

Villages of the Onondaga, Delaware, and Cayuga Indians are dispersed on its banks. While we were at the Mohawk Village we heard divine service performed in the Church by an Indian. The devout behaviour of the women (Squaws), the melody of their voices, and the exact time they kept in singing their hymns is worthy of observation.

10th.—We did not quit the Mohawk Village till noon, when we set out with Captain Brant, and about twelve Indians—came to an encampment of Mississagas, and slept at a trader's house.

11th.—Passed over some fine open plains said to be frequented by immense herds of deer; but, as very little snow had fallen this winter, we did not see them.

We crossed two or three rivulets through a thick wood, and over a Salt Lick, and stopped at four o'clock to give the Indians time to make a small wigwam. The dexterity and alacrity of these people, habituated to the hardships incidental to the woods, is remarkable.—Small parties will, with the utmost facility, cut down large trees with their tomahawks, bark them, and in a few minutes construct a most comfortable hut, capable of resisting any inclemency of weather, covering it with the bark of the Elm. During this day's march we saw the remains of several Beaver dams.

12th.—We travelled through an irregular woody country and passed an encampment said to have been Lord Edward Fitzgerald's when on his march to Detroit, Michilimackinac, and the Mississippi. We passed a fine cedar grove, and about one o'clock crossed, on the trunk of a tree, a small branch of the La Tranche (Thames), and soon afterwards crossed the main branch of that River in the same manner.

We met a man almost starved, who was overjoyed to obtain a temporary relief of biscuit and pork,—he was going to Niagara. From the conductor of the annual Winter-express from Detroit, whom we afterwards met, we learnt that the above man had been guilty of theft. We halted in an open part of the wood and butted as we did last night—we were much fatigued, and refreshed ourselves with soup and dried venison.

13th.—Early this morning the express from Detroit with Mr. Clarke, a Wyandot, and a Chippawa Indian, parted from us on their way to Niagara. We went between an irregular fence of stakes made by the Indians to intimidate and impede the Deer, and facilitate their hunting. After crossing the main branch of the Thames, we halted, to observe a beautiful situation, formed by a bend of the River—a grove of Hemlock and Pine, and a large Creek. We passed some deep ravines, and made our wigwam by a stream on the brow of a hill, near a spot where Indians were interred. The burying ground was of earth raised, nearly covered with leaves; and wickered over—adjoining it was a large pole, with painted hieroglyphics on it denoting the nation, tribes, and achievements of the deceased, either as Chiefs, Warriors, or Hunters.