



835577

Shelf No 917.1. G76.1.11



TORONTO  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY.

RIVERDALE BRANCH  
CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Books may be retained for two weeks, unless marked seven days and may be renewed once if no application has been registered for them. For longer detention, a **By 73** cents per day will be imposed.

**DISCARDED**  
Toronto Public Libraries

The Librarian shall examine every book returned and if the same be found marked, spotted with ink, with leaves turned down or in any way injured the borrower shall pay the value of the book.

DEC 5 1930



National Library  
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale  
du Canada



# MASTER-WORKS OF CANADIAN AUTHORS

*Edition de Luxe*

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

EDITED BY

JOHN W. GARVIN, B.A.

Editor of 'Canadian Poets'

Editor of 'Canadian Poems of the Great War'

Editor of 'Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford'

Etc., Etc.

---

## VOLUME XIII

---

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

WILLIAM L. GRANT, M.A., LL.D.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of the author in sepia; and ten pen-and-ink reproductions  
of the original illustrations

BY

DOROTHY STEVENS

TORONTO

THE RADISSON SOCIETY OF CANADA  
LIMITED

1925

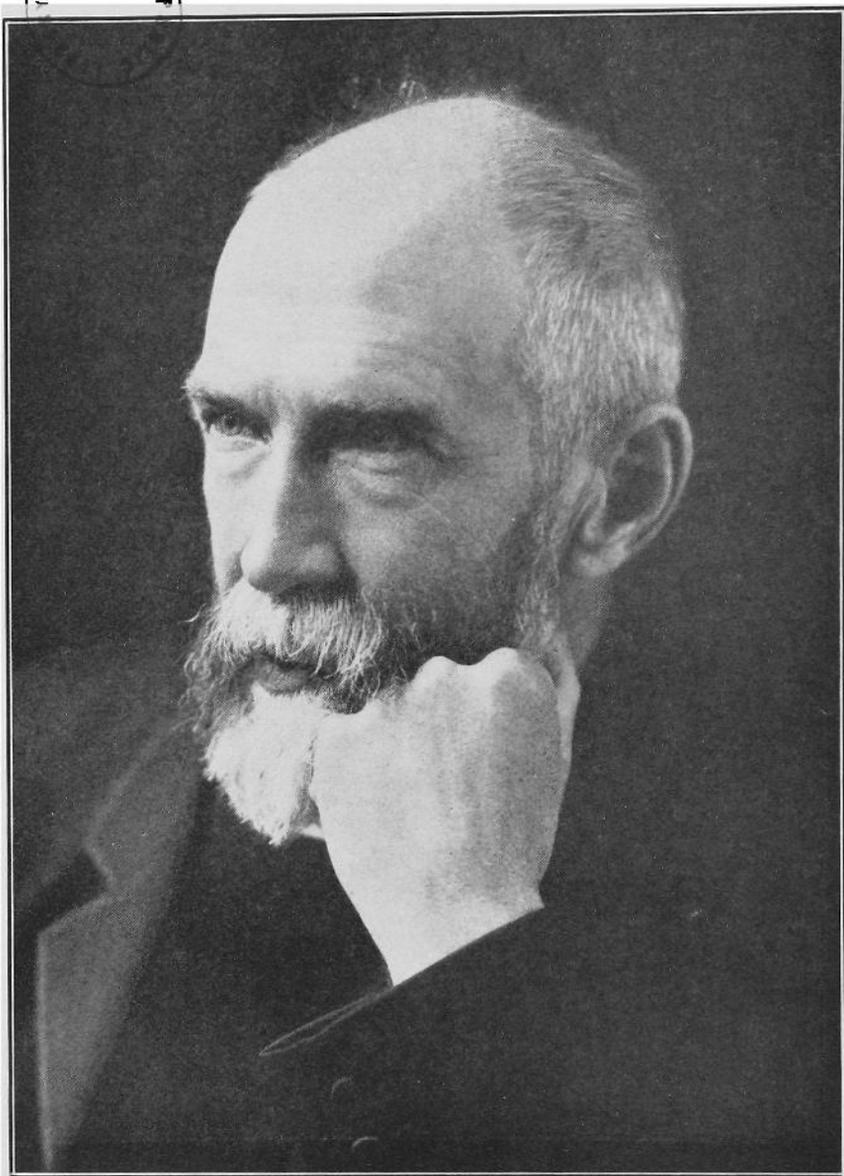
**Library Edition De Luxe**  
**For School, College and Public Libraries**

Copyright, Canada, 1925  
**THE RADISSON SOCIETY OF CANADA**  
**LIMITED**

Printed in Canada



TORONTO



*George Grant*

# OCEAN TO OCEAN

## SANDFORD FLEMING'S EXPEDITION

THROUGH  
CANADA IN 1872

BY

THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT

OF HALIFAX, N.S.

SECRETARY TO THE EXPEDITION

REVISED EDITION

Containing the best features of the two former editions, published  
in 1873 and 1879.

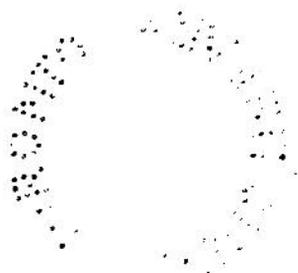
ILLUSTRATED

TORONTO

THE RADISSON SOCIETY OF CANADA  
LIMITED

1925

iii





## CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
Illustrations.....	vi
Introduction.....	vii
Bibliography.....	xx
I—Introductory.....	1
II—From Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Thunder Bay...	11
III—From Thunder Bay to Fort Garry.....	31
IV—Province of Manitoba.....	76
V—From Manitoba to Fort Carlton... ..	114
VI—Along the North Saskatchewan.....	155
VII—From Fort Edmonton to the River Athabasca..	206
VIII—The Rocky Mountains.....	250
IX—Yellow Head Pass to the N. Thompson River..	277
X—Along the N. Thompson River to Kamloops...	305
XI—From Kamloops to the Sea.....	328
XII—The Coast, and Vancouver's Island.....	362
XIII—Our Country.... . . . .	393

## ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
Portrait of George Monro Grant.....	Frontispiece
1—Sault Ste. Marie, from the South Side.....	21
2—Thunder Cape, Entrance to Thunder Bay.....	32
3—Thunder Bay, from Prince Arthur's Landing.....	38
4—Head of Lake Shebandowan.....	43
5—Shooting a Rapid.....	50
6—Buffalo Skin Lodge and Red River Carts.....	139
7—Fort Edmonton.....	195
8—The Great Bluff on the Thompson River.....	337
9—Fraser River, 17 miles above Yale.....	341
10—Yale (Head of Navigation on the Fraser).....	351

## INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM L. GRANT

The Canadian West came late into favour with the settler. The travels of the early fur traders made the prairies known as the land of the Indian and the buffalo. Alexander Henry was the first, and Sir William Butler the last of those to whom 'The Great Lone Land' was the land of romance and of adventure, but not of settlement. A series of bold adventurers from Alexander McKenzie in 1792 to Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in 1863 crossed the barriers of the Rocky Mountains. But their accounts of towering canyons to whose depths the sun at mid-day could not pierce, of impassable rivers and endless glaciers, however likely to attract the adventurous traveller, were little likely to win the settler. In 1857-8 the discovery of gold in the Caribou country did indeed lead to a rush there of the same wild adventurers who had gone to California in '49 and to Australia in '51. But the gold rush ended in disaster, and the farmer was still to come.

Control of the Great West was vested in the Hudson's Bay Company, founded by Charles II in 1670. The most important date in its history is probably 1821, when it incorporated its Canadian rival, the North-West Fur Trading Company, which had had its headquarters at Montreal. The reorganized company pursued its work under the original name, but with a new vigour and aggressiveness. It set a noble record for fairness of dealing with the Indians; for over a century its name has stood for honesty and fairness. The ques-

tion has been much discussed whether it was equally statesmanlike in dealing with the problem of settlement, or whether, in its natural aversion to seeing the fur-bearing animals driven farther and farther north and west, it did not tend to discourage the settler. This was certainly the view of the great Company taken by the author of *Ocean to Ocean*, who again and again stated that "all their efforts were directed to keep the country a close preserve," a reiteration which cost him the friendship of at least one Governor of the Company.

Before the amalgamation there was a bitter conflict of interests. The original Company was not averse to settlement, and in 1811 granted to Lord Selkirk a great tract of over 115,000 square miles, chiefly in what was later called Manitoba, on which he endeavoured to found a farming colony; but the North-West Company opposed him bitterly, its employés murdered his settlers at Seven Oaks (1816); and its magnates hounded Selkirk to his death.

After the amalgamation a milder policy was pursued. Sir George Simpson, the greatest and most energetic of the Governors of the Company in the nineteenth century, in his published travels is not unfair to the possibilities of the West, and speaks of great parts of it, especially of the grant to Selkirk, as being "in every respect, well calculated for the purposes of agriculture." But the Company cannot be acquitted of emphasizing the disadvantages of the West; some of its agents were almost as pessimistic as the prophet Joel: what the grass-hopper spared, the hail broke down; and what the hail left untouched was nipped by the early frosts.

But after all, as Grant was the first to admit, it was hardly the business of a fur-trading Company to call attention to the agricultural possibilities of its lands; that duty lay with the home government, and very inadequately it was fulfilled, as the early chapters of *Ocean to Ocean* sufficiently point out. In 1857 Captain John Palliser was sent out, in charge of an elaborately equipped expedition, but his report was unfavorable alike to the agricultural possibilities of the West, and to the practicability of a route through the Canadian Rockies, and nothing further was done. Bulwer Lytton, Colonial Secretary in 1859, did indeed voice in the House of Commons his vision of a great band of provinces stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but his words fell upon deaf ears.

Two things must be said in extenuation of the indifference of the Mother Country. The first is that it is questionable how far a bolder policy would have been successful until the great spaces of the United States had been filled up. The greatest work of colonization in the nineteenth century was that of the Great Republic. In the first half of the century she flung material civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In 1783 when the independence of the Thirteen Colonies was acknowledged, the pioneers had topped the Alleghanies and were beginning to stream down into the valleys of the Ohio and the Tennessee. Sixty years later their grandchildren had crossed the great central plain and were pouring down from the summits of the Rockies into the valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette. But the intervening spaces were only gradually filled up. Wisconsin did not become a state till 1848; Minnesota, not till 1858; Dakota not till 1889. Immi-

gration takes the line of least resistance—climatic conditions in great parts of the Middle West were on the whole milder than in the North West, and until the best land south of the border was at least partially settled, it is unlikely that the boldest policy could have led to large and successful settlements between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains.

The second thing to be borne in mind is that whatever the defects of the Home Government, the native-born Canadians were little better. In the scattered provinces of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, little interest was taken in the West. Till about 1850 the politicians were absorbed in winning or in working out responsible government, and for the next fifteen years were in factional strife. The merchant politicians of Montreal, in so far as they turned their thoughts westward, did so as fur traders rather than as statesmen. The remarkable prophecy of Joseph Howe in the Nova Scotia legislature in 1851 that there were men then living who would live to hear the steam whistle in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains was almost a solitary voice. In 1857 an agitation, organized chiefly by the Toronto Liberals, was indeed strong enough to force the Conservative Government of the day to send Chief Justice Draper to England to negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company, at the time in process of reorganization; but the Government was bitterly attacked in the legislature for doing so, chiefly by the Quebec Liberals, and the movement, if such it can be called, had little popular backing, and died away. To Nova Scotia the North-West was an unknown land. When in 1868 the Red River settlement was visited by a plague of grasshoppers, and his friend Fleming wrote to the future author of *Ocean to Ocean*, and asked him

to make a collection for the sufferers, the collection was indeed made, but the collector wrote to say that "I could have collected as much, and the people would have given as intelligently, had the sufferers been in Abyssinia."

The West was saved for Canada, if not indeed for the British Empire, not by any effort of Canadian national consciousness, but by the daring and prescience of a few great men. In 1867 Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were confederated by the efforts of a group of statesmen, of whom John Alexander Macdonald, Georges Cartier, George Brown and Charles Tupper were the chief. In 1869 and 1870 they entered into negotiations with the Home Government and with the Hudson's Bay Company and bought from it the area of over one million square miles which it had ruled for two centuries. In 1871 British Columbia was brought into the new Dominion, and the promise given her that within ten years she should be united to Eastern Canada by a Canadian Pacific Railway. It was time to be stirring. In 1867 the United States had purchased Alaska from Russia, and the pages of *Ocean to Ocean* give abundant proof that the appetite of the Great Republic was not yet satisfied. A little longer delay, and the western boundary of Canada would in all likelihood have been to-day, not the Pacific Ocean, but some obscure stream between Port Arthur and Winnipeg.

On 20th July, 1871, British Columbia entered the Dominion, and as construction of the railway as a government line had been decided upon, on the same day surveying parties were sent out from both ends of the projected line. In the summer of 1872, Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief of the Dominion Government, decided to make a personal inspection of the pro-

posed line of route. On 15th July his small party met at Toronto, and on the next day started westward, with the Reverend George Monro Grant, minister of St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, as its secretary.

George Monro Grant was born in 1835 at Albion Mines, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, the son of James Grant, a Scottish settler who had come out from Banffshire in 1826, and in 1831 had married Mary Monro, daughter of another settler. James Grant was an honest Scotch Presbyterian, of no special force of character. His wife came of a clerical line, her grandfather being "the godly Mr. Monro" (minister of Cromarty), spoken of by Hugh Miller in "My Schools and School-Masters". She was a woman of great practical sagacity and also of intense religious feeling, qualities which were inherited by her five children, of whom George was the third. Upon him her influence was very deep till her death in 1865, and ever after he cherished her memory as that of a saint. "My mother and yours" he said once to his son, on one of the few occasions when he opened his heart and spoke of his own feelings and emotions, "were the two best women I have ever known."

At the age of eight young Grant lost his right hand as the result of a boyish prank in a coal mine. On his recovery he turned his whole splendid energy to scholarship. His first ambition had been for a military career, now impossible, and for such "a lad o'pairts" the obvious outlet was the ministry. At an early age he became 'Dux' of Pictou Academy, then at the height of its fame. A year or two later he won one of the bursaries given by the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia in the hope of encouraging a native-born ministry, and in 1853 sailed for Scotland. The next seven years were spent

in Glasgow University, with vacations on the continent. Alike in athletics, in scholarship, and in all other academic activities he had a brilliant career, although the chief influences which moulded his young manhood were not academic, but in letters, those of Thomas Carlyle, and in morals and theology those of Norman Macleod, the brilliant minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow. Refusing offers which would have given him a career in Scotland, he returned in 1860 to his native country and for three years worked on a mission station in Prince Edward Island, with such success that in 1863 he was offered and accepted the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, at the time the most prominent Presbyterian Church in the Maritime Provinces. Here he had such rapid success that very soon to his ordinary services chairs were brought into the aisles and strangers sat on the steps of the high old-fashioned Scottish pulpit. In addition he was active in all the social and political questions of the day, and when in 1864 the question of federation with Upper and Lower Canada came up, the young minister was one of those who threw themselves into the struggle for federation. His political mentor had been Joseph Howe, whose oratory had kindled him to a fervent and lifelong belief in an united Canada and in the greatness of the part which such a Canada could play in an united British Empire. When at the crisis of the struggle Howe proved false to the higher hope and the larger vision and was swept by his dislike of Dr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Tupper into the agitation against federation, Grant broke with his former mentor, and was one of the small band who stood by Tupper. The cry for repeal swept Nova Scotia, but even in the moment of triumph some of the

repealers saw that their triumph was short lived. "We shall win this immediate election, win easily, but we shall lose in the end," said in 1867 A. W. McLelan, at that time one of the foremost opponents of federation. "The men with ideas and ideals are against us. Look at Archbishop Connolly, and that Presbyterian minister, young Grant, in Halifax. Those are the men of the future, and they are all against us." It is not often that a political prophecy is so exactly fulfilled.

It was fitting that such a man should be called on to be the Secretary of the first expedition from ocean to ocean across united Canada. United with the fervent Highlander was his life-long friend, Fleming, a quiet, indomitable Low-lander. Sandford Fleming was born in "the lang town" of Kirkaldy in Fife in 1827, and came to Canada in 1845. He became first a land surveyor, and afterwards a railway engineer. Entering the service of the Canadian Government, he was the engineer-in-chief of the Intercolonial Railway from Rivière du Loup to Halifax, and afterwards of the earlier surveys of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Like Grant, he had been an unwearied advocate of federation. Tall, burly and handsome, he was as slow and gentle in speech as the other was eager and vivacious; but if he once took hold, he never let go, and few men have done more for Canada in more varied ways than did Sir Sandford Fleming.

Grant returned to Halifax in November, 1872, and early in the next year *Ocean to Ocean* was published in Toronto and in London. Although his notes were written at the end of long and toilsome marches, by the flickering light of the camp fire, and in some cases on strips of birch-bark, and although the bulk of the book is almost a verbal transcript of them, no evidence of

haste is apparent, and in style it ranks among the few Canadian books which can claim to be written with distinction. From cover to cover it has the merit of being interesting; it is full of vigour—giving a succession of pictures of men and events in which the most graphic word is invariably found with apparent ease.

Aided by Grant's own personality and by his numerous and successful lectures, *Ocean to Ocean* made a distinct impression, and was at least partially responsible for the change in the attitude of Nova Scotia toward federation and to some extent in that of Upper Canada to the West. At the general election of 1873 the repeal candidates in Nova Scotia were in almost all cases decisively defeated, and the agitation practically died out. Dark days were indeed to come. It proved to be no easy task to build a railway around Lake Superior, across the prairies, and through three ranges of mountains. The Liberal administration, under Alexander Mackenzie, shrank from the literal fulfilment of their bargain with British Columbia, and drove that province to the verge of secession. Even the buoyant and enthusiastic Grant shared in the depression, and sounded a note of warning. In a lecture given in Halifax in 1877 he laid down that while a Canadian Pacific Railway was a necessity, and that at the earliest possible moment, it "should not be commenced from the Pacific side until at least one million of Canadians are settled west of the Red River of the North." This shows that he had not yet fully grasped the truth that in modern conditions roads and railways must not follow, or even accompany, but must precede settlement. He outlines, however, an alternative policy, which seems to have been that of the Prime Minister himself, by which the line would have been completed to Winnipeg, and then one or

more colonization lines, with numerous north and south branches, pushed westward, while fulfilment of the bargain with British Columbia was postponed until the intervening spaces were at least dotted with settlers. For this policy there was much to be said, had it been vigorously carried out; the sufficient criticism of it is that it risked Canada's Pacific frontier.

In days when even the forward-looking Grant felt it necessary to call upon young Canada to hasten slowly, we can imagine what must have been the feeling of the average man, and can estimate the splendid courage of the Dominion Government, under the Prime Ministry of Sir John Macdonald, when in 1881 they completed with a daring band of Scottish-Canadian financiers, of whom the chief was George Stephen, the agreement for a Canadian Pacific Railway. With the completion of this agreement Grant's hesitation came to an end. *Picturesque Canada*, edited and in part written by him and published in 1882, is full of confidence. He could hear the tread of the pioneers, and could say: "Before long, Winnipeg will be more populous than Ottawa, or, its citizens would say, than Toronto; the Saskatchewan a more important factor in Canadian development than the St. Lawrence; and the route from Hudson's Bay to Liverpool perhaps as well established as the beaten path from Montreal and Quebec." (*Picturesque Canada* page 278.)

In 1883 he again went from ocean to ocean, in company with Fleming, who had ceased to be the Government Engineer-in-Chief, but who was a director of the C.P.R. The route chosen by Fleming in 1872 through the Yellow Head Pass had been abandoned, and it had been determined to pierce the Rockies further south, but though by this time rail-head was not far from Cal-

gary, on arriving there the travellers found that no practicable pass through the Selkirk range had been found. After some hesitation they pressed on, and near the summit of the Kicking Horse Pass met with Major Rogers, the chief engineer of the Company, from whom they heard the glad news that a way through the Selkirks had been discovered by following up an hitherto unexplored branch of the Illecillewaet. Thence they pressed on by the Eagle Pass to Kamloops, and so to New Westminster. The book this time was written not by Grant but by Fleming, but Grant's letters home and his magazine articles show that for him the time of depression was past.

Grant was tall and slight, but wiry and with unflagging strength and energy. His eyes had the intense blue of his hero Cromwell, and for all his slightness his head was set on a columnar neck, so muscular that to look at him was to recall Beecher's saying that "the men with thick necks rule the world." So full of energy was he that a Halifax friend described him as "a steam-engine in trousers." The story of his recovery of his lost watch while on his journey across the Rockies in 1883 is characteristic. Climbing up the eastern slope of the Selkirks, where "the horses at one time clambered over fallen trees, still on fire, at another waded through hot ashes or burning vegetable soil", Grant found during the afternoon that he had lost his watch, which had been presented to him in Scotland in 1860, and which was almost his dearest possession. Though he was almost forty-eight years of age, he promptly resolved to go back on foot along the way they had come, and did so, finally coming upon the watch on the site of their last night's camp. As he moved off in the morning the chain had been caught by a bough, and the watch had been

dragged from his pocket, and hung unobserved. The watch found, back he started over the trail, and caught up to the others soon after they had encamped. They were almost dead-beat, but Grant, as Fleming records, was "in the best of spirits." The double journey had not quelled that exhaustless physical and moral energy.

From 1863 to 1877 Grant was minister of St. Matthew's, Halifax. Ever an apostle of Union, he was foremost in bringing the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia into Canadian Presbyterianism in 1875. In 1867 he married Jessie Lawson, the eldest daughter of William Lawson, a prosperous West Indian merchant, whose family had been established in Halifax since 1750, the year after its foundation. In December 1877 he was appointed Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, and in twenty-five years raised it from a small college into one of the three chief Canadian universities. During all these years he was also the unwearied exponent of a vigorous Canadian patriotism, merged in the larger unity of the British Empire, in the value of which to mankind he had an almost mystic belief. To the last he was "a forward-looking man." The quotation is hackneyed, yet he cannot be better described than in Browning's words:

"One who never turned his back,  
but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph.  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
sleep to wake."

Grant died on May 10th, 1902. His wife had predeceased him on 1st January, 1901. Of their two children one died young, the other still survives. His biography has been written in collaboration by William

Lawson Grant, his son, and Charles Frederick Hamilton, a friend and pupil. (Toronto, Morang and Co. 1904; London and Edinburgh, T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1905).

*Ocean to Ocean* may be left to speak for itself. To the last Grant held that a great mistake had been made by the later engineers of the C. P. R., when they abandoned the route surveyed under Fleming's guidance through the Yellow Head Pass and took the more southerly route through the Kicking Horse Pass, with its steeper grades. No satisfactory reason for the change has ever been given. Was it due to a lingering faint-heartedness which felt that the northern route would be lost amidst eternal snows; did political considerations enter in and Conservatives feel that the Liberal route must be abandoned; it is one of the unsolved problems of Canadian history. The choice of the Yellow Head Pass by the two later lines, the Canadian Northern and the Canadian National, have justified the unfailing belief of Grant and of Fleming.

When at the end of the Nineteenth Century the West began to fill with settlers and Grant to see the fulfilment of his dream, the idea came to him of reprinting *Ocean to Ocean*, and overtures were made to a publisher. The suggestion was coldly received, and for many years the book has been procurable only at second-hand, and with increasing difficulty. Its reissue in the present dignified edition would have been a great joy to its author.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Ocean to Ocean: (James Campbell, Toronto; Sampson Low, London, 1873). Second Edition—1879.
- Picturesque Canada: (Toronto, Belden Bros.: 2 vols., 1882-84).
- Religions of the World: (A. & C. Black, London: R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh, 1894). Revised and enlarged 1895.
- Joseph Howe: (MacKinley, Halifax, 1906). Reprinted from 4 articles in *Canadian Monthly*, May—August, 1875.

### SERMONS AND PAMPHLETS

- Sermon, 1st January, 1865, "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth" (Halifax, James Bowes and Sons—500 copies).
- Sermon, 1st January, 1866, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." (Halifax, James Bowes and Sons).
- Sermon before the Synod, June 26th, 1866, "We are labourers together with God." (Halifax, James Bowes and Sons).
- Reformers of the Nineteenth Century (1867). (Halifax, James Bowes and Sons).
- Address before the Private Bills Committee on The Temporalities Fund Bill. (Ottawa, The Citizen, 1882).
- Our Five Foreign Missions: (1886).
- Sunday Afternoon Addresses in Convocation Hall, Kingston, Ontario, 1890-91—3 Sermons—"How to read the Bible."
- 1892—3 Sermons—"The Old Testament and the New Criticism Revelations and Interpretations."  
"Wrong Interpretations and a Wrong Spirit."
- 1893—1 Sermon—"Christ is divided."
- 1894—1 Sermon—"The Lesson of the Book of Jonah."
- Imperial Federation, (Winnipeg, 1890).
- The Advantages of Imperial Federation, (Toronto, 1891).

- Canada and the Canadian Question. (Reprinted from *The Week* by the Imperial Federation League, 1891).
- Our National Object and Aims, ("Maple Leaves"—being the Papers read before the National Club of Toronto, 1890-91. Edited by F. B. Cumberland, Toronto, 1891).
- Brief Addresses on the Duty of the Legislature to the Colleges of the Province. S.L.N.D.

## MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

Much of Grant's work took the form of Magazine and Newspaper articles, of which a full list cannot now be given. The most important were:

Four articles in *Scribner's Magazine* May, June, July, August, 1880.

The Canadian Pacific Railway. *Century*, 1885.

A series of articles, sometimes signed in full, sometimes "G" in *Queen's Quarterly* from 1893 to 1902.

Canada and the Empire: *National Review*, London, July, 1896.

Articles in *The Canadian Magazine*:—

"Anti-National Features of the National Policy," Vol. 1, p. 9, 1893.

"Canada and the Empire," A Rejoinder to Dr. Goldwin Smith, Vol. 8, p. 73, 1896.

"The Queen's Reign," its most striking characteristic and most beneficent act. *Canadian Views*, Vol. 9, p. 140, 1897.

"Newfoundland and Canada." A Review. Vol. 11, p. 467, 1898.

