

desire to carry ourselves, much less a quantity of stores over several miles of a road which, if report speaks truly, is by no means easy to travel, we were careful not to put ourselves in the way of being seen; nevertheless, being desirous of seeing these much talked of rapids, several of us perched ourselves upon the table in the cabin and looking out of a small window over the hurricane deck, contrived to get a somewhat circumscribed view of the river and the rapids, enough, in fact, to create in us a longing for a more extended view as well as more time and liberty to note and enjoy the varied beauties of the scene. Between us and the river was a narrow rocky strip of land on which were a few scattered wigwams, while their Indian owners were to be seen in the vicinity in various attitudes, some performing their morning ablutions, and others standing, sitting and reclining listlessly about; beyond the river could be seen a level track of country with a back-ground formed by a range of high hills, clothed with the rich verdure of an ever-green forest. But we were soon out of the canal, and now we entered the upper-end of the river or rather what I should call a large bay, for such it seemed rather than a river. Shortly after this we reached and stopped at a small hamlet, called Point aux Pins, which I believe is a Hudson's Bay Company's post, but of that I am not certain. Leaving this landing place our good boat rapidly made her way out into the broad waters of that great fresh water inland sea, Lake Superior, and as the boat sped her way over and through the great waves a feeling was produced which brought to mind the opening stanza of Byron's "Corsair":

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free."

But while some of us were thus indulging in poetical emotions and enjoying the motion of the boat as we