread. After this you will not wonder that the Indians are poor.

Near another lodge a group of women were engaged cleaning fish, and a large pile of fish heads lay behind the lodge drying and putrefying in the sun.

The Indians rarely eat the fish heads (which I believe I told you is their perquisite for cleaning the fish) till it is more than half putrid. On this wretched stuff they live, for every cent of money they can get is sure to go for rum, to which they are slaves. Indeed, a large proportion of these poor half-breeds are literally slaves ; they sell themselves to the grog shop-keepers, in whose debt they always are ; and all they earn,

whether in the service of their immediate master or of any other person, goes to pay for the rum they have drank or are drinking. This wretched manner of life, however, soon makes an end of them; they rarely reach, and scarce ever live beyond, middle age.

Leaving the lodges, we ascended to the fort, and passing behind it, we followed the line of the coast, sometimes striking a short distance inward to avoid impediments. When in this way we had advanced a mile from the fort through the woods, we came to one of the cleared spots which are common all over the island, and which probably mark the sites of Indian villages.* This one was small however, and extends only a few rods back from the edge of the precipitous rock called Robinson's Folly. We approached the edge of the cliff; it is almost perpendicular, and stands on the margin of the lake,

* Here we found a number of wild gooseberry bushes, which I am told, I think by Mr. Schoolcraft, are not found except at the sites of Indian villages.

there being in this spot none of that low land which at almost every other point surrounds Mackina. Below, at a sheer descent of more than two hundred feet, lay large masses of rock, which had fallen from the cliff above. The place has its name from having been chosen by a former commandant of Mackina as the scene of his drunken revels; it was also the scene of a great crime. The legend may amuse you, and I will give it you, instead of a letter, tomorrow.

We left Robinson's Folly, and continued a mile further, following the coast till we came to the arched rock. I do not know that I can give you a clearer idea of this very curious object than by describing it as a place where the solid limestone rock, of which I have so often spoken as forming the basis of Mackina, is hollowed out into an irregular crater, a hundred feet deep and about one hundred wide at the top. This crater is situated close to the edge of the cliff, which at this place, as at Robinson's

Folly, overhangs the lake. Now imagine the side of the crater, such as I have described it, nearest the lake, to be broken through below while it remains whole above, and you have the arched rock of Mackina.

As we stood on the inner side of the crater, we could look under the arch which bridged over the opening on the other side right into the lake.

This bridge is very narrow in one place, I think not more than a foot or eighteen inches wide, and five or six feet through. It is a common exploit of the over-courageous to pass the arch or bridge; but the falling of the stone renders the passage more and more difficult and dangerous every year.

To the right of the main arch, and near the bottom of the crater, is a small opening, six or eight feet high and perhaps ten wide, which leads by a winding passage to the beach below. The Major and Mr. —— descended the crater, passed through the lower arch, and returned. It is a work

of some labour, at least the ascent, and not accomplished without the certainty of soiling and the probability of tearing the nether garments; both of which adverse accidents occurred to our companions.

A few yards beyond the arched rock, the bluff rises considerably, and from its top we had an enchanting view of the lake, Mackina, the main land, studded with small green islands, the hundred little capes and bays, which indent the shore; and to the East and South the clear bright waters of the lake, smooth and glassy, shining in the sunbeams like a vast mirror. But I fear I weary you with my descriptions of scenery. Adieu!

THE FATE OF WINTEMOYEH:

THE LEGEND OF ROBINSON'S FOLLY.

CHAPTER I.

It is well known, that, although the French, on their first landing in Canada, waged many

and bloody wars with the Indians, yet it was not long ere a feeling of kindness took the place of hostility. There is something in the character of Frenchmen, which peculiarly fits them for friendly intercourse with foreign nations. This feature has been of especial advantage to them in their communications with the Indians. The French traders penetrate every part of the Indian country, they live with the Aborigines, adopt many of their customs, quarrel with none of their prejudices, find no fault with their manners; in fact, they are willing to become, for the time of their sojourn in the woods, Indians in every thing.

From the universal prevalence of friendly feeling towards the French, it resulted, of course, that when Canada was invaded by the English, the Red Men took an active part in the war, as the zealous, and very often efficient, allies of France.

When the war was ended, and Canada yielded to the English, the feeling of enmity against them was not soon extinguished in

the breasts of the Indian tribes. The new comers were every where received, if not with open hostility, with lowering discontent or hollow professions of friendship.

These feelings were, no doubt, fomented by the French traders who resided in the Indian country. Having enjoyed for a long time a monopoly of the very lucrative fur trade, they were naturally unwilling to resign even a share of it to their hereditary enemies, now presenting themselves in the still more invidious character of conquerors.

That they did absolutely intend to bring about open war has never been fully proved; but that they were anxious the display of hostile feeling, on the part of the Indians, should be sufficient to deter any English traders from penetrating their country, is past all doubt.

Hostilities did, however, result; and under Pontiac, the war was prosecuted for years with the avowed intent of driving the Sagaunash out of the country. Mackina fell into his hands, and Detroit was only saved by

the treachery of one of the Ottowa women, who informed Major Gladson, the commandant, of the plot by which Pontiac meditated to gain possession of the fort.

Of the war of Pontiac, how boldly he prosecuted it, how he was at every step hindered by the stupidity or betrayed by the treachery of his associates, till he finally fell a victim to the jealous fury of a nameless wanderer, we do not now need to speak. Our business is with one of the subordinate characters in the great drama.

Peezhicki, or Le Bœuf, as the Canadians called him, was chief of the St. Mary's band of the Chippewas, the children of Tarhe, the Crane, which was their totem. He joined heart and hand in the schemes of Pontiac, was foremost in the assault of Mackina, and assisted at the siege of Detroit. When, however, Pontiac was compelled to retire, the Buffalo returned, with the few warriors that remained of his band, to his home by the falls of St. Marie.

Peace soon prevailed throughout the In-

dian country, and many of the chiefs became attached to the English. Peezhicki was not of the number. He had loved Pontiac, he had hated the Sagaunash; and as he had been, so he was, the deadly foe of these white men.

Years rolled on. The war with the Americans broke out, but Peezhicki took no part in it; he hated all white men but the French, the friends of Pontiac; and he rejoiced in the hope that the English, and their children, the Americans, would destroy each other.

The war of the Revolution had just terminated, when, in the spring of 1783, the Indian country was ravaged by that fell destroyer, the small pox. The band of Peezhicki, which had increased to forty lodges, was nearly cut off; his three sons, his wife, and one daughter, all fell its victims; and in the lodge of the Buffalo, Wintemoyeh, his youngest daughter, only remained.

On her he centred all his hopes and lavished all his affection; and his sole remaining cares were to prevent the small

remnant of his band from associating with the hated Sagaunash, and provide a suitable match for his beloved daughter.

In the hope of escaping the dreadful malady, he removed his band from St. Marie to a small island fifteen miles distant, at the entrance of the Great lake, called Isle des Iroquois. He had been there but a short time, when his heart was made glad by a message from Waab-ojeeg, the White Fisher, the son of Morgozid, the great Mudjekiwis or head chief of the Chippewas, who ruled the Rein-Deer band at Chegoimegon, now called La Pointe, the place of the ancient council fire of the nation. The messenger of the great Waab-ojeeg came not empty handed ; he brought rich presents for the Buffalo and his warriors—furs, mocassins, and skins, a peace pipe superbly ornamented with feathers and porcupine work, a robe of Buffalo skin, and many other valuable gifts. He brought, too wampum, to speak his friendship, and among the rest an ancient belt which Mongozid

had received many years before from the father of Peezhicki. This was shown, that the friendship of their fathers might not be forgotten.

When the messenger had presented his gifts, and been requested to make known the thoughts of the White Fisher, he said, that Waab-ojeeg had grieved with his brother at the loss of so many of his young men; that he now sent this messenger to ask that the daughter of Peezhicki might be given in marriage to Aissibun or the Racoon, the cousin of Waab-ojeeg, and one of the bravest of his warriors. This proposal could not but be agreeable to Peezhicki, and as soon as propriety would admit, he sent an acceptance of the offer of Waab-ojeeg, and charged the messenger, in delivering it, to make such presents as should convince the chief that his friend was not insensible to his kindness. Blankets of the finest quality—green, scarlet, and white—two rifles, and such other articles as his vicinity to the trading post enabled him to procure, and

which would be most acceptable at a point so distant as Chegoimegon.

It was not till after the departure of this messenger that Peezhicki thought it necessary to communicate to Wintemoyeh the tidings in which she was so deeply concerned. When he did so, all his sense of his own dignity and importance could not conceal, even from the inexperienced eye of his daughter, that the Buffalo was greatly elated at the proposed match. The strong conviction that such an alliance must, of course, be as acceptable to his daughter as to himself, prevented Peezhicki from reading, in the eloquent looks of Wintemoyeh, her disgust at the proposal.

The Indian customs, of which Peezhicki obliged all his tribe to be very strict observers, would not allow that a young girl on such an occasion should express openly any feeling of preference or aversion. Wintemoyeh of course said nothing, and her feelings remained unknown to her father. She remembered to have heard Ayahwindib, her

aunt, speak of the Racoon; true he was a brave, had taken many scalps from the Sioux, the hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, and from the Foxes, the foes of Waab-ojeeg; but Aissibun was a giant in size, hideously ugly, and nearly as old as her father. Above all, the Chippewa maiden remembered that Aissibun had already two wives of his own age; so that, should she be united with him, she must always have a mistress, and probably not a very kind one, in her husband's lodge. Such were the objections to an union with the friend of Waab-ojeeg, which Wintemoyeh acknowledged to herself; but in her secret soul there lurked another, which was of more power than all the rest beside.

She had seen a young white warrior; and his noble form, his fine expressive face, his soft and flattering words, had won for him an interest in her heart, of the strength of which she was herself still unconscious. Had Wintemoyeh been told that she loved the white man, the destroyer of her race,

the detested enemies of her father, she would have scorned the word. Yet it was true. Months had passed since their first accidental meeting; yet that one, that short interview, was scarce ever absent from her thoughts. It was soon after their removal to the island that Wintemoyeh one day passed over, in her light canoe, to the Canadian shore; she landed, and rambled about the woods. Suddenly her quick ear caught the sound of martial music, and through a long vista of trees she saw the glitter of arms and of scarlet dresses; and she knew that the Englishmen were there.

Wintemoyeh had rarely seen an Englishman, and never an English soldier; her father's detestation of the whole race was so strong, that he kept his children perfectly secluded, and no white man but the French trader ever entered his lodge. Was it very extraordinary that she should seek, now that accident had brought her so near their tents, to catch a glance at these warriors of whom she had heard so much? Creeping

cautiously and slowly through the woods, she gained at last a small elevation whence she could command a perfect view of the camp in the open valley below.

Two tents were pitched, and around them lounged several officers and soldiers, chatting over the adventures of the morning's hunt, or laying new plans for the sport of to-morrow.

Wintemoyeh gazed upon the novel and beautiful sight with girlish pleasure, when suddenly a crackling among the branches behind her gave warning of approaching footsteps, and ere she could do more than rise from her recumbent posture, a white warrior stood before her.

The Chippewa maid gazed like one entranced on the gallant figure; his noble mien, his glittering arms, his brilliant scarlet dress. The soldier, too, was evidently struck with the beauty of the young savage; perhaps the admiration which beamed in her sparkling eye and flushed her dusky cheek, gave her added charms. He soon approach-

ed, and uttered a few broken and imperfect phrases in her own language. She was too much confused to reply, or even fully to understand his meaning; but the low music of his voice fell upon her heart like honey to the lip. She could not fly, still less could she utter the words of anger, defiance, and scorn, which she well knew Peezhicki would wish and expect his daughter to return to words of peace coming from the treacherous white man. No—She listened with a charmed ear; and when the sweet melody of that voice was hushed, the daughter of the war chief of St. Marie replied in a few not unfriendly words.

Robinson, for that was the white man's name, soon discovered to whom he was speaking; and communicated, in return, his own name, and his rank as Governor of Mackina.

Professions of love, such as man in every clime and in every age has poisoned woman's ear withal and turned her brain, were added; and they parted not till he had placed

on the finger of Wintemoyeh a sparkling gem, the pledge of his love, and of the truth of those promises by which he bound himself soon to return, and demand, even from Peezhicki, the Englishman's enemy, his daughter as a bride.

With such pledges, rashly made on one hand and scarce understood on the other, they parted.

Months had now passed away; the green leaves of the maple assumed their red autumnal hue, and the appointed time for the return of the white warrior drew near. Wintemoyeh knew not whether she most desired or dreaded his coming; so strongly did old habitual prejudices contend with new and vehement feelings that had sprung up in her heart.

In the mean time the messenger who had been sent to Waab-ojeeg returned, and informed Peezhicki that the White Fisher, Aissibun, and many more of the warriors from Chegoimegon, were on their way to

Isle des Iroquois to visit him, and celebrate the nuptial feast of his daughter.

Wintemoyeh was not present when this message was delivered, but she soon heard though she scarcely heeded its import. Ayahwindib had that very day given her a love-token from Robinson, and a message entreating her to meet him at midnight at Gros Cap, the scene of their former interview. The fears which might have prevented a daughter of the white man from keeping such a tryste were unknown to the Chippewa girl. But she thought of her father, his kindness, his care, his love; should she visit his enemy? Then she thought of that enemy, so mild, so gentle, so different from the cruel, the exacting Sagaunash which had been described to her; then the idea of Aissibun crossed her mind, the giant, the hideous, the old—of his wives, and she the third, the lowest in rank—It was enough; she resolved to go—to see that white man, to hear the music of his voice, to gladden her heart by the sound of his protestations of love and admiration.

At their midnight interview the Chippiwa maiden communicated to her lover the new difficulties which beset her; he urged her to escape from them all, by flying with him to distant Mackina. But against this the gentle, and yet dutiful heart of Wintemoyeh revolted. She could not leave her father; she could not desert him in his old age to live with his hated enemy. The utmost influence of Robinson could no further prevail than to extort from her a promise to meet her again in a few days. Then they parted, Wintemoyeh returning to her lodge and Robinson to St. Marie.

Next day her father requested Wintemoyeh to cross to Gros Cap, and catch a few trout, which abounded there. She prepared her small canoe, and left the island. In going to the fishing ground, she paused for a long time opposite the landing where she had met Robinson; she recalled his every word and look; and drank, from the cup of memory, deep, poisonous draughts of love.

At last she was about to tear herself away, when, looking across to the opposite shore, she saw six large canoes emerge from behind Point Iroquois, and bear for the island. Just as they rounded the point, the canoes ranged in line, and the warriors gave a loud shout; not the cheerful hurra with which the returning white man hails his home, but a rapid succession of screams or yells, which to a stranger's ear might seem to express either rage or sorrow, joy or despair.

Wintemoyeh, however, understood every modulation of these sounds. She knew that it was the band of Waab-ojeeg, who thus expressed their joy at the completion of their voyage, and the near prospect of the union of the bravest of their warriors with the fairest maiden among the children of Tarhe, the daughter of Peezhicki, the great chief, the friend of Pontiac.