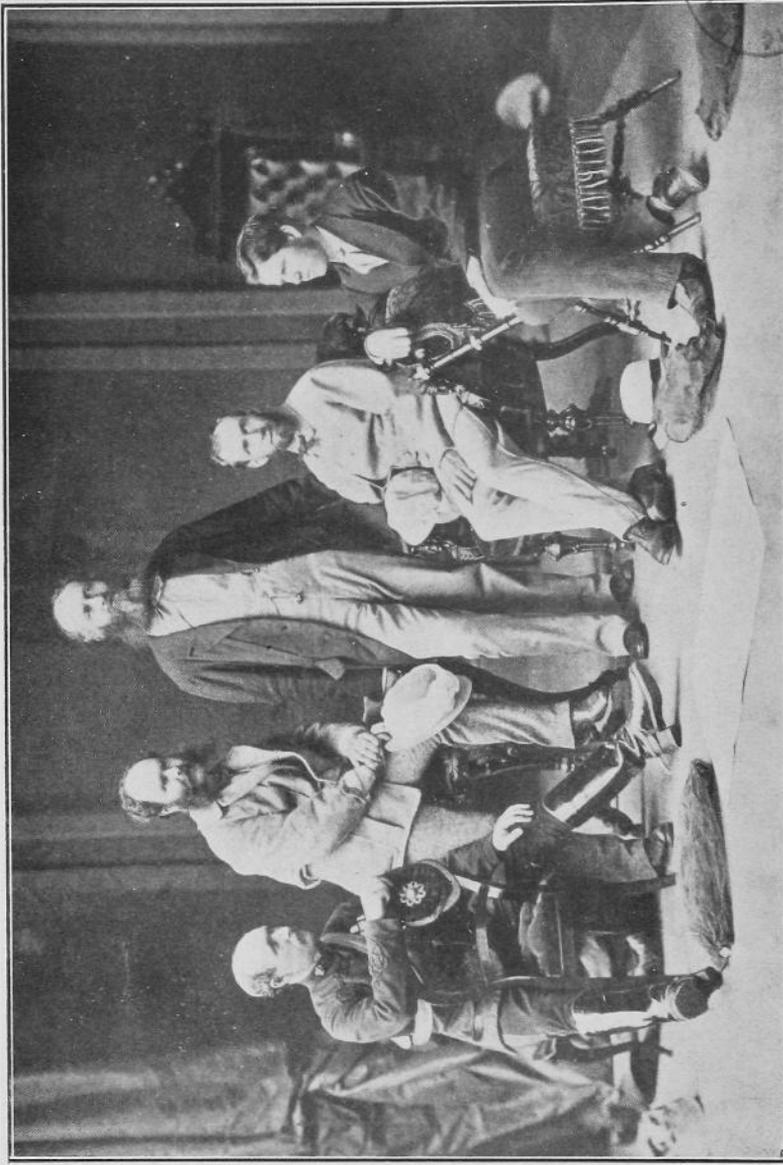
"The Jason of Algoma." Vol. 15, p. 483, 1900.

The Outlook of the Nineteenth Century in Theology: *American Journal of Theology*, January, 1902—reprinted separately.

Thanksgiving and Retrospect—A farewell address to the University—printed separately, and also in *Queen's Quarterly*, January, 1902.







Col. Robertson Ross    Arthur Moren, M.D.    Sandford Flemings, C.E.    Rev. G.M. Grant    Frank Fleming

G. Monte Frank

## CHAPTER I

### *Introductory*

TRAVEL a thousand miles up a great river; more than another thousand along great lakes and a succession of smaller lakes; a thousand miles across rolling prairies; and another thousand through woods and over three great ranges of mountains, and you have travelled from Ocean to Ocean through Canada. All this Country is a single Colony of the British Empire; and this Colony is dreaming magnificent dreams of a future when it shall be the "Greater Britain," and the highway across which the fabrics and products of Asia shall be carried, to the Eastern as well as to the Western sides of the Atlantic. Mountains were once thought to be effectual barriers against railways, but that day has gone by; and, now that trains run between San Francisco and New York, over summits of eight thousand two hundred feet, it is not strange that they should be expected soon to run between Victoria and Halifax, over a height of three thousand seven hundred feet. At any rate, a Canadian Pacific Railway has been undertaken by the Dominion; and, as this book consists of notes made in connection with the survey, an introductory chapter may be given to a brief history of the project.

For more than a quarter of a century before the Atlantic was connected by rail with the Pacific, public attention had been frequently called, especially in the great cities of the United States, to the commercial advantage and the political necessity of such connection; but it was not till 1853 that the Secretary of War was

authorized by the President to employ topographical engineers and others "to make explorations and surveys, and to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean." From that time the United States Government sent a succession of well-equipped parties to explore the western half of the Continent. The reports and surveys of these expeditions fill thirteen large quarto volumes, richly embellished, stored with valuable information concerning the country, and honestly pointing out that, west of the Mississippi Valley, there were vast extents of desert or semi-desert, and other difficulties so formidable as to render the construction of a railroad well nigh impracticable. Her Majesty's Government aware of this result, and aware, also, that there was a fertile belt of undefined size, in the same longitude as the Great American Desert, but north of the forty-ninth degree of latitude, organized an expedition, under Captain Palliser, in 1857, to explore the country between the west of Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains; and also "to ascertain whether any practicable pass or passes, available for horses, existed across the Rocky Mountains within British Territory, and south of that known to exist between Mount Brown and Mount Hooker, known as the "Boat Encampment Pass." It was unfortunate that the limitation expressed in this last clause, was imposed on Captain Palliser, for it prevented him from exploring to the north of Boat Encampment, and reporting upon the Yellow Head Pass, which has since been found so favourable for the Railway and may soon be used as the gateway through the mountains to British Columbia and the Pacific. The difficulties presented

by passes further south, and by the Selkirk Mountains, led Palliser to express an opinion upon the passage across the Mountains as hasty and inaccurate as his opinion about the possibility of connecting Ontario or Quebec with the Red River and Saskatchewan Country is now found to be. After stating that his expedition had made connection between the Saskatchewan Plains and British Columbia, without passing through United States Territory, he added:—"Still the knowledge of the country, on the whole, would never lead me to advise a line of communication from Canada, across the Continent to the Pacific, exclusively through British Territory. The time has forever gone by for effecting such an object; and the unfortunate choice of an astronomical boundary line has completely isolated the Central American possessions of Great Britain from Canada in the east, and also almost debarred them from any eligible access from the Pacific Coast on the west." The best answer to this sweeping opinion, is the Progress Report on the Canadian Pacific Railway exploratory survey, presented to the House of Commons, in Ottawa, in the Session 1872, in which the advantages of the Yellow Head Pass over every other approach to the Pacific are shown; and as complete an answer to the second part will be furnished in the Report to be presented in the spring of 1873. The journals of Captain Palliser's explorations, extending over a period of four years, from 1857 to 1860, were printed *in extenso* by Her Majesty's Government in a large Blue Book, and shared the fate of all blue books. There are, probably, not more than half a dozen copies in the Dominion. A copy in the Legislative Library at Ottawa is the only one known to the writer. They deserved a better fate, for his own notes and the reports

of his associates, Lieutenant Blakiston, Dr. Hector, M. Bourgeau and Mr. Sullivan, are replete with useful and interesting facts about the soil, the flora, the fauna, and the climate of the plains and the mountains. M. Bourgeau was the botanist of the expedition. On Mr. Sullivan, an accomplished mathematician and astronomical observer and surveyor, devolved the principal labours of computation. Dr. Hector, to whose exertions the success of the expedition was chiefly owing, had the charge of making the maps, both geographical and geological; and, whenever a side journey promised any result, no matter how arduous or dangerous it might be, Dr. Hector was always ready. His name is still revered in our North-West, on account of his medical skill and his kindness to the Indians, and most astonishing tales are still told of his travelling feats in mid-winter among the mountains.

After printing Captain Palliser's journal, Her Majesty's Government took no step to connect the East of British America with the Centre and the West, or to open up the North-West to emigration, although it had been clearly established that we had a country there, extending over many degrees of latitude and longitude, with a climate and soil equal to that of Ontario. In the meantime, the people of the United States, with characteristic energy, took up the work that was too formidable for their government. Public-spirited men, in Sacramento and other parts of California, embarked their all in a project which would make their own rich State the link between the old farthest East and the Western World on both sides of the Atlantic. The work was commenced on the east and west of the Rocky Mountains. Congress granted extraordinarily liberal subsidies in lands and money, though in a half sceptical

spirit, and as much under the influence of "Rings" as of patriotism. When the member for California was urging the scheme with a zeal that showed that he honestly believed in it, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, could not help interjecting, "Does the honourable member really mean to tell me he believes that that road will ever be built?" "Pass the Bill, and it will be constructed in ten years," was the answer. In much less than the time asked for it was constructed, and it is at this day as remarkable a monument to the energy of our neighbours as the triumphant conclusion of their civil war, or the re-building of Chicago. Three great ranges of mountains had to be crossed, at altitudes of eight thousand two hundred and forty, seven thousand one hundred and fifty, and seven thousand feet; snow-sheds and fences to be built along exposed parts, for miles, at enormous expense; the work, for more than a thousand miles, to be carried on in a desert, which yielded neither wood, water, nor food of any kind. No wonder that the scheme was denounced as impracticable and a swindle. But its success has vindicated the wisdom of its projectors; and now no fewer than four different lines are organized to connect the Atlantic States with the Pacific, and to divide with the Union and Central Pacific Railways, the enormous and increasing traffic they are carrying.

While man was thus triumphing over all the obstacles of nature in the Territory of the United States, how was it that nothing was attempted farther north in British America, where a fertile belt stretches west to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and where river-passes seem to offer natural highways to the Ocean? The North American Colonies were isolated from each other; the North-West was kept under lock

and key by the Hudson's Bay Company; and though some ambitious speeches were made, some spirited pamphlets written, and Bulwer Lytton, in introducing the Bill for the formation of British Columbia as a Province, saw, in vision, a line of loyal Provinces, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the time had not come for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." Had the old political state of things continued in British America, nothing would have been done to this day. But, in 1867, the separate Colonies of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, became the Dominion of Canada; in 1869 the Hudson's Bay Company's rights to the North-West were bought up; and, in 1871, British Columbia united itself to the new Dominion; and thus the whole mainland of British America became one political State under the ægis of the Empire. One of the terms on which British Columbia joined the Dominion was, that a railway should be constructed within ten years from the Pacific to a point of junction with the existing railway systems in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and surveys with this object in view were at once instituted.

What did this preparatory survey-work in our case mean? It meant that we must do, in one or two years, what had been done in the United States in fifty. To us the ground was all new. Few of our public men had ever looked much beyond the confines of their particular Provinces; our North-West, in some parts of it, was less an unknown land to the people of the States along the boundary line than to the people of the Dominion; and, in other parts, it was unknown to the whole world. No white man is known to have crossed from the Upper Ottawa to Lake Superior or Lake Winnipeg. There were maps of the country, dotted with lakes and

lacustrine rivers here and there; but these had been made up largely from sketches, on bits of birch-bark or paper, and the verbal descriptions of Indians; and the Indian has little or no conception of scale or bearings. In drawing the picture of a lake, for instance, when his sheet of paper was too narrow, he would, without warning, continue the lake up or down the side, and naturally an erroneous idea of the surface of the country was given. A lake was set down right in the path of what otherwise was an eligible line, and, after great expense had been incurred, it was found that there was no lake within thirty miles of the point. In a word, the country between Old Canada and Red River was utterly unknown, except along the canoe routes travelled by the Hudson's Bay men north-west of Lake Superior. Not many years since, a lecturer had to inform a Toronto audience that he had discovered a great lake, called Nepigon, a few miles to the north of Lake Superior. When so little was known, the task was no light one. Engineers were sent out into trackless, inhospitable regions, obliged to carry their provisions on their backs over swamps, rocks, and barriers, of all kinds, when the Indians failed them; with instructions simply to do their best to find out all they could, in as short a time as possible.

Far different was it with our neighbours. They could afford to spend, and they did spend, half a century on the preparatory work. Their special surveys were aided and supplemented by reports and maps extending back over a long course of years, drawn up, as part of their duty, by the highly educated officers of their regular army stationed at different posts in their Territories. These reports, as well as the unofficial narratives of missionaries, hunters, and traders, were

studied, both before and after being pigeon-holed in Washington. The whole country had thus been gradually examined from every possible point of view; and, among other things, this thorough knowledge explains the success of the United States Government in all its treaty-making with Great Britain, *when territory was concerned*. The history of every such treaty between the two Powers is the history of a contest between knowledge and ignorance. The one Power always knew what it wanted. It therefore presented, from the first step in the negotiation to the last, a firm and apparently consistent front. The other had only a dim notion that right was on its side, and a notion, equally dim, that the object in dispute was not worth contending for.

Was it wise, then, for the Dominion to undertake so gigantic a public work at so early a stage in its history? It was wise, because it was necessary. By uniting together, the British Provinces had declared that their destiny was—not to ripen and drop, one by one, into the arms of the Republic—but to work out their own future as an integral and important part of the grandest Empire in the world. They had reason for making such an election. They believed that it was better for themselves and for their neighbours; better for the cause of human liberty and true progress, that it should be so. But it is not necessary to discuss the reasons. No outside power has a right to pronounce upon them. The fact is enough, that, on this central point, the mind of British America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is fixed. But, to be united politically and disunited physically, as the different parts of Prussia were for many a long year, is an anomaly only to be endured so long as it cannot be helped; and when,

as in our case, the remedy is in our own hands, it is wise to secure the material union as soon as possible.

On the twentieth of July, 1871, British Columbia entered the Dominion. On the same day surveying parties left Victoria for various points of the Rocky Mountains, and from the Upper Ottawa westward, and all along the line surveys were commenced. Their reports were laid before the Canadian House of Commons in April, 1872. In the summer of the same year, Sandford Fleming, the Engineer-in-Chief, considered it necessary to travel overland, to see the main features of the country with his own eyes, and the writer of these pages accompanied him, as Secretary. The expedition started from Toronto on July 16th, and on October 14th, it left Victoria, Vancouver's Island on the home stretch. During those three months a diary was kept of the chief things we saw or heard, and of the impressions which we formed respecting the country, as we journeyed from day to day and conversed with each other on the subject. The diary was not written for publication, or, if printed at all, was to have been for private circulation only. This will explain the little personal details that occur through it; for allusions and incidents that the public rightly consider trivial, are the most interesting items to the private circle. But those who had a right to speak in the matter said that the notes contained information that would be of interest to the general public, and of value to intending immigrants. They are therefore presented to the public, and they are given just as they were written so that others might see, as far as possible, a photograph of what we saw and thought from day to day. A more readable book could have been made by omitting some things, colouring others, and grouping the whole; but the object was not

to make a book. The expedition had special services to perform in connection with one of the most gigantic public works ever undertaken in any country by any people; it was organized and conducted in a business-like way, in order to get through without disaster or serious difficulty; it did not turn aside in search of adventures or of sport; and therefore an exciting narrative of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling descriptions of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" need scarcely be expected.

## CHAPTER II

### *From Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Thunder Bay, Lake Superior*

*July 1st, 1872*—To-day, three friends met in Halifax, and agreed to travel together through the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All three had personal and business matters to arrange, requiring them to leave on different days, and reach the Upper Provinces by different routes. In these circumstances it was decided that Toronto should be the point of rendezvous for the main journey to the Far West, and that the day of meeting should be the 15th of July. One proposed to take the steamer from Halifax to Portland, and go thence by the Grand Trunk Railway *via* Montreal; another, to sail up the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Pictou to Quebec, (the most charming voyage in America for wretched half-baked mortals, escaping from the fierce heat of summer in inland cities); and it was the duty of the third—the Chief of the party—to travel along the line of the Intercolonial Railway, now under construction, through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to its junction with the Grand Trunk in the Province of Quebec. This narrative follows the footsteps of the Chief, when more than one path is taken. But, though it was his duty to make a professional examination of all the engineering works in progress on the Intercolonial, — the Eastern link of that great arterial highway which is to connect, entirely through Canadian Territory, a Canadian Atlantic port with a Canadian Pacific port,—the reader would scarcely be interested in a dry account of the culverts and bridges,

built and building, the comparative merits of wooden and iron work, the pile-driving, the dredging, the excavating, the banking and blasting by over 10,000 workmen, scattered along 500 miles of road. The Intercolonial is to link, with rails of steel, the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with the Province of Quebec; the Grand Trunk unites Quebec and Ontario; and the Canadian Pacific Railway is to connect the latter with Manitoba and British Columbia, as well as with the various unborn Provinces which, in the rapid progress of events, shall spring up in the intervening region. But the work of actual railway-construction is an old story; and, if told at all, must be served up at some other time in some other way. The object of the present narrative is to give an account of what was observed and experienced in out-of-the-way places, over a vast extent of Canada little known even to Canadians. It will be sufficient for our purpose, therefore, to begin at Toronto, passing over all that may at any time be seen on the line from Halifax to Truro, and northerly across the Cobequid Mountains to Moncton. From Moncton, westward, there is much along the line worthy of description, but thousands of Railway tourists will see it all with their own eyes in a year or two;—the deep forests of New Brunswick, the noble Miramichi river with its Railway bridging on a somewhat gigantic scale, the magnificent highland scenery of the Baie des Chaleurs, the Restigouche, and the wild mountain gorges of the Matapedia. But, without delaying even to catch a forty or fifty-pound salmon in the Restigouche, we hasten on with the Chief up the shores of the great St. Lawrence, hearing, as we pass Cacouna in the second week of July, a cheer welcome to Lord Dufferin, the new Governor General, who had just landed with

his family, escaping from the dust and heat of cities and the Niagara Volunteer Camp, to enjoy the saline atmosphere and sea bathing, which so many thousands of Her Majesty's subjects seek along the lower St. Lawrence at this season. At Rivière du Loup a Pullman Car receives us. Passing the cliffs of historic Quebec, we cross the broad St. Lawrence by that magnificent monument of early Canadian enterprise, and triumph of engineering skill, the Victoria Bridge. Two days are necessarily spent at Ottawa in making final arrangements, and Toronto is reached at the time appointed for the rendezvous.

*July 15th*—To-day, the various members of the overland expedition met at the Queen's Hotel, the Chief, the Adjutant General, the boys, Frank and Hugh, the Doctor and the Secretary, and arranged to leave by the first train to-morrow morning. On the Chief devolved all the labour of preparation. The rest of us had little to do except to get ourselves photographed in travelling costume.

*July 16th*—Took train for Collingwood, which is about a hundred miles due north from Toronto. The first half of the journey, or as far as Lake Simcoe, is through a fair and fertile land; too flat to be picturesque, but sufficiently rolling for farming purposes. Clumps of stately elms, with noble stems, shooting high before their fan shape commences, relieve the monotony of the scene. Here and there a field, dotted with huge pine stumps, shows the character of the old crop. The forty or fifty miles nearest Georgian Bay have been settled more recently, but give as good promise to the settlers. Collingwood is an instance of what a railway terminus does for a place. Before the Northern Railway was built, an unbroken forest occupied its site, and

the red deer came down through the woods to drink at the shore. Now, there is a thriving town of two or three thousand people, with steam saw-mills, and huge rafts from the North that almost fill up its little harbour, with a grain elevator which lifts out of steam barges the corn from Chicago, weighs it, and pours it into railway freight-waggons to be hurried down to Toronto, and there turned into bread or whiskey, without a hand touching it in all its transportations or transformations. Around the town the country is being opened up, and the forest is giving way to pasture and corn-fields. West of the town is a range of hills, about one thousand feet high, originally thickly wooded to their summits, but now seamed with roads and interspersed with clearings. Probably none of us would have noticed them, though their beauty is enough to attract passing attention, had they not been pointed out as the highest mountains in the great Province of Ontario.

We reached Collingwood at midday, and were informed that the steamer *Frances Smith* would start for Fort William, at two P.M. Great was the bustle, accordingly, in getting the baggage on board. In the hurry, the gangway was shoved out of its place, and when one of the porters rushed on it with a box, down it tilted, pitching him head first into the water between the pier and the steamer. We heard the splash, and ran, with half a dozen others, just in time to see his boots kicking frantically as they disappeared. "Oh it's that fool S——," laughed a bystander, "this is the second time he's tumbled in." "He can't swim," yelled two or three, clutching at ropes that were tied, trunks and other impossible life-preservers. In the meantime S——rose, but, in rising, struck his head against a heavy float that almost filled the narrow space, and at

once sank again, like a stone. He would have been drowned within six feet of the wharf, but for a tall, strong fellow, who rushed through the crowd, jumped in, and caught him as he rose a second time. S——, like the fool he was said to be, returned the kindness by half-throttling his would-be deliverer; but other bystanders, springing on the float, got the two out. The rescuer swung lightly on to the wharf, shook himself as if he had been a Newfoundland dog, and walked off; nobody seemed to notice him or to think that he deserved a word of praise. On inquiring, we learned that he was a fisherman, by name, Alick Clark, on his way to the Upper Lakes, who, last summer also had jumped from the steamer's deck into Lake Superior, to save a child that had fallen overboard. Knowing that Canada had no Humane Society's medal to bestow, one of our party ran to thank him and quietly to offer a slight gratuity; but the plucky fellow refused to take anything, on the plea that he was a good swimmer and that his clothes hadn't been hurt.

At two o'clock, it being officially announced that the steamer would not start until six, we strolled up to the town to buy suits of duck, which were said to be the only sure defence against mosquitoes of portentous size and power beyond Fort William. Meeting the Rector or Rural Dean, our Chief, learning that he would be a fellow-passenger, introduced the Doctor to him. The Doctor has not usually a positively funereal aspect, but the Rector assumed that he was the clergyman of the party and a D.D., and cottoned to him at once. When we returned to the steamer, and gathered round the tea table, the Rector nodded significantly in his direction; he, in dumb show, declined the honour; the Rector pantomined again, and with more decision of manner;

the Doctor blushed furiously, and looked so very much as if an "aith would relieve him," that the Chief, in compassion, passed round the cold beef without a grace. We were very angry with him, as the whole party doubtless suffered in the Rector's estimation through his lack of resources. The Doctor, however, was sensitive on the subject and threatened the Secretary with a deprivation of sundry medical comforts, if he didn't in future attend to his own work.

At six o'clock it was officially announced that the steamer would not start till midnight. Frank and Hugh got a boat and went trawling; the rest of us were too disgusted to do even that, and so did nothing.

*July 17th*—The *Frances Smith* left Collingwood at 5.30 A.M. "We're all right now," exclaimed Hugh, and so the passengers thought, but they counted without their host. We steamed slowly round the Peninsula to Owen Sound, reaching it about eleven o'clock. The baggage here, could have been put on board in an hour, but five hours passed without sign of even getting up steam. In despair, we went in a body to the captain to remonstrate. He frankly agreed that it was "too bad," but disclaimed all responsibility, as the Government Inspector, on a number of trifling pleas, would not let him start, nor give him his certificate,—the real reason being that he was too virtuous ever to bribe inspectors. The deputation at once hunted up the Inspector, and heard the other side. He had ordered a safety-valve for the boilers and new sails a month before, but the captain had "humbled," and done nothing. The valve was now being fitted on, the sails were being bent, and the steamer would be ready to start in half an hour. Clearly, the Inspector, in the interest of the travelling public, had only done his duty,

and the captain was responsible for the provoking delays. We told him so, without phrases, when he promised to hurry up and get off quickly to and from Leith, where he had to take in wood.

Leith, a port six miles from Owen Sound, was reached at 6.30, and we walked round the beach and had a swim, while two or three men set to work leisurely to carry on board a few sticks of wood from eight or ten cords piled on the wharf. At ten P.M., there being no signs of a start, some of us asked the reason and were told that the whole pile had to be put on board. The two or three labourers were lounging on the wharf with arms a-kimbo, and the captain was dancing in the cabin with some of the passengers, male and female, as unconcerned as if all were out for a picnic. He looked somewhat taken aback when the Chief called him aside, and asked if he commanded the boat, or if there was anybody in command; but, quickly rallying, he declared that everything was going on splendidly. The Chief looked so thundery, however, that he hurried down stairs and ordered the men to "look alive:" but as it would take the two or three labourers all night to stow the wood, half a dozen of the passengers volunteered to help, and the Royal Mail steamer got off two hours after midnight.

An inauspicious beginning to our journey this! Aided all the way by steam, we were not much more than one hundred miles in a direct line from Toronto, forty-four hours after starting. At this rate, when would we reach the Rocky Mountains? To make matters worse, the subordinates seemed also to have learned the trick of how not to do it.

Last night a thunder storm soured the milk on the boat, and though at the wharf, and within a few hundred

yards of scores of dairies, it did not occur to the steward that he could send one of his boys for a fresh supply. To-day, after dinner, an enterprising passenger asked for cheese with his beer, and of course did not get it, as nobody knew where it had been stowed. In a word the *Frances Smith* wanted a head, and, as the Scotch old maid lamented, "it's an unco' thing to gang through the world without a heid."

*July 18th*—To-day, our course was northerly through the Georgian Bay towards the Great Manitoulin Island. This island and some smaller ones stretching in an almost continuous line westward, in the direction of Lake Superior, form in connection with the Saugenee Peninsula, the barrier of land that separates the Georgian Bay from the mighty Lake Huron. These two great inland waters were one, long ago, when the earth was younger, but the waters subsided, or Peninsula and Islands rose, and the one sea became two. Successive terraces on both sides of Owen Sound and on the different islands showed the old lake beaches, each now fringed with a firmer, darker escarpment than the stony or sandy flats beneath, and marked the different levels to which the waters had gradually subsided.

