

The leadership is taken by the oldest man participating in the dance.

When the chanting gains a higher note, the leader turns facing the second man, and likewise the third faces the fourth, and soon to the end of the line ; still keeping up the same monotonous movement with the feet, they move in and out in a manner rather similar to the grand chain in our Lancers. As soon as the leader reaches the last man, instead of continuing the figure with the women, he reverses and works his way back to his original place ; then they all take hold of hands, and finally the leader passes the wine kettle ; at once the drum beats wildly, and, with a furious shaking of rattles, the chant increases in volume. The old female leader has thrown off her shawl, and ramming her pipe into her pocket, she joins in the chorus of the song ; immediately it is taken up by the entire assembly of nearly two hundred voices ; around and around sweep the perspiring dancers at an exhausting pace.

The dust rises in clouds from the rotten pine floor, and the uproar is deafening. Fifteen times they pass the wine kettle, then the excitement decreases, and gradually the chorus dies out until the rattlemen only continue the chanting. For the last time the leader comes abreast of the kettle ; the dancing instantly ceases. Stepping forward he seizes a large wooden spoon, from which he helps himself to several mouthfuls of wine ; in turn everyone follows his example by partaking of the beverage. Thus ends the principal feature of the Berry Dance.

Leaving the stifling and dust-laden atmosphere, they loll around in the cool shade of the trees, the men and old women smoke their blackened clay pipes, while the young braves are flirting with the dusky maidens, and the boisterous children fight for the possession of the lunch baskets.

A century ago the Onondagas were one of the wildest and bravest tribes that composed that ancient confederacy known as the Six Nations or Iroquois, which then represented the finest types of the aboriginal tribes of North America. To-day they are the last to be civilized. Two-thirds of the nation are pagans, believing only in the "Hawenniyoh" as they term their Manito-God. They annually assemble at the Long House in the various seasons throughout the year to worship or give thanks to the Almighty for a bountiful harvest of berries or corn. All their

prayers and supplications are chanted in a weird manner.

During the interval I busied myself by filling up a number of blank pages in my sketch book with the various types, characteristics, and expressions of a once dreaded race.

The majority of people imagine that all red men possessing moustaches or whiskers are half-breeds, but this is not always the case, especially as among the partially civilized tribes the hairy-faced men predominate. I could cite scores of examples where pure blooded Indians are



The Female Dance.

favoured with rather handsome moustaches.

Among the eastern tribes there are few men who still keep up the ancient custom of extracting the hair with tweezers. To-day it is still a necessary function of the toilet among the Blackfeet, Bloods, Crees, Kootanais, Assiniboines, Shoshones and Flatheads.

After the much needed rest the dancing is resumed ; this time only the females participate, and the dance is conspicuously