

and bait our Horses. The weather being windy, accompanied with cold showers of snow, we no sooner entered the house and standing by the fire side, than our travelling companion, a little French captain looked up and swore it was the finest place for smoked meat he had ever seen in all his life, and that he was sure that piece which he now held in his hand must eat very well, at the same time he handled several pieces which hung near it. Our honest landlord instantly took the hint, and told us if we would have a little patience he would order venison stakes, (of which he and every body in that neighbourhood had plenty). We apologized for what our friend said, to no purpose, the hint was too broad to be parried. The stakes came, on which we feasted most sumptuously, and dined for the second time that day. No sooner our repast was over than we bade adieu to the family, mounted our sleas, and drove on to the Indian village, alighted about nightfall at the house of the famous Indian cheif and warrior, Captain Joseph Brant. This renowned warrior is not of any royal or conspicuous progenitors, but by his ability in war, and political conduct in peace, has raised himself to the highest dignity of his nation, and his alliance and friendship is now courted by sovereign and foreign states. Of

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