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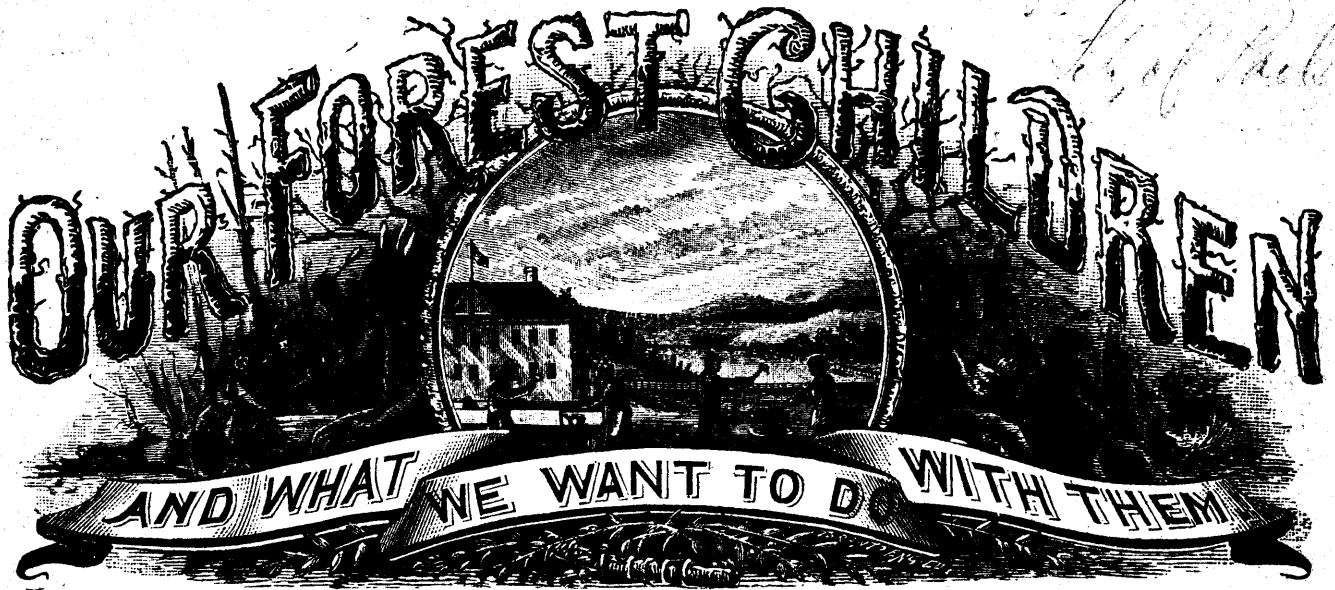
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Vol. III, No. 5.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 3.

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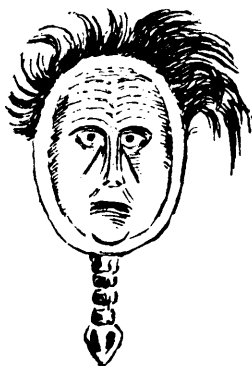
SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 3.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 3.

THE MOHAWK INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



No Indian people has more been written than of the six tribes which form the Iroquois Confederacy, or in other words: the Confederacy of the Six Nation Indians. These six nations were the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Senecas, and the Tuscaroras. Of

these the Mohawks appear to have been the original people, and the Mohawk language that from which the dialects of the other five tribes have sprung. More distantly related to them are the Hurons, the Wyandottes, the Caughnawagas, and the great nation of the Cherokees.

The ancient possessions of the Iroquois Indians were very extensive. An ancient map, made by the British Ordnance Department, about the year 1720, shows their southern boundary as running through the centre of North Carolina, west to the Mississippi; thence along that river and the course of the Illinois, to the southern end of Lake Michigan; thence through the centre of that lake to a point in Canada north of the Great Lakes; thence eastward to the Atlantic. Their neighbors in those days were the "Leni Lenapi," or Delawares. There is a tradition among the Delawares, that they and the Iroquois (or Mengwes,) came from the far West, crossed the Mississippi together, expelled the mound-builders east of it, and so eventually won their ancient seats.

The Mohawks, in common with the other tribes of the Confederacy, were called *Iroquois* by the French. Whence they derived the name of Mohawk is doubtful. Governor Pownall, in his "Treatise on the study of Antiquities," published in 1782, says that "ma" is a common term among many Indian tribes for "here,

on this side," and "aki," or "ak," is likewise a common term for people,—hence 'Mohawk' means 'the people on this side.' Another idea is that it is a corruption of the Ojebway name "Makwa," meaning a bear—the bear being one of their "totems." They do not, however, call themselves Mohawks. Their proper name is "Kanyeageh," or "Kanienga," meaning "the people of the flint."

Mr. Hale, in his pamphlet on "The Iroquois Confederation," gives a most interesting insight into the character and condition of these people, as they were first found by Europeans. Notwithstanding that their implements and weapons were made of flint and bone, their ornaments of shells, and their pottery of rude construction, they nevertheless gave evidence of being, in their own way, he says, "acute reasoners, eloquent speakers, and most skilful and far-seeing politicians. For more than a century, though never mustering more than 5,000 fighting men, they were able to hold the balance of power on this continent between France and England; in a long series of negotiations they proved themselves qualified to cope in council with the best diplomatists whom either of these powers could depute to deal with them. . . Their internal polity was marked by equal wisdom, and had been developed and consolidated into a system of government, embodying many of what are deemed the best principles and methods of political science—representation, federation, self-government through local and general legislatures,—all resulting in personal liberty, combined with strict subordination to public law."

W. C. Bryant says of these people: "Oratory was not alone a natural gift, but an art, among the Iroquois. Their language was flexible and sonorous, the sense largely depending on inflection, copious in vowel sounds, abounding in metaphor, capable of giving expression to various shades of thought—much, we may fancy—as was the tuneful tongue spoken by our first parents, who stood in even closer relations to nature. That great incentive to eloquence, patriotism, was not lacking to those Ciceros of the wilds. They were proud of their history, and their achievements; devotedly attached to their institutions, and enthusiastic at the mention of the long line of chieftains and sages, who,

from the era of Hiawatha, had assisted in erecting their grand Indian Empire."

It is sad to think how these great people of the past have lost their former glory; they can no longer arrogate to themselves the title of Ongwe Honwe. "Their old men," says DeWit Clinton, "who witnessed the former glory and prosperity of their country, and who have heard from the mouths of their ancestors the heroic achievements of their countrymen, weep like infants when they speak of the fallen condition of the nation. The man of Europe now covers the continent. The man of America is represented by tribes and nations, feeble of themselves, and relying for protection on the man of Europe." Of the great Mohawk nation there are none now remaining in the United States. There are a thousand of them on the Bay of Quinte in Canada, at the north-eastern end of Lake Ontario, and another thousand, or thereabouts, on the banks of the Grand River, near Brantford, Canada. These latter are so intermarried with members of the other five nations settled on the same reserve, that it is impossible to say just what their numbers are. The total number of Six Nation Indians in that locality in 1888 was 3362.

