

Towards the middle of the day it began to rain and we came ashore to shelter ourselves. Here I had some suspicions that they might leave me in the wilderness, or that they might even for the sake of any little things that I possessed be tempted to take my life. Could I at this time have conversed with my friends I would have earnestly persuaded them to content themselves in their native country. My suspicions, however, were without foundation, and betrayed a heart perhaps more treacherous than that of the poor Indians who never offered to do me the least injury.

The day cleared up and we re-embarked, but in a little while it rained again very heavily, and as we were on the middle of the lake the rain penetrated to our skin. We paddled away till we reached the end of the lake, for the wind was rising and the canoe was very small and rather heavily loaded and fear of consequences made us overlook what we suffered from the rain. However, we gained the end of the lake and then we had a fine calm and swift current down the river, which is called the Madawaska. The day was far advanced and though we had an appetite for dinner we had no provisions and there was no house within fifteen miles of us. The squaw found two cold potatoes amongst her rags in the bottom of the canoe; she gave one of them to her sunap and ate the other herself, which caused the boy and I to feel more keenly than if we had not seen them.

After a good while we came to a small cottage bordering on the river, I called there and brought a few potatoes to my companions, which they boiled, and having a few herrings, partook of the mess with great cheerfulness. I got some bread and milk for myself which formed one of the most palatable meals I ever took.