

a river, which would guide us to a village we wished to visit. Now and then something seemed to whisper to us that we were "lost in the woods," and the anxiety which was reflected from our companion's face convinced us, notwithstanding his silence, that he had lost his "reckoning." As the evening set in, the skies gradually became covered with snow clouds, and the winds began to blow furiously through the forest, and its melancholy wallings increased the cheerless gloom. Our friend now confessed that he had lost his latitude and longitude, and, in fact, did not know whether we were advancing to, or retreating from the lines of civilization. Having forgotten our compass, and now lost our way, we halted to consider our position. The prospect of being benighted in such a place, under such circumstances, and on such a festive day, was anything but cheerful, more especially, as we had reason to believe that the locality was infested by wolves. We seated ourselves on a log on the leeward side of the hugh trunk of a lordly pine, and discussed the situation. The increasing gloom of the heavens attracted our attention, and while gazing on the skies, through the narrow openings between the tops of the forest trees, we observed that the trunks and branches were encrusted with ice, the frozen rain and snow water of the preceding days; looking closely, we noticed that on all the surrounding trees this crust had melted off on one particular side. This appearance we ascribed to the influence of the warm mid-day sun; and by its means ascertained not only the "Cardinal points," but also the direction we should take, in order to strike the river. Steering our course by this natural compass, we soon emerged from the forest, on a road or "trail," which, in less than an hour, took us to the river we so anxiously sought. As we travelled along the road, we observed some squaws "ahead" of us, and endeavoured to overtake them, that we might make enquiries concerning the village we wished to reach. But the more we endeavoured to "gain on them," the more inclined they seemed to increase the distance. At last, we commenced to run, and when they observed this,

they also ran. When they chanced to look behind, we beckoned, and made signs that we wished to speak to them; but this only increased the rapidity of their pace. We then felt that they were anxiously desirous of avoiding us, and halted immediately, so as to allow them to escape. After some time, they turned suddenly, climbed a zig-zag fence, and retreated into the woods, leaving a parcel which they were carrying behind them on the road. We then pursued our way; and after some time we overtook a "huge Indian," who called himself "Iron Horn." We asked him some questions about the road to the "white man's village of wigwams;" but he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Iron Horn, no English," implying that he did not understand English. Our friend produced his brandy flask, and offered it to the Indian. Iron Horn then smiled with delight. He tasted the contents several times, affirming each time that "Skittewaboo very good." He then took a bottle out of his own pocket, exclaiming, "Skittewaboo, Denney." (i. e. Denney's whiskey.) This he offered to us, after which he seemed to suddenly acquire the art of speaking English. He then expressed his delight at having met with us, and offered to guide us to the "white men's wigwams." In reply to our queries, he stated that "his sisters (the squaws) fled on our approach, because his white brothers were in the habit of treating them with too much courtesy." What a delicate criticism on the reckless conduct of our western pioneers! As we travelled along we passed a "clearing" where there was a solitary grave marked by a headstone. This stone, as our white friend asserted, contained this singular inscription:—"Here lies M. Thomas Vizere, of Paris, who was shot as a mark of esteem, by his friends." We now saw smoke curling up amongst the trees, and were informed by our friend that it was "smoke from the wigwams of the chief village of the Chipewas, that he lived close by, and would share his wigwam with us; we thankfully declined his hospitality, expressing our desire to press onward to the wigwam of the "whites," four miles from those of