

THE INDIAN.

Single Copies, each:]
FIVE CENTS.

Where are our Chiefs of old? Where our Heroes of mighty name?
The folds of their battles are silent—scarce their mossy tombs remain!—OSSTAN.

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IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1, 1886.

NO. 20.

TO OUR READERS.

With this issue we make our second appearance as a weekly journal, last week being the first. We have decided to give eight pages weekly instead of twelve pages fortnightly as heretofore and trust that our readers will appreciate the change and actual enlargement. It has been a very difficult matter to issue semi-monthly with regularity, as we would sometimes have to wait days and even weeks for contributions; we have now, however, arranged for a regular weekly issue in eight page form. We hope that our readers of whom we now have several thousand, will make all allowance for all past irregularity, none but newspaper publishers fully realize the many difficulties that we have to contend with during the first year of existence; this will perhaps be better understood when it is known that fully one-half of all the papers and magazines that are started collapse before they have been in existence six months, and the fact that THE INDIAN is about entering its second year should recommend it to those for whom it is published. As we have kept our heads above water thus far we feel entitled to the support and patronage of the public. We hope that as THE INDIAN will find its way to homes of our subscribers every week, henceforth, it will be too welcome a visitor to discontinue and our readers cannot better show their appreciation than by sending us a renewal for the ensuing year. Bear in mind that every dollar sent in to us is just that much toward making THE INDIAN a permanent institution—it being the only Indian paper in Canada it should receive abundantly of liberal support.

GEN. DARLING ON ANTHROPOPHAGY.

Gen. C. W. Darling has written an interesting treatise on "Anthropophagy; Historic and Prehistoric." It is privately printed in a neat pamphlet of 47 pages. The subject is an interesting one, for there have been more cannibals in the world than most people imagine. Gen. Darling has made thorough research, and has arranged the information gathered in a readable article. The pamphlet is well written and its author is worthy of congratulations.

It is expected the liquor permit system now in operation in the North-West Territories will be abolished.

The Manitoba Government are taking steps toward the relief of sufferers by the recent destructive prairie fires.

Bonds of the Province of Manitoba to the extent of \$400,000 for the Hudson's Bay railway will shortly be floated in Montreal.

INDIAN DELICACIES—NUT OIL &c.

BY GEO. S. CONOVER, (HY-WE-SAUS).

As an indication of the domestic economy of the Indians, of the "olden time," in utilizing various articles of food, not for sustenance only, but to gratify the palate as well, the following will be found of interest:

In the spring of 1780 the Gilbert family residing in Pennsylvania were captured by a roving band of Indians and taken to Niagara. As they were Quakers the Canadian Governor interceded for them and finally effected their release and their restoration to their home. The following brief extract is taken from the published narrative of their captivity.

"When the Indians had loitered at home a few days, they set about getting their winter store of hickory nuts; from some of them they extract an oil, which they eat with their bread or meat at their pleasure."

Father Fremin, a Jesuit missionary among the Senecas, narrates that in the autumn of 1699, "owing to the unusual abundant harvest of walnuts this year, the joy of the people is so great that one sees scarcely anything but games, dances, and feasts, which they carry to debauch, although they have no other seasoning than the oil."

The fact that Father Fremin gives the custom such a passing allusion, indicates that the use of the oil was well known.

Galinee who visited the Senecas with La Salle in 1669, says:—"Another of their favorite dishes is Indian meal cooked in the water and served in wooden bowles, with a small portion of *Tournesol*, nut or bear's oil.

In the Jesuit Relations for 1657, Le Mercier says that the Indians extract oil from the *Tournesol*, by means of ashes, the mill, fire and water. The *Tournesol* referred to, says the late Hon. O. H. Marshall, is probably the common sunflower which is indigenous to the warmer parts of North America.

In a representation made by La Salle in 1684 (N. Y. Col. Doc. IX, 217) in relation to Fort Frontenac (present Kingston), is the following:—"Around the lake (Ontario) are to be found wild apple trees, chestnuts and nuts from which the Indians extract very good oil; also divers sorts of grain, mulberry, plum and cherry trees."

In the year 1669-70, John Lederer made a journey from James river, Virginia, into the Province of Carolina. On the 16th of June 1670 after speaking about the Indians he was visiting, and their mode of living he says:—"They parch their nuts and acorns over the fire, to take away their rank oiliness, which afterwards pressed yield a milky liquor, and the acorns an amber

colored oil. In these mingled together, they dip their cakes at great entertainments, and so serve them up to their guests as extraordinary dainty."

In July, 1750, the Moravian missionaries, Bishop Cammerhoff and Rev. David Zeisberger were regaled at Onondaga by the Indians with "chestnut milk," and the next day "with Indian corn and nut oil, a new dish to us, but which we found very palatable."

The North American Sylva, translated from the French of F. Andrew Michaux, Paris, 1819, Vol. 1, Page 163, in relation to the butternut says: "The kernel is thick and oily, and soon becomes rancid, hence, doubtless are derived the names of butternut and oilnut. These nuts are rarely seen in the markets of New York and Philadelphia. The Indians who inhabited these regions pounded and boiled them, and separating the oily substance which swam upon the surface, mixed it with their food." And on page 185, Shell Bark Hickory. "The Indians who inhabited the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan lay up a store of these nuts for the winter, a part of which they pound in wooden mortars, and boiling the paste in water, collect the oily matter which swims upon the surface, to season their aliments."