It will be interesting now to trace briefly the history of these remarkable people from the earliest date of which there is any record down to the present time. All Mohawks remember the name of *Hiawatha*, that name which has been immortalized by Longfellow's poem. As Moses was to the Israelites, as Mahomet to the votaries of Islam, so was Hiawatha to the Mohawks, and indeed to the whole nation of the Iroquois. This remarkable individual rose to prominence about the year 1460. A great idea filled his heart; that idea was to abolish war altogether and to proclaim an era of universal peace. To this end he worked and to this end he labored. He was not himself a Mohawk by birth: he belonged to the tribe of the Onondagas; but the Onondagas rejected his proposals, while the Mohawks received them, and he was adopted into their tribe. In the Onondaga nation was a great and warlike chief named Atotarho, who was looked upon with awe and dread by all the people. This chief stood up to oppose Hiawatha, and tried secretly to kill him. So Hiawatha left the Onondagas, and went to visit the neighboring tribe of the Mohawks. On his way he crossed a lake, the shores of which were covered with small white shells. These he gathered, strung upon strings, and hung as necklaces on his breast as a token of peace; and this is said to be the origin of the "wampum." Hiawatha's name — properly, Hayon-

watha—means, "he who seeks the wampum belt."

So Hiawatha arrived in the country of the Mohawks, and the Mohawk chief received him graciously, fell in with his plans, and agreed to join with him in an endeavour to build up the proposed confederation. They despatched ambassadors to the neighboring tribe of the Oneidas, asking them to join with them. The Oneida Chief asked for a year to think about it. At the end of the year he and his people joined the confederacy. The next year the Cayugas united with them. The Onondagas, who had at first refused, now joined also—they were afraid that the other Confederate tribes would become too strong for them. The warlike chief, Atotarho, was gained over to the cause by a little flattery. He was told that his town should be the federal capital, where the Great Councils of the league would be held, and that he should be regarded as the leading Chief. Then the Senecas came in. Their two leading chiefs were appointed "door-keepers" of the great Council Chamber, or "Long House," (Hode-no-sote). Thus five powerful nations were united in one. The Mohawks were represented in Council by 9 members, the Oneidas by 9, the Onondagas by 14, the Cayugas by 10, the Senecas by 8. The proportionate numbers however, made no difference, as no measure could be passed except by unanimous consent. One remarkable thing about this Confederacy was that the names of the Great Councillors, as in the case of the English House of Peers, were handed down from generation to generation; each newly appointed chief inheriting the name of his predecessor. As Norfolk succeeds to Norfolk, so Hiawatha succeeds Hiawatha. The great names of Hiawatha and Atotarho are still borne by Councillors now living on the Canadian reservation.

Another nation, that of the Tuscaroras, joined the Confederacy in 1712, and from that time it has been known as the Confederacy of the Six Nation Indians. The Constitution of the league bears the name of "Kayanezenh-Kowa," the Great Peace, reminding us of the "Magna Charta" of England.

Until the year 1776, the Six Nation Indians were located on the Mohawk River, in New York State, where they had fine farms and prosperous villages. Their great chief at that time was Hendrick, called "King Hendrick," who led their war parties. At the time of the rebellion they remained loyal to the British crown, and fought under the British flag. For this reason they were forced to give up their ancient possessions. They crossed into Canada and settled first at Lachine near Montreal, where they remained seven

years. Then they removed west to Cataraqui, near Kingston, where it was agreed around a council fire to dispatch their two leading chiefs, Tyendinaga, (Joseph Brant) and John Deseronto, to explore and



JOSEPH BRANT.

select a new home for them. Captain Brant went up the Lakes to Grand River, near Brantford, and chief Deseronto came up the Bay of Quinte. They returned and reported, and it was decided that the nation should divide, and accordingly fifteen families settled on the Bay of Quinte, and called their settlement Tyendinaga, after their great chief. The rest passed up the Lake and settled on the Grand River. This was in 1784. The Rev. John Stuart, D.D., who had been their missionary, on the Mohawk River, crossed the border with them, and settled with them in Canada, on the Bay of Quinte, and a church was built of oak timber, the remains of which were still in existence only a few years ago. The town Deseronto is named after the chief of that name; it means "object struck by lightning." The Mohawks of the Grand River also built a church as soon as they were settled down. The accompanying sketch of it was made in the year 1865. It is still in



OLD MOHAWK CHURCH.

existence and still used for worship, and is now the oldest church in Canada. Its bell was brought from the old church in New York State, and the large English Bible and Communion plate are the same that were presented to the

Mohawks by Queen Anne, and bear the date 1710.

A few words must be said about Captain Joseph Brant, after whom the city of Brantford is named, and whose bones lie in the graveyard adjoining the old Mohawk Church, in the square tomb shewn in the sketch. He was born in the year 1742, and was a full-blooded Mohawk of the Wolf tribe. When his father died his mother married again to an Indian whose christian name was Barnet, and so Joseph got to be known as Barnet's Joseph, corrupted afterwards to "Brant's Joseph," and so by inversion "Joseph Brant." He went first on the war-path when only 13 years of age, at the memorable battle of Lake George, when "King Hendrick" lost his life. He received an English Education at a school in Lebanon, Connecticut. Twice he visited England, first in 1775, and again in 1785. On one of these visits he greatly frightened a number of ladies by raising the war-hoop at a masquerade ball. When presented to the king he proudly refused to kiss the royal hand, saying, "I am king myself in my own country; I will gladly kiss the Queen's hand." King George took it good-humouredly. This great chieftain was unwearied in his efforts to benefit his people; he used great exertions to obtain for them a perfect title to their Canadian lands, but without avail. This was a source of great vexation to the old chief to the day of his death. Brant was greatly in favor of the Christian religion and education. It was mainly through his endeavors that the old Mohawk Church was built, and he laid the foundation for the institution which now stands beside it. It is said that when he died, the bell of the old church was tolled for twenty-four hours. Numbers of his descendants are still living on the Grand River and Bay of Quinte Reserves. One of the pupils at the Shingwauk Home, a little fellow of nine years old, named Burget Sebastian Brant, is a lineal descendant of the renowned chief.

