

only a few yards from the Poulins, he was entirely disappointed.

DEVIL'S RAPIDS.

Having spent some hours, very much interested in what we saw, and Mr. Douglas wishing to purchase some 'dust,' the term applied to a collection of the smaller nuggets, he asked Narcisse Rodrique, if he had any for sale. Rodrique grinned from ear to ear, and replied, "Oui Monsieur," and at once accompanied us to his house on the clearing of his farm on the top of the hill. The house was a log cabin of about ten feet by fourteen, of a single apartment. There was no lock on the door, and though we had passed his wife and children reaping at some distance from the house, there was no fastening, and he only had to "pull the bobbin," and the "latch flew up." We entered and Rodrique drawing two three legged stools of very primitive construction towards an equally simple table, invited us to be seated. Then going to a sort of cupboard, the door of which was closed by a wooden button, he brought forth, two soup plates, both full of nuggets of all sorts and sizes, which he said was the common stock of himself and partners. The quantity was weighed