From these and other sources we learn that the butternut, black walnut and shag bark walnut or hickory nut were much prized by the Indians as an article of food especially the extracts made from them for seasoning.

The *Pioche* (Nev.) *Record* says the smallest Indian agency in the country is located in that county. There are no men, no women, no children and one agent.

"Ah, George," she murmured as they drove along the moonlight road, "am I very dear to you?" And George, as he did a little sum in mental arithmetic, in which a team and his \$6 salary largely figured, softly answers "Very dear."

There are upwards of 300 post-offices in Manitoba, 77 in Assiniboia, 9 in Saskatchewan, 21 in Alberta, and 10 in Keewatin. In 1882 the only offices outside of Manitoba were Qu'Appelle, Touchwood Hills, Stobart, Grandin, Prince Albert, Carleton, Battleford, Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan and St. Albert.

Colorado has 800 miles of first-class irrigating canals, 3,500 miles of secondary canals and 40,000 miles of smaller ditches, which have cost in the aggregates about \$11,000,000 and will irrigate 2,200,000 acres. The operation of this great water system has developed conflicting claims of various ditch companies in regard to the use of the water, which is very difficult to settle.

PETER JONES.

KAH-KE-WA-QUO-KA-BY.

By Rev. John McLean, Missionary to the Blood Indians at Fort McLeod.

Peter Jones was born at the heights of Burlington Bay, in western Canada, on January 1st, 1802. His father was of Welsh extraction, and was born in the State of New York. Augustus Jones, having received first-class recommendations as a land surveyor, was appointed by General Simcoe, Governor of Upper Canada, King's Deputy Provincial Surveyor. His duties brought him into contact with the Ojibway Indians, and having learned their language he conceived a love for the people, and from among them chose an Indian maiden to be his wife. This Indian girl was named Tuhbenahneequap and was a daughter of Wahbanosay, a chief of the Mississauga band of the Ojibway nation. Peter Jones was the second son of a family comprising five boys and five girls. His father's occupation compelled him to be absent from his home a greater portion of his time, and thus the education of the children devolved chiefly upon the mother. Naturally she severed the customs and religious tenets of her people and her children were taught the errors and superstitious of the native religion of the Ojibway Indians. Strange and sad were his boyhood years among these people. He blackened his face, fasted and prayed to the Indians' gods that he might obtain their favour. A grand feast was made on the occasion of his receiving an Indian name, and being dedicated to an Indian deity that he might enjoy the protection and favour of this god. His grandfather officiated at the feast calling him *Kah-ke-wa-quo-ka-by*, which means "Sacred waving feathers." His mother belonging to the Eagle clan, he received a war club and a bunch of eagle's feathers, thus denoting that he was dedicated to the god of thunder, which was the Indians' sacred bird, the eagle. These were to be kept as a memorial of his dedication, the club symbolizing the power, and the feathers the flight of his special god. Through the custom of supplying the places of deceased friends, he was, at the age of nine years, adopted into the family of an Indian whose son had died. Many and bitter were his experiences through the idle and drunken habits of his people. They had acquired strong desires for intoxicating liquors introduced amongst them by white men, and in their seasons of debauchery the weak and helpless had to endure many hardships. Often times hungry and neglected it is no wonder that many died through sheer starvation or vicious living. His mother's affection for him was manifested by a long and perilous journey during a period of sickness when he was unable to walk, assisted by another Indian woman, she carried him for thirty miles. At fourteen years of age his father sent him to school, which he attended nine months making considerable progress during that time. The family removed to Grand River and settled amongst the Mohawks, where he was enabled to attend religious services. The Mohawks, however, seemed not to improve by having the Gospel preached to them, as they led immoral lives. He was induced by his father

to present himself for baptism, feeling that it was a duty he owed to the Great Spirit and being convinced that the Christian religion was true. Although conforming outwardly to the commands of Christianity, his heart and life were not changed. He still delighted in associating with his heathen companions and engaging in their sinful pleasure. Desirous of improving his education, he sought and obtained work at brickmaking during the summer, and attended school during winter. While thus seeking strength for his intellect, a pious minded young man named Seth Crawford, came from the United States, deeply impressed that it was his duty to preach the Gospel to the Indians. He settled amongst the Mohawks for the purpose of doing good and learning the Indian language. Peter was deeply impressed with the piety of this linguistic student and derived much benefit from him. An exhortation from E. Stoney, a Methodist preacher, caused him to think of religion. He was constrained to visit a Camp Meeting held in the township of Ancaster, whither he went with his sister Mary. The novelty of the scene attracted his attention, and he was deeply moved by the pious utterances and fervent prayers of the worshippers. The Rev. Wm. Case was the moving spirit in this religious enterprise, and the enthusiasm of the people was manifested by the large attendance, there being nearly two thousand persons present. As he listened to the earnest appeals of the ministers, tears flowed freely down his cheeks, but he bowed his head that they might drop unseen, being afraid lest any should witness the weeping of an Indian brave. The burden of his soul became so great that he sought a solitary spot where unobserved he might give vent to his grief and find a refuge at the mercy seat. Longing for liberty he bowed with others at the altar of prayer, while Christian men and women poured out their supplications on his behalf. Wearied in body and mind he retired to his tent and slept. Soon, however, the Revs. E. Stoney and George Ferguson came to him with the joyful news of his sister's conversion. He returned with them to the meeting, and as these faithful men knelt by his side and his sister Mary spoke to him of her new found treasure: the light dawned upon his soul and he was enabled to say "Abba Father." Then he says "everything now appeared in a new light, and all the works of God seemed to unite with me in uttering praises of the Lord. The people, the trees of the woods, the gentle winds, the warbling notes of the birds, and the approaching sun, all declares the power and goodness of the Great Spirit

