

THE INDIAN.

Single Copies, each:]
FIVE CENTS.

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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VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18, 1886.

NO. 16.

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 cornerstone 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

Key, jr., Charles Skye.

Oneidas—Chiefs Henry Clench, Nicodemus Porter, Joseph Porter, John General.

Cayugas—Chiefs Joseph Henry, William Wedge, Abram Charles, Isaac Jacob, Wm. Gibson, John Styres, Wilson Fish, Robert David, Jas. Jamieson.

Tuscaroras—Chiefs Moses Hill, Jacob Williams, Josiah Hill, Richard Hill.

Chief Moses Hill and Moses Martin each bore a glass self sealing fruit jar, in which were placed the documents and records usually placed in the receptacle provided.

Messrs. Allen Cleghorn, President, William Paterson, M. P., R. Henwood, M. D., J. W. Digby, M.D., Alex. Robertson, Ex-Mayor William Watt, C. B. Heyd, Mayor, D. Burt, Warden of Brant County, H. McK. Wilson, Q. C., A. J. Wilkes, and Col. J. T. Gilkinson represented the Brant Memorial Association in the procession. The route lay from the Indian Office east to Charlotte street, to Colborne, to Market, encircling Victoria Park and entering by the south east pathway. Ropes had been stretched, in a double row about the site, about the large trees that surround the centre of the Park for the purpose of keeping the crowd back, and into this enclosure the procession filed, the band keeping up a lively air.

AT THE SITE

a platform had been erected upon some of the large stones and seats and placed thereon, where were seated Mrs. Percy Wood, the wife of the sculptor, Mrs. Alex. Robertson, Mrs. Henry Yates, Mrs. Wm. Watt, the Misses Cleghorn, Mrs. Peter Smith, a member of the Brant family, and a few others. Chief Josiah Hill mounted the highest pile of the huge stones that lay all about the site ready to be placed in position, and said (in English) that he had been appointed by the Chiefs of the Council to preside at the ceremony, and he trusted that good order would be maintained. He did not make a speech, but called upon Mr. Cleghorn, the President of the Association, to deliver an address. Chief Hill referred to Mr. Cleghorn's proposal, made ten years ago to the Council of the Six Nations, to erect such a memorial, and to his enthusiastic and untiring labors to that end. He was glad to be present and see the structure so nearly completed.

President Cleghorn said the Six Nation Indians had upon this occasion undertaken to perform a duty of very great importance, and he knew they would perform it well. This monument would be a worthy mark of the respect and love attaching to the memory of the dead Chief and would show to the world that the Six Nation Indians desired to perpetuate the memory of the Noble Capt. Brant. The strict adherence of the Indians to the terms of the treaty with Great Britian has always been worthy of remark, and still is. This monument constructed of brass and copper and stone is designed as imperishable. Turning to Chief Clench who stood near him, Mr. Cleghorn said, "And now I have the pleasure to present to you and the Six Nation Indians this silver trowel to be used in laying the corner-stone of this monument."

Chief Clench accepted the pretty little sou-

venir with an inclination of the head. The trowel is of nickel silver, and has engraved upon its upper surface "Presented to the Chiefs of the Six nation Indians on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Brant Monument, Brantford August 17th, 1886." Beneath was engraven a beaver, a Canadian emblem. The instrument was constructed by Mr. Thos. Ashton, of this city, and is a credit to the workman.

Chief Hill interpreted Mr. Cleghorn's remarks to the Indians, after which the ceremonial was proceeded with

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

Chief Clench deposited the two jars in the receptacle, ran the silver trowel through the mortar that was placed upon the lower stone, another stone was lowered upon it and the deed was done. During the operation Chief Smoke Johnson, father of the late Chief G. H. M. Johnson, and now 94 years of age, was present and occupied a chair close by the corner stone where he could witness the ceremony. He most attentively observed every movement, perfectly unconscious of the fact that he was probably more of an object of interest to the white people, as a man who had known Brant, than was the performance of laying the stone. The old Chief was afterwards given a more elevated seat where he was photographed by rival photographers; who also secured a number of views of the site and throng.

THE STONE AND DEPOSITS.

The corner stone will occupy a position beneath the northeast corner of the monument and is a block of Ohio freestone about 30 inches square having a round hole cut entirely through the centre, corresponding with an excavation of a similar diameter about 15 inches in the earth beneath, into which the jars containing the documentary deposits were placed. One jar contained a copy of the Canadian Almanac for 1886; the Brantford Colonial Pamphlet; Minutes of the Proceedings of the Brant County Council for 1885-86; Act of incorporation of the Brant Memorial Association; copy of an address of the Six Nation Indians to H. R. H., the Duke of Connaught; a circular issued by the Brant Memorial Association with names of the local committee formed in 1876; a list of the patrons and directors of the Brant Memorial Association for 1886, and date of laying the stone; a copy of the memoirs of Capt. Joseph Brant; a copy of the rules and regulations of the John H. Stratford Hospital; coins of the realm, 1 cent, 5 cent, 10 cent, 25 cent and 50 cent pieces, copies of the *Expositor*, *Courier Telegram*, *Globe and Mail*, *Toronto*, and *THE INDIAN*; copy of the Brantford Young Ladies College calendar; and excellent photos of President Cleghorn and Mr. Wood the artist. The other jar contained four strings of Wampum with interpretation; a copy of the grant of lands made by Governor Haldimand dated 25th October, 1784; a copy of deed confirming that grant, signed by Governor Simcoe, dated January 14th, 1793; a report of the visit of the Earl of Dufferin, Governor General of Canada to the Six Nation Reserve on the 25th of August, 1874; and a copy of the report of the Superintendent-General of Indian affairs, the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, for 1885.

THE WAMPUM.

The interpretations of the strings of Wampum is abridged and is as follows:

1st string—black and white—represents death with grief and mourning. The white indicating removal of sorrow, restoring the light of day with joy.

2nd string—Addressed to the Mohawks, and being white, is in continuation of the white in the first thing removing all sorrow.

3rd string—White, addressed to the chiefs, who having been in darkness, in consequence of their great loss, are now restored to a sense of duty, while, having been to the grave of the departed, where all is and will be well.

4th string—White, addressed to the chiefs, conveying to man, a son, new light and sunshine, that they may forget sorrow, and do their duty.

THE SPEECHES.

After the photographers had secured all they desired, Mr. Alex. Robertson mounted a large stone and proposed three rousing cheers for the aged Chief Johnson, "the father," he said "of the late respected Chief G. H. M. Johnson, whose death before this monument was erected is deeply regretted." The three cheers were given as heartily as the temperature would permit, and Chairman Hill called on Chief Henry Clench. The Chief spoke in the Oneida tongue in effect as follows:—Those who were here to-day had witnessed the performance of a most important duty, by him, in the laying of the corner stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of the late Capt. Brant. They had been told that Brant was a most faithful ally to the British, and that he was also faithful to, and exerted himself in behalf of his own people. Thus he was entitled to their respect, and his memory should be held in reverence because of his goodness and faithfulness. The speaker was glad to see so many in attendance both of Indians and white people. The documents that had been placed in the stone were all important and many years hence would be of very great value and interest. Chief Clench concluded an excellent address by admonishing his people, the Six Nation Indians, that as Brant was faithful to Great Britian and his people, so they might all follow in his footsteps and be also faithful.

Chief John Buck was then called upon to reply to the address of President Cleghorn. He spoke in the Onondaga tongue, and began his address by drawing the attention of the Six Nations to the fact that much of the credit for the accomplishment of this great work was due to the unwearied labor and persistent energy of Mr. Allen Cleghorn, who had given freely of his time to insure the success of so great an undertaking. They were assembled, he said, on the spot where the monument would be erected to the memory of Brant, as a memorial of his faithfulness, and valuable services rendered to the British Government and to the people of his own race. The Indians, he considered, should feel thankful to the white people for the generous aid and interest taken in the work. Ten years ago his council scorned the proposal, deeming it absolutely impossible of accomplishment, but afterwards reconsidered it and made

an appeal to their white brethren for aid. The response came so freely and liberally that they felt justified in proceeding with the erection. They were thankful to all who had contributed. The monument would last for all time, he hoped as long as the world lasts, as a monument of respect to a good man. All should follow his worthy example. He spoke of how the Indians under Capt. Brant had fought and bled for the old Union Jack, and earnestly hoped the good relations now existing between the Six Nations and the British Government would ever continue.

