

ferns, which clustered in nook and cranny of the lichened rocks, here and there cropping out from the wooded ridge that rose by the wayside. Farther off, they flickered in a golden network in the winding vistas that occasionally opened to view some of the dim forest recesses, which might well tempt a dreamy, poetic wanderer to penetrate depths so lonely, so untrodden,—where the jarring noises of the world are silent,—where carking cares might be forgotten,—where still the Great Spirit might speak, as of old, to his Indian children, in the soft rustling of the leaves and the *soughing* of the breezes, which seem caught and embodied in the melancholy, musical cadences of the Indian tongue.

But reality is sometimes stronger than romance, and the passengers of the lumbering waggon, by courtesy styled a "stage," which carried persons and goods between York and Newark,* on the primitive road, in the year 1812, were more keenly conscious of the drawbacks of the mode of locomotion than of the "impulse of a vernal wood;"—sundry sensations reminding them uncomfortably that they were composed of matter as well as spirit, and had other organs than eyes and ears. Not that the mosquitoes, the great scourge of the Canadian woods, were as yet in full force; only an occasional skir-

* NOTE.—Newark was the name given to what is now the town of Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river. Fort George was situated about half a mile above the village.