These Mohawk Indians were never a wild people, living by hunting and fishing, as were many of the Indians. They have always, from time immemorial, cultivated the land, and raised their corn and beans and sweet potatoes. Their houses were made with upright walls and rounded roofs of elm bark, covering a frame-work of posts and sticks. Some of these houses were from 50 to 100 feet in length; the largest would have five fires and accommodate twenty families. Before the white people came their dresses were made of skins, and they ornamented their heads with feathers, and their necks and arms with chains of beads made from shells, birds' bones and the tips of horns; they

also made copper and silver ornaments, and manufactured pottery to some extent. Their canoes were made of logs or a framework covered with skins. They buried their dead in the earth in a sitting posture. Witches and sorcerers were burned alive. As a people they were never idolatrous. They always believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, and to this Supreme Being they would hold their feasts in the spring and at harvest time; and in the month of March they would offer up a white dog as a sacrifice to him. They believed also in the existence of bad spirits who would do them harm if not propitiated, and they thought that a bad man's spirit would, after death, return to his old hunting grounds and work mischief among the living. The Mohawks were divided into three clans or gentes—those of the Bear, the Wolf, and the Tortoise. The totem descended on the mother's side. Children belonging to the same totem were not allowed to marry one another.

The Mohawks have a number of old legends and traditions, but only one of them can be given here.

The Indians who dwelt near the Niagara River were all dying of disease. Hinu, the thunder god, in answer to the prayers of a maiden, revealed the cause; a great snake was hidden in the ground beneath their village, secretly causing their death. Hinu said he would destroy the snake, so he shot at it with his thunder-bolts. The Indians saw the great snake stretched out dead on the river bank, it was twenty arrow shots in length; they rolled it into the roaring waters of the Niagara. Just at Goat Island it became jammed in the river, the waters rose and broke tempestuously over it, and thus the horse-shoe falls of Niagara were formed.

Portions of the Bible and the book of Common Prayer have been translated into the Mohawk language, but no attempt has been made by Protestants, so far as we know, to prepare a dictionary or grammar of the language. The most reliable book of this kind is, we believe, a "Lexique de la langue Iroquoise," by M. J. A. Cuog, a priest of the Roman Catholic church, who resides at present at the Lake of the Two Mountains, P.Q.

GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

Owing to the scarcity of material on hand, it has been difficult to determine, with any certainty, the grammatical structure of the Mohawk language. According to Haines, in his history of "The American Indian," the Mohawk alphabet consists of nineteen letters—*b, f, l, m, p, v, and z* being omitted; the letter *r*, however, has something of an *l* sound. The language being

destitute of labials, the lips never need to be closed in speaking. Nouns are generally of three or four syllables, seldom of two, scarcely ever of one. The plural of the noun is formed in several ways by inflection, thus:—*Ga-no'-so-te*, a house; *Ga no' so do*, houses. The comparison of adjectives is produced by prefixing words equivalent to our "more," "most." In the declension of nouns, pronouns, as well as prepositions, are interwoven by inflection, thus: *ho no' so te*, his house; *ha to no' so te*, in his house. The verb, as in other Indian languages is capable of extensive inflection; no auxiliaries are used, but prefixes and suffixes take their place. The personal pronoun, both nominative and objective, is embodied in the verb. The verbs are conjugated with great regularity, having active and passive voices, moods, tenses, numbers, persons, but the participles are wanting.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father; *e, ë*, as in they, met; *i, ÿ*, as in pique, pick; *o, ô*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ä, ü*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in (Fr.) jamais; *â*, as in law; *h*, as in German *ich*.

man, ronkwe.	your hand, sehs non keh.
woman, a ko' nhigh tyen.	John's hand, John rahs non keh.
boy, raghk xa' ha.	my knife, a gwahsahré.
house, kan'o sa.	I walk, hi ke'h.
boat, kahon wé ya.	I see him, wahi kenh.
river, kan yeta r'ake.	thou seest him, wa ho kenh.
water, ogh né hka.	he sees him, wa hot ga to eh.
fire, ot si re, yetékh ha.	thou seest me, wa sehk kenh.
tree, kéh ri te.	I see thee, wakün kenh.
horse, a ko sah tens.	he sees me, waha' kikenh.
dog, ehr hahr.	I see myself, wuh kuh tàti ken.
fish, kán tsíu.	do you see him, its káskenh.
town, kanah teh.	he is asleep, rotahs.
kettle, k'hu run te.	is he asleep? rotahs ken?
knife, ah sa'hre.	axe, a do kenh.
tobacco, ho ye'nh kwah.	little axe, niwadoken shir-
day, ken, wenh te.	a'ha.
night, ha sonh tent ne.	bad axe, wadoken sera'ha.
yes, han.	big axe, wa'sero wa'na.
no, yah.	money, o wis stä.
I, Ihi.	bird, tc'itcä hra.
thou, ishe.	snake, oniyá're.
he, ra'hon ha.	don't be afraid, to'sha shet-
my father, rake n'iha.	sa'nik.
it is good, yoyé nere.	give it to me, gashati'ká.
red, oneh kwen tár'a.	
white, ken ragh ken.	

black, kah hon gé.	I am hungry, gatun kayex.
one, ens kat.	are you sick? sanuhwa'
two, te heni.	k'tanikã?
three, agh senh.	he is very sick, togashke
four, kayéri.	tciru'hnwa'ktani.
five, wisk.	it is cold, tc'iyuto'rre.
six, yayak.	he does not sleep, yahde ho
seven, djadahk.	da's.
eight, shadékonh.	we two sleep, yonge ne da's.
nine, tyok donk.	wesleep(ex.), yon kwen da's.
ten, oyèri.	we sleep (incl.), tosha son-
twenty, te wah senh.	da's.
hundred, wan nehysi.	it is a house, nene gano'sa.
come here, kaghts.	God, Niyoh.
be quick, te sahste réhon.	Devil, One son re non.
to-day, honwa kenhwente.	heaven, ka ronya geh.
to-morrow, hen yo'h ranh ne	two men, teheni yahse.
good morning, séego.	three dogs, àseni kute ehr-
Indian, Ongwe honwe.	har.
call themselves, kanienga.	four knives, kayeri niwa sah-
my hand, kehs non keh.	rake.
I will see you to-morrow, Henyo'h ranh ne	ãnko'nh ken,
what is your name? naho'te isa'yats?	
where are you going? kànu wagh se?	
I do not see you, yahte kun kash.	

The following books have been referred to in the above account of the Mohawk Indians:—The Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Catlin; The Smithsonian Report, 1885; Hale's Pamphlet on the Iroquois Confederation; Life of Joseph Brant; Report of the New England Company; The Indian; Haines' North American Indian; Geological Survey Report (Washington); Indian Department Report (Ottawa); Pilling's Bibliography of Iroquoian Languages; History of the Indians (Boston). Special thanks also are due to Miss Mary Lazor, pupil at the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, and Chief Joseph B. Brant, of Tyendinaga, for further particulars sent in answer to Question Pamphlet.

Who were the Mohicans?