Wintemoyeh watched the canoes till they approached the landing-place near her father's lodge. She saw the chiefs land, and

advance in proud array to greet Peezhicki, who stood in front of his lodge, surrounded by the few warriors who yet remained of his once powerful band. She could not hear their greetings, but had no doubt they were cordial and sincere.

Willingly would Wintemoyeh have delayed her own return, but she feared to excite suspicion in her father's mind by her too long absence at such a time. She hurried back, not to the landing-place, but to a distant cave, whence she could return to her lodge as if from a stroll round the island.

She was soon summoned to assist in preparing the splendid feast with which her father had resolved to welcome his friend Waab-ojeeg. A white dog, which had for many days been kept in the lodge of Peezhicki for this occasion, was killed, and the aged Ayahwindib made a savoury stew of his flesh. This was the principal dish, the dish of ceremony; a beaver's tail, that richest and most succulent of Indian dainties,

was also prepared; some pork, a rare and choice luxury, had been supplied by La Grange, the French trader; then there was the flesh of the deer, the bear, and the buffalo; ducks, pigeons and other birds; fish of every kind, corn, and, to crown all, the Ishkodaiwabo, the fire drink of the white man, flowed freely as the water of the lake. When all was prepared, the large dish of stewed dog was given to Wintemoyeh, and she entered the lodge. Indian ideas of decorum would not admit of her being presented to, or in any way noticed by, the warriors; but as she placed the dish on the mat before the White Fisher, she did not fail to cast an eager glance at the features of the warrior who sat by his side, and whom she rightly supposed was the far-famed Racoon. One look was sufficient to assure her that all, and more than all, she had heard from Ayahwindib of his ugliness was true.

Aissibun was about six feet six, and, for an Indian, remarkably stout. His low wide forehead was wrinkled with the furrows of

age, but age had taken nothing from the savage fierceness of his eye or the terror of his scowling brow. A huge scar occupied the whole of one cheek, the mark of a blow received many years before, from the tomahawk of a warrior among the Foxes. The face was painted of one glowing fiery red, only around the eyes a wide streak of white gave a tenfold power to their glaring ferocity. On either side of his face his hair hung in long lank masses; on his head he wore a sort of coronet of feathers, of all colours and sizes. Around his neck, suspended by a string of wampum, hung a gold medal, which he had received in his early youth from Montcalm, when he accompanied Mongozid, the father of Waab-ojeeg, to Quebec, to assist the French against their enemies. Such was Aissibun, the appointed husband of the young, the gentle Wintemoyeh.

The hurried glance she took at his face was enough to add disgust to the feelings of dislike with which Wintemoyeh had formerly regarded the Racoon. It was no

time to indulge such feelings. The feast was duly prepared, and the two chiefs, and their warriors, to the number of perhaps a score, sat down to provisions which would have furnished an ample meal to a hundred white men. Yet Indian politeness does not allow that any portion of the food which a host prepares for his guests should be left uneaten; and accordingly this enormous quantity of flesh, fish, and fowl was duly devoured by the Buffalo and his friends.

Then came the Ishkodaiwabo; it was swallowed by gallons.

The feast was protracted to a late hour in the night, and when Wintemoyeh next morning entered her father's lodge, she found him still sleeping, a deep but feverish sleep. She roused him, though with some difficulty; but his language was wild and wandering. At first she thought it was only the effect of the yesterday's feast; but she was soon convinced from the appearance and manner of Peezhicki that he was sick.

Fortunately among the warriors of Waab-ojeeg came Mainotagooz, or the handsome speaker; a noted Miskekewinini or medicine man. He was summoned without delay, and after examining his patient, declared that he was very sick, and that unless the Wabeno was celebrated immediately, and the spirit of the air propitiated by many and great gifts, the chief of the Crane band would pass to the great village, the country of souls. All was now hurry and confusion. Mainotagooz returned to his lodge to prepare his medicine bag, his dress of ceremony, his drum, and his rattles; while the warriors erected beside the lodge of Peezhicki a huge pole, and each in his turn suspended a gift to Gitchee Monedo. First, Waab-ojeeg advanced, and attached to the pole a valuable rifle. Aissibun came next; his offering was a huge war club and the scalp of a Sioux warrior, whom he had slain with that redoubtable weapon.

Pipes, knives, blankets, wampum belts, moccasins, and many other choice articles

were brought forward by the other warriors, all of whom were desirous to show, by the magnitude of their gifts, the sincerity of their regard for the Buffalo.

The last warrior had made his offering, and now Wintemoyeh advanced. She raised her hand and touched the pole; but if she made any offering, it was so small that no eye could see it. She did, however, make an offering, and one which her own heart told her was most likely to appease the angry Monedo; angry, she had too much reason to believe, with her, for her love of the white man. She hung up the ring which Robinson had given her: "'Tis my best gift," thought she; "by it will Gitchee Monedo know how ardently I desire my father's recovery, since I offer that which is nearest and dearest to my heart."

Mainotagooz now drew near to begin the Wabeno, and the warriors who were to assist at the important ceremony were just about to follow, when suddenly the Miskekewinini sprang backward and rushed from the tent,

crying, "Small Pox! Small Pox!" At the name of that terrible plague the warriors all fled from the tent; some even ran into the woods to escape a danger, the more terrible to their superstitious minds because they knew nothing of its nature.

Not so the brave Waab-ojeeg. He chid the frightened medicine man, and, commanding him to return to his patient, himself set the example of courage by stepping fearlessly into the tainted lodge. The trembling Mainotagooz followed, and behind him came Aissibun; but none of the other warriors could be induced, even by the example and authority of the White Fisher, to come near.

A few hours had made a terrible change in the appearance of Peezhicki. It is probable that the disease had been long latent in his system, and the last night's feasting had kindled it into a flame of fever. The spots were already appearing on his face and neck, his eyes were nearly closed by the swelling lids; and his voice, hoarse and croaking, showed that the eruption was spread-

ing into his throat. When he recognized Waab-ojeeg, he spoke to him with great earnestness, though he enunciated with extreme difficulty: "My brother, I am going; the Great Spirit calls and I must follow his voice; but before I go I will speak to you a few words, the son of Mongozid, my father's friend, will not let my words be forgotten. I go to the great village at the setting sun, and the name of Peezhicki will be no more among the children of the Crane; let my child, let Wintemoyeh be made this night the wife of the brave Aissibun; so shall the spirit of Peezhicki rejoice in the thought that his child has a home among the children of the Rein Deer at Chegoimegon, and under the eye of Waab-ojeeg, the Mudjikiwis of the Ojibways, her father's friend."

The White Fisher gave a ready assent to the request of Peezhicki; and then, at the urgent intreaties of some of his warriors who stood without the lodge, seconded by those of Peezhicki, he withdrew.

A few old women entered at the same

time, and Wintemoyah would have followed them, but her father forbade it; and she was forced to retire by the friendly violence of Waab-ojeeg.

Under the direction of Mainotagooz, whom a scowling look from the White Fisher had warned not again to desert his patient, the old women proceeded to put in practice the means usually adopted by the Chippewas for the cure of the small pox.

The fire in the lodge was extinguished; then the lodge itself was made perfectly tight, every crack or crevice by which air could enter being stopped; a fire was kindled without, in it they placed a number of large stones, which, when red hot, they pushed into the lodge, water was then thrown upon them till it was filled with hot steam.

In the mean time Waab-ojeeg had communicated the wishes of Peezhicki to his warriors, and the preparations for the marriage feast were made under his superintendence and at his own lodge.

When Wintemoyeh heard that a few hours

were to seal her fate, and unite her for ever to the abhorred Aissibun, she gave herself up to despair. Even her father's sickness was forgotten; her whole soul was filled with horror at the thought of wedding that savage giant, whose look, even of fondness, made her tremble.

There was little danger of her secret thoughts being discovered. Every one was too fully occupied, either in making preparations for the marriage feast, or in continuing the treatment of the sick man.

At the setting of the sun the steaming was suspended, and Waab-ojeeg entered the lodge to announce to the Buffalo that all was now ready for the bridal feast.

'Twas long before the sick man could be made to comprehend him, so rapidly had the disease prostrated his mental as well as bodily powers. When, however, he at last understood the words of Waab-ojeeg, he expressed an ardent desire that the feast should be celebrated immediately.

The White Fisher passed out of the lodge

seeing Wintemoyeh near, he told her the resolution of her father, and bade her prepare immediately for the bridal. The soul of the maiden died within her. Was there no escape? no deliverance? no hope, even of delay?

While these thoughts were chasing each other wildly through her brain, Ayahwindib touched her arm, and placed in her hand a small golden trinket, which she well remembered to have seen Robinson wear; at the same moment the old woman whispered, "He is there;" indicating, by a slight gesture, the little cove on the opposite side of the island.

Wintemoyeh started—she trembled—she made a few steps towards the cove, then paused—she looked towards that closed lodge where her dying father lay; and as she thought of that father and his boundless love, she returned towards the lodge with a firm purpose never to leave him. She stood still, with eyes fixed on the ground; some one approached her; she raised her eyes,

'twas Aissibun, looking more hideous, more disgusting, than ever. She thought no more, but gave one bound into the woods and fled, with the swiftness of a deer, towards the cove. She reached the landing-place; Robinson was there; breathless, and almost senseless, she threw herself into his arms, and in a moment was borne into his canoe. The voyagers ply their paddles, and before Wintemoyeh is fully conscious of the rash and wicked act she has committed, she is landed among the white warriors at St. Marie, and conveyed to the tent of Robinson.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Robinson had returned to Mackina with his Chippewa bride, when one day, about a fortnight after his arrival, as he was seated at his desk in the fort, Sergeant MacWhorter, an old and favourite subaltern

of his company, entered ; and, in his usual brief official tone, said, touching his cap, "Captain Robinson, the Buffalo of St. Marie, or Peezhicki as he calls himself, has come to Mackina."

Robinson sprang to his feet: "Come to Mackina! Le Bœuf come to Mackina!" then collecting his thoughts a little, he continued, in a calmer tone, "Impossible, Mac; it can't be, Le Bœuf is dead. Who told you this foolish story?" "I saw him myself." "Saw him? and here? God forbid; but pho! I am as great a fool as you are. I tell you again Le Bœuf is dead; he died at Isle Iroquois two weeks ago. La Grange, who was on the island at the time, says he was dead before Wintemoyeh left the lodge." "Well, Captain," replied MacWhorter, "if you say the Buffalo died at Isle Iroquois two weeks ago, 'tis not for me to contradict you. The Buffalo may have died half a dozen times for aught that I know; all I have to say is, he is now on the island of Mackina, I saw him with my own eyes."

"Nonsense, Mac; I tell you 'tis all nonsense! You have taken some other savage for Le Bœuf." "Under favour, Captain, I am not likely to mistake one Indian for another, I have seen too many of them; and as for this Peezhicki, any body that has seen him fight, as I did when the old fort was taken, will never mistake any other man for him to the longest day they have to live. Again I tell you he is on the island, I saw him go into the Skull Rock not half an hour ago." "Are you quite sure you have not mistaken your man?" "Sure, Captain," replied the Sergeant; after a short pause, during which Robinson seemed buried in deep thought, MacWhorter continued, "I thought I would tell you, Captain, because if you wish it done, I can take half a dozen of the boys down to the rock, and either shoot him down or smoke him to death in the hole where he is; they say his tribe did that favour to some Hurons long ago in the very same spot." "Never, Mac, never! I will not permit it." "Bless you, Captain,"

replied the Sergeant, "I don't want to shoot the savage; if you say let him live, 'tis all one to Sandy MacWhorter; Peezhicki never did me any harm, and even now he has not come to Mackina for my squaw, not to mention that he would be welcome to her if he had. But I saw the old fellow at the Skull Rock, as I told your Honour; he had on all his war paint and feathers, and there is mischief in him, or I do not know when mischief lurks in an Indian eye."

Robinson made no reply. He was at a loss what to think, he could not believe that the old chief was really in bodily presence on the island, that could not be; some superstitious fears darted athwart his mind, but he would not for an instant entertain them. Could MacWhorter, clear-sighted as he was, be mistaken? 'twas certainly most probable.

MacWhorter saw that the Captain was perplexed, and he again kindly interfered: "I can make him safe with only the help of Alick; or, if your Honour is particular about not having it known that we did for the old

fellow, as 'tis likely you may be," and he nodded towards the inner room now tenanted by Wintemoyeh, "I would not mind undertaking it myself. I fear no man that ever trod on Indian shanks, and this Peezhicki is a good half-score of years older than I am; so I can put him out of your way easily."

"Silence, Mac," interrupted the Captain, "and don't name that name; she may hear you. This is all nonsense; your eyes have deceived you, say no more about it, but get every thing ready for our party at the Rock; it never shall be said that Jammie Robinson stayed away from good beef and brandy for any savage of them all, dead or alive."

Thus, in defiance of the fears he could not help feeling, Robinson determined to disregard the intelligence of his subaltern—yet that intelligence was true.

Grief, or rather rage, which sometimes kills, had in this instance restored the dying to life.

When the flight of Wintemoyeh was first discovered, the warriors and the women,

filled the air with their shouts and execrations. The sounds awoke Peezhicki from the death-like trance into which he had sunk. In a faint husky voice he demanded the cause ; no one was found hardy enough to communicate the fatal tidings till they sent for Waab-ojeeg. He entered the lodge of his brother to tell the sad story of his child's unworthiness. 'Twas long before Peezhicki could hear or understand. At last the whole truth flashed upon his mind. One furious bound he made, and sprang from the lodge. "Where is she?" "where is she?" he cried.

The figure of the naked chief, his body quite covered with scabs, his face so swollen that not a single feature could be distinguished, while with his arms of skeleton thinness, he groped about in darkness, seeking his child, was too much even for Indian self-command. The warriors and the women fled together. Even Waab-ojeeg could scarce bear to approach the frightful figure. He did at length address Peezhicki ; but no

answer could he obtain, but, "My child! where is she?" Then the father groped forward, calling for his canoe and his warriors to chase the white man who had stolen his child. Maddened to fury by the neglect of those he called, the Buffalo now rushed forward, blind as he was, to the landing-place. Waab-ojeeg followed, but before he could overtake him Peezhicki reached the margin of the lake, stumbled over the side of the canoe and fell into the water. Waab-ojeeg drew him out, and bore him nearly senseless to his lodge. In a few hours the Buffalo was relieved of all the violent symptoms of the disease. The fever left his mind; he spoke with his usual calm cold dignity; never, however, alluding to his child.

Next day he rose from his mat, though still scabbed all over and very feeble. He bade his friend, Waab-ojeeg, farewell; and taking a small canoe, pulled slowly from the landing-place, singing his death-song as he went. Waab-ojeeg and his warriors stood

by; they saw the departure of Peezhicki without any attempt to hinder or delay his purpose. They watched his canoe till it disappeared round Gros Cap; then, turning away, they prepared for their own departure to their distant home.

At two hours past noon, of the day on which Captain Robinson had held the conversation with MacWhorter, which we have detailed above, the preparations for the party at the rock, now called Robinson's Folly, were completed.

