

The 27th of September, being very windy, we spent the time in deer-hunting, there being great plenty of them there, tho' the land is rocky, the timber bad, chiefly hemlock and pine; and I believe it is generally so on the north-side of Lake Ontario.

We embarked very early on the 28th, steering south-west, leaving a large bay on the right, about twenty miles wide; the western side of which terminates in a point, and a small island: having passed both, about fifteen miles on a course west by south, we entered the chops of a river, called by the Indians the *Grace of Man*; there we encamped, and found about 50 Mississagua Indians fishing for salmon. At our first appearance they ran down, both men and boys, to the edge of the lake, and continued firing their pieces, to express their joy at the sight of the English colours, till such time as we had landed.

They presented me with a deer just killed and split in halves, with the skin on, but the bowels taken out, which, with them, is a most elegant and polite present, and significant of the greatest respect. I told them of the success of their English brethren, against their fathers the French; at which they either were, or pretended to be, very well pleased.

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