

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

### CAMP AND CANOE.

LETTER 4.

LAKE KAHPEKOG,

Nov. 6, 1894.

Dear Sam,— The weather is getting decidedly colder, but we still take the inevitable plunge, and hear Joe and Parit chuckle very audibly when they see us puffing like juvenile grampuses. Joe the Indian is a philosopher, and has rather upset my ideas of the depravity of the modern red man, and the apparently well established reputation for idleness claimed for the primitive redskin warrior. Joe is not a warrior, he is not depraved, he is not idle, and as far as being improvident is concerned, no one will accuse him of that. He is the essence of good nature, and determined to acquire wealth as well as to provide for a rainy day. He does this honestly, and most politely, with a guttural chuckle, but he does it. He has an immense sack, and into this everything is carefully stored, be it a cast off boot, the feathers from a wild duck or the stump of a well smoked cigar, but before all, come the scraps of venison prepared in Indian fashion. Joe is a lover of meat, and his eyes fairly gloat over the juicy roasts and savory stews dished by Parit. Joe is never tired of venison, and what is left over he carefully collects, and periodically makes into what he calls cakes, with fat. He says these are for his old squaw, who loves venison, in fact everything Joe collects is for his old squaw, for whom he has an apparently boundless affection. Those who knew her tell me she is a willowy young thing, of two hundred and fifty pounds, and it is probable Joe intends to enjoy a share of the spoils himself. At the same time, Joe is a clean and thrifty fellow, and always cheerful and good natured. He laments the decay of

the Chippewa tribe, and cannot understand why consumption has played such ravages with his people. Taken as a whole Joe is a credit to himself, and the Chippewas too, and is most entertaining when telling the secrets of the woods, and what Indian stories he remembers. The loons and ravens, and red squirrels, in fact most of the denizens of the woods, have some legend connected with them, and I wish I had time to write some of the best of them. Jimmy has now donned his hunting clothes, and has shown some of us how to shoot, although we thought we were proficient and hard to beat. Napoleon is a splendid shot too, and you know what I think of my ability in that line. At clay pigeons Napoleon can, when at home beat us all out of sight, at ducks, or with the rifle, Jimmy is certain death, and never misses. I saw him from a canoe, drop a deer on the full jump yesterday, distance 150 yards, and with the sun shining in his eyes at that. It was a wonderful piece of work. At target practice we all do pretty well except Parit, who is not much at this, although when game is in the case he can make a record nearly every time. Jimmy declares it is absolute good luck, but then these two Nimrods always feel a gentle rivalry that occasionally develops into brief warfare. Jimmy had beaten us all at target practice yesterday, and Napoleon determined to even up to-day, and while sitting at lunch innocently said, Jimmy I would like to shoot you an off hand match now. All right my beauty, replied J., and the details were quickly arranged. Nap. said, I will hang up a piece of white fungus from a branch, at sixty yards, each to have three shots. The fungus was produced, and Nap. hung it up by a piece of string, but first had cleverly pierced it with holes of the proper bullet size. Nap. took three shots, and the fun-