

Cowan, an Indian trader, to buy corn. His Excellency was sorry that he could not see Keenees, the chief of the village, with whom he was acquainted, as he was dangerously ill. We left our smallest canoe here, and got one Indian in lieu of the two Indians belonging to the village, who preferred remaining to proceeding on the journey. After dinner we re-embarked, and the wind being fair, hoisted sail, and about dark put on shore and encamped in a cedar grove about six miles from the village.

30th.—Left our encampment about ten o'clock. Mr. Givens was taken into the Governor's canoe, and in his place one of the rangers put into mine. Sailed on with a strong breeze about six miles, and it blowing too fresh to cross Kempenfelt Bay, put in at Point Endeavour, where we remained till two o'clock, and dined. After dinner, the wind moderating a little, we again hoisted sail and crossed the bay, which is between seven and eight miles deep and four and five wide. We had scarcely got over when the wind blew hard ahead, and it beginning to rain we encamped in a pleasant spot on the side of the lake.

October 1st.—Embarked about eight o'clock, and having a contrary wind had to paddle against a head swell, which impeded our going much, and frequently dashed water into our canoes. Put in for a few minutes to take the bearings at a bluff point about six miles from our last encampment. This being accomplished we coasted close in shore for some time and, the wind abating, made for an island near the head of the lake, and landed there about two o'clock, and dined. This island, now Francis's Island is pleasantly situated, having a fine prospect of the lake. The Indians used to raise corn upon it, but have not for some time. It is quite covered with long grass. About two o'clock we embarked, and shortly after leaving the island entered a small straight, near the far extremity of which we saw two Indians in a canoe paddling across. So soon as the Indian in the Governor's canoe perceived them he gave the death hallow; the strange Indians made for land, and we, seeing the wigwam, followed. So soon as our Indian got near enough to be heard he made a melancholy detail of the number of deaths that had lately happened among the Lake Simcoe Indians, and closed his speech with saying "that the end of the world was at hand, Indians would be no more." An old Indian, owner of the wigwam, gave a similar unpleasant account of the great sickness in his neighbourhood also, and added that he expected his eldest son would soon change his climate, and that nothing but his being unwell prevented his going to his wintering ground. His Excellency made this family a small present, and we parted. Soon after leaving them, the wind turning fair, we hoisted sail. At this place the lake widens, and is interspersed with small islands, on some of which the Indians had planted corn, turnips and