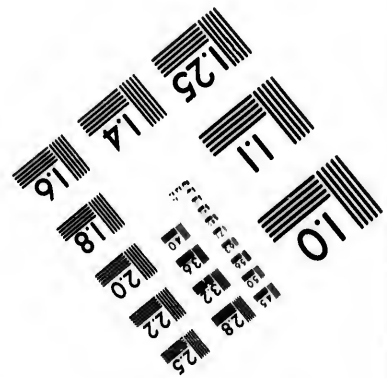
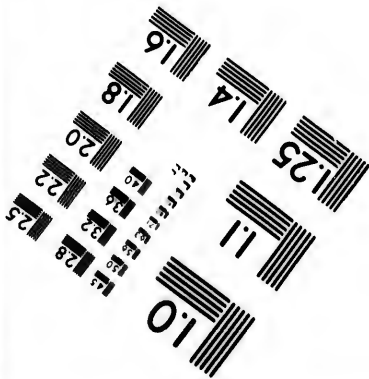
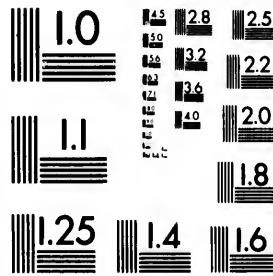


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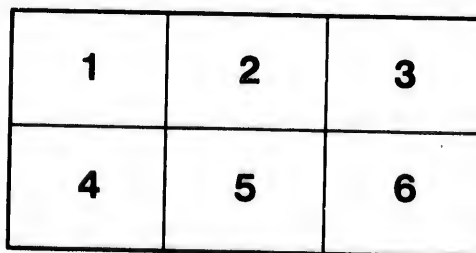
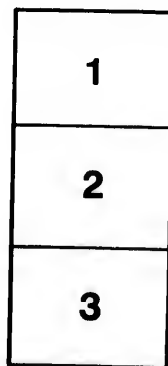
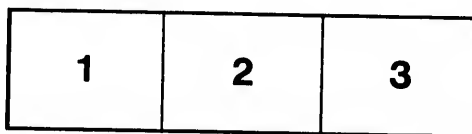
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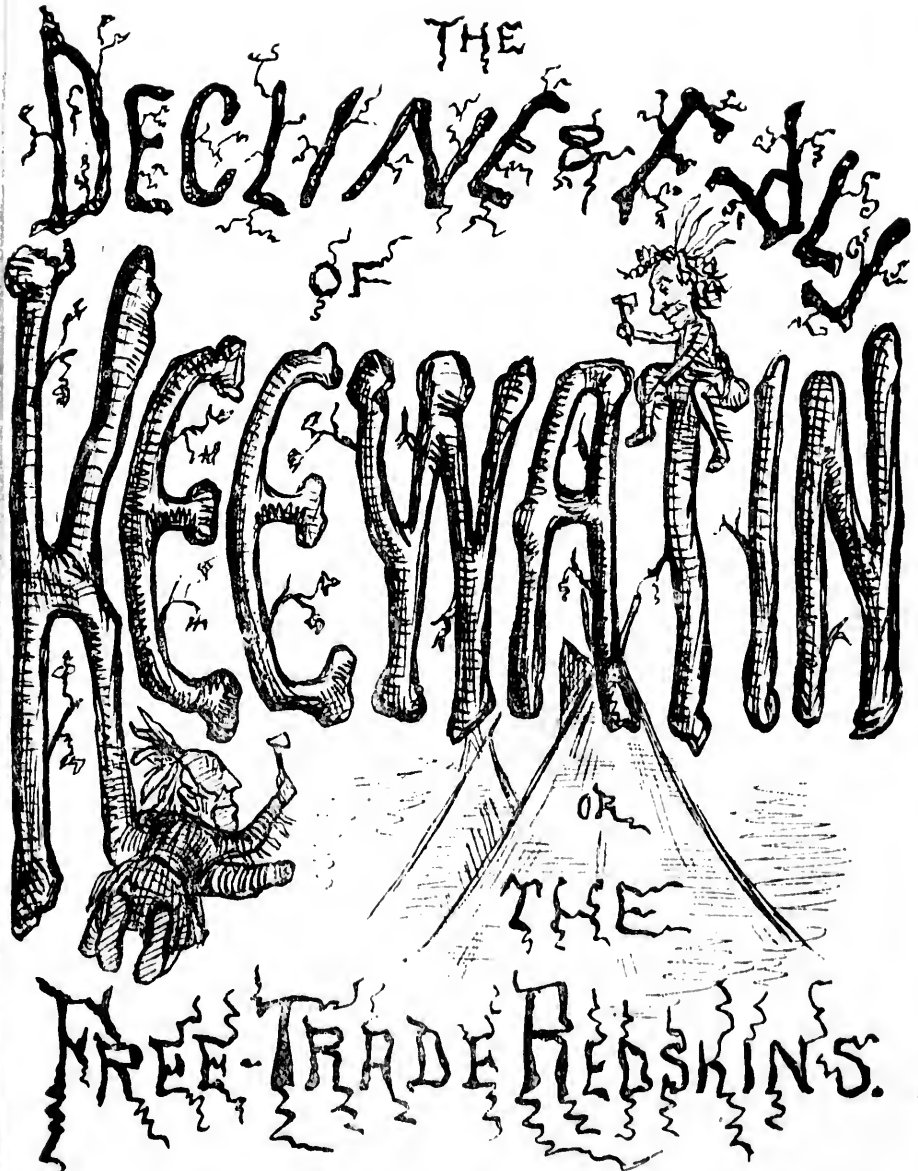
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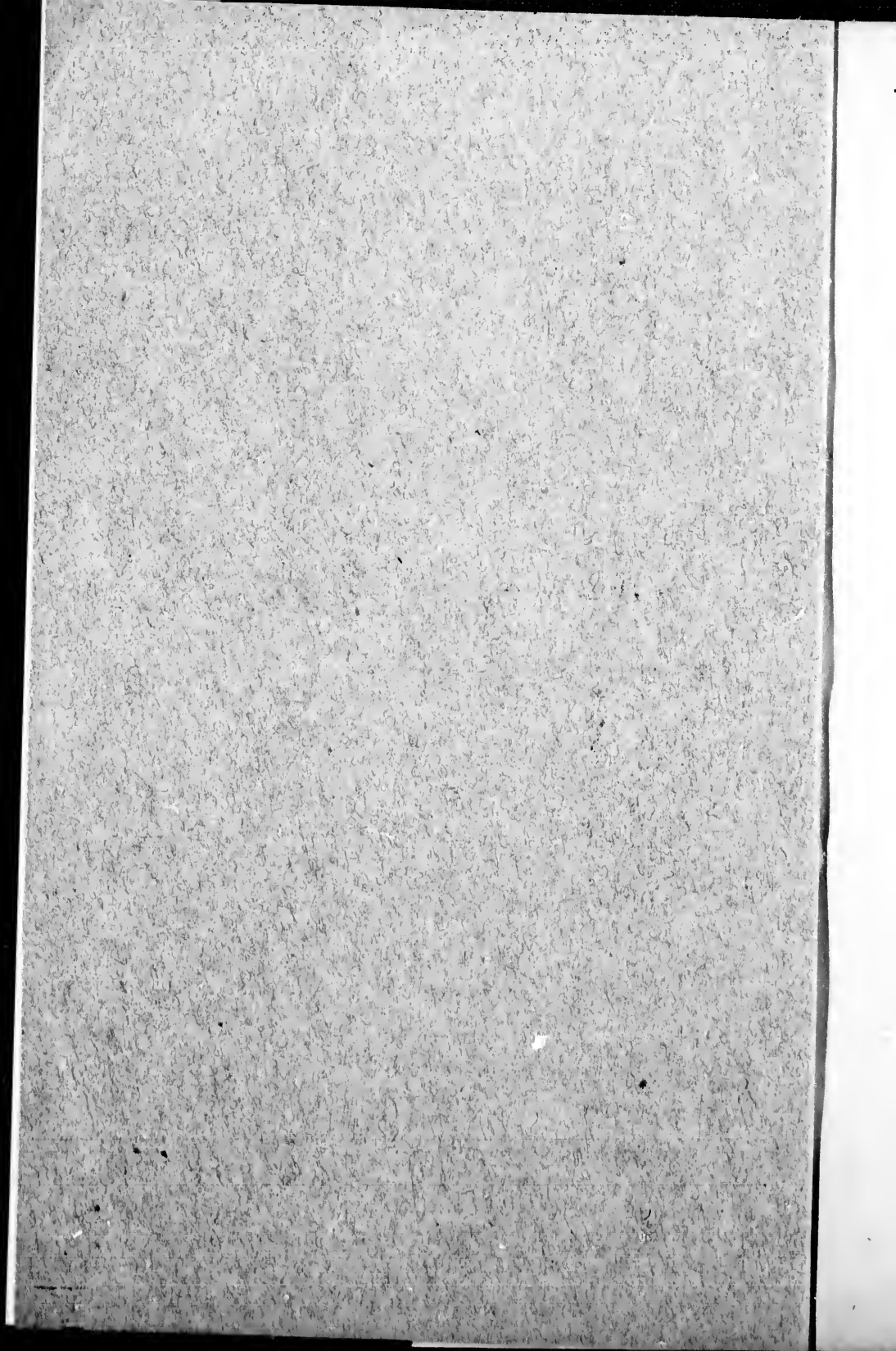
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TORONTO:

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1876.



THE
DECLINE AND FALL
OF
KEEWATIN ;
OR
THE FREE-TRADE REDSKINS.

A SATIRE.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

TORONTO:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT "GRIP" OFFICE,
22 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

1876.

