

track from the north, we soon entered a "road allowance," stretching upwards of three miles as straight as a line, cleared and burned off to the full width of sixty-six feet. This road has been "engineered" by our good brother Rev. John Anjecahbo, who is Surveyor to the tribe. I might explain that he works by the aid of an instrument older than the compass—the eye. A mile or two from the village, we found the native Evangelist mentioned above, with several other of the brethren, hard at work preparing fire-wood for spring use, as the roads seemed to be likely to break up soon. They were very warm in their congratulations and welcome, and heartily agreed as to the arrangement of the services. In our way coming from the village, with our intelligent Ojibway friend, Joseph Jones from Colpoys' Bay, we were informed that this "line" was called the "Irish Settlement;" and that a parallel line, a mile or more east, was called the "Scotch Settlement." I asked whether Scotch and Irish families had settled amongst them on this Reserve? "Oh no," was the reply; "there's no white people at all on the Reserve; the Indians choose to call themselves by those names—that's all!" And why not? In all the townships in the North, we have *Scotch* and *Irish* settlements, and why should not the Indians have the same? A new line, yet to be opened near the Lake, is to be called the "Dutch Settlement."

For the first two miles, a number of small clearings are commenced, all belonging to Indians in the village. Further on, are a few houses and resident "Irishmen." A little boy was dispatched across to the "Scotch Settlement" to give intelligence of the meetings, and we went on. We met a number of Indians on our way, between whom and us passed the conventional "*bu-zú*" (the French *bon-jour*, first reduced to *beau-jour*, and then to *bu-zú*, and universal among the Indians in their greetings with white men), and sometimes a little chat through our Interpreter and Cicerone. We noticed the excellent appearance of the land. At one or two miles distance from the river, there seemed to be no stone; the timber was "thrifty," but not heavy—beech and maple: and judging by the appearance of last year's corn-fields, the soil was well adapted to corn and wheat. The potatoes raised, as we had opportunity to find out, were superb.

When we got to the end of the opening we still found the "Surveyor's" stakes, and chopping on the road allowance, for some distance; and at last the road became a mere sleigh track, following a "blaze" through the wood, yet on the same "Polar" line. We called at a house where lived a sharp-looking middle-aged Indian, who was described to us as being a "Counsellor" of the tribe. We enquired as to his duties, and found that he was a sort of native lawyer. When any proposition is before the Council of the tribe, these Counsellors are expected to speak, and if necessary *argue* the question; this is their professional duty. Our friend Jones got a promise from this member of the [Ojibway] Sanhedrim, that we should have a ride in his sleigh to the village, on our return. About a mile further, after passing two or three houses, and meeting several people, we came to the hospitable cottage of Francis Wahbazè, where we stopped. We came upon him rather *en dish-abile*; though he turned it off very good humouredly to Jones by telling him that he supposed we had come to learn all about the Indians, and we might take him as a specimen of the *physique* of the tribe.

While his squaw is "flying round" getting dinner ready, I will recur to the information we gained in the meantime. We were now five miles from the river. Our starting point was two miles from Lake Huron, but as we