THE Mohicans, a name made famous in Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," and who, as a tribe, it might be imagined from the title of that author's book had ceased altogether to exist, are still to be found—some 150 or so in number—in the State of Wisconsin; but their name has been changed: They are now known as the Stockbridge tribe. The Mohicans are of the Algonkin stock, and are related, therefore to the Delawares, Munsees, Ojebways, Ot-

tawas, and other kindred tribes. They came originally from Massachusetts and New York, and settled in their present location in the year 1857. The name *Mohican* or *Mohingan* is derived from "Ma-ingan," the Ojebway name for "a wolf," and, it is supposed, was given to them by the Ojebways on account of their savage nature. The following ancient records of Moravian Missionary work among these interesting people at the time when they were a great and powerful tribe have been culled from the pages of the "Red Man," published at the Carlisle Indian School:

"In passing through the old Moravian grave-yard at Bethlehem, Pa., the visitor cannot fail to notice the great number of Indian names recorded upon the small oblong slabs, which are characteristic of Moravian cemeteries, and which mark the resting place of their dead.

"The question naturally arises, Who were these Indians, and why were they buried here? Curiosity led me to investigate the matter, and I learned that most of them were converted from heathenism by the early Moravian Missionaries, in whom the Indians had so much confidence, that, when they were driven from their lands by the white men, many of them took refuge with the Brethren and remained with them until the close of their lives.

"Some of these converts engaged in Missionary work among their tribes, and their successful labors are duly recorded in the annals of the Moravian Church.

"The chief object of Count Zinzendorf's visit to this country in 1741, and the mission of his followers in America, was to Christianize the Aborigines,—"that race whose origin is shrouded in mystery, who once lived where we now live, but who are gone,—save a remembrance of them only in names of their favorite rivers and streams, and valleys and hills, that fall upon the ear like the echo of a sound that is past."

"The records of the Moravian Church in Bethlehem show that in the interval between 1746 and 1761, a large number of Christian Mohicans and Delawares as well as representatives from other tribes, were laid to rest beside their white Brethren, and the Chronicle adds: 'And now, although a century has passed since the remains of the Delaware maiden, Theodora, were carried to their long home, these dead of another race in the white man's cemetery still tell of a time when Bethlehem was the central seat of a Mission, of which there is no trace but the hillocks that cover the mouldering bones of her Indian converts.'

"Of the many interesting accounts on record concerning the Indian converts, I will mention but one more, which I will give in the language of the historian of the Moravian Church.

"John, alias Wasampah, alias Tschoop (Job), was one of the company of drunken Indians whom the Moravian Missionary Ranch met on the streets of New York, a few days after his arrival from Europe, in July of 1740. Invited by these strangers to their village on the Shecomeco, the Missionary went thither and preached the Gospel.

"Its power was soon demonstrated in the conviction of Tschoop, who expressed a desire to become, by baptism, a member of the Christian Church. He left Shecomeco for Bethlehem in August of 1745. Here he acted as interpreter in the service held for the Indians on Sunday afternoon in the Brethren's Chapel. He also gave instruction in Mohican to a number of brethren and sisters who were designed for missionaries.

"On the organization of the refugees from Shecomeco into a Christian congregation at Frieden, shütten (the huts of Peace), on the 24th of July, 1746, John was appointed their teacher. Soon after, small-pox broke out at the Indian quarters. To this malady he fell a victim, after a painful illness of seven days, during which he gave evidence of the mighty work of grace which the Spirit of God had wrought in his heart. In the presence of his weeping countrymen who had been summoned to his bedside, and amid the prayers of Spangenberg and Ranch, the spirit of the patient sufferer was released from its tenement of clay.

"This was on the 27th of August. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 28th, a funeral sermon was delivered by Ranch, and the remains were then conveyed to the graveyard, amid the strains of solemn music.

"As the body was being lowered into the earth, Nico-demus, the Elder, knelt by the grave and offered prayer. The concurrent testimony of those who knew John shows that he was not unworthy of the name of the beloved disciple which he bore, and that this evangelist among his people was a marvellous instance of the transforming power of divine grace.

"It is believed by some that the noble traits of this Indian convert were the foundation for the character of Chingachgook, in Cooper's story of the 'Last of the Mohicans.'"

THE Unitahs pronounce Americans "Merricats," which might be considered suggestive.

The Chippewas of Minnesota.

PROBABLY the greatest work done for any Indians in any part of Canada or the United States has been that accomplished by Bishop Whipple in his Diocese of Minnesota. The work may be said to have been begun in the year 1852, when that great and good man, Dr. Breck, amid the greatest difficulties and privations and in the face of persecution and suffering, laid the foundation of a work which under Bishop Whipple's fostering care has continued to extend and strengthen itself to the present day. At some future time we may tell about Dr. Breck's work; for the present we can give merely the following short extracts from "Indian Missions in Minnesota," explaining the accompanying portraits—"The Indians of White Earth have lately had built for them, by the efforts of their pastor and the kindness of Eastern friends, a beautiful stone church, costing \$10,000. Every year they settle down more to work; every year remaining heathenism loses its power over them. They are a simple-hearted, sincere people, rejoicing in Christ their Saviour, who found them. The Diocese assesses them annually for the support of its Missions and Bishop \$85, and they pay it. Many of them have family prayers, and their week-day devotional meetings are very frequent. But there is something better. From them has sounded out the Gospel to all the other Chippewas in Minnesota, for eight of their young men have gone forth from White Earth as the ordained ministers of Christ.

The Rev. Fred. Smith, Deacon, is now about thirty-two years of age. His father was head warrior to the celebrated Chippewa chief, Hole-in-the-day, and a splendid specimen of a heathen man. He was killed at an early age by the Sioux, and his little children, three of whom are now Clergymen of the Church, left orphans. Fred was taken by the Rev. Dr. Breck to school, at Faribault, when he was about eight years of age, baptised and instructed, and there he remained about two years, with many other Chippewa boys and girls, learning to speak English well. Coming back to the Indian country he worked at various things for a living, married, and in 1873 began to study for the Ministry at White Earth. His studies extended over three years, and in July, 1876, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Whipple, in the Church of St. Columba, White Earth.

The Rev. Charles Wright is the son of the head chief of the Mississippi Chippewas, and is now about thirty-two years of age. He did not have the advantage of education among the white people; all his life having

been spent among the Indians, and in his own country. When a young man he was still a heathen, and a wild and reckless one, knowing nothing different, and delighting in the wild ways of the Indians. He began to go to church for the purpose of making fun and entertaining his reckless companions afterwards with a mimicry of what he had seen and heard. But before he knew it he became entangled in the meshes of the Gospel net, cast into the deep where he sat, and found himself taken for eternal life, and so, he who had often "come to scoff, remained to pray." He was baptized with full purpose of amendment of life, which purpose he carried out, and was married in church to his wife, who had been brought up, as a girl, by Bishop Whipple, in his own family. At this time he hardly knew a letter, and no English, but having the desire for improvement, the white employees, seeing his changed life, took an interest in him and helped him in his studies. Finally he began to study at White Earth for the Ministry, and continued a student for three years, doing missionary work the while. On July 15th, 1877, he was ordained Deacon, along with his companion in study, the Rev. George B. Johnson, in the church of St. Columba, White Earth.

