

This low swampy island, filled with drift-wood; these gray hoary trees, half choked and killed with gray moss and lichens, those straggling alders and black ash, look melancholy; they are like premature old age, gray-headed youths. That island divides the channel of the river: the old man takes the nearest, the left hand. And now they are upon the broad Rice Lake, and Catharine wearies her eye to catch the smoke of the shanty rising among the trees: one after another the islands steal out into view; the capes, bays, and shores of the northern side are growing less distinct. Yon hollow bay, where the beaver has hidden till now, backed by that bold sweep of hills that look in the distance as if only covered with green ferns, with here and there a tall tree, stately as a pine or oak,—that is the spot where Louis saw the landing of the Indians: now a rising village—Gore's Landing. On yon lofty hill now stands the village church,—its white tower rising amongst the trees forms a charming object from the lake; and there, a little higher up, not far from the plank road, now stand pretty rural cottages: one of these belongs to the spirited proprietor of the village that bears his name. That tasteful garden before the white cottage, to the right, is Colonel Brown's, and there are pretty farms and cultivated spots; but silence and loneliness reigned there at the time of which I write.

Where those few dark pines rise above the oak groves like the spires of churches in a crowded city, is Mount Ararat. The Indian girl steers straight