

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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AHOENDOE;

THE LAST REFUGE OF THE HURONS.

By A. F. Hunter.

In the southeast corner of Georgian Bay, there is a group of large islands, now reserved by the government for the use of the Indians—the Christian Islands: When the Chippewas first arrived there, in their migration of the early part of last century from the Lake Superior district, they found on the largest of the group a few French christianized Indians, speaking a language altogether different from their own. This circumstance at once gave the islands a name, and they continued to be known by the early voyagers as the “Iles des Chretiens.” The few Indians thus found have long ago perished or become merged into the great Chippewa nation, but the name is still retained, being applied to the largest island. In olden times it played an important part in Canadian history; it was known among the Huron Indians as Ahoendoe. The old tradition, which tells how these came to be called the Christian Islands, does not give the name of the tribe to which the christian Indians belonged; but it is not improbable that they were a remnant of the ancient Hurons, gathered around the ruins of the last stronghold of their tribe.

The record of the Hurons is familiar to all readers of early Canadian history. The first important notice of them that we possess is given by Champlain. In 1615, he visited their native district. This coincided, at the time of his visit, with the North riding of the present County of Simcoe; but in recent years their remains have been discovered all over a large portion of central Ontario. Champlain found this small area peopled about thirty thousand—a number fully as great as the rural population of the same district at the present day. He learned also that they had been at war with the Iroquois of New York state for many years, and accompanied a large war party on an expedition against their enemies. Thirty-five years later, this long standing feud ended in the complete triumph of the Iroquois.

Champlain has left an account of the Huron's country and their manners of living; but the fullest is given by the Jesuit missionaries whom he introduced among them, and who toiled earnestly for several years. Systematic mission work may be said to have begun in 1634, although Father Brebeuf had previously spent three years with them. From 1634 until the extirpation of the tribe by the Iroquois in 1650, these missionaries labored continuously in their country. In

1639 a fortified mission was built on the river Wye, not far from the present town of Penetanguishine, and called Sainte Marie. This served as headquarters for the missionaries, who had by this time established over a score of mission stations in the country around.

The attacks of the Iroquois upon the Hurons became more frequent and severe; village after village fell before them. In this protracted war no less than five of the Jesuits were massacred. As most of our readers are aware, a handsome cathedral is now in course of erection at Penetanguishine, as a memorial of these martyrs who perished in this bitter war.

The condition of affairs at the chief mission of Sainte Marie on the Wye became so serious that the priests decided to abandon the scene of their labors, and take refuge on the island of Ahoendoe, whither most of the surviving Hurons had fled. They embarked on a raft on June 14, 1649, and reached their destination a few days later. They spent the remainder of that Summer in building their new fort on Ahoendoe. The site selected was on the shore of the little bay which makes a deep indentation in the south side of the island, and distant perhaps two or three miles from the nearest point of the mainland. Like the abandoned mission on the Wye, it was called Sainte Marie.

With remarkable fortitude the Indians set to work under the direction of the Jesuits, and aided in the erection of the new fort. It was built about ten rods from the shore, and was rectangular in shape, with bastions on all four corners. The walls which enclosed about half an acre, were of solid masonry, built of stones mostly flat, and of a size convenient to carry. Along the shore the wall was above twelve feet high, and the whole construction was surrounded by a ditch. Its ruins, although nearly two centuries and a half old, are still to be seen. Except in a few places, the walls have crumbled down. The lighthouse keeper, a man who has spent most of his life on the island, once informed me that thirty years ago they were as high again as they are to-day; but farm stock from the present Indian village have trampled over them.

Springs of running water have burst out here and there within the enclosed area. These, running down the bay, have produced a dense swamp over the ruins, as well as the intervening space between them and the shore. Small trees are growing so thickly together as to be impassable in some places; and owing to the marshy nature of the ground, the whole scene is uninviting to visitors.

There is a remarkable semi-enclosure of high masonry near the centre. It is shaped like a

horse shoe, its greatest breadth being about six feet, and its greatest length about twelve. A spring bubbles up within it, and the water flows through the open side. As there was a well in the fort at the time of its occupation, very probably it was used for that purpose.

The formation underlying Ahoendoe is Trenton; viewed from the water, it consists of ranges of low hills, thickly wooded from the shore to their summits with pine, beech, and maple. This dense forest afforded a shelter to the Hurons from the attacks of Iroquois scalping parties.

In the autumn of 1649, about eight thousand Hurons gathered around the fort for protection; of priests and their French attendants there were about fifty. Before winter set in, quantities of Indian corn, smoked fish, and acorns were collected for the support of the Hurons during the approaching winter. But this was not sufficient; and before spring, over half of the inhabitants died of starvation and disease. The Jesuits were forced to leave Ahoendoe, and on June 10th, 1850, with a remnant of about three hundred Hurons, they made their departure for Quebec. The abandonment of this place brought to a close one of the bitterest Indian wars on record. The wooden buildings within the fort were burned, in order that they might not harbor the victorious Iroquois. Seven or eight years ago, the melted remains of the chapel bell were found in a corner of the ruins.