The Rev. George B. Johnson is a son of the well-known Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh. When a youth he studied for some years at Shattuck School, Faribault, and became a good English scholar, speaking the language very fluently. After

coming back to the Indian country he worked at various occupations, and finally began to study for the ministry, and on the completion of his course was ordained by Bishop Whipple, at White Earth, on July 15th, 1877, along with the Rev. Charles Wright, after passing a most satisfactory examination.



INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

The Rev. G. B. Morgan is the son of a chief of the Mille Lac band. He has been brought up wholly in the Indian country, and so, like three other Chippewa Deacons, lacks the knowledge of the English language, which the two who were sent to Faribault, to school as boys, find so useful. After having been some time in the Government Indian School at White Earth, he began to study for the Ministry, and after the usual period of preparation, was ordained, by Bishop Whipple, along with three others, to the Sacred Order of Deacons, in the church of St. Columba, White Earth, on July 14th, 1878.

The Rev. John Coleman is a brother of the Revs. Fred. Smith and George Smith. He is one of Rev. Dr. Breck's boys of the Mission at Gull Lake, having been given to him by his father, though a heathen man, and by Dr. Breck he was baptized by the name of an honored Presbyterian of Connecticut. Later, Mr. Coleman worked at lumbering, river-driving, etc., until with others he was removed to White Earth, where, in the almost nightly devotional and exhortatory meetings of the Indians, his ability as a speaker and knowledge of Divine things marked him out as one who would be useful in the vineyard of the Lord. He was called and prepared by three years of study, and, with the Revs. George Smith, Mark Hart and George B. Morgan, consecrated himself to the work of the Lord, on July 14th, 1878.

The Rev. Mark Hart was left an orphan at an early age, his father having been killed. Being in the Government School at White Earth, one day when a small boy and reading in his reading book the line "My name is Mark Hart; I am a good boy," the teacher said that Mark Hart should be his name, his Ojebway name, Obimweewash—sailing along with a thundering sound—being too formidable for a boy of his size. After leaving school and working at various employments he was seized with a dangerous sickness, and, like Hezekiah, made his prayer, asking God to spare him; that he was not afraid to die, but that he had not yet had time to show how a Christian young man should live, and asked God to give him time that he might show it. It pleased God not only to give him time, but also to make him a Minister of His Church.

The Rev. George Smith, now about thirty years of age, after being ordained, assisted for some years his brother, the Rev. John Coleman, at Old Chief's Village, Red Lake, in the church called St. Antipas, where he taught a free day-school for the Indian children, in

which many of them learned to read and write. He also taught them to sing hymns in Ojebway, of which, like all Indians, they became exceedingly fond, and one of the sights which would have touched any heart, was to hear and see that choir of poor, ragged Indian children, sweetly singing the praise of that God and Saviour who had rescued them from their darkness, made them His children and enlightened them with His Holy Spirit.

Joseph Wakazoo is an Ottawa—a kindred people of the Ojebways, speaking nearly the same language—from Michigan. He is now forty-two years of age. He was a soldier in the late war; was shot through the body in the Shenandoah Valley, and was again wounded. He is now in charge of the Mission and Church of St. Philip, the Deacon, Lake Winnibigoshish.

Traditions of the Chickasaws.

THE traditions of the Chickasaws say that the white people were the favorites of the Great Spirit; that he taught them to communicate with each other without talking; that no matter how far they are put apart, they can make each other understand; and that he also taught the white people to live without hunting, and instructed them to make anything that they want; but he only taught the Indians how to hunt, and that they had to get their living by hunting or perish, and the white people have no right to hunt. They say they got the first corn just after the flood, from a raven which flew over them and dropped a part of an ear; they were told by the Great Spirit to plant it, and it grew up; that they worked in the soil around it with their fingers. They never had any kind of tools; but when they wanted logs or poles a certain length they had to burn them; and that they made heads for their arrows out of a white kind of flint rock.

The Chickasaws, by their traditions, say that they came from the west, and part of their tribe remained there. When about to start eastward, they were provided with a large dog as a guard, and a pole as a guide. The dog would give them notice whenever an enemy was at hand, and thus enable them to prepare for defense. The pole they would plant in the ground every night, and the next morning they would look at it and go in the direction it leaned. They continued their journey in this way until they crossed the great Mississippi river, and proceeded to the Alabama river in the country where Huntsville in that state now is. There the pole was unsettled for several days, but finally it settled and pointed in a southwest direction.

They then started on that course, planting the pole every night until they got to what is called the Chickasaw Old Fields, where the pole stood perfectly erect. All then came to the conclusion that this was the promised land, and the main body of them accordingly remained until they migrated west of the state of Arkansas, in the years 1837 and '38.—*American Indian.*

A Curious Tradition.

THE Pot-to-yan-te tribe, of the regions of California, understood to be one of the tribes or bands of the Bonaks or Root Diggers, have the following tradition concerning their origin and existence, as given by an Indian chief of that tribe :

"The first Indians that lived were Coyotes. When one of their number died, the body became full of little animals, or spirits, as he thought them. After crawling over the body for a time, they took all manner of shapes; some that of the deer, others that of the elk, the antelope, etc. It was discovered, however, that great numbers were taking wings, and for a while they sailed about in the air; but eventually they would fly off to the moon. The old Coyotes (or Indians) fearing that the earth might become depopulated in this way, concluded to stop it at once; and ordered that when any of their people died, the body must be burnt. Ever after they continued to burn the body of deceased persons. Then the Indians began to assume the shape of a man; but at first they were very imperfect in all their parts. At first they walked on all fours, then they began to have some members of the human frame—one finger, one toe, one eye, one ear, etc. After a time they had two fingers, two toes, two eyes, two ears, etc. In all their limbs and joints they were yet very imperfect, but progressed from period to period, until they became perfect men and women. In the course of their transition from the Coyote to human beings, they got in the habit of sitting upright, and lost their tails. This is with many of them a source of regret to this day, as they consider a tail quite an ornament; and in decorating themselves for a dance or other festive occasions, a portion of them always decorate themselves with tails."—*American Indian.*

American Folk-lore Society.

