

wept fearfully over the country of the Great Lakes, cutting down, in the prime of manhood, and just as a bright and brilliant career of usefulness promised further service and honor, this noble, this proud example of what civilization and letters can do for a son of the American forest!

On the death of her favorite son John, the venerable widow of Joseph Brant, pursuant to the Mohawk law of succession, conferred the title of *Tekarihogea* upon the infant son of her daughter—Mrs. Kerr. This son, Simcoe Kerr, graduated in law, and practiced his profession for some years in St. Catharines. He died about five years ago.

(To be Continued.)

THE LEGEND OF THE RED SWAN.

This legend is one that seems prophetic, and to refer to these days of railroads. It happened, once upon a time, that a young man was out hunting, and as he journeyed he came to the shore of a beautiful lake, and there he saw, floating a red swan.

"To his bow he whispered, 'Fail not!'
To his arrow whispered 'swerve not,'
Sent it singing on its errand."

And as he shot, the swan flew upwards, taking its course towards the West, and leaving in its track an exquisitely mellow hue, which the young man followed. At night-fall he came most unexpectedly upon a wigwam; upon arriving at the doorway he looked in, and saw there an old man, and his daughter, a beautiful maiden. The old man was engaged in making bows and arrows. The daughter was making moccasins. The old man gave him the usual welcome, saying: "Come in, my son, sit you here. My daughter, prepare food for the stranger who has come in upon us," and, as he sat there with them, the young hunter related the adventures of the day, and asked if they had seen anything of the red swan. "Yes," replied the old man, "yes, we have seen it; but you are very far from it, for it passed here early in the day; but I will give you something to increase your speed, and you may overtake it if you faint not."

The young girl, at her father's bidding, repaired the moccasins of the young man, and prepared him to pursue his journey the next day. The next morning the young man arose, and looked out. He could still see the red streak in the sky left behind by the swan. He then turned to the old man, and begged him to give him his daughter. The old man replied: "prove yourself worthy of her by overtaking the red swan. If you do this, she is yours."

The youth made an early start, and followed the track left by the swan, all that day. At night he came again to another wigwam, and found there an old man and his daughter, each occupied as were the two he had met the evening before; and from them he received the same greeting and treatment as had previously been given him. This differing only from the other, in that the swan had passed the wigwam at a little later hour, and the daughter was more beautiful than the one met the preceding evening. The wooing of this one brought our hero the

same answer. "Prove yourself worthy of her by overtaking the red swan. If you do this, she is yours."

Nine successive days passed by, each offering the same circumstances and conditions, save only that each daughter was more beautiful than the last met, and the hopeful news given that the red swan had passed at a later hour each day.

On the tenth day, the sky was perfectly crimson in its splendor, and the young man, fleet of foot, felt that he was nearing the prized object. Again in the twilight, he arrived at the door of a wigwam, and looking in, saw there an old man sitting alone. Over a small fire was a cauldron, in which roots and herbs were boiling. The old man was absorbed in his duties, muttering to himself strange words. He did not look up, nor make any signs of welcome to the young man; but as the hunter was weary and hungry, and had met with similar habitations at the close of each day's journey, he was doubtless more daring than he would have been otherwise, and entered the wigwam unbidden. The old man at once showed much annoyance and displeasure, and said: "Who gave you permission to enter here, and interrupt me?" The young man seeing at once that he had offended, hastened to tell his adventures of the past ten days, and in conclusion asked how recently the red swan had passed the wigwam. As the young hunter talked on, the old man grew more and more uneasy. The young man now perceived that the wigwam was aglow and luminous with a bright warm light that reminded him of the red swan, but he made no comment.

After eating and sleeping as usual, in the morning he asked if the marks of the red swan were still as near, and if the old man thought he could overtake the swan? The old man replied, "you have proved yourself very brave, you have acted like a warrior, now you shall be rewarded." Opening the mat door he brought out the red swan, his daughter, the most beautiful maiden the youth had ever beheld. "Take her," said the old man, "to your own land and hunting ground, and be happy. *Ki-Chi-Man-i-ton* will watch over you. It shall not take you as long to return as it has to come; the earth will be drawn up, you shall see it."

Now taking a piece of buckskin the old man cut from it a round piece—"this," he said, "is the earth." Putting it before the fire, the heat caused it to shrivel up, then giving it to the young man he said: "Take this and throw it in the direction that you wish to go, and you will travel in one day the distance that you were ten days travelling. You will reach home this night stopping besides at each of the wigwams where the promised wives await you."

Among the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College who received their diplomas was Onon-tiyoh, a Tuscarora Indian.

Crowfoot, the chief of Blackfeet, has been presented by Sir George Stephen with a handsome silver locket and chain, the former containing a perpetual pass over the C. P. R.

Chief Peter Megis, of the Parry Island Indian band, has applied to the revising barrister to have 32 of his Indians placed on the voters' list.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS OF THE CHIEFS AND WARRIORS.

From the vale of the forest the night-breeze is flying,
O'er the tomb, where the great and mighty are lying;
Green be their graves, by their soft murmuring river,

And green be the cold turf that covers them ever,
From a stream of pure light, by the dark mountain glancing,
Timid I saw a dim spirit advancing;
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion.
Like the shadows of mist o'er the foam of the ocean.

Like the sound of a stream through the pale evening dying,
Stranger! who treads where the mighty are lying?
Darest thou approach unappall'd and bold-hearted,
'Mid the lonely steps of the warrior departed?

See! around thee the caves of the dead are disclosing,
The spirits that long have been silent reposing;
Thro' their forms dimly twinkle the moon-beams descending,
As upon thee their red eyes of wrath they are tending.

Our rough stones of prowess the heath blossoms cover,
'Mid the fields of our battles our spirits hover,
Where we oft saw the stream running red from the mountain,
And cold are our forms by our blue native fountain.

For our fame dies away like the foam of the river,
Like the yellow dark leaves on the dark boughs that shiver;
The names are unknown of our brave sires so gallant,
And their blood beats no more in the breasts of the valiant.

The hunter of red deer now ceases to number
The rough wieldy stones, on the fields of our slumber:
Fly, stranger! let not thine eye be reverted;
Why should'st thou weep, when our fame is departed?

Weep, fairest of fair! o'er the tomb of the warrior,
Where love for his country could ne'er find a barrier;
In the cold, bleak dark vale, he sleeps in his grave,
All silent! all peaceful! all lonesome his cave!

Percy Wood has completed a bronze statue of the Indian Chief, Joseph Brant, for the people of Brantford.

One hundred and seventy-five of the Indians of the Tyendinaga reserve have had their names placed on the Dominion voters' list.

Fifty Indians on the Maniwaki reserve have been placed on the voters' list under the provisions of the Dominion Franchise Act.