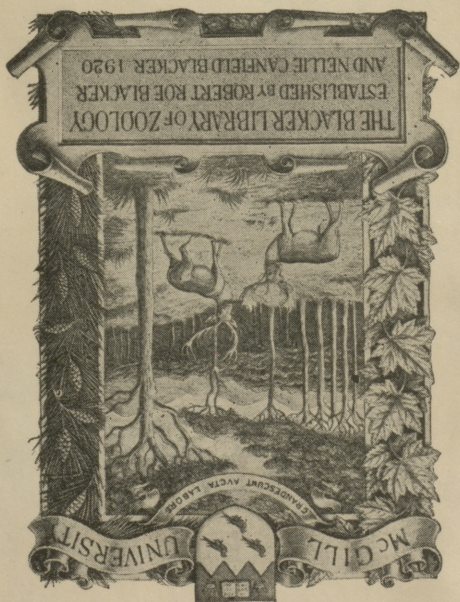


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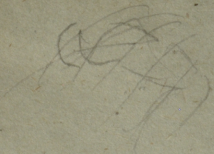
October, 2nd



Wild Ducks

Duck shooting

g o e f
g o e f
g o e f
g o e f
g o e f



Henry J. Werner
& Co. Montreal.



Witness - Nov. 22 - 1862.

A CAMPING TRIP TO CHATEAUGUAY LAKE
EARLY IN SEPTEMBER.

Leaving the Ogdensburgh R.R., at Ellenburg Station we started in a lumber-wagon for Chateaugay Lake. There is nothing remarkable in this road, until we reach Ellenburg Corners. There a small but neat village is situated, about five miles from the Station.— Driving two miles further, we came to a small village—Ellenburg Center—where there are a few neat houses, a neat and substantial church, and a post-office. At this point we leave behind us the last signs of civilization, and begin the rougher part of the journey. Soon a dense forest of gigantic pines, and smaller trees closes in and hem the road on either side, while our wagon is jolted over stones and stumps, which lie in our way. Numbers of the trees which we passed seemed to be quite dead, and stood gaunt and grim, with their naked limbs stretched skyward. Later in the fall deer are often seen crossing this road. Partridges flew up in every direction as our wagon passed along, but we allowed them to whir off unmolested.— A short but rough drive set us clear of the thick timber, and emerging we caught our first glimpse of the lower lake, lying at the feet of the smaller Chateaugay Mountains. Close by this lake stands a hotel kept by one McPherson, stationed here for the convenience of camping parties. Here you may obtain all the requisites for the camp. Having procured our boats, guides, and a well-trained dog, we started for the upper and largest lake. As we sailed up this narrow lake—which is not half as broad as the upper one—we noticed the same strange appearance of the trees ashore, that had attracted our notice before. Fire does not seem to be the destroyer, as they are not all charred, but stand in scattered groups without one strip of foliage. These groups are only the exceptions, for so far as, and wherever the eye can reach, are dense forests, clothed in their brightest green. A short row brings us to the narrow passage, connecting the two lakes. So concealed is this passage, that a boat in advance of you seems to plunge into the foliage of the trees on shore. Swiftly we glide through this opening, and dart out into Chateaugay Lake proper.

opening and dart out into the open air.

Here we have the best view of the lake; from this point it widens suddenly, and is hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains, their slopes covered with dense forests. These dense forests afford ample shelter for herds of deer which pasture there. In the center of the lake stands a rich island, rising abruptly out of the water, on its summit stands a log hut built for campers.—Several of these huts may be seen in different parts of the lake. Sailing by this island, we make for a point a little distance ahead, which is partially clear of timber. This is our chosen camping ground, and is in the neighborhood of the best fishing and hunting grounds. As the first boat neared the shore, a large rabbit jumped from the cover to have a look at us, but hardly had it shown itself when a tube, glittering in the rays of the now setting sun, was pointed, and a report echoed thundering along the mountains, discovering to us the grand echo. As we landed and drew up our boats, the dusky tints of evening had set in, and we soon found it expedient to put into use the musquito nets we had with us. The tent was soon pitched and smudge fires were lit in several places to keep off the flies, which swarmed in perfect clouds around us. Having prepared and finished our first meal, we were soon coiled under the covers. And now ye fireside sportsmen—ye who laugh at musquitoes and dare black-flies to hinder your repose—share with us this first night our tent, and if you sleep as the weary man—if your dreams run on regardless of black-flies and the musquitoes' hum,—we will indeed envy you. Although snugly tucked in blankets, and our faces covered with the finest nets, midnight found us far from the land of dreams. If any were lulled to sleep by the musquitoes' hum, it was only to dream of stinging and buzzing flies. The flies seemed to cover us, having managed to get up our sleeves and down our necks. Nets musquitoe proof, were of no avail against black flies.—Shortly after midnight a general skedaddle took place from the tent, and we were forced to lie under cover of smoke. Oiling seems to keep these flies off for a time, only until the oil has time to dry off. At last morning came, and with it our misery ceased. This fortunately was the only night we were annoyed.—Cold dewey nights setting in, the flies retired to the

swamps. A few minutes' row from our camp brought us to an inlet called Rocky Inlet. Here the trout are pretty abundant, but do not seem to be very large.—Numbers of salmon and brook trout are taken in some of these inlets—chiefly the latter. The inlets at the head of the lake seem to be the best grounds. From one of these, we brought 180 trout, the first day. A sail up one of these curious passages is well worth a visitor's time. The scenery is very wild and singular. On either side are patches of these strange, barren trees,—some of them overhanging and bending into the water; others being partly submerged, and sticking up in the shape of snags. Hundreds of grackles flew from tree to tree, with hoarse cries: (The Rusty Grackle *Quiscalus-Ferrugineus*—*Lath.*,) while now and again the lonely bittern, or great blue heron, would start up with their loud croak, to add to the wildness of the scene. If the explorer is one who delights to see Nature in her wilds, he will be filled with wonder and delight. At the extreme end of these inlets, lie meadows known as the Beaver Meadows. But let us hurry out of this forlorn spot, for if evening finds us there it will be all up with us, for this is the black-flies' territory, and they reign triumphant.

The most exciting sport in this lake is chasing the deer. They are taken either by driving them into the lake with dogs, or by night hunts. Starting one morning after breakfast, we set the dogs ashore toward the west inlet, and while one boat watched this neighborhood, another was placed some distance down the lake. The guide enters the forest with the dog, and follows it as rapidly as possible, until a trail is struck. He then returns to one of the boats, and reports the direction the dog has taken, and where the deer may be looked for. This time our deer took the very opposite direction, and went off toward Ragged Lake.—Putting up with this as best we might, the rest of the day was spent trouting. Next day we were again stationed, the dog had been ashore some time, and we were getting rather tired sitting still, when the welcome yelp of the dog, informed us he was on a trail. All again was quiet; an hour passed and we were in the same position. Ah! what sound is that? It is a distant plunge. We strain our eyes in that direction,

and are just in time to see a noble deer bounding thro' the water, and apparently making for the opposite shore. We are all impatient for a start, but a motion from our guide restrains us. Look,—the deer is again making for the near shore, and seems to have given up all idea of crossing. There is no time to be lost. The guide is put ashore and darts swiftly but stealthily towards the deer. The animal is within a few yards of the shore, when a crashing noise is heard among the trees, and he again starts across the lake. We are in readiness, and wait just long enough to get him well out, and then dart off, swift as an arrow after our game. Straining every nerve we rapidly gain upon him;—he has reached the middle of the lake, and is swimming his best. Nearer and nearer we draw until within easy rifle range; a few strokes more and the oars are slipped; a double-barrel gun is brought to the level, and a shot rings echoing from mountain to mountain; while the deer, with a plunge, lies motionless on the water. Before we reach him he is dead. Hauling our game on board, we steer once more for our camp, where the deer is put through the regular treatment, and hanged aloft out of harm's way. The deer in this neighborhood belong to the species—*Cervus Virginianus*—or Virginian deer. It is the only species of the genus ranging into Canada. Another mode of taking the deer, is by night hunts. For this purpose the darkest nights are the best, when you can make a good glare of light, with a lantern. Unfortunately, every night, while we were encamped, was bright moonlight, so that a lantern would not have been visible. One evening about half-past ten o'clock, for the novelty of the thing, we determined to have a hunt. Three of the party, well muffled up, stepped into the boat, and we pushed off on our silent voyage. One in the stern paddled, while two of us, sat gun in hand watching the shore. Paddles must be solely used on these occasions. We wound slowly out and in along the shore, watching every tree as we sailed by. The night was bright as day. A cold mist covered the surface of the water, and seemed too heavy to rise. Turning a corner sharply, we were startled by a loud crashing in the timber, as if some large animal was tearing furiously from the shore. Keeping on we soon reached the west inlet.—How dreary this strange spot looked under the moon's rays. We felt the cold dew penetrating us through

and through, and a feeling of drowsiness crept over us. How long we continued in this inlet, or how far we went up, I am unable to say, as the drear stillness of the scene, lulled me gently into the land of dreams.— The night, as we feared, proved too bright for our sport, for nothing gave us a chance for a shot in the inlet. Some wild ducks flew up with a tremendous whirr, close by, and fairly awakened us; remembering our duty, we again sat with guns in readiness. During warm and sultry nights, the flies drive the deer to the water. They generally take to one of these inlets to bathe, and feed upon the lily pads. At three o'clock in the morning we landed at our camp, and tumbling over several sleeping forms, soon forgot our cares and fatigues in sweet sleep. Our last day on the lake dawns, and we must gather our scattered utensils. The tent is struck and folded, and with two well-filled boats we push off down the lake. While sailing homeward, numbers of the large blue heron (species *Ardia Herodias*) flew up from the lake shores. One of these fine birds, starting from the near shore, was brought down by a shot from one of the party. After a short struggle, we managed to haul him aboard and secure him. He seemed to be only slightly wounded on the wing, no bone being broken. Twice he succeeded in escaping to the water, but was at last forced to submit. A consultation was now held over Herodias, and we determined to spare his life, and bring him home a living trophy. Reaching the end of our boat journey, we took to our waggon, and after a pleasant drive were again landed at Ellenburgh station.

