

Geo. Baird  
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# 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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## THE YORK PIONEERS.

### GATHERING OF EARLY SETTLERS AT THE EXHIBITION PARK.

*Interesting Address by the Rev. Dr. Scadding—The Historic Past of Fort Toronto—Memorable Events and Incidents.*

The York Pioneers and kindred associations held a meeting on Tuesday afternoon in the Exhibition park near the side of Fort Rouille. A platform had been erected near the spot, and shortly after two o'clock a meeting was organized. Mr. Withrow, president of the association, occupied the chair. There were present veteran pioneers from various parts of the province, and the veterans spent a pleasant time in exchanging recollections of the past.

The Chairman after expressing his pleasure at the attendance of so many pioneers at the Exhibition, called upon the Rev. Dr. Scadding, President of the York Pioneers.

#### REV. DR. SCADDING'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Dr. Scadding, who was enthusiastically received, after a few felicitous remarks by way of welcome and introduction, said:—To meet and welcome you here to-day has been especially pleasing to many of us on account of the associations connection with the spot on which we are gathered together. Allow me for a few moments to direct your attention to them. It is curious that it should so happen that this Exhibition park should contain within its bounds a spot whose old associations harmonize so well with the objects to which the park is devoted, and at the same time are of such great interest to the people of the country at large in an historical point view. This park contains within its bounds the scene of the first operations of traffic and commerce which ever took place on the shores of this bay on any important scale. It thus contains within its bounds the cradle spot of the past and present trade of Toronto. The cradle spot of Toronto itself. And we are standing upon the very spot to which I allude, for it was precisely here that the old French trading post of Toronto stood, from which our city has taken its name. The immediate object of the old trading post of Toronto, when it was first established here, by order of Louis the Fifteenth, of France, now one hundred and thirty years ago, was to check a certain current of Indian trade which was perceptibly beginning to set in towards a new post which had been established by the British on the opposite side of the lake at Choueguen, Ochoeguen or Oswego, as we now speak. The Toronto trading post was to intercept at this point the traffic which came down this way along by the valleys of the Holland river and the Humber from the North and North West. The post here was styled a fort;

but not in a military sense. It was simply a cluster of store houses for goods, surrounded by palisades, just like one of the ordinary Hudson's Bay posts still to be seen in the North-West. A deep furrow in the soil just here plainly showed the lines of the palisades only a few years since. Such posts, to be sure, were wont very soon to turn into real forts, as witness the three other posts, which, with Toronto, formed a quadrilateral on the shores of Lake Ontario—Fort Frontenac on the French side, Fort Oswego on the opposite or Iroquis side, in the British interest, as we have heard, and Fort Niagara, also on the Iroquis side, but in the French interest and intrusively so, as the British maintained. These three posts began ostensibly as simple depots for goods to be used in the Indian trade, but were soon transformed into military strongholds. The Toronto post itself, we find, had, in addition to a caretaker's dwelling, quarters for fifteen soldiers.

On the green sward just here, then, inside the spacious area enclosed by the palisades, the products of humanity industry were spread out for the first time in these parts, for the purpose of inspection and mutual traffic and interchange. In the mind's eye you can see on the one side fabrics and manufactures, brought laborously hither from the old world across the sea; on the other side, also brought laboriously hither, often from great distances, products of the labour and toil of the untutored handwork and ingenuity, rude it may be in aspect, but worthy of all respect, as shewing the possession of the same instincts, the same tendencies, the same capacities in germ, as those that actuated the more favoured members of the human family with whom they were here confronted. On the one side, you have the Frenchman, all activity, and fluent of speech, exhibiting to the best advantage, cheap articles in wool, in cotton, in flax, and it may be, to a limited extent, in silk, from the looms of old France, rolls of scarlet and blue cloth, calicoes, linens, ribbons, braids, showy in colour and pattern, to please the fancy of the expected customer; cutlery of a certain class, hatchets, knives, simple tools, implements and utensils; powder and shot and ball; kettles of brass and iron; beads, toys, mirrors, trinkets. On the other side you have the red man of the North, taciturn, sedate in manner and movement, but keen-sighted and shrewd, opening out his packages of peltry of various kinds and in various forms, bundles of beaver, otter, fox, marten, deer, bear, wolf and buffalo skins; moccasins and shoepacks of well-cured buckskin and buffalo hide; birch bark mokocks full of pemmican or maize; basswood baskets, chequered blue, red and white; bows and arrows, carved war clubs and stone pipes; pouches, belts and leggings tastily fringed, and adorned with