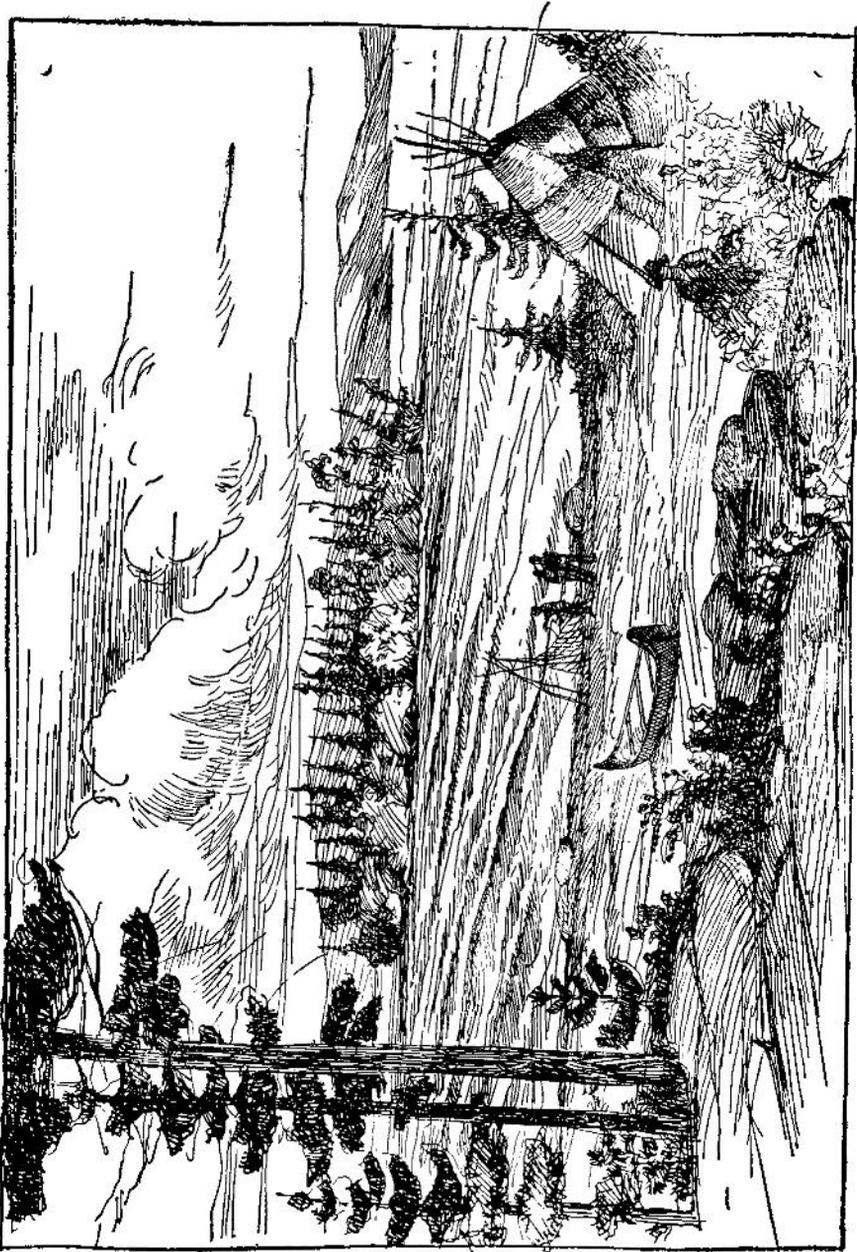
The day passed pleasantly, for, as progress was being made in the right direction, all the passengers willingly enjoyed themselves, while on the two previous days they had only enjoyed the Briton's privilege of grumbling. Crossing the calm breadth of the Bay, past Lonely Island, we soon entered the Strait that extends for fifty miles between the North shore and Manitoulin. The contrast between the soft rounded outlines of the Lower Silurian of Manitoulin and the rugged Laurentian hills, with their contorted sides and scarred foreheads on the mainland opposite, was

striking enough to justify the declaration of a romantic fellow-passenger, "Why, there's quite a scenery here!" The entrance to the Strait has been called Killarney, according to our absurd custom of discarding musical, expressive, Indian names for ridiculously inappropriate European ones. Killarney is a little Indian settlement, with one or two Irish families to whom the place appears to owe very little more than its name. On the wharf is an unshingled shanty—"the store"—the entrepôt for dry goods, hardware, groceries, Indian work, and everything else that the heart of man in Killarney can desire.

The Indians possessed, until lately, the whole of the Island of Manitoulin as well as the adjoining Peninsula; but, at a grand *pow wow*; held with their Chiefs by Sir Edmund Head, while Governor of Old Canada, it was agreed that they should, for certain annuities and other considerations, surrender all except tracts specially reserved for their permanent use. Some two thousand are settled around those shores. They are of the great Ojibbeway or Chippewa nation,—the nation that extends from the St. Lawrence to the Red River, where sections of them are called Saulteaux and other names. West from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, extends the next great nation of the Algonquin family,—the Crees. The languages of these two nations are so much alike, that Indians of the one nation can understand much of the speech of the other. The structure is simple, there being about a hundred and fifty monosyllabic radical roots, the greater number of which are common to Ojibbeway and Cree, and on these roots the language has grown up. Most of the Ojibbeways on Manitoulin are Christianized. At one point on the Island, where the steamer called, we met

Mr. Hurlburt, a Methodist missionary,—a thoughtful scholarly man—who has prepared, with infinite pains, a grammar of the language, and who gave us much interesting information. He honestly confessed that there was little, if any, difference in morals between the Christianized Indians around him and the two or three hundred who remain pagan; that, in fact, the pagans considered themselves superior, and made the immorality of their Christian countrymen their great plea against changing from the old religion.

*July 19th*—This morning we entered a beautiful island-studded bay, on the north shore of which is the settlement round the Bruce and Wellington Copper Mines. The mines have been very productive, and give employment now to three or four hundred men and boys, whose habitations are, as is usually the case at mines, mere shanties. One, a little larger than the others, in which the Gaffer lives, is dignified with the title of "Apsley House." From the Bruce Mines we sailed westerly through a channel almost as beautiful as where the St. Lawrence runs through the "thousand islands." A "silver streak of sea," glittering in the warm sun, filled with rounded islets of old Huronian rock, that sloped gently into the water at one point, or more abruptly at another, and offered every variety and convenience that the heart of bather could desire; low, rugged, pine clad shores; soft bays, here and there, with sandy beaches; all that is required to make the scene one of perfect beauty is a back-ground of high hills. Everywhere through Ontario, we miss the mountain forms, without which all scenery is tame in the eyes of those who have once learned to see the perpetual beauty that clothes the everlasting hills.



No. 1—Sault Ste. Marie, from the South Side.

St. Joseph, Sugar, and Neebish Islands, now take the place of Manitoulin; then we come to the Ste. Marie River, which leads up to Lake Superior, and forms the boundary line between the Dominion and the United States. At the Sault, or rapids of the river, there is a village on each side; but, as the canal is on the United States side, the steamer crosses to go through it to the great Lake. The canal has two locks, each three hundred and fifty feet long, seventy feet wide, twelve deep, and with a lift of nine feet. It is well and solidly built. The Federal Government has commenced the excavations for the channel of another. Though the necessity for two canals, on the same side, is not very apparent, still the United States Government, with its usual forethought, sees that the time will soon come when they shall be needed. The commerce on Lake Superior is increasing every year; and it is desirable to have a canal large enough for men-of-war and the largest steamers. We walked along the bank and found, among the men engaged on the work, two or three Indians handling pick and shovel as if to the manner born, and probably earning the ordinary wages of \$2.25 per day. The rock is a loose and friable calciferous sandstone, reddish coloured, and easily excavated. Hence the reason why the Sault Ste. Marie, instead of being a leap, flows down its eighteen feet of descent in a continuous rapid, wonderfully little broken except over loose boulders. The water is wearing away the rock every year. As it would be much easier to make a canal on the British side of the river, one ought to be commenced without delay. The most ordinary self-respect forbids that the entrance to our North-West should be wholly in the hands of another Power, a Power that, during the Riel disturbances at

Red River, shut the entrance against even our merchant ships. In travelling from Ocean to Ocean through the Dominion, four thousand miles were all our own. Across this one mile, half-way on the great journey, every Canadian must pass on sufferance. The cost of a canal on our side is estimated, by the Canal Commissioners in a blue-book, dated February 2nd, 1871, at only \$550,000. Such a canal, and a Railway from Nepigon or Thunder Bay to Fort Garry, would give immediate and direct steam communication to our North-West, within our own Territory.

At the western terminus of the canal, the Ste. Marie River is again entered. Keeping to the north, or British side, we come to the Point aux Pins, covered with scrub pine (*Pinus Banksiana*) which extends away to the north from this latitude. Rounding the Point aux Pins, the river is two or three miles wide; and, a few miles farther west, Capes Gros and Iroquois tower up on each side. These bold warders, called by Agassiz "the portals of Lake Superior," are over a thousand feet high; and rugged, primeval Laurentian ranges stretch away from them as far back as the eye can reach. The sun is setting when we enter the portals, and the scene is worthy of the approach to the grandest lake on the globe. Overhead the sky is clear, and blue, but the sun has just emerged from huge clouds which are emptying their buckets in the west. Immediately around is a placid sea, with half a dozen steamers and three-masted schooners at different points. And now the clouds, massed together, rush to meet us, as if in response to our rapid movement towards them, and envelope us in a squall and fierce driving rain, through which we see the sun setting, and lighting up, now with deep yellow and then with crimson glory, the fragments

of clouds left behind by the heavy columns. In ten minutes the storm passes over us to the east, our sky clears as if by magic, and wind and rain are at an end. The sun sets, as if sinking into an ocean; at the same moment the full moon rises behind us, and, under her mellow light, Lake Superior is entered.

Those who have never seen Superior get an inadequate, even inaccurate idea, by hearing it spoken of as a 'lake,' and to those who have sailed over its vast extent the word sounds positively ludicrous. Though its waters are fresh and crystal, Superior is a sea. It breeds storms and rain and fogs, like the sea. It is cold in midsummer as the Atlantic. It is wild, masterful, and dread as the Black Sea.

*July 20th*—Sailed all night along the N. E. coast of the great Lake, and in the morning entered the land-locked harbour of Gargantua.

Two or three days previously the Chief had noticed among the passengers, a gentleman out for his holidays on a botanical excursion to Thunder Bay, and, won by his enthusiasm, had engaged him to accompany the expedition. At whatever point the steamer touched, the first man on shore was the Botanist, scrambling over the rocks or diving into the woods, vasculum in hand, stuffing it full of mosses, ferns, lichens, liverworts, sedges, grasses, and flowers, till recalled by the whistle that the captain always obligingly sounded for him. Of course such an enthusiast became known to all on board, especially to the sailors, who designated him as 'the man that gathers grass' or, more briefly, 'the hay picker' or 'haymaker'. They regarded him, because of his scientific failing, with the respectful tolerance with which fools in the East are regarded, and would wait an extra minute for him, or help him on board, if the

steamer were cast loose from the pier before he could scramble up the side.

This morning the first object that met our eyes, on looking out of the window of the state-room, was our Botanist, on the highest peak of the rugged hills that enclose the harbour of Gargantua. Here was proof that we, too, had time to go ashore, and most of us hurried off for a ramble along the beach, or for a swim, or to climb one of the wooded rocky heights. Every day since leaving Toronto we had enjoyed our dip; for the captain was not a man to be hurried at any place of call, and, annoyed though our party were at the needlessly long delays, there was no reason to punish ourselves by not taking advantage of them occasionally.

Half a dozen fishermen, Alick Clark among them, had come from Collingwood to fish in Superior for white-fish and salmon-trout, and having fixed on Gargantua for summer head-quarters, they were now getting out their luggage, nets, salt, barrels, boats, &c. We went ashore in one of their boats, and could not help congratulating them heartily on the beauty of the site they had chosen. The harbour is a perfect oblong, landlocked by hills three or four hundred feet high on every side except the entrance and the upper end, where a beautiful beach slopes gradually back into a level of considerable extent. The beach was covered with the maritime vetch or wild pea in flower, and beach grasses of various kinds. When the Botanist came down to the shore, he was in raptures over sundry rare mosses, and beautiful specimens of *Aspidium fragrans*, *Woodsia hyperborea*, *Cystopteris montana*, and other rare ferns, that he had gathered. The view from the summit away to the north, he described as a sea of rugged Laurentian hills covered with thick woods.

From Gargantua we steered direct for Michipicoten Island. In the cozy harbour of this Island, the *S.S. Manitoba* lay beached, having run aground two or three days before, and a little tug was doing its best to haul her off the rock or out of the mud. For three hours the *Frances Smith* added her efforts to those of the tug, but without success, and had to give it up, and leave her consort stranded. In the meantime some of the passengers went off with the Botanist to collect ferns and mosses. He led them a rare chase over rocks and through woods, being always on the look out for the places that promised the rarest kinds, quite indifferent to the toil or danger. The sight of a perpendicular face of rock, either dry or dripping with moisture, drew him like a magnet, and, with yells of triumph, he would summon the others to come and behold the treasure he had lit upon. Scrambling, puffing, rubbing their shins against the rocks, and half breaking their necks, they toiled painfully after him, only to find him on his knees before some "thing of beauty" that seemed to them little different from what they had passed by with indifference thousands of times. But if they could not honestly admire the moss, or believe that it was worth going through so much to get so little, they admired the enthusiasm, and it proved so infectious that, before many days, almost every one of the passengers was bitten with 'the grass mania,' or 'hay fever,' and had begun to form collections.

*July 21st*—Sunday morning dawned calm and clear. The Rural Dean read a short service and preached. After dinner we entered Nepigon Bay, probably the largest and safest, and certainly the most beautiful harbour on Lake Superior. It is shut off from the Lake by half a dozen Islands, of which the largest is St.

Ignace,—that seem to have been placed there on purpose to act as break-waters against the mighty waves of the Lake, and form a safe harbour; while, inside, other Islands are set here and there, as if for defence or to break the force of the waves of the Bay itself; for it is a stretch of more than thirty miles from the entrance to the point where Nepigon River discharges into the Bay, in a fast flowing current, the waters of Nepigon Lake which lies forty miles to the north. The country between the Bay and the Lake having been found extremely unfavourable for Railway construction, it will probably be necessary to carry the Canadian Pacific Railway farther inland, but there must be a branch line to Nepigon Bay, which will then be the summer terminus for the traffic from the West, (unless Thunder Bay gets the start of it) just as Duluth is the terminus of the Northern Pacific.

The scenery of Nepigon Bay is of the grandest description; there is nothing like it in Ontario. Entering from the east we pass up a broad strait, and can soon take our choice of deep and capacious channels, formed by the bold ridges of the Islands that stud the Bay. Bluffs, from three hundred to one thousand feet high, rise up from the waters, some of them bare from lake to summit, others clad with graceful balsams. On the mainland, sloping and broken hills stretch far away, and the deep shadows that rest on them bring out the most distant in clear and full relief. The time will come when the wealthy men of our great North-West will have their summer residences on these hills and shores; nor could the heart of man desire more lovely sites. At the river is an old Hudson's Bay station, and the headquarters of several surveying parties for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Chief therefore has business here,

and the Doctor also finds some ready to his hand, for one of the engineers in charge is seriously ill; but the captain can spare only an hour, as he wishes to be out of the Bay by the western Channel, which is much narrower than the eastern, before dark. We leave at 5.30, and are in Lake Superior again at 8.30. The passengers, being anxious for an evening service, the captain and the Rural Dean requested our Secretary to conduct it. He consented, and used, on the occasion, a form compiled last year specially for surveying parties. The scene was unusual, and perhaps, therefore, all the more impressive. Our Secretary, dressed in grey homespun, read a service compiled by clergymen of the Churches of Rome, England and Scotland; no one could tell which part of it was Roman, which Anglican or which Scottish, and yet it was all Christian. The responses were led by the Dean and the Doctor, and joined in heartily by Romanists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. The hymns were, "Rock of Ages" and "Sun of my Soul;" these, with the "*Gloria Patri*," were accompanied on a piano by a young lady who had acted for years as the leader of a choir in a small Episcopal Chapel, and she was supported right and left by a Presbyterian and a Baptist. The sermon was short, but, according to the Doctor, would "have been better, if it had been shorter;" but all listened attentively. The effect of the whole was excellent; when the service was over, many remained in the saloon to sing, converse, or join in sacred music, and the evening passed delightfully away. The ice was broken; ladies and gentlemen, who had kept aloof all the week, addressed each other freely, without waiting to be introduced, and all began now to express sorrow that they were to part so soon. It was near the

“wee sma’ hour” before the pleasant groups in the saloon separated for the night.

At one, A.M., we arrived at Silver Island,—a little bit of rock in a Bay studded with islets. The most wonderful vein of silver in the world has been struck here. Last year, thirty men took out from it \$1,200,000; and competent judges say that, in all probability, the mine is worth hundreds of millions. The original \$50 shares now sell for \$25,000. The company that works it is chiefly a New York one, though it was held originally by Montreal men, and was offered for sale in London for a trifle. Such a marvellous find as this has stimulated search in every other direction around Lake Superior. Other veins have been discovered, some of them paying well, and, of course, the probability is that there are many more undiscovered; for not one hundredth part of the mineral region of Lake Superior has been examined yet, and it would be strange indeed if all the minerals had been stumbled on at the outset. Those rocky shores may turn out to be the richest part of the whole Dominion.

The steamer arrived at Thunder Bay early in the morning. So ended the first half of our journey from Toronto to Fort Garry, by rail ninety-four miles, by steamboat five hundred and thirty miles. The second half was to be by waggons and canoes;—waggons at the beginning and end; and, in the middle, canoes paddled by Indians or tugged by steam launches over a chain of lakes, extending like a net work in all directions along the watershed that separates the basin of the great Lakes and St. Lawrence from the vast Northern basin of Hudson’s Bay. The unnecessary delays of the *Frances Smith* on this first part of our journey had been provoking; but the real *amari aliquid* was the Sault Ste. Marie

Canal. The United States own the southern shores of Superior, and have therefore only done their duty in constructing a canal on their side of the Ste. Marie River. The Dominion not only owns the northern shores, but the easier access to its great North-West is by this route; a canal on its side is thus doubly necessary. The eastern key to two-thirds of the Dominion is meanwhile in the hands of another Power; and yet, if there ought to be only one gateway into Lake Superior, nature has declared that it should be on our side. So long ago as the end of the last century, a rude canal, capable of floating large loaded canoes without breaking bulk, existed on our side of the river.\* The report of a N. W. Navigation Company in 1858 gives the length of a ship canal around the Ste. Marie rapids on the Canadian side as only 838 yards, while on the opposite side the length is a mile and one-seventh. In the interests of peace and commerce, and because it would be a convenience to trade now, and may be ere long an absolute national necessity, let us have our own roadway across that short half mile. Canada can already boast of the finest ship canal system in the world; this trifling addition would be the crowning work, and complete her inland water communication from the Ocean, westerly, across thirty degrees of longitude to the far end of Lake Superior.

\*May 30th (1800), Friday, Sault Ste. Marie. Here the North-West Company have another establishment on the north side of the Rapid . . . Here the North-West Company have built locks, in order to take up loaded canoes that they may not be under the necessity of carrying them by land to the head of the Rapid, for the current is too strong to be stemmed by any craft.—Harmon's Journal.

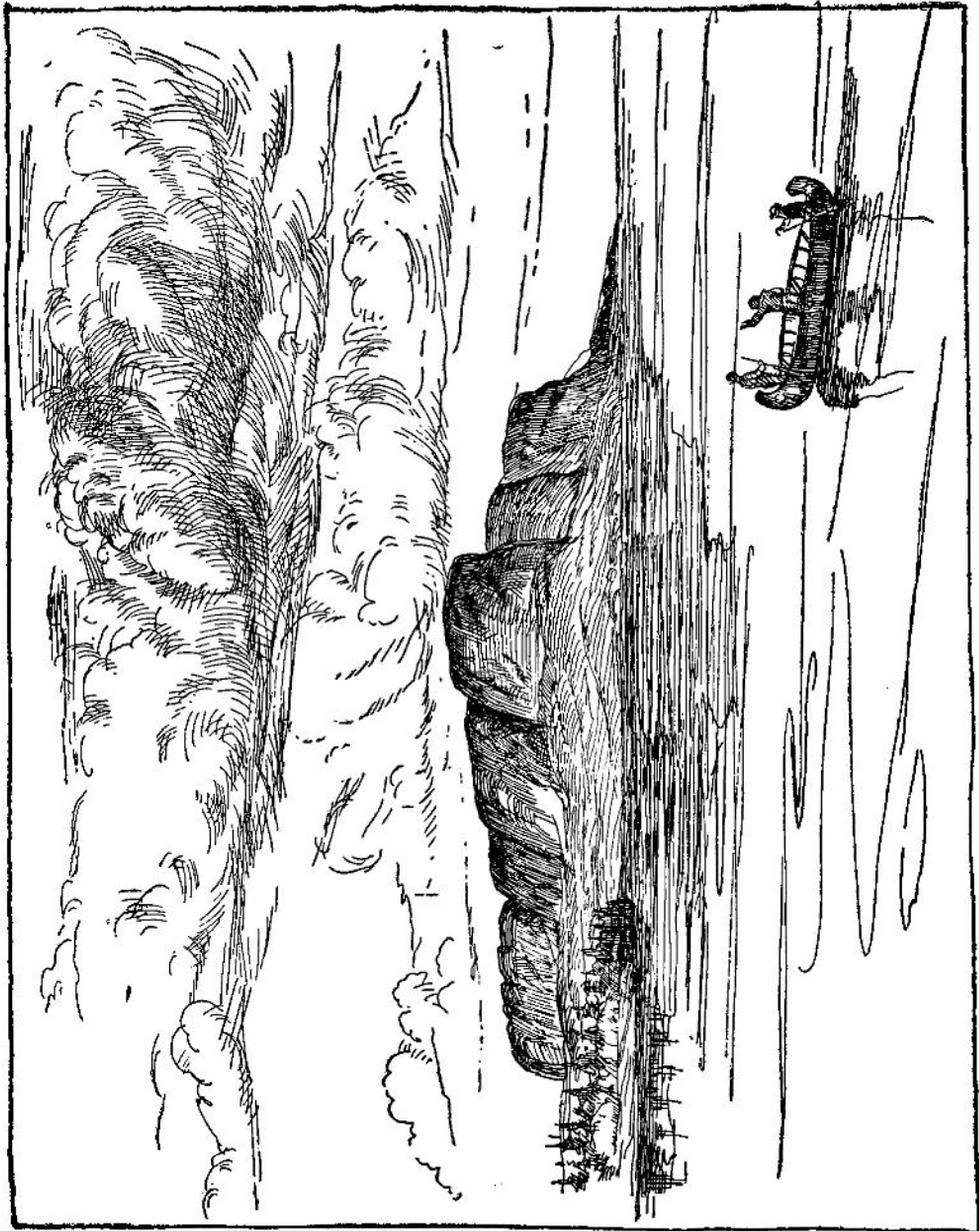
## CHAPTER III

### *From Thunder Bay to Fort Garry*

*July 22nd*—At 5 A.M., arrived at Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay, about four miles from the Kaministiquia river, a fine open harbour, with dark cliffs of basaltic rock and island scenery second only to Nepigon. Population is flowing rapidly to these shores of Lake Superior. Already more than a hundred stores, shanties, or houses are scattered about 'the Landing.' The chief business is silver mining, and prospecting for silver, copper, galena, and other valuable minerals known to exist in the neighbourhood.

The engineer of the surveying parties between Ottawa and Red River, and the assistant superintendent of the Dawson Road to Fort Garry met us at the Landing and invited us to breakfast in their shanty. After breakfast, our baggage was packed on a heavy waggon, and instructions were given to the driver to keep moving till he reached Shebandowan Lake, the first of the chain to be traversed in canoes.

Shebandowan is forty-five miles from Lake Superior, about 800 feet higher, and near the summit or watershed of the district. At 10.30 A.M., we started for that point, the Chief and the Doctor in a buggy, the others in a light waggon. Drove in three hours to "fifteen-mile shanty" through a rolling country with a steady upward incline, lightly wooded for the first half and more heavily for the latter half of the distance. The flora is much the same as in our Eastern Provinces; the soil light, with a surface covering of peaty or sandy loam, and a subsoil of clay, fairly fertile and capable of being easily cleared.



No. 2--Thunder Cape, Entrance to Thunder Bay.

The vegetation is varied, wild fruit being especially abundant,—raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and tomatoes; flowers like the convolvulus, roses, a great profusion of asters, wild kallas, water-lilies on the ponds, wild chives on the rocks in the streams, and generally a rich vegetation. It is a good country for emigrants of the farmer class. The road, too, is first rate, a great point for the settler; and a market is near. Whatever a settler raises he can easily transport to the ready market that there always is near mines. Miners are not particular about their lodging, but good food and plenty of it they must have.

At the “fifteen-mile shanty,” we stopped for an hour and a half to feed the horses, and to dine. A Scotchman from Alloa, Robert Bowie, was “boss of the shanty,” and gave us the best dinner we had eaten since leaving Toronto;—broth, beef-steak, bread, and tea. The bread, light and sweet as Paris rolls, was baked in Dutch ovens, buried in the hot embers of a huge fire outside, near the door, and Robert accepted the shower of compliments on its quality with the canny admission that there were “waur bakers in the world than himsel’.”

We walked on for the next three or four miles till the waggon overtook us. The soil became richer, the timber heavier, and the whole vegetation more luxuriant. Six miles from the fifteen-mile shanty we crossed the Kaministiquia—a broad and rapid river,—which, at this point, is, by its own course, forty-five miles distant from where it falls into Lake Superior. The valley of the river is acknowledged to be a splendid farming country. A squatter, who had pitched camp at the bridge end last year, on his way to Red River, and had remained instead of going on because everything was so favourable, came up to have a talk with us, and to

grumble, like a true Briton, that the Government wasn't doing more for him. Timothy was growing to the height of four or five feet, on every vacant spot, from chance seeds. A bushel and a-half of barley, which seemed to be all that he had sown, was looking as if it could take the prize at an Ontario Exhibition.

The soil, for the next five miles, was covered luxuriantly with the vetch, or wild pea. The road led to the Matawan,—a stream that runs out of Lake Shebandowan into the Kaministiquia. Both rivers are crossed by capital bridges. The station at the Matawan was in charge of a Mr. Aitken and his family, from Glengarry. He had arrived exactly two months ago, on the 22nd of May, and he had now oats and barley up, potatoes in blossom, turnips, lettuce, parsnips, cucumbers, etc., all looking healthy, and all growing on land that, sixty days before, had been in part covered with undergrowth, stumps, and tall trees, through which fires had run the year previous. Mr. Aitken was in love with the country, and, what was of more consequence, so was Mrs. Aitken, though she confessed to a longing for some neighbours. They intended to make it their future home, and said that they had never seen land so well suited for farming. Everything was prospering with them. The very hens seemed to do better here than elsewhere. One was pointed out with a brood of twenty strong healthy chickens around her; Guinea hens and turkeys looked thriving.

Everything about this part of country, so far, has astonished us. Our former ideas concerning it had been that it was a barren desert; that there was only a horse-trail, and not always that, to travel by; that the mosquitoes were as big as grasshoppers, and bit through everything. Whereas, it is a fair and fertile land, undu-

lating from the intervalles of the rivers up to hills and rocks eight hundred feet high. The road through it is good enough for a king's highway, and the mosquitoes are not more vicious than in the woods and by the streams of the Lower Provinces; yet not half a dozen settlers are on the road for the first twenty-six miles; and for the next twenty, not half that number. How many cottars, small farmers, and plough boys in Britain, would rejoice to know that they could get a hundred acres of such land for one dollar an acre, money down; or at twenty cents per acre after five years settlement on it! They could settle along the high road, take their produce to a good market, and be independent landholders in five years. This was the information about the price of land that the settlers gave us. Why free grants are not offered, as in other parts of Ontario or in Manitoba, it is impossible to say.

