

and our own. It may be true what we are told by Prescott that the Spaniards were the first to bring horses into America, but it is unjust to hold Cortes responsible for the introduction of that particular variety of the equine family known as the Indian horse. We drove on for three miles after we had crossed the ferry and then arrived at a village, which is I suppose the capital of the Six Nations. Here we stopped and tethered our horses in a square enclosure surrounding the court house, devoted exclusively to purposes of Indian litigation.

A short walk now brought us to the Fair Grounds, and as soon as we had passed the gate I noticed the keen eye regarding the lay of the land which the Indians had shown in the choice of that field for their annual Fall Show. A fine race course was placed at the foot of a sharply rising hill, which was in itself a natural grand stand capable of accommodating several thousand persons, and of giving to all a good view of every race. There was considerable interest shown in the speeding, as the Indian has thoroughly caught the Englishman's love of horseflesh, and several of the races were hotly contested. All the riders were Indians or half breeds, but I do not think there was much Indian blood amongst the horses. Some of them had a thoroughbred look (comparatively), which seemed to indicate that the Indians had seen the wisdom of bringing good English or American blood into their racing stables. I did not see or hear anything of the betting, and I incline to the belief that the Six Nations have not yet started a betting ring. After a time we moved away from the race course to that part of the grounds where the cattle were exhibited. They were all herded together in one large pen. I was shown the Indian cattle, easily distinguishable by their black noses and rather dingy aspect. All the other animals in this pen were of the sort known to Canadian farmers as graded cattle. There was nothing to represent the Ayrshires and the Jerseys, which are the pride of the Central Fair. As for the company there was a large majority of Indians, although a few white people had like ourselves come from Middleport or elsewhere to see the fun. The men had without exception adopted European dress, and the only vestige I saw of the traditional headgear were the feathers, apparently from the breasts of Plymouth Rock hens, which were sported on the billy cock hats of most of the assembled braves. I did not see a single blanket dress, and my brother who lived three years in Manitoba, and has lost all romance concerning Mr. Lo, remarked that it was a change for the better, as the blankets he had seen worn by Indians in the North-West were frequently untidy and seldom picturesque. Amongst the women there was more diversity of taste, and although there were very few who equalled the splendor of our companion on the ferry, I observed that many of the girls wore really pretty dresses, and there was one attractive brunette in a costume

of green cloth, who had quite a fashionable appearance. A solemn looking papoose in its cradle all by itself at the foot of a tree amused us for a while, and we also examined at a respectful distance a trio of squaws squatting on the ground, of the tribe to which Nikomis, as described by Longfellow, probably belonged.

We lunched at an Indian restaurant, where everything was done decently and in order, and partook of apple pie, and I can testify that the pastry was excellent, and the apples had the aromatic flavor peculiar to Northern Spies. We then went inside the exhibition hall, which in architecture is an imitation of an ordinary Crystal Palace on a small scale. The fruit, roots and grain were arranged in the usual way, and the prizes awarded with as much reference to actual merit as one expects to find at a township fair. I admired the artistic manner in which the heads of maize were plaited into huge ropes and hung on the walls of the building, and the canned gooseberries deserve honorable mention, as the syrup was clear and the shape of the fruit well preserved. In the needle work department a crazy quilt was proudly displayed by a copper colored damsel, who unfortunately could not speak English, and who only turned away her head as though half offended when I tried to enter into conversation with her. We had better luck, however, with the man who sold walking sticks and baskets. He was a real Indian, but was in the habit of dealing with white folks, and understood their language. The walking sticks were finished specimens of wood carving and proportionately expensive, although worth the money to anyone who could afford to gratify a desire for curiosities or encourage aboriginal art. The willow ware was elegant and useful and less costly. I bought a work basket which put the Indian into a happy humor, and he waxed communicative. He told me that he belonged to the Tuscarora tribe, and that he had seen the Prince of Wales when he was in Canada, but had not kept any track of him since. I mentioned that the Prince had become quite a stout man and had two grown up sons. He stared stolidly, and seemed to be trying to remember how many years had elapsed since that memorable visit. Then I asked him whether he attended any place of worship, and he said he was a member of the English Church and always went to hear Mr. Caswell preach when able to do so. At this juncture the strains of the Indian brass band broke upon our ears, and rendered further colloquial intercourse impossible. After listening to several pieces by this band, as it was rather late in the afternoon and as we had some distance to drive it was decided not to wait for the closing festivities whatever they may have been, and we left the Indian Fair feeling sure that although these strange primeval people are no longer the lords of the forest and the plain in the settled parts of Ontario, they have learned to make a better use than their ancestors did of the broad acres that are still the inheritance of the Six Nations.