

lisation—a group of savages gazing with wonder upon the latest triumph of engineering skill. About noon, an omnibus drove up to the entrance of the Tunnel laden with the Red Men of the West, now sojourning for a time amongst us—the Ojibbeway Indians. The appearance of feathered heads, painted faces, bear-skin garments, and mocassined legs, in the classic locality of ‘Wapping Old Stairs,’ created a general hubbub. Shops were deserted, tools and needles were thrown down, and a general rush attested that curiosity was in nowise wanting amongst the amphibious denizens of this aquatic neighbourhood. From the statement of the gentleman who accompanied them, Mr. Rankin, it appears that these Canadian subjects of Queen Victoria had long expressed a strong wish to see this effort of the skill of the ‘pale faces’—a desire he was anxious to satisfy. The Indians passed into the shaft, and looked curiously over the balustrade of the winding stair. They were five in number, with two squaws and a child. Upon reaching the level of the double archway, which forms a safe path across but beneath the river, their expressions of surprise were strikingly characteristic—guttural ‘ugh! ughs!’ attesting their satisfaction. They evidently regarded it as more wonderful than many of the more showy and glittering spectacles which their visit to the ‘old country’ has offered for their admiration. With stately tread they marched through the arched avenue, the crowd pressing almost rudely upon them. When half-way through they halted at a stall, where bright medallions, bearing the likeness of Mr. Brunel, were offered for sale, when the owner, Mr. Griffin, liberally gave each of these novel visitors specimens of the showy memorials. As the Old Chief of the party looked at the portrait of the engineer, the picture suggested the wide difference between man in the savage and in the civilised states. When the party reached the Surrey side, they proceeded a short way up