Here our bird attracted a great deal of attention by his furious cries, which he kept up, even while in the cars, seeming to be relating his tale of grievance. A little before dusk that evening, we were again back at our starting point of the previous Monday, and here ended our week's trip to the Chateaugay Mountains and Lake; and we returned home refreshed and invigorated by their spicey breezes. For over two months our Heron might have been seen stalking with stately air up and down, as his thong would permit, carrying his head aloft with as proud an air as he had ever put on in his lonely haunts. Luckily for him, he one morning managed to give both ourselves and his cord the slip, and soared off, with a triumphant croak to his favorite marshes, far up among the Chateaugay Mountains.



1863

[For the "Witness."

THE CHATEAUGUAY MOUNTAINS AND LAKES.

A JOURNEY TO CLEAR POND, AT THE SOURCE OF THE CHATEAUGUAY RIVER.

The summit of Mount Lyons is bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, and the mountains are casting their cold shadows on the lakes; the jays are screaming harshly, as they fly to their resting-places for the night; while from afar comes the maniac laugh of the bald-eagle, as, tired with his day's sports, he rests on some lofty crag, watching the approach of night. Amid such scenes and sounds we wind up the narrow and very crooked inlet, running from Clear Pond, one of the sources of the Chateauguay River. Our progress is slow and toilsome; having to paddle through very shallow water and up a narrow channel. Here we have to cut our passage through trees which have fallen across the stream, or, lying down in the boat, we push ourselves under those of a larger growth.

Words cannot well describe the strange appearance of this weird-looking inlet, as, shrouded in the pale twilight, we wind in and out along its course. For upwards of three hours we paddle up this stream, in the midst of gloomy mountains and surrounded by the dense foliage of the alders. From all sides rise the harsh cries of bitterns and other night-birds; while now-and-again we can hear the mocking laugh of the eagle, still echoing through the mountains. And now, as if to make sport of our night-hunt on the pond, the moon rises in all her majesty, and throws her silver light on the scene.

At last, after turnings and twistings without number, we reach the edge of Clear Pond, —just six miles distant from Chateauguay Lake. Drawing up our boat, we step out, with our guns and blankets, and follow our guide towards our night's camp. This camp, we are not surprised to find, is of a very rough style. It consists of four stout poles driven into the ground, enclosing a few square feet. Over the tops of these stakes are laid large strips of bark, and the back and sides of the shanty are interlaced with hemlock-branches. The whole structure does not cover more than eight square feet. But we anticipated something of this kind, and so we disappoint our guides' expectations of having a laugh at our blank looks. Soon a roaring fire crackles up and adds its genial warmth to the scene. Our fire well started, we crawl in under our covering and enjoy a rough supper. Rabbits run around in every direction, coming up to the fire every now-and-again to stare in astonishment upon us. Overhead the dismal hoot of the owl rings out on the still air, "making night hideous." The distant howl of some wandering bear in search of a night's repast, comes strangely on the breeze. Behind us gurgle the springs of Clear Pond, sending up their icy mists, which chill us through, notwithstanding the roaring fire.

We will pass over the several trips made during the night on to the pond, and mention only the last one, made at half-past three in the morning. Rousing ourselves up, we warmed our feet at the fire, and again entered the flat-bottomed boat, which lay in readiness on the pond. In the prow of the boat, on a pole, our lantern was fixed—quite useless in a clear night like this—beside it was the seat for the shooter, while the guide paddled in the stern with a noiseless stroke. This pond covers about three acres of ground, and, strange to say, is not above (10) ten inches deep at any spot. From the sandy bottom oozed up openings of icy

water in all directions. Deer tracks were abundant, where they had crossed to some of the salt-licks on the opposite shores. These strange and extensive springs may be considered as the chief source of the U. river; beyond this pond, you may follow up the stream—which becomes very small—for nearly (10) ten miles, in the direction of Raquett or Rackett Lake.

How grand rise the lofty mountains on all sides of this dell; their summits reflecting the cold grey dawn, while on their slopes linger the last silver beams of the "Queen of night;" and as we watch, the pale yellow moonlight passes into the grey dawn of the morning. We are glad to gather round the fire once more when we return, and there remain in sleep until the sun is well up, and is sending down His rays upon the earth. We have not had breakfast, and do not expect to reach the camp on the U. Lake before five in the afternoon. Notwithstanding, we set to work with hearty good will to capture the thirty or forty pounds of trout, we expect to take back with us....

..... Again we are sailing on the narrow stream, but now it is with the current and not against it, and we make better progress. As we drop slowly down, we throw our lines in front of the boat into the dark, deep pools.—Our baskets are fast filling, and with much larger trout than those generally caught on the lakes. Suddenly we notice a spot on one shore where Bruin had been at work on the remains of a deer. We land, and follow his trail for a short distance. It leads to a small, log shanty, used for smoking or drying venison. Here his claw marks were left deep on the sides and roof, where his lordship had tried to pry between the logs. We enter the shanty, and find the usual necessaries. There are a table and stool, a sheet-iron stove, and some night lanterns for still hunting. . . . The sun is again dipping behind the mountains and tipping their peaks with gold, as we once more come in sight of Mount Lyons. Under the shadow of this mountain lies our comfortable camp, which we soon reach, after an absence of twenty-four hours. Yes, the cave and clear pond are well worthy of a visit.

H. G. V.

[For the *Witness*.

TRIPS AMONGST THE CHATEAUGUAY
MOUNTAINS AND LAKES—VISIT TO
A STRANGE CAVE.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

Once more Chateaugay Lake dances and glitters before us, in the rays of the rising sun, as we throw off our blankets and start for our day's sports. The night has been cold, almost frosty; but the mist on the lake is scattering quickly, under the sun's rays. All is preparation in the camp, for this day has a special programme attached to it. Instead of trout-rods and baskets, torches and lanterns are being laid out and trimmed, and a day's provisions packed up. We are preparing for a tough march to a distant mountain, whose blue peak may be dimly seen from our camp. High up in that mountain lies a singular cave, known to some of our guides, who have passed it while hunting. As yet this cave has not been explored; and we are in high spirits at the idea of descending into its lonely and hidden depths. The guides do not anticipate having any difficulty in leading us to it, and we are impatient for a start. Some of us, blissfully ignorant of the nature of our march, are looking to our guns and rifles, with the expectation of getting a shot at some passing deer. How heartily I wished, more than once during that day's march, that my gun was back at the camp!

All things are ready, and packed in two boats, and we start across the lake, towards the south inlet. Up this inlet we push,—scattering in every direction flocks of black-birds, and, now and again, a marsh-hen or bittern,—until we reach the Beaver Meadows. These meadows cover about a hundred acres of swampy land, and are covered with a heavy crop of tall grass. Here we haul up the boats, and leave them till our return.

Starting across the meadows we march in Indian file towards our mountain. The sun is now well up, and it is anything but cool, but with coats off and quick step, we soon enter the shade of the mighty forest. Just before reaching this shelter, however, we pass through about half a mile of very swampy ground, clothed with the tallest of grass, every here and there a fallen, burnt and blackened log, crossed our path. Hidden as these logs were, we tumbled over them in grand style, until soon we were black as they. Entering the forest we made our first halt by a small spring that runs in among the rich moss,—which carpets the ground in all directions. The holes scooped out in the moss, were now filled with clear cold water, and they kept filling as fast as we could drink. It was really a treat to get such water, its very looks made us thirsty, as it trickled through the mossy beds. We again push on through mighty pines, spruce and birch trees, some of great age and size. Here and there may be seen a towering and shaggy birch, the white bark hanging in rich festoons around its trunk and branches. As we passed along, we put a light to these trees, and soon a grand, roaring flame shot up among the branches, and sent out forked flames, high into the air. This fire lasts only a few minutes, but is a grand sight while it lasts. The trees are not injured in the slightest by it, and it seems a very common practice with the guides and hunters.—Considering the steep incline, we march on at a very fair pace, the guides marking out the road by blazed trees. We tread on a carpet of the richest moss, our feet sinking deep, at every step. In fact, moss is everywhere, not only covering the ground and fallen stumps, but also the huge rocks in the vicinity. We could rest on any of these rocks, as if reposing on cushions of the softest texture. After a pretty hard march, we reach the shanty on the Twin-ponds about 12 o'clock noon. We are only half-way, and learning this, we sit down with hearty good will, looking forward to another two hours' climb. As we thus sit, we come to the sage conclusion, that we would rather walk 12 miles on level country, than six up a wild, and pathless mountain. While rest-