In the centre of the small cleared spot, and so near the verge of the rock as to command a full view of the lake, was erected a rustic bower or lodge. The posts were four small untrimmed cedar trees, planted at the corners; from their bushy tops, long festoons of evergreens were hung; on these again were laid branches, small and large, till the whole together formed a beautiful verdant roof.

Within this lodge was placed a table, long enough to accommodate twenty or thirty

guests. At the head was a large double chair, on each side of which were placed flagstaffs. The folds of these banners were first put behind the chair, and then gathered overhead into a sort of canopy. Here, canopied by his country's flag, sat the young commandant of the island and his Indian bride. Wintemoyeh, for the first time, sat at a public table surrounded by white men.

At first the scene was too new and strange to be enjoyed but gradually; as she became more accustomed to its splendour, she could not refuse to partake of the gayety around her. The songs, the laughter, the music (for the small band of the garrison was there) gradually raised her spirits, and she was happy. Hours flew by, and the sun had sunk into the bosom of the lake, when MacWhorter, who, as a great favourite of his commander, was allowed to sit at the foot of the table, sprang from his seat, and in attempting to leap over the table, threw table, dishes, bottles, and not a few of the scarce sober guests, upon the grass. "There he

is!—there he is!—I see him!—I see him," shouted the subaltern. He had cleared the table, and advanced a step towards the canopied seat, when the sharp crack of a rifle rang through the wood. MacWhorter bounded into the air, and fell upon the grass a dead man. The ball of Peezhicki, aimed at Robinson, had found a mark in the bold breast of his subaltern, who, at the moment when the savage pulled the trigger, had crossed the range of his gun. At the instant Peezhicki sprang forward, and beating down with his clubbed rifle a soldier who stood in his way, seized his daughter, and was about to bear her away, when Robinson, recovering from the first stupor of surprise, sprang from his seat and seized him by the throat. Peezhicki felt that escape from the white man was impossible, burdened as he was by the weight of his nearly senseless daughter; he hurled her with fury to the ground, then, by a moment's struggle, freed himself from the grasp of Robinson, drew forth his tomahawk, and made one backward

step that he might give full force to the meditated blow. But that backward step brought him to the very edge of the rock; the treacherous stone gives way beneath his foot, he falls; but, by a strong effort, he caught at a pine which hung over the precipice; the branch bends, as his whole weight bears upon it, but the wood is tough; it holds, and though the first sway carried his figure quite out of sight, yet the bent trunk rises, and with it the form of Peezhicki appears, his features convulsed, his eyes absolutely blazing with rage. There he swu off the sheer descent, his feet resting on t edge of the rock, his body now rising, that it would seem to have required but slight effort to regain his footing, then sin ing down till he was nearly hid fr view. For a moment the horrid specta seemed to have frozen every heart a stiffened every limb. 'Twas but for a n ment; the next, Wintemoyeh, raised by t arm of Robinson from the ground where h angry father had cast her, sees that fath

hanging as it were by a thread, so small does that branch appear to her frighted eye, over the cliff. With one wild scream she sprang forward, and ere Robinson was aware of her purpose, she stood on the very verge of the precipice, her foot close beside her father's and her arms extended toward him. The chief saw her, and a gleam of savage triumph shot athwart his dark features. By a vigorous exertion of the arms, he raised himself up to near the level where his daughter stood; then quitting his hold of the pine branch, he darts upon her, he seizes her waist, he clutches her fast; then springs from the cliff. The figure of the triumphant savage and his wretched child gleamed for a moment like a meteor in the air; then they sank behind the precipice, and though the whole wood rang with the exulting war-whoop of Peezhicki, yet clear above it, in its ear piercing shrillness, was heard the shriek of despair with which his guilty daughter *met her fate.*

LETTER XIII.

September 6th.

After our return from the arched rock yesterday, we called on Mr. Schoolcraft. He has a fine collection of minerals, among the rest a large piece of the Copper Rock as it is called. This rock, as you have doubtless heard, is at the Ontenaugan river, up Lake Superior. It is nearly pure copper; I understood Mr. S. to say it was in his opinion ninety-eight per cent. copper. Here too we saw the skin of a Wolverine, an animal partaking about equally of the nature of fox and wolf, from which the people of Michigan get their soubriquet of Wolverines. Mr. S. has a large number of Indian curiosities, and is possessed of more information on the subject of the Indian tribes of the North-West than any man now living. He has been for many years a diligent collecter of facts, not a spinner out of theories; and much, I think, may yet be expected from his vast and daily increasing stores.

He is making a collection of the moral tales of the Chippewas, and will, I hope, soon publish them; he gave me permission to copy one, and I will give it to you as it was taken down by Mrs. S. verbatim, from the lips of an old Chippewa woman. Mrs. S. tells me she has since been assured by very many of the oldest and most intelligent of the tribe that the story of the "Origin of the Robin-red-breast" has been current in the tribe from their earliest recollections. I know you will agree with me in thinking it a most beautiful fable. In Mr. Schoolcraft's garden we ate some cherries and currants. Cherries and currants in September! something late in the season. There is a tame deer browsing round.

In the evening we had several visitors, among the rest Mr. B——, the store-keeper; he is an old voyageur, and talks very familiarly of being out of provisions, and obliged, as he expressed it, to *browze round* the woods for a few days, eating leaves and buds, and the inner bark of the cedar, (a very common

substitute for food among the Indians.) B—— was compelled, a few years ago, to live in this way about a week; he amused us very much by a detail of his adventures on the occasion.

He did not seem to value himself at all for his fortitude and courage, but spoke with great satisfaction of his having scared a gallant officer of the army, who was his companion, (they were cast away on Lake Superior,) by threatening to eat him, when other means of sustenance failed him.

B—— was very anxious that I should order some high wines for a poor old vagabond voyageur opposite, who is dying of the dropsy, and whom I visited to-day with my friend Dr. Turner. He had two reasons for his prescription—one moral, the other medical. First, the moral—the man is dying, he will certainly die in a few days: why then, argued B—— not make him comfortable and happy while he does live, by giving him some high wines. Finding this argument fail, B—— brought

forward his medical reason: "Doctor," says he, "you don't understand the climate. You can't conceive how cold it is here. Why, sir, you may rest assured the water will freeze in that man's belly unless you warm it with high wines." This, I confess, was new to me; and I craved time to consider of it. This morning I found that I should not be required to decide upon the merit of B——'s practice, as my poor patient was dead.

It is terribly cold here, as you will suppose, and it is astonishing how the half-breeds and Frenchmen bear it. One very remarkable instance of their endurance was mentioned last night.

A half-breed of St. Marie, named C——, carried the mail between that place and Saginaw Bay four trips last winter. He went all the way on snow-shoes, carrying the mail bag and his provisions, weighing together near one hundred pounds, strapped to his shoulders, and fastened, in the Indian manner, by a strap round his forehead. The distance is over two hundred miles,

and he was obliged to camp out every night (the trip took him ten days) except one spent at Mackina. This terrible labour he performed for twenty-five dollars the trip; that is, twenty-five dollars for more than four hundred miles travel.

So little did C—— make of these trips, that on one occasion, when he arrived at Mackina from Saginaw in the afternoon, and heard that there was to be a ball there among his friends, he danced all night, and started off next morning, having had hardly an hour's sleep.

On his last trip, however, he suffered very severely from the Mal de Rachette, an inflammation of the synovial membrane of the ancle joint, caused by the weight of the snow-shoes.

This morning we went to church. The building is neat and commodious, but I was sorry to see the congregation so small. They have no protestant clergyman at Mackina. Mr. Schoolcraft read a very good sermon and conducted the service. The singing

I was delighted with; one voice in particular, a rich pure treble. A sergeant from the fort was the leader of the choir, and two other singers were in the uniform of private soldiers. This had a strange look, but the whole appearance of the congregation was striking. Officers and soldiers in uniform were mingled, in the body of the church, with well-dressed gentlemen and ladies; behind them were a few persons in more common dresses, with here and there an Indian, either in blue or white blanket coats; towards the door two or three, in the ordinary savage dress, stared round in utter unconcern at the worship. Many of the half-breeds, however, were very devout, and Mr. S. tells me some of them give satisfactory evidence that they have embraced the Christian religion with the heart and affections.

A settled clergyman is very much wanted at Mackina. Mr. S. does all that an individual who has many other duties can do; but they want some one who will devote his

whole time and talents to the propagation of the truth. I was surprised to hear from Mr. S. that they could not induce a Missionary to come here; the situation was objected to, I do not know why. To me, it seems to present all the attractions which a Mission station can or should have, except, perhaps, the eclat of having one's name bruited about as going to foreign and barbarous lands.

The Catholics are unwearied in their efforts to extend the influence of their religion, or rather of their ceremonies; and almost all the lower classes, who are under any religious influence at all, are Catholics, at least in name. They have a large mission settlement at L'Arbre Croche, about fifty miles from Mackina; where they have, I am informed, been very successful in weaning the Indians from the hunter's life and accustoming them to labour. This a great point, and *if it is indeed gained*, the labour and the lives it has cost that church have not been spent in vain.

THE

ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN:

A CHIPPEWA STORY.

An old man had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had come to that age which is thought by the Chippewas to be most proper to make the long and final fast, that is to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adversity is to depend, and who forms and establishes the character of the faster to great or ignoble deeds.

This old man was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great amongst his tribe. And, to fulfil his wishes, he thought it necessary that his son should fast a much longer time than any of those persons known for their great power or wisdom, whose fame he envied.

He therefore directed him to prepare,

with great ceremony, for the important event. After he had been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, he ordered him to lie down upon a clean mat, in the little lodge expressly prepared for him; telling him, at the same time, to bear himself like a man, and that at the expiration of *twelve* days he should receive food and the blessing of his father.

The lad carefully observed this injunction, lying with his face covered with perfect composure, awaiting those happy visitations which were to seal his good or ill fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly, to encourage him to perseverance, expatiating at full length on the renown and honour that would attend him through life if he accomplished the full term prescribed. To the admonitions the boy never answered, but lay without the least sign of unwillingness, till the ninth day, when he addressed his father: "My father, my dreams are ominous of evil; may I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time make a new fast?"

The father answered, "My son, you know not what you ask. If you get up now, all your glory will depart; wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire. You know it is for your own good."

The son assented, and covering himself closer, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. The same answer was given him by the old man, adding, that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, but lay like a skeleton. No one would have known he was living, but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

The next morning, the father, elate at having gained his end, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself. He stooped to listen, and, looking through a small aperture, was more astonished when he beheld his son painted with vermilion

on his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying, at the same time: "My father has ruined me as a man; he would not listen to my request; he will now be the loser. I shall be for ever happy in my new state, for I have been obedient to my parent; he alone will be the sufferer, for the Spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me pity, and now I must go."

At that moment the old man broke in, exclaiming: "My son! my son! do not leave me!" But his son, with the quickness of a bird, had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched on the highest pole, a beautiful robin-red-breast. He looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him that he should always love to be near men's dwellings, that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant cheerfulness and pleasure he would display, that he would still cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to

him for the loss of the glory he had expected; and that, although no longer a man, he should ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.

The foregoing story illustrates the Indian custom of fasting to procure a personal spirit. The moral to be drawn from it is the danger of ambition. We should not seek for unreasonable honours, nor take unusual means to attain them.

The Spirit fasted for by the young man proving averse to him, he requests his father to exempt him from further fasting: and on being denied, gives a proof of filial obedience by persevering in abstinence. In reward for this, the Spirit, though unfavourable, partly relents; and instead of compelling the son to pass a miserable life in the human form, changes him to a bird, who will take a peculiar delight in lingering around the habitations of men. S——.

LETTER XIV.

Monday, Sept. 7th.

This morning we rose at peep of day to urge on the preparations for our trip to Lake Superior. As we have to camp out all the way, except one night, which we expect to spend at Saulte St. Marie, we are obliged to take a good deal of equipage with us.

The first thing to be done was to secure a good canoe. Mr. Schoolcraft very kindly offered us his, but we finally selected one belonging to the American Fur Company. It is rather large; twenty-eight or thirty feet long, and five feet wide, very strong and firm.

The next point was to secure good men. This is not in general difficult; there are usually at Mackina great numbers of half-breeds, who are by turns fishermen or voyageurs; the only thing is to select good ones, and particularly a good guide, for on him will

depend much of our comfort, and perhaps safety, during the trip. His duty is to steer the canoe, select the landing-places, take charge of the luggage and command of the men or monde, as they call it; and in general to direct, under the orders of the bourgois, the whole expedition.

To fill this important station we have been fortunate enough to secure Charles Cloutier, an old half-breed, who has been five and thirty years a voyageur on the lake.

I like his looks very much; a short, rather small but very compact figure, a good open face, bright eye, and high though wrinkled forehead. He speaks French, or rather the miserable jargon which, among the voyageurs, goes by that name; and Indian, of course, but no English. A very fair share of confidence in himself may also be numbered among Cloutier's good qualities.

He laughed very heartily when I asked him if there was no danger of being drowned in crossing the lake. "Oh non, Monsieur,

pas de danger *avec moi.*" It was impossible not in some degree to partake of the confidence so heartily and honestly expressed. The emphasis with which Cloutier pronounced his "avec moi," reminded me of the great Roman and his "*Cæsarem vehis.*"

After all, I can't but think the old half-breed's confidence has the more rational foundation.

Next to Cloutier comes a young half-breed named Pelleau, about twenty; a tall slightly made fellow, with a very wild cast of countenance, particularly the eye, which is "sauvage pure" as they say at the North; his face, when in repose, has the peculiar stolid look which characterizes the Indian physiognomy; but when it kindles up, there is a something in the look that "*likes me not;*" perhaps it may be in part owing to the long straight hair which covers his head, and is all the while falling over his face; good or bad, however, he is engaged our compagnon de voyage for the next ten days.

The next, Robert Chinlier, the same age as

Pelleau, shorter, stouter, with a broad good-humoured face, full of laughter and fun, a regularly merry devil.

Le Tour, the fourth man, is a full, or, as they call it here, a pure Canadian; but he looks so exactly like an Irishman that I can never hear French coming out of his wide mouth without a sense of ridiculous incongruity. He has a fair skin, though tanned by exposure; light grey eyes, sandy or dirt coloured hair, a low forehead, and a mouth and chin true Milesian. He too has a merry look, and, what I always like in a man, an honest hearty laugh. This test of men, by the way, I have great confidence in; "a man may smile, and smile again, and be a villain," that I admit; but, to laugh loudly, heartily, 'tis the Shibboleth of honesty; your rogue hath no part nor lot in the matter.

Le Tour completed our original number; but at the last moment we were persuaded to take a young Indian "sauvage pure." He is not more than eighteen, and looks like a poor shiftless creature; but our friend,

the lawyer, recommended him to us as a sober, good fellow; besides, he can speak English, which none of the others do; and as my French is none of the best, and the Major's worse still, an interpreter will not be amiss, even though he come in the shape of this *miserable*, whom, by the way, they call, "the Doctor." He bears the soubriquet very willingly, as it prevents the necessity of telling his own name. This unwillingness to tell their own names is a singular peculiarity of the Indians. I believe it is universal. Certainly among the Chippewas it is impossible to induce an Indian to tell his own name; even the traders, when they advance goods to an Indian, if they do not know his name, can never persuade him to tell it; he will sooner deny himself the goods. The difficulty is, however, very easily gotten over, as they have no scruple about telling the name of another person; so you have only to ask A for B's name, and B for A's.

