

lake for a day and a half. This shore is bleak, bare rock, in many places precipitous. We then entered a channel formed by a chain of large islands. On the fourth day we arrived at the mouth of Nipegon river. Here on the east is a large range of basaltic cliffs, perhaps 200 feet or more perpendicular. Under this there is a stratified deposit of red marble, dipping to the south-west, and inclined to the horizon at an angle of 10 degrees. At the stage of geological knowledge I had at that time attained, these formations were a great mystery to me, simply because I then considered the wrong one uppermost. This river is famous for the largest speckled trout I have ever seen, some weighing 8 and 10 lbs. This journey was made in August, and all along the shore the huckleberries, or whortleberries, were in such abundance that we had a full supply. Every camp we passed was ready for friendship or barter, to bring out their stores. We made our way up the river for a day and a half, making six portages, and at evening arrived at the entrance of Lake Nipegon. Here we met with a family belonging to the place, and at the meeting of my men with this man, who were old acquaintances, many questions were asked. Not knowing but the man might be hostile, I did not make myself known to him. We were still 40 miles from the Fort, and as my men had been long absent, they were anxious to learn the news from their own village. So the first question after the salutations were over was, "Who is at the Fort? Is Mishimukwu—the great bear—at home?" "Yes." "Is Okimauwikumik—the chief's house—at home?" "Yes." "Is Wentigo—cannibal—at home?" "Yes." At the mention of these odd names I turned partly around to prevent his seeing me smile, but he caught me nevertheless; and to show me he comprehended the cause, he said, ironically, "This is a terrible place you have come to!" The simple fact of his seeing some wrinkles on the side of my face told him I understood the language, and from this he inferred who I was. His heart seemed to open immediately, and we shook hands and chatted as though we had been the best friends in the world. He went to his camp and brought me a bark of berries, of near one-half bushel, and placed them before me. On this and many other occasions I found the language a great key to open men's hearts.

The following day we arrived at the Fort, and found the Head Chief—**GREAT BEAR**—at home, and not so formidable a being after all. In this name there is an allusion to a mythological being as large as a small mountain, in regard to which there are many wonderful traditions.

Notwithstanding their threats they received me kindly, and I found them ready to listen to the word of truth. I found them much superior in intelligence to the north shore Indians, and this I accounted for from the fact that they had intercourse with the Lac La Pluie Indians and others, sufficiently near the Sioux country, and the stirring events of border warfare to stir the stagnant pool of thought that for long ages has remained unruffled, farther to the north and east. The Hudson Bay gentlemen at the place received