~~Blankets~~

~~Cartridges (shot)~~

Curry shot loose - $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Camp Butter - $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Tea & Sugar ✓ $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Butter ✓ $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Bread ✓ $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Sea Biscuits - $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Cheese ✓ $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Matches $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

Salt - $\frac{1}{2}$ lb

ing here, we examined the rough shanty, which had been built by our guide, for winter hunting. There is more work about a shanty of this sort, than one would suppose. The floor, we found, was built of squared, spruce logs, set together as close as boards could have been, making a very solid and heavy flooring. The sides of the shanty are built of rough logs—in the usual style of log-cabins; and the roof, well covered over with large slabs of bark. The whole making a very snug cabin, even in winter. A small, sheet-iron stove, served for cooking purposes. In such a shanty, these hunters spend months during the winter in hunting. In front, lies one of the Twin-ponds,

a clear, shallow pond, covering a little over two acres, a favourite feeding ground for deer. But we must again start, if we wish to have any time at the cave. Skirting the pond, we pass again into the woods. Here our guides pointed out several trees, where Bruin had left his finger marks, and pretty large fingers he must have had, judging from the scratches left in the thick bark. We also came to several deer rests, where these animals had reclined against the trees, giving the bark a smooth and polished appearance. In this way we push on up the mountain, our halts becoming more frequent beside the refreshing springs, which everywhere pour down the slopes.

Two hours from the time we left Twin-pond Shanty, we are seated around the last spring before reaching the cave. Above us abruptly rises the summit of the mountain; and up this we must climb, at least, half-a-mile, before ending our journey and reaching the cave. From our feet the ground slopes towards the Chateauguay Lake, which we can see some seven miles distant; while, far off, beyond the dark blue forests, runs the mighty St. Lawrence, looking like a shining trout-stream. We are loath to leave our soft seats and clear spring, but the guides are moving on, and we must follow. Up, up,—tumbling, scrambling, and puffing,—from rock to rock, and from tree to tree, we rush: it is hard enough to haul ourselves up: how, then, about the guns which some of us carry? While thus climbing, and wondering when we shall arrive at the cave, we hear the welcome cheer which informs us that we are at our journey's end; and, nerved anew, we make the last charge, and come near tumbling into the deep ravine in which is the entrance to the cave. A few steps around, and we enter the gully, and halt before a huge pile of mossy and weather-beaten boulders.

Memoranda

Age ground

how fast through
Cartridges changed.

Did any of us expect a yawning cavern?—Then are we disappointed. Before us, among these rocks, is a small opening, large enough to admit a man's body. Looking through this, we can see a large tunnel, running down in darkness into the bowels of the mountain. Up to the present, we have been all impatient to reach this cave; but here we are at its entrance; and how many of us are in a hurry to launch down into that dark abyss. Our guide lifts a stone and drops it into a cave. A hollow echo comes back, and now we hear the stone booming down, down, in lengthened leaps, we know not whither. Seating ourselves round the entrance, we wait until cool enough to descend. The lanterns are well trimmed and lighted, and a few spare wax candles and matches are stowed away in our pockets. All being ready, our guides in front enter, or rather squeeze into, the opening, and the party follow. When once through, we find ourselves in a lofty chamber, about twenty feet in height. The floor is earthy and muddy, and runs down at a good incline to the end of the chamber. Large slabs of rock rise up on each side, and these seem alive with bats. One of the party pockets a specimen of these singular creatures, and, much to our amusement forgot its existence until some five days afterwards. The first chamber ran down some ninety feet, and terminated in a point. To our right lay an opening—the only orifice in this chamber—by which we entered the next passage, or room. Into this we crept on hands and knees, until reaching a stout

pole by which we descended to the lower chamber. This room was about fifteen feet high and upwards of one hundred feet in length, it much resembled the first in general appearance, and also ran down at a steep incline. As we proceed, we enter in our book the turnings, and chalk the passages we enter by an arrow-head, pointing the direction we have taken.— We next come to a narrow passage on our left, in which a man was lost for some time the year before. Passing this opening, we journey on towards the end of the chamber, which grows narrower at every step. Again we push through a low passage and enter the third chamber, a small room, about one hundred feet in height. Still further on, we pass through the passage, which has again become very small. Another hundred feet is over, when we reach a passage on our right, running east.— This we passed, and followed on in the main road. Our lights threw a yellow glare on the dark, brown walls, which, up to this time, had been in unbroken darkness. Now our road takes a turn to the north-west, and then again descends east. How strange it seems, thus to be descending, as it were, to the heart of the mountain. We all feel a current of air passing through the passages, from what quarter we cannot say. What if a strong blast should extinguish the lights !

But let us not think of these imagined dangers, only be cautious. The passage is now just three feet high, and we squeeze along, not knowing what it may lead to. If it continues so, we will just have to back out bear-fashion, as we entered. But no, the passage widens, and we once more enter a small chamber, the fourth *en route*. What a relief, after this tiresome crawling, to stand upright in a chamber of 10 feet ! This room, like the others, was funnel-shaped and tapered off towards the end. Hardly had we reached the narrow part, when a blast of impure air turned us about, and we sought out another passage, leaving this one

unexplored. We succeeded; to our right ran a very fair road soon ending in another of those strange chambers, which seemed very similar to the preceding, but smaller—at its termination, the passage was too narrow and low to allow us to proceed, and we could see no openings of any kind. We now thought our explorations at an end, and were preparing to retrace our steps, when one of the guides removed a rock, and discovered a low passage leading on. Into this, only three of the party entered, the remainder being perfectly satisfied with the extent of their explorations. These adventurers had only proceeded a few steps, when they were well repaid for their trouble—Before them stretched a beautiful chamber about eight feet in height, and of a considerable length. From the floor rose a sharp, rugged rock, on which one of the party left a signal flag in the shape of a piece of his pants. From the roof hung several stalactites of varied forms. One of them, now lying before me, is composed of lime, coloured beautifully by some animal or vegetable substance. It also has a fine polish on one side.

Passing through this, the sixth chamber, we are again upon our hands and knees, squeezing through the narrowest of any of the tunnels we had yet met with. Some eighty feet were passed over in this position, and there was no enlargement of the passage—height less than 3 feet—so we determined to halt. Having written our names and the date, on the side wall, we turn and start for the mouth of the cave. . . . See in the distance that feeble light, it is the daylight once more, and we hail with a shout this welcome spirit. How strange and green everything looks as we emerge from this tomb. Two hours have passed since entering, and we have been on the move all the time. As the sun's light again falls on us, we see that we are mud from head to foot, and in rather a tattered condition. But we have succeeded in our enterprise, and are well paid for what fatigue we have endured.

Six chambers have been explored,—to say nothing of the numerous intricate passages we have squeezed through—and a descent has been made into the cave, of close on 800 feet. Gathering for the last time around the entrance, a rifle is fired down into the cave, and the name of Collins' Cave is given to this mountain tunnel. Nat. Collins is one of our guides, and was one of the first, if not the very first, to discover and enter it. Before leaving the mountain, we explored for a short distance, another cave, to the right of this. In this cave, we found quite a curiosity in the shape of a portion of a deer's skull and horns. These horns were double the size of any ever found around these mountains, and of a different shape. An after-examination proves them to be those of the Wapiti or Canadian Elk,—a species known only in Eastern Canada, by the horns and bones, now and again turned up by some of the pioneers of the forest, and may be looked upon here as an extinct species. Much more might be said on this interesting animal, but space will not permit; another opportunity will be taken to enter more into details. We start at a brisk pace down the mountain, and set out on our long tramp campward..... The shades of night have set in, as we once more reach the meadows, and we cross these towards our boats, a more tired, but not less jolly party, than when we had left them in the morning. We row up the lake, surrounded by a thick mist, towards the camp. There we find everything comfortable, warm fires and hot coffee. Having partaken of a hearty meal of fresh trout we roll into our respective corners for the night to sleep, but not to dream, as our sleep is too deep even for dreams.

H. G. V.

Saturday. Dec 26. 1863
Witness

[For the "Witness."
SHEBAONANING OR SHEBAWNAWNING
—NORTH CHANNEL, GEORGIAN BAY.

