

the Canadian inhabitants, every man made the best of his way to the Chaudiere pond, the place of rendezvous for all the forward party except Col. Arnold. Passed three carrying places on the river. Passed over several rocky mountains, and monstrous precipices, to appearance inaccessible, fired with more than Hannibalian enthusiasm, American Alps, nor Pyrenees were obstacles. Passed a pond which the river ran through, lodged on a promontory of another. Only Jack Wright was in company. Came to us in the night Maj. Ogden, volunteer, who being lost, spied our fire, and came on shore in his boat in which were military stores, &c.

Friday, 27th.—Our bill of fare for last night and this morning consisted of the jawbone of a swine destitute of any covering. This we boiled in a quantity of water, that with a little thickening constituted our sumptuous eating.* For covering, the atmosphere only, except a blanket. Took the first advantage of the morning twilight, and proceeded over the pond in the boat with Mr. Ogden, and with much difficulty found the river where it emptied into this pond. It was now very small, serpentine and intricate, that it soon induced me to quit the boat for the land carriage, which to my grief soon found more perplexing. The detachment who were before us had chiefly marched by land. I therefore concluded to take a course by the river which I thought would certainly bring me upon it. But alas, to no purpose. After wandering upon an easterly course for half the day, I took a W. S. W. one, and in the afternoon accidentally hit upon the track scarcely perceptible. Pursued this river till it was reduced to nothing more than a small brook, incapable of floating the batteaux any further in this, I came up with some of the advanced party who were making ready to quit the stream, and carry over to the pond or small lake, N. W. course. Passed over four ponds this day, the last of which was a beautiful one upon the height of land or Apalachian mountains, from where the Dead river takes its rise. This same Dead river is only a continuation of Cenebec, or at least one branch of it. So that when we quit the Cenebec at the great carrying place, we left the river to the northward and eastward, crossing an elbow of land, and thereby missing about 18 miles of the river Cenebec, said to be but little else but continued falls and rapids, as undoubtedly is the case, as the land was an almost endless ascent during our whole march from lake to lake, till arrived to the fall which led us to the Dead river. I return to our camp. After crossing the last lake, we carried our baggage over a mountain of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles ascent; from this chain of mountains proceeds the chief of the streams of any considerable note in New England, and falling

* Henry's campaign, p. 63.

into the Atlantic and the no Lawrence, of our last small stream seemed to little to the itself into the miles from were now over this p 4 o'clock, whose co Capt. Mor &c. This situation in any excep all along fine mead the nature very few fine trout.

Saturday detachme together. the west were orde of any e o'clock, I That one Canadian wards us. of bread, and the g joy of th ordered t dered int with wha tants, co the prov meat, we have be generou encoura marched *Sunday* upon ha