

told by Mr. Symons (who has just come on board our boat), that he saw a barrel of ore worth \$300.* To the south of Silver Islet lies Isle Royal, American property, which contains rich copper mines. To the east of the village all eyes are turned towards the noble form of a lion, clearly cut in the rock, the effects of volcanic action. We approach Black Bay in the evening; the sun set is beautiful. Looking back we see Thunder Cape in the distance, which now (with the surrounding hills), takes the form of the great indian giant Nanabijoo, who, the Red Man says, got drunk, and lying down on the summit of the cliffs, never got up again. They also say Isle Royale grew out of a pebble which he throw out of his canoe.

All enjoyed the evening, remaining on deck until late, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the entrance to Nepigon Bay, which is thickly studded with large and small islands. Afterwards we charmed the passengers with a grand concert.

AUGUST 8th.

We anchored at Red Rock at 1 a.m. All were up at 4.30 a.m. to see the beautiful scenery and meet some friends, who have been camping on the shores of the Nepigon River. About half a mile from here is a Hudson Bay Post. To our left is Red Rock; we are sorry not to be near enough to read the Indian hieroglyphics carved by the "red men" in days gone by. This rock was sacred to Manitou, and out of it was made the calumet, (or pipe of peace). To our right lies Vert Island, 1,000 feet above the level of the Lake. We leave Red Rock at 7.35 a.m., and, as we glide along the calm waters of the Nepigon River, seem to be surrounded by beautiful islands. We called at Salter's island, a fishing station, and were charmed with the booths made of small poles, over which are spread pine branches; I suppose they are intended as a covering for the barrels (when there is no rain); beside the booths are several whirligigs for drying fish nets. A few steps higher stands a log house; then small shrubs and wild flowers, and a background of stately spruce and birch completes the scene. The natives wear a kind of penitentiary suit of homespun tweed, ornamented with patches of sail cloth (circular behind and oblong in front, Dr. R.) One poor old man, a passenger, nearly missed the boat, and had to try climbing a plank; failing in that, a friendly hand assists him to jump on board. Before we leave Salter's Island we will take another look at the numerous channels formed by the islands; it is a beautiful sight. Away to the west stands a high bluff (Battle Island), on which we see a lighthouse. The islands are nearly all covered with green trees, pieces of rock jutting out here and there adding variety to the scene. We are loathe to leave such a peaceful spot, especially as some of our party see white caps in the distance. We are all enjoying ourselves on the hurricane deck, listening to "Hurly Burly," but must leave or go without our seats at the dinner-table, the boat being pretty full at present; there is a grand scramble at all meal times. Our camping friends (Dr. Richardson,

* SILVER ISLET BONANZA.—The Bishop of Algoma has just looked in to show us a specimen of the new find at Silver Islet. It needs no glass to discover the precious metal, as it sticks out all over it in bars as thick as a darning-needle, and the rock drops from it in grains as fine as sand. The Bishop says he saw it drawn from the shaft in blocks weighing thousands of pounds, which is broken and barreled for shipping without picking it over. The specimen brought away was not to be compared for richness with some he saw at the barrel house.—Clipping from *Owen Sound paper*.