

# THE INDIAN.

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

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## TREAT OF THE MOUND BUILDERS.

BY M. W. GLYNDON.

SECOND PAPER.

In all countries wherein the tide of immigration has once begun, it will continue over an infinite period of years, as witness the modern colonization of America from Europe.

So no doubt it was with the Mound Builders. They did not come over *en masse*, but in tides of flux, covering centuries of time; indeed immigration at such an early period must necessarily have been slow, especially so when we consider the era in which the Mound Builders must first have reached the shores of America.

The world did not then as now, teem with nations possessing the arts and customs of civilization, but to the contrary was sparsely populated with such nations, consequently more than ever must we regard emigration from one country to another as slow and uncertain.

If then, after hostile influence began to assert itself in the North, fresh arrivals of immigrants continued at various periods to make their appearance, and on landing learned that hostile tribes in the far away leagues of the upper country were slowly forcing the Northern branches of earlier colonization backward, Southwards, they would naturally turn their footsteps in a direction where hostilities did not offer objection.

Their people of earlier centuries were already settled along the Gulf Coast far down the Peninsula, thus offering hindrance in a measure to their settlement in that direction. To the westward, however, beyond the waters of the great Mississippi, lay a land of boundless extent, vast rolling prairies, forests of hundreds of leagues lying in unbroken stretch, through all which ran many streams, great and small, offering effective water-ways to the late coming immigrants.

Nothing more natural therefore, than that they should take advantage of this new unbounded land of promise before them.

And in support of such a theory we have many indisputable proofs in the shape of mounds and remains, that they did take such a migratory course, ascending the waters of the Red and Arkansas Rivers to their very fountain-heads among the mountains of North Texas and New Mexico.

From here the gentle acclivity of the Sierra Guadalupe stretching from the Rio Gila to the Rio Brazos down towards the banks of the great Rio del Norte, offered a tempting march-way for the wandering people to pass over, every league southward carrying them into a land growing more varied and beautiful, overshadowed by a climate warm and delightful.

Reaching the Rio del Norte the Mound Builders appear to have made a permanent pause and begun the work of colonization proper, ever working in a Southerly direction.

Their mode of civilization was apparently on the same principle as that of their Northern kin.

Their mounds, walls and pyramids were constructed with the same mathematical correctness, and with the same harmony and fitness of part to part.

As we before stated the total lack of traditional allusion to the mounds or their builders among the Indian tribes of the North, clearly indicated that they could never have been in any way connected with these mysterious people. All tribes possessed some sort of tradition reaching back for untold centuries, but it was generally mythical and disconnected—sometimes of a gentle and peaceful nature, again embodying the prowess of some deified member of their own particular tribe—but in no case containing any emphatic historic value.

Thus for the tribes of the North. Now to turn to the country of Mexico and to glance at the history and condition of the aboriginal population at the date when Europeans first set foot among them.

And right here a wonderful chapter is unfolded to our vision, akin to some fabulous romance of the Orient, or tale of the "Arabian Nights" rather than a matter of fact and history.

As all are aware America was discovered by a man sailing under the flag of the kingdom of Spain—a kingdom then in the flower of its martial, chivalrous, and artistic glory.

Castile and Arragon had been made one by the union of Isabella and Ferdinand, and under the dauntless leadership of their brave and brilliant young king, the Spanish people uprose in their might, and swept down like an avalanche upon the Crescent of the Moorish empire, driving it in waves of successful battle to the very confines of the sea.

Boabidil, the last king of his race, perished at Grenada, and the Moslem power was broken forever.

Immediately upon the Moorish conquest followed the discovery of the New World by Columbus. In the right of the discovery under the ensign of Spain, the most salient points of the new continent were occupied in the name of God and the king, and armies glistening in panoply, strong in martial discipline, and fired by the zeal of recent victory stood ready to support if needs be by force of arms the right of possession.

In all the lands explored however, the adventurers found only a simple savage people, half clad, existing by the chase, knowing nothing of civilization, who gazed with wonder and fear

upon these new "children of the sun," who had come to dispoil them of their lands, and who were the fore-runners of an inexorable fate, that was to eventually sweep them from the earth into pitiless extermination.

What was the surprise therefore in the Spanish nation when word came in 1518, that a great empire flourishing in a high state of civilization had been discovered on the shores of the great sea of the Gulf of Mexico.

Wonderful rumors were borne across the ocean concerning the wealth and beauty of this new land, where white-walled cities glistened by fairy lakes, where fresh streams watered gardens fair as the Hesperides, where the people dressed in rich garbs of tinted feather work, and worshiped some unknown god in temples shaped like the tower of Babylon, rising tier on tier toward the sun. In this land of Eldorado gold was as plentiful as the sands of the sea, and silver and jewels shone on the armor of even the common soldiers.

No wonder the naturally excitable and imaginative minds of the Spaniards were worked up to fever pitch by the news, and half the chivalry of Spain volunteered to start in the name of the crown for this wonderland in the New World.

It was to Hernando Cortez however, that the glory and romance of the conquest of this foreign empire was to belong.

It is impossible to here even to refer to the victorious career of this wonderful man. He stands on the page of history as did Cæsar among the Romans, or Hannibal among the Carthaginians.

He landed on the coast of Mexico with less than 3,000 men, and marvellous as it may seem, in less than four years had conquered the entire country from Gulf to Ocean, and made subject to Spain millions of people, as well as hosts of princes and nobles, and the person of the Emperor Montezuma himself.

Fabulous treasures of gold, jewels, and silverware fell into the conquerors' hands, and the coffers of Royal Spain groaned with the weight of the tributary and despoiled wealth of the captive nation.

To read the pages of Prescott on this wonderful conquest, is like perusing some Oriental dream-romance, or myth of the Ind. Yet it was all a real occurrence, for particulars of which the book of history lies open, that all who will may read.

The people whom Cortez subdued were called Aztecs. They were a tall comely race, with grave, dark, regular features; eyes piercing, foreheads high, and of intellectual mould.

Their cities were laid out in regular streets and built of low one-story stone houses, with here and there the palaces of the princes; and

nobles, surrounded by ornamental walls and battlements, rising among them.

They had a systematized form of government, with crown lands and levied taxation; they had a perfect system of jurisprudence, embracing a common court, a court of appeal, and a supreme court, over which the priest and the emperor himself presided.

All the larger cities were garrisoned. A system of post-stations was established between all points, each point being connected with the other by means of swift-footed runners.

The Aztecs had a national standard with a design very similar to that of the ancient Romans, having embroidered in gold and feather-work, the armorial bearings of the empire.

In the centre of each city was a large market place, where domestic goods were bartered, and booths of all kinds conducted.

Manufactories of many kinds were established throughout the country, where ornamental armor, dresses, dress cloths, mantles, vases and plates of gold and silver were made, also many utensils of copper. In pottery, they manufactured every form of culinary vessel, vases and stands; they built canals for irrigation; erected reservoirs for storing water to supply the various cities in the dry seasons; they cultivated millions of acres of lands, they had many fruit orchards full of the most luscious products of the tropics.

They possessed many public institutions, which form important features in our modern civilization: For instance: They had hospitals for the sick and afflicted, also homes and retreats for their aged soldiers, or those disabled in battle; they had many monasteries and institutions similar to convents, in which the opposite sexes lived in rigid chastity and morality, and were vowed to celibacy; they possessed a system of schools in which the youth were instructed in the principles of philosophy, taught precepts of life, simple and exalted enough to bear comparison with the ethical culture of to-day.

But it was in religion that they had formulated a creed, the like of which has no parallel in history. Fundamentally it rested in the belief of a Supreme God and Creator of the universe. But in practical detail, it was at once a paradox and a horror. It was under the ministry of an immense number of priests, of whom the Emperor was the head. These priests were chosen from the ranks of the nobles and princes, and controlled not only religious matters, but affairs of State in the Empire.

Though recognizing a Supreme God, Invisible, Incorporeal, they had many tutelary deities who presided over the various seasons and affairs of life. To these different gods they offered up sacrifice of various forms.

At certain seasons pastoral processions were formed, and youths and maidens bearing wreaths of flowers, or laden with offerings of the ripened maize, swinging censers smoking with resinous gums and sweet herbaic incense, wound slowly up the city streets to the lofty temple and as the first rays of the rising sun kissed the white walls they joined hands and circled around, chanting and dancing, with eyes fixed on the golden god of day.

Another sacrifice most hideous and horrible

was performed at midnight by the priests of the different temples. This was the offering up of a human life to the god of war.

The wild eyed priests, with blood-besmeared features, clotted locks, and claw-like hands, danced wildly around a stone altar on the very top of the temple, until just as the hour of midnight tolled, the chosen victim, oftentimes a virgin selected for her beauty, was led forth, when the high priest grasped her by the hair, and bending her backwards over a square block of stone, laid bare her bosom, and drove deep therein a sharp stone knife; inserting his fiendish claws, he tore out the recking heart, and cast it all palpitating on the altar of the terrible deity.

The Aztecs had a perfect system of time, one that was on the whole, little different from ours of the present day.

In mathematics they possessed a profound knowledge; one of practical use, as attested in their division of lands, arrangement of cities, towns, provinces, of the army, and in the erection of walls, temples, palaces and public works.

This brief summary will give an idea of the advanced civilization attained to by the Aztecs. To consider briefly their chronology and tradition.

According to Spanish historians, who had access to the Aztec manuscripts, these people came originally from the far North, from the land of Aztalan; and were a period of something over 400 years in making the journey.

Humboldt avers they left Aztalan—which means "land of water," as early as 544 A. D.

They claimed to have left vast works and a great extent of country in a state of civilization. Their towns, villages, and cities numbered over *three thousand*.