The place has yielded a large quantity of relics. Besides a number of brass utensils bearing French inscriptions, a great number of French coins of the period have been found, and sometimes human bones. A steel mill, used for making sacramental wafers, was found there in 1848, in a remarkably good state of preservation. It is now in the British Museum.

There are many interesting remains on the island. The writer picked up a number of pottery fragments, etc., on the lighthouse plot, at a short distance from the lighthouse—a large white stone tower that guards the gap between the island and the neighboring peninsula of Tiny. At the place where these fragments were found, traces of several large Huron lodges are visible. Their pots were made of baked clay, skilfully ornamented, and often quite large. Their method of cooking in them was very primitive. Having placed the raw food (fish, game, corn, &c.) in one of these earthen pots filled with water, they threw in hot stones until it was cooked. As a rule, the interior surface of their pottery wears a black, sooty appearance from having been used in this way. All the remains on the island bear witness of the literal truth of the records that give the history of this remarkable Indian nation.

THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

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TRAVELLING NORTH.

When the Indian Reserve at Owen Sound was sold it was done by only a few who were strongly in favor of moving while the majority although opposed to the surrender did nothing to prevent it, and the Nawosh Indian reserve was accordingly ceded to the Crown and Cape Croker was chosen as the future residence of the Indians. When the time for removal came only two or three families did so, and they took up the best land next to the water. The majority stopped behind, some joined their friends at Coepoy's Bay where there was an Indian Reserve and there spent one or more years, and quite a number of families kept wandering among white settlements. They felt so discouraged that for a long time nothing was done to make any permanent improvements, and as there was then an abundance of game and fish that gave them a good living.

However in the course of time the whole Band finally came and settled in the place chosen by the few who had all along represented it as the Eldorado of the country. It was not settled as it is now, the people camped or at any rate only made temporary habitations. It was not until the hunting and fishing gave out that the Indians took up land and began to work it in earnest.

From the year 1854, the time of the surrender, to 1876 hardly any improvements had been done, but from the latter date up to the present time, great improvements have been carried on. Besides their own individual work they had to make long lines of roads through scattered situations necessitating the cutting down of high hills and blasting rocky cliffs to make them passable. Today the roads leading through the Reserve are better than those in the adjoining townships.

Now all the Indians are in possession of their

own lots and are occupants of good houses of their own building, and are the owners of considerable live stock and now a great deal of property has been accumulated.

Now when those who were opposed to the removal look back to the old Reserve and its market facilities they still blame the promoters of the scheme for coming so far away from town. Taking things all round however and considering the improved state of the Reserve. I do not think it was such a bad move after all as they live quite happy here, being so far from the ills of crowded settlements and the fast growing village of Warton with a railroad brings a market plenty near enough.

The removal to Cape Croker has cost the rising generation the loss of the English language which they would of had if they had staid in Owen Sound which in itself is something to be deplored. Our friends in the south think it a good thing to perpetuate the Indian language which as in their case would now be lost. However the people are satisfied and that is a great blessing.

The fish was so plentiful that from the month of September in each year to the close of navigation, about Jan. 1st, each boat or canoe engaged in fishing could easily make from \$300 to \$400 selling fish on the spot to traders who paid either in goods or cash.

The water was all free then and persons could start fishing operations anywhere on the coast. But this state of things could not last long, it was to good, and unexpectedly to the Indians, at least, the Government assumed all the fisheries, and no person was then allowed to fish without a license. The Indians were thrown into a very sad disadvantage on account of being too late to make an application for fishing grounds, which, however, they could not obtain as the then Fishery Overseer was very unfriendly to the Indians. The only alternative left for them was to sublease from white people. In the course of years, however, by repeated applications and through the exertions of Wm, Plummer, Esq., Superintendent, a suitable and larger ground than the frontage of the Reserve can command was obtained.

Now it is not looked upon as such a great boom as the waters are overfished. Yet it is of some value, those who carry on fishing would not like to part with it.

It is to be hoped that by careful adherence to the laws now in force which leaves the fish unmolested while on the shoals depositing the spawn, will in a short time replenish the waters of Georgian Bay and the Lakes.

SAHGIMAW.

A HOLIDAY RAMBLE IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

A fine Easter Monday is an excellent opportunity for watching London, in the real, not the conceitedly exclusive "society" sense, taking its pleasure. The Bank Holiday Act may, perhaps, have caused the day to be kept sacred from business a little more generally than it was before.

Of course there are sulky faces to be seen in London on Easter Monday, chiefly among street car and omnibus men, river steamboat men, rail-

way officials and policemen. On street after street the shops are close shuttered; street cars and omnibusses are filled, both outside and in, with holiday makers; hansoms are darting about like flies. In fact you might think that all London was going out of town, and yet in north, south, east and west London the mill-wheel of everyday life is grinding round as unresistingly as ever. It is in the city proper that Easter Monday as a general holiday most forcibly asserts itself. Banks and exchanges are closed and all business streets are deserted.

