

his associates. His own grounds showed a choice selection of fruit trees and the best varieties of the grape. In this respect, also, his example has proved inspiring and useful.

The care of the Mission Society and the government has provided the Reserve with schools, including one of a superior stamp, the Mohawk Institute in Brantford. As was to be expected, the Indians were for a long time slow to perceive the advantages of these schools. The teaching, which was now entirely conducted in English, seemed to them anything but attractive. Such an education might suit the children of white people, but not theirs. The chief took the best possible method of dispelling these ideas. He secured for his own children—two boys and two girls—the best education which the schools and colleges of Brantford and London could give. This prescient care has speedily been repaid. His sons have already, at an unusually early age, gained positions of much trust and responsibility, the eldest, Mr. Henry Beverley Johnson, being cashier of the New York Life Insurance Company for the Dominion of Canada, and the youngest, Mr. Allen W. Johnson, holding a good merchantile situation in Hamilton. They are not alone in manifesting to their people the advantages of such a training. Several other educated members of the Iroquois tribes, in various positions, professional and commercial, in Canada and the United States, are displaying the acumen and energy of their remarkably intellectual race.

The chief was often sent by his people as a delegate to bring their needs, and occasionally their remonstrances, to the attention of the government. If not in all cases successful in such missions, his appearance and address always secured him attention and respect. Governors and statesmen received him with courtesy and interest. At Government House, and everywhere in society, he was a welcome visitor. At public entertainments, his fine Napoleonic figure and face, set off by the Indian costume which on such occasions he frequently assumed, made him a center of attraction, which his quiet dignity of manner and a happy style of conversation, combining good sense with humor, and made more piquant by a half foreign accent, was well calculated to enhance. At home he was the most genial and kindly of men. The attractions of the place and of the household brought many visitors, who all came away delighted with a reception in which Indian hospitality had combined with English courtesy and refinement to make the guests feel themselves pleasantly at home. American tourists who visited Brantford eagerly sought an introduction to Chiefswood, and sometimes gave to the public, through the journals of the southern and eastern cities, an account of their agreeable experiences—the elegant and tasteful Indian home in the tree-embowered mansion, overlooking the wide and winding river, the cordial and dignified chief, the gentle English matron, and the graceful and accomplished young “Indian princesses”—all making a picture as charming as it was novel and unexpected.

The health of the chief, never very good since he received his injuries, began latterly to fail perceptibly. His final illness, however, was

brief. An attack of erysipelas, following a long drive in a drenching rain, seemed at first so slight as to cause no apprehension. After a few days, however, the malady took an unfavorable turn. Pyæmia, or “blood-poisoning,” set in, and the patient gradually sank, losing consciousness partially toward the last, but retaining always his kindly and cheerful manner so long as he was capable of speaking. He died without pain. The family and friends who surrounded his bed were not for a time aware that he had ceased to live. There were other anxious watchers outside for the news of his precarious condition had spread through the Reserve and caused much uneasiness. Suddenly a loud, wailing cry rose, in a single note, high, prolonged and quavering, from the river bank below his house. It was repeated on the opposite shore. The well-known signal passed, in the still winter night, from lip to lip, from lonely cabin to cabin, from farm to farm, in every direction until within an hour all the tribes of the Six Nations on the Reserve knew that a great chief had passed away.

In the churchyard of the ancient Mohawk church near Brantford, built by Brant and his fellow-converts a century ago, the remains of this noble Mohawk chief and Christian gentleman rest beside the graves of his forefathers. His memory will long be cherished by multitudes of both the races to which he belonged, and for whose common welfare he labored and may be said to have died. Few have done more than he accomplished in his humble sphere, in breaking down the absurd and wicked prejudices of race, and proving the essential unity and brotherhood of human family.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The November *Magazine of American History* has a superb frontispiece, the very finest of any of the magazines of the month; it is the notable portrait (almost unknown in this country) of Governor Thomas Pownall, from the celebrated Lord Oxford painting, in England. It is accompanied by an admirable study of the versatile character, statesmanship, and works of the remarkable Pownall as the leading article of the number, by Robert Ludlow Fowler. This clearly and consisely prepared personal narrative is the more noteworthy at this time because of its wealth of fresh information—it presents much that is new even to the oldest and wisest of our historians or men of letters—and it is furthermore delightfully readable. Two of Pownall's pencil drawings of American scenery about the middle of the last century, are reproduced among the unique illustrations; also his home while governor of Massachusetts, and an original letter of his (never before published) disclosing the fact of his refusal of the governorship of New York. The second article of the number, “The Hermitage,” a North Carolina home of great age, belongs to the popular series of “Historic Homes,” for which this magazine is famed. Then we have a succession of bright and interesting papers—“The First Anarchist,” by Arthur Dudley Vinton; “Braddock's Defeat,” by T. J. Chapman, A. M.; “Virginia's Conquest of the Northwestern Territory,” by J. C. Wells; “The Split at Charlston in 1860,” by A. W.

Clason; “From Cedar Mountain to Chantilly,” the third paper in the valuable Civil War studies of General Lee; “General Pope Again,” a sharp criticism on Pope's article in the *Century*, by Colonel Allan, Stonewall Jackson's chief of ordnance in the campaigns under review; “Margery Cordin,” a poem, by George Houghton; and the several departments filled with choice and varied reading. There is not a dull line in the whole number. This periodical has fairly and justly earned its high position as “the best publication of its kind in the world.” Price \$5.00 a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

We are in receipt of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Pathfinder Series published by A. T. Barnes & Co., of New York and Chicago. No. 1 is entitled *Child's Health Primer*, and is for primary classes, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulents and narcotics upon the human system, it is an introduction to the study of the science, suited to the pupils of the ordinary third reader grade. Full of lively descriptions and embellished by many apt illustrations. No. 2 is entitled *Hygiene for Young People*, it is suited to pupils able to read any fourth reader. It is an admirable elementary treatise upon this subject. Acts have been enacted in the majority of the States making provisions for the introduction of studies relating to these important questions and sciences. These books are admirably adapted for giving instructions to pupils, the language is simple and plain, the illustrations easily defined and apt to obtain a sure lodgement in the mind of the young reader. They are the best books the kind that have come before our notice, and we trust that the day will soon come when they will be used in our Canadian schools by the authority of our law makers.

It is understood that Big Bear, who has been confined in Stony Mountain Penitentiary since September, 1885, will shortly be granted his liberty.

New York City has 10,000 licensed saloons 2,000 that are unlicensed. She has 1,055 bakeries and 2,015 meat shops and 4,125 grocery stores. The inference is that drinking is the essential business of the male sex in New York.

A travelled dog named Ned died the other day in Otis, Mass. He has been over Europe, Asia, and Africa. Ned was in his twentieth year. He had crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and travelled 60,000 miles. He was buried with a gold collar and snugly wrapped in a rug.

On Friday a monster antler was found by persons who are engaged in cleaning out a creek near Decatur, Ind. The antler is five feet long and has six prongs, each measuring sixteen inches. The antler is well preserved, yet has, doubtless, been there for ages.

Next Sunday forenoon His Lordship, the Bishop of Niagara will administer the rite of Confirmation in Christ Church, Tyendingaga Reserve. He will preach in All Saints Church at 3 p. m. on the same day. A number of local clergyman will be present. Every effort will be made to accommodate the large congregations which will assemble on both occasions.