On Sunday morning, May 28th, we sailed into the village of Shebawnawning, situated at the entrance of the North Channel, opposite George Island. On entering this channel we were at once struck with the barren aspect of everything. The island opposite the village rises like a huge mass of granite out of the water, and is scantily covered with a few stunted pines and balsams. In the rear of the village a small range of mountains, called the Lacboche mountains, rise with the same bare and rocky appearance. Between these mountains and Shebawnawning, the ground is marshy and is covered with balsams, poplars, and small pines. The village contains about eight dwelling-houses, and some three or four store-houses for the traders. At the northern part of the village, there are a number of wigwams, made in the usual manner and covered with birch-bark or mats made of plaited rushes. In a few weeks, when the fishing is better, the Indians arrive from all parts with

Pangall

their nets, and the whole site is then covered with wigwams. The chief part of the inhabitants are half-breeds and French—the Indian part being just now small. At Little Current, some 15 miles further north, they are mostly Indians, and very few French. A pretty large trade is done here in fish, chiefly white-fish and salmon-trout; the white-fish often weighing twelve and thirteen pounds each, while the salmon trout caught often reach the weight of 35 or 40 pounds. During the day we visited several of the wigwams. In each there were several families all crouched round in a shockingly filthy state. In fact, we were so disgusted that we did not care to remain long in any of their dwellings. The floors of some of the wigwams were covered with very neat mats made from rushes. These mats are made very nicely by the Indians of Manitouwaning and other villages. During the day, the bark covering of the wigwam is removed for the purpose of ventilating it, and the inmates then lie around on the ground in all directions. We came across several strange groups, in each of which there were one or more children strapped on to boards. These Indians belong to the Chipewyan tribe, and are scattered over the Manitoulin island, along with other tribes. They are all of a very dark color, with rather fine eyes, and long glossy black hair. The squaws do not seem to have any pride about them as regards their personal appearance, but care always in a very slovenly state. They differ in this respect very much from those of the Mohawk tribe in

Venison

Blinnet -

Cartridges

Trose Hat -

Camp Kettle

Butter

Truss

Coak

~~Box~~

Mittens -

Subsistence

Mills -
Blanket.
Sugar -
Matches -
Cups
Wands -
Cauterizers
Lamb
Peppers
Rolls -

Map -

habiting the village near Montréal. It is very hard to get them to work, as if they have enough to eat they would much rather lie around. The black flies in this vicinity are very numerous, and it is almost impossible to sleep, their attacks are so incessant. Their bite is very painful, as they generally take out a piece of flesh and leave a mark, which remains for some time. We have spoken to surveyors here who have tried every kind of composition said to keep off the flies, and they pronounce them utterly useless in the north-west lands. In striking through a piece of low land we have always to adopt the following plan, practised by the explorers here:—A linen bag is drawn down over the head and neck, holes being left for the eyes and mouth; over this the coat is buttoned close up to the neck; the coat sleeves and trowser legs are then tied close down to each limb, to prevent the flies from getting under the clothes, as they will creep into any opening they find. Thus arrayed you may make a journey during the black fly season in comparative comfort. Camphor will always be found very useful in allaying the inflammation caused by the bite of the fly. It is a curious fact that the black fly seldom troubles one much after six in the evening, as they then seem to rest; but their place is well filled by the sand-fly and mosquito. For some days the country has been filled with dense smoke, the woods on all sides being on fire. This place for miles around was swept by the fire last summer, and presents a very dreary aspect. The nights are yet very cold, with a north easterly wind.

The Indians of Shebawnawning seem at any rate to be honest, while at Little Current they are of a very thieving disposition, and nothing is safe near their reach. It is a sad but true fact that the Indian tribes who have come more or less into contact with the white traders, are, beyond a doubt, the greatest thieves and drunkards. On the great Manitoulin Island there are several infidel tribes, who keep themselves entirely apart from the others, and these we can travel amongst without any precaution, leaving our provisions and boats on the shore without the slightest danger, knowing the people to be honest. These tribes have been visited by missionaries of more than one sect, but their ever ready reply is that "they wish to remain honest, and do not care to learn to drink and steal." Some of the chiefs of these tribes are noble and intelligent-looking men. The great Manitoulin Oil Company are now in treaty with the Indians for permission to take a lease of land for some ten years. This the Indians are willing to grant, provided there is only one Company employed. On the Manitoulin Island, as yet, the wealth seems to be on the Indian lands, viz, oil and gypsum; whereas, on the Government portion little has yet been found but a small vein of plumbago, and this not likely workable.

The objections the Indians have to more than one company being employed on their oil lands ought to be respected; namely, that their children, and particularly their young women, are brought into contact with many very loose characters, who would likely be employed in working these lands, and they reason—and very reasonably—the fewer of these the better for their peace and quiet. The Indians, we can see,

would rather have nothing to do with the whites at all, but they see that it is for their interest to give in in some points. I might also note down as a matter of interest, that at Maple Point, on the Manitoulin Island, a large quantity of black sand was found containing a large percentage of iron. The origin of this iron sand has not yet been much looked into. A similar sand occurs on several other parts of Georgian Bay between this point and Owen Sound. The Ki-ni-ki-nick plant grows in great abundance on the rocks on all the islands in the vicinity of the North Channel. It is dried and used for smoking by the Indians, and also the traders. A short sail up this channel brings us out again into the bay. Although the mountains rising in the distance are bare and rugged, yet contrasting them with the numerous beautiful green islands which arise every here and there from the water, the whole effect is very pleasing. On a still evening, paddling our bark canoe through such a place, the whole scene is enchanting: the bay shining like glass and reflecting the numerous islands clearly from its surface; the splashing of the large trout as they play on the surface of the water; the rather mournful but musical cry of the whippoorwill as he skims the water after his favorite insect, the mosquito; the hollow booming of the marsh bull-frog; and now and again the distant shriek of the bald eagle from the rugged mountains,—these and many other sounds surround us as we smoothly and quietly glide from the shadow of one island into that of another, undisturbed by the buzz of civilization and alone with nature and her works.

May 30th.

H. G. V.

Tuesday
June 13, 1865

[For the MONTREAL WITNESS.

LAKES MANITOU AND MINDEMOYA.—
INTERIOR OF MANITOULIN ISLAND.

For the past few weeks we have been paddling over the quiet solitudes of Lake Manitou and Mindemoya, visiting and camping amid their numerous bays, and climbing along their rock-girt shores. Many an evening has our brilliant fire shed its light around on the gloom of the forest, or thrown its reflection on the clear waters of some lonely bay. All is quiet here. The axe of the settler does not yet break in upon the quiet of this sanctum of nature; but the woods resound with far different sounds,—sounds peculiar to the unbroken wilderness. As the sun sets, bathing sky and water in those rich golden tints so often seen by the tourist in Canada, the night concert begins with the musicians of the swamps. On one side begins that style of song, so familiar to every one,—that shrill piping started by one, and then swelling in strength as the remainder of the fraternity join in the evening hymn. While, from the reedy shores, the old patriarch of Canadian nightingales, the marsh bull-frog, calling upon his comrades, joins in the evening uproar, which is fast increasing. From another direction—but still from the neighborhood of the swamps—the noise as of a whole company of ship-carpenters arises on the night air, hammering, sawing, riveting, and various other busy sounds. Thus the uproar continues until early dawn, when, one by one, the musicians cease, and rest in their moist retreats until the again fading light tells them that another day has flown.

The forests have their sounds also, and these now and again break in during the night in different strains, such as the child-like cry of the American rabbit, the howl of the wandering bear, and the doleful hoot of the gray owl, as perched overhead he goggles and laughs at our two white tents, and mouldering fire. But still

"there is music in the air," and easily distinguishable from the other sounds, it rises on the evening air as a gentle tranquillizing song. Music such as the breeze would bear, passing through the strings of a thousand *Æolian* harps to the listener's ear. It is the song of the blood-thirsty mosquito. To the sportsman these forests and lakes would be of much interest. The marshy bays and reedy shores teem with every variety of duck and other water-fowl, which afford rich sport in their season. During the present month the old birds may be seen on all parts of the lakes, closely followed by their young, which they protect with motherly care. The lakes are filled with fish, such as the salmon and brook trout, black bass, white fish, pickerel, and herrings; all of which in season may be caught in great numbers. While on the land the sportsman may enjoy the excitement of the bear hunt, or wild-cat chase, amid the tangled forests of the interior. I may note here a trait in Bruin's character, with which I was before unacquainted, namely, that during the present month, and latter end of June, the male bears are to be met with in large parties, wandering together through the timber by means of beaten tracks. On some of our portages we have crossed these broad tracks, made but the evening before, which a party of some ten or twelve must have travelled over together. When thus congregated, these creatures are very bold and fierce, and are much dreaded by the Indians on that account. We have as yet met with only three; one wandering alone among the cliffs on Lake Manitou, and two others on the shores of a small lake to the South-west. These individuals all appeared much alarmed on seeing us, and gave us a very wide berth. This circumstance may be well known to the hunter, but I give it as an interesting trait in their habits. Besides the sportsman, the artist and lover of fine scenery would find here both grand subjects for the pencil and recreation for the mind. The brilliant sunrise and sunset over lake and forest when all nature seems robed in her resplendent colors, or the same scenes as viewed under the clear, silver rays of the queen of night.

