

of every fragling canoe, in their return by water to *Monreal*.

At night, soon after we were laid down to sleep, and our fire almost burnt out, we were entertained by a comical fellow, disguised in as odd a dress as *Indian* folly could invent; he had on a clumsy vizard of wood colour'd black, with a nose 4 or 5 inches long, a grining mouth set awry, furnished with long teeth, round the eyes circles of bright brass, surrounded by a larger circle of white paint, from his forehead hung long tresses of buffaloes hair, and from the catch part of his head ropes made of the plated husks of *Indian* corn; I cannot recollect the whole of his dress, but that it was equally uncouth: he carried in one hand a long staff, in the other a calabash with small stones in it, for a rattle, and this he rubbed up and down his staff; he would sometimes hold up his head and make a hideous noise like the braying of an ass; he came in at the further end, and made this noise at first, whether it was because he would not surprize us too suddenly I can't say: I ask'd *Conrad Weiser*, who as well as myself lay next the alley, what noise that was? and *Shickelamy* the *Indian* chief, our companion, who I supposed, thought me somewhat scared, called out, lye still *John*. I never heard him speak so much plain *English* before. The jack-pudding presently came up to us, and an *Indian*