To show to what an extent Easter Monday is appreciated by the business men I may mention that I witnessed a picnic luncheon of bread cheese and something out of a black bottle taken on a doorstep of one of the Lombardy Street banks. A newspaper spread on the top step answered for a table cloth, and shortly afterwards turning into George Yard I came suddenly upon two most affectionate lovers embracing each other in broad daylight. I fancy it must have been the making up of a lovers quarrel caused through having taken opposite sides at the university boat race, as the maiden was attired in Oxford blue and the swell sported a Cambridge tie. At any rate Oxford and Cambridge had met and were very fondly kissing each other when my footfall startled them.

The Zoological Gardens and the Crystal Palace are, I think, two of the best places to visit, but the Crystal Palace finds greater favor with the British public on holidays. There is more room to move about in there and a greater variety of attractions. Let no one bound for the palace on a public holiday take a first-class ticket under the impression that it will secure him select company, the better way is to take a third class ticket and take your chance, which is quite as good, if not better, of being pushed into a first-class carriage, and into whatever class you may be carried by the excited throng you will find much the same kind of crowded company.

Of course there is a free give and take of "chaff" on such occasions. If you don't know how to give it back effectually take it in good part.

In my return from the palace I had, for a wonder succeeded in getting a seat which enabled the railway company to carry out the latter half of its first class contract with me.

One of my fellow passengers was a costermonger, who exultingly exhibited his ticket to show that he had secured first class accommodation without having been fool enough to pay for it. A very smartly dressed girl looked into the compartment. "Come in, miss," said the costermonger, "if we can't make room for ye no h'other ways ye can sit on my knee."

In disgust at the "low feller" the girl walked away, whereupon the coster put his head out of the window, and shouted after her, "cushions ain't good enough for yer, arn't they, miss? telly-grarf to the seckerinterry, an' maybe he'll send ye down a sop'ly." I asked this same coster, if we were on the right train for the city, and he shouted in reply: "Do ye thing I'd lose my way? a furriner to tell me that, and me a Lunnuner born an' bread. Why I were never hout o' Lunnun. Sit ye down, guvner, an' make yer mind heasy."

S. L.

CHIEF GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON.

(ONWANONSYSHON.)

His Life and Work Among the Six Nations.

BY HORATIO MALE.

The chief, now firmly established in his new office, set about the measures which he had long had in view for the benefit of his people. The first and most important of these was to get rid of the gangs of white ruffians who then hung about the Reserve, corrupting and impoverishing the Indians by the illicit sale of liquor, and by combining with the more ignorant among them to rob the Reserve of its valuable store of timber.



CHIEF GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON.

It was an evil of long standing, against which all efforts had hitherto seemed fruitless. It remained to be seen what could be done by an efficient superintendent and a zealous native warden. One prosecution after another, leading usually to fines and imprisonment, was brought against the dealers in illicit whiskey. At length they became thoroughly alarmed. Their active and resolute pursuer must be disposed of. One day in January, 1865, two men encountered the chief walking alone. While one of them drew his attention by some remarks the other suddenly struck him on the head from behind, with the heavy butt of a whip. He fell insensible, and as he lay was beaten in a most brutal manner, resulting in fractured bones and internal injuries. His assailants believed him to be dead, or at least disabled for life. After he was brought home, he lay for five days unconscious. A long illness followed, but his strong constitution finally triumphed. He recovered, but bore till his death the disfigurement and the enfeebling effects of his injuries. Of the criminals one fled and escaped; the other served a term of five years in the penitentiary.

No sooner had the chief regained sufficient strength to enable him to resume his duties than he renewed his crusade against the law-breakers with as much energy as ever. The liquor vendors had been sufficiently alarmed and cowed. The timber plunderers, who belonged to a somewhat higher class, and who acted with the connivance of many Indian confederates, were more difficult to deal with. Against them he waged a troublesome contest of watching, warnings, seizures and prosecutions for several years, and acquired their deadly hostility. In the ordinary intercourse of society the chief was always gentle, courteous and unassuming; but in dealing with

the corrupters and despoilers of his people his manner totally changed. He knew them to be men utterly callous and unscrupulous, and only to be subdued by the strong hand and the terrors of the law. To them he was stern and imperious, as if the spirit and temper of twenty generations of the great chiefs, his ancestors, had been concentrated in his tone and manner. This deportment in "an Indian" filled the measure of their wrath to overflowing. At length their rage had its outbreak. In October, 1873, the chief was encountered on a lonely road, at midnight, by six men, who suddenly set upon him with bludgeons, knocked him down, breaking two of his ribs and a finger, and finally shot him with a revolver, and left him for dead. Recovering, however, he was able to crawl home; and once more, after a long illness, his wonderful vitality triumphed. He regained his strength, but his constitution was irretrievably shattered. He became subject to frequent attacks of neuralgia and erysipelas, which at times incapacitated him for work. But in the intervals of these attacks he continued as alert as ever in the performance of this duties.

These duties, however, no longer included the war with lawless and degraded white men. The last murderous attack upon him had aroused a flame of popular indignation. All classes, whites and Indians alike, shared in the sentiment and in determination to crush the mischief. Before this blaze of public wrath the vile conspiracy



CHIFSWOOD. HOME OF CHIEF GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON.

shriveled at once, as if smitten by lightning. The malefactors were hunted down, and expiated their crime either in prison or by flight and self-banishment. From that day the Reserve has been as safe and as free from open violations of the law as any part of Canada.

