

THE INDIAN.

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Where are our Chiefs of old? Where our Heroes of mighty name?
The fields of their battles are silent—scarce their mossy tombs remain!—OSGIAN.

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ALGONQUIN TRADITION OF THE DELUGE.

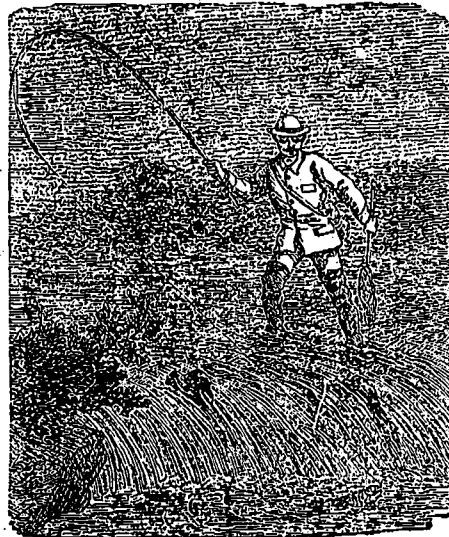
In 1804, while trading with Pottawotaimé Indians at Miuna-wack, or Mill-wack-ie, having no society, and little to do, I was naturally enough very lonely. I, therefore, undertook a journey along the Lake shore, to visit my friend, Jacob Frank, at Green Bay. The first day's journey brought me to an encampment of Pottawotaimés, at Two Rivers, nearly seventy miles distant, reaching there before night. I put up at the lodge of an old Indian chief, named Na-na-bou-jou, who gave the following account of the origin of his tribe, in answer to my enquiry on the subject:

"I take my name," said he, from my original ancestors, who were the first living man and woman. They found themselves in a big canoe; all the animals were in the same canoe, floating on thick water. After a while the ancestors insisted that there must be something substantial beneath the water. To test it, they wanted the deer, or some other animal, to dive down and ascertain. None would venture on so perilous and uncertain an undertaking. At length a beaver volunteered to make the effort, and jumped overboard, plunging beneath the waters. After a long time he rose to the surface, almost dead, without being able to relate anything satisfactory. But the ancestors still persisted that there must be a hard substance upon which the waters rested. Finally they persuaded the muskrat to go on a trip of discovery. He, too, was gone a long time on his sub-watery exploration; but at length he emerged from the flood of waters quite exhausted. The woman ancestor took him up in her arms, and on nursing and drying him to bring him to, found a little clay adhering to one of his fore-paws. This she carefully scraped off, worked it between her thumb and finger, and placed it on the water to see if it would float. It immediately began to increase in size, and in three days it was more than three fathoms broad.

The wolf now began to grow very troublesome, snarling and growling at all the other animals, so that the woman ancestor scolded him sharply, but to no purpose. At length she got angry, and threw him out upon the little island, which was yet too small to bear him up in one position. He, therefore, had to run round and round the edge of the little island, which is the cause of the shores of lakes and rivers being harder than the rest of the land. The island continued to grow; herbs sprang up on it, so that they could send other animals out of the canoe to find a lodgment there.

The woman ancestor said to her husband: "What a pity we have no trees growing on the

island," and proposed to paddle around somewhere to find a tree. They soon found a nice little balsam flower, which they brought and planted in the center of the island. It grew in a very short time till it reached the sky. They then observed an object over their heads, moving east and west, day after day. The woman ancestor was quite captivated with it, and she sent her husband up the tree, to set a snare to catch this beautiful object. He went up and found it had the appearance of an old woman. However, he set a snare, and descended. The beautiful object was caught in the net, and there it stuck. The woman ancestor was perfectly outrageous because it was stopped in its course; and scolded her husband for setting the trap. She then desired her husband to ascend the tree, and let the beautiful object go on its course again; but he declined to do so. She then



FISHING IN MUSKOKA.

tried to get the deer and other animals to go up; but they could not climb. At last she induced a raccoon to make the effort. The heat was so great when he got near the object, that it scorched him, and he came tumbling down through the branches of the tree. The good woman was now in a greater rage than ever, when she found she could not have her curiosity gratified, and the object loosened from its captivity. After a long time a mole volunteered to go up. All the other animals began to laugh at him for his temerity; but up he went, and when he got near the object, finding it very hot, he began to burrow along till he reached the snare, and cut the object loose. But in doing so, he scorched his nose, and that is the reason why moles have brown noses and small eyes; and the sun once loosened from its trap has been going ever

since.

Such was Na-na-bou-jou's legend. After its relation, I closed my eyes in sleep. Next morning at day-break, I journeyed on my snow shoes, cutting across a point of land, and after a hard days tramp, I at length reached my destination."—*Personal Narrative of Capt. Thos. G. Anderson.*

THE CORNER STONE LAID.

THE FIRST CEREMONY IN THE ERECTION OF THE BRANT MEMORIAL.

Chief Henry Clench Wields the Silver Trowel.

The first step towards the ultimate completion of the scheme to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the illustrious Indian, Thayendanega, Capt. Joseph Brant, was accomplished on Wednesday afternoon, when fully two thousand people, including a large number of Indians, men and women, of the Six Nations witnessed the interesting ceremonial. It had, at first, been proposed to have the corner-stone of the memorial laid by the Masonic fraternity, but this idea was dropped and the Council of the Six Nations permitted to arrange the programme, and have full charge of the proceedings. To the Indians, this ceremony is as a burial, and was performed by the Chiefs with as much gravity and solemnity as would have been exhibited upon an occasion of that kind.

THE PROCESSION.

Promptly at two o'clock the council of the Six Nations assembled at the Indian Office on Dalhousie street, and a few minutes before three they were joined by a number of members of the Brant Memorial Association and other gentlemen. Chief William Wedge, wearing a handsome sash, and a large silver medal received from the Prince of Wales on His Royal Highness' visit to Canada, the latter suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon, with John W. Elliott, William Reep, and Chief Geo. P. Hill marshalled the procession and sent it off in the following order:—Standard Bearer. Chief Levi Jonathan—Director. Band of the Six Nations Indians. Warriors. Council of the Six Nations Indians. Members of the Brant Memorial Association.

The members of the Council of the Six Nations present and the tribes they represented were as follows:

Mohawks—Chiefs Elias Lewis, Moses Martin, David Thomas, David Frazee, Daniel Doxtater, Peter Powless, Isac. Doxtater, David Givens, Wm. Smith.

Senecas—Chiefs David Hill, John Hill, David Vanevery, John Gibson.

Onondagas—Chiefs John Buck, Johnson Williams, Wm. Buck, Levi Jonathan, Peter