

Thence, after a little partridge-hunting, we again set forward. At the next point the "cat" was changed for what Murphy called his "kitten." As the young of his fur-bearing animals were called kittens, it was natural that this baby-boat should get the same name. It was an Algonquin canoe, while the large one in which we were was an Abenaki—pronounced by Murphy, who was doubtless, as he claimed to be, an authority on such matters, Abenakée, with the accent on the "kee." The Algonquin differed from its larger neighbor, chiefly in having a flatter bottom, and, consequently, being a little less "toddish." I don't find it in "Get-the-best," but you know what I mean by that. The Iróquois (accent on the "roq") of Caughnawaga, I believe, are not now great canoe-makers. The "cat," as I have said, was of mongrel breed, having been made out of a larger one. It resembled the Mille-seet of the St. John river in form, being solidier at the end, and without the upturned point in the bow.



Every canoe is made out of one piece of bark, unless it be such an enormous canoe as those used by the Honorable Hudson Bay Company, and familiar to visitors to Lachine. Those are pieced so that the unions on the sides do not coincide with the unions at the bottom. If they did, the canoe would break its back the first time it was strained. The way a canoe is built may be found by cutting a piece of stiff paper about three times as long as it is broad, and pinching it together at the two ends, then turning off the lower corners of the ends very little. It has then only to be laced together with willow, to be strengthened with a gunwale, cross-bars, and ribs of ash, and all the cracks and im-

perfections to be soldered with a mixture of pine-gum and beeswax.

Further on we got to a narrow part of the lake, across which there had been thrown in past years a beaver-dam, and which had become in consequence very shallow, being filled with bottomless depths of light mud, into which it was easy to sink, but from which it was impossible to rise. In this grew a dense forest of Equisetan rushes, through which our progress was somewhat singular, reminding one of the Mississippi steamer that was built to sail through a meadow on a heavy dew. It was with some difficulty that our laden craft could find a channel to float them over this shallow. At the dam, Murphy set a trap for muskrat, and then we went on to the most beautiful landing in all the lakes. Its advantages were these: you could not see it from the water, and yet, when found, it was not only easy to land, but any number of canoes could be hauled up, and left without fear. In this beautifully overhung bower, we bade farewell for a day to the Rev. Mr. Robertson and the trapper, who, with the kitten over his shoulder, started off through the trackless forest before the parson. That evening, after seeing to the net, which, by-the-bye, had no business to be there, we got to a good angling-ground just at sun-down, and there began to bag lusty trout as fast as would ordinarily be thought desirable. I, John Smith, however, must honestly own that I only caught one. As it darkened the bites slackened, and we returned to our camp, and made a relishable meal, and burned the nose off the tea-kettle. It was a glorious moonlight night, and we went forth again, but got nothing but our fill of moonlight beauty, and with a due supply of "Nicholas Nicholby," interspersed with snores from Jones, we closed the day, and sought slumber on our hard bed, lying length-wise this time, as there were only three of us.

Next day fish were scarcer, and we sought them, from place to place, from dawn till evening, and, had we never got a fish, we should have considered that day as one of