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PRINTED AT GRIP OFFICE, 22 ADELAIDE STREET,
TORONTO.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

IT is well known to Canadians that the present Dominion Government have discovered a Province named Keewatin, in our North West Territories, although there may be some doubt as to its being as the Bill says "bounded on the west by Ontario and on the east by Manitoba." On the other hand it is not known to the Public that the exploring party sent up to settle its boundaries found in the newly revealed country evident traces of a former civilization, to wit :—the remnants of a stone wall along its frontier, and about the centre of the deserted plain a curiously shaped mound of fossilized wood ; and that they picked up from the ground near by, the original MS. of the extraordinary narrative hereto appended, written on oak tanned buffalo skin, and to all appearance a thousand years old, at the least. The editor hopes that the pains he has taken to translate and publish this document, will be properly appreciated ; as to its authenticity, it must be taken for what it is worth.

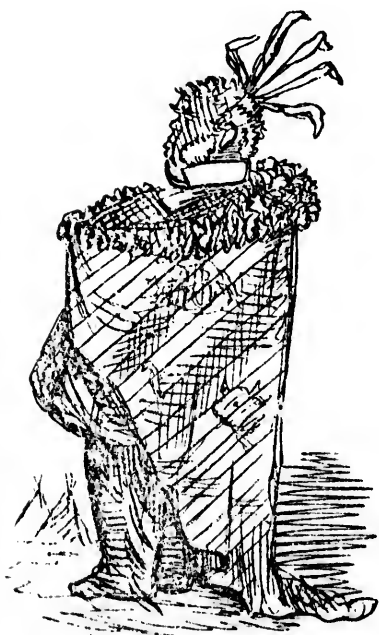
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THE
DECLINE AND FALL OF KEEWATIN
OR
THE FREE-TRADE REDSKINS.



LIONUNIKORN.

THE land of Keewatin is toward the setting sun. It was once the home of the Kanuck Nation, a tribe of warriors that came from the loins of the great hunter Lionunikorn. The chiefs of the Kanucks were Big-Push, the head of the Puritees, Clean-Hands, head of the Toerees, and Goldwing-Arrow, the most skilful marksman of the nation,

who led the Beavers, a tribe of youthful braves, who were great scalp-takers. The Kanucks at

first gave signs of becoming as mighty as their fathers, but the glory of Keewatin has departed,



GOLDWING ARROW.

and its silent forests now echo only to the howl of the hungry wolf or the wild north wind's lamentation. Its last warrior has disappeared, for the land has been utterly wasted and can no longer supply him with food.

Now, the decline and fall of Keewatin came about in this way :—

Far back in the early morning of time the Kanucks were but children of the plain, spending their time in hunting the buffalo and slaying their red brothers, having no abiding camping place,

as their
departed,

but wandering to and fro through Keewatin, while the tribes and nations that surrounded them had betaken themselves to the arts of peace. At length, perceiving the advantages of order and civilization amongst their neighbors, the Kanucks determined to emulate their example and settle down. No hunting grounds known to the red man were more fruitful and promising than those of Keewatin; there was abundance of game and wood and iron and all things else whereby they might make themselves as great as the greatest of the adjacent nations. So they settled down, accordingly, and soon showed signs of thrift and enterprise.

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The country across the river to the south of Keewatin was occupied by the nation of the Spread Eagles, a keen lot of redskins, who had by this time advanced so far in civilization, that their people had grown strong and great, and their name was known at the most distant trading-posts. Hitherto the baskets in the Kanuck wigwams had mostly been made by the squaws of the Spread Eagles, and when their chief Cute Eagle observed that the Kanucks were beginning to make baskets for themselves, and to trade with his own tribes, he determined to put an end to this, and if possible to make them give up their intention of becoming a trading nation, and go back to the buffalo trail. So he summoned his people and built a high wall along the border of his country, and would not permit any baskets to be brought in from Keewatin.

Thus matters remained until at length the Great Mother of the Trading Bulls sent her warrior Lordelgin to live in the Big Wigwam of the Kanucks. This great brave crossed the river, and smoked the pipe of peace at the camp-fire of Cute Eagle, and so greatly pleased the Spread Eagles with his big words that their hearts grew soft toward Keewatin, and they agreed to cut a doorway in their wall, and freely trade baskets with the Kanucks, if the Kanucks would allow them to take fish from the Keewatin waters. This being done, great joy prevailed in all the wigwams. But after a time, trouble arose among the people of Cute-Eagle, and the ribs of the South dug up the hatchet and went on the war-path against their brothers of the North. And it came to the ears of Cute-Eagle that the Trading Bulls (the fathers of the Kanuck tribes) had made a war-canoe for his enemies of the south, so in revenge he closed up his gateway against the baskets of the Kanucks, (although his people still continued to take fish from the waters of Keewatin.) Moreover, Cute Eagle demanded presents from the Great Mother of the Trading Bulls because of the damage the war-canoe had done. So a council of braves of the Trading Bulls and Spread Eagles sat around the camp-fire of Cute-Eagle to consider the matter, and Clean-hands the Toeree chief appeared in the council to speak for his own people.

