

ceed, and insisted upon erecting a wigwam for the night at a certain pass, known to be a haunt of the Indians when in wait to plunder the traders. The men were soon asleep, but D——, with an anxious eye, lay watching the dying embers; and, while there yet remained sufficient light to distinguish objects, he perceived the dreaded visitors crawling like huge snakes into the hut. It was vain to think of resistance; he feigned to be asleep, almost afraid to breathe, and only hoping that the removal of their booty might satisfy the Indians, if no interruption should occur. At this anxious moment his ears were greeted by a welcome whisper from the foremost, addressed to those behind, "It is Redhead," the name by which D—— was known in the woods. The simple announcement acted like a charm, and the work of blood was arrested; but to show perhaps (like David of old) how entirely they had the party in their power, the leader moved quietly round, and passed his hand along each man's throat, before making his exit. At another time, when under the most distressing privations from want of food, D—— encountered a party of Indians, in nearly as bad a plight as himself. Famine stared him in the face, and he could scarcely look for aid from those who had but a scanty morsel for themselves. Relying, however, upon his knowledge of Indian feelings, he thus, in simple language, addressed the chief: "*Father, I am hungry:*" "*Son (says the old man, offering at once their little stock), take, eat.*" And these are men whom we term *savage!* May God grant that they suffer no abasement in the boasted refinements of civilized life!

*Friday, May 6.*—After breakfast I took leave of my friend, and walked on for the Falls, leaving the stage, in which I had secured a place, to follow. The day was delightful, and as I ascended the steep hill from Queenston, I overtook a soldier of the 79th in charge of the baggage waggons, leaning on his musket, and wrapt in admiration of the surrounding scenery, "*It's mair like Scotland, Sir, than ony thing I've seen sin' I left it,*" was the poor fellow's remark, and truly it was far from misapprehended, making due allowance for difference of scale. The country from Queenston to the Falls is well settled, and finely diversified by farms, orchards and open forest. The soil is perhaps light, but in some places of a stronger description, and all ap-