

INDIAN BICE.

Indian Rice is a wholesome and nourishing article of diet, which deserves to be better known than it is at present. It grows in vast beds, in still waters, in a depth from three to eight feet, where there is a great deposit of mud and sand. In many places where there is little current, these beds increase so as to materially fill up the shallow lakes, and impede the progress of boats on their surface.

When the rice begins to shew its tender green blade above the water, you would think the lake was studded with low verdant islands. In the months of July and August, the rice comes in flower, and a very beautiful sight it is for those who have an eye to enjoy the beauties of Nature. The leaves, which are grassy, attain a great length, and float upon the surface of the water; I have seen the leaves of the rice measured to the amazing extent of eleven, twelve and thirteen feet. The deer come down at night to feed on the rice-beds, and there the hunter often shoots them. The Indians track them to their feeding-places, and shoot them by torchlight.

In the month of September is the Indian's rice harvest: by that time it is fully ripe and withered. The squaws collect it by paddling through the rice-beds, and with a stick in one hand, and a sort of sharp-edged, curved paddle in the other, striking the ripe heads down