When the council were sat down, Slippery-Fish, a cunning brave who lived in the wigwam of Cute-Eagle, brought out the pipe of peace, and much

game and fire-water, and the warriors had a big pow-wow together.



CLEAN-HANDS.

Then Clean Hands spoke for his people, and told how Cute Eagle's people were still fishing in the waters of Keewatin, although they no longer opened their gate to

the baskets of the Kanucks.

And it was agreed that a brave of Keewatin should sit in council with a brave from Cute Eagle's nation, and agree how many presents Cute Eagle should give to the Kanucks for allowing him to fish. Moreover the chief Clean-Hands gave Cute Eagle permission to paddle his canoes laden with baskets up and down the great river of Keewatin as long as he pleased.

Now when Clean-Hands returned to his own people, and told them what he had done, all the Puritees were full of anger, and threw their hatchets at him, calling him squaw and pale-face; and their chief, Big-Push, pounced upon him and beat him with his war-club, because he had given away the Kanuck river without making the

Spread Eagles open their gate. But the Kanucks were determined to have the fishing matter settled, so they appointed a brave of their nation to meet Cute-Eagle's warrior, as the council had agreed. But Cute-Eagle did not send any one to meet the Kanuck brave, but continued to catch fish as before, sitting in his canoe with his thumb on the end of his nose and his fingers spread towards the shore of Keewatin.

The gate thus remained closed against the inroads of the Kanuck traders, but in the meantime the squaws of the Spread Eagles continued to carry their baskets into Keewatin and drive a brisk trade with the simple Kanucks. At length, the great Toeree chief, Clean-Hands, summoned the council of all the Kanuck tribes, and advised them to build a wall like that of the Spread Eagles. A conference was held amongst the chiefs as to the height this wall should be made, and it was agreed between Big-Push and Clean-Hands to make it fifteen feet high, and to make the price of admission to the Spread Eagles and other nations having baskets to sell, fifteen per cent, because Windward Frank who was at that time the wise money man in Clean-Hands' wigwam, said that if the Kanucks would get enough money in this way to barely keep the wall in repair, they would certainly become a great nation. But the wall proved of little use, for the doorway was so broad and the entrance fee so small that the Spread Eagles continued to trade and grow rich on the Kanucks as before.

In course of time it happened that Clean-Hands, who had for many years been head chief of the Kanucks' council, got into some trouble with one Steamboat-Hugh, and the nation rose against him and put him out of the Big Wigwam and he was condemned to stay on the coolest side of the council fire from that time. His feathers were taken from his head-dress and placed in the hair of Gritty-Sand, who was a brave fighter on the war-path, but a squaw in the presence of Big-Push in whose wigwam he had been brought up. So it was said by Rib-Stabber a fierce young brave of the Toerec camp, who was also free in expressing the same opinion of Smooth-Scalp, a young captive from the tribe of the Koknees, whom Big-Push gave as a servant to Gritty-Sand.



GRITTY-SAND.

It began to be apparent, by this time, that the squaws of Keewatin were losing heart at their work; their baskets remained unsold, for they could not get to any trading-posts outside of their own land, and the Spread Eagles continued to bring their baskets into it. The Puritee chief, Big-Push, perceiving these things, determined with himself to make the Spread Eagles open their gate and trade freely with the Kanucks. So he crossed the river and went boldly into the wigwam of Cute-Eagle, and said:—"My red brother,



BIG-PUSH.

Cute-Eagle, is a great brave, and his people are great warriors, and I am come from the tribes of Keewatin, who are few and weak. My brother, Cute-Eagle, loves the fishing waters of the Kanucks, but he has not yet given us the presents he promised for taking our fish. Behold now, if the Cute-Eagle will open his gate to our baskets, I will let him and all his people take our fish for ever and keep

his presents." Then Slippery-Fish, spoke for Cute-Eagle and said, "The tribes of Keewatin already let the Spread Eagles catch fish in their waters, and have agreed to do so until Cute-Eagle shall appoint a brave to determine the worth of the fishing. The great warrior of the Spread Eagles will appoint no brave. Now, great fighter of Keewatin, what are you going to do about it? As for our wall, let it remain as it is."

Then Big-Push returned in sadness across the river, and told his people what had happened, and Gritty-Sand, the chief of the Kanuck council, summoned his warriors and added two feet and a

half to the height of the Kanuck wall, and two cents and a half to the admission fee.