From the Matawan to Shebandowan lake was the next stage, twenty miles long. We passed over most of it in the dark, but could see, from the poor timber and other indications, that the latter half was not at all as good as the first. The road was heavy, varying between corduroy, deep sand, and rutty and rooty stretches, over which the waggon jolted frightfully. Though the Colonel beguiled the way with many a story of the wars, all were tired and ready for bed by the time the Lake was reached.

So passed the first day of our expedition, for we counted that the journey only began at Thunder Bay. We had been twelve hours on the road; but, as the day had been cool and showery, we did not feel over-fatigued on arriving at Shebandowan. An old-countryman, Morris, was in charge of the shanty. He had given up his kitchen to half a dozen emigrants who were going on

in the morning to Red River, and had reserved beds for us in little nooks upstairs.

*July 23rd*—Rose at sunrise, and found that the baggage waggon had not arrived. An hour after, however, it came in, and, along with it, two young gentlemen, M. . . . and L. . . . with a canoe and Indians on their way to Red River. They were travelling for pleasure, and, as they had been on the road all night, and were tired, seedy and mosquito-bitten, they represented very fairly, in their own persons, the Anglo-Saxon idea of pleasure.

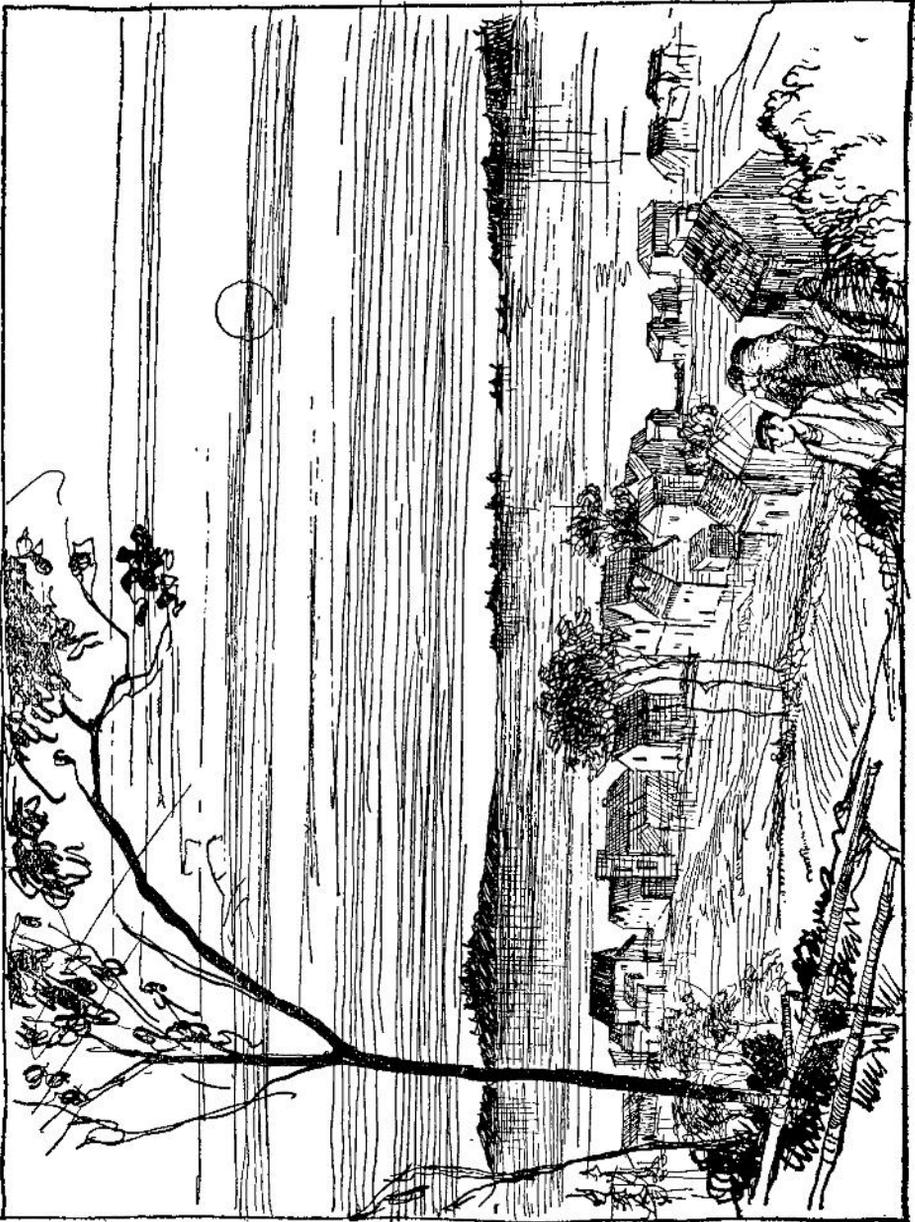
At Shebandowan all our luggage was now gathered on the wharf, to be stowed in the canoes which were to carry us westerly for the next three hundred and eighty miles, along the chain of lakes. The Chief looked hard at the united heap, and then proposed that Morris should take charge or possession of all that could be dispensed with; and that, before we left Fort Garry, only a certain number of pounds-weight should be allowed to each. Much luggage is a nuisance, even where there are railways, especially if extra weight has to be paid for; but it is simply intolerable where frequent portages intervene, over which everything has to be carried on men's backs. Morris made no objection to the Chief's proposal, and it was carried *nem. con.*

At 8 A.M., the baggage having been stowed in the canoes, the Indians paddled out, and hooked on to a little steam tug, kept on the lake for towing purposes: a line was formed, the word given, and, after a few preliminary puffings, the start was made and we proceeded along the lake. The mode of locomotion was, to us, altogether new, and as charming as it was picturesque. The tug led the way at the rate of seven knots, towing first a large barge with immigrants, second a five-fathom

canoe with three of our party and seven Indians, third a four-fathom canoe with two of us and six Indians, fourth same as number three, fifth M. . . . and L. . . .'s canoe. We glided along with a delightful motion, sitting on our baggage in the bottoms of the canoes. The morning was dull and grey, and the shores of the lake looked sterile and fire-swept, with abundant indications of mineral wealth. Gold and silver have been found at Shebandowan, and prospecting parties are now searching all accessible spots.

Our Indians were Iroquois, from Caughnawaga, near Montreal, and a few native Ojibbeways. Their leader was Ignace Mentour, who had been Sir George Simpson's guide for fifteen years; and the steersman of his canoe was Louis, who had been cook to Sir George on his expeditions, and looked every inch the butler of a respectable English family; we fell in love with him and Ignace from the first; another of the Iroquois had been one of the party which sought for Franklin by going down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Sea. Two old pupils of Ignace, named respectively Baptiste and Toma, were the captains of the two smaller canoes; they were all sinewy, active, good looking men. Ignace's hair was grey, but he was still as strong as any of the young men; he paddled in the bow of the big canoe, leading the way, and quietly chewing tobacco the whole time. In his young days he had been a famous runner, and had won foot races in every town on both sides of the St. Lawrence. These Iroquois, and most of the Ojibbeways we have met, are men above the medium size, broad shouldered, with straight features, intelligent faces, and graceful, because natural, bearing.

At the west end of the lake we came to a camp of seventy or eighty Ojibbeways—two-thirds of them



No. 3—Thunder Bay, from Prince Arthur's Landing.

children. They had been there for three weeks, of course doing nothing, and the camp was very dirty. More were expected, and, when all assembled, a grand pow-wow would be held, and a Treaty made between them and the Indian Commissioner of the Dominion. So at least they hoped and they declared themselves willing to cede, for a consideration, all their rights to the land, that would hinder settlers from coming in. Poor creatures! not much use have they ever made of the land; but yet, in admitting the settler, they sign their own death warrants. Who, but they, have a right to the country; and if a man may do what he likes with his own, would they not be justified in refusing to admit one of us to their lakes and woods, and fighting us to the death on that issue? But it is too late to argue the question; the red man, with his virtues and his vices—lauded by some as so dignified, abused by others as so dirty—is being civilized off the ground. In the United States they have, as a rule, dealt with him more summarily than in British America, but it comes to pretty much the same in the end, whether he is “improved off,” or shot down at once as a nuisance. His wild, wandering life is inconsistent with modern requirements: these vast regions were surely meant to maintain more than a few thousand Ojibbeways.

Three hours steaming brought our flotilla to the west end of the lake. A portage of three quarters of a mile intervenes between it and Lake Kashaboïwe. The Indians emptied the canoes in a trice; two shouldered a canoe, weighing probably three hundred pounds, and made off at a rapid trot across the portage. The others loaded the waggon of the station with the luggage, and carried on their backs, by a strap passed over their foreheads, what the waggon could not take. This portage-strap is three or four inches broad in the middle, where

it is adjusted to the forehead; its great advantage to the voyageur is that it leaves him the free use of his arms in going through the woods. A tug had been placed on Kashaboiwe, but, as the machinery was out of gear, the Indians paddled over the lake, doing the ten miles of its length in two hours. The wood on this lake is heavier than on Shebandowan: poplars, white birch, red, white and scrub pine, all show well. The second portage is between Kashaboiwe and Lac des Mille Lacs, and is the Height of Land, where water begins to run north and west instead of east and south. The lakes, after this, empty at their west ends. At the east end of Lac des Mille Lacs, a little stream three yards wide, that flows in a tortuous channel with gentle current into the lake, eventually finds its way to Hudson's Bay. The Height of Land is about a thousand feet above Lake Superior.

We now entered Lac des Mille Lacs—a lovely lake, twenty-two miles long; its name explains its characteristic. As the steam launch, stationed on it, happened, unfortunately, to be at the west end, the Indians again paddled for about four miles, when we met the launch coming back; it at once turned about and took us in tow. After a smart shower the sky cleared, and the sun shone on innumerable bays, creeks, channels, headlands and islets, which are simply larger or smaller rocks of granite covered with moss and wooded to the water's brink. Through these labyrinths we threaded our way, often wondering that the wrong passage was never taken, where there were so many exactly alike. An Indian on his own ground or water is never mistaken, and we went on as surely as if on a king's highway. Fortunately, the fire-demon has not devastated these shores. The timber, in some places, is heavy: pine, aspen, and birch being the prevailing varieties. Every

islet in the lake is wooded down to the water's edge. Our Botanist, though finding few new species, exulted in his holiday and looked forward, with eager hope, to the flora of the plains. "This expedition," he said, "is going to give me a lift that will put me at the head of the whole brigade;" but, as we drew near our third portage for the day, his face clouded. "Look at the ground, burnt again." One asked if it was the great waste of wood he referred to. "It's not that, but, they have burned the very spot for botanizing over." What is a site for shanty and clearing, compared to Botany! At the end of Lac des Mille Lacs is Baril Portage, less than a quarter of a mile long. M— and L— resolved to camp here, as they had had no sleep the previous night and their Indians were tired; but, though the sun was only an hour high, we resolved to complete our programme, by doing the next lake, Baril. No steamer has been put on this lake; but the Indians paddled over its eight miles of length in an hour and forty minutes. The bluffs around Baril are bolder than those rising from the previous lakes, and the vegetation very similar. We hurried over the next portage, and, at the other end met the station-keeper, who had a comfortable tent pitched for the emigrants, strewn with fragrant pine and spruce branches.

It was impossible to avoid admiring the activity and cheerfulness with which our Indians worked. Their canoes were attended to, as well as the baggage, in half the time that ordinary servants would have taken. They would carry as heavy a load as a Constantinople porter, at a rapid trot across the portage, run back for another load without a minute's halt, and so on till all the luggage was portaged, and everything in readiness for starting on the next lake.

A fire was quickly kindled, and search made for the eatables, blankets and everything needed for the night, when the discovery was made that, though the Colonel had his blankets and the Botanist his pair, a big package with the main supply had been left behind, very probably as far back as the "Height of Land." The frizzling of the ham in the frying pan, and the delicious fragrance of the tea, made us forget the loss for the time. We all sat around the fire, gipsy-like, enjoying our first gipsy meal, and very soon after threw ourselves down on the water-proof, that covered the sweet-smelling floor of the tent, and slept the sleep of the just.

*July 24th*—The Chief awoke us in the grey misty dawn. It took more than a little shaking to awaken the boys; but the Botanist had gone off, no one knew when, in search of new species. As we emerged from our tent, Louis and Baptiste appeared from theirs, and kindled the fire. They next took from a wallet scented soap, brush and comb; went down to the stream, washed and made their toilettes, and then set to work to prepare for breakfast, ham, beefsteak, bread and tea. It never seemed to occur to our Ojibbeways to wash, crop, or dress their hair. They let it grow, at its own sweet will, all around their faces and down their necks, lank and stiff, helping the growth with fish oil; whereas, every one of the Iroquois had a good head of hair, thick, well cropped, and, though always black, quite like the hair of a civilized man instead of a savage. Our Ojibbeways had silver rings on their fingers, broad gaudy sashes and bedraggled feathers bound round their felt hats. The Iroquois dressed as simply and neatly as blue jackets.

It had been chilly through the night, and the cold mist clung heavily to the ground in the morning. The



No. 4—Head of Lake Shebandowan.

air is colder than the water from evening till morning. Hence the evening and morning mists, which disappear an hour or two after sunrise, rise and form into clouds, which, sooner or later, empty themselves back again on the land or lakes.

After breakfast, we embarked on the mist-covered river that runs into Lake Windegoostigwan. The sun soon cleared away the mists and we glided on pleasantly, down long reaches of lake, and through narrow, winding, reedy passages, past curved shores, hidden by rank vegetation, and naked bluffs and islets covered with clumps of pines. Not a word fell from the Indians' lips, as they paddled with all the ease and regularity of machinery. The air was delightful, and all felt as if out on a holiday. In three hours the fifteen miles of Windegoostigwan were crossed, and we came to a portage nearly two miles long. This detained us three hours, as the waggon had to make two trips from lake to lake, over a new road, with our luggage.

A man from Glengarry, was in charge of the portage; he had lived here all winter, and said that he preferred the winter weather to that of the Eastern Provinces. Great as is the summer rainfall, it is quite different in winter; then the days are clear and cloudless, and so sunny and pleasant that he was accustomed to go about in his summer clothing, except in the mornings and evenings. Three feet of snow fell in the woods after Christmas, and continued dry and powdery till April, when it commenced to melt, and soon after the middle of May it was all gone, and vegetation began to show itself at once.

At the west end of the portage is a small encampment of Ojibbeways, around the wigwam of Blackstone, said to be their most eloquent chief, and accordingly set

down as a great rascal by those who cannot conceive of Indians as having rights, or tribal or patriotic feelings. He was absent, but we saw one of his three wives sitting on a log, with two or three papooses hanging round her neck, and his oldest son, a stout young fellow, who could not speak a word of English or French, but who managed to let us know that he was ill. The Doctor was called, and he made out that the lad had a pain in his back, but, not being able to diagnose more particularly, was at a loss what to do for him. Our Chief suggested a bit of tobacco, but the Doctor took no notice of the profane proposal; luckily enough, or the whole tribe would have been ill when the next Medicine-man passed their way. Blackstone's wife was not more comely than any of the other Indian women; that is, she was dirty, joyless-looking and prematurely old. All the hard work falls to the lot of the women; the husband hunts, fishes, paddles, or does any other work that a gentleman feels he can do without degradation; his wife is something better than his dog, and faithfully will he share with her his last morsel; but it's only a dog's life that she has.

Our next lake was Kaogassikok, sixteen miles long. The shores of this, too, were lined with good-sized pine, white, red, and scrub. To-day more larch and cedar shewed among the birch and pine than yesterday. When the country is opened up, all this timber will be very valuable, as sleepers and ties for the Pacific Railway, and lumber, for building purposes, can be obtained here in abundance, if nowhere nearer the plains. The trees can be cut down at the water's edge, rafted, and sent by water to Winnipeg. Numbers of fine trees are now growing in the water; for, by damming up the outflow of the lakes to make the landing places, the water-level

has been raised and the shore trees have thus been submerged several feet. They will rot, in consequence, and fall into the lakes sooner or later, and perhaps obstruct the narrow channels. The timber gets heavier as we go on; at the west of Kaogassikok are scrub pines, three feet in diameter; but, unfortunately, about one-third of them are punky or hollow. Here are two portages, Pine and Deux Rivières, separated by only two miles of water; consequently much detention owing to our magnificent quantities of baggage. Two Indians, suffering from dysentery, applied for relief at Pine Portage, and received it at the hands of the Doctor; he has already had about a dozen cases, either of white or red men, since we left Owen Sound. The first two were at Nepigon, one the engineer, and the other a dying man, carried on board the steamer there, to be taken home, and who was also kindly ministered to by the captain and one or two of the lady passengers. Our party have, thus far, received little at the Doctor's hands, sundry medical comforts always excepted.

After paddling over four miles of the next lake the Indians advised camping, though the sun was more than an hour high. As we had experienced the discomforts of camping in the dark the night before, and as the men were evidently tired, we landed and pitched the tents on a rocky promontory at the foot of a wooded hill. Scarcely were our fires lighted, when M—'s canoe came up, and then another with a stray Indian, his wife, papooses, dog—that looked half wolf—and all their traps. After a good swim, we sat down to our evening meal, which Louis had spread on a clean table-cloth on the sward. In front of us was the smooth lake; on the other side of it, two miles off, the sun was going down in the woods. The country ahead broke into knolls,

looking in many parts like cultivated parks; around us the white tents and the ruddy fires, with Indians flitting between, or busy about the canoes, gave animation to the scene and made up a picture that will long live in the memory of many of us.

The Indians never halt without at once turning their canoes upside down, and examining them. The seams and crevices in the birch bark yield at any extra strain, and scratches are made by submerged brushwood in some of the channels or the shallow parts of the lakes. These crevices they carefully daub over with resin, which is obtained from the red pine, till the bottom of an old canoe becomes almost covered with a black resinous coat.

The stray Indian pitched camp a hundred yards off from us; and, with true Indian dignity, did not come near to ask for anything, though quite equal to take anything that was offered or left behind.

*July 25th*—Up before four A.M., and, after a cup of hot tea, started in excellent spirits. Our three canoes had tried a race the night before, over the last four miles of the day's journey, and they renewed it this morning. The best crew was in the five-fathom boat, of which Ignace was captain and Louis steersman. The captains of the other two, Baptiste and Toma, pushed their old master hard to-day; as one or the other stole ahead, not a glance did Ignace give to either. Doggedly, and with averted head, he dug his paddle deeper in the water, and pegged away with his sure steady stroke, and though the others, by spurting, forced themselves half a canoe length ahead at times, they had not the stay of the older men, and every race ended with Ignace leading. Then he would look up, and with sunshine on his broad, handsome face, throw a good humoured joke back, which the

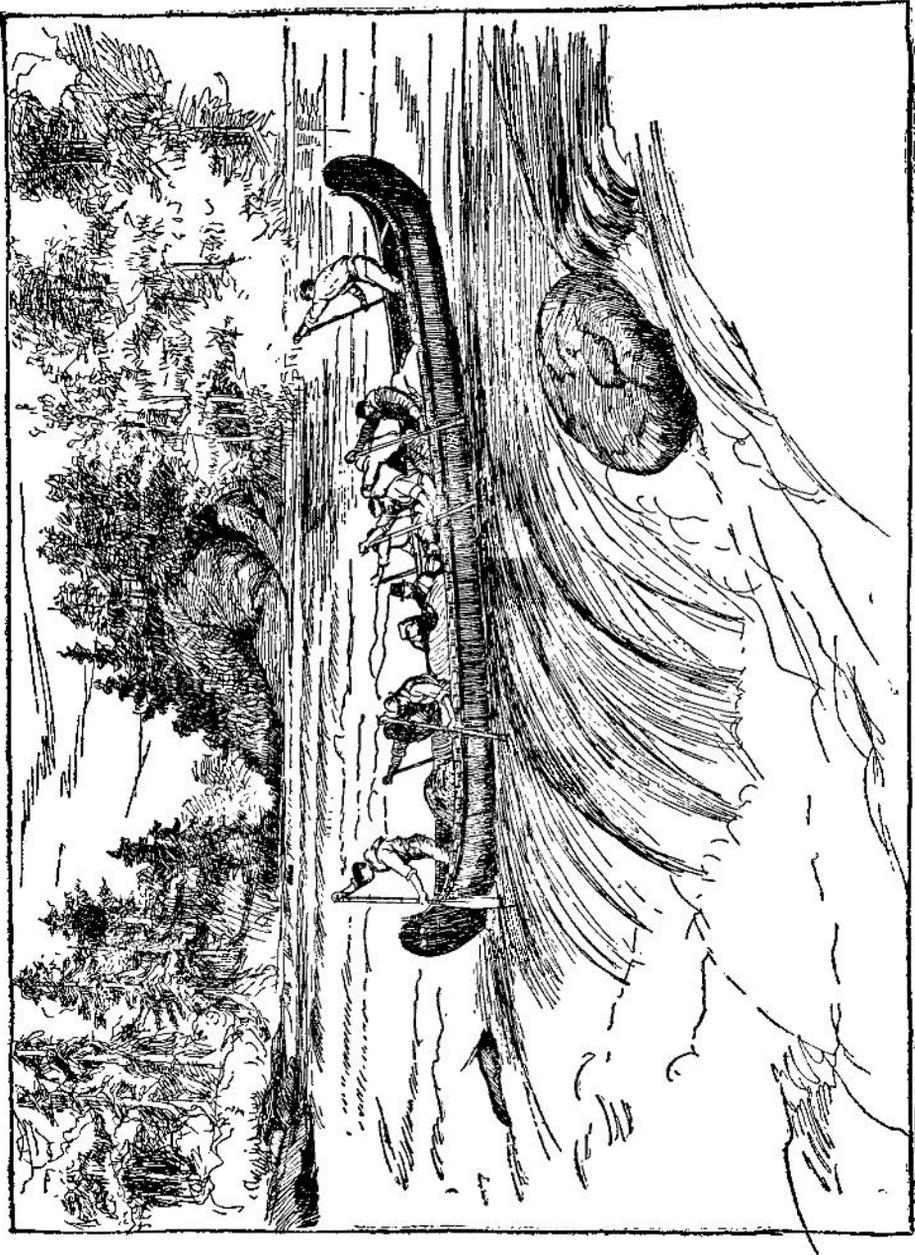
others would catch up with great glee. These races often broke the monotony of the day. "Up, up," or "hi, hi," would break suddenly from one of the canoes that had fallen behind. Everyone answered with quickened stroke that sent it abreast of the others. Then came the tug of war. The graceful, gondola-shaped canoes cut through the water as though impelled by steam. The *Buffalo*, or Ignace's canoe—so called from the figure of an Indian with a gun standing before a buffalo, that he had painted on the bow—always led at the first; but often the *Sun*, Baptiste's lighter craft, would shoot ahead, and sometimes Toma's, the *Beaver*, under the frantic efforts of her crew, seconded by one or two of us snatching up a paddle, would lead for a few minutes. The chivalry of our Indians in the heat of the contest contrasted favourably with that of professionals. No "foul" ever took place, though the course often lay through narrow, winding, reedy channels. Once, when Baptiste at such a place might have forced ahead by a spurt, he slacked speed gracefully, let Ignace take the curve and win. Another time when neck and neck, he saw a heavy line dragging at the stern and called Louis' attention to it. No one ever charged the other with being unfair and no angry word was ever heard; in fact, the Indians grow on us day by day. It is easy to understand how an Englishman, travelling for weeks together with an Indian guide, so often contracts a strong friendship for him; for Indian patience, endurance, dignity and self-control, are the very qualities to evoke friendship.

The sun rose bright but was soon clouded. Ten good miles were made and then the halt called for breakfast, at a beautiful headland, just as it commenced to rain. Now we got some idea of what a rainy day in these

regions means. After breakfast we put on our water-proofs, covered up our baggage and moved ahead, under a deluge of rain that knew no intermission for four hours. Most of the water-proofs proved to be delusions; they had not been made for these latitudes. The canoes would have filled, had we not kept bailing, but, without a word of complaint, the Indians stuck to their paddles.

From the lake we passed into the Maligne River, and there the current aided us. In this short, but broad and rapid stream, are six or seven rapids, which must be shot or portaged round; we preferred the shooting, wherever it was practicable, for such large and deeply-laden canoes as ours.

To shoot the rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion, as of poetry or music, which must be experienced to be understood. The excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the seething water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth and shining as glare ice. Beyond that it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls which end off in white, boiling caldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks beneath. On the brink of the inclined plane, the motion is so quiet that you think the canoe pauses for an instant. The captain is at the bow,—a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand—his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and every nerve and fibre in his body at its utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready. They know that a false stroke, or



No. 5—Shooting a Rapid.

too weak a turn of the captain's wrist, at the critical moment, means death. A push with the paddles, and, straight and swift as an arrow, the canoe shoots right down into the mad vortex; now into a cross current that would twist her broadside round, but that every man fights against it; then she steers right for a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces; but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the right moment, and she rushes past the black mass, riding gallantly as a race horse. The waves boil up at the side threatening to engulf her, but except a dash of spray or the cap of a wave, nothing gets in, and as she speeds into the calm reach beyond, all draw long breaths and hope that another rapid is near.

At eleven o'clock we reached Island Portage, having paddled thirty-two miles—the best forenoon's work since taking to the canoes—in spite of the weather. Here a steam launch is stationed; and though the engineer thought it a frightful day to travel in, he got ready at our request, but said that he could not go four miles an hour as the rain would keep the boiler wet the whole time. We dined with M—'s party, under the shelter of their upturned canoe, on tea and the fattest of fat pork, which all ate with delight unspeakable, for everyone had in himself the right kind of sauce. The day, and our soaked condition, suggested a little brandy as a specific; but their bottle was exhausted, and, an hour before, they had passed round the cork for each to have a smell at. Such a case of "potatoes and point" moved our pity, and the chief did what he could for them. The Indians excited our admiration;—soaked through, and over-worked as they had been, the only word that we heard, indicating that they were conscious of anything unusual, was an exclamation from Baptiste, as he gave

himself a shake,—“Boys, wish I was in a tavern now, I'd get drunk in less than tree hours, I guess.”

At two o'clock, the steam launch was ready, and, about the same time, the sky cleared a little; a favourable wind, too, sprang up, and, though there were showers or heavy mists all the time, the launch towed us the twenty-four miles of Lake Nequaquon in three and a quarter hours. The scenery was often very fine, but being of the same kind as that for more than a hundred miles back, it began to be monotonous, and we craved for a few mountains.

