

unexplained reason, when my brother, Ezekiel, called out, contrary to orders, and saved the party. Upon landing Mr. Jarvis was informed by the sentinel that he had barely saved himself and the party from a raking fire of grape-shot, and wanted to know what he meant by risking the lives of the whole fleet of canoes, but Mr. Jarvis made no reply.*

When we arrived at Detroit two of the birch-bark canoes were sent back, and Lord Morpeth, Lord Lennox and myself boarded the steamer for Buffalo. There they took the train for New York, intending to sail for England. They wanted me to go to England with them, but I refused. When Lord Morpeth asked me what he should pay me for my attendance I said, "Whatever you like, I leave that to yourself." "Ha! ha!" said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "What if I choose to give you nothing?" He gave me the handsome sum of two hundred dollars, besides a present of ten dollars in change on the way down, which I was keeping in trust for him. Lord Lennox sailed from New York ahead of the others, and was never heard of after. The vessel was supposed to have been lost, with all on board. I left them at Buffalo and went back to Malden, where I met my fellow *voyageurs*, and we came down Lake Erie, making a portage at Long Point. We came up the Grand River, crossed to the Welland Canal and down to St. Catharines. We got two waggons here and portaged the canoes down to Lake Ontario, as the canal was too slow. We went round the head of the lake to Hamilton, and so on to Toronto, where they gave us a grand reception. We left the canoes in Toronto, and the "iron canoe" was brought up the next year. It was hauled over the Yonge Street portage on rollers with teams to Holland Landing and taken up Lake Simcoe to Orillia, through Lake Couchiching, down the Severn River to Matchedash Bay, and home to Penetanguishene.

Neddy McDonald, the old mail-carrier, sometimes went with us, but he was not a good paddler, and we did not care to have him. It is said that it fell to Neddy's lot, on the trip with Lady Jameson, to carry her on his back from the canoe to the shore occasionally when a good landing was not found. As Mrs. Jameson was of goodly proportions, it naturally became a source of irritation to Neddy, which he did not conceal from his fellow *voyageurs*. Mrs. Jameson had joined the party of

* This is in marked contrast with the frankness of Lord Morpeth on another occasion, which Louie fails to relate, but which was told by another of the *voyageurs*. One day while duck-shooting Lord Morpeth brought down a duck, at the same time peppering his companions so that they bled profusely, Mr. Jarvis among the rest. In a stern voice, manifesting a fair show of rage, Mr. Jarvis shouted, "Lord Morpeth, what do you mean? You have shot the whole party!" The reply came prompt, but frank, "I don't care a d—n, I've killed the duck anyhow."