THIS Society, of which Francis J. Child, Cambridge, Mass., is President, and W. W. Newell, Cambridge, Mass., Secretary, was organized Jan. 4th, 1888, for the collection and publication of the Folk-lore and Myth-

ology of the American continent. The membership fee is \$3, payable on the First of January in each year. The members are entitled to receive the organ of the Society, the *Journal of American Folk-lore*, a quarterly periodical containing from 80 to 100 octavo pages. The contents of the first volume of this periodical comprise, among other subjects, "Onondaga Customs," "Chinook Songs," "History of the Mississaga Indians," "Ponca and Omaha Myths," &c.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)



TEMPLE CAFE'. (See page 28, last issue.)

IT is easy to find one's way about in Washington. Our hotel was close to the corner of F and Ninth streets. The streets that ran parallel were named F, G, H, I, etc., one way, and those crossing them at right angles were 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th streets, etc.

After breakfast, my wife and myself started out to find the Geological Survey Building, where I expected to meet with friends interested in the Indians, who would be able to help me very materially in my work. In this I was by no means disappointed. The gentlemen of the Ethnological Department, although very busy as usual, found time one after another to have some conversation with me, and kindly answered a number of questions concerning the Indians, which I had been storing up for some time past. I was permitted to examine a most valuable wall map on which



TAKING NOTES.

were marked, so far as at present known, the original haunts of the various Indian tribes, and also to make all the notes I pleased from the many dictionaries and grammars in various Indian dialects with which their library was stocked. A little pamphlet gave me valuable information as to the various linguistic stocks to which it was adjudged the different Indian languages belonged. It was only a proof sheet, and not supposed to be entirely reliable, but still I found it of great value even in its suggestiveness. I can certainly never forget the great kindness and courtesy with which I was treated by the gentlemen of the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington—neither must I omit to mention that for two or three years past they have most kindly supplied me with copies of their many most valuable and expensive publications. I may say, indeed, that it has been the receipt of these valuable and interesting works that has spurred me on more than anything else to give a good part of my time and attention to the study of Indian languages and Indian history.

It may not be out of place here just to give briefly the reasons why I think the study of the Indian people of this continent so interesting.

First of all their origin is at present wrapped in such great uncertainty. The idea of their having come originally from Asia and to have crossed the Behring straits is, I believe, now exploded. And no more satisfactory is the theory that they have sprung from ship-wrecked sailors, belonging to the Chinese or Japanese nations. Except for the almond-shaped eyes, sometimes observable in certain of the Indian tribes, there seems to be little if any similarity between the Red Indian of

America and the Mongolian of China, whether in language, habits, or tradition. There may be Chinese and Japanese blood in some of the coast tribes, brought about by intercourse with the survivors of ship-wrecked junks; but there seems to be little, if any, likelihood that the Indians as a people, from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn, sprang from such a source. Again, secondly, these people, although so scattered, and so *sparsely* scattered, all over the vast continents of North and South America, bear strong evidence of having been originally but one people. An Indian is an Indian, whether you meet with him in the far north or in the far south. There is the same brown skin, the same black straight hair, the same lithe figure and generally well-cut features, the same peculiar gait and posture, the same animal instincts and animal proclivities, the same curious mixture of rude courtesy on the one hand and utter oblivion to the rules of civilized society on the other, the same keen eyesight, the same stolidity, and the same cleverness and ingenuity in providing the necessities of life out of the rudest material; the same lack of ambition and indisposition to continued effort; the same love for a wild life, the same deeply rooted communistic principle, the same strong recognition of family ties. Thirdly, there are ancient remains, the old ruins and mounds which have never yet been satisfactorily accounted for. The ancient ruins of Nineveh and Babylon and the excavations in Egypt and Palestine, bring to our view objects which we have already read about in ancient history—they go to confirm things which we have already heard about. But not so with the ancient ruins of America. Before the discovery of that continent by Christopher Columbus, in 1492, it was not even known that there was such a country; still less was it conceived that there existed a people far away across the Atlantic, who dwelt in cities built of stone, and who understood the art of weaving and working in various metals. These ruins which are found in America are unique in themselves. Large stone buildings of excellent construction are there found, built not of great quarried stones, but of small sized leaf-like slabs laid one upon another in excellent form and united in one solid block with a mortar, in the composition of which lime, although found in the locality, had no part. And these buildings had many of them arched and vaulted roofs, the arches not built on the old-world principle, with a key stone in the apex, but each stone in the arch bevelled with the hammer and the arch built over a solid core, which was afterwards removed.

And fourthly, *the language* of these American Indians has a character of its own. No other country in the world, perhaps, has such a diversity of tongues, as has that of the continent of North America. It is estimated that there are no less than 56 linguistic stocks, and nearly a thousand different dialects in North America alone. And these languages are not rude barbarous tongues, as those who have never studied the subject might suppose, but are capable of giving expression to the most abstruse ideas. The grammar is very full and the inflections of the various parts of speech most extensive. And another interesting point is that these North American languages, although so many in number and belonging to so many distinct stocks, have nevertheless a vein of similarity running through them all, and are all of them, so far as I can gather, entirely distinct from any known European, Asiatic or African tongue. The American Indians are a distinct people, distinct from all other nations of the earth; they have a language largely differing in its construction from all other languages, and they have a history hidden in the oblivion of the past—a history which could only be begun to be studied when they as a people were discovered less than 400 years ago, and which has only within the last few years been earnestly taken up and made the subject of scientific enquiry.

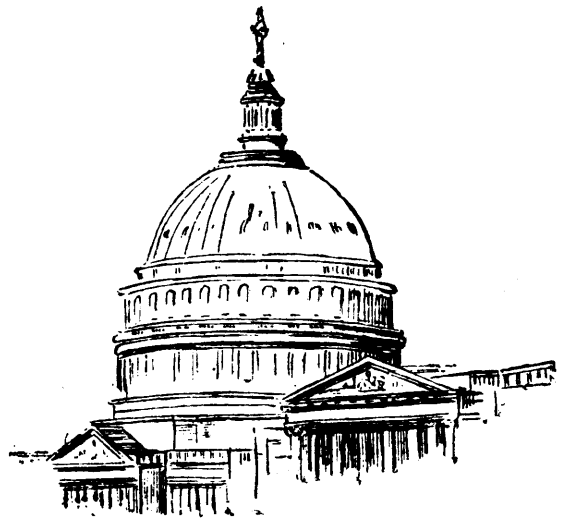
I must not dwell longer now on this subject. These chapters are intended merely to amuse and to interest the general reader; but I may say that the object of the journey which is here described, was mainly to collect information, which may at some future day be utilized in the compilation of a more important work, bearing on the history and languages of the Indians of North America.

