

in the evening at Mr. Cowan's, on the opposite side of the bay. Re-embarked, and sailed across in little more than an hour; it blew so fresh before we arrived that we were obliged to lower our sails. Upon landing, unloaded and hauled up our canoes, encamped in the woods a small distance from the lake, and about half a mile from Mr. Cowan's house, or rather fort, for it is a square stockade; his house is in one, his store opposite to it in another, an out-house for potatoes, corn, &c., in a third, and the gate in the fourth. He does not allow the Indians to get drunk within the garrison. Soon after we had encamped the Indians arrived, and the Governor made each of them a present of tobacco. About eight o'clock, Mr. Cowan, who had been out hunting all day, returned. He sent His Excellency some ducks, and shortly afterwards came to pay his respects. Mr. Cowan is a decent, respectable looking man, and much liked by the Indians. He was taken prisoner by the French at Fort Pitt, during the war of '58 and '59, when a boy. He has adopted all the customs and manners of the Canadians, and speaks much better French than English. He has been settled at Matchetache upwards of fifteen years without once going to Lower Canada. He makes an annual trip to Michillimackinac to meet his supplies there and forward his furs to Montreal. He has in general six Canadians engaged with him, and is well known to that class of people by the name of Constant.

5th.—Mr. Cowan having been desired by the Governor the preceding evening to attend next morning to interpret, arrived after we had breakfasted, and the Indians being met, addressed His Excellency in the usual manner: "They were happy to see him in good health and thanked him for taking the trouble of visiting them in their own country, &c." The Governor replied that he would always be glad to hear of the prosperity of the Indians, and entreated them to attend to their hunts, and told them that he wished for nothing more than seeing them and his children, the whites, live in harmony together, and mutually assist each other. He promised them a keg of rum which should be delivered to them the day of his departure from the bay, and told the chief he would send him from York a silver medal and a flag, the usual badges of distinction which this chief had not as yet received. They then shook hands and went off well satisfied. I must here observe that the Lake Simcoe Indians were much mortified at the Governor not taking the beaver blanket when offered to him. This they communicated to the Matchetache Indians by the express which went overland; and they simply replied that their father did right not to take it, that they should have made his bed upon his arrival at York (as they did), and not waited for his arrival in their village. The Matchetache Indians had made his bed at York by presenting a beaver blanket.