

the people, with the Priest, were determined to accompany us in our visit to the other Chiefs, till we finally left the river.

The Canoes were immediately got ready, and we set off for the next village, called Woodenashke, about 12 or 20 miles distant, where we arrived about 12 o'clock that evening. One of the Chiefs was waiting to receive us.

This Village is situated, literally, in a very dark corner of the earth, behind some lofty hills, which are mentioned by Capt. Cook. It stands at the head of a large salt water creek, which runs up from the main river, for about 10 miles, and is there met by a very beautiful fresh water stream, which comes down from the neighbouring hills, and passes through an extensive valley of rich land.

When we arrived, there were very few inhabitants in this Village. The Chief informed us that the body of the people were living in the valley, with the Head Chief, preparing their grounds for planting sweet potatoes, and that we should visit them in the morning. He then conducted us to a very close hut, where we were to remain till the return of day. The entrance was just sufficient for a man to creep into. Being very cold, I was glad to occupy such a warm berth. I judged the hut to be about 8 feet wide and 12 long. It had a fire in the centre, and no vent, either for the smoke or heat. The Chiefs who were with us threw off all their mats, and lay down close together, in a state of perfect nudity.

I had not been many minutes in this oven, before I found the heat and smoke, above, below, and on every side, to be insufferable. Though the night