

Kanatakta, the name-maker,
 The interpreter will answer:—
 'Of the Wolf tribe the fair bride is,
 And her heart a gallant Deer has;
 For the groom is of the Deer tribe.
 And we call her Tekaherha,
 'One who works alike with both hands,'
 For she no lazy idle maid is,
 But her ready hands applying,
 Both her hands expert and willing,
 Kneads the dough or weaves the basket.

Him, we call Tekariwakhen,
 Meaning one, who for each action,
 Has a twofold reason ready.
 Thus their parents fondly called them
 As they came from the Creator.
 Thus the squaws around repeated,
 As they stretched their limbs and wrapped them,
 In the soft and yielding blankets;
 Strapped them in their little cradles,
 Cradles strangely wrought and painted;
 But the parents fondly dreaming,
 Didn't see into the future—
 To the far off cloudy future,
 When the lovely Tekaherha,
 And the brave Tekariwakhen,
 Should in wedlock be united,
 Should join thought and skill and labor;
 When these names, so strangely given,
 When their virtues, works and wisdom,
 They unite together, sailing
 On the stream of life together;
 Looking oft to life's great Master,
 Litche Manito, the Mighty,
 Till they reach the blissful waters,
 In the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 In the land of the hereafter.

OTHER PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

We are informed that when both of the young folks are of the one tribe, only members of that tribe are, as of course, invited; but as, in this case, the Deer took the Wolf to wife, the respectable members of both tribes were guests.

The custom, as to the issue of such mixed marriages, is that they belong to the mother's tribe, at least, during her life; should she die before the husband, the children, if not of age, return to their father's tribe. If of age, they may elect to which they will continue to belong.

During the carnival occasioned by a wedding, all business is at a standstill. Two marriages have taken place within as many weeks. Another is on the *tapis* for an early day. Why not let all take place at

once, we say? "Oh, we would not have so much fun," say the jolly fellows. We regretted the inevitable loss of time; and, especially, that the interesting school must be so much deserted by the children. Will our good friends Big Joe and Kanatakta, take the hint and use their influence?

A PALE FACE CAPTAIN MADE BIG INDIAN.

In the evening an interesting ceremony took place. Capt. Fraser, of Her Majesty's 60th Regiment, had, while hunting, employed several of the Iroquois as guides, and been much pleased with their faithful, honest conduct. Mutual esteem arose. The Captain was invited to the wedding, and repaired with kilt and dagger. A beautiful tartan shawl delighted the fair Wolf; while the happy Deer received a pipe, and tobacco enough for a score of honeymoons. A council was held; the gallant son of Mars was accounted worthy of the high honor of admission to the tribe. A new name was invented, and the evening of the wedding-day appointed for his initiation. Great was the excitement when, attended by the Big Chief, Joe-Break-the-Sky, and Kanatakta, the interpreter, and in the uniform of a Highland officer, the gallant captain entered the wigwam. The Chief, taking him by the hand, addressed all present eulogizing the gallant pale face.—told of his kindness and favor to the Indians, and that he, as Chief, now admitted him to be one of the tribe, by the name of Rosennakeht-etsherowawnentseriio, meaning, "kind and gallant Captain." Then followed speeches from the Captain, from the Interpreter, and Mr. Morrison; introductions to the chief persons present, shaking hands, immense cheering, stamping, and whooping.

I have stated shortly some of the facts observed, and attempted to tell of matters which befell our little party in a few hours happily spent among these interesting people. We will not readily forget their pleasant faces, and hearty kindness; and will be glad to hear of their continued progress towards higher usefulness, civilization, and pure Christianity.