

which the Northern people were the equivalents of the people who possessed Northern Europe, perhaps 10,000 or even 100,000 years ago.

Into the Neolithic Europe burst, it seems, the Celtic tribes, then came the mountaineers who possessed Greece and Italy; doubtless with improved weapons and advanced civilization.

Later came the Gauls and Teutons, burning, killing, ravaging the land, and not all the development of Greek art and Roman practical science could prevent the later inroads of Goth and Hun and Vandal and Turk—each wave of warriors better disciplined, better armed, or better skilled in fighting methods than the last. Stone weapons were replaced by copper, brass, iron; the sling and arrow disappeared before the sword and javelin; these before the spear and the methods of fighting in ranks. Then came firearms; the bayonet, the musket, the rifle marking successive stages of progress here.

A small troop with the breech-loading rifle of to-day would infallibly defeat an army of Napoleon's. A corps of Napoleon's soldiers could vanquish an army of Goths. The Macedonian phalanx ploughed its way through India to Persia itself.

What must happen then, when suddenly, only three centuries ago Spaniards, French and English, with their thousands of years of experience and education, burst upon a continent of poor Neolithic men? That event must mean for the latter robbery of their lands, death to their people, effacement of their religions, abolition of their customs and laws. But as in Europe, some remnants of their prior races remain, not undistinguished in various ways, let us confidently expect that here, too, the strife which has been inevitable will not continue until the Red races of the North are extinct, but that under changed circumstances many of our Indian brethren may survive and transmit to future nations and ages, in mixed, if not in unmingled blood, the best of their characteristics,—patience, endurance, truthfulness, love for nature, and independence.

"It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh?"

While a single Indian survives, it should never be forgotten that it was Champlain, who wantonly fired the first shot in Indian warfare in Canada. Great he was as a navigator, administrator, traveller, author; the founder of Quebec, of Montreal, of Canadian trade, the pioneer of white settlement in the country; it seems a pity that so dark a stain should rest upon his record. It happened in this wise:—

"For reasons, it would seem, of trade, the Iroquois, who lived to the south of Lakes Champlain and Ontario, were at feud with the Hurons who lived to the south and westward of Georgian Bay; possibly too, with the Algonquins of the Ottawa river. It does not appear that the former were in Champlain's time more numerous, brave, or capable than the Hurons, Erie, or several other tribes. But from their positions, on the upper waters of the Hudson, and by the route from Lake Champlain down the Richelieu, they harassed the intercourse of the more Northern Indians with Quebec and the little French colony there so that the Ochastaguins (or Hurons) and Algonquins resolved to chastise them in their own home.

It was in 1609 that Champlain, wishing to push discovery from Quebec inland, went cruising with twenty men in a little schooner, and met three hundred of these tribes, who were encamped at Ste. Anne de la Perade, eighty miles up the river, under two chiefs; one the Algonquin Yroquet and the other an un-named Huron and this is Champlain's account of what they said: "Ten moons ago, the son of Yroquet "visited you and you said that Le Pont and "yourself wished to help us against our enemies, "with whom we have long been at war on account of their many cruelties practiced towards "us under the guise of friendship. Therefore, "thirsting for vengeance, we have assembled the "warriors you behold, to make an alliance with "you. And you can now take command of the "expedition."

The Abbe Laverdiere, the conscientious editor of the reprint of Champlain's works issued twenty years ago, comments on this passage and draws the inference that Pontgrave and Champlain had on landing in Canada, made an offensive and defensive alliance with the Indians they met. That in pursuance of this treaty Champlain had to join the fray. But was such a treaty requisite? Did it really exist? Was it necessary to carry it into effect?

The Indians like prudent men, wishing to know the resources of their friends, suggested that the whole party should go to Quebec, where they could see the houses, returning in three days to prosecute the campaign. "Meanwhile," said they, "fire some muskets and blunderbusses in token of friendship and joy," which Champlain says he did, "to their great delight, for they shouted with astonishment, especially those who had never seen or heard firearms before."

Starting from Quebec, Le Pont in one boat, Champlain in another, they separated at Ste. Croix, LaPont returning to Tadoussac, and Champlain proceeding with eleven other men. When they reached what is now Sorel, they went up the Richelieu, or River of the Iroquois, as far as the Chambly rapids, which were found impassable for the boat, so Champlain with two men only, went on in the Indians' canoes.