stained quills of the porcupine. As to the fascinating, fatal firewater, it was not perhaps openly offered for traffic, but kegs and flasks of it were not far off. We have it on record in the annals of this very fort, Toronto, that on one occasion it was on the point of being sacked and pillaged by a strong band of passing Otchibway Indians for the sake of the brandy that was known to be stowed away therein. That good wine was to be had there we learn from the journal of the French Abbe Picquet, who visited the place in 1752. For ten years, from 1749 to 1759, season after season, a busy interchange went on just where we stand, in such wares and commodities as those which have been enumerated, the earnest, so to speak, and foreshadowing of the trade and traffic on the grander scale now represented by the stores on King street and Yonge street, the warehouses on Front street, the freight depots, elevators, steamers, trains, crowded platforms and wharves of the Esplanade, and last, but not least, by the multifarious buildings and their contents, animate and inanimate, of this park.

The spot on which we stand has associations too of another kind. Along the edge of this bank ran a well-travelled trail leading down to a point towards the east end of the bay, opposite to what used familiarly to be called, even in my day, the Carrying place; that is to say, the narrow isthmus of neck of sand across which boats bound from the east or to the west were lifted. This trail was of course a continuation of the Indian road, still so happily traceable and so carefully preserved and marked by Mr. Howard, in High park, which led out to Lake Huron by the valleys of the Humber and Holland rivers. Along this path—on a section of which many of you are now standing—how many good and enterprising men connected with the early history of our country, have passed and repassed! La Salle, for one, certainly camped hereabouts in 1680, as we gather from one of his letters when on his second expedition to the Mississippi. Father Hennepin, the Franciscan, also rested here, as we learn from his book of travels: and possibly Charlevoix, who gives the spot the name of Teiaigon, equivalent to a grand portage or carrying place. Father Picquet, of Oswegatchie, lodged within the palisades of the fort here, and made a note, as we have already heard, of its good wine. Alexander Henry, famous explorer of the North-West in 1760-76, was here, and Major Rodgers, distinguished in the old French war, the hero of the well-known Rodgers' Slide, opposite Anthony's Nose, down on Lake George. The Major remarks, in his account of his visit, that there was a space of about three hundred acres cleared of woods round the site of Fort Toronto. The distinguished military engineer Gother Mann, was here in

1788, and delineated on paper the remains of the buildings of the fort. The eminent pioneer provincial land surveyor, Augustus Jones, a little later entered in his field note-book, still preserved, the exact situation of the fort. The Chief Joseph Brant often paused here when passing to and fro from the Head of the Lake, on his visits to the founder and organizer of Upper Canada, Governor Simcoe, who himself had personally examined the spot. Nor are all the associations of the place those of a peaceful character. All along this bank on the 27th of April, 1813, there was "arming in hot haste."

An American hostile fleet was seen at early dawn rounding the point yonder, and

"— the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star."

The order to the commander of the invading force had been to effect a landing exactly where we are now standing. Thus the American historian of the affair, John Lewis Thomson, writes:—"The squadron arrived safely at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, about one mile to the westward of the ruins of Fort Toronto. The position which had been fixed on her landing the troops was the site of the Old Fort, and the men in the bateaux, he says, pulled vigorously for the designated ground at the site, but were forced by a strong easterly wind a considerable distance above." It was along here that the grenadiers of the gallant Eighth Regiment retreated after losing so many out of their ranks and their brave leader, Capt McNeill, in the attempt to prevent the landing of the invaders. The exact scene of the conflict was familiarly known to all old inhabitants of York, and used to be pointed out by them just where the bank trends round yonder into Humber Bay. Along here also passed Pike and his men, on that occasion, flushed with their success, and hastening on to take possession of the evacuated York.

