

fill, and when lighted, they do not allow a single whiff to escape, but swallow it, withholding respiration until the pipe is finished. The effect of this upon their nervous system is great. They often fall on the ground completely exhausted, and for a few minutes tremble like an aspen leaf. The heavy beards of the men, and the fair complexions of all, astonished my Indians greatly, and in their surprise they called them 'Mannoli Conde,' like the white people. They were all exceedingly well dressed in deer-skin clothing, with the hair outside, which being new, and nicely ornamented with white fur, gave them a clean and very comfortable appearance. Their little Kiyachs were beautifully made, and the men were armed with deadly-looking knives, spears and arrows, all of their own manufacture. The Indians are in great dread of them; and so afraid of my safety were two different parties that I met on my way down, that a man from each of them, who could speak a little Eskimos, volunteered to accompany me, and their freely rendered services proved invaluable to me. Poor fellows, they will never see this; but I cannot refrain from paying them here my tribute of gratitude and thanks.

"At Peel's River I met with a large number of Loucheux Indians, all of whom received me most kindly, and listened attentively. These are a part of the great family who reach to the Youcan and beyond; but from their longer association with the whites, many of the darker traits that belong to their brethren on the Youcan, pertain, if at all, in a much milder form, to them and to the Indians at Lapienes House.

"I left my canoe and Indians, as well as those who had accompanied me, at the Fort; and taking two others who knew the way, I pursued the journey on foot over the Rocky Mountains to Lapienes House. This part of the journey fatigued me exceedingly, not so much from the distance (which was only from 75 to 100 miles,) as from the badness of the walking, intense heat of the sun, and myriads of the most voracious mosquitos that I have encountered in the country. There were several rivers to ford, which from the melting snows and recent rains, were just at their height. Fortunately they were neither very deep nor wide, or my stature and strength would have been serious impediments to my getting over them.

"At Lapienes House I met Mr. Jones, who was my companion from Red River to Fort Simpson. He had come up in charge of the Youcon boat, and kindly granted me a passage. I had fortunately a bundle of Canadian newspapers in my carpet bag, some of them