Next came Loon portage; then paddling for five miles; then Mud portage, worthy of its name; another short paddle; and then American portage, at which we camped for the night—the sun having at last come out and this being the best place for pitching tents and the freest from mosquitoes. Tired enough all hands were, and ready for sleep, for these portages are killing work. After taking a swim, we rigged lines before huge fires, and hung up our wet things to dry, so that it was eleven o'clock before anyone could lie down. The Doctor and the Secretary had stowed their luggage in water-proof bags, kindly lent them by the Colonel; but the bags proved as fallacious as our water-proofs. Part of the Botanist's valise was reduced to pulp, but he was too eager in search of specimens to think of such a trifle, and, while all the rest of us were busy washing and hanging out to dry, he hunted through woods and marshes, and, though he got little for his pains, was happy as a king.

Our camping ground had been selected by the Indians with their usual good taste. A rocky eminence, round two sides of which a river poured in a roaring linn; on the hill sombre pines, underneath which the

tents were pitched; and lower down a forest of white birch. More than one of the party dreamed that he was in Scotland, as he was lulled to sleep by the thunder of the waterfall.

*July 26th*—Up again about three A.M., and off within an hour, down a sedgy river, with low swampy shores, into Lake Nameukan. The sun rose bright, and continued to shine all day; but a pleasant breeze tempered its rays. At mid-day, the thermometer stood at 80° in the shade, the hottest since leaving Owen Sound. One day on Lake Superior it was down to 48°, and the average at mid-day since we landed at Thunder Bay was from 55° to 60°.

After twelve miles paddling, halted at a pretty spot on an islet for breakfast. Frank caught a large pickerel and M— shot a few pigeons, giving us a variety of courses at dinner. M—'s Indians tried a race with us to-day, and after a hard struggle, got ahead of Toma and Baptiste, but Ignace proudly held his own and would not be beaten. However, among the many turns of the river, Toma, followed by Baptiste, circumvented their old master, by dashing through a passage overgrown with weeds and reeds instead of taking the usual channel. When Ignace turned the corner he saw the two young fellows coolly waiting for him a hundred and fifty yards ahead. They gave a sly laugh as he came up, but Ignace was too dignified to take the slightest notice. Baptiste was so pleased that he sang us two Iroquois canoe songs.

Eighteen miles, broken by two short portages, (for we took a short cut instead of the public route), brought us about mid-day to Rainy Lake; here we were told, but, as it turned out, incorrectly, was the last steam launch that could be used on our journey, as the two on Rainy

River and Lake of the Woods had something wrong with them.

The engineer promised to be ready in two hours, and to land us at Fort Frances, at the west end of Rainy Lake, forty-five miles on, by sundown. But in half an hour the prospect did not look so bright, as, across the portage, by the public route, came a band of eighteen emigrants, men, women and children, who had left Thunder Bay five days before us, and whom we had passed this forenoon, when we took our short cut. They had a great deal of baggage, and were terribly tired. One old woman, eighty-five years of age, complained of being sick, and the doctor attended to her. As we had soup for dinner, he sent some over to her, and the prescription had a good effect. While waiting here we took our half-dried clothes out of the bags, and, by hanging them on lines under the warm sun, got them pretty well dried before starting.

At three P.M., at the cry of "All aboard," our flotilla formed at once—the steam launch towing two large barges with the emigrants and their luggage, and the four canoes. The afternoon was warm and sunny, and there was a pleasant breeze on the Lake. In half an hour every Indian was asleep in the bottom of his canoe.

The shores of Rainy Lake are low, especially on the northern side, and the timber is small; the shores rocky, with here and there sandy beaches that have formed round little bays; scenery tame and monotonous, though the islets, in some parts, are numerous and beautiful.

By nine o'clock, we had made only thirty miles. Our steamer was small, the flotilla stretched out far and the wind was ahead. We therefore determined to camp; and, by the advice of the engineer, steered for the north

shore to what is called the Fifteen Mile House from Fort Frances, said house being two deserted log huts. In a little bay here, on the sandy beach, we pitched our tents and made rousing fires, though the air was warm and balmy, as if we were getting into a more southern region. The Botanist, learning that we would leave before daybreak, lighted an old pine branch and roamed about with his torch to investigate the flora of the place. The others visited the emigrants to whom the log-huts had been assigned, or sat round the fires smoking, or gathered bracken and fragrant artemisia for our beds.

*July 27th*—Had our breakfast before four A.M., and in less than half an hour after, were *en route* for Fort Frances. Two miles above the Fort the Lake ends and pours itself into Rainy River, over a rapid which the emigrants' barges had not oars to shoot. They were cast off, and we went on to the Fort and sent men up to bring them down. The Fort is simply a Hudson's Bay Company's trading post;—the shop and the cottages of the agent and employés in the form of a square, surrounded by stockades about ten feet high. From the Fort is a beautiful view of the Chaudière Falls which have to be portaged round. These are formed by the river, here nearly two hundred yards wide, pouring over a granite ridge in magnificent roaring cascades. A sandy plain of several acres, covered with rich grass, extends around the Fort, and wheat, barley, and potatoes are raised; but, beyond this plain, is marsh and then rock. A few fine cattle, in splendid condition, were grazing upon the level. On the potato leaves we found the Colorado Bug, that frightful pest which seems to be moving further east every year.

Half a dozen wigwams were tenanted in the vicinity of the Fort, and there were scores of roofless poles,

where, a fortnight ago, had been high feasting for a few days. A thousand or twelve hundred Ojibbeways had assembled to confer with Mr. Simpson, the Dominion Indian Commissioner, as to the terms on which they would allow free passage through, and settlement in the country. No agreement had been come to, as their terms were considered extravagant.

Justice, both to the Indians and to the emigrants who are invited to make their home in this newly opened country, demands that a settlement of the difficulty be made as soon as possible. It may be true that they are vain, lazy, dirty, and improvident. The few about Fort Frances did not impress us favourably. They contrasted strikingly with our noble Iroquois. The men were lounging about, lolling in their wigwams, playing cards in the shade, or lying on their faces in the sun; and, though not one of them was doing a hand's turn, it was a matter of some difficulty to get four or five to go with us to the North-west Angle, to replace those who had come from Shebandowan and whose engagement ended here. There were some attempts at tawdry finery about them all. The men wore their hair plaited into two or more long queues, which, when rolled up on the head, looked well enough, but which usually hung down the sides of the face, giving them an effeminate look, and all the more so because bits of silver or brass were twisted in or ringed round with the plaits. One young fellow that consented to paddle, had long streamers of bright ribbon flying from his felt hat. Another poor looking creature had his face streaked over with red ochre to show how great a brave he was. Some wore blankets, folded loosely and gracefully about them, instead of coats and trousers. Indeed every one had some good clothes; the construction of the road being the cause of

this, for all who wish can get employment in one way or another in connection with it. At Fort Frances the hulls of two steamers, to be over a hundred feet in length, for use on Rainy River and Lake of the Woods, are now being built; and Indians who cannot work at bringing in timber or at ship carpentering, can be employed as voyageurs, or to improve the portages, or to fish or hunt, or in many other ways. But whatever the benefits that have been conferred upon them, or whatever their natural defects, they surely have rights to this country, though they have never divided it up into separate personal holdings. They did not do so, simply because their idea was that the land was free to all. Each tribe had its own ground, which extended over hundreds of miles, and every man had a full right to all of that as far as he could occupy it. Wherever he could walk, ride, or canoe, there the land and the water were his. If he went to the land of another tribe, the same rule held good; he might be scalped as an enemy, but he ran no risk of being punished as a trespasser.

And now a foreign race is swarming over the country, to mark out lines, to erect fences, and to say "this is mine and not yours," till not an inch shall be left the original owner. All this may be inevitable. But in the name of justice, and of the sacred rights of property, is not the Indian entitled to liberal, and, if possible, permanent compensation? What makes it difficult to arrange a settlement with the Ojibbeways is, that they have no chiefs who are authorized to treat for them. This results from their scattered and dispersed state as a nation. The country they live in is poorly supplied with game, and produces but little of itself, and the Indian does not farm. It is thus impossible for them to live in large bodies. They wander in groups and

families from place to place, often suffering the extreme of hunger, and sometimes starved outright. Each group has generally one or more men of greater moral or physical power than the rest, and these are its chiefs, chiefs who have no hereditary rank, who have never been formally elected, and who are quietly deposed when greater men than they rise up. Their influence is indirect, undefined, wholly personal, and confined to the particular group they live with. They can scarcely speak for the group, and not at all for the nation. When anything has to be done for the nation as a whole, there is then no other way but for the nation to meet *en masse*. Even then they elect no representative men, unless specially requested. Those of greatest age, eloquence, or personal weight, speak for the others; but decisions can be come to only by the crowd. Of course they could not have existed, thus loosely bound together, had they lived in large bodies, or been pressed by powerful enemies. But they are merely families and groups, and their lands have no special attraction for other Indian tribes. Neither can they be formidable as enemies to settlers on this same account, should the worst come to the worst; but their feebleness makes it the more incumbent on the Government of a Christian people to treat them not only justly but generously.

After breakfast we paddled down the river, till overtaken by the steam launch with the emigrants. The day was very warm; when we landed, about twelve miles on, to dine, the thermometer stood at 87° in the shade. Our Secretary left the thermometer at this halt, hanging on the shady side of a tree; but, fortunately, the Chief was able to produce another from the bag.

Rainy River is broad and beautiful, flowing with an easy current through a low-lying and evidently fertile

country. For the whole of its length—about eighty miles—it forms the boundary between Canada and the United States. For the first twenty-five miles, twenty or thirty feet above the present beach or intervale, rises, in terrace form, another, evidently the old shore of the river, which extends far back, like a prairie. The richness of the soil is evident, from the luxuriance and variety of the wild flowers. Much of the land could be cleared almost as easily as prairie; other parts are covered with pines, elms, maples and aspens.

Thirty-five miles from Fort Frances we ran the Manitou rapids and, five miles further on, the Sault, neither of them formidable. A moderately powerful steamer could easily run up as well as shoot them. Beyond the Sault we landed to take in wood for the tug, and tea for ourselves. The Botanist came up to us in a few minutes with wild pea and vetch vines eight feet high, which grew so thickly, not far off, that it was almost impossible to pass through them. The land is a heavy loam—once the bed of the river—and is called “Muskeg” here, though, as that is the name usually given to ancient peat-bogs or tamarack swamps abounding in springs, it is not very appropriate. The time will come when every acre of these banks of Rainy River will be waving with grain, or producing rich heavy grass, for countless herds of cattle.

It was now sunset, and the captain of the tug said that it would take six hours yet to reach “Hungry Hall.” We resolved, in accordance with our programme, to go on; but the Colonel preferred to camp and, perhaps, overtake us next day. So it was decided, but the Iroquois did not like the arrangement at all, as it was a break-up of their party; Louis tried to get with us by exchanging places with Baptiste, but

Baptiste couldn't see it. We were sorry to part with Ignace and Louis, even for twenty-four hours, and perhaps altogether; but as the night was pleasant, and we wished to rest the next day, and stick to our programme on all occasions if possible, we had to say "good-bye." M—'s party came with us, and so did the barges with the emigrants.

On we swept, down the broad, pleasant river, with its long reaches, beautiful at night as they had been in the bright sunshine. At times a high wall of luxuriant wood rose on each side, and stretched far ahead in curves that looked, in the gloaming, like cultivated parks. Occasionally an islet divided the river; and, at such places, a small Indian camp was usually pitched. Of the seventy-five miles of Rainy River, down which we sailed to-day, every mile seemed well adapted for cultivation and the dwellings of men. At eleven o'clock the moon rose; at half-past twelve we reached Hungry Hall, a post of the H. B. Company and a village of wigwams, out of which all the natives rushed, some of them clothed scantily and others less than scantily, to greet the new comers, with "Ho! Ho!" or "B'jou, B'jou." Baptiste urged us not to stop here, as the Indians of the place were such thieves that they would "steal the socks off us," and spoke of good camping ground a mile and a half further on. We took his advice, after getting a supply of flour, pork, and tea from the store, and, after asking the captain of the steamer to delay starting on the morrow as long as he possibly could, paddled ahead. We soon reached Baptiste's point, pitched our tents over luxuriant masses of wild flowers heavy with dew, and, in a few minutes, were all sound asleep.

*July 28th*—This morning, for the first time since leaving Lake Superior, we enjoyed the luxury of a

long sleep, and the still greater luxury of an hour's dozing, that condition between sleeping and waking in which you are just enough awake to know that you are not asleep. There was no hurry to-day, it was the day of rest; and we hoped that the steamer wouldn't come till the afternoon or the morrow.

At 8.30 A.M., as breakfast was getting ready, a distinguished visitor appeared, an old stately looking Indian, a chief, we were informed, and the father of Blackstone. He came with only one attendant; but two or three canoes made their appearance about the same time, with other Indians, squaws, and papooses who squatted in groups on the banks at respectful distances. The old Indian came up with a "B'jou, B'jou," shook hands all round, and then drawing himself up,—knife in one hand, big pipe in the other, the emblems of war and peace — commenced a long harangue. We didn't understand a word; but one of the men roughly interpreted, and the speaker's gestures were so expressive that the drift of his meaning could be easily followed. Pointing, with outstretched arms, north, south, east and west, he told us that all the land had been his people's, and that he now, in their name, asked for some return for our passage through it. The aim of all the eloquence was simply a breakfast; but the bearing and speech were those of a born orator. He had good straight features, a large Roman nose, square chin, and, as he stood over six feet in his moccasins, his presence was most commanding. One great secret of impressive gesticulation—the free play of the arm from the shoulder, instead of the cramped motion from the elbow—he certainly knew. It was astonishing with what dignity and force, long, rolling, musical sentences poured from the lips of one who would be carelessly

classed by most people as a savage, to whose views no regard should be paid. When ended, he took a seat on a hillock with the dignity natural to every real Indian, and began to smoke in perfect silence. He had said his say, and it was our turn now. Without answering his speech, which we could only have done in a style far inferior to his, the Chief proposed that he should have some breakfast. To show due respect to so great an O-ghe-mah, a newspaper was spread before him as a table-cloth, and a plate of fried pork placed on it, with a huge slapjack or thick pancake made of flour and fat, one-sixth of which was as much as any white man's stomach could digest. A large pannikin of tea, a beverage the Indians are immoderately fond of, was also brought, and, by signs, he was invited to 'fall to.' For some moments he made no movement, either from offended pride or expectation that we would join him, or, more likely, only to show a gentleman-like indifference to the food. But the fat pork and the fragrant tea were irresistible. Many a great man's dignity has been overcome by less. After he had eaten about half, he summoned his attendant to sit beside him and eat, and to him, too, a pannikin of tea was brought. We then told the old man that we had heard his words; that we were travellers carrying only enough food for ourselves, but that we would bring his views to the notice of the Government, and that his tribe would certainly receive justice, as it was the desire of our Great Mother the Queen, that all her children—red as well as white—should be well cared for. He at once assented, though whether he would have done so with equal blandness had we given him no breakfast is questionable.

At 10 o'clock, the steamer came along to our great disappointment, but there was nothing for it but to

'hook on.' A few miles through long reaches of wide expanding sedge and marsh brought us to the Lake of the Woods. An unbroken sheet of water, ten miles square, called The Traverse, is the first part of this Lake that has to be crossed; but, as a thunder storm seemed brewing behind us, the captain steered to the north behind a group of islets that fringe the shore. In half an hour an inky belt of cloud stretched over us from north to south, and, when it burst, the torrent was as if the lake had turned upside down. The storm moved with us, as in a circle, flashes of lightning coming simultaneously from opposite quarters of the heavens. First we had the wind and rain on our backs, then on the left, then in our faces, and then on the right. The captain made for a little bay in an islet near at hand, and, though the weather cleared, it looked threatening enough to make him decide to put the steamer's fire out and wait. The islet was merely a sand dune, covered with coarse grasses and small willows, though in a storm these sand hills might be mistaken for formidable rocks. As there was not enough wood on it for both parties, we gave it up to the crew and the emigrants, and paddled to another a mile ahead. This islet was of gneissoid rock and had a bold headland covered with good wood. The Botanist found the ash-leaved maple, the nettle tree, and an abundance of wild flowers; twenty-four kinds that he had not seen since joining the expedition, and, of these, eight with which he was unacquainted.

Scarcely were our canoes hauled up, when the Colonel came along. His men had been so anxious to have all their party together that they had paddled steadily at their hardest for seven hours. Louis at once set to work to get dinner; and, it being Sunday, several delicacies were brought out in addition to the standing

dishes of pork, biscuit and tea. From the Colonel's stores came Mullagatawny soup, Bologna sausage, French mustard, marmalade, and, as every one carried with him an abundant supply of the famous 'black sauce,' we had a great feast.

After dinner, all the party, except the pagan Ojibbeways, assembled for divine service. The form compiled for the surveying parties was read; the '*Veni Creator*' sung in Iroquois by the Indians; and a short sermon preached. Although the Iroquois understood but few words of English, they listened most devoutly, and we listened with as much attention to their singing. To hear those children of the forest, on a lonely isle in a lake that Indian tradition says is ever haunted by their old deities, chanting the hymn that for centuries has been sung at the great Councils and in the high Cathedrals of Christendom, moved us deeply.

After tea, candles were lit in the tents, as this evening we were not too tired to read. Our candlestick was a simple and effective Indian contrivance. A stick of any length you desired was slit at the top and then stuck in the ground. A bit of birch-bark or paper was doubled; in the fold the candle was placed, and the ends were then inserted in the slit. The stick thus held the ends tight, and the candle upright. We spent a quiet pleasant evening and about 10 o'clock 'turned in.'

*July 29th*—Rose fresh and eager for the journey, and had a dip in the lake; there was a heavy sea on the traverse, and, as the little steamer was not very seaworthy, it was doubtful if she would attempt the passage. But, while we were at breakfast, she was announced as making in our direction. Orders were at once given to take down the tents and embark the stores, but the Indians showed some reluctance to move. They said

that it would be safer to trust to the paddles; that the waves in the middle of the traverse would be heavy, and that, if the canoes were forced through them, the bow or side would be broken in. We overruled their doubts, with a show of confidence, and started at 7.30 A.M.

Instead of the long single line of canoes that had been formed on previous days, they were now formed two abreast, and the connecting lines of the first two were shortened, and tied to the middle bench of the big barge which contained the emigrants' luggage. This worked admirably, as the barge broke the waves, and, in the comparatively smooth water immediately behind her, the two canoes rode easily, the five-fathom one to windward and a smaller one under her lee; close after these came the other two canoes. The passage was made safely, and the water for the rest of the day was only rippled slightly, as we took a circuitous route through innumerable islets, instead of the short and direct one over the unbroken part of the lake. The forenoon was cold and cloudy, but occasionally the sun shone cheerily out. All were thankful for the clouds and coolness, as they could note and enjoy the changing scenery, whereas the day before yesterday, in coming down Rainy River, they had suffered from the rays of the sun beating down fiercely, and reflected on every side from the water. To sit still in the canoes and suffer headache and drowsiness was a heavy price to pay for the pleasure of a glowing sun. The Indians, who seemed able to do without sleep, if necessary, but willing to take any quantity when they could get it, now slept soundly in the bottom of the canoes.

At mid-day we landed for dinner in a bay on a fire-swept islet. The Doctor and L—— baked and fried some very superior slap-jacks, which were a welcome addition to the invariable *menu* of tea, pork, and biscuits.

The Colonel and the boys made the circuit of the islet with their guns; but saw nothing worth shooting at except a solitary duck, which they didn't get. The Botanist was disappointed in his explorations, and took to collecting beetles as he couldn't get flowers.

Lake of the Woods has been shorn of much of its beauty by the fires which have swept over many of its islets; and, the character of its beauty being the same as that with which we had been already almost surfeited, it did not strike us as it certainly would one coming from the west. The fires have also revealed the nakedness, as far as soil is concerned, of its shores and islets which are low, hard, gneissoid rocks, covered with but poor timber even where it has been spared.

In the afternoon a favourable wind helped us on; the barge hoisted a sail, and between wind and steam we made seven or eight miles an hour. The tug stopped twice for wood; but such despatch was shown that though there was neither wharf nor platform, and the tug had to be held by boat hooks to the rocks, and at the same time kept from dashing against them, the whole thing was done at each place in ten minutes. Captain Bell's style of wooding up contrasted favourably with that of the captain of the *Frances Smith*.

The last eight or nine miles of the Lake, which were to be the last of our journey by water, led up a long bay to what is called the North-west Angle, a point from which a road has been made to Fort Garry, so that travellers by this route now escape the terrible portages of the Winnipeg river and the roundabout way by Lake Winnipeg. The breeze chased us up finely, and we congratulated ourselves on having started in the morning, as the passage across the traverse would have been an impossibility with the afternoon's wind. The land

became lower as we sailed west. We were approaching the eastern boundary of the great prairies, that extend to the west for the next thousand miles. A vast expanse of reeds lined both sides of the channel, and beyond these the wood looked poor and scrubby. The Indians, however, assured us that the land was good,—indeed, that it was the only lake of all that we had seen that had any good land.

At sunset, the North-west Angle, the end of this side of the Lake of the Woods, was reached. It seems that this point, though far north of the 49th degree, the boundary line between the Dominion and the United States is claimed by the Republic, and that their claim is sustained by an evident verbal mistake in the Treaty that defines the boundary. “North-west” has been inserted instead of “South-west.” If so, it is only another instance in which the diplomatists of the Empire have been outwitted by the superior knowledge and unscrupulousness of our neighbours.

As we rounded out of the Bay into a little creek, the Angle appeared a place of some importance in the eyes of travellers who had not seen anything like a crowd in their last four hundred miles of travel. Fifty or sixty people, chiefly Indians, crowded about the landing place, and the babble and bustle was to us like a return to the world; but, after having satisfied themselves with a good look at us, and a joyous boisterous greeting to our Ojibbeways, whom they carried off to an Indian and half-breed ball in the neighbourhood, we were left alone in the dirtiest, most desolate-looking, mosquito-haunted of all our camping grounds. In such circumstances it was indispensable to be jolly; so Louis was summoned and instructed to prepare for supper everything good

that our stores contained. The result was a grand success, and the looks of the place improved materially.

The Chief received two letters at this point; one from Governor Archibald inviting us to come direct to Government House at Fort Garry; another from the District Superintendent of the road, putting some few things of his at our disposal and also his half-breed cook. As cook had taken advantage of his master's absence to treat and be treated up to the hilarious point, his services, much to his amazement, were quietly dispensed with. At 11 o'clock we turned in under our canvas, having arranged that the waggons to take us on should be ready at 4 A.M.

*July 30th*—Waked at 4.30, by the arrival of the waggons and the sound of heavy rain. Drank a cup of tea and were off in an hour on the hardest day's journey that we had yet had. It was two o'clock the following morning when we got out of the waggons for the night's rest, having travelled eighty miles in the twenty hours.

Those eighty miles, between the North-west Angle and Oak Point, were through a country monotonous and utterly uninteresting in appearance, but with resources that are sure to be developed as the country farther west is opened up. The first twenty miles are across a flat country, most of it marshy, with a dense forest of scrub pine, spruce, tamarack, and, here and there, aspens and white birch. On both sides of the road, and in the more open parts of the country, all kinds of wild fruit grow luxuriantly: strawberries, raspberries, black and red currants, etc., and, as a consequence, flocks of wild pigeons and prairie hens are numerous. The pigeons rest calmly on the branches of dead trees by the roadside, as if no shot had ever been fired in their hearing. Great difficulties must have been overcome in making this part of the road, and advantage has been skilfully taken of

dry spots and ridges of gravel or sand, running in the same general direction as the road. All this part of road has been corduroyed and covered over with clay and sand, or gravel. The land is loam with clay underneath, like prairie; with the prairie so near it is not likely to be soon cultivated; but the wood on it will be in immediate demand.

The next section of the country is of different character. It is light and sandy, getting more and more so, every ten miles or so farther west. This change in the character of the soil afforded a feast to our Botanist. In the course of the day he came on two or three distinct floras; and, although not many of the species were new, and, in general features, the productions of the heavy and light soils were similar to those of like land farther east in Ontario and the Lower Provinces, yet the luxuriance and variety were amazing. He counted over four hundred different species in this one day's ride. Great was the astonishment of our teamsters, when they saw him make a bound from his seat on the waggon to the ground, and rush to plain, wood, or marsh. At first, they all hauled up to see what was the matter. It must be gold or silver he had found; but when he came back triumphantly waving a flower or bunch of grass, and exclaiming: "Did you ever see the like of that?" "No, I never," was the general response from every disgusted teamster. The internal cachinnation of a braw Scotch lad, from the kingdom of Fife, over the phenomenon, was so violent, that he would have exploded had he not relieved himself by occasional witticisms; "Jock," he cried to the teamster who had the honour of driving our Botanist, "tell yon man if he wants a load o' graiss, no' to fill the buggy noo, an' a'll show him a fine place where we feed the horse." But when one of us explained to the Scot that all this

was done in the interests of science, and would end in something good for schools, he ceased to jibe, though he could not altogether suppress a deep hoarse rumbling far down in his throat—like that of a distant volcano—when the Professor, as we now called him, would come back with an unusually large armful of spoil. The bonny Scot was an emigrant who had been a farm servant in Fife five years ago. He had come to the Angle this spring, and was getting thirty dollars a month and his board, as a common teamster. He was saving four-fifths of his wages, and intended in a few months to buy a good farm on the Red River among his countrymen, and settle down as a Laird for the rest of his life. How many ten thousands more of Scotch lads would follow his example if they only knew how easy it would be for them!

At our first station, White Birch river, thirty miles from the Angle, we had a lunch of Bologna sausage, and bread baked by the keeper of the Station, a very intelligent man, a Scotchman like the rest, who had once been a soldier. He was studying hard at the Cree and Ojibbeway languages, and gave us much interesting information about the country and the Indians. He attributed the failure of Mr. Simpson, to make a treaty with the Indians at Fort Frances, in great measure to the fact that Indians from the United States had been instigated by parties interested in the Northern Pacific Railway to come across and inflame their countrymen on our side to make preposterous demands. The story does not sound improbable to those who know the extremes which Railway Kings and companies in New York, and elsewhere in the Republic, have gone to in pushing their own line and doing everything *per fas atque nefas* to crush opposition. It is a little remarkable that the Indians all over the Dominion are anxious to make Treaties, and are

easily dealt with, except in the neighbourhood of the boundary line. Mr. Simpson, in his Report dated November, 1871, states that he had no difficulty with the Indians in Manitoba Province, except near Pembina; and there he says, "I found that the Indians had either misunderstood the advice given them by parties in the settlement, well disposed towards the Treaty, or, as I have some reason to believe, had become unsettled by the representations made by persons in the vicinity of Pembina whose interests lay elsewhere than in the Province of Manitoba; for, on my announcing my readiness to pay them, they demurred at receiving their money until some further concession had been made by me."