The Doctor completes our muster roll.

These men are hired at seventy-five cents per day and voyageurs' rations. For this they engage to go with us into the lake as far as we choose.*

The men having been engaged, we next look for the equipage. Our kind friend, Mr. A——, furnished us with a tent and its oil-cloth bag, eight large heavy Mackina blankets, and an oil-cloth to spread on the ground at night, lest the damp should strike through to the bedding. In this same oil-cloth the bedding is wrapped up during the day to keep it dry. Our good hostess, Mrs. L——, added two pillows, an unwonted luxury among voyageurs, but one which was conceded to the presumed nicety of citizens like us.

Next in importance is the travelling basket; for this also we were indebted to Mr. A——. It resembles, both in shape and

* The men sometimes demand a ration of whiskey; it should never be allowed them. Independent of all moral considerations, and having regard only to the comfort of the trip, they should not be allowed a drop; they do a great deal better without it.

size, a large oval clothes basket; has a cover fastened on with hinges, a hasp, staple, and a padlock to secure the contents.

This basket is divided inside into six small and one large compartments. In it are carried our cooking and table apparatus, neither very extensive, viz. a frying-pan, some tin cups, plates, knives and forks, spoons, a teapot, two small pewter cans,—and all told. In the basket we also put part of our viands, "creature comforts" as the dear old Puritans called them, viz. a ham boiled, two bottles of wine, two ditto of whiskey, (which we ought not to have taken) salt and pepper, sugar, tea, biscuit, &c. &c.

The stores for the men are laid in separately. We allowed ours a pound of pork, a pound of biscuit, (ship bread,) and a pint of hulled corn per day per man. This is a very large ration; these stores we gave in charge to Cloutier.

The men had but one cooking utensil, a large kettle, which, when not in use, is put

into a basket made to fit it. We had a tea-kettle also in its wicker basket. Just before starting we added to our stores a bushel of potatoes; in the cooking of which vegetable, even my modesty does not prevent my confessing that I excel.

While we were busy engaging and collecting together those various articles, Cloutier and his men took the canoe from the lofts of the Company's store, where she had been snugly stowed away, and brought her down to the water side, where the old man, himself a canoe maker of no mean fame, made a survey to ascertain her condition. After due examination he reported favourably; she was in good order, except that one of the thwarts had been broken in getting her down from the loft; this, however, could be mended at any time, and for the present, she only needed gumming.

To this he now devoted himself.

A piece of the resin of the Canada pine (it looks like burgundy pitch, and is of the same nature, but here they call it gum) is put

into a frying-pan to melt; a small bit of tallow is added, and when it is all melted and thoroughly incorporated together, it is laid on the seams of the canoe with a flat stick. As it cannot be put on very smoothly in this way, they take a couple of brands in one hand, and blowing to increase the heat, hold them near enough to the seams to melt the gum; then wet the fingers with spittle, (your true voyageur is never a very cleanly animal) press the gum down, and rub it smooth; spitting on it and rubbing till it has a fine polish.

In this way every seam in the canoe must be gone over. This labour was at last completed, and Cloutier went round the canoe to see if any spot wanted retouching; nothing was imperfect. "Bain, bain,"* said the old man to himself; then shouted to his monde, "*a l'eau—a l'eau.*" The men have no difficulty in lifting the canoe, and placing her in the water. To be sure they were compelled

* Meaning *bien.*

to wade in half-leg deep, but this they seem not at all to regard. It is all important that the canoe should never touch the ground, as a stick or stone may tear a hole in her. Now began the lading.

First of all some long poles, a spare oar or two, and two or three paddles are laid along the bottom; this gives strength and stiffness, and enables the canoe to resist the beating of the waves in going over rough seas. Next, a frame, or rather a stout lattice-work, is laid on in the centre, where the "Bourgois," as the Canadians call the passengers, are to sit. Something of the same sort is then put in the stern of the canoe for the guide to stand upon. Now to stow in the luggage. But first, I must tell you, that in all cases the two centre spaces between the thwarts are reserved for the bourgois. In this, then, the lattice-work having been previously covered with an Indian mat by way of a carpet, is laid our bedding, which, being rolled up in the oil-cloth to the shape of a large pillow and placed athwart

the canoe, serves very well for a seat. The basket, a box filled with bread, our cloaks, &c. &c. are put into the other space. The lading of the canoe finished, the voyageurs were dispatched for their bedding. They returned after a little space, each carrying a little bundle wrapped up in a mat, and tightly corded. These are placed in the forward or after part of the canoe, due regard being had to the trim of the boat; and now all is ready. With many cordial shakes of the hand, and many kind wishes, we bid our friends adieu, and step into our canoe. Here, however, I committed a blunder, which had nearly proved the cause of further delay. I stepped on one of the thwarts; the slight thing bent under my weight, but fortunately did not break. I seated myself on the bedding, the Major sprang in and took his place beside me. Cloutier flourishing his paddle over his head, brought it down into the water with an air: "*Hoh! Hoh!*" cried he, "*en avant.*" The voyageurs ply their light oars with short, quick strokes; and

Robert, whom Cloutier has already christened "*Le Diable*," struck up a *chanson a rames*, in the burthen of which "*en partant, on dont chanter*," the men join — keeping time with their oars. And thus we part for the Pictured Rocks.

LETTER XV.

Le Detour, Sept. 7—9 o'clock, P. M.

Behold us now for the first time camping out; our tent has been pitched, the oil-cloth carpet laid, the blankets spread, our little lamp hangs from the tent pole, the Major is still rambling about in the bright moonlight, so I have the tent to myself, and as I lounge at full length on the bed can continue my journal at "mine ease in my" tent. We left Mackina, as I mentioned to you, with a bright sky, a smooth lake, and a fair wind; was ever journey began under better auspices? "Sit omen!" We soon dou-

bled the point of the harbour, and coasting along the South-Eastern side of the island, passed directly under Robinson's Folly; its white side glittering in the sunbeams in beautiful contrast with the deep green of the pines which surround it and crown its summit. The Arch Rock we also saw, but did not pass very near it. We stood directly from the island soon after passing the Folly, to make the traverse to Goose Island. This traverse is about ten miles, the longest between here and Saulte St. Marie. As soon as we had gained a good offing from Mackina, Cloutier sang out "*La voile*," and the men proceeded to the work of hoisting sail. First, the mast is taken from the bottom of the canoe and erected; then the sail is produced, it is merely a square piece of duck fastened to two poles of equal size and length; round the centre of one of these yards they tied a string, which is passed over a notch cut in the top of the mast; by this very primitive sort of halliards the sail is pulled up, and then the lower yard is tied

(in our instance by the Doctor's pocket-handkerchief) to the thwart; by help of this sail the canoe made about five miles the hour. All day we coasted along the Northern end of Lake Huron; the weather delightful, just wind enough to push our light bark through the water, but not to roughen the surface of the lake or make any swell; the sky bright, and the sun, towards mid-day, almost too warm. We took advantage of the smoothness of the lake to make several bold traverses from point to point, instead of coasting round the deep bays according to the true Indian fashion.

The Indians are always very unwilling to venture far from land, and will often make a detour of ten or twelve miles rather than a direct traverse of three or four. The Canadians and half-breeds, however, are bolder navigators, and will often venture ten or even twenty miles out in calm weather.—The Northern shore of Lake Huron, from Mackina to Detour, is broken up into a great number of islands, so that we rarely

saw more than a mile or two at a time of the main land. These islands are very irregular in shape, and vary much in size. This, and the very broken line of the coast, gives to the voyageur a constant succession of striking views, diversified in every possible manner; now a high rocky point covered with cedar and pine, then a long stretch of white sandy beach, next a number of small islands clustering together, would for miles hide the main land, except when some eminence, blue in the distance, could be seen above the low sandy shores, or where, through a long green vista, we caught a passing glance. This scene was rendered the more striking by the nature of the day—it was, as I have mentioned, bright and sunny; yet every now and then light clouds would float before the sun, and cast a shade on some part of the landscape, while all the rest glittered in the sun-beams. Sometimes a little island, standing out from the coast, would thus be covered by the shade; its verdure assuming a deeper green, while the main land beyond

was bright in the sunshine. Then again the scene would change, and one sweet sunny isle would stand out in clear, bold relief from a fine back-ground of coast, in deep, and almost gloomy shade. Such were the scenes through which we have been all day passing; our voyageurs in fine spirits, plying their oars, (for the wind has failed us,) singing their merry songs, and between whiles, laughing, shouting, and jesting with each other, in the strange jargon of French and Indian which they speak. The Doctor, as they call the young Indian, is always their butt, and truly no joker could possibly desire a better. We have already discovered that he can scarce speak a word of English and not a syllable of French, so that our interpreter turns out the hardest to be understood of the set.

The sun was low in the heavens, when, for the first time, our old guide turned the canoe in shore, passing behind two islands, or rather one island, the two ends of which, each perhaps containing a dozen acres, are

connected together by a low narrow strip of sand not more than six feet wide, which the water scarcely overflows.

Here we landed for a few moments. The shore is of the same character as that of Mackina, made up of pebbles, which the constant action of the waves casts up from the bottom of the lake. Now and then we see a strip of sand; this too is growing under the operation of the waves. Near the extremity of this island, we saw a rock twenty or thirty feet high, and nearly a perfect cube; it stands quite alone. I did not see on the island another stone larger than an apple. How this big solitary rock came here I leave to the geologists to determine, being myself contented to note it as a striking feature in the scene.

Parting from this island, we stood boldly out into the lake, to double a point called Point St. Vitale, which projects far South from the general line of the coast. No sooner had we passed it than Cloutier shouted "Isle Drummond," pointing to a large island which lay directly before us.

Drummond island lays across the entrance of St. Mary's river, and extends a few miles up the stream. The main channel of the river runs East of the island, which is therefore included in the territory of the United States, as the commissioners very properly decided that the main channel should be held to be the river where it is the boundary between the United States and Canada. Le Detour is a point on the Western side of the Canoe channel, and is so called, because, in going to the Saulte we are obliged here to make a sudden turn, and from a course but little North of East, pursue one which is nearly North-West by West. The wind had now hauled round to the South; so that, on turning the Point St. Vitale, it was fair for us to run into the river; we hoisted sail. The sun was just setting, and the wind from off the lake began to be cold and chilly; when we passed the point of Detour, and running into a small nook behind it, layed the canoe alongside the shore. The first thing now to be done was to land the

Bourgois. For this purpose all the men except Cloutier sprang into the water; the Doctor held the bow of the canoe, Le Tour her stern; the Major mounted Pelleau's back, and I that of Robert Le Diable, we were safely carried ashore. The voyageurs never, or at least very rarely, run their canoe bow on shore, for fear that her bottom may be hurt by the stones or sharp sticks, but lay her alongide just far enough out to float.

The Bourgois safely landed, they proceeded to unload the luggage, or butin, as Cloutier called it; next the oars, sail, mast, and canoe equipage is thrown ashore; and then the men, two at each end, lift the canoe bodily out of water and place it on shore. When all was safe on terra firma, and we had leisure to look around us, we could not but admit that the voyageurs had selected their camping ground, with great judgment. A small cleared space, perhaps an acre in extent, was surrounded on three sides, by a thick dark wood of maple, pine, and cedar;

and even on the side which was open to the water, it was sheltered by the projecting point of Le Detour. The ground was smooth and dry, rising very gradually from the water, with grass enough to cover it, but no brush or underwood.

While we were looking round, Cloutier had collected some birch bark, and called the Major to ask for a light. M. produced his box of lucifers; Cloutier held a small shred of bark, ready to kindle from the match, but on trying, the match would not catch. "Ah! that is a bad match, let us now try another." Another and another, to the number of a dozen, were tried before the Major was fully satisfied that it was "no go." Luckily we have not depended exclusively on the new-fangled gear, but were provided with a good old-fashioned flint and steel. With this a light was struck, the birch bark, which catches like oiled paper, was soon in a blaze. The Doctor (always understand the Indian) had got together some dry sticks, and we were soon standing before a

warm and very comfortable fire. In the mean time Pelleau and Le Diable had pitched the tent, and spread within it the oil-cloths and the bedding; and now, under the immediate supervision of the Major, they are preparing for tea.

As I stood at the tent door I was struck with the wildness of the scene—the woods around, that looked more gloomy than ever in the increasing darkness; the dusky forms and strange dresses of our voyageurs, as they hovered over the fire; while the bent figure and withered face of our guide, now distinctly visible as he passed athwart the blaze, then lost in the gloom as he wandered around, having a careful eye to the butin, and giving diligent heed to every thing that could add to the comfort of his Bourgeois.

Just at this moment the Eastern heavens began to light up, the round moon rose from behind the low island opposite us, and in a few moments her bright beams were spread over every object, giving a softer character

to the scene. I had not much time to enjoy its beauties. The Major summoned me to his assistance, and finding, upon trial, that it was more trouble to teach the Doctor how to do any thing than to do it ourselves, we determined to be our own cooks. The Major undertook to make tea, and set out the tea things on the mat spread before the fire, while I was to fry some ham. This latter process was going on very well (you know I value myself on my knowledge of cooking), when, just at the wrong moment, he called me to take a view of the landscape from a new point. I followed him down to the beach, and there gazed with absolute rapture on the scene. The British shore, and part of Drummond Island lay before us, studded with half a dozen small islands; every one of which, every cape and little bay, every hill, nay, it seemed as though every tree and shrub, was brought out into perfect and individual distinctness in the glitter of the moon-beams. Entranced with such a sight, I—— forgot my ham; and when, at last, I

returned to it, alas! it was burned to a cinder. The Major, whose tea was excellent, (brown sugar, and no milk, to the contrary notwithstanding), was loud in his triumph over me; but I recollected the story of King Alfred and his oaten cakes, and took comfort under the loss of my ham, and courage under the Major's reproaches, by likening my fate to that of the wise King of the Saxons. This misadventure did not prevent our making a good supper, after which I crept into the tent to write my letter—now, good night.

LETTER XVI.

September 8th.

Just as I had finished my letter last night, the Major came in to go to bed. We only took off our boots and coats, then crept between the blankets. The strangeness of every thing around, the excitement of the

day's adventure, to say nothing of being only kept off the hard ground by two blankets and an oil-cloth, kept me awake a long while. Before midnight, however, I had fallen into a deep sleep, from which I was, about that witching hour, awakened by the Major with the news that the tent was falling. When I had roused myself, I found that a total change had come over the face of things; the heavens were shrouded in darkness, the moon quite obscured, the wind blowing almost a gale, and our tent, which had no pins, and was only kept up by stones laid on its edges, rocking to and fro, threatening at every puff of the gale to fall quite over and leave us without shelter from the coming storm.

