

appropriate, yet so sublime and beautiful that the English language was not rich enough to allow of his doing himself justice.

“He held his audience for an hour with an uninterrupted stream of burning and pathetic eloquence, which will live and reverberate over our mountains and valleys while truth and valor appeal to the human heart.

“He concluded with this stately peroration, ‘We stand, a small island in the bosom of the great waters. We are encircled; we are encompassed. The Evil Spirit rides upon the blast, and the waters are disturbed. They rise over us; we disappear for ever. Who then lives to mourn us? None. What marks our extermination? Nothing. We are mingled with the common elements.’” (*Ibid.*)

Of the force with which a sweet-scented hospitality appeals to the Indian, as to some principle deep-infixed in his unschooled breast, testimony as pointed as it is agreeable is borne by the selection of a name for Governor Simcoe; who, in this regard, charmed everybody with his openhandedness, during his various sojourns at Navy Hall, near Niagara. Feelingly was the universal judgment upon his kindly condescension, his uninvincible *bonhomie* voiced by the epithet, “De-yonguhokrawen,” (One whose door is always open.)—(*Vide* p. 72.)