Their long journey, they divided into 15 stages or zones. In each of these zones they remained for a certain period, then continued southward until they arrived on the Mexican frontier. Crossing the Rio del Norte they still pressed onwards until they came to a spot where they espied an eagle perched on a cactus-tree, which they took as a providential omen, divining the site whereon they were to found a city. Here they accordingly rested, and began the foundation of their city beside the Lake of Tezcuco, to which they gave the name it bears to-day, Mexico—a city with a history strange and varied as is no other in the land of the New World.

But in this favored country they were not alone; already was located there another people, peaceful and industrious, who possessed a civilization higher than their own.

These other people were called Toltecs. They possessed cities of superior construction, and were the builders of great pyramids, walls, and public works.

At first there was peace between the two nations, but as the Aztecs grew more powerful, they began to encroach upon the domains of their industrious neighbors, thereby provoking a war in which their own prowess proved vastly superior. In the course of centuries they became not only masters of the possessions of the Toltecs, but of all possessions of the kindred Nahua family, until at the date of the Spanish invasion, their powerful Empire swelled from ocean to ocean, embracing about the same area

now covered by the Mexican Republic.

From the Toltecs, the Aztecs appear to have derived many of the advanced ideas they possessed, when conquered by Cortez. Their complex system of time, for instance, was borrowed from the nations they subdued.

The Toltecs possessed the belief in God, pure and simple, using in sacrifice only the blood of animals or offerings of fruit and flowers. The Aztecs may always have had the same exalted belief, but the terrible rites of human sacrifice were their own.

From Toltec tradition transmitted along with the Aztec, we learn that they came likewise from a northerly direction, arriving in Mexico early in the Christian era.

They were preceded in turn by the Nahua family, that mysterious ante-Christ race who have come down to us in a mist of vagueness, who are said to have been a race of *white* and *bearded* men, who were the builders of the great works of Central America and Guatemala, and perhaps the founders of the mysterious Aymaran Empire of Peru.

So much then for the history and traditions of the races of Mexico, so different from the abstract and disconnected legends of the Nomadic tribes of the North.

Now, to turn again to the Mound Builders.

We demonstrated in a former paper that the Mound Builders in the extreme North when defeated, would fall back upon their kindred people, and stubbornly contesting every foot of ground would retreat slowly southward.

This slow retreat would, no doubt extend over centuries of resistance. Finally, however, the Mound Builders would be driven into the extreme South. Once here, they must look for some other road of escape.

What more natural therefore, than that they should follow the migratory course to the south—westward, over which their late arriving kindred had gone, as indicated in the first part of this paper?

They would pass over the same route, and eventually arrive at the same destination, viz.: Mexico.

Already our readers must have surmised the connection.

We have seen from Toltec and Aztec tradition that each people claimed to have come from the North, one some centuries in advance of the other; we have seen that each appeared to be a kindred race, though the one was the more savage and warlike, made so by the centuries of resistance they had undergone combating an aggressive and never tiring foe.

Aztec tradition stated they were driven from a fair country with many cities and towns and vast works, the country of Aztalan or Lake region.

Could further testimony be asked than this one coincidence alone, to prove that the builders of the great mounds in Central North America, and the Toltec and Aztec nations of Mexico were one and the same people.

Such at least is our conclusion, erroneous though it may be.

And the traveller who to-day journeys in Mexico, may see in the grave sad features of the Indian by the wayside, trudging along with

meek and melancholy aspect, humbled in spirit, bearing in every lineament the impress of a being who is conquered, the descendent of the once proud Aztec, who in turn may have traced far into the night of the past his mysterious ancestry, known to the nineteenth century simply as these Mound Builders.

This change has come to him even as has come the change to the descendants of the men who fell at Marathon. The same blood flows in his veins as flowed in theirs, he is warmed by the same genial sunshine, he breathes the same atmosphere did they; but years of tyranny have passed over him and broken his spirit to the level of the dust he treads.

All things are transitory, even to the very spirit of man as it passes through the veins of succeeding generations.

Though it would seem as though some dark Spirit of Destiny more cruel and vindictive than just, has ever presided over the fate of the aboriginal people of America, pressing them closer year by year to the threshold of the grave of extermination.

### THE INDIAN ADVANCEMENT ACT.

PAPER II.

By the Editor.

The preamble or introduction to the Act reads thus:—

"Whereas it is expedient (or proper under the circumstances,) to provide means by which Indians on Reserves in divers (or various) parts of the Dominion, may be trained for the future exercise of municipal privileges and powers. Therefore Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and House of Commons, of Canada, enacts as follows":

This introduction we think is so plain that any Indian who understands English, can understand it. You will notice that before the Act became law, it had to pass both the House of Commons and the Senate of Canada.

In each House the Act was discussed clause by clause, and it was considerably amended during the debate upon it. When it was made into the form we now see, it was passed by both Houses, and the Governor General, for Her Majesty, upon their advice assented to it, and it became law.

The First Section names the Act. "The Indian Advancement Act 1884." A short enough name and very expressive. It says the Act may apply to Indians in the Provinces; that is in Ontario, Quebec, etc., and to the North West Territories, including the District of Keewatin according to the manner afterwards mentioned.

The Second Section says that the names, or terms, used in this Act, shall have the same meaning as those used in "The Indian Act 1880," except that if two Bands, lying close together join as one, to make By-laws under this Act, then the name Band or Reserve will mean the union of these Bands or Reserves, not each separate.

The Third Section shows when the Act shall apply to any Band. This is done when the Governor General in Council, upon the advice of the Ministers of the Crown, considers that the Band is fitted to have the privileges of this Act conferred upon them. The order of the Ottawa

Council will state the time from which the Act shall come into operation.

There is nothing in this, or other sections of the Act, to show that it is necessary a Band should ask by petition to have the Act apply to them, but such is the intention, and the privileges granted by this Act, will not be thrust upon an unwilling Band, nor can a Band that is willing to have it apply to them, obtain their desire, until they have, in Council, petitioned that the Act should become law upon their Reserve.

To avoid the mistake, the Indian Bands might, and have labored under, on account of the wording of Section 3, we would suggest that it be amended, by adding after the word "Indians," in the first line, the word "petitioning." This would do away with the Arbitrary appearance of the Act, which was so objectionable to many in the last Grand Council.

For hundreds of years the laws of Great Britain have been framed and worded by the legal profession, and they have during that long time fallen into the habit of dressing the Statute in language which suited their particular kind of education.

To show their superior wisdom, and to allow the "coach and four" to drive through conveniently, they with dogged persistency continue to veil the meaning of the laws in Latin, French and Greek terms, so that an ordinarily educated man is puzzled to know what they mean. Ask any such man to look at the legal column of the *Mail or Globe*. Most of the report is a mystery to most of men.

The French Canadians are a conquered race. The Indians are allies. The French Canadians have their legal documents, laws, etc., by the Government, printed in their own language. Should we not ask the same privilege? Ojibway and Mohawk would be sufficient! We do not wish it. All we ask is that the Acts respecting Indians shall be printed in the same plain language as the Moral Law of Holy Writ. Such "that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err." That "those who run may read" and understand.

Let the members of the Dominion Parliament begin with the Indian Acts and insist that the language used must be intelligible to the ordinary mind, and not mystified by legal phrases and the use of dead languages!

Our interests in our COUNTRY have been considered of such importance, that a *Department* has been given us. We have been granted a *member of the Privy Council*! For this we feel deeply thankful. But let us now have the laws you make for us, written in such plain English that we can with little trouble translate them into Indian.

The Government interpret the laws into French. Let them use good plain English in the Indian Acts, and by this suggestion, save the needed necessity of interpreting the laws you passed respecting us, into *English*, Ojibway, and Mohawk!

If THE INDIAN should become a member of parliament, he would be a very troublesome one, for he would move an amendment to nearly every clause of the Indian Act! Not so much to change the intention of the clause, though many should be altered, but a motion that sec-

tion so and so, be amended to read such and such, and that the House go into "committee of the whole" upon this important question.

We will continue to examine "The Indian Advancement Act 1884," clause by clause in our next.

### NAMES AND NAMES.

PAPER II.

There can be no doubt that it was the practice of all simple people to designate localities by names characteristic of their physical peculiarities. Issac Taylor classifies these as referring to relative magnitude, position, age, productions, quality, configuration and color. We have thus, respectively: Strathmore, the big valley; Ostend, west end, or east end; Naples, the new city; Galapagos, turtle islands; Formosa, beautiful; Anguilla, eel shaped; Douglas, black water. How absurd therefore to apply such names to places whose characteristics are utterly at variance with the meanings of the terms themselves.

In accordance with such a muddled system of nomenclature, we have in Ontario, Southampton, at what was till recently, the extreme west, Essex (the county of the East Saxons) in the south-west: Dumbarton is innocent of anything in the shape of a fort; the Thames is not "a broad water;" Glengary is no glen, and Delhi is in the county of Norfolk which lies to the south! These are not by any means the most absurd examples that may be adduced, but they are the first that occur to me as I write. There is neither poetry nor history, to say nothing of common sense, in such a use of names. In those like Moravian Town and Christian Islands, although they have supplanted older designations, there is a wealth of meaning—they are of historical value.

In the far west of our own country and the United States, we find nature asserting itself through the names given by the pioneer hunters and trappers, who have either translated the Indian name or have given us one that though English is characteristic or historic. There we find Mud River, Milk River, Medicine Hat, Cypress Hills, Touchwood, Qu'appelle, and Pile o' Bones, which is to me, a name infinitely superior to regina.

In point of aptness and of ephony it will almost invariably be found that the aboriginal name can hardly be surpassed—next to them are those bestowed by men of the Davy Crockett stamp—men who were not stupidly ambitious to have a hill, a river, or a lake dubbed Smith's or Jones's or Brown's—men who vieing with the eye of nature, could trace resemblances and see analogies dictating such designations as will carry with them to all time, the flavor of the circumstances to which they are indebted for their appellation.

Apart from aptness, many of the old Indian names are extremely musical. Take for example Ponawanda, Toronto, Couchiching, Ottawa, (with the accent on the second syllable) Manitoulin, Napinee, Algoma, Erie, Huron, Ontario, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and Keewaydin.

