

Madawaska Sept 18th 1808
Friend Harace Thinking that you
might like to know something of life
in the northern wilderness I have set
me down this fine morning to write
you a few lines - We arrived at this
place last night at 8, tired & hungry
having paddled 50 miles after 9 A.M.
But I must tell you something about
our journey here, the spirits of the gale
seem to have been determined to prevent
our coming. Noope head Lake was
in very bad humour when we crossed
and after partly filling our canoe
with water, and drenching us thoroughly
finally forced us to camp for the night in
a miserable Cedar swamp and gave
us a rain storm to camp in gratia,
After crossing we ran down to Lakeside
then up the Umbagogus and after carrying
3 times came to Chamberlain lake where
our companions in voyage (A white
man & a St Johns Indian) were waiting
for us. Here we had to wait 5 days



on account of the sickness of one of
our number, during which time I
made an excursion to Eagle Lake
shot some Ducks went to see the
Indians dance the war dance &c
On Monday the 13 we took our sick
man into our canoe and started
with the wind ahead as usual
Monday night I saw the most singular
sight I ever witnessed, it was about
7 o'clock, just as we were entering
Churchill Lake the new moon
then about south from us wore a pecu-
liarly red & bloody look. A comet
with its long train of lurid light streak-
ing across the sky was in the west. In
the north the Northern Lights shot
up their waving, changing spires of
light, meteors were darting like
rockets across the sky, and to make
the night seem still more wild we
were just entering a lake unknown
to me whose shores (the tent has just
blown down on to my head so I shall
have to stop writing a minute) seem

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dully and indistinctly through the mist
seemed ever to recede as we approached
A Moose was calling on one side
and an Owl on the other, a Heron
and some Duck flew quacking away
at our approach. Taken altogether it was
the wildest night I ever had the pleasure
of being out in (is not that a climax down-
ward) The next morning we picked
Blueberries to our hearts content besides
a half bushel to carry with us, & the
fore noon we began to descend the Allegash
Bark stream; from Allegash wigwag a
bark camp) I shot some Muskrats and
we had a stew at night. The first fore
noon just below Long Lake we started
two Moose and after following them
a number of miles killed a fine old Bull
about 1/2 miles from the canoe that
night I should like to have heard
you have looked in on us at supper
there was moose meat fried roasted
stewed. Marrow tried out for butter
&c - Paul (our Indian) and I went
up to the mouth of the Musquacook



(White Birch stream) to spear fish by
torch light - We speared a Turbot &
dickers & a Cusk a fish similar
to a salt water Cusk, some ~~weighing~~
weighing here 10 to 12 pounds - It is a
kind of fish that Gus Hamblin has not
described to the Society of Natural History
at Copenhagen - We ran down the Klydet
from Chamberlain Lake to the St John's
miles our heavily loaded canoe
taking in water enough in the rapids
to enable me to decide on the merits
of Hydrophaty and the rocks soaring
us a good bye as we hurried to the
North - We are buying supplies at
the town near by and hope to reach
the Agrod river to night after which
I expect to be buried in the wilderness
for three months where I cannot write
to or hear from any one - The crops
here of Wheat Oats & Buck wheat are
very good But I had perpetrated an
unmerciful long letter - Please
inform our folks if you see any of
them that you have heard from
me - To all inquiring friends give
seven & sixpence out to the Currier
Five shillings if he inquires and
believe me Truly yours
W. Hardy