Following this address a number of Indians sang what they termed a "song of condolence." The air was a most melancholy one, and the words those of a solemn dirge. Chief Wm. Wedge led the singing.

The Chairman then asked the spectators to be as quiet as possible, that he would call on Chief Smoke Johnson, the eldest Indian on the Reserve and the only one living who had ever seen Brant.

The old Chief was assisted to stand on a chair, and in spite of his years made an eloquent address. He was glad, he said, to have the opportunity to say a few words. He had known Brant, and had heard much of his exploits and valiancy, and adherence to the British crown. At the time of the revolutionary war, when the Mohawks were in New York state they were enjoying many privileges, but the war broke out and Brant with his Indians fought the rebels. After a long and continuous war the British surrendered America. Brant's conduct in carefully guarding the wives and children of British soldiers and conducting them to Niagara in safety had been universally rejoiced at. Brant was famous as a warrior and faithful ally, and the whole country felt that such a memorial should be erected. Brant's faithfulness to the terms of the treaty with the British was marked and his example was a fit one to follow. This treaty had been secured to them by the Conservative Government of that day, and for this reason the Indians should adhere to the Conservatives. The several tribes still remaining in New York State were, he believed, all prosperous. He could not say all he desired, because the day was too far advanced.

All these Indian speeches were interpreted, very cleverly, by Chief Josiah Hill.

Mr. Robert Henry briefly traced the history of the Brant Memorial Association from its inception and gave the energetic President, Mr. Cleghorn, great credit for the zeal displayed by him in pushing the work to completion against very great obstacles. Referring to the several grants towards the object and the deficiency yet to be made up, he earnestly urged citizens to assist in making it up. The Six Nations and citizens should have a pride in this monument. It was the first ever erected to an Indian in Canada, and would amply evidence the appreciation of the services rendered by the illustrious Chief Brant. He alluded to Mr. Percy Wood, the talented artist, who secured the commission after keen competition with the most eminent sculptors of the age. The foundation stone of this monument, he felt assured, would also be the foundation of a bright future for the

young sculptor, and his name would be honored and respected as his talented father's had been before him.

Mayor Heyd expressed his pleasure at the large gathering and was pleased to see so large a representation from the Reserve. The spirit of amity which existed between the Six Nations and the whites was to be commended, and showed that the treaty rights had been respected. He hoped to see the same amicable feeling existing as well among the Indians of the North-West and that the white man's government should always bear among the tribes the reputation for confidence and fair dealing. The deep loyalty which the Indians always evinced that as long as the Indian was treated fairly he would be the friend of the white man.

Mr. Paterson, M. P., made a short address, referring somewhat to the inception and history of the memorial and the mutual subsisting friendly relations between the Six Nations and their white neighbors. He had no doubt the monument would be a handsome tribute to the ability and skill of the gentleman into whose hands it had been intrusted.

Chief Hill then called for three cheers for the Queen, which were given in full Indian style, and the proceedings closed.

NEEPIGON NOTES.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. The services were attended by ever Indian in the mission, old and young, save one or two in attendance on the sick boy. Elsewhere the great Trinity festival was being celebrated with all due honor; here no attempt was made to state the doctrine very definitely, or to trouble the minds of those poor untutored children of the forest with the metaphysical distinctions, and logical arguments, needed by more cultivated minds. Enough for them to know that God loved them, that Jesus Christ died for them, and that the Holy spirit was even then whispering in their hearts, asking them to love him in return, and to hate the sinful being that caused Him to be nailed to the accursed tree, and in their own simple, unquestioning way, they do believe, and many of them are trying to live better and more Christian lives. But much of the old leaven still clings to them. We can not wonder at it; the force of habit is not easily broken, either in red or white. In the former, reason suggests that only a comparatively low standard can be maintained. "To whom little is given, of them will little be required." Responsibility will be measured by knowledge and opportunity. But judged by this merciful and considerate law, I believe that many an Indian in Neepigon and elsewhere, will hereafter rise up, and condemn not a few among his so-called superiors, whose light has been, as compared with his, the full blaze of noon day, beside the dim, grey dawn of morning.

Holy communion followed morning prayer and the sermon, all the adults in the mission, save one or two, remaining to partake of it. In the afternoon the children sang their hymns, and recited the apostle's creed, and verses in Scripture, with a readiness and accuracy that showed that no little time and attention had been given

by Mr. Renison to their instruction. Service was held again at 4 p.m., and the "old, old story" told once more, as simply as to "a little child." Then followed the customary dole of flour, pork, and tea, and after a while the little community settled down to its wanted repose, broken only by the frequent howling of one or other, sometimes several together, of the forty dogs that the necessities of winter travel, and hunting, compel the Indians to keep. Before night fall, however, the Bishop had a solitary visitor, this was Geuces, who had come as a deputation of one, to ask the "big black coat" whether he thought it would be wrong for the Indians to set their nets on Sunday evening. Hitherto they had not done so, in their desire to follow the missionary's teaching as to the sacredness of the day, but now they had no food, and without fish they and their children must begin the week's work hungry. The answer was, that since the Great Spirit did not work miracles now as in old time, when the day before the Sabbath brought manna enough for itself and the Sabbath too, therefore, if Saturday's nets did not contain fish enough for Sunday as well, their Father in heaven, who knew that they had need of food, would not be angry if they set their nets on His holy day. Geuces went away greatly relieved, but the interview served to illustrate two things, first, the conscientious scruples which our Indians have as to even a seeming breach of the fourth commandment, and next, the pressing importance of their having some less precarious means of support than the uncertain contents of their fishing nets. Monday morning was devoted to an inspection of the little school, numbering fifteen or sixteen children. For this department of our work, we have also been fortunate enough to obtain valuable assistance in the shape of an annual grant of \$200 for a teacher, and we are trying to find one who, to his other qualifications will add some little knowledge of agriculture to enable him to serve as a kind of a farm instructor for the adult Indians. If he can act in this dual capacity and also, as a Christian man, co-operate generally with Mr. Renison, his presence will be an invaluable boon to the mission. Monday afternoon was set apart for the sports and games which have now become a recognized and eagerly expected element in the Bishop's annual visit. Old and young, braves and squaws alike took part in them, the zest quickened by the distribution of little prizes, specially provided for the occasion. The violence of all this exercise, of course, involved another demand on the tea chest, the pork, and flour barrel. The hungry wolf was appeased, the Bishop then gave them a parting address on sundry subjects, such as cleanliness in their houses and persons, forethought in providing fuel, etc., for the winter, the sin of wastefulness, their children's attendance at school, punctuality in church going, and care for the church building, faithful compliance with their missionary's instructions, and above all, obedience to God's law, to all which they responded with the customary "Kagate, kagate," (good, good), and dispersed to their homes.

Next morning, by 7 o'clock, the Indians assembled in the little church to witness the mar-

riage of Jimmy and Dora. The former had been a Roman Catholic, but influenced partly by his love for Dora, and partly by his desire to share in the material improvements which he saw going on all round him, had decided to cast in his lot with the mission, and had already planted his garden, and commenced a substantial house for the reception of his bride. The Bishop officiated at Mr. Renison's request, reading the service in Ojibbewa, while Misquabuoqua's guard ring performed a function by no means new to it. By this time the canoe had received its load of baggage, and all was ready for a start, so the last farewells were exchanged, and we began our return journey, reaching Red Rock by 5 p.m. next day, devoutly thankful to Almighty God for having kept us safely through all our journeyings.