While the chief was waging the war against lawlessness which was thus at last concluded, he had been active in other plans for the benefit and improvement of his people. It was his way to proceed rather by example than by precept. A fortunate venture, into which a merchantile friend had persuaded him, and yielded a good profit and put him in funds. The Indians on the Reserve had for the most part lived on their

scattered farms in the small log cabins which had replaced their earlier bark-built habitations. A few attempts at a better style of residence had been made; but that an Indian should compete with the wealthy whites in this way was not expected. The chief, who had a natural taste and talent for architecture, erected on his farm one of the finest dwellings in the county. A white stuccoed building, of two lofty stories and a spacious and imposing front, rose, elegant and stately, upon a terraced eminence overlooking the Grand River, in the midst of a parklike grove, in which almost every variety of the native woods was represented. The example proved infectious. The traveler crossing the Reserve sees already, here and there, the new and comfortable dwellings of frame or brick, which are gradually replacing the rude log tenements of former days. The house, it may be added, obtained for its possessor the Indian personal name by which (apart from his hereditary designation, in the council) he was best known—that of Onwanonsyshon—"He who has the great mansion."

The Iroquois have always been an agricultural people. Their extensive plantations of maize, beans, and pumpkins excited the admiration of the first explorers. Since their removal to Canada their industry and aptitude as farmers have been notable. The wheat market of Brantford has for many years been largely supplied from the Reserve. To direct this industry into the

best channels, and to furnish it with the latest scientific aids, was a most desirable object. The chief took a zealous part in establishing an agricultural society on the Reserve. An older chief, whose influence would be useful, was made president, while Chief George assumed the humbler but more important duties of secretary. The annual exhibitions of the so-

ciety, beginning on a modest scale, now rival those of the neighboring townships. Of the progress which agriculture has made on the Reserve, of late years, a judgement may be formed from a single fact. A visitor, not long ago, passing through a part of the Reserve, counted in his morning's drive five threshing-machines at work, all owned and managed by Indians.

The chief was a member of the Provincial Horticultural Association, and frequently attended its meetings, where his judicious remarks were always heard with pleasure and respect, by

*The chief was accustomed to annex to his signature a peculiar hieroglyphic, somewhat representing the letter Z enclosing a dot, which he explained as an arm embracing a heart—an ancient Indian symbol of friendship.

his associates. His own grounds showed a choice selection of fruit trees and the best varieties of the grape. In this respect, also, his example has proved inspiring and useful.

The care of the Mission Society and the government has provided the Reserve with schools, including one of a superior stamp, the Mohawk Institute in Brantford. As was to be expected, the Indians were for a long time slow to perceive the advantages of these schools. The teaching, which was now entirely conducted in English, seemed to them anything but attractive. Such an education might suit the children of white people, but not theirs. The chief took the best possible method of dispelling these ideas. He secured for his own children—two boys and two girls—the best education which the schools and colleges of Brantford and London could give. This prescient care has speedily been repaid. His sons have already, at an unusually early age, gained positions of much trust and responsibility, the eldest, Mr. Henry Beverley Johnson, being cashier of the New York Life Insurance Company for the Dominion of Canada, and the youngest, Mr. Allen W. Johnson, holding a good merchantile situation in Hamilton. They are not alone in manifesting to their people the advantages of such a training. Several other educated members of the Iroquois tribes, in various positions, professional and commercial, in Canada and the United States, are displaying the acumen and energy of their remarkably intellectual race.

The chief was often sent by his people as a delegate to bring their needs, and occasionally their remonstrances, to the attention of the government. If not in all cases successful in such missions, his appearance and address always secured him attention and respect. Governors and statesmen received him with courtesy and interest. At Government House, and everywhere in society, he was a welcome visitor. At public entertainments, his fine Napoleonic figure and face, set off by the Indian costume which on such occasions he frequently assumed, made him a center of attraction, which his quiet dignity of manner and a happy style of conversation, combining good sense with humor, and made more piquant by a half foreign accent, was well calculated to enhance. At home he was the most genial and kindly of men. The attractions of the place and of the household brought many visitors, who all came away delighted with a reception in which Indian hospitality had combined with English courtesy and refinement to make the guests feel themselves pleasantly at home. American tourists who visited Brantford eagerly sought an introduction to Chiefswood, and sometimes gave to the public, through the journals of the southern and eastern cities, an account of their agreeable experiences—the elegant and tasteful Indian home in the tree-embowered mansion, overlooking the wide and winding river, the cordial and dignified chief, the gentle English matron, and the graceful and accomplished young “Indian princesses”—all making a picture as charming as it was novel and unexpected.