..... May I never forget the great things He has done for me on the glorious morning of the 5th of June, 1823!" Before the Camp Meeting closed, a fellowship meeting was held when the Rev. Wm. Case requested all those who had been converted to stand up. When he saw Peter Jones among the number, he exclaimed, "Glory to God, there stands a son of Augustus Jones, of the Grand River, amongst the converts; now is the door opened for the work of conversion amongst his nation!" His parents rejoiced in the conversion of their children.

The Spirit of the Lord, descended upon the Mohawk Indians at Grand River; and often

times in the prayer meetings might be heard supplications and songs of thanksgiving in English, Chippewa, and Mohawk. Happy days were these for the children of the forest. The frowns and ungracious words of the the ungodly pale face could not deprive them of the favour of God. The room in which their religious meetings were held became too small for the dusky worshippers, and Chief Davis, a worthy man, with the magnanimity of soul, gave up his own house for use as a school and place of worship and retired for the autumn and winter to a log cabin in the woods. The converts were formed into a class under the leadership of Seth Crawford. A day and Sunday school were organized in which Jones and Crawford nobly assisted. Together they superintended the erection of the first Methodist Indian Church in Canada. It was built with the aid of the Christian Indians, and there our two devoted companions laboured amongst the children and adult population, seeking to train their intellects and teach them the way of life and peace.

A summer spent at brickmaking in order to obtain funds to start life as a farmer, and Peter undid his secular affairs, for he felt it incumbent upon him to preach the gospel to his brethren of the red race.

In the spring of 1825, he began his lifework, in which he was in "labours more abundant." Filled with an intense love for the souls of his brethren, he sought every opportunity of doing them good. He aimed at their conversion and civilization. He chose land for them, went to the fields and taught them how to plough and plant, and when the work of the day was over, gathered them together for spiritual instruction and prayer. As a school teacher he was successful. The children made rapid progress, and many were the commendations he received from the white people, who were astonished at the piety of the Indians, their love for the gospel and their deep interest in the education of their children. Anxious for the salvation of the souls of the red race, he went on a missionary tour with the Rev. Mr. Torry to the Munceys and Chippewas on the river Thames. Five days he spent in the woods entreating them to forsake their vices and accept Christianity. The messengers of the Gospel were cordially received, but the people said that they loved to follow the religion of their fathers, and that they was as moral as the white Christians who had introduced whiskey among them. They promised, however, to think of what they had heard in the sermons preached to them and to give an answer when the preachers returned a few months hence. A school teacher was left among the Munceys, and there was some hope of success, as tears had flowed freely down some swarthy cheeks at the preaching of the truth.

The Six Nation Indians were assembled for their treaty payments, and Peter Jones was there with his children, who plainly showed the benefits of education to the Indians, much to the delight of the visitors. It was customary for the Government to dispense intoxicating liquors to the Indians during the treaty payments but this youthful Indian Missionary, yearning for the well-being of his fellow men, went among the leading Christian Indians to induce them

not to accept the liquor. They agreed, and at once he went to Col. Grivins, the Indian Agent, and informed him concerning the desire of his people. The kegs of rum were taken back to York, (Toronto) and since that time, the Government has given no liquor to any Christian Indians.

(To be Continued.)

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

We have received the following batch of epistles from our young friends attending the Oneida Public School, River Thames. We are delighted to hear from you and regret that we have been unable to publish the letters until now. Write to us again; give us a description of your beautiful Reserve and some of the incidents of interest that have occurred there. We will always consider it a favor when you send us a letter. We must also congratulate you on your writing; the penmanship is exceptionally good and the composition would be a credit to many even more advanced than yourselves. We beg also to tender our thanks to your estimable teacher, Miss Beattie, to whose suggestion we are indebted for your very interesting letters. Let us hear from you often.

THE EDITOR.

Oneida, August 53rd, 1886.

Dear Mr. EDITOR,—My teacher told us all to write to you, so I will try and tell you all I know. At our examination here in June five passed and me too for the Institution. I am going soon, before you get this I may be there. I will study hard and be a teacher when I grow up. One smart boy is there now, Alex. Charles, I be like him. Some people has oats and peas out yet and some are threshing every day. Rev. Mr. Hurlburt is the Methodist minister. The teachers here are Mr. Smith, Mr. Sickles, Mr. Schuyler, and my teacher, Miss Beattie, is good and not cross. I am nine years old and I want to be a good boy. This is all at present, I am,

Yours truly,

LEVI DOXTATOR,
No. 1 School.

Oneida, Aug. 23rd, 1886.

MR. EDITOR,

Dear Sir:—I thought I would write these few lines to you to tell you that I was in my old school house again to-day, and also to tell you that I like it almost just the same here as at the Institute. I am going back on the 24th of September and I am very glad of that. And I will tell you that my papa was threshing to-day and they are done now. I have told you all the news I can think of. We have had fine times at the Institute this year.

