

portage path sunk deep in the ground, a circumstance which proved it to be much frequented—by whom or for what purpose I could not say, for I had seldom passed the limits of my farm during last winter, and was nearly as ignorant of the topography of the environs as the first day I arrived. I had not heard of the existence of a river in the quarter, nor did I imagine there was any; the conclusion I arrived at therefore was, that I had lost my way, and that my most eligible course was, to endeavour to find the main stream, and by following it, retrace my course to the portage.

I soon fell on the river, but my retrograde march proved exceedingly toilsome; at every step I was obliged to bend the branches of the underwood to one side and another, or pressing them down under my feet, force my way through by main strength: some short spaces indeed intervened, that admitted of an easier passage; still my progress was so slow that the sun appeared before I reached the upper end of the portage. Finding an old canoe here, belonging to the post, I resolved on crossing to the opposite side of the river, where I knew there was