

use. There is a school on the Reserve, and a clergyman, a Hudson's Bay Store, a farm instructor, Mr. Sutherland, a most capable man, and altogether these 800 Indians have only to put forth 30 per cent. of the energy required from white farmers to be the wealthiest and happiest little community in the world.

A VENERABLE INDIAN CHIEF.

The Cattaraugus (N. Y.) *Whig*, of 1845, mentions that Gov. Blacksnake, the Grand Sachem of the Indian nation, was recently in that place. He resides on the Alleghany Reservation, about twenty miles from the village; is the successor of Corn Planter, as chief of the Six Nations—a nephew of Joseph Brant, and uncle of the celebrated Red Jacket. He was born near Cayuga Lake in 1749, being now ninety-six years of age. He was in the battle of Fort Stanwix, Wyoming, &c., and was a warm friend of Gen. Washington during the Revolution. He was in Washington's camp for forty days at the close of the Revolution—was appointed chief by him, and now wears suspended from his neck a beautiful silver medal presented to him by Gen. Washington, bearing date 1796.

RED JACKET.

Red Jacket, without any doubt excelled all of his race, in the perfection to which he had brought this faculty of his mind. Nothing escaped the tenacious grasp of his memory.

The following is an instance in point. At a council held with the Indians by Gov. Tompkins of New York, a contest arose between him and Red Jacket in regard to a fact connected with a treaty of a great number of years' standing. Mr. Tompkins stated one thing, and the Indian chief corrected him, insisting that the reverse of his assertion was true. "But" it was rejoined: "You have forgotten. We have it down on paper. 'The paper then tells a lie,' was the confident answer; 'I have it written down here,'" he added, placing his hand with great dignity on his brow. "You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers, but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here. This is the book the Great Spirit gave them, it does not lie." A reference was immediately made to the treaty in question, when to the astonishment of all present, and to the triumph of the unlettered statesman, the document confirmed every word he had uttered.

He held in utter contempt pretensions without merit. "On one occasion not many years before his death, a gentleman from Albany, on a visit to Buffalo, being desirous of seeing the chief, sent a message to that effect. The gentleman was affluent in money and in words, the latter flowing forth with great rapidity, and in an invective to his ideas. He had also a habit of approaching very near to any person with whom he is conversing, and chattering with almost unapproachable volubility. On receiving the message, Red Jacket dressed himself with the utmost care, designing, as he ever did, to to make the most imposing impression, and came over to the village.

Being introduced to the stranger, he soon

measured his intellectual capacity, and made no effort to suppress his disappointment, which was indeed sufficiently disclosed in his features. After listening for a few moments to the chatter of the gentleman, Red Jacket with a look of mingled chagrin and contempt approached close to him and exclaimed, "cha, cha, cha," as rapidly as utterance would allow. Then drawing himself up to his full height, he turned proudly upon his heel, and walked away in the direction of his own domicile, *as straight as an Indian*, nor deigned to look behind while in sight of the tavern. The gentleman with more money than brains, was for once lost in astonishment, and longer motionless and silent than he had ever been before.—*Hubbard*.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land has been presented with nine quarter-sections along the line of the M. & N. W. Railway, to be applied in the furtherance of the Church's work in the diocese.

One of the sights of British Columbia until recently, was a Chinaman carrying Her Majesty's mail at the end of a long pole, the weight being balanced by a big stone tied to the other end.

The Indians around Birtle are said to be excelling the white settlers in that locality in farming. The first barley and wheat of this season were marketed by red men.

A consignment of "black mule" whiskey has lately been received in Talequah, Indian Territory, and by the yelling and shooting, as reported by the *Cherokee Advocate*, it is making asses of the "boys" in that vicinity.

The Victoria, B. C., Times says:—During Sir John A. Macdonald's visit, an arrangement was effected by Mr. Dunsmuir, whereby the whole of the Indian Reserve of 119 acres became the property of the E. & N. Ry. A survey will shortly be made and the boundaries determined. The Indian Department, over which Sir John presides, will provide another habitation for the remnant of Songish Indians now on the reserve.

FROM OUR SCRAP BOOK.

Little Turtle, a Miami Indian induced the Kentucky legislature to pass a law against the sale of ardent spirits to the Indian race.

To conceal emotion is what every Indian chieftain wishes to carry. The merest children are taunted if they flinch.

Of the Red Race it has been said or sung:—
"Life comes unlooked for—unregretted flies,
Pleased that he lives, but happy that he dies."

The Indian warriors of the plains west of the sources of the Mississippi, chew a bitter root before going into battle, which they suppose imparts courage, and renders them insensible to pain. It is called *zhigowak*.

Some of the northern tribes of Algonquin origin build a small fire on newly made graves for four nights after the interment. This was

an ancient custom. The reason assigned is, that there is a journey of four days to the land spirits and if this symbolic fire be made, the disembodied soul is saved the necessity of kindling a fire at its nightly encampments.

Christianity is ultraism to an Indian. It is so opposed to his natural desires, that he, at first, hates it, and decries it. Opposite states of feeling, however, affect him, precisely as they do white men. What he at first hates, he may as suddenly love and embrace.

To preserve order in the lodge, each person is assigned a fixed seat, or place to sit. This is called *Abinos*. It would be a gross impropriety for one inmate of the lodge to take the *abinos* of the other. The husband's, the wife's the son's, and the daughter's *abinos* may not be invaded without a violation of good manners. It is only children who need not observe this rule.

—When the foundation of the flag-staff of the old French fort at Oswego was removed, about 1836, there was found at the bottom, a flat piece of sandstone, with this inscription:

GLIUNA. 1727.

This was the actual date, as found by historical reference, of the first fort built at Oswego. The above fact was communicated to me in 1842 during a visit to the place, by Mr. McNeil, the engineer employed in opening the streets, at the time named. He showed me the stone, with the inscription. Was Gliuna a geographical name? —*Schoolcraft*.

The name of God, among the ancient Mexicans, was *Teo*, a word seldom found, except in compound phrases. Among the Mohawks and Onondagas, it was *Neo*. With the western Senecas, as given by Smith, *Owapuao*. With the Objibways, *Mendo*; with the Ottowas, *Maneto*. Many modifications of the word by prefixes, to its radix *Edo*, appear among the cognate dialects. It is remarkable that there is so striking a similarity in the principle syllable, and it is curious to observe that *Edo*, is, in sound, both the Greek term *Deo*, and the Asteek, *Teo*, transposed. Is there anything absolutely fixed in the sounds of languages?

An Indian living at the Porcupine Hills, near Little Traverse Bay, on Lake Michigan, determined to purchase a piece of land from the government, build a house, and cultivate the ground; but before he executed his design he went to Michilimackinac to consult the agent, and ascertain whether he would be molested. He was told that his plan was a good one, and that he would not be molested; but was asked in return by the agent, if he was a Christian, or praying Indian. He answered in the affirmative. "Are you sober?" He said he considered himself so, although he imitated the white men by taking a glass in the morning. "That is wrong," said the official agent of the tribe, "you should not do so, but abandon the habit at once, lest it should imperceptibly overcome you." "I will do so," replied the red man, after a moments thought, as soon as I see the white men abandon the use of it."