Further than this we fear we have little else to note of interest to the tourist. He might wander through these wilds for weeks, even months, without meeting with more than one or two Indian families, and about as many small clearings, called Indian gardens. On them he might find corn, potatoes, peas, and such like, growing on the shallow soil which covers the everywhere present rock. A few years

suffice to use up this soil for agricultural purposes, when the Indian moves off to look out another locality, where for a year or two more he may plant his crops. These few remarks apply to the gardens we have seen in the neighborhood of the before-named lakes. Lake Manitou is also called lake Tecumthey, but is not known to the Indians by that name. From extreme point to point it is about 12 miles in length, but 10 miles may be considered its actual measurement, being about 7 in breadth. The water, as is the case in many of these lakes, is very clear, and the rocks may be seen in its bottom to a great depth. A portage from a bay on the north-east side, leads to lake Mindemoya, passing about half-way way round the shore of a small lake, called by the Indians Otter Lake. This small lake is about one mile and a half long, by three-quarters of a mile in breadth. White fish abound in its waters, and are caught in great numbers. By paddling across this lake, the portage is a good deal shortened, as the road runs round the shore. We next arrive on the shores of Lake Mindemoya, or "Old Woman's Lake." Rising abruptly from about the middle of this lake, to the height of about one hundred feet, is an Island, having the same name, "Old Woman's Island." This Island, we have

also black water-snakes. Our people would not land on this island, and seemed afraid even to approach it in canoes. Whether these snake stories are to be relied on or not seems very doubtful, as the Indians we have questioned cannot say they have themselves seen any.— We have noticed many snakes around our different camping grounds, but all harmless species, such as the striped garter snake, grass snake, chicken, and a few small water snakes; it would not require a very great stretch of imagination to take one of these chicken snakes for the dreaded rattlesnake, and I am inclined to doubt for one the existence of such a number of said snakes on the island as there are said to be.— Whether the rattlesnake of these parts is poisonous or not is a question yet to be answered, as I am not aware of any case as yet where the bite has proved fatal. Like Manitou, Lake Mindemoya is surrounded by rocky coasts; here and there, however, where the rock runs at a little distance from the water, there are spots of comparatively good land, and on these are several Indian clearings or gardens; one of these, in particular, on the shore near the portage road to Lake Huron, appeared to us as very neatly kept. In the middle stood a neat log-house, roofed in with cedar bark; in the interior were several well made reed mats, and a few carpenter's tools,—corn, potatoes, and pumpkins were growing well, and the soil seemed very fair for the locality. This clearing was in the midst of a forest of maple, and many of the trees showed evidence of sugar operations.— Around, and in the vicinity of this lake, we found growing, trees of the wild apple, plum, and cherry, also wild gooseberries, orange lilies, the iris, and a large species of ladies' slipper grew in abundance.

Lake Mindemoya is about six miles in length and three in width. Its whole appearance is very picturesque; but, over and around it, reigns the same all-pervading quiet, so striking to the traveller on these interior lakes. Bald eagles soar overhead in all directions, or sit perched in the craggy cliffs, watching the indus-

trious fish hawk as he toils beneath. Too lazy to fish for themselves, this king of birds patiently awaits the success of the hawk, when quitting his perch he pursues the successful bird, and with a fierce screech of exultation robs him of his prey. In wandering among these lakes we had expected to meet with perchance an Indian's burying place, but have not yet crossed any. It was, and yet seems, the custom with many tribes to bury with their dead, or rather place over the grave, such articles as a small canoe, hatchets, pipes, tobacco, linen, &c., to be of use to the departed in his "happy hunting ground." One or two of these deposits have been seen, near the Indian village of Weguimakong, but they are now seldom met with, the missionaries having shown the Indians the folly of such provision. At Lacloche, however,—the Hudson Bay Post,—these graves may yet be seen in a lone quiet spot, surrounded by such articles as we before mentioned. H.G.V.

Gibraltar Lock Camp, July 15.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INDIANS OF LAKE HURON.

MANITOUANING BAY, July 8th, 1865.

To the Editor of the Daily Witness.

Dear Sir,—I regret exceedingly that any remarks in my previous letters should have given pain to any Christian teacher in either Little Current or Manitouaning. There is no doubt but that great improvement is visible at both of these places of late years owing to missionary labor. But, after having carefully read over my letters, I must say that, were I to rewrite them, I could not alter but one statement.

Mr. Burkett's letter from Little Current finds fault with my statement concerning the dishonesty of the Little Current Indians; the filthy state of the wigwams at Shebaonaning; and the distance between this place and Little Current. I may just mention here that I have spent some time both in Shebaonaning and at Little Current, and have visited many of their houses, and seen much of their daily life, so that my statements are chiefly drawn from personal observation. Having to wait over some time at each of the above-mentioned places, on my way to Manitouaning, I sought out all the information I could respecting both of them and as to where my provisions might be stored with the greatest safety. The result was that, with one single exception, Shebaonaning was at once mentioned as the most secure place,—the Indians in the neighborhood of Little Current being looked upon by nearly every one we spoke to as a noisy, dishonest set.

Again, a gentleman whose name I could give—if required—and now head of the present party, gives very weighty evidence on this point. Some few years ago, while stopping over at Little Current for one night, he had his canoe entirely riddled of all provisions, and was obliged to go twelve miles out of his way, to Lacloche—a Hudson Bay post—to fit up again. At the same time I add, with pleasure, that Little Current is fast improving in this respect, and, no doubt, before long, will be a model Indian settlement. Secondly, as regards the wigwams I alluded to, Mr. B— has entirely misunderstood me. My letter referred to Shebaonaning, where there are just such filthy wigwams as I have described. This fact can be borne out by more than one of our party, who also visited them. The only neat houses I saw at S. were the dwellings of a surveyor and white traders, and one or two half-breeds. Mr. Barkett is correct in his statement that there are no wigwams at Little Current,—a fact which was never questioned,—that the houses are neat, and some of them may even compare with those of the white settler. As regards the distance between S. and Little Current, I have since found it much more than I was at first informed, and have no doubt it is nearly 80 miles, as Mr. B states. Mr. Sim, of Manitouaning, asks an additional question, namely, where are these Pagan tribes on the Manitoulin Island? Had I used the word “families” instead of “tribes,” it might have been more correct. A few more remarks I have to make with respect to some of these Indians will also answer Mr. S.’s question. While at Shebaonaning I met with a surveyor who has for many years resided in the vicinity of Manitoulin Island, and who has traversed this island in his explorations in every direction. From this gentleman I learned that on the shores

of some of the interior lakes I would find infidel tribes, who took a pride in showing their honesty by refraining at all times from pilfering habits, who were total abstainers from any kind of strong drink. He also informed me that he had met with many who would not join any religious sect, as they feared to turn out like many of their neighbors, when the supposed convert had returned to his old habits again. This information is from one who is perfectly reliable, and who has spent many years in explorations on and in the vicinity of the Manitoulin. Much of this I have myself since found correct. A few days ago, we paddled along the shores of Lake Man'tou. Far up on the northwest shore, we came upon a small clearing on a neck of land running out into the lake. Here, on landing, we found an old infidel Indian and family living, far from any Indian settlement. In his small clearing he had some corn, pumpkins, and potatoes, planted, and coming on wonderfully well, when we consider the pooriness of the soil. A fish-spear and other fishing implements showed his means of livelihood. We managed to get a good deal of information from him with regard to a small lake back of his clearing. This lake he sketched roughly for us, by means of a piece of charred wood on birch bark. Before going we offered him some of our ready-made tea, which, after some hesitation, he took. Our Indian interpreter informed us that there were many of these infidel Indians, who would take

nothing cooked by us, but would, without hesitation, take the raw material and cook for themselves. These Indians I have since met with, scattered through the interior, and sometimes in the neighborhood of villages. But, as yet, I have not met them "as tribes," as I was informed, but as families, living some miles from settlements, and owning a small clearing, sugar bush, and fishing grounds. These Indians of whom we have been speaking, profess to believe in the Great Manitou, and some of them in the evil one. We were at once struck with their manner of life, as compared with many of the lazy characters in the environs of some of the villages. They go about their work day by day, "earning their bread by the sweat of their brow," with good health and strong constitutions, unimpaired by strong drink, which they always shun. There are many more of these clearings, on good spots of land, on Lakes Minde moy and Kagawong. Over at the Indian village of Wcquimaking there are also several families who belong to no particular sect, and seem to resemble more the Indians of the interior Lakes in their daily life and conduct. We have employed many of the Indians, both from Manitouaning and inland, and as yet they have proved good, honest hands. Many of the M. Indians have gardens which do them much credit. I have some further notes with regard to the island, which I shall send at a future period.

Yours truly,

H. G. V. W

WOLF!—A fine large specimen of the grey wolf of Canada was received on Saturday by Mr. H. G. Vennor of the Geological Office. The animal was killed in the township of Levant, Ont., about 25 miles to the rear of the town of Perth. We believe it is to be presented to the Museum of Natural History in this city. Mr. Vennor informs us that during the past fall, both wolves and deer were uncommonly plentiful in the section of country explored by him, namely: in Levant, Palmerston, and Blythfield. The wolves came down from the barren grounds very early in the season, and were met with or heard around many of the small lakes in the interior. It is not an uncommon occurrence for deer to be driven close to the very dwellings of the settlers by these fierce creatures, when they appear to lose all fear of man, and even seem to seek his protection from their relentless pursuers. In one instance a doe which came under Mr. Vennor's notice, chased by wolves entered the enclosure of a settler and joined his herd of cattle, not shewing any fear of a large colley or sheep dog which was keeping watch over them. Nor did the dog take any notice of the deer, further than to guard it like the other cattle, driving it every night with them into an inner and more secure enclosure. A few days after this deer was joined by another, which, however, would not enter the enclosure, but for several days fed and slept in the clearance, within rifle-shot of the shanty. Strict orders were given that no one should molest these poor creatures, and for a time they were perfectly secure. Unfortunately for them, however, a party of hunters with hounds arrived on the scene one evening, and before night the hounds were missing and nowhere to be found. On search being made the deer were also found to have fled.