The great pity is not only that so few of the old names have been retained, but so many villainous vulgar hybrids have been substituted.

It would be interesting to your readers were

you to give a list of the Indian names, so far as known, that were formerly held by some of the more important cities, towns, villages and rivers in this province, also a list of the names still retained, with their significations in English.

I have forgotten now where a place in this province is situated, the name of which means "the place of scalps."

If I knew the exact situation and if it were not unlawful to shed blood, and if your proof-reader were a weaker man than I am, and if he would accept my invitation to spend the hunting season with me in the place aforesaid, it would be found that the days of scalping had not yet quite passed away.

DAVID BOYLE.

SKETCH OF THE

LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT.

(THAYENDANAGEA.)

BY KE-CHE-AH-GAI-ME-QUA.

(Continued.)

A similar service was presented, at the same time, to the Onondagas; but they having no missionary, it was kept in trust by the rector of St. Peter's, Albany, where it has remained ever since. The Mohawks trimmed the pulpit of their church with crimson, painting on its walls the Creed Commandments, and the New England Society's and King's Coat of Arms.

Brant exerted every effort to obtain a settled clergyman for his Mohawk Church. Two or three years passed before his pious wish was gratified. Impatient of delay, he reminded the Bishop of the pledge the Archbishop of Canterbury had made to him in the presence of the King, that "Whenever the Indians, by the erection of a church, should be ready for religious instruction, he would do all in his power to supply their wants."

In 1784, the Rev. John Stewart, who had interested himself so much for their spiritual improvement in the States, emigrated with his family to Canada. In 1786 he visited the Indians, who were his former charge, at their new settlement at the Mohawk Village. Here he found them comfortably located on a fertile soil—the village containing about 700 souls. Mr. Stewart was delighted with their beautiful church, and remarks, "As they had no stated clergyman at the time, I preached to a very large audience; and it cost me a struggle to refuse the unanimous and pressing invitations of this large settlement, with additional salary, to remain among them."

The late Rev. Dr. Addison, of Niagara, visited them twice a year to perform baptisms and marriages. He was succeeded by the Rev. R. Leeming, the resident at Ancaster, who visited them occasionally. Their first resident minister was the Rev. Mr. Hough, sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, succeeded by the Rev. R. Luger, whom the New England Corporation Co. supplied, who remained but a few years, being obliged in 1836 to return to England, on account of ill health, where he soon after died, much regretted. Since that time the Rev. A. Nelles, assist-

ed by the Rev. A. Elliott, have, by God's help, been their indefatigable and self-denying missionaries. Mr. Nelles still continues the head of the Missions, and the Principal of the Mohawk Institution. The school at present educates and entirely supports 90 children from the funds of the N. E. Society. There are at present laboring amongst these people four Church of England clergymen, and one Wesleyan minister, with nine or ten day schools.

At the Bay of Quinte there is one Church of England clergyman and two schools. The Oneidas have a large settlement on the River Thames. Part of them belong to the Church of England, and part to the Wesleyan Methodists. The Caughnawagas settled near Montreal after the Revolutionary War, and United with the Roman Catholics.

The tide of emigration has again obliged the Six Nations to leave their comfortable homes, and recede to the southern side of the Grand River, where they are clearing farms in the midst of the primeval forest. Their present locations being too far from the old Mohawk Church, a new and beautiful one has been lately erected through the joint contributions of friends here and in England. The church is called "St. Paul's," and is situated at Kanyeah, near the centre of the Reserve. It was consecrated for Divine worship on August 22nd, 1866, by the Right Rev. the late Lord Bishop of Huron. It is built of white brick in the early English style of architecture. There are two beautiful "In Memoriam" windows, one presented by the Rev. Canon Nelles, in memory of his late excellent wife, and the other by the Rev. A. Elliott, of Tuscarora, in memory of the late Mrs. Elliott.

It would however, be sad to see their first and ancient House, "where their fathers praised God," come to ruin; and we are pleased to learn that, through the exertions of their chief missionary, the Rev. Canon Nelles, and other friends, efforts are now being made for its restoration. As a people we are under strong obligations to the Six Nations for their past valuable services in time of trouble; therefore we should be liberal in contributing towards this worthy object. The old church is also needed for the use and benefit of the Indian children at the Mohawk Institution.

A few years prior to his death, Capt. Brant built himself a large frame house at the northern extremity of Burlington Bay beach, and Augustus Jones, father of the late Rev. Peter Jones, built his house on the southern end, now called Stony Creek. These two pioneers in Canadian history were very intimate. The beautiful smooth beach between their dwellings formed a natural sand road, over which they travelled backwards and forwards, sharing each other's hospitality.

On the 24th of November, 1807, this noble man died at his own residence, Wellington Square, at the age of sixty-four and eight months. His illness, which was painful, he bore with patience and resignation, and appeared thankful to his friends for the attentions they showed him. His remains were conveyed to the Mohawk Village on the Grand River, and interred near the church which was erected chiefly through his indefatigable efforts. The

interests of his people were uppermost in his thoughts to the end of his life. His last words that have been preserved on this subject, were addressed to an adopted nephew: "Have pity on the poor Indians. If you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

The Six Nation Indians, wishing more specially to distinguish the last resting place of their late illustrious Chief, determined to have his remains re-interred in a new tomb, which interesting ceremony took place on Nov. 27th, 1850.

Catharine Brant, widow of Thayendanagea, was forty-eight when her husband died. As the inheritance of chieftainship descends through the female line, Mrs. Brant had power to appoint her own son, or if a grandson, it must be the child of her daughter. The head chief of the Six Nations is styled *Tekarihogea*, to which station she appointed John, her fourth and youngest son, whose Indian name was *Ahyon-waighs*.

This fine young man received a superior English education, studied the best English authors, and improved his mind by travel and good society. All who remember the late John Brant will bear testimony to his being not only a manly, but an amiable and accomplished gentleman.

He distinguished himself at the battles of Queenston, Beaver-dams, and Lundy's Lane.

He visited England, like his father, for the express purpose of once more appealing to the justice and magnanimity of the Parent Government respecting the land-title controversy. Promises were made that his complaints should be redressed; but on returning to his country, his expectations were again thwarted, the Local Government refusing to carry into effect the instructions received; and to this day the long-pending and vexed question of titles to their lands remains as unsatisfactory as ever!

In the poem by Campbell—"Gertrude of Wyoming"—the poet, after describing the valley as a paradise, and the people as blessed spirits, introduces our hero as "the Monster Brant." This phrase gave great offence to the friends of the old Chief, and during his son's visit in England he determined to vindicate the memory of his father from the aspersions that had been cast upon it. After much communication with the poet, all the satisfaction he got was the insertion of an apology, not in the poem itself, but merely in a note at the end of the volume—a poor redress for such a wrong, as the poem lives through succeeding generations, while the note, if read at all, makes little impression and is soon forgotten.

John Brant evinced the same philanthropic spirit as his late father for the improvement of his people.

In the year 1832, he was returned a Member of the Provincial Parliament for the County of Haldimand; but as a large number of those by whom he was elected, held no other title to their lands than long leases, conveyed to them by Indians, his return was contested by the opposing candidate, Colonel Warren, who was declared chosen.

JOHN BRANT'S DEATH.

But it mattered not which should, for a short season, wear the Parliamentary honors. Death soon laid both low. The desolating cholera

wept fearfully over the country of the Great Lakes, cutting down, in the prime of manhood, and just as a bright and brilliant career of usefulness promised further service and honor, this noble, this proud example of what civilization and letters can do for a son of the American forest!

On the death of her favorite son John, the venerable widow of Joseph Brant, pursuant to the Mohawk law of succession, conferred the title of *Tekarihogea* upon the infant son of her daughter—Mrs. Kerr. This son, Simcoe Kerr, graduated in law, and practiced his profession for some years in St. Catharines. He died about five years ago.

(To be Continued.)

### THE LEGEND OF THE RED SWAN.

This legend is one that seems prophetic, and to refer to these days of railroads. It happened, once upon a time, that a young man was out hunting, and as he journeyed he came to the shore of a beautiful lake, and there he saw, floating a red swan.

"To his bow he whispered, 'Fail not!'  
To his arrow whispered 'swerve not,'  
Sent it singing on its errand."

And as he shot, the swan flew upwards, taking its course towards the West, and leaving in its track an exquisitely mellow hue, which the young man followed. At night-fall he came most unexpectedly upon a wigwam; upon arriving at the doorway he looked in, and saw there an old man, and his daughter, a beautiful maiden. The old man was engaged in making bows and arrows. The daughter was making moccasins. The old man gave him the usual welcome, saying: "Come in, my son, sit you here. My daughter, prepare food for the stranger who has come in upon us," and, as he sat there with them, the young hunter related the adventures of the day, and asked if they had seen anything of the red swan. "Yes," replied the old man, "yes, we have seen it; but you are very far from it, for it passed here early in the day; but I will give you something to increase your speed, and you may overtake it if you faint not."

The young girl, at her father's bidding, repaired the moccasins of the young man, and prepared him to pursue his journey the next day. The next morning the young man arose, and looked out. He could still see the red streak in the sky left behind by the swan. He then turned to the old man, and begged him to give him his daughter. The old man replied: "prove yourself worthy of her by overtaking the red swan. If you do this, she is yours."

The youth made an early start, and followed the track left by the swan, all that day. At night he came again to another wigwam, and found there an old man and his daughter, each occupied as were the two he had met the evening before; and from them he received the same greeting and treatment as had previously been given him. This differing only from the other, in that the swan had passed the wigwam at a little later hour, and the daughter was more beautiful than the one met the preceding evening. The wooing of this one brought our hero the

same answer. "Prove yourself worthy of her by overtaking the red swan. If you do this, she is yours."

