

St. Peter for the largest ships of the line to ride, though there is not water enough in the inlet, by which the lake communicates with the ocean, to enable them to pass up to the harbour.

After stocking ourselves therefore with as much provisions, and other necessaries, as we had occasion for (for which I paid nine pounds) we set off on the 22d in our bark canoe, and arrived the same day at a place called by the French, Grand Grave; where there is a family or two of that nation. The wind blowing hard, we were obliged to remain here all night, and on the 23d proceed along the coast to a settlement called Discouffe, where we were detained another day by some floating ice.

On the 25th we got to a place called Narrashoc; where we were as hospitably entertained as we had been at St. Peter's. I here exchanged the remains of my regimental coat for a brown suit of cloaths, intending to pass for the master of the ship,