

came to oak and hickory land, then down a steep hill producing white pine to a creek called *Conuria* a branch of *Towintobow*, where we lodged in a bottom producing ginseng, farfara, parilla, mediola, maidenhair. darallia, panax. mitella, christophoriana, with white, red and blue berries, we had a fine warm night, and one of the *Indians* that had so generously feasted us, sung in a solemn harmonious manner, for seven or eight minutes, very different from the common *Indian* tune, from whence I conjectured it to be a hymn to the great spirit as they express it. In the morning I asked the Interpreter what the *Indian* meant by it but he did not hear him, and indeed I believe none of the company heard him but myself, who woke with a little noise, rarely sleeping found abroad.

The 16<sup>th</sup>. We began our journey up a little hill, steep and somewhat stony, and then through oak, chestnut, huckleberries, and honeyuckles, the land poor, sometimes white pine, spruce and laurel; thus far N. but at half an hour after seven N. E. through a great white pine, spruce swamp full of roots, and abundance of old trees lying on the ground, or leaning against live ones, they stood so thick that we concluded it almost impossible to shoot a man at 100 yards distant, let him stand never so fair. The straight bodies of these trees stood so thick, a bullet must hit one before it could fly 100 yards, in the most  
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