

down, and lie with our heads under them, with our feet towards the fire. It is the middle of September, and twenty-four hours a day in the open air is the best thing we could have. As we fall asleep, the soft, cool air caressing our faces, we seem to be drinking in life and happiness.

We have ascended the river far enough to have entered a region which is, perhaps, the most remarkable physical feature of Canada; and which, destined as it apparently is to be, sooner or later, the only hunting ground of the country for large game, well deserves the study and attention of sportsmen.

It is a region covering, in Canada alone, a space about five times greater than the whole of England, and stretching along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, from the ocean, to within a few miles of Quebec, where it leaves the river, maintaining, however, a rude parallelism with the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, at such a distance that any considerable divergence northward from the line of civilization along these waters will plunge the traveler into its awful solitudes. The chief impressions left on the minds of those who have wandered in it are of vastness, and sameness, and dark, savage beauty. One spot only differs from another in that the rounded hills may be higher, while the thousands of lakes are of all sizes, from the mere black mountain tarn, in its black gneiss walls, to the seemingly boundless inland sea. The multitude of lakes, and a perfect network of rivers, are the only highways for the few travellers who penetrate far into its wilds; and its general sterility, added to its hard climate and savage roughness, must make it, for years to come, the home of the larger game and fur-bearing animals, and of the wild men through whose agency their skins are transferred to the marts of civilization. Owing to its many rivers, and to its containing here and there tracts covered with heavy pine timber, it must eventually, as the more level parts of the country fill up with settlers, afford the principal field for the lumberman. A vast

portion of it must, however, remain inaccessible even to him, though it may hereafter be valuable for mineral riches, such as characterize similar regions in Scandinavia and Bohemia. A large tract in the State of New York (the Adirondack Mountains) presents in every respect the same features as the region we are describing, and remains, amid surrounding civilization, the home of the deer, bear, wolf, and cougar.

As we said before, a day's journey up this little river (little in comparison with the Ottawa, but probably two or three hundred miles long) has brought us fairly within the borders of the great mountain region. It is useless to follow the river further, for, so far as it has water enough to float a saw-log, we shall find it in the hands of the lumberman. So we enter upon the more toilsome part of the way that still lies between us and our red friends' haunt—over lakes separated by long and rocky portages, up streams that hardly float our canoes—on and on, until, owing to there not being sufficient continuous water communication with the Ottawa, the ancient trees have for some distance ceased to bear marks of the white man's axe. We are upon the last of the lakes we have to pass, and the canoes are brought to in a little sheltered bay, among the dark gneiss cliffs of the shore. The journey from the river has been fatiguing, but fully repaid by the opportunity of observing the many natural beauties we have passed through, and the tender care and courtesy displayed by our silent and gentle-mannered hosts.

On landing, we accompany our new friends a few steps from the shore, and are somewhat surprised to see a tolerably substantial log-hut, whose construction evidently cost more labor than would have been expended on a dwelling only designed to last one winter. We are told that our Indians come to it every year, and that for a certain distance around it no other Indians trap, at least not certain animals. This is by virtue of a remnant of ancient Indian law, which assigns to each family a certain