

In setting a line of traps in the woods near the margin of this lake, we came across several traces of the old Red Indians. The places where their camps stood were clearly to be distinguished, as was also the circular cavity dug in the earth round the fire place, as described by M'Cormack. Close to the former site of one old camp was a large pine, which had evidently in former years, been chopped by a stone axe or other blunt instrument. I also picked up a flint spear head. Leaving our canoe at Red Indian pond, we set out with the remainder of our luggage to the hills, distant ten miles. A very hard and tedious day we had; our loads were heavy, and the way which was steep, lay in some places through thick woods. At length near sundown we got to the end of our journey and camped in a small patch of woods. This part of the country was more or less open for miles, undulating and studded here and there with scrubby spruce and tamarac, and in some places, with large granite boulders. The higher ridges were dry and in many spots carpeted with a luxuriant growth of white moss. In the lower lands there were marshes, lakes and