The health of the chief, never very good since he received his injuries, began latterly to fail perceptibly. His final illness, however, was

brief. An attack of erysipelas, following a long drive in a drenching rain, seemed at first so slight as to cause no apprehension. After a few days, however, the malady took an unfavorable turn. Pyæmia, or “blood-poisoning,” set in, and the patient gradually sank, losing consciousness partially toward the last, but retaining always his kindly and cheerful manner so long as he was capable of speaking. He died without pain. The family and friends who surrounded his bed were not for a time aware that he had ceased to live. There were other anxious watchers outside for the news of his precarious condition had spread through the Reserve and caused much uneasiness. Suddenly a loud, wailing cry rose, in a single note, high, prolonged and quavering, from the river bank below his house. It was repeated on the opposite shore. The well-known signal passed, in the still winter night, from lip to lip, from lonely cabin to cabin, from farm to farm, in every direction until within an hour all the tribes of the Six Nations on the Reserve knew that a great chief had passed away.

In the churchyard of the ancient Mohawk church near Brantford, built by Brant and his fellow-converts a century ago, the remains of this noble Mohawk chief and Christian gentleman rest beside the graves of his forefathers. His memory will long be cherished by multitudes of both the races to which he belonged, and for whose common welfare he labored and may be said to have died. Few have done more than he accomplished in his humble sphere, in breaking down the absurd and wicked prejudices of race, and proving the essential unity and brotherhood of human family.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The November *Magazine of American History* has a superb frontispiece, the very finest of any of the magazines of the month; it is the notable portrait (almost unknown in this country) of Governor Thomas Pownall, from the celebrated Lord Oxford painting, in England. It is accompanied by an admirable study of the versatile character, statesmanship, and works of the remarkable Pownall as the leading article of the number, by Robert Ludlow Fowler. This clearly and consisely prepared personal narrative is the more noteworthy at this time because of its wealth of fresh information—it presents much that is new even to the oldest and wisest of our historians or men of letters—and it is furthermore delightfully readable. Two of Pownall's pencil drawings of American scenery about the middle of the last century, are reproduced among the unique illustrations; also his home while governor of Massachusetts, and an original letter of his (never before published) disclosing the fact of his refusal of the governorship of New York. The second article of the number, “The Hermitage,” a North Carolina home of great age, belongs to the popular series of “Historic Homes,” for which this magazine is famed. Then we have a succession of bright and interesting papers—“The First Anarchist,” by Arthur Dudley Vinton; “Braddock's Defeat,” by T. J. Chapman, A. M.; “Virginia's Conquest of the Northwestern Territory,” by J. C. Wells; “The Split at Charlston in 1860,” by A. W.

Clason; “From Cedar Mountain to Chantilly,” the third paper in the valuable Civil War studies of General Lee; “General Pope Again,” a sharp criticism on Pope's article in the *Century*, by Colonel Allan, Stonewall Jackson's chief of ordnance in the campaigns under review; “Margery Cordin,” a poem, by George Houghton; and the several departments filled with choice and varied reading. There is not a dull line in the whole number. This periodical has fairly and justly earned its high position as “the best publication of its kind in the world.” Price \$5.00 a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

We are in receipt of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Pathfinder Series published by A. T. Barnes & Co., of New York and Chicago. No. 1 is entitled *Child's Health Primer*, and is for primary classes, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulents and narcotics upon the human system, it is an introduction to the study of the science, suited to the pupils of the ordinary third reader grade. Full of lively descriptions and embellished by many apt illustrations. No. 2 is entitled *Hygiene for Young People*, it is suited to pupils able to read any fourth reader. It is an admirable elementary treatise upon this subject. Acts have been enacted in the majority of the States making provisions for the introduction of studies relating to these important questions and sciences. These books are admirably adapted for giving instructions to pupils, the language is simple and plain, the illustrations easily defined and apt to obtain a sure lodgement in the mind of the young reader. They are the best books the kind that have come before our notice, and we trust that the day will soon come when they will be used in our Canadian schools by the authority of our law makers.

It is understood that Big Bear, who has been confined in Stony Mountain Penitentiary since September, 1885, will shortly be granted his liberty.

New York City has 10,000 licensed saloons 2,000 that are unlicensed. She has 1,055 bakeries and 2,015 meat shops and 4,125 grocery stores. The inference is that drinking is the essential business of the male sex in New York.

A travelled dog named Ned died the other day in Otis, Mass. He has been over Europe, Asia, and Africa. Ned was in his twentieth year. He had crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and travelled 60,000 miles. He was buried with a gold collar and snugly wrapped in a rug.

On Friday a monster antler was found by persons who are engaged in cleaning out a creek near Decatur, Ind. The antler is five feet long and has six prongs, each measuring sixteen inches. The antler is well preserved, yet has, doubtless, been there for ages.

Next Sunday forenoon His Lordship, the Bishop of Niagara will administer the rite of Confirmation in Christ Church, Tyendingaga Reserve. He will preach in All Saints Church at 3 p. m. on the same day. A number of local clergyman will be present. Every effort will be made to accommodate the large congregations which will assemble on both occasions.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(Continued.)

Cries, oaths, voices calling to each other, and the reports of muskets, were now quick and incessant, and, apparently, on every side of them. Suddenly, a strong glare of light flashed across the scene, the fog rolled upwards in thick wreaths, and several cannon belched across the plain, and the roar was thrown heavily back from the bellowing echoes of the mountain.

