

Lexington ! Concord ! Bunker Hill !

These are the names that the historians, and poets, and school book makers love to honor.

This is well. Not that we love Cæsar less, but Rome more, would we be rejoiced to see the men of the Mohawk valley recognized, and Oriskany, and Stone Arabia, and Sharon, likewise receive their due meed of praise and appreciation.

But the men of the Mohawk valley have never been celebrated for that sublime self assertion that distinguishes the men of New England. But whether the deeds done here are appreciated or not, we have the consciousness that our forefathers did their duty nobly, and we honor their memory.

We have come to the closing scene of our sketch of the Mohawks.

In a few canoes a wretched band are seen skirting the shores of the Bay of Quinte. Discouraged, poor, homeless, they seek a site for a village in a new land. They have left their native valley, their churches, their hunting grounds, and the graves of their dead, and the white man occupies all the goodly land.

A few years ago two Mohawks passing down the valley on the Central railroad were seen upon the platform of one of the cars with animation pointing out to each other the objects of interest in this ancient seat of their tribe. They had a traditional knowledge of it all, and the old Indian names of the hills and streams were familiar to them. They could see the church at Indian Castle which Sir William Johnson built for their fathers, and the spot at Fort Hunter where Queen Anne built her Indian chapel of the Mohawks. They passed by the sites of Teonontogen and Osseruenon, and they saw the hills among which Garoga stood.

Stoical as they naturally are, these red men shed tears, no doubt, of regret and sorrow that in this old stronghold of their tribe they were nothing but strangers.