

importance become to him a constant reality, and actually have the same influence in the formation of his character as if they were all they *seem* to him—he regards himself as the *centre* of a world made purposely for him. Such a being (and the wild Indian is much more than this) who is not a creature of the imagination, but a living actor in the scenes of the earth, becomes at least an interesting object, if not, also, a *problem* yet to be solved in both moral philosophy and politics, and in the nature and character of man as a social being. His *bearing* may be imagined from the following description of the war-dance :—

“ A hundred warriors now advance,
 All dressed and painted for the dance;
 And sounding club and hollow skin,
 A slow and measured *time* begin,
 With rigid limb and sliding foot,
 And murmurs low the time to suit,
 For ever varying with the sound,
 The circling band moves round and round.
 Now slowly rise the swelling notes,
 And every crest more lively floats,
 Now tossed on high with gesture proud,
 Then lowly 'mid the circle bowed;
 While clanging arms grow louder still,
 And every voice becomes more shrill,
 Till fierce and strong the clamour grows,
 And the wild *war-whoop* bids it close,
 Then starts *Skeewonge* forth, whose hand
 Came far from *Taton's* storm-beat strand,
 And *loot* recounts his *hunting* feats,
 Whilst his dark club the measure beats.”—ONTWA.

Sabbath-day Point presents one of the most beautiful of the many views upon the lake. It received its name from Lord Amherst, who landed there with his suite to breakfast on a Sunday morning. It is about twenty-five miles from the head of the lake.