"'Tis from the fort!" exclaimed Hawk-eye, turning short on his tracks; "and we, like stricken fools, were rushing to the woods, under the very knives of the Maquas."

The instant their mistake was rectified, the whole party retraced the error with the utmost diligence. Duncan willingly relinquished the support of Cora to the arm of Uncas, and Cora as readily accepted the welcome assistance. Men, hot and angry in pursuit, were evidently on their footsteps, and each instant threatened their capture, if not their destruction.

"Point de quartier aux coquins!" cried an eager pursuer, who seemed to direct the operations of the enemy.

"Stand firm, and be ready, my gallant 60ths!" suddenly exclaimed a voice above them; "wait to see the enemy, fire low, and sweep the glacis."

"Father! Father!" exclaimed a piercing cry from out the mist; "it is I! Alice! thy own Elsie! spare, O, save your daughters!"

"Hold!" shouted the former speaker, in the awful tones of parental agony, the sound reaching even to the woods, and rolling back in solemn echo. "'Tis she! God has restored me my children! Throw open the sally-port; to the field, 60ths to the field; pull not a trigger, lest ye kill my lambs! Drive off these dogs of France with your steel."

Duncan heard the grating of the rusty hinges, and darting to the spot, directed by the sound, he met a long line of dark-red warriors, passing swiftly toward the glacis. He knew them for his own battalion of the royal Americans, and flying to their head, soon swept every trace of his pursuers from before the works.

For an instant, Cora and Alice had stood trembling and bewildered by this unexpected desertion; but, before either had leisure for speech, or even thought, an officer of gigantic frame, whose locks were bleached with years and service, but whose air of military grandeur had been rather softened than destroyed by time, rushed out of the body of the mist, and folded them to his bosom, while large scalding tears rolled down his pale and wrinkled cheeks, and he exclaimed, in the peculiar accent of Scotland—

"For this I thank thee, Lord! Let danger come as it will, thy servant is now prepared!"

CHAPTER XV.

Then go ye in, to know his embassy;

Which I could, with ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

KING HENRY V.

A few succeeding days were passed amid the privations, the uproar, and the dangers of the siege, which was vigorously pressed by a power, against whose approaches Munro possessed no competent means of resistance. It appeared as if Webb, with his army, which lay slumbering on the banks of the Hudson, had utterly forgotten the straight to which his countrymen were reduced. Montcalm had filled the woods of the portage with his savages, every yell and whoop from whom rang through the British encampment, chilling the hearts of men who were already but too much disposed to magnify the danger.

Not so, however, with the besieged. Animated by the words, and stimulated by the examples, of their leaders, they had found their courage, and maintained their ancient reputation, with a zeal that did justice to the stern character of their commander. As if satisfied with the toil of marching through the wilderness to encounter his enemy, the French general, though of approved skill, had neglected to seize the adjacent mountains, whence the besieged might have been exterminated with impunity, and which, in the more modern warfare of the country, would not have been neglected for a single hour. This sort of contempt for eminences, or rather dread of the labor of ascending them, might have been termed the besetting weakness of the warfare of the period. It originated in the simplicity of the Indian contests, in which, from the nature of combats, and the density of the forests, fortresses were rare, and artillery next to useless. The carelessness engendered by these usages descended even to the war of the revolution, and lost the States the important fortress of Ticonderoga, opening the way for the army of Burgoyne into what was then the bosom of the country. We look back at this ignorance, or infatuation, whichever it may be called, with wonder, knowing that the neglect of an eminence, whose difficulties, like those of Mount Defiance, have been so greatly exaggerated, would, at the present time, prove fatal to the reputation of the engineer who had planned the works at their base, or to that of the general whose lot it was to defend them.

The tourist, the valetudinarian, or the amateur of the beauties of nature, who, in the train of his four-in-hand, now rolls through the scenes we have attempted to describe, in quest of information, health, or pleasure, or floats steadily towards his object on those artificial waters which have sprung up under the administration of a statesman who has dared to stake his political character on the hazardous issue, it not to suppose that his ancestors traversed those hills, or struggled with the same currents with equal facility. The transportation of a single heavy gun was often considered equal to a victory gained; if, happily, the difficulties of the passage had not so far separated it from its necessary concomitant, the ammunition, as to render it no more than a useless tube of unwieldy iron.

The evils of this state of things pressed heavily on the fortunes of the resolute Scotsman who now defended William Henry. Though his adversary neglected the hills, he had planted his bat-

teries with judgement on the plain, and caused them to be served with vigor and skill. Against this assault, the besieged could only oppose the imperfect and hasty preparations of a fortress in the wilderness.

