

a tale devoid alike of regular arrangement, surprising variety, and artificial embellishment\*.

\* The reader, who has patiently gone on to the conclusion of these desultory memoirs, will perhaps regret parting with that singular association of people, the Mohawk tribes, without knowing where the few that remain have taken up their abode. It is but doing justice to this distinguished race to say, that, though diminished, they were not subdued; though voluntary exiles, not degraded. Their courage and fidelity were to the last exerted in the most trying exigencies. True to their alliance with that nation with whom they had ever lived in friendship, and faithful to that respectable family, who had formed at once the cement and the medium by which that alliance was confirmed, and through which assurances of attachment and assistance had been transmitted, all that remained of this powerful nation followed Sir John Johnson (the son of their revered Sir William) into Upper Canada, where they now find a home around the place of his residence. One old man alone, having no living tie remaining, would not forsake the tombs of his ancestors, and remains like "A watchman on the lonely hill;" or rather like a sad memento of an extinguished nation.

FINIS.