

my strength declining; and passed the night sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, sometimes moving about;—but sitting, standing, or moving about, subjected to the same tortures.

I endeavoured during the night to compose my mind as much as possible; some happy thought might perchance suggest itself, which might lead to my deliverance. Nor were my efforts without some success: I called to mind the position of the post with respect to the rising and setting sun; another circumstance of importance also recurred to me.

A Canadian hunter, who received his supplies at my post, had told me that such Indians as did not wish to pay their debts at the post, frequently passed unperceived by a chain of small lakes that ran parallel to the river, and extended from Lac de Sable to somewhere near the rapid, whence I had taken my departure. I recollected, too, his having mentioned that some Indian families occasionally made sugar on the borders of these lakes, and that a good path lay from their camp to the post. Having passed the night in a deep