We got up, and the Major, who is, I already find, by far the better campaigner of the two, groped round in the dark till he found several little rocks, which, when placed on the edge of the tent cloth, kept it tolerably firm. He had scarce finished his work and gained the shelter of the tent, be-

fore the storm came upon us; the rain poured down in torrents, the lightning flashed through our canvass walls, the thunder burst over our heads in deafening peals, then rumbled off in the distance till it seemed to strike and rebound from the far-off summits of the Heights on St. George's lake. The tent cloth was so dry, and the rain beat against it with such violence, as to drive through and fill the tent with a fine haze or mist. To keep this off, we put up our umbrellas, and lay for awhile in bed with them over our heads; a novelty certainly. The canvass, however, soon became saturated with water, and the mist no longer penetrated it, so we could put down our umbrellas; and I lay for an hour or two enjoying this last crowning scene in a day of adventure. It is delightful to one, whose mental appetite, palling over the constant sameness of city life, requires something to stimulate it to action, thus to break forth from civilized man and civilized life, and see Nature. Not Nature dressed up, decked, tricked out, like a

French figurante; no! but Nature as she is here, with all her imperfect beauties and beauteous imperfections; to see her here in her own sweet haunts, where none but her own unsophisticated children dwell.

At last I fell asleep, and did not awaken till the Major summoned me to rise, as it was near five o'clock, the hour at which we had resolved to start. On creeping out of the tent we found our voyageurs all asleep; Cloutier, Le Tour, and Le Diable, had taken refuge from the storm under the canoe, and lay in comparative comfort; but thus to change their resting-place during the night was too much trouble for Pelleau and the Doctor, and they had lain exposed to the storm all night; yet, when our shouts, and the oft repeated "Ho! Ho!" of old Cloutier had aroused them, I saw Pelleau wringing the water from his blanket, his coat, and shirt sleeves; while the Doctor, who admirably exemplifies the old Virginia proverb, "The bigger fool the better doctor," would not even take this trouble, but bundled up

his blanket and mat, wet as they were; yet they both seemed refreshed by their sleep, and not at all the worse for their ducking. The moon was still high, the clouds had cleared away as rapidly as they had risen, and by her light we were soon busily preparing for a start. The bedding was first rolled up, the tent struck, the basket packed, and then the canoe lifted into the water; the lading put on board, the Major mounted Pelleau's back and was safely deposited in the canoe; Le Diable did me the same kindness; then the voyageurs jumped in, Cloutier gave the word "en avant," the oars struck out, and again we are under way. As soon as we were fairly out of the little harbour of Detour, we found that the wind had shifted during the night, and now blew very fresh and directly down stream. It did not, however, annoy us much while we were in the narrow channel, except that at every false stroke of the Doctor's oar, (and the blundering fool made not a few,) the spray flew directly in our faces. We soon passed

the Southern extremity of St. Joseph's, an island which extends up St. Mary's river more than twenty miles; the main channel lies South-West of St. Joseph's, of course it belongs to Canada. Here the English have a settlement, which, I am told, under the fostering care of the government is fast increasing.

On entering this channel the head wind made rougher work for us. Things did not get to the worst till we attempted to cross the lower part of Mud Lake to Lime Island, or, as the voyageurs call it, Isle de la Crosse. This little expanse of water, which is four miles across and six long, was now covered with white caps; and in crossing it we had a good specimen of the miseries of canoe navigation in rough weather, and with wind ahead.

Our little vessel reeled and staggered as the waves struck her high bows, then she would mount fairly upon one somewhat longer than usual, then again would she plunge her sharp bow right into the bosom of the

next, dashing the water aside and covering herself with spray and foam. Two or three times, as a wave of more than ordinary size struck her quarter, her bow flew round so far, and the next wave came on so quickly, that the instant and powerful exertions of old Cloutier could barely bring her round and make her head to the wind again. Still she struggled on, and though the crest of a green wave would sometimes mount quite over her gunwale, and wash in on either side of her high prow, yet she kept her course under the impulse of four vigorous oarsmen, who, you may be sure, pulled with a will when they knew they were pulling for life. At last, after two of the most uncomfortable hours I ever passed, we gained the shelter of Lime Island. We were cold, wet, and hungry, and were anxious to make the land at the nearest point. Cloutier, however, who knew every foot of the ground, went round to the North-Eastern side of the island, and then put us ashore at a very pleasant camping ground, shut out from the

wind, and open to the sun. I confess it was with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction, and I hope of thankfulness, that I put my feet on dry land; the Major says I showed the white feather in crossing the traverse; be that as it may, I was glad to get ashore I do allow.

A fire was soon kindled; our tent, and the blankets and mats of the voyageurs, hung on branches to dry in the sun, which shone clear and bright; and now I attempted to regain my lost reputation by cooking some potatoes, boiled first, then fried with a little fat of ham. In this I was happily successful, and with the Major's ham, (he would not again trust me to fry it,) and tea, we did well, exceeding well. Breakfast over, I made the Doctor spread the mat under the lee of the tent cloth, and reclining upon it while the men are sleeping round me (for a voyageur always sleeps at every spare moment during a trip) and the Major wandering through the woods, I took out my journal and have brought this important history

of my travels down to September 8th, half-past nine o'clock, A. M.

Half-past 2, *P. M.* Have just returned from a long ramble round the island. The shore is on the Western side pebbly, but on the East a fine sand, which slopes very gradually to the water. To the South-West there is a deep secluded bay, which is very beautiful. The entrance is not more than twenty yards wide, but it expands almost immediately into a perfect circle, absolutely as "round as a ring;" the shore is of a uniform height and appearance all round, being every where covered with pines and cedars, whose dark verdure gives a sombre character to the bay. This effect is increased by the deep green rushes which cover its surface. The only thing which broke the perfect sameness of the appearance of the shores, was a solitary mountain ash, which stood directly opposite the entrance of the bay. Its light green leaves and rich clusters of bright red berries, appearing doubly beautiful when contrasted with the

almost gloomy character of every thing around. An Indian would have said, that beneath this beautiful ash was the chosen resting-place of the fairies, when they seek the shores to dry their raven locks in the summer sun or sport at midnight in the moonbeams. You know, I suppose, that the Chippewas, and indeed all the Algonquin Indians, are great believers in fairies, and are very fond of amusing their leisure hours by telling fairy tales.

During our ramble we came to a grave. It was enclosed by a single tier of logs, and covered over with strips of cedar bark, meeting in the centre at a very sharp angle so as to form a steep roof. On removing one or two of those strips, we found the whole surface of the grave within covered with birch bark, laid down very neatly. As we had plenty of time to spare, I resolved, somewhat in opposition to the Major's ideas of propriety, to open this grave. I had heard much of the implements of warfare and other curious matters which the savages

deposit in the graves of their chiefs, and thought this would be a good opportunity to see them with my own eyes. Certain professional reasons had also weight with me, but of this, I suppose, the less said the better. Full of this idea, I hurried back to the fire to old Cloutier, to get his assistance in the matter. No sooner had I mentioned the grave to him, than he replied with great earnestness, "Oh yes, I know the place very well, 'tis the grave of Namagwoos, the Trout. He was a great chief; *he was my wife's uncle!*" Here, of course, was an end to my project, and I was very glad I had not mentioned it to the old fellow.

The men had by this time roused, and are busy gumming the canoe; the hard knocks she received from the waves of Mud Lake have damaged her bottom a little. Cloutier says he will try to get on as soon as the canoe is gummed.

Sept. 8th, 8 o'clock, P. M. Soon after I wrote the above, we made an attempt to proceed, but on gaining the Northern point

of the island, where we had a fair view of the traverse before us, Cloutier decided that the thing was utterly impracticable. This traverse is longer than the one below. The wind is still dead ahead, and, though not quite so violent as this morning, yet the lake is far too rough to make the passage a pleasant or even a safe one. The old man said that the wind would fall soon, so we determined not to unlade the canoe; but having laid her alongside at eight or ten feet distance from the shore, Pelleau waded in, cut a sapling, trimmed off the lower limbs, and then tied the large end to the bow of the canoe; the top, on which the thick branches had been left, he then laid on the sands, which it would just reach. On these branches he piled several large stones, and by this very primitive sort of hold-fast I thought we might ride very secure; but so thought not old Cloutier, he seized a branch of a maple which chanced to overhang the stream near the stern of the canoe, and made fast to that. The men then waded ashore, and the Ma-

jor, on the back of Pelleau, followed, but I resolved to stay in the canoe; the gentle rocking soon put me to sleep.

After a very comfortable nap I roused up, and calling for one of the voyageurs, was carried ashore. They had built a fire, and were now sleeping on the ground near it, all except our old guide, who was busy making some trifling repairs to the canoe. I joined the Major, and together we took a stroll into the woods. The trees are larger, and the forest more unbroken, at this than at the other end; and it was not without some toil that we made our way through them. The soil is sandy, but is every where covered with a layer of decaying and decayed vegetable matter about a foot deep. The principal trees are the pine and its congeners, a few Shumach bushes serve in some places to diversify the scene. The island abounds with limestone, and it was here that the soldiers from Fort Brady made the first lime ever made in this country; hence its name. The Canadian or French

name is, (as I before mentioned) Isle de la Crosse, from the well-known Indian game.

Tired at length of the sameness of our ramblings, the Major determined to signalize himself. Selecting a tall stump of a beech tree, eight or ten feet in circumference and hollow within, he made a fire around its base and inside, and had soon the gratification of seeing the flame flare out of the top of the stump, which was twenty or thirty feet high, like a chimney on fire. Not to be outdone, I too set fire to an old half-decayed oak, and soon it was blazing and crackling, as the flame spread from branch to branch, till the whole tree seemed a column of fire. These very remarkable exploits did not exhaust our energies; no sooner had the trees ceased to burn, than the Major seized an axe—yes, an axe—and resolutely attacked an oak of a foot in diameter. The forest echoed with the sound, as blow after blow he struck the king of trees. At last the monarch totters, he sways from side to side; and now, with a rushing, roaring noise, he

falls to the ground. *The Major has felled a tree.* I looked on with something of that mixture of admiration and envy which animated the breast of the Italian artist, when, at sight of a noble specimen of his art, he exclaimed "*Io son pittore;*" so I, beholding the Major's triumph, "feel in my breast a kindred passion glow," and seizing the axe, shout, "I too will cut down a tree." I select one equal in size to his, as the first victim of my woodman's prowess, and plant upon its side the first strong blow; the wood is firm, yet I persevere; the axe is dull, I am nought discouraged; and at length fortune crowns my efforts; the tree totters, one more blow will be enough; I strike, the tough wood cracks, the high top stoops—bends—falls—What words can tell the glow of triumph that fills my heart. Thus felt Napoleon, when at Jena he stretched forth his arm towards the broken bands of Prussia, and cried "*je les tien;*" thus felt Napoleon's conqueror, when on the glorious eighteenth of June he saw the British guards rush down

like a torrent, bearing before them the scattered ranks of France, and he exclaimed "That will do it;" so I, at that last conquering blow, cried "that will do it."

The adventure of the trees was scarce consummated, when old Cloutier announced that we might attempt the traverse. We were soon on board, and our two hold-fasts being thrown off, we took our final leave of Lime Island. Mud Lake, the upper portion of which we were now to pass, is a large irregular shaped lake, about eight miles from North to South, and, including Lime Island, not less than ten or twelve from East to West. It is in general very shoal, not more than eight or ten feet deep. We passed in sight of several houses, or rather their ruins, on St. Joseph's, where the English had a factory some years ago; they are now forming an establishment near the place, but with what success I don't know. At an hour past sunset we reached Campement des Matelots, where we had resolved to spend the night.

This is a common camping ground for the boats to and from the Saulte, when they are compelled, by the weather or other causes, to make two days' journey to Detour. It is a very pleasant place, dry, and well sheltered, and the ground well coated with grass or moss. Here I was struck with the cooking, and no less with the eating of our voyageurs; my own appetite did not, as yesterday, prevent my noticing the eating of other people. They put three or four quarts of hulled corn into their large camp kettle, then fill it half full of water, and throw in five or six pounds of salt pork; these materials are boiled together till a thick soup is formed, and this the voyageurs eat hot at night, and cold during the day, (for it is the rule in voyaging never to allow the men to boil a pot more than once a day,) in quantities which would astonish you; indeed, they seem to me to have no limit to their appetite but the quantity of food in their possession.

LETTER XVII.

Sept. 10*th*, 6 *o'clock*, *A. M.*

I HAD no time to write a word in my journal yesterday, but now, while the voyageurs are preparing for their morning's start, I have seated myself astride a big log, a little to windward of the huge fire which the men have kindled alongside of the other end, and here, with the wide expanse of Lake Superior before me, the tall pines all around, and the clear blue sky above, which just begins to glow towards the East with the beams of the rising sun, I continue my journal. Yesterday morning we left Campement des Matelots at half-past three, determined to reach the Saulte early, so as to get a good start into the lake the same day. It is not very prudent to make a long stay at the Saulte, as in that case nothing but the most absolute want of money or credit will prevent the men from getting drunk. This is

the great fault in the character of the voyageurs, particularly of those who partake of the Indian blood. It seems to be utterly impossible for them to resist the temptation of rum; to obtain it they will generally part with any thing they possess, and when once obtained, they never rest till it is all drunk, or they are reduced to the most helpless state of ebriety. It is, of course, in the power of any white man, who is unprincipled enough to supply their craving appetite for the fire water as they call it, to buy the poor Indians, body and soul.

It is creditable to the government of the United States that they have forbidden the introduction of this destructive poison into the Indian country. For this wise regulation the country is, I believe, mainly indebted to the present Secretary at War, the Hon. Lewis Cass, and for his active agency in it he deserves, and will receive, a tribute of respect and gratitude from every humane and patriotic heart. The good intentions of the government have, in this part of the

country, been well and zealously seconded by the vigilant attention which Mr. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent for Mackina and St. Mary's, has paid to the subject; his intimate acquaintance with the character and habits, the past history and present state of the Indians, has made him familiar with the deplorable consequences of the introduction of this worse than poison among them, and his active humanity has induced him to leave nothing undone that could protect the poor savages under his care against it. But 'tis time to resume the account of our ascent of the St. Mary's River.

When we left Campement des Matelots the fog lay so thick and heavy upon the water, that we could only catch an occasional glimpse of the American shore, near which we passed, and the island opposite was quite out of sight. Finding that nothing was to be seen, I wrapped my green blanket over my head, in true Chippewa fashion, and sliding down into the bottom of the canoe, lay quite protected from the heavy damp air.

After three hours' rowing, I was roused by the Doctor's cry of "house! house!" On looking round I found that we were still only a few yards from the American shore, and on the bank I saw, through the thick grey fog which still shrouded every object, a small neat looking hut of hewn logs, with nicely glazed windows, and an air of comfort all around which was quite charming. While I was looking intently at this, another, and then another, became visible. They had all the same air of neat, clean comfort, which characterized the first. This is a mission station, under the care of the Methodist church. They have been for some time labouring here, and I doubt not with great diligence; though, I was grieved to hear, with but little success.

