

ing the redman's sequestered haven, to doze in an orderly, equable bed—where it borders, and, gliding peacefully past, laves kindly, the northern extremity of that goodly belt of his in Tuscarora and Oneida, and the southerly limit of that in Onondaga—it doth especially enchant the eye as exposing a surface that is almost unchangeably mild and slumbrous; besides unfolding many fine reaches of clear and smooth expanse, undeviating, unbroken, in their restful, easy, languorous flow. In its passage through this verdant section, with inimitably-ordered recurrence, it, for the moment, loses, but to regain, the straighter and severer form, as it, in turn, accepts, or is relieved of, the outlining, ever and anon, impressed by some one of its numberless exquisite curves; yielding—presently to reassert—its alternative character, as, here, it submits to, there, finds respite from, inroad by lovely and delicate projection of the shore.

I might mention, in passing, that the thriving colony is encompassed, on every hand, by closely-peopled settlements of whites—harboring communities, as advanced in point of civilization, and as enlightened, generally, as it is possible to find in any rural district in Canada. Here the countryside looks more smiling and fruitful than the Indian block which it surrounds, only by reason of the