

a path that led to the house, by which the Indians often passed when travelling in small canoes. I accordingly ran to the lower end of the portage for a paddle, where I found my men still asleep; and having heard that the lower end of this path came out exactly opposite to the upper end of the portage, I struck out into the woods the moment I landed, fancying that I could not fail to discover it.

The sun got higher and higher as I proceeded, and I went faster and yet faster, to no purpose;—no path appeared; and I at length became convinced that I was lost—being equally in difficulty to find my way back to the river as forward to the post.

The weather was very sultry; and such had been the drought of the season that all the small creeks were dried up, so that I could nowhere procure a drop of water to moisten my parched lips. The sensations occasioned by thirst are so much more painful than those we feel from hunger, that although I had eaten but little the preceding day, and nothing on that day, I never thought of food. While my inner man was thus tortured by thirst, my outer man scarcely suffered less from another