Seventeen miles farther on—at White Mud river—we dined; S—— making some capital tomato-soup, and Mrs. McLeod, of the Station, giving us some blueberry jam and good bread. Had we known what was before us, some at least would have voted for remaining here all night.

The next stage was to Oak Point, thirty-three miles distant. The first half was over an abominable road, and, as we had to take on the same horses, they lagged sadly. The sun had set before we arrived at Broken Head creek, half-way to Oak Point. Hereabouts is the eastern boundary of Manitoba, and we are not likely to forget soon the rough greeting the new Province gave us. Clouds gathered, and, as the jaded horses toiled heavily on, the rain poured down furiously and made the roads worse. It was so dark that the teamsters couldn't see the horses; and, as neither of them had been over this part of the road before, they had to give the horses free rein to go where they pleased, and—as they were dead beat—at the rate they pleased. The black flies worried us, and we were all heavy with sleep. The hours dragged

miserably on, and the night seemed endless; but, at length emerging from the wooded country into the prairie, we saw the light of the station two miles ahead. Arriving there wearied and soaked through, we came to what appeared to be the only building—a half-finished store of the Hudson's Bay Company;—entering the open door, barricaded with paint pots, blocks of wood, tools, etc., we climbed up a shaky ladder to the second story, threw ourselves down on the floor, and slept heavily beside a crowd of teamsters whom no amount of kicking could awake. That night-drive to Oak Point we “made a note of.”

*July 31st*—Awakened at 8 A.M., by hearing a voice exclaiming, “thirty-two new species already; it's a perfect floral garden.” Of course it was our Botanist, with his arms full of the treasures of the prairie. We looked out and beheld a sea of green sprinkled with yellow, red, lilac, and white. None of us had ever seen a prairie before, and, behold, the half had not been told us! As you cannot know what the Ocean is without seeing it, neither can you in imagination picture the prairie.

Oak Point is thirty miles east from Fort Garry, and a straight furrow could be run the whole distance, or north all the way up to Lake Winnipeg. A little stream—the Seine—runs from Oak Point into the Red River. The land along it in sections extending two miles into the prairie is taken up by the French half-breeds; all beyond is waiting for settlers.

After a good breakfast of mutton chops and tea, prepared by the half-breed cook at the Station, we started in our waggons for Fort Garry across the prairie. Tall, bright yellow, French marigolds, scattered in clumps over the vast expanse, gave a golden hue to the scene; and red, pink, and white roses, tansy, asters, blue-bells,

golden rods, and an immense variety of compositæ, thickly bedded among the green grass, made up a bright and beautiful carpet. Farther on, the flowers were fewer; but everywhere the herbage was luxuriant, admirable for pasturage, and, in the hollows, tall enough for hay. Even where the marshes intervened, the grass was all the thicker, taller and coarser, so that an acre of marsh is counted as valuable to the settler as an acre of prairie.

The road strikes right across the prairie, and, though simply a trail made by the ordinary traffic, is an excellent carriage road. Whenever the ruts get deep, carts and waggons strike off a few feet, and make another trail alongside; and the old one, if not used, is soon covered with new grasses. There is no sward; all the grasses are bunch. Immense numbers of fat plover and snipe are in the marshes, and prairie hens on the meadow land.

At 3 P.M., we reached the Red River, which flows northward, at a point below its junction with the Assiniboine, and crossed in a scow; drove across the tongue of land, formed by it and the Assiniboine coming from the west, into the village of Winnipeg, and from there to the Fort, where the Government House is at present.

Thus we finished our journey, from Lake Superior to Red River, by that Dawson road, of which all had previously heard much, in terms of praise or disparagement. The total distance is about five hundred and thirty miles; forty-five at the beginning and a hundred and ten at the end by land; and three hundred and eighty miles between, made up of a chain of some twenty lakes, lakelets and lacustrine rivers, separated from each other by spits, ridges, or short traverses of land or granite rocks, that have to be portaged across. Over those three hundred and eighty miles the only land suitable for agriculture is along Rainy River, and, perhaps, around

the Lake of the Woods. North and south the country is a wilderness of lakes, or tarns on a large scale, filling huge holes scooped out of primitive rock. The scenery is picturesque, though rather monotonous owing to the absence of mountains; the mode of travelling, whether the canoes are paddled or tugged, novel and delightful; and, if a tourist can afford a crew of Indians and three or four weeks' time, he is certain to enjoy himself, the necessity of roughing it adding zest to the pleasure.

The road has been proved on two occasions to be a military necessity for the Dominion, until a railway is built farther back from the boundary line. If Canada is to open up her North-West to all the world for colonization, there must be a road for troops, from the first: there are sufficient elements of disorder to make preparedness a necessity. As long as we have a road of our own, the United States would perhaps raise no objection to Canadian volunteers passing through Minnesota; were we absolutely dependent, it might be otherwise.

In speaking of this Dawson road it is only fair to give full credit for all that has been accomplished. Immense difficulties have been overcome, insomuch that, whereas it took Colonel Wolseley's force nearly three months, or from early in June to August 24th to reach Fort Garry from Thunder Bay, a similar expedition could now do the journey in two or three weeks.

But, as a route for trade, for ordinary travel or for emigrants to go west, the Dawson road, as it now exists, is far from satisfactory. Only by building a hundred and fifty-five miles or so of railway at the beginning and the end, and by overcoming the intervening portages in such a way that bulk would not have to be broken, could it be made to compete even with the present route by Duluth and the railway thence to Pembina. The ques-

tion, then, is simply whether or not it is wise to do this, at an expenditure of some millions on a road the greater part of which runs along the boundary line, after the Dominion has already decided to build a direct line of railway to the North-West. This year about seventy emigrants have gone by the road in the six weeks between June 20th and August 1st. The station-masters and other agents on the road, as a rule, do their very utmost; they have been well selected, and are spirited and intelligent men; but the task given them to do is greater than the means given will permit. The road is composed of fifteen or twenty independent pieces; is it any wonder if these often do not fit, especially as there cannot be unity of understanding and of plan, for there is no telegraph along the route and it would be extremely difficult to construct one?

## CHAPTER IV

### *Province of Manitoba*

*August 1st*—Fort Garry—The Province of Manitoba, in which we now are, is the smallest Province in the Dominion, being only three degrees of longitude, or one hundred and thirty-five miles long, by one and a-half degrees of latitude, or a hundred and five miles broad; but, as it is watered by two magnificent rivers, and includes the southern ends of the two great lakes, Winnipeg and Manitoba, which open up an immense extent of inland navigation, and as almost every acre of its soil is prairie, before many years it may equal some of the larger Provinces in population. At present the population numbers about fifteen thousand, of whom not more than two thousand are pure whites. One-fifth of the number are Indians, either living in houses or wanderers, one-third English or Scotch half-breeds, and rather more than a third French half-breeds. “Order reigns in Manitoba,” though wise ruling is still required to keep the conflicting elements in their proper places. By the legislation that made Manitoba a Province, nearly one-sixth of the land was reserved for the half-breeds; owing to some delay in carrying out this stipulation, the Metis, last year, got suspicious and restless, and the Fenians counted on this when they invaded the Province from Pembina and plundered the Hudson’s Bay Company’s post near the line. As the half-breeds live along the Red River from Pembina north, the situation was full of danger; had they joined the Fenians, the frontier would have been at once moved up to Fort Garry. Everyone can understand the serious consequences that would have

followed the slightest success on their part. Happily the danger was averted by prompt action on the part of the Governor. The whole population rallied around him, and the Fenians, not being able to advance into the country, were dispersed by a company of United States regulars, after being compelled to disgorge their plunder. A battalion of Canadian militia, stationed at different points along Red River, now keeps the peace and guarantees its permanence. The land difficulty has been settled by faith being kept with the half-breeds; a treaty has been made with the Indians that extinguishes their claims to the land; and, as the whole of the Province has been surveyed, divided off into townships, sections, and sub-sections, emigrants, as they come in, can either get accurate information in the Winnipeg Land-office as to where it would be best for them to settle, or they can visit and then describe the piece of land they wish to occupy. There is room and to spare for all, after doing the fullest justice to the old settlers. Even the one-sixth reserved for them cannot, in the nature of things, be permanently held by those among whom it may now be divided. There is no Jewish law preserving to each family its inheritance forever. The French half-breeds do not like farming, and they therefore make but poor farmers; and, as enterprising settlers with a little capital come in, much of the land is sure to change hands. The fact that land can be bought from others, as well as from the Government, will quicken instead of retarding its sale.

After breakfast this morning, we had an opportunity of conversing with several gentlemen who called at Government House: the United States Consul, the Land Commissioner, Officers of the Battalion, Dr. Schultz, and others. All spoke in the highest terms of

the climate, the land, and the prospects of the Province and of the North-West. Nothing shows more conclusively the wonderful progress of Manitoba and the settled condition into which it has emerged from the chaos of two or three years ago, than the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company sold at auction, the other day, in building lots, thirteen acres of the five hundred of their Reserve around Fort Garry, at the rate of \$7000 per acre. At half the rate, for the rest, the Hudson's Bay Company will receive for this small reserve more than the money payment of £300,000 stg., which Canada gave for the whole territory; and, if a few acres favourably situated bring so much, what must be the value of the many million of acres transferred to the Dominion? The policy of the Company now is exactly the opposite of what it used to be; formerly all their efforts were directed to keep the country a close preserve; now they are doing all in their power to open it up. The times have changed and they have changed with them. And, regarding them merely as a Company whose sole object has been and is to look after their own interests and pay good dividends to the shareholders, their present policy is as sagacious for to-day as the former was for yesterday. While a fur trading Company with sovereign rights, they did not look beyond their own proper work; they attended to that, and, as a duty merely incidental to it, governed half a continent in a paternal or semi-patriarchal way, admirably suited to the tribes that roamed over its vast expanses. But, as they can no longer be supreme, it is their interest that the country should be opened up; and they are taking their place among new competitors, and preparing to reap a large share of the fruits of the development. For many a year to come they must be a great power in our North-West.

To-day was spent in seeing men and things, the land and the rivers, in and around Fort Garry. The Chief drove twenty miles down the Red River, to the Stone Fort, the Governor and the rest of the party accompanying him five miles to Kildonan, where they called on the Rev. Mr. Black. The farms have a frontage of eight chains on the river, and run two miles back, with the privilege of cutting hay on two miles more in the rear. The people are Highlanders from Sutherland shire, and, though they knew but little about scientific farming when they settled, the excellence of the land and their own thrifty habits have stood them in good stead. They have all saved money, though there was no market for produce, except what the Hudson's Bay Company required, till within the last two or three years. Mr. Black has been their minister for twenty years. He mentioned the curious fact that all the original emigrants were Presbyterians, but that, as no minister was sent to them from the Church of Scotland, the missionaries of the Church of England attracted great numbers to their communion, by wisely adapting their service to Scottish tastes. Till recently, the Scottish version of the psalms was sung in the Cathedral, and the afternoon service was altogether on the Presbyterian model. The Missionaries, Archdeacons, and Bishops have been earnest evangelical men, several of them Scotchmen too. It is, therefore, no wonder if even Scottish dislike of prelacy gave way before such a combination. There are now Methodist and Presbyterian clergymen in the Province, as well as Roman Catholic and Episcopal. They all have missions to the Indians, and report that, while the great majority of the Crees and other tribes to the north-west are Christianized, the majority of the Ojibbeways around Fort Garry and to the east are still pagans. The

Ojibbeway seems to have more of the gipsy in him than any of the other tribes, and to cling more tenaciously to the customs, traditions, and habits of life of his ancestors. It may be that the rivalry of the Churches that he sees at Red River, and the vices of the white men that he finds it easy to pick up— drunkenness especially— have something to do with the obstinacy of his paganism. The drunkenness of Winnipeg is notorious; the clergy do all in their power, by precept and example, to check it, but they accomplish little. The Roman Catholic Bishop and his priests, all the Presbyterian and Methodist Ministers, the Episcopal Archdeacon and several of his clergy are teetotallers; but the saloons of Winnipeg are stronger than the Churches.

In conversation with the Archdeacon and Mr. Black, we learned that the various denominations were building or preparing to build Colleges. A common school system of unsectarian education has been established by the Local Government, one-twentieth of the land reserved as a school endowment, and power given to the townships to assess themselves; but, strange to say, nothing has been done to establish a common centre of higher education. The little Province with its fifteen thousand inhabitants will therefore soon rejoice in three or four denominational Colleges.

We called on Archdeacon McLean, who declared his intention of spending the next twelve months in England, and giving lectures there on the North-West, as a field for emigrants. He is the right kind of man for such duty, and will do more to make Manitoba known than a dozen ordinary emigration agents. We also called on the Wesleyan Minister and Archbishop Taché; but, unfortunately, both were from home, so at 3 P.M. we went to the camp and saw the battalion reviewed. After the

review, the Adjutant General complimented the men, deservedly, on the admirable order and cleanliness of the camp, the excellence of the galley, and their good conduct in their relations with the citizens. The men were smart, stout, clean-looking soldiers, and went through various movements with steadiness and activity. Many of them settle in the country as their term of service expires, free grants of land being given to all who have served for a year.

*August 2nd*—Having arranged to leave Fort Garry to-day, we did so, but with extreme reluctance, so great was the kindness of the Governor, his private Secretary, and indeed of all classes. Archbishop Taché called this morning, and delighted us with his polished manners and extensive knowledge of the country. He does not think very highly of the Saskatchewan valley as a future grain-producing country, differing in this respect from every other authority; but he speaks in glowing terms of the Red-deer Lake and River which runs into the Athabaska, sometimes called Lac la Biche, a better name because there are innumerable 'Red-deer' lakes. In that far away country, extending to the north of the North Saskatchewan, the wheat crops of the mission have never suffered from summer frosts but once. It certainly is one of the anomalies of the North-West, that the way to avoid frosts is to go farther north. To hear on the same day the U. S. Consul and the Archbishop speak about 'the fertile belt' is almost like hearing counsel for and against it. The Consul believes that the world without the Saskatchewan would be but a poor affair; the Archbishop that the 'fertile belt' must have been so called because it is *not* fertile. But how explain the Archbishop's opinions? The evidence he adduced in support of them suggests the explanation; he confined

himself to facts that had been brought before him; but his induction of facts was too limited. It, doubtless, is true that at Lac la Biche wheat is raised easily, and that at the R. C. Missions, near the Saskatchewan, it suffers from summer frosts; but the only two R. C. settlements that we heard of in the Saskatchewan country, viz. those at St. Albert's and Lake St. Ann's, we visited, and could easily understand why they suffered. They are on the extreme north-west of the 'belt,' at an altitude above sea-level of from 2000 to 2500 feet, and were selected by the half-breeds not with a view to farming, for the French half-breed is no farmer, but because of the abundance of white fish in the lake, and sturgeon in the river, and because they were convenient for buffalo hunting and trapping, as well as for other reasons. The substance of the disputed matter seems to be this: every one else believes in 'the fertile belt' of the Saskatchewan; the Archbishop believes that there is a belt farther north much more fertile.

At Fort Garry, farewell greetings had to be exchanged with the Colonel and his son. Military duties required his presence in the Province for ten days, and we could not wait. M—— and L—— also parted with us here; and Horetski, who had been sent on ahead to make the necessary arrangements for the journey westward, joined us; so that our party from this date numbered six. A French half-breed, named Emilien, had been engaged to conduct us across the plains, as far as Fort Carlton, after the approved style of prairie travel. Emilien's cavalcade for this purpose was, in our ignorant eyes, unnecessarily large and imposing; but before many days we found that everything was needed. The caravan is not more needed in the East, across the deserts, than it is in the West, across the fertile but un-

inhabited prairies. Provisions for the whole party and for the return journey of the men must be carried,—unless you make frequent delays to hunt—your tents and theirs, in other words, house and furniture; kitchen, larder, and pantry; tool-chest and spare axle-trees; clothes, blankets, water-proofs, arms and ammunition, medicine-chest, books, paper-boxes for specimens to be collected on the way, and things you never think of till you miss them.

Our caravan consisted of six Red River wooden carts, in which were stowed the tents, baggage, and provisions; a horse to each cart, and three drivers, one of them the cook for the party; two buckboards, or light, four-wheeled waggonettes, for any of us to use when tired of the saddle; saddle horses, and two young fellows with Emilien to drive along a pack of eighteen horses, as a change of horses is required once or twice a day when it is intended to travel steadily at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles a week. The native horses are small, except those that have been crossed with Yankee or Ontarian breeds; but, though small and often mean-looking, it is doubtful if the best stall-fed horses could keep up with them on a long journey.

Emilien started from the Fort with his carts and bands of horses at 10 A.M. We followed at mid-day, the Governor accompanying us to Silver Heights, six miles up the Assiniboine. This had been his own country residence, but is now owned by D. A. Smith, Esq., M.P., the head of the H. B. Company in America. We met here Mr. Christie, late chief factor at Edmonton, Mr. Hamilton, of Norway House, Mr. McTavish and others from different parts of the great North-West; and received from Mr. Smith assistance and highland hospitality, of the same kind that every traveller has experienced, in

crossing the continent, wherever there is an H. B. post.

A few words about this Hudson's Bay Company may be allowed here, not only because of the interest attaching to it as the last of the great English monopolies, but because, to this day, it is all but impossible for a party to cross the country from Fort Garry to the Pacific without its co-operation. Its forts are the only stations on that long route where horses can be exchanged, provisions bought, and information or guides obtained. The Company received its charter in the year 1670. The objects declared in that charter were fur-trading and the Christianizing of the Indians. The two objects may be considered incongruous in these days; but history must testify that the Company as a rule sought to benefit the Indians as well as to look after its own interests. At first, and for more than a century, it displayed but little activity, though its profits were enormous. Its operations were chiefly confined to the shores of Hudson's Bay; but in 1783, a rival Company called 'the North-West'—consisting chiefly of Canadians—disputed their claims, entered the field, and pushed operations so vigorously, that the old Company was stirred into life and activity. A golden age for the red man followed. Rival traders sought him out by lake and river side; planted posts to suit every tribe; coaxed and bribed him to have nothing to do with the opposition shop; assured him that Thomas Codlin and not Short had always been the friend of the Indian; gave him his own price for furs, and—what he liked much better—paid the price in rum. Over a great part of North America the conflict raged hotly for years, for the Territory over which the Hudson's Bay Company claimed jurisdiction was the whole of British America, —outside of the settled Eastern Provinces of Upper and

Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—a territory twenty-six hundred miles long and fourteen hundred broad. The rival Companies armed their agents, servants, and half-breed voyageurs, and many a time the quarrel was fought out in the old-fashioned way, in remote wildernesses, where there were no Courts to interfere and no laws to appeal to.

In 1821 the two Companies, tired of this expensive contest, agreed to coalesce, and the present Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated. Some details as to its constitution may be gleaned from a work published in 1849, entitled "Twenty-five years in the Hudson's Bay Territory," by John McLean. The shareholders elected a Governor and Committee to sit in London and represent them. This body sent out a Governor to the Territory, whose authority was absolute. He held a Council at York Factory in Hudson's Bay, of such chief factors and chief traders as could be present; but these gentlemen had the right only to advise, they could not veto any measure of the Governor. The vast territory of the Company was divided into four departments, and those departments into districts. At the head of each department and district a chief factor or chief trader generally presided, to whom all officials within its bounds were amenable. The discipline and etiquette maintained were of the strictest kind, and an *esprit de corps* existed between the 3,000 officers,—commissioned and non-commissioned, voyageurs, and servants—such as is only to be found in the army or in connection with an ancient and honourable service. The Company wisely identified the interests of its agents with its own, by paying them not in fixed salaries, but with a certain share of the profits; and the agents served it with a devotion and pride honourable to all parties. The stock of the Com-

pany was divided into an hundred shares, sixty of these belonging to the capitalists, and forty being divided among the chief factors and chief traders.

The first territory lost by the Company was two-thirds of that lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. Oregon was lost to them when yielded in 1846 to the United States, after the ten years' joint occupancy; and Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, when they were formed into Provinces. The fertile plains along the Red River, the Assiniboine, and the two Saskatchewan ought to have been opened up by the Empire and formed into Colonies long ago: but their real value was not known. It was not the business of the Company to call attention to them as fitted for any other purpose than to feed buffalo: for those plains were their hunting grounds, and their posts on them were kept up chiefly for the purpose of supplying their far northern posts with pemmican, or preserved buffalo-meat. The Company did what every other corporation would have done, attended simply to its own business. The more sagacious of its leading men knew that the end was coming, as the country could not be kept under lock and key much longer. They could not enforce their monopoly; for they had no authority to enlist soldiers, they were not sure of their legal rights, and the tide of emigration was advancing nearer every day. Eight or nine years ago when Governor Dallas was shown some gold washed from the sand-bars of the Saskatchewan, his remark was, "the beginning of the end has come." Gold would bring miners, merchants, farmers, and free-trade, so that fur-bearing animals and monopolies would need to fall back to the frozen north; still, the end would have been longer delayed had the British Provinces not united. But, in 1869, the Company's rights to all its

remaining territories were bought up, under Imperial authority, by the Dominion of Canada, and, as a monopoly and a semi-sovereign power, the Company ceased to exist.

To return to our diary. A walk in the garden at Silver Heights was sufficient to prove to us the wonderful richness of the soil of the Assiniboine valley. The wealth of vegetation and the size of the root crops astonished us, especially when informed that no manure had been used and very little care taken. The soil all along the Assiniboine is either a dark or light-coloured loam, the vegetable or sandy loam that our gardeners are anxious to fill their pots with; a soil capable of raising anything. After dinner, we said good-bye to the Governor, a statesman of whom even opponents will hereafter record that he deserved well of the country, because, on all great occasions, he preferred country to self or party, and of whose work in Manitoba we ought to say and would say much more, were it not for the fact that we had partaken of his hospitality. Driving rapidly on for five or six miles, Mr. Jones of the Railway Commissariat accompanying us, we overtook our cavalcade, which had made but indifferent progress on account of sundry leave-takings by the way. The country along the road is partly settled, but, with few exceptions, the farmers evidently do not farm. Till lately they had not much inducement, for there was no market: but they have neither the knowledge nor the inclination to farm systematically; and, in a few years, most of the present occupants will be bought out and go west.

As specimens of what may be done here, the farm of one Morgan was pointed out. He had bought it some years ago, for £50; and this year, he had already been offered £450 for the potatoes growing on it. A Wesleyan

missionary told us that, last year, he had taken the average of ten good farms near Portage la Prairie, and found that their returns of wheat were seventeen bushels to one, and that on land which had been yielding wheat for ten years back, and which would continue to yield it, on the same terms, for the next thirty or forty.

We drove on in the quiet, sunny afternoon, at a pleasant rate, over a fine farming but unfarmed country, to the White Horse Plains, and rested at Lane's Post, about twenty-five miles from Fort Garry. Lane is a North of Ireland man, a good farmer, and, like all such, enthusiastic in praise of the country. "What about wood and water?" we asked. "Plenty of both everywhere," was his answer. Wherever wells had been dug on the prairie near to his place, water had been found. On the Assiniboine and the creeks running into it, or north into Lake Manitoba, there was abundance of good timber; and, where none existed, if aspens were planted, they grew, in five years, big enough for fence poles.

Our first evening on the prairie was like many another which followed it. The sky was a clear, soft unflecked blue, save all around the horizon, where pure white clouds of many shapes and masses bordered it, like a great shield of which only the rim is embossed. The air was singularly exhilarating, yet sweet and warm, as in more southern latitudes. The road was only the trail made by the ordinary traffic, but it formed nevertheless an excellent carriage road. Far away stretched the level prairie, dotted with islets of aspens; and the sun, in his going down, dipped beneath it as he does beneath the sea. Soon after sunset, we reached our camping place for the night, an open spot on the banks of the river, thirty-three miles from Fort Garry, on the east side of Long Lake, with plenty of dry wood for our fires, and

good feed for the horses near at hand. Scarcely were our fires lighted when another traveller drove up, the Rev. Mr. McDougal, Wesleyan missionary at Fort Victoria near Edmonton. We cordially welcomed him to our camp, and asked him to join our party. He was well known to us by reputation as a faithful minister, and an intelligent observer of Indian character. He had been nine times over the plains, and evidently knew the country better than our guides. On this occasion, he was accompanied only by his Cree servant Joseph, or, as it is pronounced in Cree, "Souzie."

*August 3rd*—We found this morning that it was not so easy to make an early start with a pack of horses as with canoes. Two or three of the pack were sure to give trouble, and the young fellows in charge had at least half an hour's galloping about,—which they didn't seem to regret much—before all were brought together. Watering, harnessing, saddling, and such like, all took time. To-day the Chief and Secretary drove on ahead twenty-seven miles with Mr. Jones to Portage la Prairie, to write letters that the latter was to take back to Fort Garry. The rest followed more slowly, and the whole party did not reunite for the second start of the day till four P.M.

The road and the country were much the same as yesterday. We were crossing the comparatively narrow strip of land between the Assiniboine and Lake Manitoba, along which the Railway must run. Long Lake, or a creek that is part of it, is near the road for the greater part of the distance. It is difficult to get at the water of the lake, because of the deep mire around the shores; and so we took the word of one of the settlers for it, that it is good though warm. Water, from a well by the roadside, that we drank, was good, and cold as

ice. All the land along this part of the Assiniboine, north to what is called the "Ridge," for eight miles back has been taken up, but a great part is in the hands of men who do not understand the treasures they could take out of it, and there is abundance of the same kind of land farther back, for new settlers. As we drove on in the early morning, prairie hens and chickens rose out of the deep grass and ran across the road, within a few feet of us, while, on mounds of hay in a field lately mown, sat hawks, looking heavy and sated, as if they had eaten too many chickens for breakfast. On the branches of oaks and aspens sat scores of pigeons, so unmoved at our approach that they evidently had not been much shot at. We asked a farmer who had recently settled, and was making his fortune at ten times the rate he had done in Ontario, if he ever shot any of the birds. "No," he contemptuously answered, "he was too busy; the half-breeds did that sort of thing, and did little else." Day after day, he would have for dinner fried pork or bacon, and tea, when he could easily have had the most delicious and wholesome varieties of food. He told us that, in the spring, wild geese, waxies, and ducks could be shot in great numbers; but he had eaten only one goose in Manitoba. Surely it was a fellow feeling that made him so "wondrous kind."

