

ing, we entered the fire-waggon to go to the river of the Mohawks. The Black-coat Wilson said he must leave me now, and go straight to Ahmujewuh-noong; and that after I had visited Chance in his wigwam I must follow and meet him again. So when we came to a place where there were many fire-waggons, (Paris), the Black-coat led me to another fire-waggon which stood there and told me that it was going to the great river of the Mohawks; then he said Boozhoo, and left me to go on my way alone.

When I arrived at the River of the Mohawks (Brantford), I felt strange and puzzled, having no one now to guide me; and I saw no face that I knew, neither could I speak English to make myself understood. But Wilson had given me a paper with words written on it, and this I shewed to two men upon the road. They beckoned for me to come with them, but I thought they had been drinking and I walked away. Then I saw a woman sitting alone in a waggon and I showed her my paper. She was very good to me, and told me to get in; and she drove me to the house of the Black-coat who is the teacher of the Indian people on the River of the Mohawks. The Black-coat (Rev. A. Nelles) was very good to me, and gave me food; and after about two hours he told me to get into the waggon and a man got in too, and drove me to Chance's wigwam. It was a long way, and the man did not seem to know well which way to go, for he kept stopping and speaking to the people