Yours truly,

LOUIE GREEN.

Oneida, Aug. 23rd, 1886.

Dear Mr. EDITOR,—I am an Oneida boy home from the Institution to spend my holidays, will write you all I know about the Reserve. There are about 600 people here; two store keepers,

one shoe maker, one blacksmith, and the rest are farmers. Some of them grow more weeds than grain. There are two Methodist Churches and one English Church, all the churches have got bells. There are also three schools, the name of the teacher in No. 1 is Miss Beattie, No. 2 is Mr. Jno. Schuyler, and No. 3 is Mr. E. Sickles. There are two large halls where they hold the Lodges, Temperance, Orange and Foresters. There are two bands, one brass and the other a fife and drum band. There are two cemeteries, one at the English church and one at the Methodist. There are a number of large tomb stones and monuments in them. I have been at the Institution two years and am visiting my old school No. 1 to-day.

Yours truly,

NOAH WILLIAMS.

Oneida, August 23rd, 1886.

Dear Mr. EDITOR,—I have been at the Institution one year, am at home now spending my holidays. I am in my old school to-day, and my teacher, Miss Beattie told me to write to you, so I will tell you about the Institute. I be in school three days and a half and work two days and a half. I am trying to study hard so that I can teach soon and earn lots of money. I am eleven years old and come to school here three years and learn fast because my teacher, Miss Beattie, good and helped me learn so I passed last summer. I like Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Burr my teachers at the Institution. They are good men and want me to be smart too. I am glad to be home for a few days to see my grandfather and grand-mother where I live. I read in the third book, study Geography and cypher in reduction. Maybe you won't think this good enough but when I am a man I may do better and send you something better for your paper.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER CHARLES.

No. 1 School, Oneida.

Oneida, Aug. 23rd, 1886.

Dear EDITOR,—The boys and girls in this school are writing you letters and telling you everything. My teacher say to us write about everything you know. Two of our boys home from the Institution writing too. I guess they do the best because they think they smart, but we write to Dr. Sutherland letters to Toronto every year, and he a good man and puts our little Indian letters in his *Outlook* paper and my teacher, Miss Beattie show them to us when they are printed, and they look nice, so we are pretty smart too, and we write every week at school, so we know how good. I am going to tell you a good show we have here. Every farmer pretty near has horses and cows, and sheep and pigs too, lots. They show two days and lots of fun. The women has geese, ducks, hens, knitting, mittens, dresses, preserves, bread, butter, and more than I can write here, lots of everything. We would like you to come and see us this year when we commence soon, maybe next month, but I don't know, and you see all them. I used to live with my grand-father, Abram Sickles, but he dead now, and my father and mother they all dead now. I live here with Mr. E. Ninham, he is a constable and makes people stand around

and do good. I guess my paper is short now and I will write my name. I am eleven years old and read in the third book.

Yours truly,

ALBERT SICKLES.

No. 1 School, Oneida.

Oneida, August 23rd, 1886.

Dear EDITOR,—This is a very nice summer day. A gentleman was here last week and he told Miss Beattie, my teacher, that you like us to write something for your paper, so I will try and tell you how I spent my holidays. After our examination and picnic on the last of June we all went home, also my teacher, and no school for six weeks. In holidays I was picking berries to sell, and bought a new dress to wear when I go to the Institution. Four girls and one boy passed from this school at the examination here in June, and Mr. Shepherd says we will go if there is room. Eight boys and girls passed before, but some were bad and came home, others were good and stayed. All home to play, holidays now. Some of our old scholars are here to-day and are writing to you. I am ten years old, I live with my uncle, Mr. Williams, and come to school every day, I study geography, spellings, arithmetic, and read in the third book, write compositions and letters every week, so I learn. Perhaps I won't write to you again soon as I go to Mr. Shepherd's Institution. This is all I know this time.

From your little Indian girl,

KATIE SCHUYLER.

No. 1 School, Oneida.

The population of France has been increased only 500,000 in five years.

Eight million umbrellas are made annually in the United States.

A picce of land was sold in the city of London the other say at the rate of \$10,000,000 per acre.

It will cost \$4,000 and take 6,000 books of gold-leaf to gild the great dome at Notre Dame University, Indiana. The work is going on now.

A hundred-acre peat bog has been discovered near Ellendale, Dak. The peat reaches to a depth of from seven to ten feet, and is said to overlay a surface of ice.

A Philadelphia firm has made a contract to construct for the Government a dynamite-gun cruiser which will be capable of making 20 knots an hour and of firing a 200-pound dynamite shell every two minutes. The vessel is to cost not more than \$350,000.

Hannah Sands, an aged maiden lady, who died at Rye, N. Y., was supposed to be very poor. Recently, however, a search among her effects resulted in the discovery of an old skirt in which \$400,000 in money and bonds were sewed up. The property went to her four nephews, her only living relatives, who were all poor.

A young farmer visiting in a Western Village, and hearing the extravagant talk about murders, and robberies. Said to his friend, every body is honest where I come from; Ah, well, replied his friend, It is very different here. When one cries "oh thief oh thief" every body runs.

THE INDIAN.

A PAPER DEVOTED TO
The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—
THE INDIANS OF CANADA.
SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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CONTRIBUTORS.

