

ters of the Lake of St. Francis,—the rapids and islands, are full of novelty.

Among the first which attract notice, is a cluster called the Thousand Islands, where at least that number are collected together, not far from Lake Ontario, of various forms and sizes. Sometimes they are exhibited in a regular line, and then surround us, where to a stranger, no certain outlet appears. These islands are not inhabited except by birds and wild animals. Fish are taken in abundance in most of the northern waters.

The rapids at the outlet of the Lake of St. Francis,—below the cedars,—and at the cascade, are entertaining to the eye, but cause the heart to tremble. These the Indians encounter without damage or much anxiety: No adventure appears to be more hazardous; but the skillful Indian navigator conducted us safely through all. To the Catholic priests we were indebted, for recommending such for boatmen, as were temperate and faithful. Upon our parting with our attendants, they generally asked whether we were satisfied, and they had fulfilled their engagements?—This is a practice among both French and Indians, and renders travelling more pleasant,