It was in the afternoon of the fifth day of the siege, and the fourth of his own service in it, that Major Heyward profited by a parley that had just been beaten, by repairing to the ramparts of one of the water bastions, to breathe the cool air from the lake, and to take a survey of the progress of the siege. He was alone, if the solitary sentinel who paced the mound be excepted; for the artilleries had hastened also to profit by the temporary suspension of their arduous duties. The evening was delightfully calm, and the light air from the limpid water fresh and soothing. It seemed as if, with the termination to the roar of the artillery and the plunging of shot, nature had also seized the moment to assume her mildest and most captivating form. The sun poured down his parting glory on the scene, without the oppression of those fierce rays that belong to the climate and the season. The mountains looked green, and fresh, and lovely; tempered with the milder light, or softened in shadow, as thin vapors floated between them and the sun. The numerous islands rested in the bosom of the Horican, some low and sunken, as if imbedded in the waters, and others appearing to hover above the element, in little hillocks of green velvet; among which the fishermen of the beleaguering army peacefully rowed their skiffs, or floated at rest on the glassy mirror, in quiet pursuit of their employment.

The scene was at once animated and still. All that pertained to nature was sweet, or simply grand; while those parts which depended on the temper and movements of man were lively and playful.

Two little spotless flags were abroad, the one on a salient angle of the fort, and the other on the advanced battery of the besiegers; emblems of the truce which existed, not only to the acts, but it would seem also, to the enmity of the combatants.

Behind these, again, swung, heavily opening and closing in silken folds, the rival standards of England and France.

A hundred gay and thoughtless young Frenchmen were drawing a net to the pebbly beach, within dangerous proximity to the sullen but silent cannon of the fort, while the eastern mountain was sending back the loud shouts and gay merriment that attended their sport. Some were rushing eagerly to enjoy the aquatic games of the lake, and others were already toiling their way up the neighboring hills, with the restless curiosity of their nation. To all these sports and pursuits, those of the enemy who watched the besieged, and the besieged themselves, were, however, merely the idle, though sympathizing spectators. Here and there a picket had, indeed, raised a song, or mingled in a dance, which had drawn the dusky savages around them, from their lairs in the forest. In short, everything wore rather the appearance of a day of pleasure, than of an hour stolen from the dangers and toil of a bloody and vindictive warfare.

Duncan had stood in musing attitude, contemplating this scene a few minutes, when his eyes were directed to the glacis in front of the sally-port already mentioned, by the sounds of approaching footsteps. He walked to an angle of the bastion, and beheld the scout advancing, under the custody of a French officer, to the body of the fort. The countenance of Hawk-eye was haggard and careworn, and his air dejected, as though he felt the deepest degradation at having fallen into the power of his enemies. He was without his favorite weapon, and his arms were even bound behind him with thongs, made of the skin of a deer. The arrival of flags, to cover the messengers of summons had occurred so often of late, that when Heyward first threw his careless glance on this group, he expected to see another of the officers of the enemy, charged with a similar office; but the instant he recognized the tall person, and still sturdy, though downcast, features of his friend, the woodsman, he started with surprise, and turned to descend from the bastion into the bosom of the work.

The sounds of other voices, however, caught his attention, and for a moment caused him to forget his purpose. At the inner angle of the mound he met the sisters, walking along the parapet in search, like himself, of air and relief from confinement. They had not met since that painful moment when he deserted them on the plain, only to assure their safety. He had parted from them worn with care and jaded with fatigue; he now saw them refreshed and blooming, though timid and anxious. Under such an inducement, it will cause no surprise that the young man lost sight, for a time, of other objects in order to address them. He was, however, anticipated by the voice of the ingenuous and youthful Alice.

"Ah! thou truant! thou recreant knight! he who abandons his damsels in the very lists!" she cried; "here have we been days, nay, ages, expecting you at our feet, imploring mercy and forgetfulness of your craven backsliding; or, I should rather say, back-running,—for verily you fled in a manner that no stricken deer, as our worthy friend the scout would say, could equal!"

"You know that Alice means our thanks and blessings," added the grave and more thoughtful Cora. "In truth, we have a little wondered why you should so rigidly absent yourself from a place where the gratitude of the daughters might receive the support of a parent's thanks."

"Your father himself could tell you, that though absent from your presence, I have not been altogether forgetful of your safety," returned the young man; "the mastery of yonder village of huts," pointing to the neighboring entrenched camp, "has been keenly disputed; and he who holds it is sure to be possessed of this fort, and that which it contains. My days and my nights have all been passed there since we separated, because I thought my duty called me thither. But," he added with an air of chagrin, which he endeavored, though unsuccessfully, to conceal, "had I been aware that what I then believed a soldier's conduct could be so construed, shame would have been added to the list of reasons."

"Heyward!—Duncan!" exclaimed Alice, ending forward to read his half-averted coun-

tenance, until a look of her golden hair rested on her flushed cheek, and nearly concealed the tear that had started to her eye; "did I think this idle tongue of mine had pained you, I would silence it forever. Cora can say, if Cora would, how justly we have prized your services, and how deep—I had almost said how fervent—is our gratitude."

"And will Cora attest the truth of this?" cried Duncan, suffering the cloud to be chased from his countenance by a smile of open pleasure. "What says our graver sister? Will she find and excuse for the neglect of the knight in the duty of a soldier?"

