

# 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!—OSSIAN.

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## TREAT OF THE MOUND BUILDERS.

BY M. W. GLYNDON.

SECOND PAPER.

In all countries wherein the tide of immigration has once begun, it will continue over an infinite period of years, as witness the modern colonization of America from Europe.

So no doubt it was with the Mound Builders. They did not come over *en masse*, but in tides of flux, covering centuries of time; indeed immigration at such an early period must necessarily have been slow, especially so when we consider an era in which the Mound Builders must first have reached the shores of America.

The world did not then as now, teem with nations possessing the arts and customs of civilization, but to the contrary was sparsely populated with such nations, consequently more than ever must we regard emigration from one country to another as slow and uncertain.

If then, after hostile influence began to assert itself in the North, fresh arrivals of immigrants continued at various periods to make their appearance, and on landing learned that hostile tribes in the far away leagues of the upper country were slowly forcing the Northern branches of earlier colonization backward, Southwards, they would naturally turn their footsteps in a direction where hostilities did not offer objection.

Their people of earlier centuries were already settled along the Gulf Coast far down the Peninsula, thus offering hindrance in a measure to their settlement in that direction. To the westward, however, beyond the waters of the great Mississippi, lay a land of boundless extent, vast rolling prairies, forests of hundreds of leagues lying in unbroken stretch, through all which ran many streams, great and small, offering effective water-ways to the late coming immigrants.

Nothing more natural therefore, than that they should take advantage of this new unbounded land of promise before them.

And in support of such a theory we have many indisputable proofs in the shape of mounds and remains, that they did take such a migratory course, ascending the waters of the Red and Arkansas Rivers to their very fountain-heads among the mountains of North Texas and New Mexico.

From here the gentle acclivity of the Sierra Guadalupe stretching from the Rio Gila to the Rio Brazos down towards the banks of the great Rio del Norte, offered a tempting march-way for the wandering people to pass over, every league southward carrying them into a land growing more varied and beautiful, overshadowed by a climate warm and delightful.

Reaching the Rio del Norte the Mound Builders appear to have made a permanent pause and begun the work of colonization proper, ever working in a Southerly direction.

Their mode of civilization was apparently on the same principle as that of their Northern kin.

Their mounds, walls and pyramids were constructed with the same mathematical correctness, and with the same harmony and fitness of part to part.

As we before stated the total lack of traditional allusion to the mounds or their builders among the Indian tribes of the North, clearly indicated that they could never have been in any way connected with these mysterious people. All tribes possessed some sort of tradition reaching back for untold centuries, but it was generally mythical and disconnected—sometimes of a gentle and peaceful nature, again embodying the prowess of some deified member of their own particular tribe—but in no case containing any emphatic historic value.

Thus for the tribes of the North. Now to turn to the country of Mexico and to glance at the history and condition of the aboriginal population at the date when Europeans first set foot among them.

And right here a wonderful chapter is unfolded to our vision, akin to some fabulous romance of the Orient, or tale of the "Arabian Nights" rather than a matter of fact and history.

As all are aware America was discovered by a man sailing under the flag of the kingdom of Spain—a kingdom then in the flower of its martial, chivalrous, and artistic glory.

Castile and Arragon had been made one by the union of Isabella and Ferdinand, and under the dauntless leadership of their brave and brilliant young king, the Spanish people uprose in their might, and swept down like an avalanche upon the Crescent of the Moorish empire, driving it in waves of successful battle to the very confines of the sea.

Boabidil, the last king of his race, perished at Grenada, and the Moslem power was broken forever.

Immediately upon the Moorish conquest followed the discovery of the New World by Columbus. In the right of the discovery under the ensign of Spain, the most salient points of the new continent were occupied in the name of God and the king, and armies glistening in panoply, strong in martial discipline, and fired by the zeal of recent victory stood ready to support if needs be by force of arms the right of possession.

In all the lands explored however, the adventurers found only a simple savage people, half clad, existing by the chase, knowing nothing of civilization, who gazed with wonder and fear

upon these new "children of the sun," who had come to dispoil them of their lands, and who were the fore-runners of an inexorable fate, that was to eventually sweep them from the earth into pitiless extermination.

What was the surprise therefore in the Spanish nation when word came in 1518, that a great empire flourishing in a high state of civilization had been discovered on the shores of the great sea of the Gulf of Mexico.

Wonderful rumors were borne across the ocean concerning the wealth and beauty of this new land, where white-walled cities glistened by fairy lakes, where fresh streams watered gardens fair as the Hesperides, where the people dressed in rich garbs of tinted feather work, and worshiped some unknown god in temples shaped like the tower of Babylon, rising tier on tier toward the sun. In this land of Eldorado gold was as plentiful as the sands of the sea, and silver and jewels shone on the armor of even the common soldiers.

No wonder the naturally excitable and imaginative minds of the Spaniards were worked up to fever pitch by the news, and half the chivalry of Spain volunteered to start in the name of the crown for this wonderland in the New World.

It was to Hernando Cortez however, that the glory and romance of the conquest of this foreign empire was to belong.

It is impossible to here even to refer to the victorious career of this wonderful man. He stands on the page of history as did Cæsar among the Romans, or Hannibal among the Carthaginians.

He landed on the coast of Mexico with less than 3,000 men, and marvellous as it may seem, in less than four years had conquered the entire country from Gulf to Ocean, and made subject to Spain millions of people, as well as hosts of princes and nobles, and the person of the Emperor Montezuma himself.

Fabulous treasures of gold, jewels, and silverware fell into the conquerors' hands, and the coffers of Royal Spain groaned with the weight of the tributary and despoiled wealth of the captive nation.

To read the pages of Prescott on this wonderful conquest, is like perusing some Oriental dream-romance, or myth of the Ind. Yet it was all a real occurrence, for particulars of which the book of history lies open, that all who will may read.

The people whom Cortez subdued were called Aztecs. They were a tall comely race, with grave, dark, regular features; eyes piercing, foreheads high, and of intellectual mould.

Their cities were laid out in regular streets and built of low one-story stone houses, with here and there the palaces of the princes; and