

gave me a letter of introduction to a relation of his, a Mrs. Huet,⁹ who lived four or five miles further on, where I passed that night.

When you come to that part of the river called the Long Saut, opposite to Captain Archibald M'Donald's, the attention of the traveller must be particularly arrested by the immense body of water, and the awful rapidity of its current, which some people think nearly as novel and striking as the Great Falls of Niagara. In the middle is a long island, whose stately forests intercept the sight in many parts of the opposite shore. On each side of this island the branches of the river are about half a mile broad, and that which is now in view tumbles down with a tremendous fury, that makes the surge rise somewhat like the sea in a gale of wind. Here the poor Canadians undergo vast risk and trouble towing up their broad bottomed and large battoes, which require the strength of four or five men to haul on the painter, which if not sound and well secured, and if it once give way, the loss of the boat is inevitable; she must be either filled with water, sunk in the stream, or dashed against the stones and rocks on the shore. I have been told that all boats and rafts of timber coming down the river hold by the south channel, which is not so rapid and more safe than that which is now described; but in coming up the river it is thought more tedious, and on that account they rarely go by it. Mr. Huet was not at home; he is one of the king's surveyors in the province. Mrs. Huet and a brother of her's who happened to be then in the house entertained me with much civility, but as the boats were likely to get a-head of me, I set out by daylight, and called at a common farmer's house to get breakfast. They happened to be a German family who scarce understood a word of English, and were lately from the States. Here the little German I could speak was of use to me, and sufficed to procure me bread from one house and milk in another. The scarcity of bread is owing to the water's being so low that the mills could not grind the quantity required in the neighbourhood. Some miles further on, I was informed that a Lieutenant Malcolm M'Martin¹⁰ with whom I was formerly acquainted, lived in that neighbourhood. I sent an express for him. He was good enough to come and conduct me to the house of a Captain James Munro¹¹ who resided some miles further on. We met Captain Munro at a new grist and saw mill he was finishing on a point of land that projects a little into the river, the water of which supplies the mill by a cut in that point, and one wheel sets two saws and the grist mill-stone a-going at once. These two mills were contrived and finished by a common German architect who was never bred to it or to any mechanic trade whatever.

Captain Munro is originally from the north of Scotland, has been a long time in this country, and joined government in the late rebellion. He now enjoys captain's half pay besides the office of sheriff; and is one of the Members of the Land Board, appointed by government for granting lands to such as he and his colleagues in office find deserving. Captain Munro conducted me to his house, and entertained me with a great deal of politeness, attention, and hospitality. We sat up pretty late; and his son-in-law Mr. Allan Paterson, also a Scotchman, entertained us with many interesting stories and anecdotes of a variety of Indian nations he had traded with for several years. He showed us an Indian target made of buffalo skin, proof against dart, arrow, and even a musket ball, as it strikes it obliquely, made in the form of a cuirasse or breast plate, and large enough to cover the whole person when crouching or stooping low. It was tanned to an amazing thickness, and rendered tough and hard by some process only known to Indians. It was of light buff colour, very light, and quite portable, with a large plumage of curious feathers on the middle of it. He said that from Lake Superior there is a portage of twenty-seven miles long, where every boatman and servant of the Fur Trading Company of Montreal is obliged to carry two hundred weight of goods on his back; that some of the Canadians were so remarkably good at carrying burdens as to take the whole at once, some at twice, and others at three times. When they cross this portage they fall in with a river or lake, where they have again water carriage, and go on alternately from land to water to a vast distance. Mr. Paterson said, and which I heard from several others, that part of this great continent abounds with large plains, farther than the sight will carry; that one in particular will take a man fifteen days constant travelling to cross; and for length, neither end of it is known; that when a man enters this plain, he will find the Buffaloes almost as numerous as the trees in the forest, feeding on rich grass near breast high and if the sight would carry the length, he believes 100,000 of them could be seen at once. The ground is so level, that, like the ocean, the horizon bounds the sight. Every step you travel you meet with heads and carcasses of dead Buffaloes. When an Indian has a mind to kill many of them, he mounts his Horse, with his bow and a case containing several scores of arrows: he throws the reins loose about the Horse's neck, who knows by constant practice his rider's intention, and gallops with all his speed through the middle of the herd of Buffaloes. The Indian shoots as he goes along until he expends his last arrow, then he returns to pick up his prey, and from such as he finds dead he cuts out the tongue and the lump on the back, which he carries away with him; the rest of the carcass he leaves to the Wolves and other ravenous animals. A species of Wolves in these parts are milk white, and are larger than those of any other colour, or any Dog whatever that he had seen. The only fuel a traveller can have on these plains, and with which they dress their victuals, is Buffalo's dung; and when