Nine successive days passed by, each offering the same circumstances and conditions, save only that each daughter was more beautiful than the last met, and the hopeful news given that the red swan had passed at a later hour each day.

On the tenth day, the sky was perfectly crimson in its splendor, and the young man, fleet of foot, felt that he was nearing the prized object. Again in the twilight, he arrived at the door of a wigwam, and looking in, saw there an old man sitting alone. Over a small fire was a cauldron, in which roots and herbs were boiling. The old man was absorbed in his duties, muttering to himself strange words. He did not look up, nor make any signs of welcome to the young man; but as the hunter was weary and hungry, and had met with similar habitations at the close of each day's journey, he was doubtless more daring than he would have been otherwise, and entered the wigwam unbidden. The old man at once showed much annoyance and displeasure, and said: "Who gave you permission to enter here, and interrupt me?" The young man seeing at once that he had offended, hastened to tell his adventures of the past ten days, and in conclusion asked how recently the red swan had passed the wigwam. As the young hunter talked on, the old man grew more and more uneasy. The young man now perceived that the wigwam was aglow and luminous with a bright warm light that reminded him of the red swan, but he made no comment.

After eating and sleeping as usual, in the morning he asked if the marks of the red swan were still as near, and if the old man thought he could overtake the swan? The old man replied, "you have proved yourself very brave, you have acted like a warrior, now you shall be rewarded." Opening the mat door he brought out the red swan, his daughter, the most beautiful maiden the youth had ever beheld. "Take her," said the old man, "to your own land and hunting ground, and be happy. *Ki-Chi-Man-i-tou* will watch over you. It shall not take you as long to return as it has to come; the earth will be drawn up, you shall see it."

Now taking a piece of buckskin the old man cut from it a round piece—"this," he said, "is the earth." Putting it before the fire, the heat caused it to shrivel up, then giving it to the young man he said: "Take this and throw it in the direction that you wish to go, and you will travel in one day the distance that you were ten days travelling. You will reach home this night stopping besides at each of the wigwams where the promised wives await you."

Among the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College who received their diplomas was Onon-tiyoh, a Tuscarora Indian.

Crowfoot, the chief of Blackfeet, has been presented by Sir George Stephen with a handsome silver locket and chain, the former containing a perpetual pass over the C. P. R.

Chief Peter Megis, of the Parry Island Indian band, has applied to the revising barrister to have 32 of his Indians placed on the voters' list.

### A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS OF THE CHIEFS AND WARRIORS.

From the vale of the forest the night-breeze is flying,

O'er the tomb, where the great and mighty are lying;

Green be their graves, by their soft murmuring river,

And green be the cold turf that covers them ever,

From a stream of pure light, by the dark mountain glancing,

Timid I saw a dim spirit advancing;

Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion.

Like the shadows of mist o'er the foam of the ocean.

Like the sound of a stream through the pale evening dying,

Stranger! who treads where the mighty are lying?

Darest thou approach unappall'd and bold-hearted,

'Mid the lonely steps of the warrior departed?

See! around thee the caves of the dead are disclosing,

The spirits that long have been silent reposing;

Thro' their forms dimly twinkle the moon-beams descending,

As upon thee their red eyes of wrath they are tending.

Our rough stones of prowess the heath blossoms cover,

'Mid the fields of our battles our spirits hover,

Where we oft saw the stream running red from the mountain,

And cold are our forms by our blue native fountain.

For our fame dies away like the foam of the river,

Like the yellow dark leaves on the dark boughs that shiver;

The names are unknown of our brave sires so gallant,

And their blood beats no more in the breasts of the valiant.

The hunter of red deer now ceases to number

The rough wieldy stones, on the fields of our slumber:

Fly, stranger! let not thine eye be reverted;

Why should'st thou weep, when our fame is departed?

Weep, fairest of fair! o'er the tomb of the warrior,

Where love for his country could ne'er find a barrier;

In the cold, bleak dark vale, he sleeps in his grave,

All silent! all peaceful! all lonesome his cave!

Percy Wood has completed a bronze statue of the Indian Chief, Joseph Brant, for the people of Brantford.

One hundred and seventy-five of the Indians of the Tyendinaga reserve have had their names placed on the Dominion voters' list.

Fifty Indians on the Maniwaki reserve have been placed on the voters' list under the provisions of the Dominion Franchise Act.

# 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

Will be published by THE INDIAN Publishing Company, of Hagersville, and for the present will be issued fortnightly, and until further notice.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of \$4.00 per inch per annum solid measure. Contracts for shorter periods at proportionate rates. Special contracts with large advertisers at a reduction of 10 to 20 per cent. off above rates.

The Indian Publishing Co.

Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

Head Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by,  
(DR. P. E. JONES) Managing Editor.

## THE MARKET REPORTS.

### FISH MARKET.

Reported by J. Leckie.

No. 1 L. S. Salmon Trout, in hf. bbls. \$3.35; qr. bbls. \$1.85; kitts. \$1.00. No. 1, L. S. White Fish, in hf. bbls. \$5.00; qr. bbls. \$2.65; kitts. \$1.50. No. 1 L. H. Round Herring, in hf. bbls. \$2.50; qr. bbls. \$1.40; kitts. 75 cts. No. 1 L. H. Split Herring, in hf. bbls. \$3.00; qr. bbls. \$1.70; kitts. 90 cts. No. 1 Labrador Herrings in bbls. \$4.00. No. 1 Cod Fish, in quintels, \$4.00.

All fish are inspected before shipping.

### FUR MARKET.

Reported by C. N. Basteda, & Co.

Beaver, per lb., \$2.00 to \$3.00. Bear, 7 lb., \$2.00 to \$15.00. Bear Cub, \$1.00 to \$6.00. Wild Cat, 50c. to 75c. Fox, Red, 50c. to 75c. Fox, Cross, \$2.50 to 3.50. Fisher, \$4.00 to \$7.00. Lynx, \$2.00 to \$3.50. Martin, 50c. to \$1.50. Mink, 10c. to 50c. Muskrat, 7c. to 10c. Muskrat, kitts. 3c. to 4c. Otter, \$3.00 to \$9.00. Raccoon, 10c. to 70c. Skunk, 10c. to 90c. Wolf, \$1.50 to \$2.50. Deer Skin, 15c. to 20c.

[Prompt returns for all furs shipped to us. Reference Central Bank, Toronto.]

### GAME MARKET.

Reported by Dixon & Morton, Hamilton.

Partridge, 40 to 45 cts. per Brace; Quail, 30c; Ducks, 30c; Red Heads, 40c; Gray Heads, 45c; Canvas Ducks, 50; Mallards, 35c; Teal, 20c; Wood Duck, 20c; Snipe, 15; Plover, 15c; Woodcock, 50c; Cock of the Wood, 40c; Game Pigeon, 15c; Wild Pigeon, 13c; Prairie Chicken, 80c; Sage Hens, 70c; Deer, 3 1/2 to 5 cts. per lb; Moose Deer, 5c; Beaver without skin, 4 1/2 to 6c; Rabbits, 20 to 25 cts. per Brace; Hares, 25 to 30c.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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

## THE OLD PAPER "THE GLOBE."

We have arrived at the conclusion that the life of a newspaper is much the same as that of the human species.

They appear to have their youth, their manhood, and their old age.

THE INDIAN is in its YOUTH, and like

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."

Timid and vexed, when cuffed by the teacher, and the old folks, but equally pleased and proud, when petted and patted by its seniors. As we grow older we will likely find that the cuffs we now receive were of material benefit to us!

Then the newspaper in its MANHOOD;

"Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the carrion's mouth."

Like the Toronto *Mail*, which would rather gain the "bubble reputation," by fighting those of its own size in manly warfare, than draw attention and contempt upon itself, by whipping the little youth—THE INDIAN.

Then the venerable OLD newspaper

"Last scene of all  
That ends this strange eventful history. [thing."  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-

Like the poor old *Globe*—Is it "sans teeth"? Of course it is. Its bite has amounted to nothing for several years. The nibble of its soft gums is harmless. It cannot masticate anything at all hard. Indian corn meal is nice soft food, and we suppose it thought in THE INDIAN there was an opportunity for a good, soft, fresh breakfast! It had better try milk and water Indian meal is just a little bit too gritty!

Is it "sans eyes"? It certainly is. Why! with its perverted vision it thought it saw politics in THE INDIAN! It must have been viewing it through a microscope. Then by some abnormal dilatation of the pupils, it thought it saw more plainly and exclaimed, "THE INDIAN is as distinctly a political paper as is the *Globe* itself!" How absurd! and what a proof of the *Globe's* imbecility. Why, as there are no politics in THE INDIAN, it is distinctly a poor political paper, ergo, as we are on a par in politics, the *Globe* must, by its own saying, be a poor political paper! We have thought so for some time, and many of those who were admirers of it when in its manhood now think with us.

Is it "sans taste"? Of course it is. It has no taste for honor or it would not attack an inoffensive young journal professing to have a laudable object in view.

It has no taste for truth, otherwise it would not be continually publishing such glaring misrepresentations. It has no taste for the Franchised Indians. Otherwise it would appreciate this palatable political morsel, and endeavor by kindness to win the Indian vote over to the side that abused them so roundly last session.

Is it "sans everything"? Of course it is not. It has a large circulation, consequent upon the vigor of its past manhood, and the high talent of its lamented editor.

It has the kind support of a strong political party and press, children who will nurse it tenderly until its death. If they would only do away with their uncalled for prejudice, and apply to THE INDIAN young doctor, for a good vegetable tonic, perhaps we could brace the Old Man up!

We accept the *Globe's* article as an apology, though it should have published the Brantford, or Toronto "Indian Chief,s" name.

As it is not the Old Paper's custom to expose the name of their correspondents, we must of necessity suppose it is some political friend in Brantford, or its own office.

The fact of the *Globe* publishing only a part of our explanation is not worth mentioning. It is such an ordinary custom with them.

