

A FISHING STATION OF THE ANCIENT HURONS
IDENTIFIED.

(BY J. WALLACE, SEN., ORILLIA.)

IN the beginning of September, 1615, at the narrow strait connecting Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching, a lively and picturesque scene might have been witnessed, such as seldom meets the eye of a beholder. Along the margin of the strait, drawn up from its slow current, lie one or two hundred birch-bark canoes. The banks are crowded by many hundreds of half-naked savages, their faces and bodies besmeared with black and red paint, suggestive of the war-path; their lank, black hair glossy with oil from sun-flower seeds, and garnished with plumes of feathers; some lie lazily stretched on the green sward; others recounting their deeds of bravery in the past, and boasting of feats shortly to be performed against the common foe; and others again with arrogant and haughty mien, stalk along with all the pride and self-importance of acknowledged Indian warriors, to the great admiration of the groups of squaws and children from the neighbouring town of Cahiague; the former bedizened with porcelain, beads, and bright ornaments of various kinds; the latter destitute of clothing, their red bodies lithe and active, their snaky eyes gleaming with pleasure, as they engage in games of fun or frolic, or simulate the heroic acts of braves in mimic warfare.

Fresh arrivals are hourly approaching from either end of the narrow strait; the graceful, buoyant canoes filled with dusky forms, each flushed with high-flown hopes of victory, scalps, and prisoners for torture. Along the numerous pathways connecting the various villages of the Huron nation, swiftly march, in single file, the several contingents to join the assembling army, individually animated with a tiger-like ferocity for the blood of their foes. From the towns bordering the Georgian Bay, scattered parties ascend the Severn, incessantly bending to the stroke of