Our last day in Washington was occupied in the morning by a visit to the Indian Bureau, where I met with the kindest reception from the Hon. J. H. Oberly, the Indian Commissioner. Mr. Oberly was in his office. I found no difficulty in getting in to see him—for the reason first that the passage was a very short one from the outside door to the office door; and for the reason, secondly, that I happened to be in America. I presented my letter of introduction from the authorities in Ottawa, and another from Captain Pratt. Mr. Oberly was a kindly old gentleman, with thin gray hair and a clean shaved face. After bidding me be seated he asked me several questions about the Canadian Indians, the prospects for their education and civilization, etc., and said he hoped I would write to the Bureau, after the completion of my journey, and give

some account of my impressions as a stranger. A lady in attendance then wrote for me a general letter of introduction to the Indian Agents, on the line of my proposed tour, requesting them to extend to me "such courtesies and such assistance in the furtherance of my object as they could render without detriment to the public interests of the respective agencies." This Mr. Oberly signed and handed to me, and the lady who had written it smiled on me and said she had already heard something about the Shingwauk Home, but could not remember where.

Having got through with my business, I was now at my wi'e's disposal. We hired a herdic and went to see the sights.

Washington is very clean. The streets are paved with asphalt. You can see long distances. Most of the public buildings are white, and have massive white stone pillars at their chief entrances. The man who drove the herdic was told to take us first to the Capitol.



THE CAPITOL.

The Capitol is white. It is approached by an immense number of white stone steps. It has a number of great massive white stone pillars both in front and rear, and an immense dome on the top with something at its apex, probably a statue of liberty, but too far off to see. The entrance under the dome when you get inside is striking. There are some aerial figures painted on the inside of the top of the dome, and the floor under your feet is polished marble. Around this central room beneath the dome, are some fine large oil paintings, representing historical scenes. "Pocahontas' Baptism," and the "Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers," impressed



VISITING THE CAPITOL.

us as the most striking. Away to the end of the vast building was the House of Representatives, and away to the other end was the Senate House. One long-wide passage extended the whole length. There were objects of interest all the way along. The massive pillars of Potomac marble were very striking; not a kind of marble that one often sees; it glistened like glass, and seemed to be a conglomeration of polished pebbles and pieces of pebbles of all shapes and sizes set in a semi-transparent compound; it looked, so to speak, like very nice brawn or collared head, turned into stone, and highly polished; but we have no pretensions to geology whatever; no doubt the marble in question has a scientific name with which all persons but ourselves are perfectly familiar. We were not greatly struck with the House of Representatives; it was all upside down, in the hands of carpenters and cleaners. The Senate House, although in fair order, struck us as very plain. There was a small, common chair with a leather bottom to it and a leather back to it in the place where we expected to see the President's throne. It was painful, too, to get into the place so easily. There was no one there to stop us, not even a boy. We just went up the white marble staircase and along a corridor, and pulled at two or three doors which wouldn't open, and then pulled a door which would open; this door had 'Ladies' Gallery' written over it; and then we went inside and tripped down the steep steps of the Ladies' Gallery to

the railing, and then gazed down and round and up, took it all in—noticed that the carpet was green, that the desks had mahogany or some other red wood tops, that there was a small table with a blue top to it in front of the President's little chair, and another bigger table of the same kind a step lower, and two little common tables on the floor of the House. No doubt excellent laws are made in the Senate House, but we did not like the idea of getting into it so easily, and we thought the President ought to have a bigger chair.

The herdic-driver was told to drive next to the National Museum. Time was limited and we could only stay fifteen or twenty minutes at each place. At the Museum, the chief objects of interest to us were the Catlin pictures; we did not want to see what could be seen at other museums. The pictures can hardly rank as works of art; the Indian faces are flat, and wanting in tone and expression; but the pictures are interesting as showing how Indians looked and how they dressed in Catlin's time, fifty years or so ago.

The next place visited was the Smithsonian Institution, a dark-red sandstone building only a few steps from the Museum. This contained objects of greater interest, viz: Models of Indian puebloes or terraced villages, old Indian stone implements and weapons, Indian mummies, etc.

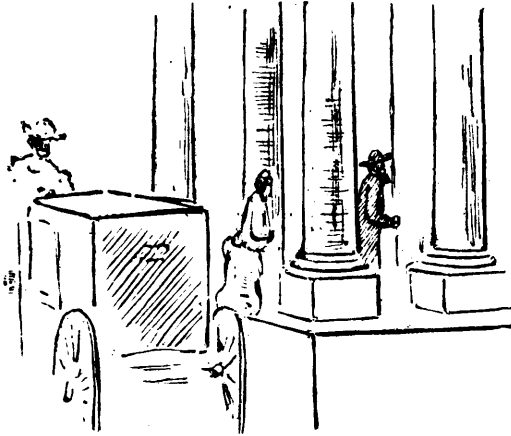


INDIAN MUMMY.

Close to the Smithsonian Institution was the Washington Monument. It is an enormous obelisk of white, glistening marble. Two little black eyes away up at the top were probably windows where people look out to view the city; they are hoisted in an elevator, and they say it takes six minutes to go up.

Our next visit was to the President. It was dreadful

to get into the President's house so unceremoniously. There was no sentinel at the gate. The herdic drove in the grounds without asking any permission, drove under the great white portal supported by eight massive white stone pillars; then we alighted, walked up the



WE VISIT THE WHITE HOUSE.

stone steps, entered the house of the greatest man in America for the time being, asked no questions and were asked none, were not even searched for dynamite, were not even looked at—passed on to the left where we saw some other people going, entered a large but not gorgeous apartment carpeted with a soft rich but faded carpet; walked round this apartment, looked at the full length oil paintings of President Lincoln, Washington, and three or four other noted men; looked up at the chandeliers shrouded in dust cloths, passed out again to the hall, asked if there was anything more to see; and finding that this was all that was open to the public, re-entered our herdic and drove away.

My wife was now tired. The sight-seeing had been done rather in a hurry, but it could not be helped. A general idea of Washington had been impressed on both our minds, and that idea was a pleasant one. My wife said, "I should like to live here."

(To be continued).

Notice.

PARTICULARS about clothing for either Home will be furnished by Mrs. Wilson, Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., to whom all boxes are to be addressed. Please put list of articles, and by whom sent, inside each box. Christmas-tree gifts always acceptable.

Shingwauk Chips.

OUR PICNIC TO ROOT RIVER.

(Written by Wm. Riley, Ojebway boy).

MR. WILSON told us that we were going to Root River on 24th of May. On 23rd of May, Mr. Wilson and three Indian boys started for Root River, to get everything ready. Next morning about four o'clock a good many of the boys started on foot. We had rain in the morning. The rest of the boys and other folk of this Home started off as soon as the shower was over. The Band boys had the nicest waggon. They played some tunes as they went along. Boys and girls were playing around when we reached the place. We had our dinner about half-past one. After dinner we had a game of base ball, and it lasted about two hours. We had a horse race. Mr. Wilson scrambled one hundred coppers and a few silver pieces. The Band boys played one or two of their pieces before we had our supper.