*Boshoo kewainze.* We have done with you, until you again show a spasmodic vitality to attack us. Like the flickering spark on the snuff of a candle, you shine out each year at Christmas with a big number and a chromo, but the rest of the year is blackness.

Brace up, Old Man, and ask your friends to subscribe or the new paper THE INDIAN

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The preliminary voters lists' of the Township of Tuscarora Grand River Reservation includes four hundred and forty-one (441) names. This number will likely be largely increased before the revision which takes place on the 7th April, 1886. The number upon the list for that part of Oneida Township, which is in the Indian Reservation is one hundred and eight (108.) Those in Tuscarora Township, will be allowed to vote in South Brant. Those in Oneida in Haldimand.

The *Globe* calls the editor of this paper "The Dominion Government Authorized Franchise Agent Among the Indians." What an extensive title this is! It beats the editor's Indian name all to pieces! The Indian with our English name have been long enough, so with the *Globe's* permission we would suggest an abbreviation. How would this do—H. Chief K.—P. E. J., M. D., T. D. G. A. F. A. A. T. I? It will help us both in our busy editorial work to have this distinguished name boiled down. We suppose Mr. Blake or Mills will find out in a few days when and how this appointment was made. We know nothing of it, so of course it will be of intense interest to us.

The Dominion Parliament was opened by Lord Lansdowne, on Thursday, 25th February.

The Speech from the Throne says: "Since the suppression of the insurrection in the North-west Territories peace and order have been restored and now prevail. After so serious an outbreak some inquietude and apprehension of the recurrence of those disorders may naturally be expected to linger, and it will be the duty of my Government to make such precautionary arrangements as will assure the present inhabitants, as well as intending settlers, of efficient protection against all disturbances. And that during the session a Bill will be introduced providing for expediting the issue of patents for "Indians Lands." We will endeavor to keep our readers posted upon the business done in this session respecting Indian affairs.

Several of the Indians of the Kettle Point and Stoncy Reserves have written to say they "Strongly object to have anything to do with voting, as we do not see that we are to be in any way benefited by it; and further if compelled to vote, we will vote for Reform or Liberal Government, not Tory." It is a great pity that these bands of Indians should have obtained the idea that they can be "compelled to vote." Such is not the case. You have the same liberty as the white man. You may vote or not as you wish. You may vote for Tory or Reformer as you see fit. By all means get your names upon the voters' list. Who knows but that, by the time another election takes place in your community, a nice Reform or Liberal candidate may be thankful for the assistance you can give him towards election, and for this assistance, he will likely promise you that he will pay particular attention to any business you may have at Ottawa. Then, if he is an honest man, you have certainly derived a benefit, by having a person in Parliament to whom you can very properly appeal in case of necessity.

## PRESS COMMENTS.

We have received a host of complimentary notices by the press. They are nearly all of the same flattering nature and we could fill our paper with them. We have only room for one this issue. We thank the press sincerely for the kind way they have received us.

"THE INDIAN is the name of a new journal in quarto form, published at Hagersville, Ont., by Head Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by, known to the English community as Dr. P. E. Jones, the first two numbers of which have been received at this office. The paper is neatly gotten up and if the numbers before us are an earnest of what is to follow, the Indian will be a creditable addition to journalism in Canada. The object of THE INDIAN is to educate the Indians of the Dominion step by step to the level of their white brethren in religion, in morals, in agriculture, in commerce and the trades, and in education. No more worthy and noble work could be undertaken than Dr. P. E. Jones has laid out for himself, his numerous contributors and correspondents, and every philanthropist will heartily wish him God speed. He ought to, and doubtless will, receive the patronage and support of every Indian who can read, or has a member of his family who can read, and of all whites who take an interest in the elevation and prosperity of the Indians. THE INDIAN has been well received by the press in general, but though it aims to be non-political, except in so far as the interests of the Indians are concerned, the *Globe* inclines to the opinion that in a few months it will be run in the interests of Toryism. We hope it will maintain a dignified independent position in politics, and give credit wherever due and denounce whatever is wrong, whether Tory or Grit. We notice editorials are promised alternately in the Ojibway and Mohawk languages. If the editor desires to talk politics to his people he will be able therein to veil his sentiments in an unknown tongue, and the *Globe* will be under the necessity of keeping an Ojibway and a Mohawk interpreter constantly in its sanctum to watch whether THE INDIAN is run in the interest of the aborigines. Head Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by has the advantage."—*Strathroy Dispatch*.

## FUNERAL OF AN INDIAN BABE.

One morning as I crossed a savanna, I perceived a young woman seated under a tree and holding in her lap the body of a dead child; moved by the dismal sight, I drew near and listened; she said—"Had'st thou remained with us, dear boy, how gracefully thy hand would have stretched the bow, thy brawny arms would have seized the roaring bear; thou wouldst have outstept the fleetest elk of the mountain. White ermine of the rock, why so young go to the land of souls? How canst thou live there? Thou wilt not have thy father to see thee with game; thou shalt feel cold, and no compassionate spirit will give thee furs to clad thyself. O! I must hasten to meet thee, that I may suckle thee, and sing to thee the sleeping lullaby."

After the funeral oration in the savage style, the young mother sung, in a faltering voice,

rocked the corpse on her knees, moistened its vivid lips with her milk, and lavished on the dead all the cares due to the living.

She wished to dry the body on a tree according to Indian custom, and then bring it to the tomb of her forefathers.—She thus began the pious and affecting ceremony; stripping her child and breathing on its mouth, she said—"soul of my child! sweet soul! a tender kiss from thy father created thee once on my lips.—Alas my kisses cannot give now a new life!" She then pressed against her bosom the sad remains, which must have revived by the warmth of a mother's heart, had not God alone kept to himself the power of imparting the vital breath.

She arose, and in the desert, impurpled by the morn, she looked for a tree where she could expose her son; she chose a red-flowered maple, festooned by garlands of apios, which exhaled the most delicious odor, with one hand she bent down the inferior branches, and with the other placed on them the lifeless infant; then letting them go, they carried away the relics of innocence under their foliage. How affecting is that Indian custom. In the airy sepulchre, imbibing the ethereal substance, buried under heaps of verdure, refreshed by the morning dew, embalmed and waded by the breeze on the same branch, where, in its nest, the warbling nightingale sings its melancholy notes, the bodies lose all the deformity of the grave. How much greater the charm, if it is the remains of his fair, a mourning lover has suspended to the bowers of death, or the relics of a beloved child, a sorrowful mother has placed next to the habitation of birds.—American trees, that in removing those inanimate bodies from the dwellings of men, bring them nearer to the abodes of the Omnipotent, how often did I rest under your sacred shades! You showed me the most sublime allegory; in you I beheld the tree of virtue; her roots grow in the worldly dust, her lofty head reaches the firmament, and her branches are the steps on which man travelling on this globe, can ascend from earth to heaven. After the disconsolate savage had placed her child on the tree, she tore one of her ringlets, and suspended it to the branch, while the morning gale balanced in its mossy cradle. I went up to her, put both my hands on her head, and uttered the three shouts of grief; we afterwards took some twigs and silently drove off the flies that swarmed and buzzed about the corpse; but we took care not to frighten a turtle dove, that now and then, flying from the nest plucked a hair from the child to make a softer bed for her little ones: the Indian told her, "If thou art not the soul of my boy, thou art, no doubt, a mother that seeks materials to build thy nest, take that hair—I shall no longer wash it in elder water; take it for thy young birds, and may the Great Spirit preserve them to thee!"

The afflicted savage thanked me for my kindness; when a young Indian came and told her "Daughter of Celuta, take thy child with thee, we shall stay here no longer, and are to set off again at to-morrow's dawn."

I said, "Brother, I wish a blue sky, many roedeers, a beaver cloak, and hope you are not then from this desert."

"No," answered he, "we are unhappy exiles,

seeking a country where to settle." He sorrowfully fixed his eyes on the ground, and with his bow knocked off the tops of flowers. I remained silent. The mother took her child, and her husband carried it on his shoulders. The young couple gazed on it, and smiled with all the bitterness of grief.

"Will you permit me," said I, "to light your fire to-night?"

"We have no huts," he replied, "but if you choose to follow us, we shall encamp near the great fall."

## Correspondence.

## FROM THE RESERVES.

## SARNIA RESERVE.

The tea festival and entertainment in behalf of St. Peter's church, Sarnia Reserve, which took place on Friday evening last, was a success both financially and for enjoyment. Chief Silas Waubmong presided, and Rev. J. Jacobs offered up the opening prayer. The choir of St. Peter's sang beautifully the piece entitled "'Tis the Beautiful Hour of Prayer." Moses Wolf, of Stoney Point, delivered the first address. Mr. Crowe, of Alnwick, then sang, to the delight of the audience, a piece entitled "Give an Honest Irish Lad a Chance." The St. Peter choir then sang "Drawing Nearer My Home. Willis Pine, of Garden River, delivered the second address. Mr. Alex. Nawog then sang very creditably "Climbing up the Golden Stairs." Mr. John Wolf, of Stoney Point, an aged Indian seventy years old, gave a stirring address. Mr. Crowe then sang "The Pretty Little Cottage in the Meadow." Alex. Nawog sang very nicely "Over the Garden Wall." Mr. Crowe then delivered an address. After a few words from the Rev. J. Jacobs, the choir sang the National Anthem and the benediction was pronounced. Proceeds of the evening, \$15. Mr. Joseph Wawanosh and Peter Gray moved a vote of thanks to the speakers and singers. Everybody was delighted with the entertainment.

