

the paddles flashing in the sun-light, scaring the wild fowl from the sedgy nooks of the tortuous river, until finally they coast along the shores of the lovely Lake Couchiching, to the rendezvous of the assembled warriors, shortly to march against the dreaded Iroquois. Two or three pale-faces, armed with the ancient-looking arquebusses, may occasionally be noticed, mixing freely with the painted and be-feathered savages. The chief of these is Mons. S. de Champlain, at once the head and prime mover in this great enterprise ; nothing seems to escape his vigilant eye, and ever and anon, he scans the distance for new comers, and makes a mental calculation of the forces he has to lead against the Five Nations inhabiting the southern shore of Lake Ontario. The number promised was two thousand five hundred, and as yet, they are considerably short of that ; and he reflects uneasily on the approach of a long severe winter.

In the meantime the Indians are busily laying in a stock of fish, for, as he tells us in his narrative, they are caught here in great quantities. This extensive fishing, he says, is carried on by means of stakes stretching across the whole strait, leaving only openings here and there, at which they place their nets to catch the fish as they are driven along. We can easily imagine a long semi-circle of canoes, some distance out on Lake Simcoe, advancing towards the strait, the occupants shouting, yelling, and splashing the water with their paddles, in order to scare the fish up the strait, the line gradually contracting until the fish are driven into the nets, from which they are landed and prepared to supply their wants on their long and perilous journey. Six years previously, Champlain had led an Algonquin band against the Iroquois, and signally defeated them ; he was now preparing to strike a blow by which he hoped to infuse a salutary terror into the hearts of those war-hawks of the wilderness, and effectually put a stop to their scalping parties, from infesting the streams