One or two practical suggestions will fittingly close this letter:—First, Mr. Renison is toiling on bravely and faithfully, for these poor Indians, counting himself richly rewarded for all his pains, if he can only discover even the earliest tokens of the fruits of the Spirit in their daily lives, but his difficulties and discouragements are many. He is completely isolated, not merely from his brethren in the ministry, but from all Christian society and fellowship, outside his own domestic circle, not a friend or companion within reach, save on the occasion of the Bishop's annual visit, with whom to take counsel, or talk over the little vexing perplexities, that are continually cropping up. May we not confidently ask for him the prayers of his many friends, that the presence of the "Comforter" may be with him, sustaining his faith, inspiring him with courage, giving him a right judgment in all things, and infusing into his heart, in every season of doubt or discouragement, the strength of that sure word of prophecy, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in that whereto I have sent it." Secondly, improvement is urgently needed in the material comforts enjoyed by Mr. Renison and his family. The mission house is all but a ruin. The roof affords every facility for the study of astronomy. Not a shower falls but passes through it, to be received in tubs, pails, dishes, &c., scattered over the floor. Plans for its repair and enlargement have been freely discussed, such as raising the walls by the height of four or five logs, and putting on a new roof with three dormer windows to light the attic rooms above; but whence are the two or three hundred dollars to come from to do it with? We have not a farthing for such a purpose, necessary though it be, and hence Mr. Renison is going to content himself with spreading a few stripes of cedar bark on the top of the split and broken shingles! I cannot believe that the friends of Neepigon will allow its faithful and self-denying missionary, his wife and five children, to continue housed after this fashion.—*Dominion Churchman.*

Mr. Jones, light-house keeper at Manitowaning, left on Wednesday for the North-West to take charge of the industrial school on Rev. Hugh McKay's mission.

All the back numbers of THE INDIAN free to new subscribers.

LEGEND OF PIASA.

"Just above the city of Alton, Ill., high up on the face of the cliff fronting the Mississippi, there was the picture of a bird, standing erect, with wings spread; it was represented as having horns like the deer or elk; in height it was about ten feet, and from tip to tip of the wings, about twenty feet. Forty years ago the color was bright and distinct, but in late years owing to the encroachment of the city and the continued smoke from the lime kilns in the immediate vicinity, it has become very indistinct. The legend of the Piasa (pronounced Pi-a-sau) as related by the Indians, is as follows:

"Many, many moons ago, before the white men came, this enormous bird, the Piasa, suddenly appeared in that country. It extended its flight over a great many miles of the surrounding prairie. It was so large and strong that it could carry off both men and women with ease; even the deer and most other wild animals were made its prey. Its home was in a cave of the cliff mentioned above; its perch in the morning and evening was on a point of the cliff immediately above where the painting was made. There it would remain perched until the sun had fairly risen, and then soar away in search of prey. Almost every day one of the tribe would disappear, and too well the Indians knew his fate. The word 'Piasa' told it all. The victim was carried to the cave, and in a short time the bones only were left to tell the tale. So great became the alarm of the Indians in the neighborhood, that they fled many miles away, but they could not escape the flight of the dreaded Piasa. Every stratagem that they could invent was resorted to for its capture and destruction; but all without avail. At length the chief, an old man, fasted many days and nights, and prayed to the Great Spirit to save his people from destruction. One night the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and told him that he must sacrifice himself for his nation; said that in the morning, before it was light, he must take his station on the highest point of the cliff where the Piasa made its usual appearance at that early hour; that he must place twelve of his bravest warriors in ambush close by, with bows and poisoned arrows, and that when the Piasa discovered and darted down upon him, they must let fly their arrows, and if possible kill or wound him, and this they could do if their hearts were brave. He accordingly chose out twelve of his bravest warriors and placed them in ambush as directed, then took his station on the cliff, covered his head and then commenced to sing his death song. Just as the sun was seen rising in the east, the Piasa appeared, soared up, and circling around high up in heavens, made the fatal swoop for the chief, but just before he struck him with his talons, the concealed Indians let fly their arrows, and the Piasa fell dead, pierced through the heart. The chief was saved alive, and his people saved from destruction."

As long as the Indians inhabited that country, when passing up or down the river at that point in their canoes, they would stop and fire their rifles at the picture of the Piasa.

This legend may be only invention or imagination, but if so, how came so many human bones,

and also bones of wild animals, mingled in such confusion in the cave midway up a perpendicular cliff, over two hundred feet high from the surface of the water?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE RESERVES.

RAMA.

The pic-nic excursion from Rama to Georgina Island, under the auspices of the Good Templars of Kessisebata Lodge, I.O.G.T., per steamer *Orillia*, was held last Saturday. Lake Simcoe was calm and pleasant. The Island people were in waiting, and after arriving the party took their dinner in the school house, then went to the church for a public meeting. Mr. G. Williams gave a few remarks upon the subject of intemperance. Chief J. B. Nanigishkung, Chief Charles Bigcanoe, and Mr. Mays, Teacher, also spoke. After the meeting there were base ball games, resulting in favour of the Georgina boys. The return trip was lovely and the brass band played most of the time. Singing was also indulged in. The party arrived home at half past seven, in time for Lodge meeting. The affair was quite successful and highly enjoyable.

MORAVIANTOWN RESERVE.

The annual Harvest Festival, at Moraviantown, will take place this year on Wednesday, September 1st., at which the following gentlemen have been invited:—Hon. D. Mills, M. P., Dr. Oronhyatekha, London, Col. O'Malley, Wardsville, J. J. Hawkins, Esq., Brantford, Chief P. E. Jones, M. D., Hagersville, Chief Isaac Mintuse, Six Nations, Rev. R. Fletcker, Rev. Mr. Ryan, Florence, Rev. F. G. Newton, Bervie, Rev. A. Anthony, Tuscarora, Rev. W. J. Taylor, Wardsville, Rev. A. Hartman, Moraviantown, and John Beattie, Esq., Indian Agent, Highgate, has kindly accepted the invitation to act as chairman. T. E. Wampum and wife will furnish the music assisted by the Moraviantown brass band.

J. B. Noah took the census last week in the Reserve.

The Moraviantown brass band intend going to the Wallaceburg Band Competition to be held there on the 2nd of September next.

SARNIA RESERVE.

Since my last letter nothing of importance occurred in this district with the exception of a Sunday School excursion, which was held on the 29th of July, at the High Bank of Walpole Island. The steamer "Beckwith" being chartered for the occasion, she making the run down in only two hours. A large number of people took advantage of the occasion for a day's enjoyment. Returning the boat left the Island a little after four, arriving in Sarnia at seven o'clock. Vocal music by several ladies, instrumental music by the brass band made the trip a very pleasant one. Water melons were very plentiful on board, and if all the seeds that were thrown overboard should drift ashore it will astonish the good peo

ple that live along the water.

A tea-meeting was held here on the 5th of August, by the members of the Church of England, of Walpole Island, which was a success both style and financially. Speeches by leading men of both Walpole Island and Sarnia Reserve. Instrumental music by two brass bands and a song by Miss Emma Weaver. The proceeds will be applied towards paying for a fine organ which was lately bought for the church. It will add to the many improvements of that church since it came under the superintendency of Rev. Mr. Jacobs.

The Indians here are busy at harvest, the grain seems well filled in spite of the dry season. Day School will be opened on the 16th.

W. JACOBS.

Sarnia, Aug. 13th, 1886.

CHRISTIAN ISLANDS.