## MORAVIANTOWN RESERVE.

A very pleasant and largely attended tea-meeting was held at the school house by L. O. L. No. 543, on the evening of Feb. 11th. Tea, and a plentiful supply of the choicest kinds of cakes, pies, etc., were distributed with a lavish hand, and were greatly appreciated and praised by those present. Everything passed off satisfactorily. Worshipful Master J. B. Noah, of the above mentioned lodge, occupied the chair. The following was the programme: Chairman's address; music by the Moraviantown brass band. Rev. A. Hartman was then called to the platform. He explained the difference between Orangemen and Roman Catholics; music by the band; speech by Gotlieb Tobias; music by the band; speech by Chief John Lewis; music by the band; speech by Josiah Wilson, of Munceytown; music by the band; Dr. Keewatin, of Wyoming Territory, gave a short sketch of Indian life; song by Harry Davis; "Keewatin's Companion"; also a song by John Fox, of Munceytown; song by Prof. John Logan; "God Save the Queen," by the band.

## KETTLE POINT RESERVE.

The missionary meeting held at Kettle Point on Friday, Jan. 15th, was exceedingly interesting and profitable. The pretty mission church was beautifully decorated and was well filled by the natives of the mission. The Rev. J. Jacobs, missionary superintendent, presided. The singing of the natives was well worth listening to. Mr. Carscaden and Rev. W. Henderson, of Forest, delivered short, spicy and appropriate addresses. The speech of the evening was by the Rev. T. R. Davis, M. A., of Sarnia. The audience were kept in rapt attention as they listened to his eloquent and earnest words bearing on the noble missionary cause. The collection and subscription amounted to \$26.70. Chief Adam Shawnoo and Elijah Ashquabe were appointed collectors. The mission school at Kettle Point, taught by Miss Rogers, is in a progressive state, and is well attended. The children have formed a warm attachment to their teacher.

The Indians in connection with this mission school, tendered their teacher, Mr. F. Pollock, a farewell banquet on the evening of the 17th inst. Four large tables were served, all well laden with the delicacies of the season. After supper the mental feast began, Chief Adam Shawnoo was called to the chair. Rev. J. Jacobs, who is in charge of the mission, Mr. Carscaden, Capt. Pollock, John Wolf, and Indian 76 years of age, and Jeffrey Bressette, school trustee, delivered excellent addresses. Music was given by the choir and band alternately. At the close of the speaking, a farewell address was read by Rev. J. Jacobs, expressive of their regret at Mr. Pollock's departure, concluding with fervent good wishes for his future welfare. Mr. Pollock responded by a song entitled "The Faded Flower." Messrs. Thomas and Seneca, Indians, attired in full Indian costume, distributed the prizes with which the Christmas tree was loaded. The gifts on the tree were presented by kind friends in Toronto and Forest, and by Miss Royle, a late teacher. The Rev. J. Jacobs and all connected with the getting up of the entertainment are to be congratulated on the success which crowned their efforts. The largest building on the reserve was crowded, and all left highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.—Com.

## TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

Mr. Jacob Brant made a trip to Belleville one day last week.

Dr. Ahwonnatekha made his departure for the west on Wednesday of this week.

Chief Sampson Green has contracted with the Rathbun Co. to draw one hundred loads of gravel.

Mrs. Dan. Claus is this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cor. Maracle, near Deseronto.

Mrs. A. P. Brant is making every necessary arrangement for moving to Deseronto; many wishes for a happy new home.

On Friday evening last a surprise party arrived at the residence of Mr. John Powless, where a pleasant evening was spent.

The many friends of Mrs. Joseph Maracle will be pleased to learn of her speedy recovery from such a severe attack of illness.

The Deseronto Council we learn has purchased some four or five hundred yards of gravel from Mr. Joseph Maracle of the reserve; many are engaged drawing the gravel.

Mr. Daniel Schrimshaw, of the Reserve, is buying all kinds of grain, and storing at Mr. McCullough's store; it is much convenience for the surrounding farmers to draw their grain such a short distance. Mr. Schrimshaw is equal with the highest market and gives fair weight.—*The Deseronto Tribune.*

## To the Editor of THE INDIAN.

Ne dau ge che ge sau da dau min—mau noo enanau mau gid—owh—ah ne she nau ba a nind—Bau bau mau je mo mau ze nau e gun—bau bau me ne mau see wind.

Nee nau wind—ne de nooze win ne nau nin—emah-a ta gin—ne de na dau nin we odah pe-nau mong nego de boon.

Ne ge che twah wa ne mau non owh ah nee she naw ba—Ewh a zhe mau je skaud—Emah ode nau de ze wa'ning—Me dush a zhe bah gwe sa dau mong kaw ke nah ah ne she nau baig—Chedau pe nau mo waud ewh.—Ah ne she nau ba—Bau bau mau je mo mau ze nah egun, ge che dush nau ge ka ne de yong a zhe wa be ze yong—Kaw ya a zhe be mau de ze yong.

Neen nau wind euh eqwa-Ojibway,

CHIEF CHAS. BIGCANOE,

JAS. ASHQUABE.

NOAH SNAKE.

GEO. McCUE, SR.

Georgina Island, Feb. 13th, 1886.

TORONTO, Feb., 1886.

Editor of the INDIAN.

DEAR SIR,—In a sermon which Dr. Wild preached last evening, he called the attention of his hearers to the fact, now conceded by all ethnologists, that the *first man was a red man*, the white man and black man being only the results of climate influence. He also stated that there has been published on this continent alone nearly 3,000 books about the American Indian.

KING ST.

## TEYERIHWAHKWATHA.

Ya te twa te ren na yest ne

Ka ron yah geh ro nonh.

E. so ye wen na geh nok ne

Ah, donh ha rak enh ska.

Ron wa yeu ron wah ryoh ron don

Eh tshi de wa ha ra dat

Ron wa yeu. Kon don, non gwe rih.

I Kenh, yonk hi ryoh se.

Jesus, na ah, enh ha ye na,

Ka shats den s'ra en ke na

Ka ya dat t'rih s'rah enh shon kyon

Ne Ro ya ner dyst kon.

Onh wen ja gwe kon, de yon dyest

Ron wah sen na de rist.

Eh ren de ron, ji ro nak te.

Ka no ronh gwah s'ra gonh.

## TECUMSEH.

(From Charles Mair's Tecumseh.)

ACT I, SCENE I.

TECUMSEH. (To BARRON.) I fear that our complaint lies all too deep.

For your Chief's curing. The Great Spirit gave  
The red men this wide continent as theirs,  
And in the east another to the white;  
But, not content at home, these crossed the sea,  
And drove our fathers from their ancient seats.  
Their sons in turn are driven to the Lakes,  
And cannot further go unless they drown.  
Yet now you take upon yourself to say  
This tract is Kickapoo, this Delaware,  
And this Miami; but your Chief should know  
That all our lands are common to our race!  
How can one nation sell the rights of all  
Without consent of all? No! For my part  
I am a Red Man, not a Shawanoe,  
And here I mean to stay. Go to your chief,  
And tell him I shall meet him at Vincennes.

[*Exeunt all but TECUMSEH.*]

What is there in my nature so supine  
That I must ever quarrel with revenge?  
From vales and rivers which were once our own  
The pale hounds who uproot our ancient graves  
Come whining for our lands, with fawning tongues  
And schemes and subterfuge and subtleties.  
O for a Pontiac to drive them back  
And whoop them to their shuddering villages!  
O for an age of valour like to his,  
When freedom clothed herself with solitude,  
And one in heart the scattered nations stood,  
And one in hand. It comes! and mine shall be  
The lofty task to teach them to be free—  
To knit the nations, bind them into one,  
And end the task great Pontiac begun!

Indian babies are wonderfully well behaved. The reason, we imagine, is one that might be profitably pondered over by many a mother. The baby is strapped to a board, and there remains quietly most of the time, and is not tossed, twirled, rolled and tumbled till it can hardly breathe, as many a baby we wot of is: Hence the pap-pooes seem always serene. Colic, surely isn't jounced into them.



## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Infantry School, London," will be received at this office until MONDAY, 29th proximo, for the several works required in the erection and completion of

## INFANTRY SCHOOL, LONDON, ONT.

Plans and specification can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Durand and Moore, Architects, London, Ont., on and after Monday, 15th proximo.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signature.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to *five per cent.* of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBEL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 24th Feb., 1886

4 td



## Literary Department.

## THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

## CHAPTER III (CONTINUED.)

A silence of a minute succeeded, during which the Indian sat mute; then, full of the dignity of his office, he commenced his brief tale, with a solemnity that served to heighten its appearance of truth.

"Listen, Hawk-eye, and your ear shall drink no lie. 'Tis what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans have done." He hesitated a single instant, and bending a cautious glance towards his companion, he continued, in a manner that was divided between interrogation and assertion. "Does not this stream at our feet run towards the summer, until its waters grow salt, and the current flows upward?"

It can't be denied that your traditions tell you true in both these matters," said the white man, "for I have been there, and have seen them; though, why water, so sweet in the shade, should become bitter in the sun, is an alteration for which I have never been able to account."

"And the current!" demanded the Indian, who expected his reply with that sort of interest that first feels in the confirmation of his testimony, at which he marvels even while he respects it; "the fathers of Chinachcook have not lied!"

"The holy Bible is not more true, and that is the truest thing in nature. They call this upstream current the tide, which is a thing soon explained and clear enough. Six hours the waters run in, and six hours they run out, and the reason is this: when there is higher water in the sea than in the river, they run in until the river gets to be highest, and then it runs out again."

"The waters in the woods, and on the great lakes, run downward until they lie like my hand," said the Indian, stretching the limb horizontally before him, and they run no more."

"No honest man will deny it," said the scout, a little nettled at the implied distrust of his explanation of the mysteries of the tides; "and I grant that it is true on the small scale where the ground is level. But everything depends on what scale you look at things. Now, on the small scale, the earth is level; but on the large scale it is round. In this manner, pools and ponds, and even the great fresh-water lakes, may be stagnant, as you and I both know they are, having seen them; but when you come to water over a great tract, like the sea, where the earth is round, how in reason can the water be quiet? You might as well expect the river to lie still on the brink of those black rocks a mile above us, though your own ears tell you that it is tumbling over them at this very moment."

