

cry a halt, and listen, and then go on again. He did this several times without my knowing the reason; at length he told me he heard the noise of the breakers on the lake shore. My Indian friend became a perfect Solomon in my estimation after this, although I never considered him a very great genius before. I insisted on his going in the direction where he heard the breakers; and we got ashore at the expense of carrying with us half a canoe load of water. We went supperless to bed. My men turned the canoe upside down and crept under it, and had a first rate sleeping place, whilst I myself, in a sheeting tent or marquel, spent a very uncomfortable night.

For at least two hours after we had turned in, it rained as if it never had rained before, and the rain in big drops came through the tent, which was not well pitched. We started next morning for the post of the Pic, which was only a few miles distant. We found, as a matter of course, that our friend, the Governor, was off, leaving a message for me to the effect that I was to follow him with all despatch. But as there was little chance of my overtaking him, I procured from the officer in charge of the post, a sufficient stock of provisions to take us on to Michipicoton. Shortly after leaving the Pic we entered what is called the "Narrows"; it is a canal of nature's own making, about eight or ten miles long, and not more than fifty or sixty rods wide, and defended on the lake side by low round-backed granite rocks, with scarcely a tree or a shrub on them. This is the usual canoe route, and whatever storm may be raging outside, it is always smooth water here. At nearly the upper end of the Narrows, we came upon the Governor and his party, who had just breakfasted, and the *chef de cuisine* was gathering up his pots and pans preparatory for a start. The Governor himself was sitting on a drift log, smoking his cigar. "Oh, how are you? Glad to see you, thought you had gone to the bottom. What in the name of wonder became of you last night?" "Well, sir," I replied, "I was caught in the fog, and was glad to get ashore anywhere." "Well," said he, "the wind is fair and we will be off in five minutes, so you had better have breakfast." Five minutes is an exceedingly small portion of time for a hungry man to satisfy his appetite in—particularly one who had had no supper the night before. But the old Governor stuck to his log and his cigar longer than was his wont, so that my time for breakfast was nearer fifteen minutes than five. We started soon afterwards, with a fair wind, our sails being set, and were carried along famously. My men were jubilant, and kept up with the Iroquois, and passed rapidly by the Otter's Head. This is an oblong block of granite, about thirty or forty feet high, and about a third of that in diameter, standing upright