

hauled ashore by some miners. The chief of the band to which this Indian belonged came to the post and demanded pay for his loss, which he contended was occasioned by the traders having moved from Belle Isle to Forty Mile, thus causing his men to descend this dangerous rapid; and there is little doubt that had there not been so many white men in the vicinity he would have tried to enforce his demand.

Fifteen miles below Forty Mile River a large mass of rock stands on the east bank. This was named by Schwatka "Roquette Rock," but it is known to traders as "Old Woman Rock;" a similar mass on the west side of the river being known as "Old Man Rock." The origin of these names is an Indian legend, of which the following is the version given to me by the traders:—

In remote ages there lived in this locality a powerful Tshaumen. There also lived in the neighborhood of this powerful being a poor man who had the great misfortune to have an inveterate scold for a wife. He bore the infliction for a long time without murmuring, in the hope that Xantippe would relent; but time only seemed to increase the virulence of her tongue and temper. At length, growing weary of the unceasing torment, he complained to the Tshaumen, who holds a position and exercises an influence among the people he lives with something akin to that of the wise men or magi of olden times in the east. The Tshaumen comforted him and sent him home with the assurance that all would soon be well.

Shortly after this the poor man went out to hunt and remained away many days endeavoring to replenish the domestic larder, but without avail; he returned weary and hungry, only to be met by his wife with a more than usually violent outburst of scolding. This so provoked him that he gathered all his strength and energy for one grand effort, and gave her a kick that sent her clear across the river. On

landing, she was converted into the mass of rock which remains to this day a memorial of her viciousness and a warning to all future scolds. The metamorphosis was effected by the Tshaumen, but how the necessary force was acquired to send her across the river, here half a mile wide, or whether the kick was administered by the Tshaumen or the husband, my narrator could not say. He was also altogether at a loss to account for the conversion of the husband into the mass of rock on the west side of the river; nor can I offer any theory, unless it be that he was *petrified* by astonishment at the result.

Such legends as this would be of interest to ethnologists if they could be procured directly from the Indians; but repeated by men who have little or no knowledge of the utility of legendary lore, and less sympathy with it, they lose much of their value.

On the 14th of September, I finished my survey to the boundary. In the afternoon, while waiting for a sight, an incident occurred which relieved the tedium and furnished amusement for many days.

Parker and Sparks had gone ahead down the river to set up the base. Instead of doing so, however, they appeared to be beating about the bush in a most unaccountable manner. I was becoming impatient at the delay, and watching through the glass, when I saw them make a swift rush from the wooded bank to the canoe, grasp the paddles and ply them with desperate energy. My first thought was that they had been attacked by a bear, but Morrison, who was watching their movements closely, said:

"Is there not something in the river ahead of them?"

"Yes, by George! they are after a moose," I cried, turning the glass in the direction indicated. A magnificent buck moose had taken the water some fifty yards ahead of them. Now a man with a canoe can easily overtake a moose swimming, and the con-