- 1875 -

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A LONE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND. 1865

Early on the morning of the —, we sailed before a fine breeze into one of the many unnamed bays on the northern shore of the Manitoulin Island. Skirting its shores, we were endeavoring to find a secure harbor, in which we could, with safety, moor our boat, out of reach of the rough waves of Lake Huron. A suitable spot soon appeared, in the shape of a small, but deep stream, running into the bay from some inland lake. Into this stream we pushed our small craft, and then scattered around in search of a camping ground. It was while thus wandering along the shores of the stream, that one of our party suddenly, but unknowingly, broke in upon the borders of one of the lone burying-grounds of the Ojibway Indians. In a few moments we were all gathered round, and examining with great interest, the curious monuments and fixings over and around the graves. It was a secluded spot, hedged in by shrubbery, and lay within a few paces of the lake shore. The graves were placed here and there, behind and between the bushes, and were so scattered that it was difficult to find out their number.

This likely had been for years the burying-ground of one or two families of Indians who were in the habit of fishing in the vicinity. No Indian village is situated near it, but we saw the remains of a sort of temporary encampment not far distant from the spot. A hurried sketch of this sacred retreat of the Indians may be of some interest. In the middle, stood one of the most prominent graves; and from the care taken in its construction, and outside markings, we were led to suppose, the deceased must either have been a famed hunter or a chief.—The outside was in the shape of a low hut, and was covered over with slabs of cedar bark. In front a straight pole was fastened in the ground about six or seven feet in height, and on its top a large pair of deer-antlers were secured. These horns were bleached white from exposure, and must have been there for a considerable time. Looking into this outer frame-work we noticed along its floor a low roofing of birch bark, about one foot above the ground, and with the edges of the bark turned down into the earth; at one end of this inner structure, there was also, a short stake of split cedar fastened; a portion of this was painted vermilion, and on its top, three tri-colored ribbons were fastened. We also noticed inside this outer casing, some pieces of linen and some clothes. In fact, a piece of linen or cloth was tied to every grave we saw there. The other graves were much of the same construction, but not so prominent; and only two others had the antlers of a deer beside them. The three-colored ribbons were also wanting in those we afterwards examined. Some, how-

ever, had a circle of red paint drawn around their graves, and a figure of some animal cut out on the head stake. One, for example, had a very neat figure of a beaver cut out. We think it likely that these figures may stand for the name of the deceased Indian; as in many cases they have names such as "The Beaver," "The Muskrat," and the like, often given to them in addition to their true name; this last, indeed, being often entirely forgotten. One Indian, for example, whom we employed this summer, was called in Indian, "The Bird of the Air," and by this name he has always been known.

In many other instances we noticed that clothes had been placed near the graves; and likely tobacco and pipes had also been deposited; as this is their usual custom. Often—as I mentioned in a former letter—small canoes, fish-hooks, and spears are deposited in a like manner; but of these, in this instance, we saw nothing.

At this point, the river and surrounding scenery presents a picture singularly wild and beautiful, and well suited to the artist's pencil. On our right, as we stepped over the logs, the river came towards us in a rapid but smooth flow; while to our left, after passing under us, it plunged and boiled down the deep ravine, on its way towards the great lake. A birch-bark canoe lay concealed in the brush close by, which the Indians likely use in ascending the river to Kagawongi Lake.

Shortly after crossing the river, the trail runs through some very fine hardwood land, with Indian clearings or gardens. These last are decidedly the finest we have yet seen on the island. They lie a short distance back from the shore of K—— Lake, and are planted with fine crops of corn and potatoes. Some of them are sixty or seventy acres in extent. A few airy looking dwellings, built of birch rods and cedar bark, were to be seen here and there, which I imagine the Indians use while at work on their crops. Some of these houses resembled the dome-shaped ice-houses of the Esquimaux, and were neatly covered over with large slabs of bark—a hole being left at the top of the dome, to serve as a chimney. These gardens and houses were also empty, and not an Indian was to be seen in the neighborhood. We think it probable that until the crops are ready to gather in, they are engaged in fishing at some distance from the settlement. While coasting along the shores on both sides of this great island, we have seen every here and there the scattered wigwams of Indian fishermen; sometimes two or three in company, but more generally the solitary wigwam with its usual accompaniments, black-haired, dirty children, and a host of half-famished looking dogs.

No sooner does the "Saganosh"—the white man—approach an Indian wigwam than he is surrounded by a snarling crowd of these dogs, great and small, of every shade of color and description, from the large Esquimaux-looking dog to the meanest cur imaginable. In choosing our camping ground we generally tried to avoid all such encampments, but could not always succeed in doing so. Often, after having pitched our tents for the night, as we hoped, unobserved, have we been visited by canoe loads of Indians, who from some secluded spot had seen us pass by. Their object in thus visiting us seemed to be partly to satisfy their curiosity and also to exchange their fish and berries for flour and pork. One evening after having coasted along for miles, and seen no signs of Indian encampments, we turned into a deep bay to camp for the night. On our way down this bay we noticed one wigwam, which we passed, and kept on until near the bight of the bay. Here we camped on an island some distance from the mainland. Hardly were the tents up when we noticed two canoes approaching; as they drew nearer they presented a strange spectacle, a rare picture for the photographer. The canoes were small, but every available space was filled with men, women, and children; there they sat chattering and staring as if the sight of a "pale-face" on their shores was a very strange event. There were over fourteen persons in one of these canoes, the greater number being women and children.

This group likely represented a whole family, as the very youngest children were also in the canoe. They had evidently returned from gathering blueberries, and all had baskets filled with this fruit. These berries they offered us in exchange for pork or flour.— When we had supplied them with these last-named articles, they paddled off highly pleased, seemingly, with the result of their visit. These blueberries are not found on all parts of this island, but only here and there, and generally in the vicinity of quartzite rocks. The Indians we met with at the western end of the island, and along the north shore up to this settlement, have been in small and scattered groups. They are remarkably dark, some of their children being almost as black as negroes.

Most of them seem to be active and stick to their fishing with a good deal of perseverance; but like all we have yet seen,—with one or two exceptions,—they are exceedingly filthy in all their habits. The islands called the Northern, Southern, Eastern, and Western Ducks, are considered good fishing grounds, and there the Indians catch great numbers of salmon trout and white fish." H. G. V.

September 8. 1865

NOTES BY THE WAY.

KAGAWINGE SETTLEMENT—MANITOULIN.

As a change of study often affords rest to the weary mind, so in many instances a break in the monotony of scenery—even though this be grand—will relieve and give fresh enjoyment to the eye. Thus it was when after skirting the rocky coasts on the north shore of this island, seeing no other signs of man than the here and there solitary wigwam of the Indian hunter, we entered a deep and rather beautiful bay, known by the Indians as West Bay. At the right of this bay there is a small Indian settlement, called by the name of Kagawingé, a name for which I cannot find an English meaning. It is situated in a very picturesque spot, at the mouth of a small river, which runs into this bay from Kagawingé Lake; a lake about two miles inland. On either side of this village rise two high cliffs, forming at their bases a deep ravine, through which the stream runs.

Seldom, if ever, have we seen a more miserable village, situated in a more desirable locality. The huts, six in number, were of the meanest description. They were built in the usual In-

dian style, with rough logs, and roofed in with cedar bark. One hut had the windows glazed; the other dwellings seemed to have both doors and windows boarded up, and may possibly have been deserted. In addition to these, there were two or three other log-houses, which seemed to have been used as store-houses. Here were the dwellings, but where were the inhabitants? Of these, we could see nothing. A few half-starved dogs, prowled around the empty dwellings, showing that the Indians had been in the vicinity.

Following a small trail which led from the village, we entered another of those "lone burying-grounds" we have before described. This cemetery was little different from the former one; the enclosures seemed somewhat neater, and it was a good deal more extensive. On one grave we noticed, in addition to the pieces of linen, some dried medicinal herbs tied to the same stake; on the outside a small wooden boat was secured, about 10 or 12 inches in length. It is rather a remarkable fact, that the canoes and hunting implements thus deposited, are always mere toys, and seldom exceed a few inches in length. This fact, I think, must prove in a measure, that the Indians keep up this form, more from old habit and custom, than from any real belief that these can be of any service to the spirits of the deceased. Following another trail which led into the interior, we again came to a bend of the Kagawingé River. The trail passed over here, on a rough bridge of logs, placed together for this purpose by the Indians.

These lone burying-grounds of the Indians, with their many strange surroundings, and showing forth by such surroundings, the sincere, but senseless exertions of the poor Indian to benefit his departed, cannot be looked upon by the stranger, without giving rise to feelings of pity, and to an earnest hope that ere long he may learn the true nature of the future life.

