

On the 18th, as they were continuing their course, they discovered several joints of deer in good preservation, which had been recently killed by some unknown Indians. On this they feasted with much satisfaction, as they had fasted very hard for some preceding days. Entering some woods on the 26th, they had the good fortune to kill four deer; and as they had not tasted any thing for three days, except a pipe of tobacco and a draught of snow water, their strength, loaded as they were, was beginning to fail, and they requested leave to halt a day, to refresh themselves.

Our author says, he never spent such a melancholy Christmas in his life; and when he reflected on the delicacies that were then expending in every part of Christendom, under the pressure of fatigue and hunger, he could not refrain from wishing himself in a more genial clime. The Indians, however, kept in good spirits, and flattered him that they would soon find better roads, and deer and game in greater plenty.