

In was on a fine afternoon in the month of July, 1854, that we left Fort William; and as there was no room for me in the Governor's canoe, I had to get one of my own, which was manned by six voyagers, half of them French half-breeds, and the other half pure Indians, selected out of the best men of the place. The Governor was a very Napoleon for rapid marching, and would wait for no one; so I had to take every precaution I could, that I would not be arriving at Michipicoton the day he left it, or the day after the fair. Besides the usual paddles, I mounted the canoe with four short oars, two of which, in smooth water, are equal to six paddles. We crossed Thunder Bay, which is 21 miles wide, in about three hours, and encamped for the night, at sunset, about ten or twelve miles further on, tortured by myriads of mosquitoes. The rapidity with which a Nor'-wester on the march can consume his victuals, would astonish a fashionable gentleman about town; for within the half hour we had eaten, smoked, and turned in. Next morning we started between three and four o'clock; that was always the programme of march when there was no danger ahead: starting at three or four o'clock, and encamping at sunset. The morning was beautiful and calm, not a ripple on the water, and my fellow travellers in the other canoe went to sleep again. I was not so fortunate, and kept awake the whole morning; the scene was exciting enough; the two canoes going ahead, side by side, propelled by the paddle and oar; but it became more so when old Dominique Monique, the Governor's perennial steersman, struck up one of his famous canoe songs, "La belle Rose," the others joining in the chorus. Poor old Dominique; he is dead long ago! I had known him for years: he was remarkable for his great strength, and his attachment to Governor Simpson, who, on his side, had a great regard for him. The sun rose at last; and we took breakfast on the Saginaw Island, at about eight o'clock. These are famed for being good fishing grounds, for both trout and whitefish. The trout are, however, of an inferior quality to those found in other parts of the lake. During the whole day we were coasting along among numerous islands, occasionally having the benefit of a light breeze, but more frequently using the paddles and oars. The Governor always travelled with choice voyagers, stout, burly fellows, able to stand any amount of fatigue, who would go through fire and water for him, and were principally Iroquois from Caughnawaga. Their physique was quite different from that of the thin, lathy fellows I had for a crew; but they kept up wonderfully, even to the end of the day's march. Off again next morning, between three and four o'clock, old Dominique breaking the silence occasionally by one of his songs, which he knew so well how to sing, my fellow travellers