By this time the deposed chief Clean-Hands had begun to grow restless and chilly in the cold shades, and became every day more eager to regain his comfortable place in the Big Wigwam. So he incited Rib-Stabber and Wild-Wind, the great medicine man, and others of the Toe-ree camp, to cry out against this proceeding of Gritty-Sand and his braves, and to persuade the tribes of Keewatin that if the wall had been left as Clean-Hands had built it, and if the admission fee had remained as it was before the Puritree warrior Cartwheel-Dick guarded



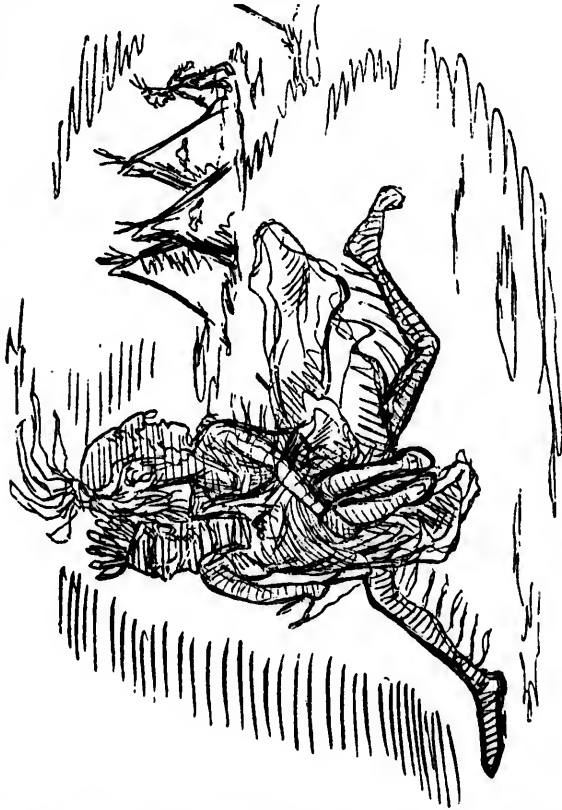
RIB-STABBER.

ed the gate, the nation would have been better off and the hurtful intrusion of the Spread Eagle's trading squaws less frequent. Now Rib-Stabber was a treacherous and remorseless brave, and had taken many scalps, but though he attempted frequently to murder Cartwheel-Dick (who was a renegade from the Toeree camp) and Gritty-Sand, with his big knife, he could never get a secure

hold on either to do so, for his fingers were always slippery with the blood of his former victims, and as for the words of the two Toeree braves, they were utterly disregarded by the tribes of Keewatin, for the latter, though a foolish and credulous people in many things, had still enough gumption to see through a snow shoe. But the confidence of the tribes in the rule of Gritty-Sand was mainly sustained on account of their faith in the noble young warrior Shifting-Aurora who had a place at the council fire, and spake sweeter words than any among the braves who assembled there. Shifting-Aurora had once lived in the wigwam of the youthful Beavers, and had bid fair to become their chief, but he was boldly stolen by Big-Push the Puritee chief, and kept a captive in the camp of Gritty-Sand until his spirit for scalping had died out. He had never been known to steal a blanket, however, and therefore had retained the good will of all—excepting Rib-Stabber, who never forgot that he had helped to drive Clean-Hands, the chief, out of the Big Wigwam.

So time passed on, and the Kanucks managed to adhere to the customs of civilization, although they progressed but slowly in the trade of basket-making. To increase the numbers of their tribes, scouts were sent to the distant hunting grounds of the Trading Bulls, and presents were given to many warriors to come and live in Keewatin. Many hundreds were thus brought in, but when they observed the difference in the height of the

walls, they nearly all crossed over the river and settled in the country of the Spread Eagles. But in that land, while the tribes of Cute-Eagle were on the war path against each other, their squaws and working boys had been busy making baskets, from which they accumulated so much



BIG-PUSH CARRYING OFF SHIFTING-AURORA.

money that it was as if they had been drinking fire-water, and when the hatchet was at length buried, the warriors of Cute Eagle returned to find so many baskets heaped up around their camps that there was not space enough left whereon to spread a blanket or to tether a horse.

Then Cute Eagle, the chief, summoned all his people together, and said :—

“Brothers, behold the all-fired number of baskets our squaws have made while we were on the war-path. Now, we can never use them all up ourselves, and our children will have no room to go in and out of their wigwams if they are left here. We must clean 'em out, by thunder, if we have to throw most of 'em into the river.”

Then Slippery-Fish, the great money-man of the Spread Eagles rose and said :—

“Cute-Eagle is a great warrior, but he don't amount to much when it comes to cleaning out surplus baskets. He would sacrifice the over-work of our squaws by throwing the goods into the river, but does not his swift eye see Keewatin, the country of the Kanucks, on the other side of the rolling water? Behold, my brothers, a nation of weak and simple redskins, who do not know enough to make their wall as high as ours. Our fathers, when they first ceased to roam the plains, and settled down to become a powerful nation of traders, hearkened to the words of the wise pale-face, Talking-Mill, and built a wall to protect themselves until their squaws had learned the new art of basket making, so that now, if we saw fit (which we don't, you bet) we might without fear tear down our wall and still we could lick all creation at basket making—as we can on the war-path, by thunder! But our neighbors, the Kanucks, are not so wise as our fathers were. Though they possess a hunting ground full of wil-

lows and stain-berries, they are but a nation of papooses in age; yet their chiefs Big-Push and Clean-Hands and Gritty-Sand and Cartwheel-Dick listen not to the words of the wise Talking-Mill, nor will they let the glory of the Spread Eagles be their example. Their warrior Big-Push is a great brave, and he often speaks grand words, but he speaks not the truth when he tells his people that

he was never a papoose in the wigwam of his father, and that he never learned to creep before he hunted the buffalo. But his people, the tribes of Keewatin drink down these false words, and think to make their nation a great warrior before it has learned

to hold a bow. But my brothers, Slippery-Fish stands not here to talk for the Kanucks; his heart is with the warriors of Cute-Eagle's country. Behold now, the baskets our great chief would throw into the river, why may they not be thrown into the land of the Kanucks? Let the heart of Cute-Eagle go with me, and let him be no longer under a depression on account of the baskets."

