

all the time. When we got to the wigwam I knocked at the door, and knocked again several times; at length the Black-coat, Chance, heard me and came to open the door, and I was greatly rejoiced to see him again once more, and also his wife and children. They were all very good to me, and I remained with them three days. The Nahduwag chiefs met together and had a meeting to welcome me; but I could not speak to them. The Black-coat, Chance, translated what I said into English, and a Nahduwag Indian then interpreted what he said in the Mohawk tongue, so that the chiefs might understand.

When the day came for me to leave, the Black-coat, Chance, took me in his waggon to the place where the fire-waggons start, and sent a wire-message to Wilson to be ready to meet me when I arrived.

I sat in the fire-waggon, and smoked my pipe, and rejoiced in my mind that my work was now over, and I should soon return to my people. For many hours I travelled, and the sun had already sunk in the west, and I thought I must be nearly arrived at Ahmujewunoong; when the fire-waggon chief came to look at my little paper: and then he looked at me and shook his head, and I understood I had come the wrong way. Presently the fire-waggon stood still and the chief beckoned me to get out, and he pointed to the west, and made signs by which I understood that I must now wait for the fire-waggons going toward the sun-rising, and