THE Brass Band plays every Thursday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, at the Shingwauk.

"THE BUCKSKINS."—The "Buckskin Base Ball Club" has played two matches this season, and in each instance the Shingwauk boys came off victorious.

ON the 28th of June, there were 27 girls and 53 boys at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes—80 pupils in all; since then a number of them have left for the summer holidays. School re-opens August 19th.

BUILDING AWAY.—The foundations of the new sash and door factory at the Shingwauk have been laid; the new carpenter's cottage is in course of construction; and the band stand is nearly completed. New workshops will be the next thing.

Elkhorn Echoes.

THE Bishop of Rupert's Land has kindly consented to attend and open formally the Washakada and Kasota Homes at Elkhorn, Manitoba, the first week in August.

MR. C. D. MCKENZIE continues to act as local Superintendent of these Homes, Mrs. Vidal is the lady matron, and her daughter Miss Vidal, and John A. Maggrah, late pupil at the Shingwauk, are the teachers.

A Bit of Wild Life.

HOPE RED BEAR, who was with the first party of Sioux pupils who came to Carlisle school when it opened, in 1879, and who is with us yet writes as a school composition the following bit of her experience while in camp:

"When I was in Dakota, about eleven years old, my parents were wild and did not like to live with white people or make friends with them.

We belonged to Ta-tan-ke-yo-ta-ke, or Sitting Bull's Band.

I used to get very much afraid of the white people.

The Indians often move from one place to another in search of buffaloes and other wild animals.

One day a party of Indian men came home from hunting and said that a party of soldiers were coming to fight us.

So the Indians, both young and old men, put on their war-robos and painted their faces and were ready to fight against their enemies.

My father and uncle were among these Indians.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the white people came upon our camp.

The women did not go to the fight, but they all rode upon wild ponies, and were ready to get away if the enemy should overcome our heroes.

It was said that if the enemy should conquer, the women would be taken away as slaves.

I have never in my life been so frightened as I was in that terrible fight which took place on the big-horn river.

One thing the Indians were glad of was that General Custer and all his men were killed.

Some of the Indians, captured some horses, cows, wagons, sugar, crackers and some other things from them, and that was the first time I ever tasted a cracker and sugar in my life.

At that time the Indians did not know what sugar and flour were for.

The chief, Sitting Bull, now lives with the white people in one of the Agencies, as if he had never done anything so painful against them."—*Indian Helper*.

Clippings.

EIGHT Omahas have dedicated the potato crop of an acre each next year to help build their new chapel and school-house. Our missionary is teaching them self-help, and to work for the common weal as well.—*Indian's Friend*.

A SIOUX chief is learning to ride a bicycle, and the final extermination of the original race is now only a question of time.

THERE should be a blackboard in every shop. Wonder how many of the boys can spell the names of the tools they work with. Some of them don't know how to pronounce them.

WE see by the *Pipe of Peace*, published at the Genoa Nebraska Indian School, that, "Spotted tail, the grandson of the famous chief, is the latest addition to the printing office."

"WHAT'S the matter?"

"Why?"

"What are all the boys running so for?"

"Oh, the girls are coming back on the four o'clock train, and as it is raining, the boys with umbrellas have permission to go to the station to meet them."

"Oh."—*Carlisle*.

A PLEASANT letter from Carlos Montezuma, our educated Apache friend who is studying medicine in Chicago, and clerking in a drug store to pay his way through College, expresses gratification to hear of our success in raising money for the new buildings going up here this summer. Says he, "I hope the time will come when all of the buildings will be donated by wealthy *Indians*."—*Indian Helper*.

ON Sunday morning, one of the late arrivals from Dakota, failed to put in an appearance at the kitchen, his place of work for the month. A young Apache cook was despatched to discover the whereabouts of the new-comer, and to escort him to his place of duty. On finding him the boy remonstrated and the following colloquy ensued:

Apache: "Yes, you come."

Sioux: "Nup."

Apache: "Yes, you must. Come on, quick."

Sioux: "Me no work Sunday."

Apache: "That's all right. Then you no eat."

It is needless to say that Mr. Sioux saw force in the argument, and without recourse to more severe measures, repaired to the kitchen, where he has since done excellent duty.—*Indian Helper*.

PLEASE send me "*Our Forest Children*," commencing with the June Number, for which I enclose the sum of fifty cents. Cut this out and send it to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

SIXTY-SIX INDIAN TRIBES,

AND SEPARATE PORTIONS OF TRIBES, WITH A POPULATION OF ABOUT 66,668.

STILL WITHOUT MISSIONARIES.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

ARIZONA.		KANSAS.	
	POPULATION		POPULATION
Mohave	797	Pottawatomie	470
Chimehuevis	202	Kickapoo	241
Yumac	800	Sac and Fox of Mis-	
Hualapai	728	souri	84
White Mt. Apache	1687	Iowa	143
San Carlos Apache	767	MONTANA.	
Apache Yuma	268	Blackfeet, Blood and	
Apache Tonto	867	Piegan	2026
Apache Mohave	667	Assinaboine	894
Coyatero	310	Yankton Sioux	2023
Warm Springs and		NEBRASKA.	
Chiricahua Apache	411	Ponca of Dakota	207
<i>Indians not under an Agent.</i>		NEVADA.	
Mohave	700	Western Shoshone	380
Suppai	214	Indians off the Piute	
CALIFORNIA.		and Pah-Ute Re-	
Hoopa	422	serve	3200
Klamath	400	Indians wandering	
Serranos	481	in Nevada	3300
Dieguenos	855	NEW MEXICO.	
Coahuilla	667	Mescalero Apache	417
San Luis Rey	1093	Jicarilla Apache	785
Tule and Tejon	141	Navajo	17358
Wichumni, Keweah		Moquis Pueblo	1919
and King's River	540	OREGON.	
Indians in various		Klamath and Madoc	806
counties on ranches		Snake	166
not under an		Indians roaming on	
Agent	5269	Columbia River	800
COLORADO.		TEXAS.	
Muache, Capote and		Alabama, Cushata,	
Weeminuche Utes	978	and Muskokee	290
IDAHO.		UTAH.	
Bannack	460	Tabequache Ute	1252
Shoshone	984	Uinta Ute	481
Shoshone, Bannack,		White River Ute	572
and Sheepsteater	557	Pah Vant	134
Pend d'Oreille and		Goship Ute	256
Kootenais (scattered)	600	WASHINGTON TERRITORY.	
INDIAN TERRITORY.		Makah	523
Apache	332	Quillehute	258
Caddo	521	Quinaielt	107
Comanche	1592	9 other small Tribes	316
Delaware	41	WISCONSIN.	
Kiowa	1164	Winnebago	930
Keechie	182	Pottawatomie (Prairie	
Towaconie	133	Band)	280
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