These words of Slippery-Fish were received



CARTWHEEL-DICK.

with shouts of approval, and the working braves and squaws of the Spread Eagles danced with joy.

So the canoes of the Spread Eagles were laden with the baskets, and they were taken across the river and heaped up in the market place of the Kanucks, and the heap was so great that the sight of it made the hearts of the tribes of Kewatin sink with fear.

And the squaws of the Kanucks who were engaged in making baskets for their own people were buried under the mountain of baskets which Cute-Eagle's people heaped upon them, so that the sinews of all were badly strained, while many of them were smothered outright under the depression.

Then a great cry was set up among the Kanucks, and such of the squaws as could still find strength enough joined in the lamentation, and the whole settlement was soon in a great hubbub over the occurrence.

Rib-Stabber and Wild-Wind heard the groaning with feelings of uncontrollable delight, for they thought it might be made the means of working out the schemes of their chief, Clean-Hands, and getting him restored to his old place



WHITE-QUILL, JR.

in the Big Wigwam. So they joined with White-Quill, Jr., another active and voluble young brave of the Toeree camp, whose wigwam was at the foot of the Mountain, and set diligently to work weeping with those who wept, and cunningly persuading the people that the chiefs Big-Push,

Gritty-Sand and Cartwheel-Dick were altogether responsible for the outrage. The great chief Clean-Hands himself emerged from his shady wigwam and went about actively to the same purpose, and not a few notable warriors of the Puritees were brought to believe that it was even as he said. Thus, before long, indignation against the Puritee council waxed hot, although Big-Push did his best to restrain it, and fully succeeded in convincing



THE-EARLY-DUFFER.

many that the charge was without foundation.

At length a great meeting of the High Council of the nation was summoned around the camp fire of The-Early-Duffer, chief of all the Kanucks, and there was much excitement among the squaws and working braves, for it was rumoured that Cartwheel-Dick would make a great speech about the gate money, and Gritty-Sand intended

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to propose a method of removing the burden of baskets from the squaws in the market place.

When the warriors were at length met in council, the first to rise and address them was Grinding-Mills, a young brave who had gained renown in a combat with an old squaw. After speaking sad words about the matter, this brave proposed that Smooth-Scalp and others should



SMOOTH-SCALP.

be appointed to go and see what it was that oppressed the squaws. This proposal was carried out, and the council then listened to the voice of Working-Ox, a Kanuck from the mountain wigwam, who had been brought in by Gritty-Sand himself to speak for the squaws of his own camp. Working-Ox said :—"Brothers, I am sent to speak on behalf of the

working squaws—our home basket makers—and the good chief Gritty-Sand has given me to understand that he intends to assist in getting them out of their present tight place, and also to prevent the Spread Eagles from repeating their outrage, by making our wall still higher and the gate-way still narrower ; and it also gives me joy to believe, as I have been given to believe, that Cartwheel-Dick, our money man, intends to make the Spread Eagle squaws pay more for bringing their baskets into our country hereafter."

While Working-Ox was speaking, Cartwheel-Dick had retired from the council circle, and at this moment entered with a mysterious air, having his face grotesquely smeared with war paint, and a hatchet in his hand. Profound silence reigned as he took his place and the eyes of all the warriors were fixed upon him. He rose and said :—" Brothers, some of you expect me to speak words that others of you don't expect me to hear, otherwise I don't expect to speak what you hope to hear me speak, that is to say, I think the wall and the gate money and the admission fee is all right as it is, and may I be scalped, if I intend to change it, as for the mountain of baskets, it will dissolve of its own accord !"

Then he threw down his hatchet, and a great sensation went around the council fire.

The assembled warriors looked at each other in astonishment, and while they were thus engaged, the Toeree chiefs, Clean-Hands and Wild-Wind the medicine man, slipped out quietly and danced away their delight, and then resumed their seats in a collected manner.