The subject of Missions among the Indians is not yet well understood, nor is the best way of conducting them ascertained. At present many efforts are making to civilize, rather than to christianize, the Indians; or at least to make their civilization precede

their christianization. I do not believe this will ever succeed. The Indian, while he holds the peculiar opinions of his race, will never be made a tiller of the ground. The aversion to labour, and a belief of its degrading influence, is so deeply rooted in the mind of the Savages, that no mere sense of its expediency, no conviction of the temporary advantages to be derived from it, will ever induce them to submit to it. No; this opinion must be rooted out, this prejudice overcome, before the first step can be taken towards making the Indian a working man, and this, I believe, can only be effected by the powerful agency of Christianity.

In connexion with the subject of missions, I will tell you a little anecdote of Mr. G——, the Indian Missionary, which I picked up awhile ago.

Mr. G—— came to the West when it was yet a vast wilderness; he was sent out by those pioneers of Christianity, the Moravians. Here he had long lived, and his pure precepts and his bright example

had not been without their influence, even in the rude West. The wild backwoodsman felt his spirit tamed, and even the Savage was robbed of some portion of his ferocity, when they came in contact with *the Preacher*, as he was emphatically called. Time passed away, and with it passed the savage hords, once the terror of the frontier; a little village sprang up where formerly the hunter's rude cabin had stood, beside the yet ruder lodge of the Indian.

Mr. G—— remained at the station, and now exchanged the roving, uncertain toils of a Missionary's life for the calmer duties and more assured usefulness of a settled clergyman. "The pleasure of the Lord prospered" in the hands of his servant, the little church at H—— flourished as the garden of God. Here Mr. G—— had lived, and here at the time to which my story refers, he was about to die. 'Twas of a bright Sabbath afternoon in September that Mr. A——, the young clergyman, who had for the day supplied the place of the aged minis-

ter, was returning from the house of God; he was met by a messenger with the not unexpected, but still startling tidings, that Mr. G—— was dying. The young man hurried away, and soon entered the sick room. A single glance sufficed to assure him that the labourer was soon to be released from his toil, the weary to be at rest. The preacher lay silent and motionless upon his low couch; his face was pale, his eye deep sunken and dim, the cold clammy sweat stood in drops upon his forehead, and at each quick and gasping breath the froth gathered upon his lips. At every instant his breath came quicker and quicker, though still more and more oppressed, he spoke; the young man bent forward to catch the feeble and broken words, 'twas an inquiry for himself: "Is he come?" "Yes, father," replied A——, "I am here;" and he pressed the cold damp hand of his master to his lips. G—— recognized the voice, and as he turned towards him the film seemed to break away from the death-dimmed eye, and with an eager

look he gasped out, "Pray! Pray!" The young man, overpowered by his feelings, could not at first comply; he hesitated, and then asked "What shall I pray for? shall I pray for you? shall I pray for your church?" The question seemed to bring back all the vital energies which were so fast fading away; and when the old man spoke again, his voice was clear and strong, his tone earnest almost to vehemence: "Pray for Zion, pray for Zion *every where!*" The young man fell upon his knees and poured forth his soul in prayer. The preacher clasped his hands, and for awhile his lips moved as though he accompanied the very words of his disciple. He paused, a deep sigh—the soul of the Missionary has passed to heaven on the wings of prayer for Zion.

Oh! that a double portion of his spirit might rest upon the Christians of this age and country; then would the labours and the prayers of God's church be directed, not to the promotion of this or that sect, not for the success of this or that man, this or that

party, but for Zion every where. Oh glorious hour! come! come quickly!

From the Mission station to the Saulte houses were constantly in sight, and as the fog disappeared a few could be seen on the British shore. We soon passed the point of Sugar or Maple Island. Here begins, properly speaking, the river St. Mary; all below is rather a strait, or perhaps more properly a chain of lakes, in some places twenty miles wide, and scarce ever less than ten. It is full of islands, of which the three largest—Drummond, St. Joseph's, and Sugar Island—form an almost uninterrupted chain from Detour to St. Mary's. Between Drummond and St. Joseph's I think the channel is not more than four or five miles wide; that between St. Joseph's and Sugar Island does not exceed half a mile, and Sugar Island reaches to within two and a half of the Saulte. The main channel passes East of Drummond and Sugar Island, and West of St. Joseph's; the two former are, of course, assigned to the United States;

the latter, to Great Britain. The number of small islands West of these, and all, of course, belonging to the United States, is almost countless; they vary in size from a few yards to four or five miles. Lime Island is, I think, the largest. The growth of timber upon them is nearly uniform, though, as you advance Northward, the proportion of pine, cedar, &c. is constantly on the increase, and in particular the number of oaks was sensibly diminished. Soon after we passed the point of Sugar Island the current became much stronger, and the roar of the falls was heard quite plainly; indeed, Cloutier and the Major thought they heard it when a mile below the Methodist mission station. To avoid the strength of the current, our guide conducted the canoe through a circuitous channel between several small islands; on emerging from them, the Falls and the village of St. Mary were in plain sight. The village is just below the Falls; and the fort, called Fort Brady in honour of the distinguished general, South of the village. Still

further down stream stands a large and handsome house, formerly the residence of the Indian agent.

The village has a more flourishing look than Mackina. It is situated on ground which rises very gradually from the water level to the height of more than one hundred feet, and then runs back a level plain for a mile. As we approached it the current becomes more and more rapid, and we hear the noise of the Falls more distinctly; a few moments pulling brought us to the wharf of the American Fur Company, where we landed.

We were met upon the wharf by several eager inquirers after the mail; happily we had brought one from Mackina, and it was taken possession of by the post-master with great apparent satisfaction. There is no regular provision made for conveying the mail from Detroit either to St. Mary or Mackina; the post-masters depend entirely upon chance opportunities by schooners or steam boats, and when these offer they send a mail or not, pretty much according to

their own convenience or the willingness of the captain to take charge of it. Even when it is sent, its arrival is by no means certain; and I was highly amused at Mackina hearing of a captain who took a mail from Detroit and threw it into his hold; on his passage up, being obliged to take some freight from another vessel, the mail was forgotten, and the new freight put in upon it; so that upon his arrival at Mackina, in answer to the usual question whether he had brought a mail, the captain was obliged to confess that it was in the hold under half his cargo, and of course that it was impossible to get it out till his arrival at Chicago. He promised, however, that he would be sure to bring it back safely, a promise which he faithfully and punctually performed. No such ill adventure happened to the mail in our charge; it was duly and safely delivered.*

* I hope it will not be deemed obtrusive if I just hint that Mr. ——, the worthy Post-master at Mackina, forgot to pay us the ten dollars which we charged him for

On landing at St. Mary we were informed that Mr. F——, the agent of the American Fur Company, to whom we had letters, was absent. He had gone the day before to Mud Lake, to superintend the preparations for some fisheries which he is about to establish there.

In answer to our next inquiry for the tavern, we were directed to a log hut one and a half story high, before which hung a sign bigger than either of the windows, promising entertainment to the traveller. We entered the low door, and turning to the right passed into a small room some eight by twelve feet; this was the bar-room of the

carrying the mail on this all-important route. I have no doubt that it was a mere lapse of memory on his part, and that when he sees this gentle insinuation, it will afford him great pleasure to forward a barrel of white fish to my address as a peace-offering, charging the fish, of course, to the department. I do not insist on any claim for extra allowance, as that seems to have gone out of fashion; though if the good of the country absolutely demands that an extra allowance should be made in my case, rather than my individual opinion should obstruct the public service, I would accept a pack of Beaver skins, which, I suppose, would be about a proportionate extra on a contract service of ten dollars.

most noble St. Mary's hotel. The bar was nothing more than a single pine board, unpainted and scarce planed, supported by two uprights of the same rough sort, and placed like a counter across the upper part of the room. Behind this was the sanctum of the landlord. Here he had, in addition to his supply of bottles and glasses, a desk, at which he did justice work; for he was a magistrate. The furniture of this apartment consisted of one long bench, one chair, and the aforesaid desk. On the bar or counter, call it which you please, stood two or three bottles, containing brandy, whiskey or gin, an empty tumbler or two, and a cracked wine-glass.

Here we met the landlord, Mr. J——, who assured us that the breakfast for which we inquired rather earnestly should be prepared forthwith. He made some apologies for the limited accommodations of his house, but we assured him that we were by no means particular, any thing would content, and almost any thing please us.

He showed us into a sleeping-room, where,

for the first time since leaving Mackina, we made our toilet; a labour the more necessary as we had camped out two nights, and (in your ear) soap had been forgotten in making up our outfit.

This room had four beds in it, one of them, which I suppose was particularly weak in the joints, was supported by little bands of tin encircling the posts, and nailed into the log wall, the room not being lathed or plastered.

The comforts of the toilet (and they were comforts indeed) having been duly enjoyed in this elegant and spacious bed-room, we went to the store to make some additions to our outfit, (soap among the rest, you may be sure.) The store belongs to the American Fur Company, is large and well supplied, and the amount of sales very considerable.

Our few purchases were soon made, and we determined to start immediately after breakfast, and make our visit to St. Mary on our return from the upper lake. Returning to the hotel for breakfast, we had a

broiled white fish. As I am anxious to reserve all my enthusiasm, and indeed, if possible, to nurse up a little inspiration for the description of the great lake and the Pictured Rocks, I will not speak of that white fish; the rest of the breakfast I shall perhaps be able to describe with philosophic calmness. The rolls were excellent, the butter nearly good, and the coffee—oh that coffee!—but I am getting excited in spite of myself; let us proceed with our narrative. Breakfast over, we walked to the canoe, which our voyageurs had already carried across the short portage, not more than a quarter of a mile, and placed in the canal.

By going a few yards out of our way we had a good view of the Rapids. They extend about half a mile, the descent of the river in that distance is twenty-two feet; the channel appears full of rocks, and the water rushes down whirling, foaming, and dashing against them at a furious rate. It certainly has a very formidable appearance; yet the Indians go down every day in their bark canoes, and

very few accidents have happened in the memory of man; I think Cloutier said he had never known more than three or four lives lost.

The canal does not form a communication between the lake above and the river below, I do not know that it was intended. It is about a mile and a half long, and at the surface of the water, I should think fifteen feet wide. It has no locks. I am told that a ship canal could be constructed around these falls at a very small expense; perhaps the necessities of trade will one day call for it.

Through this canal our voyageurs were a full hour pushing our canoe, so that with our delay at the Saulte it was near noon when we came to its outlet. Here is a sort of dam to guard the canal against the influx of ice or drift wood from the lake. It is made of logs, and the water flows over it four or five inches deep. Our canoe does not draw even that much water, so she floated over without any difficulty.

Soon after we had gained the river, we

passed the ways where the schooner John Jacob Astor was built. She was launched early this spring, and her qualities form a subject of great interest to the good people of St. Marie.

One of our transient acquaintances at the Saulte seemed quite indifferent to our success when we told him we were going to visit the Pictured Rocks, but he absolutely warmed into enthusiasm when expressing his hope that we might meet the schooner; (she is now at La Pointe, four hundred miles off). "Oh!" said he, "I shall be so sorry if you miss seeing her, I am sure you would be pleased with her, she is so beautiful!" The "omne ignotum pro magnifico" was never better illustrated; here is a fellow who thinks the Pictured Rocks a mere pile of stone, a nothing; but a schooner of a hundred tons! that is a spectacle worth seeing.

Leaving the birth-place of the John Jacob Astor, an hour's rowing brought us to the Point aux Pins, on the Canada side; it is quite bare of trees at its extremity, but fur-

ther back are a few scattered pines, from whence it has its name.

The banks of St. Mary's river, from the Saulte to Point aux Pins, are of uniform height, not exceeding ten or twelve feet, and well wooded, principally with pine, cedar, maple, and a few oaks; though the predominance of the pine and cedar gives a gloomy character to the foliage generally.

Point aux Pins is the regular starting-place of the traders to the upper country; they always leave St. Mary at mid-day or after, and camp the first night at Point aux Pins. The reason for this is, that it is almost impossible to get a set of men from St. Mary, without at least one half of them being drunk. By stopping at Point aux Pins the night, they have an opportunity to sleep off their drunkenness, and make a fair start next morning. There is no danger of a recurrence of the difficulty, as the traders are not permitted to take any ardent spirits with them into the Indian country on any pretence whatever; an excellent regulation,

which, thanks to the energy of the Indian agent, and the very proper acquiescence of the American Fur Company, is strictly enforced.

We have fortunately no such cause of delay; our men were all perfectly sober, and we were very glad to discover that old Cloutier does not taste liquor of any kind. He was once a confirmed and even a beastly drunkard, and of course a poor wretched vagabond; but about six or eight years ago he broke off, and since then has been perfectly temperate, and is quite a thriving prosperous voyageur; far more so than any other individual of his class at Mackina or the Saulte. His is the only case I have ever heard of in which this habit has been broken by one in whose veins the Indian blood flows, and I record it with the more pleasure as proving at least the possibility of such a thing.

As far as Point aux Pins the current is quite strong, but beyond, the strait widens very rapidly, and the current, of course,

diminishes, till it is finally lost beyond Gros Cap. Were it not for the existence of this current, all beyond Point aux Pins might rather be called a bay of Lake Superior as far as Gros Cap and Point aux Iroquois, which are now considered as marking the true entrance into the lake. Both these points are now in sight; Gros Cap (not Crow Cape, as a fair correspondent of the C———— A———— called it in a letter, which, being published in that paper, has afforded no little amusement to the good people of the Saulte), Gros Cap, then, is a bold, high bluff, terminating a range of Sienite rocks, which run nearly parallel to the shore, and forms the rocky wall which bounds Lake Superior on the North.

At Gros Cap this wall runs boldly out into the lake, terminating in a point at least two hundred feet in perpendicular height. As this range where bare is of the dark grey colour of granite, and where covered by vegetation that is exclusively pine and cedar, it has a gloomy look; and to an ardent imagi-

nation it might seem to frown upon the strait below as if it would bar an entrance into the lake. On the other side,

"Front to front, and frowning brow to brow,"

stands Point Iroquois, the termination of a like range of rocky hills, which run along the Southern side of the lake. It is not as high as Gros Cap, and does not, like it, project into the lake; but, sinking gradually, leaves between its base and the shore a low sandy flat of half a mile wide.

This, as well as the rock above, is covered with pines and cedars, with a few maples. The point, and a small wood island which lays about a mile from it, and is called Isle Iroquois, was in former times the scene of one of those bloody battles, or rather massacres, which distinguish the annals of Indian warfare. Here a band of Iroquois were attacked and almost exterminated by the Chippewas.

The accounts of this transaction are vari-

ous, some writers pretending that a thousand Iroquois were here slain by the combined forces of the Chippewas, the Foxes, and Sioux. This is extremely improbable; a thousand of these warlike savages would have exterminated any force which the Chippewas and Foxes could bring into the field, and an union between the Sioux and Chippewas, who have been for unnumbered generations at war, is out of the question. The account which gives one hundred and fifty as the number slain, is more likely to be true; even then it is a large story.

The distance between Gros Cap and Point Iroquois is near five miles, but beyond them the shores recede from each other in nearly opposite directions; so that the wide expanse of this wonderful lake is here fairly before us. Of the various emotions which crowd the mind at the sight of this vast inland sea, I cannot attempt a detail. Its characteristics are sufficiently remarkable; its vast extent, being five hundred miles long, and near two hundred wide in some places,

and covering, by the computation of Mr. Schoolcraft, thirty thousand square miles; the depth and purity of its waters; the height at which they lay above the level of the sea;* the character of its shores, always varying yet ever remarkable; and last not least, the men who people these shores—the really untutored savage, the wild, excitable, ferocious, yet wise and noble-minded Chippewa. Here are materials for reflexions; but I will not pursue them.