"We came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over great plains where the buffaloes live, until we reach the big river. There we fought the Alligewi, till the ground was red with their blood. From the banks of the big

river to the shores of the salt lake, there was none to meet us. The Maquas followed at a distance. We said the country should be ours from the place where the water runs up no longer on this stream to a river twenty sun's journey toward the summer. The land we had taken like warriors we kept like men. We drove the Maquas into the woods with the bears. They only tasted salt at the licks; they drew no fish from the great lake; we threw them the bones."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man, observing that the Indian paused—"but it was long before the English came into the country."

"A pine grew then where this chestnut now stands. The first pale-faces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe, when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the red men around them. Then Hawk-eye," he continued, betraying his deep emotion, only permitting his voice to fall to those low, guttural tones, which render his language, as spoken at times, so very musical; "then Hawk-eye, we were one people, and were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer, and the air its birds. We took wives who bore us children; we worshipped the Great Spirit; and we kept the Maquas beyond the sound of our songs of triumph."

"Know you anything of your own family at that time?" demanded the white. "But you are a just man, for an Indian; and as I suppose you hold their gifts, your fathers must have been brave warriors, and wise men at the council fire."

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an unmixed man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land. Foot by foot they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and a Sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers."

"Graves bring solemn feeling over the mind," returned the scout, a good deal touched at the calm suffering of his companion; "and they often aid a man in his good intentions; though, for myself, I expect to leave my own bones unburied, to bleach in the woods, or to be torn asunder by the wolves. But where are to be found those of your race who came to their kin in the Delaware country, so many summers since?"

"Where are the blossoms of those summers? fallen one by one; so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill top and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here," said another voice, in the same, soft, guttural tones, near his elbow; "who speaks to Uncas?"

The white man loosened his knife in his catherin sheath, and made an involuntary movement of the hand towards his rifle, at this sudden interruption; but the Indian sat composed,

and without turning his head at the unexpected sounds.

At the next instant, a youthful warrior passed between them, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. No exclamation of surprise escaped the father, nor was any question asked, or reply given, for several minutes, each appearing to await the moment when he might speak, without betraying womanish curiosity or childish impatience. The white man seemed to take counsel from their customs, and, relinquishing his grasp of the rifle, he also remained silent and reserved. At length Chingachgook turned his eyes slowly towards his son, and demanded—

"Do the Maquas dare to leave the print of their mocassins in these woods?"

"I have been on their trail," replied the young Indian, "and know they number as many as the fingers of my two hands; but they lie hid like cowards."

"The thieves are outlying for scalps and plunder," said the white man, whom we shall call Hawkeye, after the manner of his companions. "That busy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel."

'Tis enough," returned the father, glancing his eye towards the setting sun; "they shall be driven like deer from their bushes. Hawkeye, let us eat to-night, and show the Maquas we are men to-morrow."

"I am as ready to do the one as the other; but to fight the Iroquois 'tis necessary to find the skulkers; and to eat 'tis necessary to get the game—talk of the devil and he will come; there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have seen this season, moving the bushes below the hill! Now, Uncas," he continued in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learnt to be watchful, "I will bet my charger three times full of powder, against a foot of wampum, that I take him atwixt the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left."

"It cannot be!" said the young Indian springing to his feet with youthful eagerness; "all but the tips of his horns are hid!"

"He's a boy!" said the white man, shaking his head while he spoke, and addressing the father. "Does he think when a hunter sees a part of the creatur" he can't tell where the rest of him should be!"

Adjusting his rifle, he was about to make an exhibition of that skill, on which he so much valued himself, when the warrior struck up the piece, saying,

"Hawkeye! will you fight the Maquas?"

"These Indians know the nature of the woods, as it might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the buck to your arrow, Uncas, or we may kill a deer for them thieves, the Iroquois, to eat."

The instant the father seconded the intimation by an expressive gesture of the hand, Uncas threw himself on the ground, and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner sniffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the

twang of the cord was heard, a white streak was seen glancing into the bushes, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover, to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat, when bounding to the edge of the river it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood.

"'Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout, laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 'twas a pretty sight to behold! Though an arrow is a near shot, and needs a knife to finish the work."

"Hugh!" ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented game.

"By the Lord, there is a drove of them!" exclaimed the scout, whose eyes began to glisten with the ardor of his usual occupation; "if they come within range of a bullet I will drop one, though the whole Six Nations should be lurking within sound! What do you hear, Chingachgook? for to my ears the woods are dumb."

"There is but deer, and he is dead," said the Indian, bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. "I hear the sounds of feet!"

"Perhaps the wolves have driven the buck to shelter, and are following on his trail."

"No. The horses of white men are coming!" returned the other, raising himself with dignity, and resuming his seat on the log with his former composure. "Hawkeye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

"That will I, and in English that the king needn't be ashamed to answer," returned the hunter, speaking in the language of which he boasted; "but I see nothing, nor do I hear the sounds of man or beast; 'tis strange that an Indian should understand white sounds better than a man who, his very enemies will own, has no cross in his blood, although he may have lived with the red skins long enough to be suspected. Ha! there goes something like the crackling of a dry stick, too—now I hear the bushes move—yes, yes, there is a tramping that I mistook for the falls—and—but here they come themselves; God keep them from the Iroquois."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The words were still in the mouth of the scout, when the leader of the party, whose approaching footsteps had caught the vigilant ear of the Indian, came openly into view. A beaten path, such as those made by the periodical passage of the deer, wound through a little glen at no great distance, and struck the river at the point where the white man and his red companions had posted themselves. Along this track the travellers, who had produced a surprise so unusual in the depths of the forest, advanced slowly towards the hunter, who was in front of his associates, in readiness to receive them.

"Who comes?" demanded the scout, throwing his rifle carelessly across his left arm, and keeping the forefinger of his right hand on the trigger, though he avoided all appearance of menace in the act—"Who comes hither,

among the beasts and dangers of the wilderness?"

"Believers in religion, and friends to the law and to the king," returned he who rode foremost. "Men who have journeyed since the rising sun, in the shades of this forest, without nourishment, and are sadly tired of their way-faring."

"You are then lost," interrupted the hunter, "and have found how helpless 'tis not to know whether to take the right hand or the left?"

"Even so; sucking babies are not more dependent on those who guide them than we than we who are of larger growth, and who may now be said to possess the stature without the knowledge of men. Know you the distance to a post of the crown called William Henry?"

"Hoot!" shouted the scout, who did not spare his open laughter, though, instantly checking the dangerous sounds, he indulged his merriment at less risk of being overheard by any lurking enemies. "You are as much off the scent as a hound would be, with Horican atwixt him and the deer! William Henry, man if you are friends to the king, and have business with the army, your better way would be to follow the river down to Edward, and lay the matter before Webb; who tarries there, instead of pushing into the defiles, and driving this saucy Frenchman back across Champlain, into his den again."

Before the stranger could make any reply to this unexpected proposition, another horseman dashed the bushes aside, and leaped his charger into the pathway, in front of his companion.

"What, then, may be our distance from Fort Edward?" demanded a new speaker; the place you advise us to seek we left this morning, and our destination is the head of the lake."

"Then you must have lost your eyesight afore losing your way, for the road across the portage is cut to a good rods, and is as grand a patch, I calculate, as any that runs into London, or even before the palace of the king himself."

"We will not dispute concerning the excellence of the passage," returned Heyward, smiling; for, as the reader has anticipated, it was he. "It is enough, for the present, that we trusted to an Indian guide to take us by a nearer, though blinder path, and that we are deceived in his knowledge. In plain words, we know not where we are."

"An Indian lost in the woods!" said the scout, shaking his head doubtingly; when the sun is scorching the tree tops, and the water-courses are full; when the moss on every beech he sees, will tell him in which quarter the north star will shine at night! The woods are full of deer-paths which run to the streams and licks, —places well known to everybody; nor have the geese done their flight to the Canada waters —altogether! 'Tis strange that an Indian should be lost atwixt Horican and the bend in the river! Is he a Mohawk?"

"Not by birth, though adopted in that tribe; I think his birthplace was further north, and he is one of those you call a Huron."

"Hugh!" exclaimed the two companions of the scout, who had continued until this part of the dialogue, seated immovable, and apparently indifferent to what passed, but who now sprang

to their feet with an activity and interest that had evidently got the better of their reserve, by surprise.

"A Huron!" repeated the sturdy scout, once more shaking his head in open distrust; they are a thievish race, nor do I care by whom they are adopted; you can never make anything of them but skulks and vagabonds. Since you trusted yourself to the care of one of that nation, I only wonder that you have not fallen in with more."

"Of that there is little danger, since William Henry is so many miles in our front. You forget that I have told you that our guide is now a Mohawk, and that he serves with our forces as a friend."

"And I tell you he who is born a Mingo will die a Mingo," returned the other positively. A Mohawk! No, give me a Delaware or a Mohican for honesty; and when they will fight, which they wont all do, having suffered their cunning enemies, the Maquas, to make them women—but when they will fight at all, look to a Delaware, or a Mohican, for a warrior!"

"Enough of this," said Heyward, impatiently; "I wish not to inquire into the character of a man that I know, and to whom you must be a stranger. You have not yet answered my question; what is the distance from the main army at Edward?"

"It seems that may depend on who is your guide. One would think that such a horse as that might get over a good deal of ground atwixt sun-up and sun-down."

"I wish no contention of idle words with you friend," said Heyward, curbing his dissatisfied manner, and speaking in a more gentle voice. "If you will tell me the distance to Fort Edward, and conduct me thither, your labor shall not go without its reward."

"And in so doing, how know that I don't guide an enemy and a spy of Montcalm, to the works of the army? It is not every man who can speak the English tongue that is an honest subject."

"If you serve with the troops, of whom I judge you to be a scout, you should know of such a regiment of the king's as the 60th."

"The 60th! you can tell me little of the Royal Americans that I don't know, though I do wear hunting-shirt instead of a scarlet jacket."

