

I followed its course, wading in the water that there might be "no mistake," and soon came out on the border of a small lake, where I had the additional satisfaction of hearing the report of guns so distinctly as to convince me that the party firing them could be at no great distance. I walked round the lake, and at its far end fell on a portage path that soon conducted me to another lake. This, then, must be the chain of lakes I was in search of! I was transported at the thought.

But an incident soon occurred that served to damp at once my spirits and my person: a distant peal of thunder was heard; peal after peal succeeded; the heavens were obscured, and heavy drops of rain, the harbingers of an approaching storm, fell from the dark clouds. I strained every nerve to reach the firing party ere the storm should burst upon me. I reached the foot of the hill, but the firing had ceased. I nevertheless ascended as quickly as my wearied limbs would carry me, but on reaching the spot found no one there.