Cora made an immediate answer, but turned her face towards the water, as if looking on the sheet of the Horican. When she did bend her dark eyes on the young man, they were yet filled with an expression of anguish that at once drove every thought but that of kind solicitude from his mind.

"You are not well, dearest Miss Munro!" he exclaimed; "we have trifled while you are suffering."

"'Tis nothing," she answered, refusing his offered support with feminine reserve. "That I cannot see the sunny side of the picture of life, like this artless but ardent enthusiast," she added, laying her hand lightly, but affectionately, on the arm of her sister, "is the penalty of experience, and, perhaps, the misfortune of nature. See," she continued, as if determined to shake off infirmity, in a sense of duty; "look around you, Major Heyward, and tell me what a prospect is this for the daughter of a soldier whose greatest happiness is his honor and his military renown."

"Neither ought nor shall be tarnished by circumstances over which he has no control," Duncan warmly replied. "But your words recall me to my own duty. I go now to your gallant father, to hear his determination in matters of the last moment to the defence. God bless you in every fortune, noble—Cora—I may, and must call you." She frankly gave him her hand, though her lip quivered, and her cheeks gradually became of an ashy paleness. "In every fortune, I know you will be an ornament and honor to your sex. Alice, adieu,"—his tone changed from admiration to tenderness—"adieu, Alice; we shall soon meet again; as conquerors, I trust, and amid rejoicings!"

Without waiting for an answer from either, the young man threw himself down the grassy steps of the bastion, and moving rapidly across the parade, he was quickly in the presence of their father. Munro was pacing his narrow apartment, with a disturbed air and gigantic strides, as Duncan entered.

"You have anticipated my wishes, Major Heyward," he said; "I was about to request this favor."

"I am sorry to see, sir, that the messenger I so warmly recommended has returned in custody of the French! I hope there is no reason to distrust his fidelity?"

"The fidelity of 'The Long Rifle' is well known to me," returned Munro, "and is above suspicion; though his usual good fortune seems, at last, to have failed. Montcalm has got him, and with the accursed politeness of his nation, he has sent him in with a doleful tale, of 'knowing

how I valued the fellow, he could not think of retaining him.' A Jesuitical way, that, Major Duncan Heyward, of telling a man of his misfortunes!"

"But the general and his succor!—"

"Did ye look to the south as ye entered, and could ye not see them?" said the old soldier, laughing bitterly. "Hoot! hoot! you're an impatient boy, sir, and cannot give the gentlemen leisure for their march."

"They are coming then? The scout has said as much?"

"When? and by what path? for the dunce has omitted to tell me this. There is a letter, it would seem, too, and that is the only agreeable part of the matter. For the customary attentions of your Marquis of Montcalm—I warrant me, Duncan, that he of Lothian would buy a dozen such marquisates—but, if the news of the letter were bad, the gentility of this French monsieur would certainly compel him to let us know it."

"He keeps the letter, then, while he releases the messenger?"

"Ay, that does he, and all for the sake of what you call your 'bon-hommie.' I would venture, if the truth was known the fellow's grandfather taught the noble science of dancing."

"But what says the scout? he has eyes and ears, and a tongue; what verbal report does he make?"

"Oh! sir, he is not wanting in natural organs, and he is free to tell all that he has seen and heard. The whole amount is this; there is a fort of his majesty's on the banks of the Hudson, called Edward, in honor of his gracious highness of York, you'll know; and it is well filled with armed men, as such a work should be."

"But was there no movement, no signs of any intentions to advance to our relief?"

"There were the morning and evening parades; and when one of the provincial loons—you'll know, Duncan, you're half a Scotsman yourself—when one of them dropped his powder over his porretch, if it touched the coals, it just burnt!" Then suddenly changing his ironical manner, to one more grave and thoughtful, he continued; "and yet there might, and must be something in that letter which it would be well to know!"

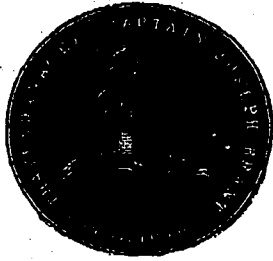
"Our decision should be speedy," said Duncan, gladly availing himself of this change of humor, to press the more important objects of their interview. "I cannot conceal from you, sir, that the camp will not be much longer tenable; and I am sorry to add, that things appear no better in the fort;—more than half the guns are burst-ed."

"And how should it be otherwise? Some were fished from the bottom of the lake; some have been rusting in the woods since the discovery of the country; and some were never guns at all—mere privateersmen's playthings! Do you think, sir, you can have Woolwich Warren in the midst of a wilderness, three thousand miles from Great Britain?"

"The walls are crumbling about our ears, and provisions begin to fail us," continued Heyward, without regarding this new burst of indignation; "even the men show signs of discontent and alarm."

(To be Continued.)

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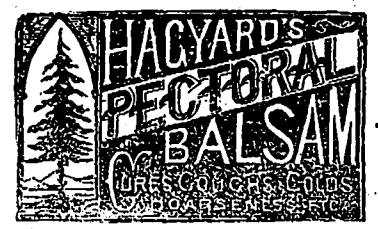
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