They entered Lake Champlain, coasting its westerly shore, admiring the hills to the east of it, still covered with snow, and came in sight of other hills to the south, where the Indians said their enemies were, the country being quite populous, and to be reached by ascending one rapid (Ticonderoga) and entering another lake (St. George) when there was a portage of five or six miles and a river (the Hudson) to cross.

"But," says Champlain, "as we were slowly "and silently sneaking along, on the 29th of "June, at ten at night, near a cape which puts "into the lake, (Crown Point) we met the Iroquois, and they too were going to war, and both "armies began to shout and seize their arms." The allies, however, drew off on the water side, the Iroquois took to land, and ranged their canoes in line, and with hatchets and stone axes felled some trees and "barricaded themselves very well." The allies tied their canoes to stakes planted in the water, in line, so as not to drift, and when they were armed they sent two canoes, to enquire of their enemies if they wished to fight, who answered that they desired nothing

better, but as it was now dusk, they would fight at sunrise, which was agreed to, and the night passed in singing, dancing, and mutual threats and vaunts.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

JESUS, LORD, WE LOOK TO THEE.

IN THE OJIBWAY TONGUE.

Translated by the Rev. Peter Jones, a short time before his death.

Jesus, Ta ba ne me yong,
Kee bah go sah be me goo;
Che be wah bun dah e yong,
Kee pe zah ne e wa win.

Kc me nwa ning a win ing
Pe oon je mee zhe she nom;
Mon duh suh che ba zhe go.
Me no zah ge e de yong!

Pe e nah ko ne she nom,
Che ba zhe ge da a yong;
Che ge gesh kuh mong Jesus,
O de nain dah go ze win!

We doo ko dah de dah suh,
Che wah bun duh e wa yung;
O ne bwah kah we ne wah,
Mah mig a nuh me ah jig!

Pah ka we doo dah nin suh,
Kah gee bah de ze win nun;
Che wah bun dah e wa yung,
E newh ne bwah kah win un!

Pah zhe gwah Je ze dah suh,
Ma gwah noo pe nah kee yung;
Che wah bnn je gah daig ewh
Ka 'zhe me no ne bo yung!

"SLAIN!"

WRITTEN FOR THE INDIAN.

Young Sir Frederic Dalhousie had taken a run, From England to Canada just for the fun. To snowshoe up mountains, toboggan down hills, Freeze his nose or his toes and other such ills. He could brush up his French, shoot a bison or two,

Navigate rapids in an Indian canoe, And, by Jove! have his wish of a year and a day,

To come out to Canada, where he could sleigh. The bright Indian summer had died with the fall,

Dalhousie had hunted and paddled and all, [fine He had whipped the great Lakes, and voted it "Far, far ahead of the Alps or the Rhine!"

The soft snow was falling, and visions arose, Of rinks and ice-palaces, frost-bitten nose, Toboggans and snowshoes in brilliant array,

But the brightest of all, the wonderful sleigh. Next day, 'mid the snow, fresh-fallen and white, Dalhousie set forth in unfeigned delight.

The tinkling bells rang a gladsome refrain. By his side sat the radiant Miss Barbara Slain. "Bah! maidens of Canada, *passé* and slow!

The colonist stock of long ages ago. I'll flirt, and I'll break a few hearts in my stay, You know I left England intending to slay."

Miss Barbara's eyes were decidedly blue, And her hair had a glint of the buttercup's hue, In her furs and her velvets she looked like a queen.

Said Dalhousie, "The girl's not anyhow green." She was merry and sparkling, as bright as the snow,

The breeze gave her cheeks such a roseate glow, Dalhousie forgot he'd intended to-day, To show the Canadians how English can slay.

When Spring's warm breezes had melted the snow, Sir Fred did not feel quite ready to go.

"The winter in Canada is rather fine, I will do the St. Lawrence instead of the Rhine.."

So, he did the St. Lawrence in an Indian canoe, In which Lady Barbara made number two,

Said Dalhousie, "The fact is too awfully plain, I came here to sleigh, and instead I was slain."

ISABEL GORDON.