An Indian Council was held at Christian Island, July 5th. Chief Noah Assance presided and explained the course he had taken in the way of making some thorough searches concerning properties of the Beausoliel Island, Snake Island, and Rama Bands. He particularly effected a thorough search about the alleged Penetanguishene purchase of 1795, a surrender he believed fraudulent. The Government, after his band petitioned for a further compensation on the said surrender, made a promise to take this matter into their careful consideration, afterwards acknowledging that the Indians interested in those claims should be further compensated. He also received a report of the islands and the Coldwater Reserve, which sale amounted to a large sum, over \$30,000, and credited to the capitals of Christian Island, Snake Island, and Rama. The Government further promised to consider the payment for that large tract of land which was not yet ceded to the Crown. Mr. W. A. Elios was appointed Secretary of the Council. He then read the papers showing the course adopted in searches for, or looking after the properties of the band, and also explained about what he understood concerning the surrenders of 1795, 1836, 1856, 1818, and 1815. He answered some questions put to him by the Chiefs of Rama and Georgina Island. The representatives present were: Georgina Island—Chief Charles Bigcanoe and Councillor James Ashquabe. Rama—Chief Joseph Benson and Councillor John Kenice. Christian Island—Chief Noah Assance, Councillor George Monague, W. A. Elios, Secretary, and all his principal men. Chief Bigcanoe thought it would be wise that our bands should unite together to go to work to further make a careful search. He thanked Chief Noah Assance for the course he had already taken in the way of searching for the claims concerning the three Bands. Chief Joseph Benson also expressed his thanks to Chief Noah Assance. The search that he had already effected might result in benefit to our bands. He hoped some further searches would be entered upon. Chief Bigcanoe moved that the next search be made, particularly to ascertain the territory extending from the south of Lake Simcoe, down to the forks of Rivers Ottawa and St Lawrence, whether it was surrendered or not by our tribe. Chief J. B. Namigishkung ap-

proved of making the search, and wanted Chief Assance to be empowered to go on with it. Chief Noah Assance pointed out that the Snake Island band must bear the expense of further search, because his band had already gone to the expense of over \$100 in it. Chief C. Bigcanoe admitted that he should bear the expense for the further search, but he proposed the three bands interested in those properties must bear the whole expense from the beginning, because they were all interested in those claims. There was a little discussion about the mode of dealing with the claims in question. John Kenice heartily approved the proposition of Chief Charles Bigcanoe. Although his band were always very careful and very strict about how they expended their public money, he would venture to support Chief Bigcanoe's proposition. Chief J. B. Namigishkung believed that his band would cheerfully assent to bearing the expenses, knowing that it was for their own interest. On motion of John Kenice, seconded by George Monague, it was agreed the three bands would bear the whole expenses from the beginning of the search to its extent in equal proportion. Moved by George Monague, seconded by Chief J. B. Namigishkung, that W. A. Elios and the lawyer be delegated to go to Ottawa to make further searches. Moved in amendment by Chief Bigcanoe that Mr. Elios and another good councillor out of one of those three bands or chief one of those three bands be appointed to go with him in order to save the expense. Amendment seconded by John Monague. There was a lively discussion on those motions, which were withdrawn. Another motion was made by Henry Simon, seconded by John Monague, that W. A. Elios be delegated to Toronto, and empowering the lawyer, Mr. George Ritchie, to go to Ottawa to ascertain whether that tract of land now in question was ever surrendered. After some discussion, it was again moved by Geo. Monague, seconded by Chief Charles Bigcanoe, that a communication will be made to George Ritchie, Esq., to find out whether the tract of land which lies south of Lake Simcoe was surrendered by the Chippeway nations. The meeting closed at 11 o'clock, P.M.

HOW TO MAKE RUSTIC WORK.

In constructing rustic work, three things should be aimed at. The article to be made should be strong, well proportioned and graceful in form and outline. The first can be obtained by braces and supports, the necessity for which is seen at a glance; the others depend entirely upon correctness of eye and taste of the worker. No instruction can be given to aid the amateur in respect to either. It is better not to form or draw any design or plan for the article to be made beyond the dimensions and general shape of it; for the material used will not admit of following out in detail any preconceived design. It is already shaped and bent, and your design—if you have one—must conform to the shape and bend of the sticks used.

When rustic work is modeled after a patchwork crazy quilt, it does not matter much how the smaller traceries are put in; but if there is a "method in the madness," each part of the

lounge or other article should be consistent and correspond with other parts of it, that the whole may be symmetrical. The curves and angles found in the willow represent true arcs of circles and perfect angles, and are suited to this character of work. With laurel, cedar, and many other woods, this would be impossible. Each article of rustic work must be necessarily, and, I may add, preferably, *sui generis*.—*American Agriculturist for September*.

POTTAWATOMIE THEOLOGY.

It is believed by the Pottawatomes, that there are two Great Spirits, who govern the world. One is called Kitchemonedo, or the Great Spirit, the other Matchemonedo, or the Evil Spirit. The first is good and beneficent; the other wicked. Some believe that they are equally powerful, and they offer them homage and adoration through both. Others doubt which of the two is most powerful, and endeavor to propitiate both. The greater part, however, believe as I, *Podajoked* do, that Kitchemonedo is the true Great Spirit, who made the world, and called all things into being; and that Matchemonedo ought to be despised.

When Kitchemonedo first made the world, he filled it with a class of beings who only looked like men, but they were perverse, ungrateful, wicked dogs, who never raised their eyes from the ground to thank him for anything. Seeing this, the Great Spirit plunged them, with the world itself, into a great lake, and drowned them. He then withdrew it from the water, and made a single man, a very handsome young man, who, as he was lonesome, appeared sad. Kitchemonedo took pity on him, and sent him a sister to cheer him in his loneliness.

After many years the young man had a dream which he told to his sister. Five young men, said he, will come to your lodge this night, to visit you. The Great Spirit forbids you to answer or even look up and smile at the first four; but when the fifth comes, you may speak and laugh and show that you are pleased. She acted accordingly. The first of the four strangers that called was Usama, or tobacco, and having been repulsed he fell down and died; the second, Wapako, or a pumpkin, shared the same fate; the third, Eshkossimin, or melon, and the fourth, Kokees, or the bean, met the same fate. But when Tamin, or Montamin, which is *maize*, presented himself, she opened the skin tapestry door of her lodge, and laughed very heartily, and gave him a friendly reception. They were immediately married, and from this union the Indians sprung. Tamin forthwith buried the four unsuccessful suitors, and from their graves there grew tobacco, melons of all sorts, and beans; and in this manner the Great Spirit provided that the race which he had made, should have something to offer him as a gift in their feasts and ceremonies, and also something to put into their *akecks*, or kettles, along with their meat.

"Well old fellow, its all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope?" Count on me. I never deserted a friend in misfortune.

THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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THE FREE PRESS WRITES US UP.

The Detroit *Free Press* man, being doubtless surcharged with sarcasm, thus writes up the INDIAN:

"The Indian" is the title of a paper published in Hagersville, Ont. It is after scalps to the extent of \$1.50 per annum in advance. The Indian comes out of his wigwam once every two weeks, and has a larger circulation than any other paper of its class. The Indian publishes a fresh and timely continued story entitled "The Last of the Mohicans," by J. Fenimore Cooper. Mr. Cooper, who is doubtless an Indian, writes very well for an amateur and if he keeps on and improves he may yet reach the position of reporter on a daily paper, &c., &c."

Affecting a very amusing ignorance, the whole article no doubt being very funny. It is kind of the *Free Press* to give us so much free advertising, we appreciate it very much, indeed, and sincerely hope our esteemed cotem has not suffered any serious derangement from his overpowering literary effort.

We have received a communication from a person signing herself "Mrs Nobody." Will Mrs Nobody please send us her right name, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

CHIEF JOHN SMOKE JOHNSON.

(SAKAYENKWARAGHTON.)

