

in return, much to the prosperity of the country. Yet I certainly do not blame the Southern slave-owners in being anxious to prevent any sudden emancipation of those they hold in bondage; yet, as their sincere well-wisher, I urge them again and again to prepare for the inevitable future, when the slaves must be pacifically set free, or, should this not be done, when they will free themselves with bloodshed, fire, and sword.

There is a settlement of Christian Indians on the Grand River, the remnant of a once powerful tribe, part of the Six Nations, now reduced to a few hundred people. We found that it would prolong our drive too much to enable us to reach Hamilton that evening if we visited them: indeed, with the exception of a few of the chiefs, who are superior in physical and moral qualities to the rest, these so-called civilised Indians are generally a very inferior race. In every look and action they seem to feel their degradation; for, though falling far short, in reality, of the romantic character given to them by Cooper, they were, at all events, lords of the soil, free to roam where they listed and to fight with whom they chose. Now they wear blanket-coats, weave mats, receive alms from the white man, and get drunk whenever they can.

On the road we passed a figure worthy of appearing in one of the great novelist's tales. He was an old man—an English man, we agreed—with long white locks, and countenance shrivelled and burnt red by exposure. He was driving a substantial waggon, full of household property, and by his side sat an old red squaw, his wife, with several children. In that space, probably, were contained all his worldly goods and chattels. I had a great fancy to know that man's history. There are many such