

Permit us, in conclusion, to offer our best wishes for continued health and happiness to Mrs. Walker and yourself, and to express a hope that the past term may prove to have been but the commencement of a long and prosperous career to the Junior Department of Bishop's College under your presidency. We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, with much respect,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE PUPILS.

Lennoxville, Dec. 19th, 1867.

SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

I.

I PURPOSE in this and in future numbers of the "Lennoxville" to give some sketches of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and more particularly of that part of it which is almost a *terra incognita* to all except the fur traders; I allude to that portion of it lying between Lake Superior and the southern shores of Hudson's Bay, with some account of Moose Fort, or Moose Factory as it is more commonly called. My narrative will consist merely of the copy of a journal of a canoe voyage from Moose Factory to Michipicoton on Lake Superior, in Lat. $47^{\circ} 50'$, Long. $85^{\circ} 5'$, which I performed in the year 1862; but as I was long resident on Lake Superior, I will give some account of the great lake, and also of the way in which I got there nearly a quarter of a century ago.

I left Montreal in the latter end of May and got to the Sault St. Mary about three weeks afterwards.—a journey which can now be performed in, at least, one. The Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad was the only one in the country in those days, and the traveller had to trust to steamer and stage coach on the great line of travel. Up to Toronto we got on very well, there being no detentions any where, as we carried, I presume, the mails. On crossing over to American territory at Niagara, it was nothing but a detention of several hours at the different stages; we were always sure to arrive too soon or too late for the conveyance which was to carry us forward. At Buffalo we were detained nearly a whole day, and at Detroit nearly two, the steamer for Makinac requiring some repairs; the delay, however, was turned to good account in visiting the Lions of Detroit. The principal street is Jefferson Avenue,—one of the most magnificent I have ever seen, with its long line of houses, the residences of some of the merchant princes of the place.