We regret to announce the death of the venerable chief, warrior and orator of the Six Nations, Chief John Smoke Johnson, Sakayenkwaraughton, who died at his residence on the Grand River reserve, on the 27th of August last. Born at the Ox-bow bend, on the bank of the Grand river, county of Brant, on Dec. 2, 1792. It will be seen that he was one of the few remaining links that connected this with the past century. Celebrated at an early age as a daring warrior. He fought during the war of 1812-15 in the battles of Queenston Heights, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Fort Erie, Fort George and at Stony Creek, and was present at the burning and sending over Niagara Falls of the steamer Caroline. On his return to the Mohawk valley after the war, being a full blooded Mohawk of the Wolf clan, he was elected speaker of the Six Nations Council, which position he held for forty years, and was given the soubriquet of the "Warbler" of that nation on account of his great power of eloquence in council. He derived his English name from Sir William Johnson, who was his god-father, and was always a staunch member of the Church of England. Married in 1817 he was the father of several children among whom was the late chief George H. M. Johnson. His remains were interred on the following Saturday at the old Mohawk Church, near Brantford beside those of his wife, who died in 1866, aged 66 years, being the daughter of a German woman made captive by the Mohawks in their coming from New York state to Canada about the year 1780.

The old chief who remembered both Brant and Tecumseh, took a prominent part, making a speech at some length, at the laying of the corner stone at Brantford, on the 11th inst., of the beautiful memorial being erected to Chief Brant's memory at Brantford, it is greatly to be regretted that he was not spared to be present at the unveiling of it, which is to take place on the 13th, 14th and 15th of October next.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Editor:

I have for a long time eagerly scanned the columns of each issue of our paper to see if some of the young people on the reservations had sent you a few lines full of thankfulness and good will for sending us THE INDIAN. We have of course our local papers, but this is the first time that a paper entirely devoted to the welfare and advancement of our race, has been placed within our reach. The majority of the young people growing up on the reserves are being educated and taking important positions in the affairs of their tribes, and now that a paper so ably edited, so well printed, and of such good general appearance is being published solely in our interest. It is the patriotic, the filial duty of every one of our young men to aid the enterprise by becoming subscribers, and inducing others to do so. Show THE INDIAN to our white neighbor and ask him to become a patron. I feel very proud to know that such an interest is being manifested in our welfare, and the well written

articles that have appeared in past issues, are such to be of vital interest to our race. The traditions of our fore-fathers are being wiped out by the faithful ministrations of our Christian Missionaries, yet there is a charm in the reading of them that tingles our blood. The history of the good old braves of past days, the faithful allies of our Mother Queen, are alike full of deepest emotions, that awakens the native blood in our veins and makes us cling to the names of Tecumseh, Thayendanagea, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha and other noble self-sacrificing heroes, that immortalizes their names and deeds in our hearts and memories for ever. Now that these days of heroic chivalry are past and peace and its attributes have flung their mantles over our domains, let us turn our attention to the things that are instrumental, in promoting our welfare. THE INDIAN is doing this, by issuing a cheap and good paper, fraught with tidings that are for the advancement and prosperity of all our race.

Young men take the paper. Young women take it, study its pages, and you will find it full of knowledge, such as is unequalled by any other paper in the Dominion representing a class, creed or race.

Hoping you will have every success and a large subscription list for THE INDIAN.

I am yours with well wishes,

ONEIDA.

THE INDIANS AT BROADVIEW.

The following is clipped from the *Regina Leader* and has reference to the Indians at Broadview:

Your correspondent visited the Reserve which is a mile and a quarter to the north of the town and extends to the Qu'Appelle, and for twenty-seven miles east and west making a block of 250 square miles. I wish those who read in the *Globe* that the Indian is not well treated, would visit this reserve. He will leave it to your correspondent's conviction that he is too well treated. This piece of land, on which there are some 800 Indians, is one of the finest of bluff country in the world. No finer sight can be found than that from the brow of the hill, when one looks on the valley of the Qu'Appelle. Below are Indian farms, well cultivated, the houses flanked by stacks of golden grain. One of the finest farms on the reserve is Gardic's—about midway between the Agency and the Qu'Appelle. He has seen stacks of grain, Red Fyfe and White Fyfe—the grain No. 1. He has large fields of potatoes, and his Indian wife—a daughter of Pasqua's—showed your correspondent enormous specimens of this excellent root, and he has thirteen cows, all grade animals, in good condition. He is building a new house, and he is full of the display he will make at the exhibition at Regina. He has a sheaf of wheat to send up, which might not adorn the festival of Ceres, did we enact that obsolete ceremonial. Colonel Macdonald, the agent, showed us his garden, rich in potatoes, cabbages, Indian corn, water melons, carrots, cucumbers, and gave us some of these dainties at a hospitable meal. He showed us the store house, where we saw every possible implement for farming ready for the Indian's

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 Soo 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 Cattaragus (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 inverse ratio 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 lies,
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, Owapua. 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."

GERONIMO AND DAVE JONES.

"I only want ten cents, sir, to buy me something to stay my stomach," said the man with a bald spot on the top of his head. "I wouldn't ask that of a stranger but for my misfortune."

"Family all dead of some epidemic, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I never had a family, and as for epidemics they have no use for me. Stand off and take a square look at me, and then tell me where an epidemic would begin business on the Hon. Davison Jones."

"It would be a poor show," mused the reporter. "How came you to be an Hon.?"

"Used to be a member of the Arizona Legislature, sir. The Speaker of the House used to recognize me as the gentleman from Ehrenburg."

"Well, what is your misfortune?"

"Scalped by Apaches, sir. Indeed, I had the honor of almost being scalped by Geronimo himself. I'll tell you about it. I was out on my cattle-ranch in Arizona one day when Geronimo first broke away from the reservation. That was five years ago. I was suddenly surrounded by thirty Apache warriors and was at once conducted into the presence of the noted chief,"

"Good morning, Gerry," says I

"Good morning, Dave," says he.

"You see we were on good terms, and addressed each other by our given names. I asked him what was up, and he told me he had started out on the war path, and that my scalp would be number one. I took it at first as a joke and tickled Gerry in the ribs, but he soon convinced me that he was in dead earnest. His braves wanted to have some fun with me by cutting off my ears and nose, burning me at the stake, and so on, but Gerry shook his head and replied:

"Not this eve, my bully boys. Dave Jones is a square man, and although I must have his scalp to ornament my belt, he shant be hurt any more than is positively necessary. Who's got that can of laughing-gas?"

A brave brought it forward, and Gerry asked me to sit on the ground and take the tube and inhale the stuff. It was exactly like what the dentists use, and you will agree with me, sir, that it was very kind in Gerry. I thanked him warmly for what he was about to do, and then proceeded to inhale.—The last thing before my eyes was a brave sharpening his knife on his leggings and winking at me with his left eye. There was a roaring in my ears, my eyes closed, and when I recovered consciousness Gerry had my scalp in his hand and was saying:

"Come, now, Dave, put I really believe it has improved your looks fifty per cent."

"The operation didn't hurt me a cents worth for ten minutes, but after that the pain was pretty bad. You see, the brave who scalped me was a little rusty for want of work with his knife, and he had taken considerable more than the Injun custom called for. Gerry gave him a blowing up about it, saying that it was reckless extravagance to waste a man's scalp in that manner, but as I didn't kick the storm soon blew over. Gerry furnished me with a rag to tie over the spot until I reached home and advised me not to be out in the night air for the next ten days. We parted the best of friends. He carried off my scalplock, but he had no hard feelings toward me."

It was just his Injun way, you know. Owing to the weather the wound didn't heal up properly, and the result is fits and loss of mental power. I didn't want but ten cents, sir."

He got it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN TO SHOOT.

The following are the game laws: under the laws of Ontario. The shooting season will begin on the 15th of August. After that day woodcock, snipe, rail, golden plover, grouse, pheasant, partridge, prairie chickens, ducks and other water fowl may be shot; hares after the 1st of September. Deer may not lawfully be shot till after the 15th of October. No quail may be shot during 1886 or 1887, and no wild turkey until after 1888.

AN INDIAN SPEECH.

