

a favorable opportunity to try my hand at the paddle. I accordingly got into the canoe and took hold of the paddle, but I soon found that I had fearfully miscalculated the character of my new conveyance. It would dart off in every direction but the one in which I wanted it to go, and instead of being quite steady it seemed possessed of a determination to get from under me and pitch me into the water. My best efforts to steady it were unavailing, and at last, in desperation, I laid down the paddle and placed my hands on either side, thinking by this means to keep it quiet. Anyone who has had any experience in bark canoeing will not require to be told what followed. I could swim a little and escaped being drowned, had none to laugh at me but the squaws, and as for the ducking that did not matter, as it was not my first, neither was it my last. Nor was that my last attempt at managing a bark canoe, as I had many a lively trip afterwards in this kind of craft.

Boyd left Isaiah at Coldwater while he went himself to New Market where he purchased a cargo of flour, had it shipped across by steamer to Orillia and forwarded by land to Coldwater and from there in open boats to the Fly. After getting it all on board, we took up anchor, but dropped it again off Penetanguishene, and went up to the town in the jolly-boat. What our business was at that place I have now forgotten; but I remember perfectly that it required a long and hard pull to get there. We had a quiet run over from Penetang and at length brought our ship and car go with all hands, safe to port.

Captain Borland was at this time building houses for the Indians at the Indian village, and Boyd and I went over with some supplies in a batteau, taking a skiff in tow. The schooner "Wanderer," a trading vessel, was at anchor off the village, a short distance from shore, in charge of the cook, a lad of about fifteen years. He had been on

shore, and was returning, bringing with him a young Indian, when, as he was handing the boy onto the deck of the schooner, the boat in which he was standing slipped from under him, upon which he dropped his charge into the water, and laid hold of the shrouds. We were some distance from the scene and our batteau moved slowly. I cut the tow-line of the skiff and we both jumped into it and made all possible speed to the rescue. The little fellow was lying flat on the surface like a frog, with his face down, and paddling with his arms, but he must soon have smothered had not assistance reached him. When we got near him, I jumped overboard, thinking the water was not over four or five feet deep as I could see the bottom so distinctly. But I had not been accustomed to Lake Huron water, and instead of being able to stand on the bottom I found no bottom to stand on, but went over my head and got nearly choked before I recovered myself. In the meanwhile Boyd had caught the boy by the hair and had landed him into the skiff. The cook had now let go his hold and dropped into the water and was drowning, but we also got him on board our skiff and took them both to land. The mother of the young Indian, hearing of the accident came down, furious as a she-bear, with a number of her tribe at her heels, and if we had not interfered the poor young cook would have been severely handled. The father of the child (a white man) followed, attracted by the commotion, but he took a more philosophical view, and the matter was settled without further trouble. That young Indian is now Chief McGregor of the Cape Croker band of Indians.

The Fly was next ordered to St. Vincent, but Boyd remained at home, sending Archibald McNab in his place as master. McNab's knowledge of sailing was much like my own, rather limited, but he was not at all lacking in self-