Gritty-Sand first broke the silence, as he arose, a colour like paint spread over his flinty face and mounted to the roots of his head feathers. He said :—" Brothers, our trusty warrior Working-Ox is under a cloud. I never told him or any other brave that I intended to build the wall higher nor did I give the squaws of his wigwam to understand that I intended to protect them in the

future from the squaws of the Spread Eagle nation any more than I have ever done. I am glad to hear Cartwheel speak like a great brave. I am glad to see him throw down the hatchet before the face of the warriors. Our tribes would not have us to build the wall higher or make the gate money greater. Let me tell you why Cartwheel has thus determined. Not many moons past, the great hunter was in the forest, when he fell asleep at the foot of an oak tree, and in his sleep the pale face spirit whom the distant tribe of Trading Bulls call The Cobden, (who is greater and has taken more scalps than the Talking Mill, who taught Spread Eagle's people) appeared, and revealed to him that if we kept the squaws of the Spread Eagles from selling us their baskets as before, our own squaws would grow rich upon us, and become proud, and make us pay more for their baskets than we have ever paid for those that come over the river, therefore has the great warrior spoken boldly this day."

Then Working-Ox arose in great wrath and smeared war paint on his face, and brandished his tomahawk, and said :--"Brothers, why are we to submit to these empty dreams and strange spirits who know nothing of Keewatin, though they may wisely teach the tribes of the Trading Bulls? Is not our country as great as that of the Eagle? Does not Keewatin contain abundance of wood and berries and all things for making as many and as beautiful baskets as the land of the Spread Eagle tribes? Why should the Kanucks

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remain in idleness and let their forests rot while they buy baskets made by strangers. Why shall we not give work and food to our own nation instead of driving our people into the country of our neighbors? My brothers, Gritty-Sand speaks not straight words, he has gone back on his promises to me and my squaws; and Cartwheel's arrows are crooked too. Let us condemn them for this pale face treachery. Ali who join with Working-Ox in reproaching these bad chiefs, let them hold up their hatchets!"

Then all the braves from the Toeree camps raised their tomahawks, and a few who sat near Gritty-Sand did likewise. But far more hatchets were lifted at the bidding of Big-Push to sustain the words of Cartwheel and Gritty-Sand.



WILD-WIND.

Then Wild-Wind the great Toeree medicine man sprang up and poured out a boiling river of words against Big-Push and all his camp, and against Cartwheel-Dick and Gritty-Sand, and declared that Keewatin would become a desolate and deserted land, if the wall was not built higher and the gate-way made more narrow.

By this time a rumor of what was going on around the council fire got

spread about among the tribes of the Kanucks, and a great multitude of squaws and working braves gathered around the assembly and sent up a great howl against Gritty-Sand and Cart-wheel-Dick.

Clean-Hands heard the bellowing with rapture, and glancing out upon the multitude he concluded that a majority of the Kanucks were present and joining in the cry. He felt that his moment of victory had come at last, that he had but to step to his old place in the Big Wigwam. So, quick as a deer, he sprang to his feet and leaping upon a stump, that his position might be plainly



THE COUNCIL.

discerned by all in the crowd, he gave a glance which stilled their turbulent voices, and having shaken out his streaming feathers, he shouted :—

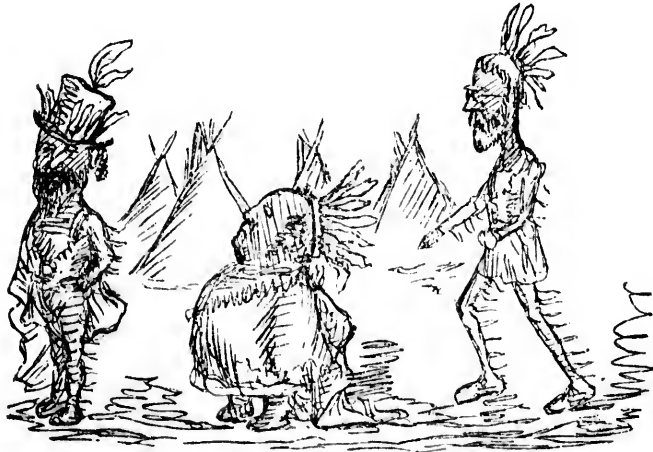
“Working-Ox, my brother, and ye squaws who make our baskets, I am with you!! I will be your friend. I will shield you from your foes!

When we were roaming wild through these hunting grounds, we all well knew that self preservation is the first law of nature; why should we not have as much wisdom now that we have determined to become a great civilized power? Is civilization a failure? No! Keewatin is a great country, and was never meant to suckle a race of pigmies! But pigmies we are and shall remain if we spend our lives working for the land of the Spread Eagles and leaving Keewatin to keep its treasures locked up in its unbroken breast! To become the great trading and basket making nation we would become, we must make a start, and to make a start we must protect ourselves from the inroads of more powerful tribes whose highest interest is to prevent us from starting! Look at the figures of the stalwart braves who sit around this council fire. They are straight as the arrow and supple as the sapling! Would they have been so if these great warriors had not, when helpless papooses, been strapped to a plank and tenderly bound about and nursed and fed and guarded? No! Well, neither will Keewatin become great and strong if we care not for its infancy! We must, my brothers, get a start! The tribes of the Spread Eagles have become



BUN-STIR,
TOEREE BRAVE.