At the International Convention at Eufaula, in response to the Wild Indian speeches that appeared in our last paper, the President, Hon. S. H. Bengé, delivered the following address which was reported by the publisher of the *Indian Missionary*:

Gentlemen of the International Convention: We are very glad to meet so many of you, and especially so many of our brethren from the Plains; and gladder still to hear what they had to say. Anything we civilized tribes can do for them we will do with pleasure. Our people were once just like your people are now, but we went to work and with the help of God we have arisen to where we are to-day. The Cherokee people over here have too schools. All the Cherokee children go to school. We have a school there for the orphan children, where such are gathered from all parts of the Nation and supported and educated at one place. We have a school for the young men, and another for the young women, where they are educated separately and prepared for teachers and other leaders. We also have a home for the insane and crippled where the Nation takes care of such people. We have churches all over the country. The Cherokee people are a religious people. They believe in an Almighty God, and through His aid they have become what they are to-day. The Cherokee people are a farming people. They raise corn, wheat, oats, beans and everything they need for a support.

The Creeks, Choctaw and Chickasaws are all religious and farming people. My advice to you is, to till the soil, educate your children and become a religious people, and I am sure God will help you on better than anything we can do for you here to-day. But whatever aid we can give you to forward your progress we will cheerfully give to the extent of our ability. So when all the delegation arrive you can state your case and we will be ready to act.—*Indian Missionary.*

WENDIGO.

The memorial Methodist church here is advancing towards completion. It is expected the dedication will take place about October 3rd.

Rev W. Henderson, of Glencoe, will preach here and conduct a sacramental service the last Sabbath in the month.

ONEIDA.

At Chief John Sickles, barn raising a plate fell and crushed Wr. Powles' foot.

The Oneida glee club left on Wednesday to attend the camp meeting at Wesley park.

The U. T. S. intend holding a convention in Ohwan hall the first week in November. Delegates from Indian reserves in the States and Canada are expected.

Mrs. J. Wilson, who has been spending a few weeks at the parsonage, returned to her home in Brantford on Monday.

The ministers and laymen of the St. Thomas district held their financial meeting on Tuesday, 17th, at the Mount Elgin Institution. This meeting consists of the superintendent and one layman from each circuit. Their work is to divide in just shares to claimants the amounts at their disposal from conference funds; to regulate the assessments on circuits for the super-annuation fund, and to make arrangements for educational and missionary meetings.

The recent copious showers have freshened the vegetation, also the pasture fields which were becoming very much parched. The harvest is about over in this vicinity, and a good deal of grain has already been threshed. The yield of wheat seems to be considerably below the expectation of the farmers. The sample, however, is good. Barley and oats are turning out well, and are quite heavy. Despite the fact that the fruit trees blossomed most promisingly last May the fruit crop is comparatively a poor one.

It is noted as a fact in a "sketch of the early Pennsylvania history," that one of the first acts of William Penn, on his arrival in 1682, in America, was to remedy as far as possible the evil effects of intoxicating liquors upon the Natives, (it having been introduced by the Swedes and Dutch) by a legal enactment; subjecting every person to a considerable fine who sold ardent spirits to the Indians. And although the final departure of William Penn from his province in 1701, was a serious loss to the cause of benevolence and humanity, it did not intermit the labors of his friends and associates in the government, in the conciliation of the Indians and the melioration of their condition.

William Penn not only gave attention to the welfare of the Natives, by acts of justice and wholesome counsel, but also visiting them in their villages in the interior of the state, which example has been followed by Friends.

An incident of a touching character occurred in one of these missions of benevolence, performed by Thomas Chalkley, who in 1705, visited the Seneca and Shawneese Indians, on the Susquehanna. It is related that when he and his companions were about to part from the assembled Indians, an ancient queen, called Opincho, thus addressed them, "I look upon your coming as more than natural, you come not to buy and sell, and get gain, but for our good, we desire the Great Spirit to keep you from harm on your journey, and we bid you farewell."

Charlston, South Carolina, has been visited by an earthquake. The city is entirely in ruins and about 60 have been killed and hundreds wounded.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(Continued.)

"True; for he would value the animals for very different properties. Still is this a breed highly esteemed, and, as you witness, much honored with the burdens it is often destined to bear."

The Mohicans had suspended their operations about the glimmering fire, to listen; and when Duncan had done, they looked at each other significantly, the father uttering the never failing exclamation of surprise. The scout ruminated like a man digesting his newly-acquired knowledge, and once more stole a curious glance at the horses.

"I dare to say there are even stranger sights to be seen in the settlements," he said, at length; "nature is sadly abused by man, when he once gets the mastery. But, go sideling or go straight, Uncas had seen the movement, and their trail led us on to the broken bush. The outer branch, near the prints of one of the horses, were bent upward, as a lady breaks a flower from its stem, but all the rest were ragged and broken down, as if the strong hand of a man had been tearing them! So I concluded, that the cunning varments had seen the twig bent, and had torn the rest, to make us believe a buck had been feeling the boughs with his antlers."

"I do believe your sagacity did not deceive you; for some such thing occurred."

"That was easy to see," added the scout, in no degree conscious of having exhibited any extraordinary sagacity; "and a very different matter it was from a waddling horse. It then struck me the Mingocs would push for this spring, for the knaves well know the virtue of its waters."

"Is it, then, so famous?" demanded Heyward, examining, with a more curious eye, the secluded dell, with its bubbling fountain, surrounded, as it was, by earth of a deep, dingy brown.

"Few red-skins, who travel south and east of the great lakes, but have heard of its qualities. Will you taste for yourself?"

Heyward took the gourd, and after swallowing a little of the water, threw it aside with grimaces of discontent. The scout laughed in his silent, but heartfelt manner, and shook his head with vast satisfaction.

"Ah! you want the flavor that one gets by habit; the time was when I liked it as little as yourself; but I have come to my taste, and I now crave it, as the deer does the licks. Your high-spiced wines are not better liked than the red-skin relishes this water; especially when his nature is ailing. But Uncas has made his fire, and it is time we think of eating, for our journey is long, and all before us."

Interrupting the dialogue by this abrupt transition, the scout had instant recourse to the fragments of food which had escaped the voracity of the Hurons. A very summary process completed the simple cookery, when he and the

Mohicans commenced their humble meal, with the silence and characteristic diligence of men, who ate in order to enable themselves to endure great and unremitting toil.

When this necessary, and, happily, grateful duty had been performed, each of the foresters stooped and took a long and parting draught, at that solitary and silent spring, around which and its sister fountains, within fifty years, the wealth, beauty, and talents, of a hemisphere, were to assemble in throngs, in pursuit of health and pleasure. Then Hawk-eye announced his determination to proceed. The sisters resumed their saddles; Duncan and David grasped their rifles, and followed on their footsteps; the scout leading the advance, and the Mohicans bringing up the rear. The whole party moved swiftly through the narrow path, towards the north, leaving the healing waters to mingle unheeded with the adjacent brook, and the bodies of the dead to fester on the neighboring mount, without the rights of sepulture; a fate but too common to the warriors of the woods, to excite either commiseration or comment.

CHAPTER XIII.

I'll seek a readier path.

PARNELL.

The route taken by Hawk-eye lay across those sandy plains, relieved by occasional valleys and swells of land, which had been traversed by their party on the same morning of the day, with the baffled Magua for their guide. The sun had fallen low towards the distant mountains; and as their journey lay through the interminable forest, the heat was no longer oppressive. Their progress, in consequence, was proportionate; and long before the twilight gathered about them, they had made good many toilsome miles on their return.

The hunter, like the savage whose place he filled, seemed to select among the blind signs of their wild route, with a species of instinct, seldom abating his speed, and never pausing to deliberate. A rapid and oblique glance at the moss on the trees, with an occasional upward gaze towards the setting sun, or a steady but passing look at the direction of the numerous watercourses through which he waded, were sufficient to determine his path, and remove his greatest difficulties. In the meantime, the forest began to change its hues, losing that lively green which had embellished its arches, in the graver light which is the usual precursor of the close of day.