The following prominent literary gentlemen have promised to contribute:—Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Arthur Harvy, J. Hirschfelder, Horatio Hale, C. Mair, James Bain, David Boyle, Major C. A. Boulton, W. M. Glyndon, Lieut. Col. G. T. Denison, Ed. Furlong, W. H. Merritt, Peter Purvis, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, W. J. Franklin, Birmingham, Eng., Geo. H. Harris, Geo. S. Conover, Hy-we-saus, Major F. H. Furniss, A. F. Hunter, Barrie, Ont.; Duncan Milligan, F. R. A. S., London, Eng.; Sawgemaw, and educated Indians upon the various reserves.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising department has been neglected owing to all our efforts being put forth to create a large subscription list and circulation. Having been successful in this direction, we now intend to devote special attention to this department. THE INDIAN is a first class medium for advertisers, being widely circulated having 15,000 readers. If you think THE INDIAN worthy of patronage, and wish to place your advertisement, we will quote rates on application.

The Indian Publishing Co.

Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

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Insertions under this head for Indians will be 25 cents.
For other than Indians 75 cents each insertion

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To all persons who will get up a club of subscribers we offer special inducements in the way of cash premiums.

All who have not received the blank, will do well to write to us, as we will send a blank and specify the inducement we offer, free, to any address.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Try it in your own locality. It is no trouble to get up a club for THE INDIAN.

BEAR IN MIND.

We would request all who may have occasion to communicate with us from time to time, to address all letters to

"THE INDIAN"

HAGERSVILLE, ONTARIO.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE RESERVES.

MORAVIANTOWN.

From our own Correspondent,

The Moraviantown Agricultural Society met at the School House on Nov. 1st. The financial secretary reported \$111.33, over and above all expenses. A vote of thanks was given to the officers for the able manner in which the association was carried on during the past year. It speaks well for the society to have a surplus,

when most all other associations considered themselves lucky, if they met all expenses from the receipts. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Isaac Hill; Vice-President, Elijah Jacobs; Secretary, Frank E. Wampum; Treasurer, John Lewis; Directors Washington Jacobs, Nelson Stonefish, David Clingersmith, Jos. Pheasant, James Noah, John Hendrick, David Dolson.

The Orangemen at Moraviantown regaled themselves by an oyster supper on the 5th inst.

The Temperance Hall has been repaired and painted, and turned into a mission church.

A thanksgiving feast was held on Thanksgiving Day in the school house. A great many visitors were present from the different reserves. Among them were John Monture, of the Six Nations and Chief W. J. Waddilove, of Munceytown.
J. B. N.

KETTLE POINT.

BOSANQUET, Nov. 29, 1886.

We are pleased to see so enterprising a spirit manifested by some of our Indian friends. Mr. Jeffrey Bressette has taken up a farm for his son on the Stony Point reservation and commenced underbrushing. Mr. B. made a bee a few days ago, taking with him about twenty of the Indian boys, thus making a good beginning in his work. They had supper in the bush, in the old Indian style, and while discussing the viands prepared by their host, they also discussed the subject of making homes for themselves; some of the young men intend following Mr. B's example. We sincerely hope they will do so. It is high time the many acres of excellent land now lying waste in the Kettle and Stony Point reservations were taken up and made to produce something more valuable than underbrush and weeds. We wish this enterprising man and all who follow in his wake, success and prosperity.

We are sorry to learn that some of the Indians object to having the reservations improved. Instead of the chiefs encouraging the young men to work, they seem to keep them back. It would be a blessing to put them out of office and let some one take the lead who would do something for the rising generation.

PARRY ISLAND.

The Indians of this island are steadily progressing. Of late they have been energetically employed at roadmaking, which is a great improvement, where, before was only a foot-path, is now a splendid road nearly two miles in length. This is at the larger settlement. There are two settlements here, about five miles apart. There being no road between them all the transporting is done by canoes and sailboats.

But the Indians intend to commence building a road between the two places this season.

The larger settlement is situated on the north eastern extremity of this island. The principle portion being opposite the town of Parry Sound and separated from it by Parry Sound and channel.

The other settlement is on the south side of the island and designated the Indian Village. It is on the shore of a little bay and surround-

ed by beautiful scenery, especially at this season. Its population amounts to only forty-five.

Each settlement has a school of its own and, since the berry season has closed, have been well attended.

At the former place they have a well finished little church belonging to the Methodist community. A new church bell first rang out its most pleasing sound o'er hill and waters on the 26th of September last. The services and Sabbath school are well attended. The incumbent missionary, Rev. A. Salt, is working zealously and doing all in his power for the advancement of the Indians in his charge.

At the Indian Village the inhabitants are nearly all Roman Catholics, what are not are pagans. The Roman Catholics have no church so service and mass is held in private houses.

The latest improvement here is a new house, almost completed, belonging to Chechochose.

Throughout the whole tribe there is a distinguishable trait of generosity. For instance when a man builds a house and has not the requisite things, the whole band helps him, both by work and expense. Or when a hunter comes home laden with game, he distributes it among the others. They are kind to their teachers in many little details.

A few have begun farming but there is so much rock, that a great portion is not adapted for cultivation.

—B. J.

THE HUBBARD SQUASH.

GROWN BY THE INDIANS IN CANADA OVER 200 YEARS AGO.

