

conductor, no tickets, nothing to pay, the only conditions being that you should hang on and look out for yourself. In this manner we had to travel seventy miles over a terribly rough unballasted road, reminding one rather of a tug towing some barges on a somewhat stormy sea, than of a railway train, for our engine pitched and tossed and rolled like a propeller, our trucks following in her wake. At seven a. m. we were switched off on to a side-line, and had to wait an hour for a gravel train to pass. This suited us very well, the boys made a fire and got the kettle boiling, and we all had breakfast on the bank. It was a wild journey through the dense forest; occasionally a glimpse of the Kaministiquia River, which, for twenty miles, or so kept alongside us, occasionally a log shanty where men employed on the line found board and lodging, the soil generally rocky and sprinkled with huge boulders, the bush on either side charred and blackened by fire, in some places all in a blaze, and huge columns of suffocating smoke curling upward to the sky, once or twice the heat of the fire on either side of us was excessive, and once the railway ties themselves were burning and had to be replaced before we could proceed. About 1 p. m. we passed through the tunnel, cut through a rocky ridge and not more than 500 yds. in length. At length after a long journey (of hours if not distance) we reached Savanne at about three p. m. Savanne consists of a river going one way and the railway track going the other way, three log houses and a barn or two; this was the end of our journey, though not the terminus, which is at present a moveable institution some ten or twelve miles further on upon the route to Winnipeg. One of the first persons we encountered on alighting from "the cars" was the redoubtable chief "Black-stone," who, dressed up in paint and feathers, had given the Bishop a piece of his mind last year, on the subject of Paganism versus Christianity, (See page 26) and is said also to have dyed his hands in the Minnesota Massacre. He was accompanied by one of his councillors, and both were, on this occasion, in European dress. We also were much gratified in meeting Mr. McLeod Maingy of the C. P. R., who takes great interest in the Indians, and with whose estimable wife I had had some correspondence besides receiving material help for our institutions.

Mr. Wright was expecting a tug to arrive to convey him and the traders, and ourselves as a portion of his party down the

Savanne River and through the Lake of the Thousand Lakes to our destination, the "Height of Land," where the Indians were to gather for their annual payments. The tug, however was not on hand, so we had to camp until morning. Several Indians were about awaiting Mr. Wright's arrival, and there was a wigwam full of them close to our tent; they were all pagans, and their appearance very different to those of our neighbourhood; the men had their hair plaited in two large plaits the tails of which were joined half-way down the back, generally they had no hats and their costume consisted of a shirt, a beaded belt round the waist, trousers and moccasins. They were evidently dressed in their best for the grand occasion. Nearly all wore silver earrings, some of them consisting of a string of five cent pieces, and others had necklaces of bear's claws and other strange fancies; their pipes were carved out of soap-stone polished smooth, many of them were warmed with ornamented tomahawks, and they had long knives concealed in bead-work sheaths.

July 23rd.—The cars passed twice during the night close to our heads and rather disturbed our rest. At 5 a. m. Esquimau, who, with two of the boys had been sleeping in a log barn, put his head into my tent and took out the camp pots and some pork to cook for breakfast. We had barely finished breakfast when the tug which had come in late the night before whistled to start, all was quickly on board the scow, and, drawn by a tow-line from the little panting tug, off we started; while to our stern were connected a cluster of six or seven bark canoes, each containing four or five occupants. These were the curious and impatient who had come to meet us and to hasten the steps of the great Government man with the money-bag. The scow-load resembled in many respects the train-load; being piled up with the same articles, the rails excepted, through and among which appeared the same visages of the happy and hopeful owners; barrels of pork, barrels and bags of flour, packing-cases full of the most enticing articles and ware of every description. The river at first was black and very narrow, not more than fifty feet wide; but it soon merged into a broader stream, the highway of the H. B. C. from Lake Superior District to Winnipeg. We were now on Hudson Bay waters, the Savanne connecting through a long chain of lakes and rivers with Lake Winnipeg. Lac des Milles Lacs into which we soon entered.