While the eyes of the sisters were endeavoring to catch glimpses through the trees, of the flood of golden glory which formed a glittering halo around the sun, tinged here and there with ruby streaks, or bordering with narrow edgings of shingling yellow, a mass of clouds that lay piled at no great distance above the western hills, Hawk-eye turned suddenly, and, pointing upwards towards the gorgeous heavens, he spoke.

"Yonder is the signal given to man to seek his food and natural rest," he said; "better and wiser would it be, if he could understand the signs of nature, and take a lesson from the fowls of the air and the beasts of the fields! Our night, however, will soon be over; for, with the moon, we must be up and moving again. I re-

member to have fought the Maquas, hereaways, in the first war in which I ever drew blood from man; and we threw up a work of blocks to keep the ravenous varments from handling our scalps. If my marks do not fail me, we shall find the place a few rods further to our left."

Without waiting for an assent, or, indeed, for any reply, the sturdy hunter moved boldly into a dense thicket of young chestnuts, shoving aside the branches of the exuberant shoots which nearly covered the ground, like a man who expected, at each step, to discover some object he had formerly known. The recollection of the scout did not deceive him. After penetrating through the brush, matted as it was with briars, for a few hundred feet, he entered an open space that surrounded a low, green hillock, which was crowned by the decayed block-house in question. This rude and neglected building was one of those deserted works, which, having been thrown up on an emergency, had been abandoned with the disappearance of danger, and was now quietly crumbling in the solitude of the forest, neglected and nearly forgotten, like the circumstances which had caused it to be reared. Such memorials of the passage and struggles of man are yet frequent throughout the broad barrier of wilderness which once separated the hostile provinces, and form a species of ruins that are intimately associated with the recollections of colonial history, and which are in appropriate keeping with the gloomy character of the surrounding scenery. The roof of bark had long since fallen, and mingled with the soil; but the huge logs of pine, which had been hastily thrown together, still preserved their relative positions, though one angle of the work had given way under the pressure, and threatened a speedy downfall to the remainder of the rustic edifice. While Heyward and his companions hesitated to approach a building so decayed, Hawk-eye and the Indians entered within the low walls, not only without fear, but with obvious interest. While the former surveyed the ruins, both internally and externally, with the curiosity of one whose recollections were reviving at each moment, Chingachgook related to his son, in the language of the Delawares, and with the pride of a conqueror, the brief history of the skirmish which had been fought in his youth, in that secluded spot. A strain of melancholy, however, blended with his triumph, rendering his voice, as usual, soft and musical.

In the meantime, the sisters gladly dismounted, and prepared to enjoy their halt in the coolness of the evening, and in a security which they believed nothing but the beasts of the forest could invade.

"Would not our resting-place have been more retired, my worthy friend," demanded the more vigilant Duncan, perceiving that the scout had already finished his short survey, "had we chosen a spot less known, and one more rarely visited than this?"

"Few live who know the block-house was ever raised," was the slow and musing answer; "'tis not often that books are made, and narratives written, of such a skrimmage as was here fought between the Mohicans and the Mohawks, in a war of their own waging. I was then a young-er, and went out with the Delawares, because I

know'd they were a scandalized and wronged race. Forty days and forty nights did the imps graze our blood around this pile of logs, which I designed and partly reared, being as you'll remember, no Indian, myself, but a man without a cross. The Delawares lent themselves to the work, and we made it good, ten to twenty, until our numbers were nearly equal, and then we sallied out upon the hounds, and not a man of them ever got back to tell the fate of his party. Yes, yes, I was then young, and new to the sight of blood; and not relishing the thought that creatures who had spirits like myself should lay on the naked ground, to be torn asunder by beasts, or to bleach in the rains, I buried the dead with my own hands, under that very little hillock where you have placed yourselves; and no bad seat does it make neither, though it be raised by the bones of mortal men.

Heyward and the sisters arose, on the instant, from the grassy sepulchre, nor could the two latter, notwithstanding the terrific scenes they had so recently passed through, entirely suppress an emotion of natural horror, when they found themselves in such familiar contact with the grave of the dead Mohaws. The gray light, the gloomy little area of dark grass, surrounded by its border of brush, beyond which the pines rose, in breathing silence, apparently, into the very clouds, and the deathlike stillness of the vast forest, were all in unison to deepen such a sensation.

"They are gone, and they are harmless," continued Hawk-eye, waving his hand, with a melancholy smile, at their manifest alarm: "they'll never shout the war-whoop nor strike a blow with the tomahawk again! And of all those who aided in placing them where they lie, Chingachgook and I only are living! The brothers and family of the Mohican formed our war party; and you see before you all that are now left of the race."

The eyes of the listeners involuntary sought the forms of the Indians, with a compassionate interest in their desolate fortune. Their dark persons were still to be seen within the shadows of the block-house, the son listening to the relation of his father with that sort of intensesness which would be created by a narrative that rebounded so much to the honor of those whose names he had long revered for their courage and savage virtues.

"I had thought the Delawares a pacific people," said Duncan, "and that they never waged war in person; trusting the defence of their lands to those very Mohawks that you slew!"

"'Tis true in part," returned the scout, "and yet, at the bottom, 'tis a wicked lie. Such a treaty was made in ages gone by, through the devilries of the Dutchers, who wished to disarm the natives that had the best right to the country, where they had settled themselves. The Mohicans, though a part of the same nation, having to deal with the English, never entered into the silly bargain, but kept to their manhood, as in truth did the Delawares, when their eyes were opened to their folly. You see before you a chief of the great Mohican Sagamores! Once his family could chase their deer over tracts of country wider than that which belongs to the Albany Patteroon, without crossing brook or hill that was not their own; but what is left to

their descendant! He may find his six feet of earth when God chooses, and keep it in peace, perhaps, if he has a friend who will take the pains to sink his head so low that the ploughshares cannot reach it!"

"Enough!" said Heyward, apprehensive that the subject might lead to a discussion that would interrupt the harmony so necessary to the preservation of his fair companions: "we have journeyed far, and few among us are blessed with forms like that of yours, which seems to know neither fatigue or weakness."

"The sinews and bones of a man carry me through it all," said the hunter, surveying his muscular limbs with a simplicity that betrayed the honest pleasure the compliment afforded him: "there are larger and heavier men to be found in the settlements, but you might travel many days in a city before you could meet one able to walk fifty miles without stopping to take breath, or who has kept the hounds within hearing during a chase of hours. However, as flesh and blood are not always the same, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the gentle ones are willing to rest, after all they have seen and done this day. Uncas, clear out the spring, while your father and I make a cover for their tender heads of these chestnut shoots, and a bed of grass and leaves."

The dialogue ceased, while the hunter and his companions busied themselves in preparations for the comfort and protection of those they guided. A spring, which many long years before had induced the natives to select the place for their temporary fortification, was soon cleared of leaves, and a fountain of crystal gushed from the bed, diffusing its waters over a verdant hillock. A corner of the building was then roofed in such a manner as to exclude the heavy dew of the climate, and piles of sweet shrubs and dried leaves were laid beneath it for the sisters to repose on.

While the diligent woodsmen were employed in this manner, Cora and Alice partook of that refreshment which duty required much more than inclination prompted them to accept. They then retired within the walls, and first offering up their thanksgiving for past mercies, and petitioning for a countenance of the Divine favor throughout the coming night, they laid their tender forms on the fragrant couch, and, in spite of recollections and forebodings, soon sank into those slumbers which nature so imperiously demanded, and which were sweetened by hopes for the morrow. Duncan had prepared himself to pass the night in watchfulness near them, just without the ruin, but the scout, perceiving his intentions, pointed towards Chingachgook, as he coolly disposed his own person on the grass, and said,—

"The eyes of a white man are too heavy and too blind for such a watch as this! The Mohican will be our sentinel, therefore let us sleep."

