

again in gusts and sighs, as if it wished to woo me back again to solitude. I started on this, the last voyage, shortly after the departure of my friend the trapper, leaving the palace in charge of an unfortunate gentleman who brought a wife and five children with him, which rendered Seven Islands a little less gloomy than heretofore. Five men accompanied me in an open boat; and on the morning of the 25th August we took our departure for Tadousac:—and, truly, nature appeared to be aware that it was my *last* voyage; for she gave us the most unkind and harassing treatment that I ever experienced at her hands.

The first few miles were accomplished pleasantly enough. We had a fair breeze, and not too much of it; but, towards the afternoon, it shifted, and blew directly against us, so that the men were obliged to take to the oars—and, as the boat was large, it required them all to pull, so I was obliged to become steersman.

The men were all French Canadians; a merry, careless, but persevering set of fellows, just cut out for the work they had to do; and, moreover, accustomed to it. The boat was a clumsy affair, with two sprit-sails, and a jigger or mizzen; but, notwithstanding, she looked pretty well at a distance, and, though incapable of progressing very fast through the water, she could stand a pretty heavy sea. We were badly off, however, with regard to camp gear, having neither tent nor oiled-cloth to protect us, should it rain. Indeed, all we had to guard us from the inclemency of the weather at night was one blanket