The shore from Gros Cap running Northward, is formed entirely of high rock, but on the other side from Point Iroquois it soon falls to within twenty or thirty feet of the level of the lake; the rocky formation running back from the lake, and not again approaching its shores till beyond Grandes Sables. The Indian, I mean the Chippewa name for this lake, is Gitchigomi, from *Gitchee*, great, and *gomi*, water.

In passing from hence to White Fish Point,

* Six hundred and forty feet. *Schoolcraft.*

the traders sometimes make the direct traverse as it is called; that is, they pass from Gros Cap to an island about six miles distant, which is called Isle Parisienne, and thence nearly due West to White Fish Point, distant by this route only twenty-four miles. As we had lost a day in the river, we resolved, to regain it by making this direct traverse, by which means we might reach White Fish Point this evening; but just before we passed Gros Cap, the wind, which had been moderate and from the East all day, veered to the North and blew heavily; we resolved, therefore, to take the longer but safer and more interesting route by Point Iroquois and Tequamenon Bay.

Passing then from Gros Cap to Point Iroquois, we coasted along the shore, which here runs nearly due South, forming a deep bay between Point Iroquois and White Fish Point. For some distance the shore had the usual appearance, low sandy banks covered with pine and cedar, with a perfect and apparently impenetrable tangle of brushwood.

When, however, we reached the bottom* of the bay and began to steer westward, the shore assumed a very different, and to us a new and interesting, character.

The beach was still sandy (yellow sand), and sloped off very gradually into deep water; but a few feet back the land rose suddenly, yet very regularly, into a sort of natural levee fifteen or twenty feet high; from the top it falls towards the other side just as regularly, till it reaches a marsh below the level of the lake, and over which the water from it would flow were they not kept in by this singular embankment. This levee or mound, such as I have described it, extends quite across the bottom of the first division of Tequemenon Bay, six or eight miles; in all this distance it scarcely varies at all,

* I do not know that there is any authority for this use of the word *bottom* to indicate the extreme inward point of a bay or gulf, but I employ it for lack of a better term; the reader may take it as I do, *faute de mieux*, or adopt it on the ground of analogy with the French use of the word Fond, as *Fond du lac*, &c. or reject it altogether, just as his courtesy or his philological strictness happen to predominate.

either in shape or size, nor does it advance towards or recede from the lake. The appearance of this mound is rendered yet more singular by the vegetation which grows upon it. This consists exclusively of pine trees of the largest size; for miles there is not a maple or birch tree, though both have hitherto been common, nor a single particle of brush or underwood of any kind.

As we were coasting along this very peculiar shore, it began to rain, and in despite of the shelter of umbrellas and coats, we were soon so very uncomfortable, that on arriving at the mouth of Carp River we determined to go ashore and camp for the night, though it was but little past five. The Major was not well, and I was anxious to get him under shelter from the rain, which now fell in torrents. This river, called Carp, and sometimes Red Carp, to distinguish it from a larger stream beyond White Fish Point, enters the lake in a singular manner; at least it was new to me, although it is common to many of the rivers on the upper

lakes. It penetrates the mound or levee of which I have spoken at the distance of half a mile or more from its present entrance into the lake. For this distance it is shut out from the lake by a sand bar, fifteen or twenty feet wide; and at its highest part perhaps four feet above the level of the water. This bar is extending every year, and constantly increasing the distance between the original mouth of the river and the point of its present entrance.

That part of the stream between its two mouths is quite narrow; beyond the levee, however, it expands to the breadth of twenty or thirty feet, but is very shoal. In this river great quantities of carp are taken at certain seasons of the year. They are, we were told, but an indifferent fish. At the mouth of the Carp we were most glad to go ashore; the men, too, were tired, having rowed about twelve hours. The sandy beach was high and dry, and they were very anxious to camp upon it, but Cloutier would not hear of such a thing, but compel

led them to carry all our luggage up the steep levee and camp upon it among the pine trees.

Here we found the frame of an Indian lodge, not such as I described the abode of the wretched fishermen of Mackina, but a regular Indian lodge. It is made by planting poles, fifteen or twenty feet long, in a circle or oval as you choose, about two or three feet apart; these poles are then bent over till the tops of those opposite each other overlap a foot or two; they are then tied together, and wherever the poles cross, the junction is made firmer by strong bands either of bark or cord, most commonly the former. Thus is a circular space walled in and roofed over; and when the whole is coated with birch bark, leaving, of course, an outlet at the top for the smoke, it makes a very nice habitation, I assure you.

Such a frame was standing at our camping place, and as the branches with which the inside was plentifully strewn were quite fresh, it is probable the savages had been there

very lately. I confess I looked at this memorial of the Red Man of the woods with some interest, and could not but regret his departure. Our voyageurs had no such feelings, but as the lodge seemed to them to stand in the best place for the tent, proceeded to beat down the frail structure and erect our tent in its place. This done, and the Major fairly under shelter, I began to cook our supper at the huge fire the men had already kindled.

Missing Pelleau from the group, I inquired for him. Cloutier replied that Pelleau had not slept well the night before, and he had now lain down to take a little rest. I looked in the direction which the old man indicated, and could scarce believe my eyes when I saw Pelleau lying flat on his face among the wet leaves, without the slightest shelter from the rain which was now falling. I went up to him, and satisfied myself that he was *fast asleep*, and yet he could not have lain there more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Certainly the lives these Canadians lead would

kill any other people on the face of the earth.

But I have no time to speculate, the more interesting duties of *la cuisine* awaited me. I went to work, the umbrella over my head fastened by a string behind my back, frying, boiling, &c. In due time the product of my labours made its appearance upon the mat under the tent in the shape of a strong cup of tea, some nicely fried ham, and some hashed potatoes, of which I was really vain; bread and ship biscuit of course.

The Major could not take any thing but a cup of tea; but I had a regular voyageur's appetite, and did "not wisely but too well," eating his share in addition to my own.

Before I had despatched our supper the wind rose almost to a gale, the rain ceased; and as the clouds blew aside I was tempted to take a stroll along the shore to examine the curious levee which had attracted so much of my attention.

It blew, as I have said, a gale; our tent fluttered and flapped, the trees creaked and

groaned, the wind howling among their branches, the surf bellowed and roared upon the shore; the noise was absolutely deafening.

I rambled round for some time, enjoying this war of the elements in the strange scene in which I was. Fatigue at last got the better of curiosity, and, returning to my tent, I tried to sleep. The various sounds which mingled in such wild confusion would at any other time have kept me awake all night, but I had become accustomed to these things and really enjoyed them very much. The constant excitement of this wild life suits me exactly, and but for the thought of home I could be perfectly happy here.

I slept like a top. Once during the night the Major waked me, to say that he feared a tree, which, as he unwisely called to mind, stood directly to windward of our tent, might fall and crush us; but I told him I did not believe it would, and at any rate, as we had no means of propping it up and as little of moving our tent, I fancied we might as well make ourselves comfortable till it did fall.

On emerging from the tent at half-past five this morning, I found all the voyageurs asleep, except old Cloutier, who was busy putting the last finish to a new thwart to support the mast, "*le bar du mat*" as he called it. He had cut a short cedar log, and split it in two, then taking the smaller piece he went to work upon it with his only tool, a small crooked knife, the blade bent something like to the shape of a note of interrogation, thus (?); into the lower part a handle was fixed, and he used it like a drawing knife. With this he had shaved and carved away upon the cedar log till he turned out a very creditable piece of work; the bar or thwart was as smooth as though planed, and the hole in the centre as round as a carpenter's compass could have marked it out. While he was finishing it, the Major, now quite better, made tea—an unusual luxury, the rule being never to boil a pot more than once a day; it was only conceded to him as an invalid. While he has been thus engaged, I have seated myself on the log, as I told you in the beginning

of this long letter, and from this not very convenient writing-desk, I have the pleasure of sending you my love.

LETTER XVIII.

September 7th, P. M.

Before seven o'clock this morning we were all ready to embark, but the surf rolled in so violently that our voyageurs could not place the canoe in the water, broadside to the shore as they had been accustomed, but were obliged to carry her well out into the surf bow foremost. Even in this way she came near filling once or twice before all the lading was in. This was at last completed, and we, mounting the voyageurs' backs, were deposited in the canoe, with no other annoyance than a pretty good splashing of the nether garments.

Leaving the mouth of Carp River we coasted along the bottom of the bays till we made the base of a Cape which runs boldly

out into the lake, and with another further on divides the great bay of Tequamenon into three nearly equal parts. Here the nature of the shore changed, the rolling levee was no longer seen, and the shore for some distance assumed the ordinary appearance; a sandy beach, the land rising slightly and running off nearly at a level, covered with a good growth of maple and pines matted together by a deal of under-brush of various kinds.

The first point is called by the voyageurs Point de L'isle. A small island, of an acre or two in extent, lays a short distance off the point, and it is in reference to this circumstance that the name is given to it.

Passing round this point we came into the second division of the bay, between Point de L'isle and the other point, which is called, in reference to the nature of the shore, Point de la Batture. The shore from the bottom of this bay towards Tequamenon River, is one continuous range of sandstone, rising abruptly out of the water to the height of

from ten to twenty feet. The rock is covered on the top with the usual growth of pine, cedar, and under-brush ; and its outward face often in part concealed by small pine trees, which find a precarious hold in its clefts.

Doubling Point de la Batture, we made a bold traverse to the mouth of Tequamenon river, distance five miles ; and here we had another specimen of the miseries of canoe navigation. The wind, though not very heavy, was directly ahead, and the waves ran much higher than in Mud Lake, yet, owing to the depth and extent of water in Lake Superior, they are longer and less dangerous, as well as less unpleasant.

For the most part our canoe, with which I am now quite in love, mounted these long sweeping waves in very beautiful style; now and then, to be sure, she would make a false step, and plunge into the very midst of the coming wave ; yet even then she dashed it well aside, and struggled bravely through. Before the traverse was passed the wind arose and blew heavily ; the waves

ran still higher, and, occasionally, even these long waves would wash right over the gunwale of the canoe and pour a few buckets of water into her.

Here, I believe, even the Major was a little alarmed, indeed a little more so than his generally less adventurous companion; he claims that there was more danger than at Mud Lake, where he was so composed and I showed the white feather. We completed the traverse without accident.

Soon after gaining the shelter of the point, I observed that the water, which hitherto had been always beautifully clear, became suddenly tinged with a ruby colour. This is caused by the influx of Tequamenon river, at the mouth of which we soon after arrived. The water of this river is of a deep ruby tint, like that of Trenton, and when viewed in the stream it looks nearly as dark as port wine. The colour, I believe, is communicated by the decaying vegetable matter in the marshes through which it passes.

We landed at the mouth of the Tequame-

non. The range of rocky shore extends no further than this ; on the western side of the river the bank is low and sandy, and the ground, or marsh, only a few feet higher than the level of the lake. It is covered with a sort of wild rye, and in some places with the tall round rushes of which the Indians make their mats.

Here we landed, and found the frames of several Indian lodges, near one of them a canoe turned bottom upwards. The lodges have probably been inhabited very recently, as we saw tracks on the sand, and it is not likely the canoe, which is a very good one, would have been left thus in plain sight if its owners were far off or expected to be long absent.

We amused ourselves by attempting to mark on the canoe some Indian hieroglyphics, intended to indicate to the savages, when they should return, that white men had passed that way. Whether they will be able to decipher our poor attempts, I know not.

The Indians, as you know, are very skilful in hieroglyphics, and having no written language, make great use of them, and have brought the art to some degree of perfection.

They convey ideas, by no means the most simple, in this way with great accuracy. A number of very curious instances of their proficiency may be seen in the narrative of Mr. Schoolcraft; and some, if my memory serves me, in the North American Review.

Wandering a little way back from the lodges, we found an Indian grave. It was inclosed by a wall of logs two feet high, and carpeted within with birch bark; a steep cedar roof completed what might be literally called the narrow house. Cloutier said it was the grave of a chief who ruled over the division of Chippewas inhabiting this part of the lake and holding their council fire here; his name Mukwa-boam. Those sonorous syllables do not convey a very romantic or elevated idea; Mukwa-boam meaning nothing more than "Bear's Thigh."

He was the brother of the present chief of the Grand Island Indians, and a noted warrior.

Near the grave the Major picked up a bag made of the entire skin of a little Carriboo ; it was bound round the mouth with red ribbon, now sadly soiled and faded, and at each of the feet there were some remains of bead and porcupine quill ornaments. It had, doubtless, been a very highly valued article in its day. With this Carriboo skin as our *opima spolia*, we embarked, an hour's rowing brought us to the mouth of the Obitsis, or Shelldrake river, a smaller stream than the Tequamenon, having the same ruby coloured water.

The name of this river is oddly corrupted by the American voyageurs, who universally call it Betsy ; indeed I have seen it so marked on a map. This almost equals the translation of Monido (*i. e.* Spirit) River into Rum River ; an error which I believe is now so firmly rooted in American geography, that all attempts to correct it would be vain. In

the Spring this river is literally covered with the ducks, from which it takes its name.

From the mouth of the Obitsis our course was due North to White Fish Point. The Indian name of this point is Namacong, or Place of Trout; the deep water off the point being early noted as a place for catching these fish. How it came to be called as it now is universally, by French and English, White Fish, I know not.

As we neared the landing-place the Major shouted out, "Ah, Doctor, there are some children!" The sight of the little urchins playing in the sand seemed quite to have warmed his heart. A white man next made his appearance, and hailed us in a very friendly manner, though the noise of the surf rendered his words inaudible. He pointed out, however, the best place to land; and when we got ashore, greeted Cloutier as an old friend, and invited us very cordially to his cabin, assuring us, as indeed Cloutier had already done, that proceeding further was totally out of the question in the present

state of the weather. He was soon joined by a dozen Indians and half-breeds—men, women, and children.

They were much better-looking than any Indians we had hitherto seen, and one of the women, though no longer very young, was quite handsome; she was full Indian. At this place the white fish are taken in great numbers, and are said to be finer than at any other point on the lake. There is now a regular fishing establishment, and all these people are dependent upon it.

Surrounded by this motley group of Canadians, half-breeds, and Indians, we made our way to the first hut. It was a log cabin, perhaps twenty feet square, without floor and totally destitute of furniture, unless a rough pine board laid on two logs and covered by a single blanket which served the owner for a bed, might be called so. In the corner stood an empty barrel or two and a chest, which served alternately for chair and table.

The cabin is lined inside with strips of birch bark, bits of old matting, and part of a

tattered blanket; the roof is, as usual, of cedar bark, with a hole in the centre to give egress to some part of the smoke from a fire in the middle. The place, rough as it looked, was to us a very welcome shelter; and we were very willing to take a fair proportion of smoke with the fire, which, chilled and wet as we were, was most welcome.

