

he was content to suffer us to re-embark, resolving however to make use of some other Stratagem, to get into his own Hands by little and little, the rest of our Things, not daring to take them from us openly, by force, for fear of the rest of his own Nation; by which it plainly appears, that he was a crafty designing Knave. His Son was kill'd by the *Miamis*, and finding he could not revenge himself on that Nation, vented his Passion upon us. Having thus Travell'd nineteen Days in our *Canoe* by Water, we came within six Leagues of the fall of *St. Anthony*, where they held an Assembly to consult what they should do with us; at last they separated, and gave us to three of their Chiefs, instead of three of their Sons who had been kill'd in the War: Then they seiz'd our *Canoe*, and took away all our Equipage; our *Canoe* they pull'd to pieces, their own they hid among the Alders; so that tho' we might have gone conveniently enough quite up into their Country by Water, yet were we obliged by their Conduct, to travel no less than sixty Leagues a-foot.

Our ordinary Marches were from break of Day, till ten at Night, and when we met with any Rivers we swam them, themselves (who for the most part are of an extraordinary size) carrying our Cloths and Equipage on their Heads. We never eat but once in twenty four Hours, and then nothing but a few scraps of Meat, dried in smoak, after their