"Well, then, among other things, you may tell me the name of its major?"

"Its major!" interrupted the hunter, elevating his body like one who was proud of his trust. "If there is a man in this country who knows Major Effingham, he stands before you."

"It is a corps which has many majors; the gentleman you name is the senior, but I speak of the junior of them all; he who commands the companies in garrison at William Henry."

"Yes, yes, I have heard that a young gentleman of vast riches, from one of the provinces far south, has got the place. He is over young, too, to hold such rank, and to be put above men whose heads are beginning to bleach; and yet they say he is a soldier in his knowledge, and a gallant gentleman!"

"Whatever he may be, however he may be qualified for his rank, he now speaks to you, and of course can be no enemy to dread."

The scout regarded Heyward in surprise, and when lifting his cap, he answered, in a tone less confident than before—though still expressing doubt—

"I have heard a party was to leave the encampment this morning, for the lake shore?"

You have heard the truth; but I preferred a safer route, trusting to the knowledge of the Indian I mentioned."

"And he deceived you, and then deserted?"

"Neither, as I believe; certainly not the latter, for he is to be found in the rear."

"I should like to look at the creature; if it is a true Iroquois I can tell him by his knavish look, and by his paint," said the scout; stepping past the charger of Heyward, and entering the path behind the mare of the singing-master, whose foal had taken advantage of the halt to exact the maternal contribution. After shoving aside the bushes, he encountered the females, who awaited the result of the conference with anxiety.

(To be Continued.)

FISH AND GAME LAWS.

CLOSE SEASON FOR FISH.

Salmon Trout and White Fish shall not be caught between the 1st and the 30th of November.

Fresh Water Herring shall not be caught between the 15th of October and the 1st of December.

Speckled Trout, Brook Trout, or River Trout shall not be caught between the 15th of September and the 1st of May.

Bass and Pickerel shall not be caught between the 15th of April and the 15th of May.

No one shall buy, sell or possess any of the above-named fish which have been caught or killed during the close seasons; nor shall they have in their possession fish which have been caught by unlawful means at any time.

It is not lawful to catch or kill any of the above-named fish by means of spears, grapple hook, negog or nishigans at any time.

No one shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess the young of any fish above-named.

Fishing by means of nets or other apparatus is prohibited in rivers and inland lakes.

Saw dust or mill rubbish shall not be drifted or thrown into any stream frequented by fish, under a penalty not exceeding \$100.

CLOSE SEASON FOR GAME.

Grouse, Pheasants, or Partidges shall not be hunted, taken, or killed between the first of January and the 1st of September.

Woodcock shall not be hunted, taken or killed between the 1st of January and the 1st of August.

Snipe shall not be hunted, taken or killed between the 1st of January and the 15th of August.

Water Fowl—known as Mallard, Grey Duck, Black Duck, Wood or Summer Duck—shall not be hunted, taken or killed between the 1st of January and the 15th of August.

Hares or Rabbits shall not be hunted, taken or killed between the 1st of March and the 1st of September.

Deer, Elk, Moose, Reindeer, or Caribou shall not be taken or killed between the 15th of December and the 1st of October. Deer shall not

be hunted with dogs or hounded between the 15th of November and the 1st of October.

Any person having any of the above-mentioned animals or birds, or any portion of them in their possession during the close season, is liable to the fines and penalties imposed by the Act, except that they may be exposed for sale for 20 days after the close season begins; or may be kept for private use; but, in these cases, the proof of the killing or taking shall be in the party in possession.

The eggs of any of the above-mentioned birds are not to be taken.

No batteries, sunken punts or night-lights shall be used for taking any swans, geese, or ducks at any time.

Any traps set for catching any of the above-mentioned animals (including fur-bearing animals) during the close season, may be destroyed by any one, without his incurring any liability therefor.

INDIAN VS. WHITE.

BY J. B. H.

Why should other races be frowned upon? If in the matter of education we, Anglo-Saxons, have been more fortunate, our brothers have but to be given similar advantages when they would become, if not our superiors, certainly our equals in civilizations and its attendant refinement. As white men and women then, it behooves us to be modest of our attainments, stretching out the helping hand, else perchance without our aid—*nolens volens*—the higher plain on which we proudly stand is reached and the position maintained. Of this, example *ad nauseam* could be given. For the present purpose one instance will suffice: A well-known Indian gentleman, to a large extent self taught, a graduate of one of England's universities, highly cultured, has associated with him in business affairs, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, all proud of their nationality and culture. Yet in certain cases they have had to admit his superiority and his ability as greater than their own, and even in the matter of hospitality and beautiful home-life his fireside was at least equal. Well do we remember the summer visit to the Reserve—the moonlight drive thereto from the village inn—our companion's mythical assurance that we would roost in a veritable wigwam, our credence and our astonishment at being welcomed to a stately mansion with extensive grounds, and as genial a family as any could desire to meet. Accustomed to European culture and therefore prepared to make allowances, imagine our surprise to find all the members as refined as the best, and that the ladies could hold more than their own in repartee, and pleasant badinage, while the respect and filial devotion shown to the venerable mother was an example for all worthy of imitation.

But what perhaps had the most lasting impression was the happy Christian influence permeating this Indian home. It was a beautiful sight to see the Indian young lady playing the dear old tunes, and to hear her mother and sisters joining with their white brethren in singing hymns of praise to our common Father—the Creator of all.

In view of this happy wife, and of the

many similar which others could tell, let vaunted superiority die, and be it the aim of all, irrespective of race or colour, to live at peace, ever striving to further the best interests and welfare of every branch of the great human family. May God speed that day.

OTTAWA, 26th Feb., 1886.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

Old uncle Jim Brown was the first judge the Cherokees ever had.

A Creek Indian, who had killed a Cherokee, was his first murder case.

When the prisoner was brought in, Judge Brown asked him, so the story goes, if he had killed the man. "Yes," replied the prisoner. "Here, sheriff, take this man out and hang him."

"Your honor," interposed the prisoner's attorney, "the prisoner is entitled to a trial, and the jury have not been impanelled nor the witnesses sworn." "Well," persisted Judge Brown, "the prisoner says he killed the man, and what is the use to go to all that trouble. Take him out and hang him, sheriff."

And it required some eloquent pleading to convince this old time judge of the necessity of giving the prisoner a trial according to law. Judge Brown lived to be more than four score years and ten, and died during the late war, loved and respected by all who knew him.

BIRTHS.

On Tuesday, January 12th, the wife of Mr. Nelles Monture, of a son.



Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office, from mechanical, skilled, practical contractors, until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the NINTH day of MARCH, for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Port Dalhousie and Thorold.

The works throughout will be let in sections. A map showing the different places, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on after Tuesday, the 23rd February instant, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works will be supplied at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold.

Parties tendering are requested to examine the locality and bear in mind that the season and circumstances under which the works have to be done render some of them of an exceptional nature.

Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with printed forms, and in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates or prices stated in the offer submitted. The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,  
Ottawa, 27th February, 1886.

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AWAY DOWN AT HARD PAN PRICES, GO TO

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As he is determined to clear out his entire stock of

**Wool Goods, Overcoats, Fur Caps and Felt Boots,**

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Every kind of Fur Coats, Mantles, Caps, Muffs, Mitts, Moccasins, at lowest wholesale prices. Highest prices paid for new furs, prompt returns made for all furs shipped to us.

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*The Old Post Office Store. Never forget the Old Reliable Place when in Town.*

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A large stock kept constantly on hand at lowest prices.

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**Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC.**

Indians dealt with and waited upon in the same manner as other people.

**Grand General Indian COUNCIL OF ONTARIO.**

**MEETS EVERY SECOND YEAR OFFICERS :**

President, Chief Wm. Mcgregor, Cape Crocker.  
1st. Vice President, Chief Jos. Fisher, Muncey.  
2nd. Vice President, Chief Sol. James, Parry Sound.  
Secy. Treas. Chief P. E. Jones M. D. Hagersville.  
Cor. Secy. for Northern Indians F. Lamorandier, Cape Crocker.  
Interpreter, Able Waucosh.

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

Wednesday, 8th Sept., 1886, and continuing from day to day until the business is completed.

The minutes of the last Council will be published in a few weeks and will be freely distributed among the various Bands, and also to the Dominion Members of Parliament connected with the business of the Grand Council should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Hagersville, Ontario

CHIEF P. E. JONES, M. D., Secy-Treas. Hagersville, Dec. 1885. Office of THE INDIAN

**Indian Homes. Sault St. Marie.**

**Shingwauk Home for Boys. Wawanosh Home for Girls.**

Application for admission stating name age and state of health, must be made before the first of May. An agreement must be signed and witnessed by the Chief or Indian Agent or Missionary before a child can be admitted.

New pupils admitted on the first of June. Summer vacation this year is from July 16th to Sept 7th.—Address. REV. E. T. WILSON Sault St. Marie.

**HENRY J. INCE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTIES OF**

**Haldimand, Wentworth, Brant and Norfolk** Issuer of Marriage Licenses. P. O. ADDRESS, WILLOW GROVE.

**AT J. W. HUSBAND'S General Store, - Hagersville, THE INDIANS**

Will always be treated right and goods sold cheap. Corn mats, Baskets etc., taken in exchange for goods.

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**The Niagara Falls Route. Michigan Central Ry Canada Division.**

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Boston and New York Express, Ex Sun.	
Limited Express, daily	4.19 a.m.
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	3.34 p.m.
Atlantic Express, daily	12.45
Boston and New York Express, daily	5.22

**GOING WEST**

Michigan Express Except Sunday	11.25 p.m.
Chicago Express, daily	
St. Louis Express, daily	8.18
Mail and Accom., except Sunday	3.55
Pacific Express, daily	2.43 p.m.

All trains run by Ninetieth Meridian or Central Standard time. Making connections for the East at Buffalo, and the west at Detroit. Connecting with the C. V. R. & L. & P. S. Railways at St. Thomas.

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

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