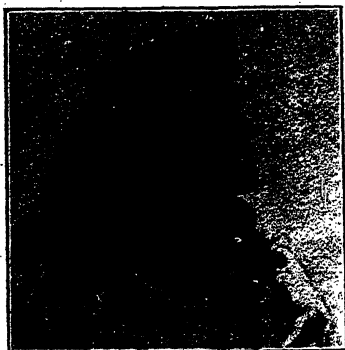


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The Iroquois Women of Canada.

BY ONE OF THEM.

To the majority of English speaking people, an Indian is an Indian, an inadequate sort of person possessing a red brown skin, nomadic habits, and an inability for public affairs. That the various tribes and nations of the great Red population of America, differ as much one from another, as do the white races of Europe, is a thought that seldom occurs to those disinterested in the native of the western continent. Now, the average Englishman would take some offence if any one were unable to discriminate between him and a Turk—though both are "white;" and yet the ordinary individual seems surprised that a Sioux would turn up his nose if mistaken for a Sarcee, or an Iroquois be eternally



offended if you confounded him with a Micmac.

Francis Parkman, that ablest and most delightful historian of the age, that accurate and truthful chronicler of North American Indian tribes, customs, legends and histories, concedes readily to the Iroquois all the glories of race, bravery and lineage that this most arrogant and, haughty nation lay claim to even in the present day. In his phylogenetic and unbiassed treatment of the various tribes of red men, Parkman declares the undeniable fact, which has been for many decades asserted by historians, explorers, voyagers and traders, that for physical strength, intelligence, mental acquirement, morality and bloodthirstiness, the Iroquois stand far in advance of any Indian tribe in America. The constitutional government of this race has since the time of its founder, Hiawatha, (a period of about four centuries), had an uninterrupted existence, without hindrance from internal political strife; has stood the test of ages, and wars and invasions and subjection from mightier foreign powers. This people stand undemolished and undemoralized to-day, right in the heart of Canada, where the lands granted a century ago