In the year 1668, two Catholic missionaries Claude Trouve and Francis de Salignac de Fenelon, of the society of the Sulpitians, proceeded on their journey to the Iroquois villages, located on Quinte Bay, on the north side of lake Ontario, and on the 28th of October they arrived at Kente, the seat of their mission, located at the extremity of the bay. On their arrival they were cordially welcomed by the Indians, and regaled with the best they had. The feast consisted only of Citrouilles (squashes) fricasced with grease and which they found good; they said, "they are indeed excellent in this country, and cannot enter into comparison with those of Europe. It may even be said that it is wronging them to give them the name Citrouilles. They are of a great variety of shapes, and scarcely one has any resemblance to those in France. There are some so hard as to require a hatchet if you wish to split them before cooking. All have different names."

John Bartram who visited the Iroquois more than half a century later also notes the great variety of squashes cultivated by those Indians.

Mr. Geo. H. Harris, of the Rochester Post Express, who was with the American party at the unveiling of the Brant memorial in Brantford contributes to that journal a lengthy descriptive and historic account of the unveiling ceremonies and of his visit to the Mohawk Institute and the council of the Six Nations.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(Continued.)

Major Heyward," said Munro, turning to his youthful associate with the dignity of his years and superior rank; "I should have served his majesty for half a century, and earned these grey hairs, in vain, were I ignorant of all you say, and of the pressing nature of our circumstances; still, there is everything due to the honor of the king's arms and something to ourselves. While there is hope of succor, this fortress will I defend, though it be to be done with pebbles gathered on the lake shore. It is a sight of the letter, therefore, that we want, that we may know the intentions of the man the Earl of Loudon has left among us as his substitute?"

"And can I be of service in the matter?"

"Sir, you can; the Marquis of Montcalm has, in addition to his other civilities, invited me to a personal interview between the works and his own camp; in order, as he says, to impart some additional information. Now, I think it would not be wise to show any undue solicitude to meet him, and I would employ you, an officer of rank, as my substitute: for it would but ill comport with the honor of Scotland to let it be said one of her gentlemen was outdone in civility by a native of any other country on earth."

Without assuming the supererogatory task of entering into a discussion of the comparative merits of natural courtesy, Duncan assented to supply the place of the veteran in the approaching interview. A long and confidential communication now succeeded, during which the young man received some additional insight into his duty, from the experience and native acuteness of his commander, and then the former took his leave.

As Duncan could only act as the representative of the commandant of the fort, the ceremonies which should have accompanied a meeting between the heads of the adverse forces, were of course dispensed with. The truce still existed, and with a roll and beat of the drum, and covered by a little white flag, Duncan left the sallyport, within ten minutes after his instructions were ended. He was received by the French officer in advance with the usual formalities, and immediately accompanied to a distant marquee of the renowned soldier who led the forces of France.

The general of the enemy received the youthful messenger, surrounded by the principal officers, and by a swarthy band of the native chiefs, who had followed him to the field, with the warriors of their several tribes. Heyward paused short, when, in glancing his eyes rapidly over the dark group of the latter, he beheld the malignant countenance of Magua, regarding him with the calm but sullen attention which marked the expression of that subtle savage. A slight exclamation of surprise even burst from the lips of the young man; but, instantly recollecting his errand,

and the presence in which he stood, he suppressed every appearance of emotion, and turned to the hostile leader, who had already advanced a step to receive him.

The Marquis of Montcalm was, at the period of which we write, in the flower of his age, and, it may be added, in the zenith of his fortunes. But, even in that enviable situation, he was affable, and distinguished as much for his attention to the forms of courtesy, as for that chivalrous courage which, only two short years afterwards, induced him to throw away his life on the plains of Abraham. Duncan, in turning his eyes from the malign expression of Magua, suffered them to rest with pleasure on the smiling and polished features, and the noble military air, of the French general.

"Monsieur," said the latter, "j'ai beaucoup de plaisir a—bah!—ou est cet interprete?"

"Je crois, monsieur, qu'il ne sera pas necessaire," Heyward modestly replied; "je parle un peu Francais."

"Ah! j'n suis bien aise," said Montcalm, taking Duncan familiarly by the arm, and leading him deep into the marquee, a little out of earshot; "je deteste ces fripons-la; on ne sait jamais sur quel pie on est avec eux. Eh, bien! monsieur," he continued, still speaking in French; "though I should have been proud of receiving your commandant, I am very happy that he has seen proper to employ an officer so distinguished, and who, I am sure, is so amiable as yourself."

Duncan bowed low, pleased with the compliment, in spite of a most heroic determination to suffer no artifice to allure him into forgetfulness of his prince; and Montcalm, after a pause of a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, proceeded,—

"Your commandant is a brave man, and well qualified to repel my assault. Mais, monsieur, is it not time to begin to take more counsel of humanity, and less of your courage? The one as strongly characterizes the hero as the other.

"We consider the qualities as inseparable," returned Duncan, smiling; "but while we find in the vigor of your excellency every motive to stimulate the one, we can, as yet, see no particular call for the exercise of the other."

Montcalm in his turn, slightly bowed, but it was with the air of a man too practised to remember the language of flattery. After musing a moment, he added,—

"It is possible my glasses has deceived me, and that your works resist our cannon better than I had supposed. You know our force?"

