

I returned again to my own wigwam at Garden-River, and that was to visit our Black-coat Chance, on the river of the Nahduhwag (the Mohawks). I wished to shake hands with him once more and say *Boozhoo*,* and I wished to see his wigwam and mark the spot in my mind, so that I should be able to find him if at any future day I might want to see him. I told the Black-coat, McMurray, what my desire was; and then he and Wilson talked together in the English tongue; and presently McMurray said to me: "The black-coat, Wilson, thinks it is not good for you to go home too fast. Between this place and Chance's wigwam there are two big towns which you must pass through, and the Black-coat, Wilson, wishes you to stop a day or two at each, so that you may speak to the people, and rouse them up, and collect a little more money. I also myself think that the plan is good, and advise you to listen to his words."

I replied that my reason for wishing to hasten home was that I might cut the hay, so that my cows might have food to eat in the winter, and I feared that it would soon be too late if I delayed much longer; still, if it was necessary for me to do so, I would consent. So instead of going at once to see the Black-coat, Chance, we journeyed a short distance only, and arrived at an inland town, (St. Catherines) where was a spade-dug river (the Welland Canal), and plenty of sail-ships and fire-ships.

* The Indian salutation : Fr. *bon jour*.