

him with his face turned towards the west. The bridal day came, and the wedding-canoë was prepared for the month's trip that mainly constitutes the wedding ceremony. The bride was sought but she was gone, and the canoë was gone. She had escaped in it down the river. Her bridegroom and her brother pursued her on the bank, and overtook and swam out to her, but she paddled on with all her might. Night came and a storm. The men camped on the shore. The girl was wrecked and eaten by the wolves. Shaw-wanossoway found, next morning, her mangled body, and, repenting of his passion, forswore war. He became a medicine-man, learned on the past, the present, and the future.

The Indian dogs are usually in a half-famished state. Their chance of getting anything to eat is seldom so good as their chance of being eaten. Therefore they force the bags of visitors and eat up their provisions when they can; they eat the thongs of hide by which horses may happen to be tied; and, says Mr. Kane, "while I was one evening finishing a sketch, sitting on the ground alone in my tent, with my candle stuck in the earth at my side, one of these audacious brutes unceremoniously dashed in through the entrance, seized the burning candle in his jaws and bolted off with it, leaving me in total darkness." This happened among the Ojibbeways and Ottewas, of whom one chief was sketched as he appeared in mourning for a wife who had been dead three months. The mourning worn consisted of a coat of black paint on his face, and he apologised for not sitting in full costume, as a part of the paint had worn off.

The great journey across country was commenced in May of the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, when Mr. Kane left Toronto in company with Sir George Simpson, who had ordered him a passage with the spring brigade of canoes. The brigade was to be overtaken at the Falls of St. Mary, but the artist, at nine A.M., was accidentally left ashore at the last place touched at by the steamer before reaching the Falls. He would lose his chance of travelling with the canoes, if he could not, in a small skiff manned with three boys, traverse in a stiff gale forty-five miles of lake and forty-five miles of the ascent of the river channel. The latter part of the passage would have to be made in dark night, against the current, and among islands and shallows, so as to reach the Falls by daylight the next morning. The feat was accomplished and the brigade joined.

A few days after having passed the Lake of the Thousand Islands, the travellers bought some dried sturgeon of a man and woman belonging to the Salteaux Indians, who are a branch of the Ojibbeways; and they learnt afterwards that this man and woman were shunned by their tribe as Ween-

digoes, or persons who have eaten human flesh. Although no tribes of the North Americans are cannibal by choice, the urgency of hunger sometimes compels one man to feed upon another; and whoever has been reduced to this extremity is not so much punished—as pitied for the misery he must have suffered, but is at the same time regarded with a superstitious dread and horror as a Weendigo. It is believed that having once tasted man's flesh, a craving for more is implanted in Weendigoes—that they acquire charmed lives, and can be killed only by a silver bullet. Children are kept out of their way, and they are required to build their lodges at some distance from those of the community. It was said by the Salteaux that a father and daughter once living among them had killed and eaten six of their own family from absolute want. They then, said the story, camped near an old Indian woman, who was alone in her lodge, all her relations having gone out hunting. But the old woman seeing this father and daughter in a hut without the other members of their household, whom she knew, suspected the truth, and took thought for her own safety. It was the hungry winter time, with a severe frost. Therefore, she poured water at the entrance to her lodge, which froze into a slippery sheet of ice, and instead of going to bed, sat up with an axe in her hand. Near midnight she heard the crackling of steps outside in the snow, and looking through the crevices of her lodge saw the Weendigo girl in the moonlight, listening. The old woman then feigned sleep by a loud snoring, and the wretched girl rushed gladly forward, but slipping on the ice, fell forward, and the axe of her intended victim was immediately buried in her brains. Then the old woman fled to escape the vengeance of the father, who was waiting for the signal that should bid him to his feast. He crept presently to the lodge and called his daughter; getting no reply, he entered, found her dead, and fed on what he found.

Round about the Lake of the Woods, which is half way between the Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, and by the river-side for a hundred and fifty miles of their route, the travellers found the woods entirely stripped of foliage by myriads of green caterpillars. They had turned summer into winter, except that although green leaves were gone, green caterpillars supplied some of their colour. The swarm was so great that encampment on shore was impossible. They rained into all food that was not eaten under open sky in the canoë.

At Fort Garry, in the Red River settlement, Mr. Kane found that the half-breeds had set out for their great buffalo hunts, which end in the conversion of much buffalo meat and fat into pemmican. The artist rode out to join one of the bands of hunters. An incident of savage life diversified