

Had Mary been born in a French Court in the days of Louis XVI, she would have out-intrigued the intriguers of those days, and graced the Petite Trianon with quite as much finesse as the historic Marie Antoinette. She sang, recited, prayed in the beautiful Mohawk language and her English would make Bill Nye green with envy, so classic were her humorous idioms and colloquial originalities.

Mary was an artist, albeit she lacked technique and the culture of our Art (?) Schools.

Her imagination surpassed a Marie Corelli, and her appreciation of the beautiful bordered on the pathetic, had it not been balanced by her glorious optimism.

Not but what Mary got downhearted, especially if her man was late with the launch, or failed an iota to act the Romeo of her ideas.

In all Mary's varied and checkered career she had never had the wolf very far from the door, and a full bag of flour raised her to the rank of a bloated capitalist.

That life at Bon Echo made it possible for Mary to have "meat, taters and pancakes all to once," did not in the least, give her any of the silly snobbishness of the "nouveau riche" of our cities; to the manor born was Mary, and in eloquence that would make a Laurier fade, she would tell of the wealth and aristocracy of her race, and make the contemptible white thieves, who stole her birth-right, look like assassins and highway robbers.

All through the quiet, warm, silent October days, and through the hunting season in November, this little Indian woman looked after the comfort of a small group of us.

Not only did she cook acceptably, and often with art and deliciousness, but her constant original entertainment was a vaudeville performance of subtle merit, and worthy, albeit the varied moods of her artistic temperament were at times difficult to cope with.

The day we heard that Peace had been declared, we decided to celebrate by a party at the Inn, and though several "City" folks, with more or less reputations were present, Mary could not have been taken from the program without spoiling the celebration.

She danced, told stories, sang crooning, melodious Ukalele-like weird songs, she chanted prayers in a symbolic monotone, in the liquid and musical language of the Mohawk. She danced to the "Fisherman's Hornpipe" and the "Irish Washerwoman," played (by her own, her very own husband) on the fiddle, and her "God Save the King," followed by "The Lord's Prayer," was more impressive than I have ever heard it in English, though Westminster Abbey is among my recollections.

Mary made moccasins and mitts out of buckskin, the deer shot by herself, the hide tanned by herself. She made baskets out of Black Ash splints, prepared and dyed by herself. Mary is a crack shot and had a Mink, a Skunk, a Coon and an Ermine. She maintained that it was good luck for an Indian woman to skin the fur, and when I suggested, "Yes, for the Indian," she