great because they were wise enough to build a wall at the first. Gritty-Sand says the vision Cobden told Cartwheel-Dick that our squaws would grow rich if we protected them! Would you rather have the squaws of the Spread Eagle tribes to grow rich? If we did pay more to our squaws for our baskets, we would still have our money amongst our own people. But we would pay higher at most for but a short time, for



TOEREE BRAVES.

basket-making would soon regulate itself, and in the meantime we would have gained the foot path on our road to greatness. Brothers see! I raise my hatchet! I go for building our wall as high as that of the Spread Eagles if it reaches to the summer clouds! And I would fix the gate money so that not only our basket makers but our ploughmen will never suffer more! Look! I smear my face with war paint! I and the warriors of my wigwam are ready at this moment and need but your bidding to snatch the feathers from

the head of Gritty-Sand and go on the war path against Cute-Eagle! Now, children of Keewatin, give us the word! Shall your old and trusty Clean-Hands and his braves take the money box of the Big Wigwam and go and meet the Spread Eagles in battle? If you say yes! hold up the heads of your hatchets: if you say no! hold up the handles!"

Clean-Hands, utterly exhausted, fell back from the stump into the arms of Rib-Stabber and Wild-Wind, and at the same instant a forest of hatchets sprung into the air.

Clean-Hands looked and swooned, most of them were tail end upwards.



PURITEE BRAVES.

Then Big-Push and all his warriors held a great feast and drank fire-water to the memory of Cobden the Free-Trader, but Working-Ox departed to his wigwam near the mountain and lay down and rolled himself up in his blanket.

Clean-Hands and his braves staggered from the council-fire and were borne on the shoulders of the squaws into the midst of the Toeree camp, where effigies of Big-Push, and Smooth-Scalp, and Gritty-Sand and Cartwheel-Dick were set up, and while the squaws and the Toeree braves sat around and applauded, the warrior Rib-Stabber, scalped the

effigies with his big knife and stabbed them under the fifth rib.

After these events the spirit of basket-making died out among the Kanucks, and their wall gradually crumbled away. The outrage of the Spread Eagle tribes were so often repeated that in course of time there were no squaws left to make baskets in Keewatin, and when matters had come to this pass the Spread Eagle squaws raised the price of their baskets so much that the Kanucks found it more profitable to live on the other side of Cute-Eagle's wall. So, one after another, they bid farewell to their native land until the last canoe bore the last Kanuck across the river, and the words of Wild-Wind the great medicine man were fulfilled—Keewatin has become a deserted and desolate land. Nothing was left to tell the story of the decline and fall of a favoured and promising nation but a mountain of petrified baskets, and this sad but instructive history of

THE FREE-TRADE REDSKINS.

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GRIP



SALUTES a generous public, and with thanks for their kindness in the past desires to say a few words about himself. On May 24th, 1873, the Canadian people, filled with enthusiasm and loyal pride, celebrated at once the anniversary of the birth of Her Majesty VICTORIA and the first appearance in public of His Majesty GRIP. It was a fitting reception for both sovereigns. The former had ruled for thirty-six years over a happy and prosperous people; while the latter was just commencing a reign which shall continue until the monarch himself shall be gathered to his fathers—and His Majesty's Councillors aver that he belongs to a race whose motto has always been "Never say Die."

The reign of GRIP, thus brilliantly inaugurated amid the booming of cannon, the blazing of bonfires, the pealing of bells, and the heavenly harmony of music, has been eventful. Not long after he ascended the throne he was called upon to quell an uprising among his subjects; and by making a public example of some of the prominent actors in the strife he restored peace and harmony where all before was confusion. This caused great rejoicing among the people, and from that day the name of GRIP became "familiar in the mouths as household words,"—significant of loyalty, honesty and honor. GRIP's throne was now secure. His fame went out from the Dominion southward, westward, eastward;—princes and potentates courted his favor;—envoys trembled in fear of him;—knights of the quill ferretted from their vocabularies the most extravagant adjectives with which to express their delight; and the people doffing the hat and bowing the knee in his presence, tokened their satisfaction with his stern yet gentle rule.

On May 24th, 1876, GRIP will have reigned three years, having during that time issued six volumes. His eye is keener than ever to watch the movements of the public; his pencil is kept always sharpened that upon its point he may hold up to admiration, or laughter, or ridicule, or contempt those whose deeds merit his attention; he speaks little, but his tongue has learned to use words that sentences mean volumes when properly understood; and nations unborn shall have cause—

INTERRUPTION BY THE PUBLISHERS.—GRIP is evidently too proud of his past deeds. That he has done something for Canada is admitted on all hands. That he will do yet more in creating and preserving healthy public sentiment is quite certain. But admitting this, let us to more serious business.

We desire to give GRIP a life lease of his present position as "the fearless corrector of public morals and the wise director of public opinion regarding Party." We can do this easily if all who admire him will send us their names and \$2.00 each. For this we will send the paper *post free*, for a year. GRIP being the only Humorous and Satirical Cartoon Paper that has ever proved at all successful, we commend it to loyal Canadians for still more extensive support in the way we have indicated.

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