

asleep, and myself awake. We took breakfast, as usual, at 8 o'clock, on one of the Pic islands. Here the finest trout in the lake are caught. We started soon afterwards, and about noon were nearing the great Bay of the Pic; but my men were showing signs of weariness, and were gradually falling behind the Iroquois. All the provisions were in the Governor's canoe, and it was clear that if we could not overtake our friends the Iroquois, our dinner and supper would have to be taken together, at the post of the Pic. My poor fellows did all they could, but it was in vain; so that about 1 o'clock, the dinner hour, the Governor's canoe was five or six miles ahead of us. Bone and sinew will always tell on a long stretch, and the Iroquois had the advantage in this respect over my men. When we rounded the south-west corner of the Pic Bay, we saw the Governor's canoe far ahead, like a speck on the distant horizon; but he was considerate enough to leave our dinner behind him, on a small, rocky isle at the south-west corner of the bay, near which we had to pass. We found abundance of cold fowl and ham, with bread and cheese. After partaking of a good dinner, we started for the post of the Pic, which was about forty miles distant. The day was hot and sultry, and I felt wearied by sitting in the same position all day in the canoe, and stretched myself out to have a sleep. How long I slept I cannot say; but it must, at least, have been two hours. On awakening, I found we were enveloped in a thick, heavy fog, which covered the lake as with a pall. These fogs frequently come on when least expected, and are, no doubt, caused by the difference of temperature between the air and water. Both in summer and winter, a cold N. E. or warm S. W. wind is sure to bring them on. They rise suddenly, and after remaining a day or so, disappear in the same manner. There was a heavy swell running at the time, evidently betokening a storm, and yet my men were paddling away with the greatest unconcern. "Where are we?" I asked of the steersman. "Don't know," was the answer, so that it was as likely as not that we were going the wrong way. I often carried a compass with me before when I did not want it, and now, when it would be of service, it was not to be had. The Indians in that region are amphibious animals, live nearly as much on the water as on the land, and care as little for a storm on the one as they do on the other. They never drown, and are out in all weathers in their little cockle-shells of canoes, with an old blanket for a sail. But the case was quite different with me. I never crossed these wide bays without a certain feeling of dread, and an intense desire of being well over them. We were fully two hours in the fog. There was a great swell on the lake, and the wind coming in fitful gusts behind us, the steersman would occasionally