There must be many such burying-places in various parts of the Manitoulin Island, and, likely, many of greater interest than the one we

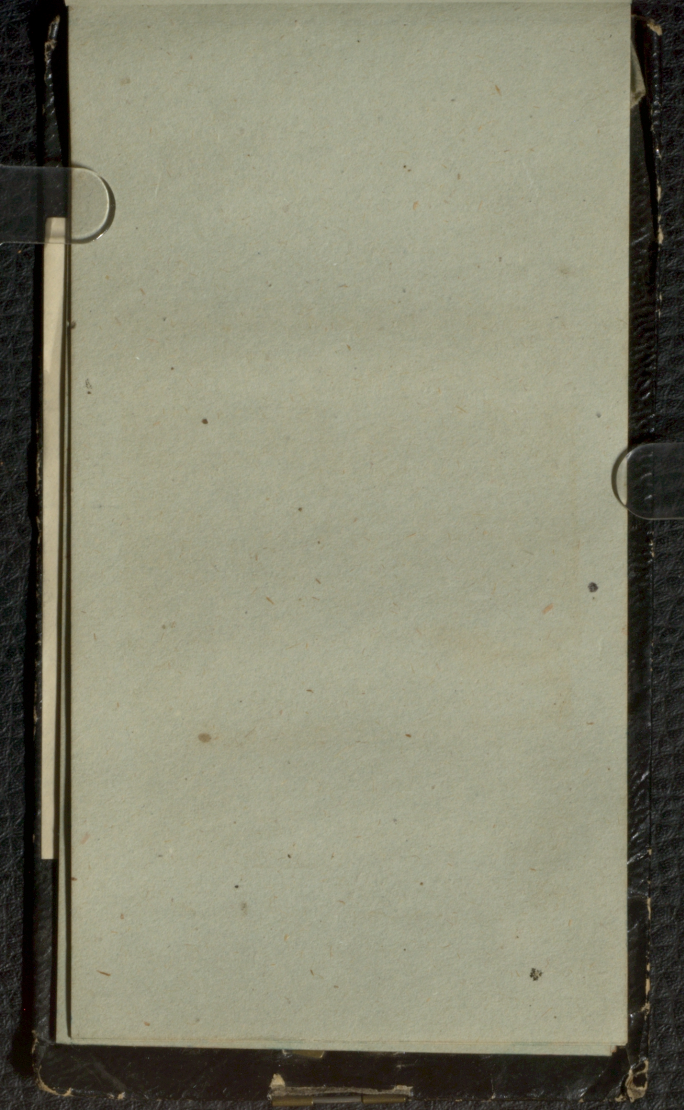
have just sketched. But they are so carefully concealed and watched over by the Indians, that although we have gone over the greater part of the island, this cemetery of the Pagan Indians has been the first and only one yet met with.

We, however, have noticed in several of the Indian villages, neat cemeteries connected with their chapels,—such as the one at Manitouaning, which is placed beside their neat chapel, and is in nearly every respect the same as those seen in the country villages within a few miles of any of our cities.

H. G. V.

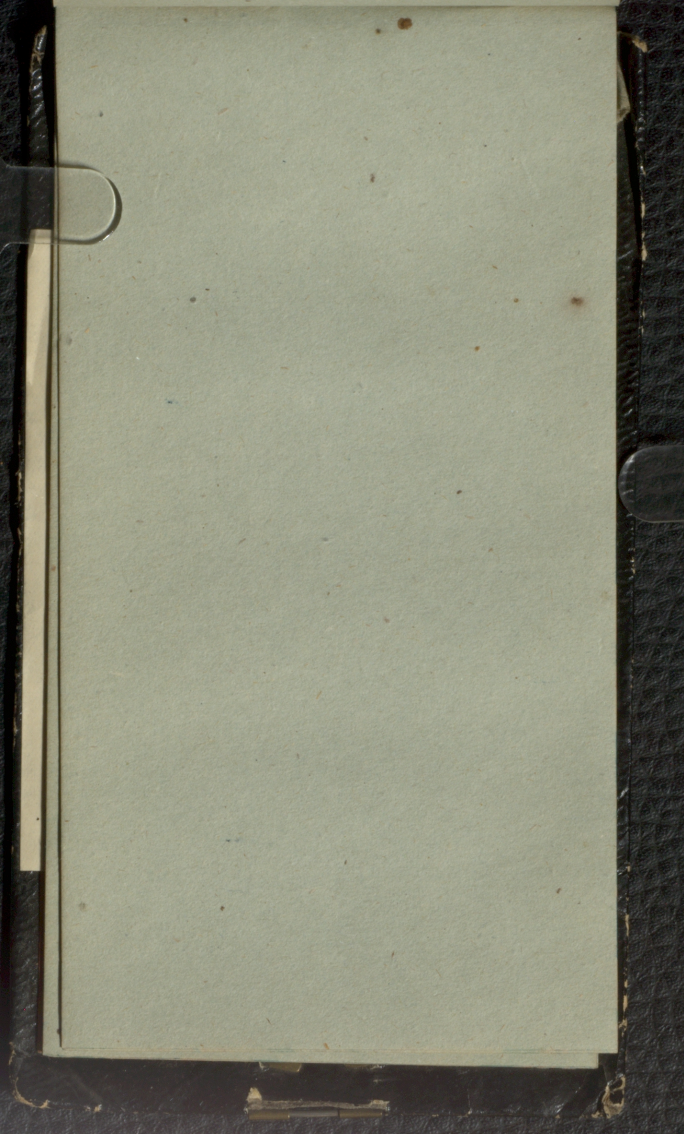
Cemetery Bay, Manitoulin Island, Lake Huron.

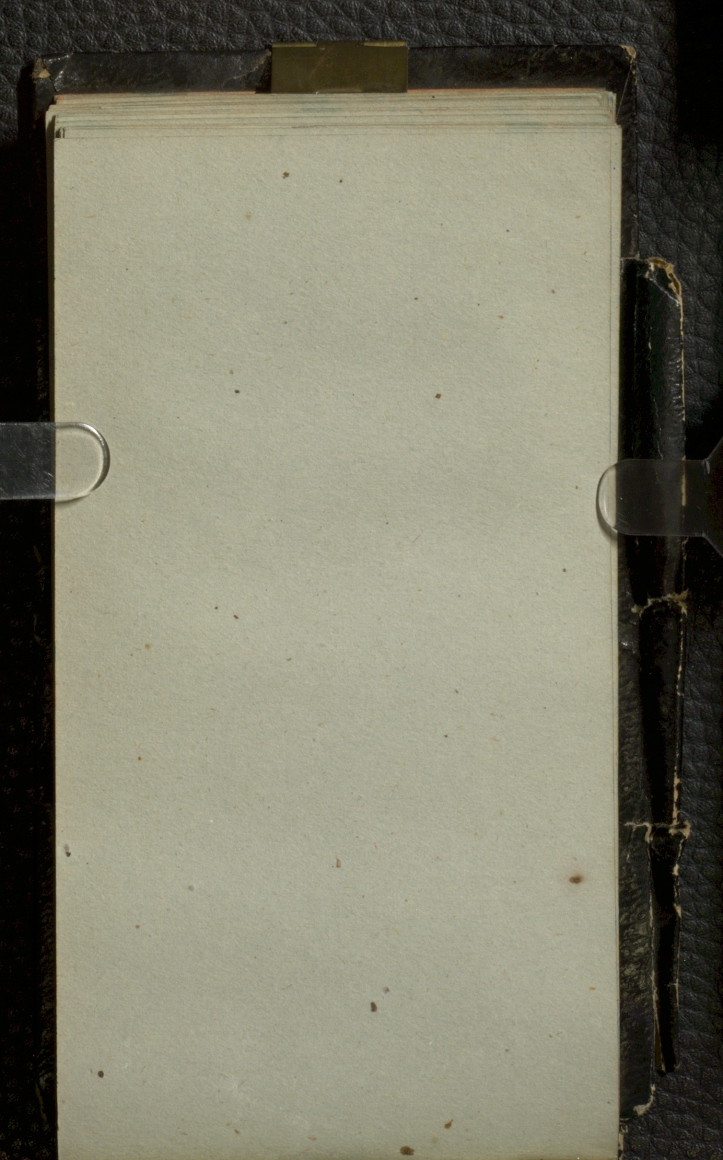
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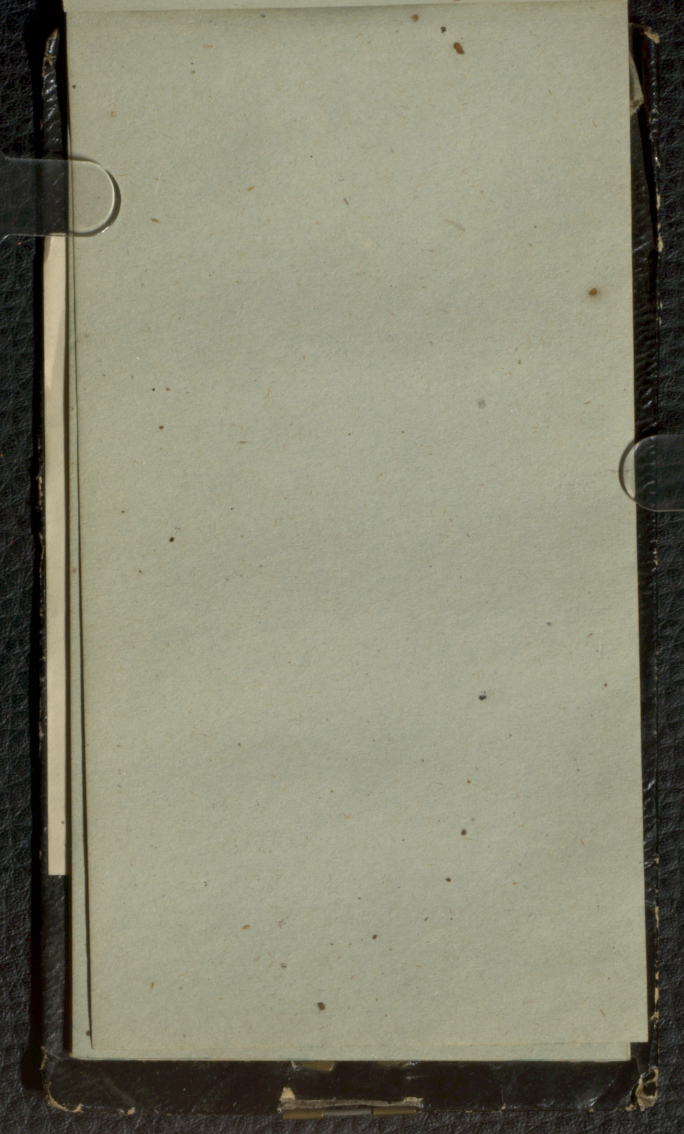




