

the Saskatchewan—he is in company with the brigade of boats—and are at Carlton station. Mr. Rundell, a worthy missionary from Edmonton, three or four hundred miles farther up stream, was waiting to return with the boats. The missionary, probably unmarried, lived in the wilderness, with a pet cat for his companion; and since if he left her at home there was much danger of her being eaten in his absence, he had brought puss with him, and he had to take her back. Now Mr. Rundell agreed with the artist and another gentleman to ride to Edmonton on horseback, as being a shorter and a pleasanter way than journeying by boat. The horses were fresh, the Indians collected round them were loud in their leave-takings, and Mr. Rundell, being an especial favourite, was more especially surrounded. His horse plunged, and his cat, whom he had proposed to himself to carry in his riding-cloak, tied by four feet of string to the pommel of his saddle, was bewildered by the shaking, and sprang out, utterly astonishing the Indians by the miraculous suddenness of her appearance. The string did not allow her to touch ground, puss hung therefore against the fore legs of the horse, which she attacked with all her claws. The horse plunged violently, and at last threw the missionary over his head, while the cat's life was saved by the breaking of her tether. The Indians screeched and yelled with delight, for they soon understood the nature of the accident; and pussey, having emphatically declared her incompetence to ride on horseback, was left behind as a boat passenger. Edmonton was not reached until a few serious difficulties had been overcome. Mr. Rundell, left behind upon the road, was caught in a great hurricane, and almost involved in a devouring prairie fire. It was only by great exertion that he could succeed in putting the river between it and him. The Indians, when a prairie fire approaches, oppose fire to fire. They burn the grass immediately behind themselves, and run before its smoke. When the great tide of flame reaches the spot already in ashes, it is checked for want of fuel. The Indian has fire and water to contend with, and contends. An Iroquois, belonging to the company with which the artist travelled, during intense frost fell into deep water. Five minutes after he had been extricated from the river his clothes were stiff with ice. He was asked whether he was not cold, and replied, My clothes are cold, but I am not.

Of the hurricane that blew across the Rocky Mountains, which the voyagers reached very late in the season, it is enough to say that the huge forest waved under it as if it were a field of corn. The soil over the rock is thin, and the roots of the trees lie on the surface with their fibres closely interlaced. The great trees hold together by the roots, yielding together to the wind, and rocking to

sleep the traveller who lies under their shelter with the rise and fall of their great living net-work. A boat, which nine men could not carry very easily, was blown out of the water to a distance of fifteen feet from the water side. Through such weather three men, who had landed for a walk on the south side of the river, and whom it had been impossible to reach again by the boat, travelled for three days and three nights without food and shelter. One of them had not even taken his coat with him when he jumped on shore. They huddled together at night to escape being frozen to death, and arrived at Jasper's House, which is at the point of ascent on the east side of the mountains, in a wretched plight. The winter journey over the mountains, made a month later than usual, had its perils, and involved some suffering from the intensest cold. The snow was only nine or ten feet deep. It had been in other years ten or fifteen feet high. Its old level was shown by the stumps of trees cut off for camp fires, at what had been the surface of the ground, so many feet above the heads of Mr. Kane and his companions. In making a camp-fire over ten or a dozen feet of snow, it is necessary to get five or six logs of green timber eighteen or twenty feet in length, and to lay these down side by side to form a fireplace. The green timber does not burn through in a single night. The fire upon it melts the snow immediately beneath, and forms a deep hole, with a puddle at the bottom, across which the green logs are long enough to stretch, so that the fire-place is maintained in its position by the snow on either side. One night, upon the mountains, Mr. Kane was awakened by a mighty shouting, and found that an Indian, who had gone to sleep with his feet too close to the camp-fire, had slid down into the hole beneath it, his bed having melted from under him while he was asleep.

Across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia was the way to Fort Vancouver; and from Fort Vancouver there were expeditions made in search of subjects for the pencil, including journeys over a part of the soil of British Columbia, now being occupied by the gold-diggers, and a residence of two months at Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, the port that is now expected to become the great British metropolis on the Pacific.

Of the Indians who now inhabit these parts of the world, Mr. Kane gives very full and curious accounts. Many of them are Flathead tribes. Their infants are placed at birth on a firm strip of birch bark, and by gradual pressure with a pad under another piece of bark, the brainpan is flattened across the forehead and pressed up to a point at the crown of the head. The pressure, maintained for about a twelvemonth, does not seem to hurt the child, which cries whenever the cords are loosened, but is quiet when