Portage la Prairie is the centre of what will soon be a thriving settlement, and, when the railway is built, a large town must spring up. On the way to the little village, we passed, in less than ten miles, three camps of Sioux—each with about twenty wigwams—ranged in oval or circular form. The three camps probably numbered three hundred souls. The men were handsome fellows, and a few of the women were pretty. We

did not see many of the women, however, as they kept to the camps doing all the dirty work, while the men marched about along the road, every one of them with a gun on his shoulder. The Indian would carry his gun for a month, though there was not the slightest chance of getting a shot at anything. These Sioux fled here nine or ten years ago, after the terrible Minnesota massacre, and here they had lived ever since. One amiable-looking old woman was pointed out as having roasted and eaten ten or twelve children. No demand was made for their extradition, probably because they had been more sinned against than sinning. Frightful stories are told of the treatment of Indians by miners; and there are comparatively few tales of Indian atrocities to balance them. When the Sioux entered British territory they had with them old George III medals, and they declared that their fathers had always considered themselves British subjects and that they would not submit to the rule of the "long knives." They are and always have been intensely loyal to their "great mother," and, during Riel's rebellion, were ready and anxious to fight for the Queen. We were told that the United States authorities had offered pardon if they would return to their own lands, for the Government at Washington is desirous now to do justice to the Indians, though its best efforts are defeated by the cupidity and knavery of its agents; but the Sioux would not be charmed back. The settlers all around the Portage speak favourably of the Sioux. They are honest and harmless, willing to do a day's work for a little food or powder, and giving little or no trouble to anybody.

The doctor at the portage entertained us hospitably. He spoke highly of the healthiness of the climate, show-

ing himself as an example. There seems nothing lacking in this country but good industrious settlers.

At four P.M. we started for the next post, Rat Creek, ten miles off. The sky was threatening, but, as we always disregarded appearances, no one proposed a halt. On the open prairie, when just well away from the Hudson's Bay Company's store, we saw that we were in for a storm. Every form of beauty was combined in the sky at this time. To the south it was such blue as Titian loved to paint: blue, that those who have seen only dull English skies say is nowhere to be seen but on canvas or in heaven; and the blue was bordered to the west with vast billowy mountains of the softest, fleeciest white. Next to these, and right ahead of us, and overhead, was a swollen black cloud, along the under surface of which greyer masses were eddying at a terrific rate. Extending from this, and all around the north and east, the expanse was a dun-coloured mass livid with lightning, and there, to the right, and behind us, torrents of rain were pouring, and nearing us every moment. The atmosphere was charged with electricity on all sides, lightning rushed towards the earth in straight and zigzag currents, and the thunder varied from the sharp rattle of musketry to the roar of artillery; still there was no rain and but little wind. We pressed on for a house, not far away; but there was to be no escape. With the suddenness of a tornado the wind struck us,—at first without rain—but so fierce that the horses were forced again and again off the track. And now, with the wind came rain,—thick and furious; and then hail,—hail mixed with angular lumps of ice from half an inch to an inch across, a blow on the head from one of which was stunning. Our long line of horses and carts was broken, some of the poor creatures clung

to the road, fighting desperately, others driven into the prairie, and, turning their backs to the storm, stood still or moved sideways with cowering heads, their manes and long tails floating wildly like those of Highland shelties. It was a picture for Rosa Bonheur; the storm driving over the vast treeless prairie, and the men and horses yielding to or fighting against it. In half an hour we got under the shelter of the log house a mile distant; but the fury of the storm was past, and in less than an hour the sun burst forth again, scattering the clouds, till not a blot was left in the sky, save fragments of mist to the south and east. Three miles farther on was the camping place. The houses of several settlers were to be seen on different parts of the creek. One of them was pointed out as the big house of Grant, a Nova Scotian, and now the farthest west settler. We were on the confines of the "Great Lone Land."

*August 4th*—Enjoyed a long sleep this morning and breakfasted at 8 A.M. Had intended to rest all day, but Emilien refused. He had contracted to do the journey in so many days, and would do it in his own way; and his way was to travel on all days alike. He agreed, however, to make a short journey so that we might be able to overtake him, though not starting till late in the afternoon.

At 10 A.M., we went over to Grant's house to service. Mr. McDougall and a resident Wesleyan missionary officiated. About fifty people were present, and in the afternoon a Sunday School of thirty children was held in the same room. Some of us dined at Grant's, and the rest with one of his neighbours—McKenzie. Both these men seemed to be model settlers. They had done well in Ontario, but the spirit of enterprise had brought them to the new Province. One had come three years

ago, and the other only last year; and now one had a hundred and twenty acres under wheat, barley and potatoes, and the other fifty. In five years both will have probably three or four hundred acres under the plough. There is no limit to the amount they may break up except the limit imposed by the lack of capital or their own moderation. This prairie land is the place for steam ploughs, reaping, mowing and threshing machines. With such machinery one family can do the work of a dozen men. It is no wonder that these settlers speak enthusiastically of the country. The great difficulties a farmer encounters elsewhere are non-existent here. To begin with, he does not need to buy land, for a hundred and sixty acres are given away gratuitously by the Government to every *bonâ fide* settler; and one third of the quantity is a farm large enough for any one who would devote himself to a specialty, such as the raising of beets, potatoes, or wheat. He does not need to use manure, for, so worthless is it considered, that the Legislature has had to pass a law prohibiting people from throwing it into the rivers. He has not to buy guano, nor to make compost heaps. The land, if it has any fault, is naturally too rich. Hay is so abundant that when threshing the grain at one end of the yard, he burns the straw at the other end to get rid of it. He does not need to clear the land of trees, stumps or rocks,—for there are none. Very little fencing is required for he can enclose all his arable land at once with one fence, and pasture is common and illimitable. There is a good market all over Manitoba for stock or produce of any kind, and, if a settler is discontented he can sell his stock and implements for their full value to new comers.

And what of the Indians, the mosquitoes, and the locusts? Myths, as far as we could learn, with as little foundation as myths generally have. Neither Crees nor Sioux have given those settlers the slightest trouble. The Sioux ask only for protection, and even before Governor Archibald made the Treaty with the Saulteaux and Crees by which they received a hundred and sixty acres of land per family of five, and three dollars per head every year for their rights to the country, they molested no one. "Poor whites," were they about in equal numbers, would give ten times as much trouble as the poor Indians, though some of the braves still paint ferociously and all carry guns. And the mosquitoes, and the grasshoppers or locusts, no one ever spoke of, probably because the former are no greater nuisance in Manitoba than in Minnesota or Nova Scotia, and the latter have proved a plague only two or three times in half a century. Every country has its own drawbacks. The question must always be, do the advantages more than counterbalance the drawbacks? Thus, in returning home through California we found that the wheat crop, this year, amounted to twenty millions of bushels. The farmers told us that, for the two preceding years, it had been a failure owing to long continued drought, and that, on an average, they could only count on a good crop every second year, but, so enormous was the yield then that it paid them to sow wheat. Take, too, the case of the great wheat-raising State of what, as distinguished from the Pacific, may be called the Eastern States. The wheat crop of Minnesota this year amounts to twenty millions of bushels. But, up to 1857, enough wheat was not raised in the State to supply the wants of the few thousands of lumbermen who first settled Minnesota. Flour had to be sent up the Mississippi from St. Louis,

and the impression then was very general that one half of Minnesota consisted of lakes, sandhills, sandy prairies, and wilderness, and that the winters were so long and so cold in the other half that farming could never be carried on profitably; and, doubtless, severe remarks could be made with truth against Minnesota, but it is also the truth that twenty years ago its population was five thousand, and that now it is five hundred thousand. The soil of Minnesota is not equal in quality to the soil of Manitoba. Calcareous soils are usually fertile. And Manitoba has not only abundant limestone everywhere, but every other element required to make soil unusually productive. Whereas, when you sail up the Red River into Minnesota, the limestone disappears, and the valley contracts to a narrow trough, only two or three miles wide, beyond which the soil is often thin and poor. But, notwithstanding all difficulties, most of the emigrants to Minnesota are prospering. Hundreds of thousands of hardy Welshmen and Scandinavians poured into the new State, secured land under the Homestead Acts or bought it from Railway Companies, lived frugally — chiefly on a bread and milk fare for the first few years, and they are now well-to-do farmers. Seeing that all the conditions for prosperous settlement are more favourable in Manitoba, is it not easy to foresee a similarly rapid development, if those entrusted with its destinies and the destinies of our great North-West act with the energy and public spirit of which our neighbours show so shining an example?

It is not hard to trace the sources of those alarming rumours, that we heard so much of at a distance, concerning the climate and soil of Manitoba. Our friends on Rat Creek gave us an inkling of them. On their way from St. Paul's, Minnesota, with their teams and

cattle, at every post they heard those rumours in their most alarming shapes, all of course duly authenticated. They were repeatedly warned not to impoverish their families by going to a cold, locust-devoured, barren land, where there was no market and no freedom, but to settle in Minnesota. Agents offered them "the best land in the world," and when, with British stupidity, they shut their ears to all temptations, obstacles were thrown in the way of their going on, and costs and charges so multiplied, that the threatened impoverishment would have become a fact before they reached Manitoba, had they not been resolute and trusted to their own resources. Even when they arrived at Winnipeg, the gauntlet had still to be run. In that saloon-crowded village were certain touters and indefatigable sympathizers with American institutions, men who had always calculated that our North-West would drop like a ripe pear into the lap of the Republic, who had been at the bottom of the half-breed insurrection, and who are now bitterly disappointed to see their old dream never likely to be more than a dream. These worthies told Grant's party quite confidentially that they had been so many years in the country, and had not once seen a good crop. Who could doubt such disinterested testimony? It may be asked, what object can these men have in slandering the country and retarding its development? Is not their own interest bound up in its prosperity? Whatever the motives, such are the facts. But the man who would indignantly deny that there is any connection between great schemes on the other side of the boundary line and Winnipeg pot-house politicians has a very poor idea of the thorough-going activity of American Railway directors, and Minnesota land agents.

But what of the terrible frost, the deep snow, and the long winters? These must be stern realities. The answer of every man and woman we spoke to, in town or country, was that the winter was pleasanter than in Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces. There is no severe weather till the beginning of December. The average depth of snow from that time is two feet, and there is no thaw till March. The severity of the intervening months is lessened by the bright sun, the cloudless skies, the stillness and dryness of the air. On account of the steady cold the snow is dry as meal, and the farmers' wives said that "it was such an advantage that the children could run about all winter, without getting their feet wet." They certainly could not say as much in Nova Scotia. This dryness of the snow is also an important factor as regards railway construction. Let the rails be raised two or three feet above the level of the prairie, and they are sure to be always clear of snow. In fact there is much less risk of snow blockades in the winter on our western plains than in the older Provinces or in the North-eastern States. In March, and even in April, there are sometimes heavy snowstorms. But this snow soon melts away. It is what was intended for spring rain. Hay is needed in these months more than in the winter, when the horses and even the cattle can paw off the snow and eat the nutritive grasses underneath; whereas, in March and April a crust is often formed, too hard for their hoofs to remove; and the more hay that is cut in the autumn the less risk from prairie fires, as well as the better provision for the live stock.

In Grant's house we saw the photograph of an old friend, John Holmes, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, who has been well called "the oldest and youngest Senator of the

Dominion;" and at Prairie Portage, those of the Governor General, the Premier, Sir Francis Hincks, Alexander Mackenzie, and others of our public men, adorning the walls, so that we were reminded that, although in a new land, we were still in our own country. Everywhere, in conversation with the people, we found the rising of that national sentiment, that pride in their country and interest in their statesmen, which is both a result and a safe-guard of national dignity and independence, as distinguished from a petty provincialism. This Great West will, in the future, probably manifest this spirit more than even the Eastern Provinces, and so be the very backbone of the Dominion; just as the prairie States of the neighbouring republic are the most strongly imbued with patriotic sentiments. The sight, the possession of these boundless seas of rich land stirs in one that feeling of—shall we call it bumptiousness?—that Western men have been accused of displaying. It is easy to ridicule and caricature the self-sufficiency, but the fact is, a man out West feels like a young giant, who cannot help indulging in a little "tall talk," and in displays of his big limbs.

At 4 P.M., we prepared to follow our party, but, at this moment, a body of sixty or eighty Sioux, noble looking fellows, came sweeping across the prairie in all the glory of paint, feathers, and Indian warlike magnificence. They had come from Fort Ellice, had recently travelled the long road from Missouri, and were now on their way to Governor Archibald to ask permission to live under the British Flag, and that small reserves or allotments of land should be allowed them, as they were determined to live no longer under the rule of 'the long knives.' Some of them rode horses, others were in light baggage-carts or on foot. All had guns and adornment

of one kind or another. A handsome brave came first with a painted tin horse a foot long hanging from his neck down on his naked brawny breast, skunk fur round his ankles, hawk's feathers on his head, and a great bunch of sweet-smelling lilac bergamot flowers on one arm to set him off the more. An Indian brave has the vanity of a child. We went forward to address him, when he pointed to another as O-ghe-ma (or chief); and, as the band halted, the O-ghe-ma then came up with the usual "Ho, Ho; B'jou, B'jou," and shook hands all round with a dignity of manner that whites in the new world must despair of ever attaining. His distinction was a necklace of bears' claws, and mocassins belted with broad stripes of porcupines' quills dyed a bright gold. Next to him came the medicine man, six feet three inches in height, gaunt and wasted in appearance, with only a single blanket to cover his nakedness. They would have liked a long *pow wow*, but we had time only for hasty greetings and a few kindly words for them.

It was late before we reached the tents, for Emilien had gone on to 'the three creeks,' twenty-two miles from Rat Creek—or 'crick' as the word is universally pronounced in the North-West. Every stream, too small to be dignified with the name of river, is a 'crick.'

In to-morrow morning's journey, we are to pass out of the Province of Manitoba. This, then, is probably the best place for a few additional words on it as a home for emigrants; on the subject of emigration generally; and on the settlement of the Indian difficulty in the Province.

How is it that the United States have risen so rapidly from the condition of a fringe of provinces along the Atlantic to that of a mighty nation spreading its arms across the continent? The question is one that the new

Dominion ought to ask, for the Dominion also aspires to greatness, and believes that it has within its borders all the resources required to make a nation materially great. A principal cause of the rapid development of the United States is that it has absorbed, especially within the last quarter of a century, so many millions of the population of the old world. It had a great West, boundless expanses of fertile land, and had the wisdom to see that, while the soil is the great source of wealth, untilled soil is valueless; and that therefore every inducement should be held out to the masses, overcrowded in Europe, to seek homes within its borders. Each emigrant who landed at Castle Garden represented the addition of hundreds of dollars to the wealth of the country. He represented the cultivation of some land and an increased value to more, additional imports and exports, taxes and national strength. With the same apparent generosity, but with as cool a calculation of profits as that which sent Stanley to discover Livingstone, free grants of land were therefore offered to the whole world. Homestead laws provided that those farms should not be liable to be seized for debt. As it was necessary that the emigrant should be able to get easily to his farm and to send to market what he raised, companies were chartered to build railways in every direction, the State subsidizing them with exemptions, money bonuses, and enormous land grants. The ancient maxim had been, 'settle up the country and the people will build railways if they want them.' The new and better maxim is, 'build railways and the country will soon be settled.' These railway corporations became the emigration agents of the United States, and well have they done the public work while directly serving their own interests. With the one aim of securing set-

tlers, whose labour on parts of their land would make the other parts valuable, they organized, advertised, and worked emigration schemes with a business-like thoroughness that has attracted far less attention than it deserves. What a proud position the United States, as a country, was thus made to occupy in the eyes of the whole world! 'Ho, every one that wants a farm, come and take one,' it cried aloud, and in every language. Poor men toiling for a small daily wage in the old world, afraid of hard times, sickness and old age, heard the cry, and loved the land that loved them so well, and offered so fair. They came in thousands and found, too, that it kept its word; and then they came in tens and hundreds of thousands, till now less liberal offers have to be made, because most of the public domain that is worth anything has been absorbed. Those hard-working masses prospered, and they made the country great. Some of them who had been rudely expatriated, who had left their mother land with bitterness in their hearts, vowed vengeance and bequeathed the vow to their children. Others, attributing their success to the new institutions, began to hate the forms of government that they identified with their days of penury and misery. Others were wiser, but their interests were bound up with their adopted country, and, when it came to the question, they took sides against the old and with the new. Had the State held aloof, maintaining that any interference or expenditure on its part in connection with emigration was inconsistent with political economy, that the tide of population must be left to flow at its own sweet will, and railways be built only where there was a demand for them, the great west of the United States would not have been filled up for many a year to come. And had the Imperial authorities thought less

about imaginary laws of political economy and more about pressing practical necessities, millions, who are now in a strange land, bitter enemies of the British crown, would have been its loyal subjects in loyal colonies.

The past is gone; but it is not yet too late to do much. We now stand on a more favourable vantage ground than before, not only positively but comparatively, for our vast virgin prairies are thrown open, while there is but little good land left in the United States available for settlement under the homestead laws. The great lines of communication from the seaboard are beginning to touch our North-west territory; and, if we act with the vigour and wisdom of which our neighbours have set the example, the ever-increasing current of emigration from the old world must flow into Manitoba, and up the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers.

We must act, to bring about such a result. It will not come of itself. While we stand looking at the river, it flows past. Labour is required to divert it into new channels, or it will flow over the courses that have been made for it, or simply overflow them. We are now able to offer better land, and on easier terms, to immigrants than the United States or any of its railway companies offer, but they will continue to attract them if we fold our arms while they work. They have many influences on their side; the gravitating force of numbers; past success on a grand scale; grooves worn smooth by the millions tramping westward; a vast army of agents paid in proportion to their success; every principal railway station in Europe, and even in the Dominion, papered with their glowing advertisements; floods of pamphlets in every language; arrangements perfected to the minutest details for forwarding the ignorant and help-

less stranger from New York and Chicago to any point he desires; and perhaps a comfortable log shanty ready for him when he gets there. They offer great inducements to men to organize colonies; advise neighbours to club their resources and emigrate together, so that one may help the other; lay off village plots and draw beautiful sketches of future cities; and cheer the drooping spirit of the foreigner, when he is discouraged with difficulties that had not been advertised, with brilliant prophecies, and an infusion of the indomitable Yankee spirit. They make the doubter believe that it is better to pay their company from \$5 to \$15 an acre for "the best land in the world," "rich in minerals," with "no long winters," accompanied with free passes over the railway, and long credits, "one-tenth down, the rest when it suits you," than to take up free grants elsewhere.

In all this business, for it is purely a business transaction, though gilded with soft hues of buncombe, references to down-trodden millions, American generosity, free institutions, and such like, they have hitherto had no competitor; for, until our North-West was opened up and proved to contain farms for the million, we could not well compete. What the mass of emigrants wanted was prairie soil; land that they could plough at once without the tedious and exhausting labour of years required in woodland farming, chopping, rolling, burning, grubbing, stumping and levelling. Such land the Dominion can now offer, and it is therefore, the great and immediate duty of the Government to see that it be opened up, and brought within reach of the ordinary class of settlers.

To what point in the Dominion should the emigrant turn his eyes? Each Province presents special inducements, but no part of America now offers so many as

**Manitoba.** The land farther west and to the north-west is equally good, but, until opened up by railway or steamboats, it is comparatively valueless to the settler; for there is little use in raising stock, wheat, or potatoes, if they cannot be conveyed to market. But Manitoba is now within reach of the emigrant, and there is a good market in Winnipeg. This little village is becoming a town; houses are springing up in all directions with a rapidity known only in the history of western towns; and the demand for provisions, stock, farm implements, and everything on which labour is expended, is so much greater than the supply, that prices are enormously high. The intending settler, therefore, should bring in with him as much of what he may require as he possibly can.

Besides a rich soil, a healthy and — for the hardy populations of northern and central Europe—a pleasant climate, law and order, and all the advantages of British connection, Manitoba offers other inducements to the emigrant.

The Government of the Dominion has opened the country for settlement on the most liberal terms possible. Any person, the subject of Her Majesty by birth or naturalization, who is the head of a family or has attained the age of twenty-one years, is entitled to be entered for one hundred and sixty acres, for the purpose of securing a homestead right in respect thereof. To secure this land he has only to make affidavit to the above effect, and that he purposes to be an actual settler. On filing this affidavit with the land officer, and on payment to him of \$10, he is permitted to enter the land specified in his application. Five years thereafter, on showing that he has resided on or cultivated the land, he receives a patent for it; or any time before the expiration

of the five years he can obtain the patent by paying the pre-emption price of one dollar an acre. This farm, no matter how valuable it may become, and his house and furniture, barns, stables, fences, tools, and farm implements are declared free from seizure for debt; and, in addition to the exemption of all those, there are also exempted, "one cow, two oxen, one horse, four sheep, two pigs, and the food for the same for thirty days."

There are, and can be, no Indian wars or difficulties in Manitoba. This is a matter of the utmost importance to the intending settler. When we returned from our expedition, the Chief was interviewed at Ottawa by a deputation of the Russian sect of Mennonites, who are looking out for the best place in America for their constituents to settle in, and one of their first questions referred to this. He answered it by pulling a boy's knife out of his pocket, small blade at one end, corkscrew at the other, and told them that that was the only weapon he had carried while travelling from Ocean to Ocean; adding that he had used only one end of even so insignificant a weapon, and that end not so often as he would have liked.

As the mode of settling with the Indians, adopted in Manitoba, is based on the system that has been long tested in the older provinces, and that will probably be extended to the whole of the North-West, a few words on the general question may not be out of place. There are three ways of dealing with the less than half-million of red men still to be found on the continent of America, each of which has been tried on a smaller or larger scale. The first cannot be put more clearly or baldly than it was in a letter dated San Francisco, Sept. 1859, which went the round of the American press, and received very general approval. The writer, in the same spirit in which

Roebuck condemned the British Government's shilly-shally policy towards the Maories, condemned the Federal Government for not having ordered a large military force to California when they got possession of it, "with orders to hunt and shoot down all the Indians from the Colorado to the Klamath." Of course the writer adds that such a method of dealing with the Indians would have been the cheapest, "and perhaps the most humane." With regard to this policy of "no nonsense," thorough-going as selfishness itself, it is enough to say that no Christian nation would now tolerate it for an instant.

The second way is to insist that there is no Indian question. Assume that the Indian must submit to our ways of living and our laws because they are better than his; and that, as he has made no improvement on the land, and has no legal title-deeds, he can have no right to it that a civilized being is bound to recognize. Let the emigrants, as they pour into the country, shove the old lords of the soil back; hire them if they choose to work; punish them if they break the laws, and treat them as poor whites have to be treated. Leave the struggle between the two races entirely to the principle of natural selection, and let the weaker go to the wall. This course has been practically followed in many parts of America. It has led to frightful atrocities on both sides, in which the superior vigour of the civilized man has outmatched the native ferocity of the savage. The Indian in such competition for existence, soon realizing his comparative weakness, had recourse to the cunning that the inferior naturally opposes to the strength of the superior. This irritated even the well-disposed white, who got along honestly, and believed that honesty was the best policy. It was no wonder that, after a few

exchanges of punishment and vengeance, the conviction would become general that the presence of the Indian was inconsistent with public security; that he was a nuisance to be abated; and that it was not wise to scrutinize too closely, what was done by miners who had to look out for themselves, or by the troops who had been called in to protect settlers. The Indians had no newspapers to tell how miners tried their rifles on an unoffending Indian at a distance, for the pleasure of seeing the poor wretch jump when the bullet struck him; or how, if a band had fine horses, a charge was trumped up against them, that the band might be broken up and the horses stolen; or how the innocent were indiscriminately slaughtered with the guilty; or how they were poisoned by traders with bad rum, and cheated till left without gun, horse or blanket. This policy of giving to the simple children of the forest and prairie, the blessings of unlimited free-trade, and bidding them look after their own interests, has not been a success. The frightful cruelties connected with it and the expense it has entailed, have forced many to question whether the 'fire and sword' plan would not have been 'cheaper and, perhaps, more humane.'

The third way, called, sometimes, the paternal, is to go down to the Indian level when dealing with them; go at least half-way down; explain that, whether they wish it or not, immigrants will come into the country, and that the Government is bound to seek the good of all races under its sway, and do justly by the white as well as by the red man; offer to make a treaty with them on the principles of allotting to them reserves of land that no one can invade, and that they themselves cannot alienate, giving them an annual sum per family in the shape of useful articles, establishing schools among them and

encouraging missionary effort, and prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to them. When thus approached, they are generally reasonable in their demands; and it is the testimony of all competent authorities that, when a treaty is solemnly made with them, that is, according to Indian ideas of solemnity, they keep it sacredly. They only break it when they believe that the other side has broken faith first.

Such has been the policy of the old Canadas and of the Dominion, and it is now universally adopted in America. True, the agents of the United States Government have often defeated its attempts to do justice and show mercy, by wholesale frauds; and the Indians, believing themselves deceived, have risen with bursts of fury to take vengeance; and, like all children, if deceived once, they are very unwilling to believe you the next time. General Howard has therefore advised this year the removal of many of the Indian agents, with the remark that "when agents pay \$15,000 for a position, the salary of which is only \$1,500, there must be something wrong." But this corruption of individual agents is a mere accident, an accident that seems to be inseparable from the management of public affairs in the Republic. The great thing is that the United States Government has taken its stand firmly on the ground that the Indians are to be neither exterminated nor abandoned to themselves, but protected and helped. In a letter to George H. Stewart, dated October 28th, 1872, President Grant writes with his customary directness and plainness of speech: "If the present policy towards the Indians can be improved in any way, I will always be ready to receive suggestions on the subject; but if any change is made, it must be made on the side of the civilization and christianization

of the Indians. I do not believe our Creator ever placed the different races of men on this earth with the view of the stronger exerting all his energies in exterminating the weaker."

It may be said that, do what we like, the Indians as a race, must eventually die out. It is not unlikely. Almost all the Indians in the North-West are scrofulous. But, on the other hand, in the United States and in Canada, they exist, in not a few cases, as christianized self-supporting communities, and have multiplied and prospered. These are beginning to ask for full freedom. It was all right, they argue, to forbid us to sell our lands, when we did not know their value, and to keep us as wards when we could not take care of ourselves; but it is different now; we are grown men; and it is an injustice to prevent us from making the most we can out of our own.

At all events, there are no Indian difficulties in our North-West. For generations the H. B. Company governed the tribes in a semi-paternal way, the big children often being rude and noisy, sometimes plundering a fort, or even maltreating a factor, but, in the end, returning to their allegiance, as, without the Company, they could not get tea or tobacco, guns or powder, blankets or trinkets.