Our luggage was soon conveyed to the hut, and spreading our oil-cloth out and the mat over it, we sat down before the fire very comfortable. To add to our satisfaction, to raise comfort to happiness, the good man of the house presented us with two fine large white fish, which Cloutier undertook to fry; as the frying of fish did not come within the circle of the culinary science of either the Major or myself. The delicious morsel was soon on the board, or rather on the mat, and we partook of it with true voyageurs' appetites. While we were eating, an old Indian came into the cabin, and without speaking to, or noticing in any way, either of the inhabitants, took a seat beside me. He is a

fine large, stout fellow, and has the reputation of being a great warrior. They say here that he had more share in the troubles which preceded the Black Hawk war than is at all to his credit as a pensioner of the United States. Be this as it may, Ogah, or the Bass (for that is the old man's name), looks the Indian warrior to perfection; and the deep lines of thought that mark his high, wide forehead, would seem to promise wisdom at the council fire as well as daring in the field. Our meal over, I went out to take a look at the point, leaving the Major busy cleaning his gun, and preparing to take the field against some snipe that are running over the sands.

This point is quite bare of trees or vegetation; for half a mile from its extremity it is formed entirely of sand and pebbles. There are three log huts and four Indian lodges here, all inhabited by the company's fishermen. They do not remain in winter; indeed, I should think it almost impossible to

exist in this bleak, exposed spot during a Northern winter.

They tell me that it is often terribly cold here as early as November. I went into one of the lodges; a very good-looking Indian woman, whom I saw at the beach, and two nice half-breed children, were its sole inhabitants. Her husband, that is, husband "*facon du nord*," is a pure Canadian, one of the fishermen at the station. The children were very pretty, and cleaner than any Indian children I have yet seen. I tried to play with the infant, but he was scared and set up a terrible shout. The woman took him in her arms and soon soothed him; then, indeed, gathering courage from his mother's presence, he stretched out a hand to me, and when I showed him my watch his black eyes sparkled with delight. I gave a sigh to the recollections of my own bright-eyed boy, which the sight of this little Savage called up, and left the lodge.

In the next I found a very light half-breed woman, the wife of Wabishkaw, or Hard Ice,

a pure Indian. This connexion is very uncommon. The half-breed women being scarce ever willing to marry Indians, and the idea of a white woman marrying a pure Savage, or even a half-breed, seems to be quite shocking to the good people of the North. One might say that this distinction was the perfection of the unreasonable, if it were ever worth while to remark upon the unreasonableness of a prejudice.

About half a mile from the Point, and just at the verge of the pine grove, are three round sand hills, exactly resembling in shape the mounds which are so frequently seen on the Ohio and its tributaries. They are each about thirty feet high, and I should think near two hundred in circumference at the base; they are composed of light yellow sand, and were probably formed by the wind acting in eddies.

White Fish Point is a very good place to collect mineralogical specimens; but I, alas, am no mineralogist, nor, to my shame be it spoken, any-other-ologist.

Near the shore I saw a fisherman's anchor very ingeniously made. A large oval stone is selected, round which four withes are bent so that the ends nearly meet; the ends of the withes are next tied together with a bark rope, a branch about an inch long having been left on each to prevent the rope from slipping off. This answers a very good purpose when there is no iron nor any stone except round pebbles.

On my return to the cabin, I found our evening meal already prepared. To the fried white fish were added three small snipe, which the major shot; they were very nicely roasted on sticks stuck in the ground and projecting over the fire after the Western fashion. Our supper was scarcely over, before the whole community of the Point, the male part I mean, were collected together to talk with the strangers. Among the rest came an old half-breed, named Lewis Nolan; his manners and appearance were extremely good, and bespoke him above his present station. I found him a very intelligent man, and ob-

tained from him many curious particulars as to the manners and customs of the Indians. He lived entirely among the Savages for the first twenty years of his life, and is perfectly familiar with all their ways.

Friday, Sept. 11. I waked this morning at the first gray dawn, and in a few moments succeeded in rousing our men. They all slept in the hut (eight persons in this little, little place). Emerging from the close smoky hut into the pure morning air, we found that a very favourable change had taken place in the weather, the wind was veering to the East and did not blow hard; the waves were by no means very high, and were falling every moment.

Determined to lose no time, we ordered the men to prepare instantly for a start. Our good friend, Maclure, in whose hut we had slept, gave us two or three white fish, and Nolan added two smoked trout. These, with the luggage, were safely deposited in the canoe, and we embarked just as the sun arose.

It was a glorious sight. As the East began to glow with his first beams, the high bluffs on the Canada side, that had before seemed like blue clouds hanging on the verge of the horizon, assumed a purple hue; and then, as the first direct rays from the risen sun darted athwart them, their sides were broidered with the golden beams. Nature seemed to have put on her royal robes in joy and triumph that the storm had passed away.

Her smiling aspect spread cheerfulness over us all; and as we left the shore, I thought I had never heard our men sing so merrily; the music was evidently in accord with their feelings. Even Cloutier, who rarely joins in their songs, deeming it, I suppose, *infra dig.* now threw in a full rich bass, which seemed to come right from his heart. I recalled a remark of Mr. Schoolcraft's at Mackina. "Cloutier," said he, "is scarce himself when on the island, he grows rusty and stupid; but get him on the lake, and you will be astonished at the change which a few

days of the wild voyaging life will make in the now sober, quiet canoe-maker."

The change in the old man has amply verified our friend's remark, and reminds me of the accounts I have seen of the change wrought in the Arab, when he returns after long absence to his wild home, and breathes again the free air of the desert. Embarking on the Eastern side we were obliged to run far out into the lake to double the Point, and the long line of rocks which extend from it. The water shoals so very gradually from the Point outward, that very moderate sized stones obstruct entirely the passage, and oblige the voyageurs to make a wide circuit.

Beyond White Fish Point the lake widens very rapidly; the Canada shore, which has hitherto bounded the prospect to the North, is lost in the distance; and in that direction the eye wanders over an unbroken expanse of dark water, till, at the horizon's verge, the lake and sky seemed to meet and mingle into one beautiful blue. The land, judging

from its appearance while in sight, and the account of our voyageurs, is high and broken; a range of rocks and precipitous hills running parallel with the lake, never at a great distance, and often forming its immediate shore. Cloutier and Nolan, who have each circumnavigated the lake many times, agree that the Canada side is by far the more remarkable; they speak with quite a degree of enthusiasm of the magnificence of the scenery.

Leaving White Fish Point, our course was due West; the shore very regular, neither running out into points nor indented with bays; its appearance less varied and far less interesting than any other part of the lake; a flat, sandy, or pebbly shore, with pine and cedar groves approaching close to the water's edge. The first point beyond White Fish is Vermilion, distant about four miles. Eight miles further is point Ottaca, and ten further still, the mouth of a small stream, called by the Indians Two Heart, or Twin river, and by the voyageurs simply Deux Ri-

vieres. The stream has two mouths, entering the lake half a mile apart, whence its name. We landed here, and while the men were amusing themselves along the shore, and the Major trying to get a shot at some ducks, I ascended a range of hills about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and twice that distance west of the river.

When I had gained the summit, the sight beyond well repaid me for the walk. The ridge on which I stood formed the North boundary of a perfect amphitheatre of hills about a mile in diameter. They were clothed to their summits with pines, cedars, and maples; but the level space below had scarce any trees upon it. To make its appearance the more striking, the Two Heart River entered this little amphitheatre at its Eastern side, and making the complete circuit of the valley, emerged at a very short distance from the place of its entrance, of course forming the centre of the amphitheatre into nearly an island.

It is a sweet spot, and the traditions of

the Indians have made it the retreat of two devoted lovers, who, "the world forgetting by the world forgot," made their happy home in this secluded valley. The water of this stream is darker even than Tequamenon, but it is not at all unpleasant to the taste, though one can hardly avoid connecting the idea of impurity with the colour.

Coasting along from Twin, we came to Carp River; beyond this our course lay rather more out into the lake, to pass a point, or rather a succession of points, which lay together. As you approach them, you imagine at every turn you are about to double the cape, yet still another and another stretches out, till, in despair of ever getting round it, you are fully convinced of the validity of its claim to the title of Point Ennouyante, by which the voyageurs distinguish it. As our course, after passing Point Ennouyante, was a little South of West, the wind, which still blew North-East, was so near fair that Cloutier determined to hoist sail.

For a while this did very well; the waves were pretty rough, but they were running with us, or rather us with them, and our little canoe rode them without difficulty. The wind, however, soon increased, and Cloutier gave the word to take in a reef. To do this, it was necessary to take down the sail entirely, then roll up about a foot or two of it round the upper yard, pass a cord through a hole in the centre of the sail, and tie it fast to the yard; a cord is then passed round the folds of the sail at either end; and, behold, it is diminished in length one or two feet.

The task of taking in the reef, which fell to the Doctor, was one totally beyond his power. The waves by this time ran so high as to wash into the canoe now and then; the three oarsmen could barely keep her steady now that the sail was down, and the utmost skill and strength of Cloutier was required to make her head to the wind, so no one could be spared to assist the Doctor. He blundered—Cloutier cursed him—first in French, then in Chippewa. I know nothing

of the Indian terms of reproach, but if they bore any proportion in vehemence to those he used in French, the poor Doctor certainly received a very thorough scolding ; it all did no good, or rather did harm. The more Cloutier swore, the more the Savage blundered ; two or three times he came within an ace of oversetting the canoe, and as often of tumbling out of her. So we went on, the Doctor blundering—Cloutier swearing, and poor Irish La Tour scarce able to pull his oar, so heartly did he laugh at the wrath of one and the stupidity of the other. Pelleau and Le Diable failed not to have their share in the sport; shouting, screaming, and hurraing at the jokes of La Tour, and then again perplexing the poor Doctor and provoking Cloutier, by giving wrong directions about the sail. The vagabonds seemed utterly unconscious of danger, though all this while the canoe was rolling and pitching about at a rate to sober any civilized creature. I certainly thought they would have overset her in their folly ; and yet the perplexity of

that fool of a Doctor, the comicalities of La Tour, and the hearty enjoyment of the two half-breeds, amused me so much, that I could not help joining occasionally in the laugh, finally, however, I thought that this was going too far, as a sudden lurch of the canoe had nearly pitched the Doctor into the water, that reprobate, La Tour, vociferating just as the Indian was losing his balance, "grace a dieu! there he goes." I interfered, and by a stern word or two brought them to their senses. The sail was then duly furled, and we ran on before a still increasing gale.

To a person not familiar with canoe navigation, our situation would now have appeared full of peril. The waves ran high —much higher than I have ever seen them in Long Island Sound; indeed, when we sank in the hollow of the sea, the tree tops were hid from our sight, though the shore could not have been more than a quarter of a mile off. I do not believe there was any danger, and did not at the time feel that

there was. We had a good strong canoe, not too heavily ladened; and a guide who has proved that he understands his business; besides (and this is of the most importance in giving confidence) we had become accustomed to the canoe, and felt increased faith in her power. She did on this occasion (to use a nautical phrase) behave like a little beauty; she danced, she even seemed to spring over the water; and though, when a huge wave struck her quarter, her bow would fly round full six points, yet the paddles of old Cloutier, of Robert and Pelleau (for they were now all at work steering), would soon bring her round. She kept her course famously. It was really delightful to see how buoyantly the frail thing rose at the approach of the waves, each one of which seemed ready to overwhelm her, and bury canoe and passengers in the yawning gulf.

Thus have I seen her whom we of the rougher sex are fond of calling *weak* woman, rise at the approach of calamity; and though each new misfortune would seem

certain to destroy one so frail and delicate, yet would she mount above them all, borne up, and bearing others up, by her own buoyant spirit.

Though the gale seemed every moment increasing, we ran on, now on the crest of a giant wave, and anon sinking into a wide abyss, till toward sun-down, when Cloutier suddenly turned her head to the South, and, rounding a Point, exclaimed, "Voila Grand Marais."

I looked out, and instead of the wide expanse of marshy land which the name had led me to expect, found that we were entering a large bay, with high and well-wooded shores on every side. In a few moments he turned again, and ran into another or inner harbour ; and here we were instantly in still water.

Grand Marais is a bay a mile or more long, and about half a mile wide. Its shape is very curious ; the two points which protect its entrance are each bent inward, that on the Eastern side turning and running East ;

that on the Western side, the same; so that, beside the main harbour, there are two inner harbours, protected from every wind, where canoes can ride with perfect safety, and indeed almost in still water, even when a North-West wind is driving the waves right into the main entrance. In such cases the getting in is a matter, however, of some difficulty and danger; and I am told that a voyageur was drowned here two years ago. Entering the Marais we steered East, and chose our camping ground about half way to the bottom of the bay.

It was an excellent spot (by this time I fancy I have quite a good eye for a camping ground) a fine wide beach of sand free from the rocks, the water shoaling very gradually, so that the canoe could be brought ashore without danger or difficulty; then, further back, a high bank, free from underbrush, and not too much grass to retain the dampness. Here the tent was pitched and our dinner cooked. Before we had well "got through," as the Yankees say, the rain

began to fall, and we were glad to seek the shelter of the tent. As our adventures are thus brought, for the day, to a premature close, suppose I give you an Indian story—If any body asks you who told it me, say you do not know :—

"Many years ago, when there were very few white men on the lake, and the Red men could take the Beaver by hundreds upon its shores, our great father, the president, sent a company of his wise men and his warriors to make a treaty with the Chippewas. They did not travel, as the poor Indians do, in small weak canoes ; no, they were white warriors, and they had a barge so great she was almost a ship. The warriors of this party, like all our great father's warriors, were exceeding brave ; but among them all the bravest was he whom the white men called the Major, but the Red men called him Ininiwee, or the Bold Man. He was all over brave—even his tongue was brave ; and Waab-ojeeg himself never spoke bolder words. For a while the wind was fair and the lake smooth,

and the courage of Ininiwee ran over at his mouth in loud and constant boasting. At last they came to the mouth of Grand Marais, and here a storm arose, and one of the wise men—he was tall and large, and, on account of the colour of his hair, and *for other reasons*, the Chippewas called him Misco-Monedo*—told the warriors of our great father to take off their coats and their boots, so that if the great barge was filled with water, or if she turned over, they might swim for their lives. The words of Misco-Monedo seemed good to the warriors, and they took off their coats and boots, and made ready to swim in case of need. Then they sat still and *silent*, for the courage of the Major no longer overflowed at his lips; perhaps he was collecting it round his heart. They sat a long while, but at last the guide told them, 'It is over, the warriors are safe.' Then, indeed, there was great joy among the white men; but Ininiwee made haste to put on his coat and his boots, for he

* Red Devil.

said in his heart, 'If I can get them on before the other warriors, I can say I am brave; I did not take off my boots nor my coat; you are cowards, so I shall be a great chief.' Ininiwee put on his coat, and then he thought to have put on his boots; but when he tried, the warrior who sat next him in the barge shouted and called for the Misco-Monedo. He came immediately, and saw that Ininiwee, whom they called the Major, in his haste and in his great fright was trying to put his boot on another man's leg."*

* True to the very letter: is it not Misco-Monedo?

END OF VOLUME I.