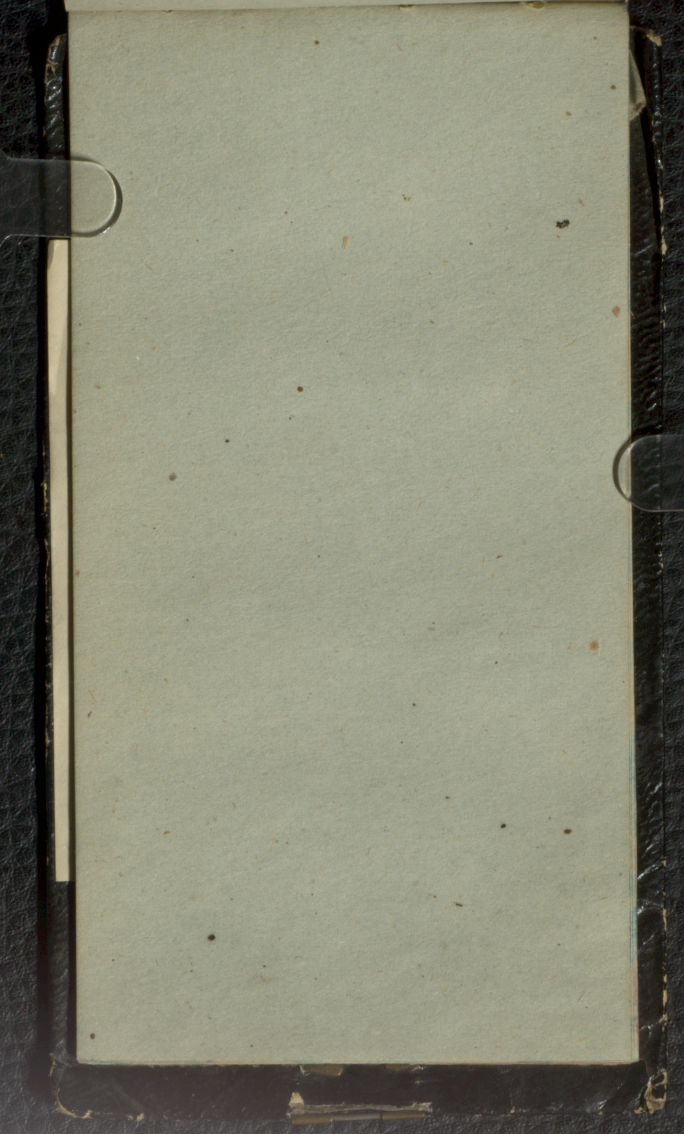




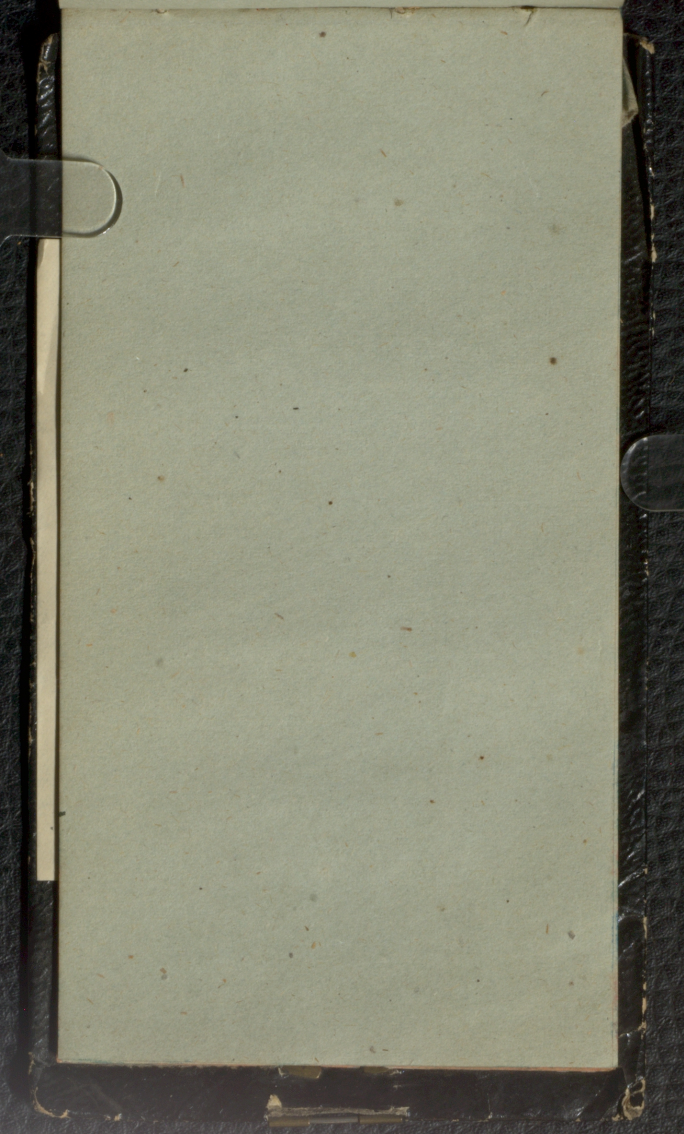




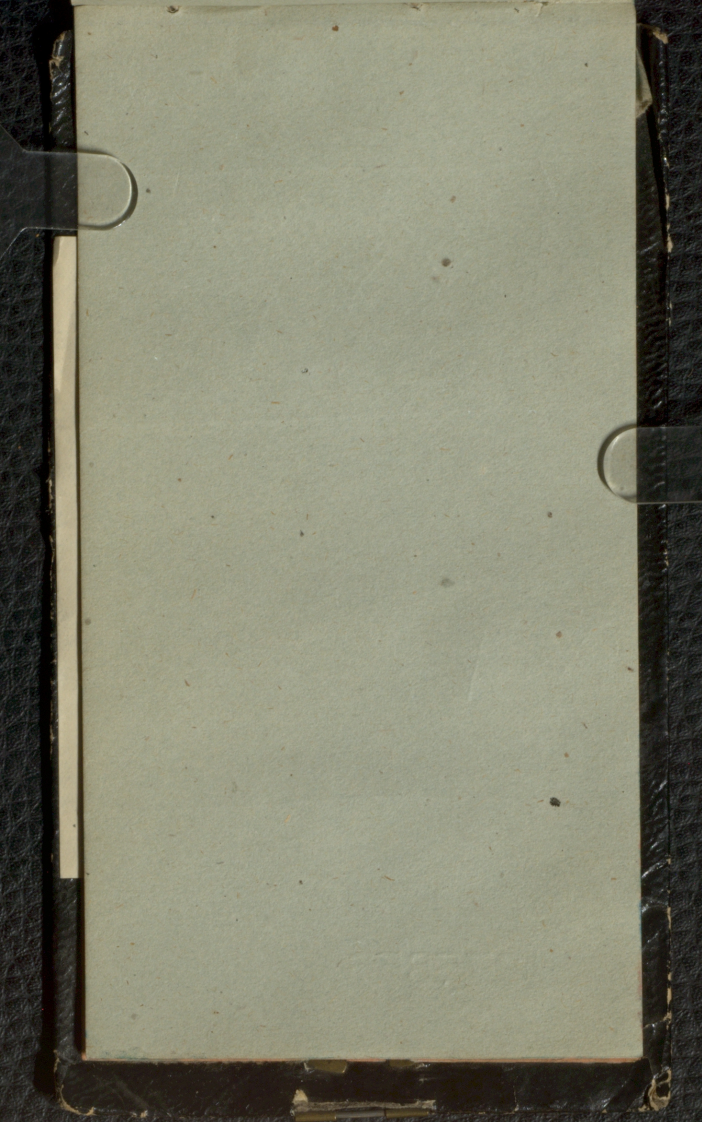












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