

SATURDAY, December 12.

SET out this morning before day—went up a creek about a mile, and then took to the woods—There had fallen about a foot deep of snow, and it was froze over at top, so as to make it bear sometimes, and break in at others, with a prodigious number of fallen trees and brooks to cross, with broken wood and thick underbrush, made it almost impassable; these, with about twenty weight of baggage, and a heavy beaver coat I had to carry, made it too much for me—the Frenchmen were much heavier loaded—Sometimes we were obliged to creep on our hands and knees, under fallen trees, to climb over others; branches and stumps running into my legs and face, made it bad beyond description.—I thought I was very unfit to travel; to creep, my temper will not allow me, and to climb does not seem my talent, but to walk upright is my great desire; yet with that method, here, as in the great wood of worldly affairs, you cannot get forward—if you would advance, you must sometimes stoop, sometimes ambitiously climb, sometimes dirty yourself in nasty ways; but at all events, drive thro' thick and thin. Thus moralizing, and stumbling on, push'd forward, with hopes of soon getting out of my difficulties; very often falling, and sometimes fainting, I arrived at Bay Verte, about an hour after sun-set, almost fatigued to death—it would not have been possible for me to have gone half-a-mile farther—Found here some of the French vessels which Captain M'Kenzie had brought off with him, and a party of Highlanders, under a serjeant's command. The fort here is destroyed,¹ and the inhabitants removed—there has been a very pretty village here—the French had a communication from this place with the island St. John, Louisbourg, &c.—Lay all night in the block-house, or rather guard-house the English are building.²

SUNDAY, December 13.

WAS very thankful to the almighty Disposer of events, for leading me to a place of safety, and giving me strength and resolution to undergo the different trials I have been exercised with for these six weeks past—Set out to go to Fort Cumberland, called by the French Chignecto—this isthmus is fifteen miles across—pretty good road³—Got a soldier to carry my baggage—reached it about sun-set—Fort Cumberland is situated at the top of the bay of Fundy, to the westward—there are two companies of soldiers

1. Of course Fort Gaspereau of the French, taken and named Fort Monckton by the English in 1755, and demolished in 1756. Its site and its ruins are well-known locally.

2 I am unable to explain the situation of this guard-house, or to cite any reference to it in the early records.

3. The only road in all the present New Brunswick at that time and for some time after. It was built by the French prior to 1755. It is now largely abandoned, but its position is known locally, and is represented on a map in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, V., 1899, Section II., p. 283.