"Our accounts vary," said Duncan, carelessly; "the highest, however, has not exceeded twenty thousand men."

The Frenchman bit his lip, and fastened his eyes keenly on the other as he read his thoughts; then, with a readiness peculiar to himself, he continued, as if assenting to the truth of an enumeration which quite doubled his army,—

"It is a poor compliment to the vigilance of us soldiers, monsieur, that, do what we will, we never can conceal our numbers. If it were to be done at all, one would believe it might succeed in these woods. Though you think it too soon to listen to the call of humanity," he added, smiling archly, "I may be permitted to believe

that gallantry is not forgotten by one so young as yourself. The daughters of the commandant, I learn, have passed into the fort since it was invested?"

"It is true, monsieur; but, so far from weakening our efforts, they set us an example of courage in their own fortitude. Were nothing but resolution necessary to repel so accomplished a soldier as M. de Montcalm, I would gladly trust the defence of William Henry to the elder of those ladies."

"We have a wise ordinance in our Salique laws, which says, 'the crown of France shall never degrade the lance to the distaff,'" said Montcalm, dryly, and with a little hauteur; but instantly adding, with his former frank and easy air, "as all the nobler qualities are hereditary, I can easily credit you; though, as I said before, courage has its limits, and humanity must not be forgotten. I trust, monsieur, you come authorized to treat for the surrender of the place?"

"Has your excellency found our defence so feeble as to believe the measure necessary?"

"I should be sorry to have the defence protracted in such a manner as to irritate my red friends there," continued Montcalm, glancing his eyes at the group of grave and attentive Indians, without attending to the other's question; "I find it difficult, even now, to limit them to the usages of war."

Heyward was silent; for a painful recollection of the dangers he had so recently escaped came over his mind, and recalled the images of those defenceless beings who had shared in all his sufferings.

"Ces messieurs-la," said Montcalm, following up the advantage which he conceived he had gained, "are most formidable, when baffled; and it is unnecessary to tell you with what difficulty they are restrained in their anger. Eh, bien, monsieur! shall we speak of the terms?"

"I fear your excellency has been deceived as to the strength of William Henry, and the resources of its garrison!"

"I have not sat down before Quebec, but an earthen work, that is defended by twenty-three hundred gallant men," was the laconic reply.

"Our mounds are earthen, certainly—nor are they seated on the rocks of Cape Diamond;—but they stand on that shore which proved so destructive to Deiskau and his army. There is also a powerful force within a few hours' march of us, which we account upon as part of our means."

"Some six or eight thousand men," returned Montcalm, with much apparent indifference, "whom their leader wisely judges safer in their works than in the field."

It was now Heyward's turn to bite his lip with vexation, as the other so coolly alluded to a force which the young man knew to be overrated. Both mused a little while in silence, when Montcalm renewed the conversation, in a way that showed he believed the visit of his guest was solely to propose terms of capitulation. On the other hand, Heyward began to throw sundry inducements in the way of the French general, to betray the discoveries he had made through the intercepted letter. The artifice of neither, however, succeeded; and after a protracted and fruitless interview, Duncan took his leave, favorably impressed with an opinion of the courtesy

and talents of the enemy's captain, but as ignorant of what he came to learn as when he arrived. Montcalm followed him as far as the entrance of the marquee, renewing his invitations to the commandant of the fort to give him an immediate meeting in the open ground, between the two armies.

There they separated and Duncan returned to the advanced post of the French, accompanied as before; whence instantly proceeded to the fort, and to the quarters of his own commander.

CHAPTER XVI.

Edg.—Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

LEAR.

MAJOR HEYWARD found Munro attended only by his daughters. Alice sat upon his knee, parting the gray hairs on the forehead of the old man with her delicate fingers; and, whenever he affected to frown on her trifling, appeasing his assumed anger by pressing her ruby lips fondly on his wrinkled brow. Cora was seated by them, a calm and amused looker-on; regarding the wayward movements of her more youthful sister, with that species of maternal fondness which characterized her love for Alice. Not only the dangers through which they had passed, but those which still impended above them, appeared to be momentarily forgotten, in the soothing indulgence of such a family meeting. It seemed as if they had profited by the short truce, to devote an instant to the purest and best affections; the daughters forgetting their fears, and the veteran his cares, in the security of the moment. Of this scene, Duncan, who in his eagerness to report his arrival had entered unannounced, stood many moments an unobserved and a delighted spectator. But the quick and dancing eyes of Alice soon caught a glimpse of his figure reflected from a glass, and sprang blushing from her father's knee, exclaiming aloud,—

"Major Heyward!"

"What of the lad?" demanded her father; "I have sent him to crack a little with the Frenchman. Ha! sir, you are young, and you're nimble! Away with you, ye baggage; as if there were not troubles enough for a soldier, without having his camp filled with such prattling hussies as yourself!"

Alice laughingly followed her sister, who instantly led the way from an apartment where she perceived their presence was no longer desirable. Munro, instead of demanding the result of the young man's mission, paces the room for a few moments, with his hands behind his back, and his head inclined towards the floor, like a man lost in thought. At length he raised his eyes glistening with a father's fondness, and exclaimed,—

"They are a pair of excellent girls, Heyward, and such as any one may boast of."

"You are not now to learn my opinion of your daughters, Colonel Munro."

