

Indian lighted the fire and pitched our tent, I meanwhile cooking our supper, which consisted of fried ham and biscuit. After supper I rolled myself in my blanket and was soon asleep, only roused now and then by the rustling of the leaves and the murmuring of the brook which ran close by.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, August 23rd.

*Good Road—Equestrianism Unusual—Report that "There is no Road"
Rainy Night and Close Quarters.*

Up at 4 a.m., and after breakfast and reloading the cart, we continued our journey through a most uninteresting country, though the road was very good and newly made. We met some Indians returning from Lac à L'Epaule, from whom we bought some fish. Katy (my mare) was rather fresh, and as we were passing over a very sandy piece of road she lay down and rolled. I had just time to slip off, else she would have crushed me. About noon we reached Les Boulangeries, where we asked about the road; some of the men said, "There was no road," but we replied that in Quebec it was reported there was a good road all the way. One old man told us he had been to Lake St. John in the winter, but none of them seemed certain, so we determined to push on. All afternoon the rain came down in torrents. We passed several lakes, some of them very pretty, but the rain compelled us to hurry on and find shelter. When we were thoroughly drenched we came to a shanty, and Mr. Lachance, who, with his horse and cart, was returning from the shanty at La Riviere Jacques Cartier, kindly made us a fire, as our cart and men did not come up for some time. At the back of the shanty was a lovely lake, Lac des Roches, and when the rain ceased we went out to try to catch some fish for supper; however, the fish were not hungry, though we were, so we caught none. As soon as the cart came up we had supper, and then considered how best to dispose of so large a party in such a small space for the night. Finally, Malcolm, my mare Katy and I shared one half of the shanty, and the three men and the three horses the other. I never passed such a night. Katy's heels were so near my head that each moment I expected a kick, and what with the mosquitoes, damp clothes and hard boards, I got very little sleep, and was thankful to see daylight once more.