

Lake Saint-François, which is from four to six miles in breadth. The wind was high, and the snow, drifting over the expanse, prevented us, at times, from discovering the land, and consequently (for compass we had none) from pursuing, with certainty, our course.

Toward noon, the storm became so violent, that we directed our steps to the shore, on the north side, by the shortest route we could ; and, making a fire, dined on the remains of the Indian hunter's bounty. At two o'clock, in the afternoon, when the wind had subsided, and the atmosphere grown more clear, I discerned a *cariole*, or sledge, moving our way, and immediately sent my guide to the driver, with a request, that he would come to my encampment. On his arrival, I agreed with him to carry me to Les Cédres, a distance of eight leagues, for a reward of eight dollars. The driver was a Canadian, who had been to the Indian village of Saint-Regis, and was now on his return to Les Cédres, then the uppermost white settlement on the Saint-Lawrence.

Late in the evening, I reached Les Cédres, and was carried to the house of M. Leduc, its seignior, by whom I was politely and hospitably received. M. Leduc being disposed to converse with me, it became a subject of regret, that neither party understood the language of the other ; but, an inter-