"I proved myself a sluggard on my post during the past night," said Heyward, "and have less need of repose than you, who did more credit to the character of a soldier. Let all the party seek their rest; then, while I hold the guard."

"If we lay among the white tents of the 50th, and in front of an enemy like the French, I could not ask for a better watchman," returned the scout; "but in the darkness and among the signs

of the wilderness your judgment would be like the folly of a child, and your vigilance thrown away. Go, then, like Uncas and myself, sleep, and sleep in safety."

Heyward perceived, in truth, that the younger Indian had thrown his form on the side of the hillock while they were talking, like one who sought to make the most of the time allotted to rest, and that his example had been followed by David, whose voice literally "clove to his jaws" with the fever of his wound, heightened, as it was, by their toilsome march. Unwilling to prolong a useless discussion, the young man affected to comply, by posting his back against the logs of the block-house, in a half-recumbent posture, though resolutely determined, in his own mind, not to close an eye until he had delivered his precious charge into the arms of Munro himself. Hawkeye, believing he had prevailed, soon fell asleep, and a silence as deep as the solitude in which they had found it, pervaded the retired spot.

For many minutes Duncan succeeded in keeping his senses on the alert, and alive to every moaning sound that arose from the forest. His vision became more acute as the shades of evening settled on the place: and even after the stars were glimmering above his head, he was able to distinguish the recumbent forms of his companions, as they lay stretched on the grass, and to note the person of Chingachgook, who sat upright and motionless as one of the trees which formed the dark barrier on every side of them. He still heard the gentle breathings of the sisters, who lay within a few feet of him, and not a leaf was ruffled by the passing air, of which his ear did not detect the whispering sound. At length, however, the mournful notes of a whip-poor-will became blended with the moanings of an owl; his heavy eyes occasionally sought the bright rays of the stars, and then he fancied he saw them through the fallen lids. At instants of momentary wakefulness he mistook a bush for his associate sentinel; his head next sank upon his shoulder, which, in its turn, sought the support of the ground; and, finally, his whole person became relaxed and pliant, and the young man sank into a deep sleep, dreaming that he was a knight of ancient chivalry, holding his midnight vigils before the tent of a recaptured princess, whose favor he did not despair of gaining, by such a proof of devotion and watchfulness.

How long the tired Duncan lay in this insensible state he never knew himself, but his slumbering visions had been long lost in total forgetfulness, when he was awakened by a light tap on his shoulder. Aroused by this signal, slight as it was, he sprang upon his feet with a confused recollection of the self-imposed duty he had assumed with the commencement of the night.

"Who comes?" he demanded, feeling for his sword, at the place where it was usually suspended. "Speak! friend or enemy?"

(To be Continued.)

The New Credit Cornet Band intend holding a picnic in the council-house grounds on Sept. 12nd. A good time is anticipated.

THE INDIANS OF HURON DIOCESE.

There is in Canada, no subject of greater importance than the present and future of the Indians. They may be a source of strength to the Dominion. This has been proved by the records of the past. The Indians proved their loyalty to England at the time that the States separated from the Old Country, and again in the war of 1812. Were we even to ignore the blessings of Christianity to immortal souls, it must be admitted that religion is essential to loyalty, and all the blessings of civilization. This is the basis of our hope for the well being of the Indians, not merely for themselves but also of the Dominion.

Thanks to the Christian liberality of the missionary societies of England, and to the indefatigable labours of the missionaries here, there are now few pagan Indians in the diocese of Huron. In Munceytown, Oneida, Moravian-town, Walpole Island, Sarnia Reserve, and other places, the Church clergymen, catechists, and schoolmasters have been blessed in their labors, and above all others the Six Nations on the Grand River, have worthily followed in the footsteps of their loyal Christian chief, Joseph Brant. We merely speak of our diocese; the other dioceses, we believe can point to an equal good record. With the Huron diocese the Indian records are inseparably connected. From one of the nations that owned this district ere the white man explored its old forest, our diocese assumed its name. The Huron nation as well as others has ceased to exist, being ruthlessly slaughtered in their internecine wars.

Will the Indian race become extinct? This query is answered in the affirmative by many. Many tribes have become extinct, and hence, they argue, that the time is at hand when the aborigines of the continent will only be known from the pages of history. We admit that some nations, some tribes of Indians have ceased wholly to exist, and others have decreased in number. But there is at present a conservative power influencing the nations that were dying from the destructive habits of paganism. Nations were dying away, as results of vices and diseases, many of which had been introduced by Europeans. The causes were incessantly going forward, while not a single preservative principle of social life was in any force. Virtue, the great conservator of national existence, was unknown. With the introduction of Christianity into the land, that state of society passed away.

Were additional proof needed to convince those who believe that the Indians are becoming extinct, we have the statistics now furnished by the Dominion Government. The only decrease recorded by the late census, is in the Mohawk nation, a decrease of sixteen, and this entirely due to exceptional circumstances. A trifling decrease such as this is no proof of the decadence of a race now numbering in the Dominion 129,522 souls.

If every farmer would cut down the burdocks, nettles, thistles, mullein stocks and pig-weed, beside the road next to his own land, would not the landscape be improved, at least to a farmers eyes? It is probable that next year he would not have as many weeds to hoe from the corn and potatoes on the other side of the fence.

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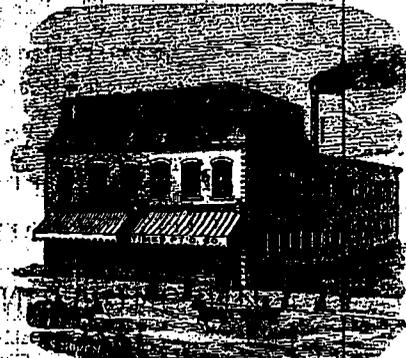
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THE MARKET REPORTS.

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The next meeting of the Grand General Indian Council will be held in the Council House upon the Saugen Reservation (near Southampton) commencing on

Wednesday, 8th Sept., 1886,

and continuing from day to day until the business is completed.

The minutes of the last Council will be published in a few weeks and will be freely distributed among the various Bands, and also to the Dominion Members of Parliament.

Any correspondence connected with the business of the Grand Council should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Hagersville, Ontario.

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Boston and New York Express, Ex Sun.	
Limited Express, daily.....	4:20 a.m.
Mail and Accom. except Sunday.....	3:34 p.m.
Atlantic Express, daily.....	11:43
Boston and New York Express, daily.....	5:05

GOING WEST

Michigan Express Except Sunday.....	11:25 p.m.
Chicago Express, daily.....	
St. Louis Express, daily.....	8:26
Mail and Accom. except Sunday.....	3:55
Pacific Express, daily.....	2:43 p.m.

All trains run by Ninetieth Meridian or Central Standard time.

Making connections for the East at Buffalo, and he west at Detroit. Connecting with the C. V. R. & L. & P. S. Railways at St. Thomas.

Through tickets issued to all parts of the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through. No change of cars between Hagersville and Chicago. Tickets issued to the Old Country via the Anchor Line of Ocean Steamers.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. Chicago.

J. G. LAVEN, Canada Passenger Agent Toronto.

J. H. SALTER, Agent Hagersville.

N. & N. W. Railways.

Trains leave Hagersville as follows:

TO HAMILTON	TO PT. DOVER
7:40 a. m.	8:55 a. m.
10:50 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	6:40 p. m.

The N. & N. W. Rys. runs in direct connection with the Collingwood Lines of Steamers, and connects with all important points either by Rail, Stage or Steamers. Through tickets issued to all points on Lakes Huron, Superior, Georgian Bay, etc. Freight for the Northwest billed straight through thus avoiding delays and inconvenience of customs.

ROBERT QUINN, Gen'r Passenger Agent.

WM. MAXWELL, Agent, Hagersville.