Since the transfer of the country to the Dominion the Indians, except when operated on by foreign influences, have been anxious for treaties. In the year 1871, Governor Archibald made a treaty at the Stone Fort, or Lower Fort Garry, with the Ojibbeways and Swampy Crees, the only two tribes in his Province, and a second treaty with the Indians farther north, as far as Lake Winnipegosis and Beren's River, and to the west as far as Fort Ellice. This second treaty com-

prises a tract of country two or three times as large as Manitoba. About four thousand Indians assembled on those occasions, and, after a good deal of preliminary feasting, consulting, and *pow-wow*ing, arrangements were made with them. The objects aimed at by the Governor and the Indian Commissioner were to extinguish the Indian title to the land, and, at the same time, do substantial justice and give satisfaction to the Indians. These objects were accomplished.

The treaty-making process is interesting, as illustrative of several points in the Indian character. Though it took ten days to make the first, yet, in the light lately thrown on the difficulties of drawing up a treaty that shall express the same thing to both parties, the time cannot be considered unreasonably long.

The Indians first elected chiefs and spokesmen to represent them. On these being duly presented and invited to state their views, they said that there was a cloud before them which made things dark, and they did not wish to commence the proceedings till the cloud was dispersed. It was found that they referred to four Swampies who were in prison for breach of contract, and the tribe felt that it would be a violation of the brotherly covenant to enter upon a friendly treaty, unless an act of indemnity were passed in favour of the four. As they begged their discharge on the plea of grace and not of right, the Governor acceded to their petition; and the Indians thereupon declared that henceforth they would never raise a voice against the law being enforced.

The real business then commenced. Being told to state their views on reserves and annuities, they did so very freely and, substantially, to the effect that about two-thirds of the province should be reserved for them. But when it was explained that their great mother must

do justly to all her children, "to those of the rising sun as well as to those of the setting sun," and that it would not be fair to give much more than a good farm for each family, they assented. Fortunately the Governor could point out to them a settlement of christianized Ojibbeways, numbering some four hundred, between the Stone Fort and the mouth of Red River, as a proof that Indians could live, prosper, and provide like the white man. This mission was established by Archdeacon Cochrane, and has now a full-blooded Indian for its clergyman. Many of them have well-built houses and well-tilled fields, with wheat, barley and potatoes growing, and giving promise of plenty for the coming winter.

The Indians of this district form a parish of their own, called St. Peter's, and return a member to the House of Assembly; they have the honour of being represented by a gentleman who has successively held the offices of Minister of Agriculture, Provincial Secretary, and who is now Provincial Treasurer.

In the end, it was agreed that reserves should be allotted sufficient to give one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five; that the Queen should maintain a school on each reserve when the Indians required it; and that no intoxicating liquors be allowed to be introduced or sold within the bounds of the reserves; also, that each family of five should receive an annuity of \$15, in blankets, clothing, twine, or traps; and, as a mark of Her Majesty's satisfaction with the good behaviour of Her Indians, and as a seal to the treaty, or Indian luck-penny, a present of \$3 be given to each man, woman, and child. Every one being satisfied, the treaty was signed, the big ornamented calumet of peace smoked all round, and the Governor then promised each chief a buggy, to his unbounded delight.

One important consequence of these Indians being pleased is that the Indians farther west having heard the news are all anxious for treaties, and have been on their good behaviour ever since.

## CHAPTER V

### *From Manitoba to Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan*

*August 5th*—This morning it rained heavily, and delayed us a little; but, by the time we had our morning cup or pannikin of tea, the carts packed, and everything in its place, the weather cleared up. We got away at 5 A.M., and rode sixteen miles before breakfast; reaching Pine Creek, a favourite camping ground; still following up the course of the Assiniboine, though never coming near enough to get a sight of it, after leaving our first camp from Fort Garry. The next stage was fourteen miles to Bog Creek, and, after dinner, eleven miles more, making forty-one for the day. Instead of the level prairie of the two preceding days, and the black peaty loam, we had an undulating and more wooded country, with soil of sandy loam of varying degrees of richness. Here and there ridges of sand dunes, covered, however, with vegetation, sloped to the south, having originally drifted from the north, probably from the Riding Mountains of which they may be considered the outlying spurs. From the top of any one of these, a magnificent view can be had. At our feet a park-like country stretched far out, studded with young oaks; vast expanses beyond, extending on the north to the Riding Mountains, and on the south to the Tortoise Mountain on the boundary line; a beautiful country extending hundreds of square miles without a settler, though there is less bad land in the whole of it than there is in the peninsula of Halifax, or within five or ten miles of any of our eastern cities. This almost entire absence of unproductive land is to

us very wonderful. If we except the narrow range of sand-hills, there is actually none; for the soil, even at their base, is a light sandy loam which would yield a good return to the farmer. The soil about these hills is not what is usually termed prairie, and is not equal to prairie. Its flora is not that of the prairie. Both soil and flora are like those of the Rice Lake plains, and the County of Simcoe in Ontario, where excellent wheat crops are raised. The only question, suggestive of a doubt, that came up was the old one of "Is there plenty of water?" The rivers are few; the creeks small. Along their banks there is no difficulty, but what of the intervening ground? We had heard of wells sunk in different places, and good water found from four to fifty feet down. But, yesterday, Grant informed us that a beautiful stretch of prairie, immediately to the west of his location, which had been taken up by a friend of his, had been abandoned because no water could be got. They had sunk wells in three places, one of them to the depth of seventy-five feet, but pierced only hard white clay. Grant believed that this stratum of clay extended over a limited area, and that, under it, water would be tapped if they went deep enough. But the matter is of too great importance to be left to conjecture. Test-wells should be sunk by the Government in different places; and where there are saline or brackish lakes, or even should the first water tapped prove saline, artesian wells might be tried, so as to get to the fresh water beneath. Till it is certain that good water can be easily had all over the prairie, successful colonization on a large scale cannot be expected. The general belief is that there is water enough everywhere. There is an abundant rain fall, and the water does not form little brooks and run off, but is absorbed by the rich, deep, porous ground. Still the claims of our

North-West on the attention of emigrants would be rendered all the stronger, were they assured that the water supply was unfailing everywhere. Up to this time the question has not been started, because much of the land on the river-banks has not yet been taken up. But it would be well to be prepared with an answer.

Nothing could be more exhilarating than our rides across the prairie, especially the morning ones. The weather, since our arrival at Fort Garry, had been delightful, and we knew that we had escaped the sultry heat of July, and were just at the commencement of the two pleasantest months of the year. The nights were so cool that the blanket was welcome, and in the evenings and mornings we could enjoy the hot tea. The air throughout the day was delicious, fresh, flower-scented, healthful, and generally breezy, so that neither horse nor rider was warm after a fifteen or twenty miles' ride. We ceased to wonder that we had not heard of a case of sickness in one of the settlers' families. Each day was like a new picnic. Even the short, terrific, thunder storm of the day before yesterday had been enjoyed because of its grandeur. Grant told us that it was the heaviest he had ever seen in the country, and that we had felt its full force. Three miles away there had been no hail.

*August 6th*—Up before four A.M., but were delayed some time by the difficulty of lassoing the horses that were wanted. The Doctor had, meanwhile, some shooting round the little lake by which we had camped; and getting some more on the way, Terry, the cook, was enabled to serve up plover, duck and pigeons, with rice curry for breakfast. Our morning's ride was sixteen miles, and brought us to the Little Saskatchewan,—a swift-flowing pebbly-bottomed stream, running south into the Assiniboine. Its valley was about two miles

wide and two hundred and fifty feet deep. All the rivers of the North-West have this peculiarity of wide valleys, and it constitutes a serious difficulty in the way of railroad making; they must be crossed, but regular bridging on so gigantic a scale is out of the question. The hill sides sloping down into the valley or intervale of the river are green and rounded, with clumps of trees, most of them fire-scorched, in the depressions.

We hailed the sight of this flowing stream with peculiar delight; for it was the first thing that looked, to our eyes, like a river in all the hundred and twenty miles since leaving the Assiniboine. The creeks crossed on the way were sluggish and had little water in them, and most of the swamps and lakelets were dried up, and their bottom covered with rank coarse grass, instead of the water that fills them in the spring. This morning, however, we passed by several pretty-well-filled lakes,—plover and snipe about most of them—on the height of land, from which the ground slopes toward the Little Saskatchewan.

Our second stage for the day was only eleven miles; but the next was fourteen, and we drove or rode along the winding road at a rattling pace, reaching our camping ground, at Salt Lake, an hour before sunset. This lake is bitter or brackish, but, on the opposite side of the road, there is good water; and, although the mosquitoes gave us a little trouble, we fared well—as at all our camps. This was the first saline lake we had seen, but farther north on the way to Edmonton, there are many such; and grievous has been the disappointment of weary travellers, on drawing near to one of them and preparing to camp. The causes are probably local, for good water is found near, and, all around, the grass is as luxuriant as elsewhere. A white crust forms on the

dried up part of the bottom and the shores are covered with marine plants, chiefly reddish-coloured, thick, succulent samphire and sea-blite growing together and extending over several acres of ground. The salt in these lakes is sulphate of soda.

A bathe in the Little Sackatchewan before breakfast was our first good wash for two or three days, and we enjoyed it proportionately. Our horses did their forty-one miles to-day, seemingly with greater ease than they had any previous day's work. Most of them are of pure native breed; some of them—the largest—have been crossed with Canadian, and the swiftest with Yankee breeds. In all our pack there are only two or three bad horses; none of them looked well at first, but though small and common looking, they are so patient, hardy and companionable, that it is impossible for their riders to avoid becoming attached to them. Hardly two of the saddles provided for our party were alike. There was choice of English, American, and Mexican military,—the first being favourite.

*August 7th*—Made a good day's journey of forty-five miles, from the Salt Lake to the junction of the Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine rivers. The first stage was ten miles, to the Shoal Lake—a large and beautiful sheet of water with pebbly or sandy beach—a capital place for a halt or for camping. The great requirements of such spots are woods, water, and feed for the horses; the traveller has to make his stages square with the absence or presence of those essentials. If he can get a hilly spot where there are few mosquitoes, and a sheet of water large enough to bathe in, and a resort of game, so much the better. Arrived at the ground, the grassiest and most level spots, gently sloping, if possible, that the head may be higher than the feet, are selected. The tents

are pitched over these, one tent being allotted to two persons, when comfort is desirable, though sometimes a dozen crowd inside of one. A waterproof is spread on the ground, and, over that, a blanket. Each man has another blanket to pull over him, and he may be sound asleep, ten minutes after arriving at the ground, if he has not to cook or wait for his supper. The horses need very little attention; the harness is taken off and they are turned loose—the leaders or most turbulent ones being hobbled, *i. e.*, their fore feet are fettered with intertwined folds of shaganappi or raw buffalo hide, so that they can only move about by a succession of short jumps. Hobbling is the western substitute for tethering. They find out, or are driven to, the water, and, immediately after, begin grazing around; next morning they are ready for the road. A morning's swim and wash in Shoal Lake was a great luxury, and the Doctor had some good shooting at ducks, loons, yellowlegs, and snipe.

Our second stage was twenty-one miles to Bird's Tail Creek, a pretty little running stream, with valley nearly as wide, and banks as high, as the Little Saskatchewan. It is wonderful to see the immense breadth of valley that insignificant creeks, in land where they have not to cut their way through rocks, have eroded in the course of ages.

At this creek, we were only twelve miles distant from Fort Ellice. The true distance from Fort Garry, as measured by our odometer is two hundred and fifteen miles, and not two hundred and thirty-one, as stated on Palliser's map and by Captain Butler in his book. As our course lay to the north of Fort Ellice, the Chief and two of the party went on ahead to get provisions and a half dozen Government horses that had been left to winter there, and to attend to some business, while the rest

followed the direct trail and struck the edge of the plateau overlooking the Assiniboine,—which was running south—just where the Qu'Appelle joined it from the west. The view from this point is magnificent; between two and three hundred feet below, extending far to the south and then winding to the east, was the valley of the Assiniboine,—at least two miles wide.

Opposite us, the Qu'Appelle joined it, and both ran so slowly, that the united river meandered through the intervale, as circuitously as the links of the Forth, cutting necks and promontories of land that were almost islands, some of them soft and grassy, and others covered with willows or timber. The broad open valley of the Qu'Appelle stretched along to the west, making a grand break in what would otherwise have been an unbroken plateau of prairie. Three miles to the south of this valley, and therefore opposite us but farther down, two or three small white buildings on the edge of the plateau were pointed out as Fort Ellice. To the north of the Qu'Appelle, the sun was dipping behind the woods far away on the edge of the horizon, and throwing a mellow light on the vast expanse which spread around in every direction.

We descended to the intervale by a much-winding path, and moved on to the crossing three miles above the Fort, and immediately above where the Qu'Appelle flows into the main river. Scarcely had the tents been pitched and the fires lighted, when the Chief appeared bringing supplies of flour, pemmican, dried meat, salt, etc., from Fort Ellice. He reported that there were several parties of Indians about the Fort, who had emigrated two or three years ago from the United States, anxious to settle in British territory. One of them, from

Ohio, spoke good English, and from him he gained the information about them.

This portion of our journey from Fort Garry to Fort Ellice, we had accomplished in less than six days. The last stage had been over the worst road—a road winding between broad hill-sides strewn with granite boulders, and lacking only brawling streams and foaming fells to make it like Moffatdale, and many another similar dale in the south of Scotland. But here there never had been bold moss troopers, and no Tales of the Borders. Crees, Sioux and Ojibbeways may have gone on the war path against each other, and hunted the buffalo over the plains to the west, but there has been no Walter Scott nor even Wilson to gather up and record their legends, and hand down the fame of their braves. And there are no sheep grazing on those rich hill-sides, and there was neither wigwam, steading, nor shieling on the last hundred and sixty miles of road. Silence reigned everywhere, broken only by the harsh cry of wild fowl rising from lakelets, or the grouse-like whirr of the prairie hen on its short flight. We had seen but a small part, and that by no means the best of the land. The trail follows along the ridges, where there is a probability of its being dry for most of the year, as it was not part of its object to shew the fertility of the country or its suitability for settlers. But we had seen enough to show that, even east of Fort Ellice, there is room for a large population. Those great breadths of unoccupied land are calling ‘come, plough, sow, and reap us.’ The rich grass is destroyed by the autumn fires, which a spark kindles, and which destroy also the wood, which formerly was of larger size and much more abundant than now. This destruction of wood seriously affects the water supply. Lakes that once had water all the

year round are now dry, except in the spring time. But, when settlers come in, all this shall be changed. The grass will be cut at the proper time, and stacked for the cattle, and then there shall not be the wide spreading dried fuel to feed the fires, and give them ever increasing force. Fields of ploughed land, interspersed here and there, shall set bounds to the flames, and tourists and travellers will be less likely to leave their camp-fires burning, when they know that there are settlers near, whose property would be endangered, and who would not tolerate criminal carelessness on the part of strangers.

*August 8th*—Being in the neighbourhood of a fort, and having to re-arrange luggage and look after the new horses, we did not get away till nine o'clock. An hour before, greatly to the surprise of Emilien,—for he had calculated on keeping in advance the twenty-two miles he had gained on Sunday—and greatly to our delight, Mr. McDougal drove up and rejoined us with his man Souzie. Souzie had never been east before, and the glories of Winnipeg had fairly dazzled him. He was going home heavy-laden with wonderful stories of all he had seen;—the crowd hearing Mr. Punshon preach and the collection taken up at the close, the review of the battalion of militia, the splendour of the village stores, the Red River steamboat, the quantities of rum, were all amazing. When the plate came round at the church, Souzie rejoiced, and was going to help himself, but, noticing his neighbours put money in, he was so puzzled that he let it pass. He chuckled for many a day at the simplicity of the Winnipeggers:—"Who ever before saw a plate handed round except to take something from it?" The review excited his highest admiration:—"Wah,

wah! wonderful! I have seen a hundred men turned into one!"

Our first work this morning was to cross the Assiniboine. The ford was only three feet deep, but the bottom was of shifting sand, so that it did not do to let the horses stand still while crossing. The bank on the west side is bold, and the sand so deep, that it is a heavy pull up to the top. After ascending, we moved west for the first few miles along the north bank of the Qu'Appelle. The Botanist went down to the intervale and sand-hills near the stream, to inspect the flora, and was rewarded by finding half-a-dozen new species. We soon turned in a more northerly direction, though, had there been a fortnight to spare, some of us would have gone a hundred miles up the Qu'Appelle, where, we had been told yesterday by a Scotch half-breed, called Mackay, that the buffalo were in swarms. Mackay was on his way back to Fort Garry with the spoils of his hunt. He had left home with his wife and seven children and six carts, late in May, joined a party at Fort Ellice and gone up to the high plains, where the source of the Qu'Appelle is, near the elbow of the South Saskatchewan, and obtained his food for the year in the way most pleasing to a half-breed. They had all lived sumptuously while near the buffalo, and when they had dried enough meat to fill their carts, at the rate of ten buffaloes to a cart, they parted company; and he and his wife, with the meat and skins, turned homewards, to do little for the rest of the year, but enjoy themselves. This is all very well when the buffalo are plenty; but as they get scarcer or move farther away, what is to be done? A man cannot be both a hunter and a farmer; and, therefore, as the buffalo go west, so will the half-breeds.

But, fascinating as a buffalo-hunt seemed, described in all the glowing language and gesticulations of a successful hunter, the time could not be spared, and so we jogged along our road, hoping that we might fall in with the lord of the prairies as far north as Carlton or Fort Pitt.

The first part of the day's ride, like the last part of the previous day's, was over the poorest ground we had seen—light and sandy—and yet the grass nowhere presented the dried up, crisp, brownish look that is so often seen in the eastern provinces at this time of the year. Still the land about Fort Ellice is not to be recommended, especially when there is so much of the very best waiting to be cultivated.

Nine miles from the Assiniboine, we breakfasted beside a spring in the marsh where the water is good, but where a barrel or some such thing, sunk in the ground, would be desirable. This is every traveller's business, and, therefore, is not done. We are now in "No man's Land;"—where the Governor of Manitoba has a nominal jurisdiction, but where there are no taxes and no laws; where every man does what is right in his own eyes, and prays the great Manitou to prosper him in his horse stealing or scalping expeditions.

Our next stage was twenty-two miles to Broken Arm River—a pretty little stream with the usual deep and broad valley. The soil improved as we travelled west. The grass was richer, and much of the flora that had disappeared for the previous twenty miles began to show again. On the banks of the river there was time before tea to indulge in a great feast of raspberries, as we camped early in the evening, after having travelled only thirty-one miles. The Botanist had found exactly that number of new species,—the largest number by far on

any one day since leaving Fort Garry. The explanation is, that he had botanized over the valleys of two rivers and several varieties of soil.

*August 9th*—Last night the thermometer fell to 34°, and we all suffered from the cold, not being prepared for such a sudden change. There was heavy dew, as there always is on prairies, and at four o'clock, when we came out of the tents, shivering a little, the cold wet grass was comfortless enough; but a warm cup of tea around the camp fire put all right. We were on horseback before sunrise, and a trot of thirteen miles, over a beautiful and somewhat broken country, fitted us for breakfast. Mr. McDougal told us that in the elevated part of the country in which we were, extending north-west from Fort Ellice, light frosts were not unusual in July or August. They are not so heavy as seriously to injure grain crops; but still they are an unpleasant feature in this section of the country. The general destruction of the trees by fires makes a recurrence of these frosts only too likely. If there were forests, there would be a greater rainfall, less heavy dews, and probably no frosts. But it will be little use for the Government to issue proclamations in reference to the extinguishing of camp-fires, until there are settlers here and there, who will see to their observance for their own interest. Settlers will plant trees, or give a chance of growing to those that sow themselves, cut the grass, and prevent the spread of fires. But settlers will not come, till there is a railroad to bring them in.

Our second stage for the day was sixteen miles over an excellent road and through an undulating country that evoked spontaneous bursts of admiration from every one. The prairie was broken into natural fields by rounded hillocks and ridges crowned with clumps of

aspens—too often fire-scathed. In the hollows grew tall, rich, grass which would never be mowed; everywhere else, even on the sandy ridges, was excellent pasture.

We met a half-breed travelling, with dried meat and buffalo skins, to Fort Garry, in his wooden cart covered with a cotton roof, and he informed us that men were hunting, two days' journey ahead, about the Touchwood Hills. This excited our men to the highest pitch, for the buffalo have not come on this route for many years, and eager hopes were exchanged that we might see and get a shot at them. Wonderful stories were told of the buffalo-hunts in former days, and men, hitherto taciturn, perhaps because they knew little English (more, however, than we knew of French or Indian, which they all spoke fluently) began explaining volubly—eking out their meaning with expressive gesticulation—the nature of a buffalo hunt. Fine fellows all our half-breeds were as far as riding, hunting, camping, dancing and such like were concerned; though they would have made but poor farm-servants. Two of them had belonged to Reil's body-guard in the days of his little rebellion. The youngest was Willie, a boy of sixteen, who rode and lassoed, and raged, and stormed, and swore on the slightest provocation, better than any of them. He looked part of the horse when on his back, and never shirked the roughest work. We were horrified at his ready profanity however, and the Doctor rowed him up about it; but, though they all liked the Doctor, for he had physicked two or three of them successfully, and had even bound up the sore leg of one of the horses better than they could, the jawing had no effect. The Secretary then tried his hand. Finding that Willie believed in his father, an adventurous daring Scot, who had married a squaw, he accosted him one day when none of the others were near,

with, "Willie, would you like to hear me yelling out your father's name, with shameful words among strangers?" He looked up with a half-puzzled, half-defiant air, and shook his head. "Well, how can I like to hear you shouting out bad language about my best friend?" A few more words on that line and Willie was 'converted.' We heard no more oaths from him except the mild ones, "by George," "by Jing," or "by Golly," and in sundry ingenious ways thereafter he showed a sneaking fondness for the Secretary.

We rested to-day for dinner on a hillock beside two deep pools of water, and the Doctor made us some capital soup from preserved tomatoes and mutton. Ten or eleven miles from our dining table brought us to the end of this section of wooded country, where we had intended to camp for the night, but the ponds were empty and no halt could be made. We therefore pushed on across a vast treeless plain, twenty miles wide, with the knowledge that if there was no water in a marsh beside a solitary tree four miles ahead, we would have to go off the road for five miles to get some, and, as the sun was setting, the prospect for the first time looked a little gloomy. Making rapidly for the lonely tree, enough water for ourselves and horses was found, and with hurrahs from the united party, the tents were pitched. Forty-two and a half miles, the odometer shewed to be our day's travel.

*August 10th*—The night of the 8th having been so cold, we divided out more blankets the following evening by dispensing with one tent, and sleeping three, instead of two, in each. The precaution turned out to be unnecessary, though we kept it up afterwards for the nights were always cool. This feature of cool nights after hot days is an agreeable surprise to those who know

how different it usually is in inland countries, or wherever there is no sea breeze. It is one of the causes of the healthy appearance of the new settlers even in the summer months. In the hottest season of the year the nights are cool on these prairies and the dews abundant, except when the sky is covered with clouds, and then there is usually rain. No wonder that the grass keeps green when elsewhere it is dry and grey.

Our morning's ride was across sixteen miles of the great plain, four miles from the easterly edge of which we had camped. The Secretary walked the distance, and got to the breakfast-place ten minutes after the mounted party. A morning's walk or ride across such an open has a wonderfully exhilarating effect. The air is so pure and bracing that little fatigue is felt, even after unusual exertion; seldom is a hair turned on either horse or man.

The plain was not an unbroken expanse but a succession of very shallow basins, enclosed in one large basin, itself shallow, from the rim of which you could look across the whole, whereas, at the bottom of one of the smaller basins, the horizon was exceedingly limited. No sound broke the stillness except the chirp of the gopher, or prairie squirrel, running to his hole in the ground. The character of the soil every few yards could be seen from the fresh earth, that the moles had scarcely finished throwing up. It varied from the richest of black peaty loam, crumbled as if it had been worked by a gardener's hand for his pots, to a very light sandy soil. The ridges of the basins were often gravelly. Everywhere the pasturage was excellent, though it was tall enough for hay only in the depressions or marshy spots.

Our two next stages carried us over twenty-five miles of a lovely country, known as the Little Touchwood

Hills; aspens were grouped on gentle slopes, or thrown in at the right points of valley and plain, so as to convey the idea of distance and every other effect that a landscape gardener could desire. Lakelets and pools, fringed with willows, glistened out at almost every turn of the road, though unfortunately most were saline. Only the manor-houses and some gently-flowing streams were wanting, to make out a resemblance to the most beautiful parts of England. For generations, all this boundless extent of beauty and wealth had been here, owned by England; and yet statesmen had been puzzling their heads over the "Condition of England's Poor, the Irish Famine, the Land and Labour Questions," without once turning their eyes to a land that offered a practical solution to them all. And the beauty in former years had been still greater, for, though the fires have somehow been kept off this district for a few years, it is not very long since both hardwood and evergreens as well as willows and aspens, grew all over it; and then, at every season of the year, it must have been beautiful. It is only of late years that fires have been frequent; and they are so disastrous to the whole of our North-West that energetic action should be taken to prevent them. Formerly, when the Hudson's Bay Company was the only power in this "Great Lone Land," it was alive to the necessity of this, and very successful in impressing its views on the Indians as well as on its own servants. Each of its travelling parties carried a spade with which the piece of ground on which the fire was to be made was dug up, and as the party moved off, earth thrown on the embers extinguished them. But since miners, traders, tourists and others have entered the country, there has been a very different state of affairs. Some of the spring traders set fire to the grass round their camps,

that it may grow up the better and be fresh on their return in autumn. The destruction of forests, the drying up of pools, and the extermination of game by roasting the spring eggs, are all nothing compared to a little selfish advantage. And the Indians and the Hudson's Bay parties seeing this, have become nearly as reckless.

This afternoon we had some idea of the lovely aspect that this country would soon assume, if protected from the fire-demon. The trees grow up with great rapidity; in five or six years the aspens are thick enough for fencing purposes. There was good sport near the lakes and clumps of trees, and Frank shot prairie-hen, partridge and teal, for dinner and next day's breakfast. As he was confined to the roadside, and had no dog, he had but indifferent chances for a good bag. We had to push on to do our forty-one miles, and could not wait for sportsmen. At sunset the camp was selected, by a pond in the middle of a plain, away from the bush so as to avoid mosquitoes; and as Emilien was tired enough by this time, he agreed readily to the proposal to rest on the following day.

*August 11th*—Breakfast at 9 A.M., having allowed ourselves the luxury of a long sleep on the Day of Rest. The water beside our camp was hard and brackish, scarcely drinkable, and not good even to wash with. It gave an unpleasant taste to the tea, and even a dash of spirits did not neutralize its brackishness. Here again the necessity of finding out the real state of the water-supply of this country, was forced on our attention. Even if the pools do not dry up, the water in them at this time of the year is only what is left of melted snow and the spring and summer rains, tainted with decayed vegetable matter, and filled with animalculæ. The