"True, lad, true," interrupted the impatient old man; "you were about opening your mind more fully on that matter the day you got in; but I did not think it becoming in an old soldier to be talking of nuptial blessings and wedding jokes when the enemies of his king were likely to be unbidden guests at the feast. But I was wrong,

Duncan, boy, I was wrong there; and am now ready to hear what you have to say."

"Notwithstanding the pleasure your assurance gives me, dear sir, I have, just now, a message from Montcalm,—"

"Let the Frenchman and all his host go to the devil, sir!" exclaimed the hasty veteran. "He is not yet master of William Henry, nor shall he ever be, provided Webb proves the man he should. No, sir! thank heaven, we are not yet in such a strait that it can be said Munro is too much pressed to discharge the little domestic duties of his own family. Your mother was the only child of my bosom friend, Duncan; and I'll just give you a hearing, though all the knights of St. Louis were in a body at a sally-port, with the French saint at their head, craving to speak a word under favor. A pretty degree of knight-hood, sir, is that which can be bought with sugar-hoheads! and then your two-penny marquisates! The thistle is the order for dignity and antiquity; the veritable 'nemo me impune lacessit' of chivalry! Ye had ancestors in that degree Duncan, and they were an ornament to the nobles of Scotland."

Heyward, perceived that his superior took a malicious pleasure in exhibiting his contempt for the message of the French general, was fain to humor a spleen that he knew would be short-lived; he therefore, replied with as much indifference as he could assume on such a subject,—

"My request, as you know, sir, went so far as to presume to the honor of being your son."

"Ah, boy, you found words to make yourself very plainly comprehended. But, let me ask ye, sir, have you been as intelligible to the girl?"

"On my honor, no," exclaimed Duncan, warmly; "there would have been an abuse of a confident trust, had I taken advantage of my situation for such a purpose."

"Your notions are those of a gentleman, Major Heyward, and well enough in their place. But Cora Munro is a maiden too discreet, and of a mind too elevated and improved, to need the guardianship even of a father."

"Cora!"

"Ah—Cora! we are talking of your pretensions to Miss Munro, are we not, sir?"

"I—I—I was not conscious of having mentioned her name," said Duncan, stammering.

"And, to marry whom, then, did you wish my consent, Major Heyward?" demanded the old soldier, erecting himself in the dignity of offended feeling.

"You have another and not less lovely child."

"Alice!" exclaimed the father, in an astonishment equal to that with which Duncan had just repeated the name of her sister.

"Such was the direction of my wishes, sir."

The young man waited in silence the result of the extraordinary effect produced by a communication which, as it now appeared, was so unexpected. For several minutes Munro paced the chamber with long and rapid strides, his rigid features working convulsively, and every faculty seemingly absorbed in the musings of his own mind. At length, he paused directly in front of Heyward, and riveting his eyes on those of the other, he said, with a lip that quivered violently,—

"Duncan Heyward, I have loved you for the sake of him whose blood is in your veins; I have loved you for your own good qualities; and I have loved you, because I thought you would contribute to the happiness of my child. But all this love would turn to hatred, were I assured that what I so much apprehend is true."

"God forbid that any act of thought of mine should lead to such a change!" exclaimed the young man, whose eye never quailed under the penetrated look it encountered. Without advertising to the impossibility of the other's comprehending those feelings which were hid in his own bosom, Munro suffered himself to be appeased by the unaltered countenance which he met, and with a voice sensibly softened, he continued,—

"You would be my son, Duncan, and you're ignorant of the history of the man you wish to call your father. Sit ye down, young man, and I will open to you the wounds of a seared heart, in as few words as may be suitable."

By this time, the message of Montcalm was as much forgotten by him who bore it as by the man for whose ears it was intended. Each drew a chair, and while the veteran communed a few moments with his own thoughts, apparently in sadness, the youth suppressed his impatience in a look and attitude of respectful attention. At length the former spoke—

"You'll know, already, Major Heyward, that my family was both ancient and honorable," commenced the Scotsman; "though it might not altogether be endowed with that amount of wealth that should correspond with its degree. I was, may be such an one as yourself when I plighted my faith to Alice Graham, the only child of a neighboring laird of some estate. But the connection was disagreeable to her father, on more accounts than my poverty. I did therefore, what an honest man should—restored the maiden the truth, and departed the country in the service of my king. I had seen many regions, and had shed much blood indifferent lands, before duty called me to the islands of the West Indies. There it was my lot to form a connection with one who in time became my wife, and the mother of Cora. She was the daughter of a gentleman of those isles, by a lady whose misfortune it was, if you will," said the old man, proudly, "to be descended, remotely, from that unfortunate class who are so basely enslaved to administer to the wants of a luxurious people. Ay, sir, that is a curse entailed on Scotland by her unnatural union with a foreign and trading people. But could I find a man among them who would dare to reflect on my child, he should feel the weight of a father's anger! Ha! Major Heyward, you are yourself born at the south, where these unfortunate beings are considered of a race inferior to your own."

"'Tis most unfortunately true, sir," said Duncan, unable any longer to prevent his eyes from sinking to the floor in embarrassment.

"And you cast it on my child as a reproach! You scorn to mingle the blood of the Heywards with one so degraded—lovely and virtuous though she be?" fiercely demanded the jealous parent.

(To be Continued.)

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