We are thus assembled, as you perceive, on a spot of much historical interest; of more historical interest than any other in this vicinity. It is no wonder, therefore, that the citizens of Toronto desire to mark it by an enduring monument, as you see they are doing, which work, we, as pioneers, are helping forward as much as we can. You are all aware of what our Society of Pioneers exists for. We were instituted in 1869 for the purpose of maintaining a friendly intercourse with one another, and preserving the memory of just such facts and incidents as those which I have been narrating.

Now, one special and important use which we wish to make of the present gathering of old settlers from all parts is this:—We desire to suggest the organization forthwith of a general society, to embrace within its scope the whole Province of Ontario, having for its objects (1) the promotion among early settlers and their descendants of friendly inter-communion, one with another; and (2) the preservation of the memory of places of historical interest wheresoever any such exist within the bounds of our province, and the associations connected with them. We ask intelligent and thoughtful men among you to take action in this matter. It is by identifying historical spots and marking each of them with an enduring visible sign, by a massive cube of stone, for example, or bold pillar in accordance with a very ancient practice ar-

mankind, and keeping up the recollection of the notable occurrences commemorated by each of them, that a country is rendered additionally interesting, not only to visitors and strangers, but to the inhabitants themselves, each generation as it springs up, asking of its seniors. What mean ye by these blocks and pillars of stone which we see? and learning in response the local traditions and family legends of their respective neighborhoods and of the country at large. A society in England have been doing good service in this respect, for even there the advances of improvement and the effects of natural decay are beginning to endanger the venerable relics of the past. I refer to the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Sites. A similar society has also been established in France, or at all events in Paris, for the preservation of its ancient monuments. Sir John Lubbock's measure, too, for making all important ancient sites and the land around them the property of the nation has obtained most favourable consideration from the Home Legislature. I, indeed, hope that not only will a general society for Ontario of the kind indicated result from this day's gathering, but, by the co-operation and advocacy of men of influence among you, our local Legislature may be induced to aid, as they have done in the case of the monument to the Indian Chief Joseph Brant, in the city of Brantford, in the preservation of historical sites in Ontario generally, by enacting that they shall each be marked by some simple but enduring monument, suitably inscribed, wherever they are known to exist in the province; that in particular the remains of Fort Frontenac at Kingston, dating back like Fort Toronto to the French times, and certain ruins on the River Wye not very far from Penetanguishene, of like antiquity, shall be so marked; and that relics of a somewhat later era, such as Fort Malden, Fort Erie, Fort George, Fort Mississauga, earth works on Burlington Heights, at Prescott and Windmill Point, and some other places which will probably suggest themselves to different individuals, shall be included in the schedule or list.

I will read the names of the gentlemen who have consented to act as a committee for the furtherance and ultimate completion of the monument here, commemorative of the old French fort Toronto; and the meeting perhaps could not do better than to ask them, with others whose names may be added, to take in hand the formation of a general society in Ontario of the kind which has been described, and also to be a committee to wait on the proper authorities connected with the Government and Legislature, with a view to bringing about a permanent marking of all our historical sites:—His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Alexander Manning, Esq., J. J. Withrow, Esq., W. B. McMurrich, Esq., A. R. Boswell, Esq., Hon. G. R. Allan, Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. (Applause.)

Mr. Canniff Haight moved that this meeting approves of the formation of a general society for Ontario, having in view the preservation of historic sites and the memories connected therewith.

Mr. J. J. Withrow, of St. Catharines, seconded the motion, which was carried.

Read, Q.C., moved that this meeting

respectfully requests the committee superintending the erection of the monument to mark the site of the old French fort at Toronto, to act as a committee to take into consideration also the formation of a general society for Ontario, having in view the preservation of historic sites and the memories connected therewith.

Mr. Young seconded the motion which was carried.

Ex-Ald. Fleming moved that this meeting request the committee to wait upon the proper authorities connected with the Government to procure an enactment to the effect that historic sites known to be connected with great events in the province shall be marked by monuments bearing suitable inscriptions.

Mr. Wilson, of the Toronto York Pioneers, seconded the motion, which was carried.

Ex-Ald. Hallam made a few remarks regretting the want of a reliable loyalist history of Canada, most of the valuable record being in French. He thought the Ontario Government should take up this matter.

Rev. Dr. Scadding expressed their indebtedness to Mr. Withrow for the inception of the movement which led to the commencing of the erection of the monument on Fort Toronto's site. The fund available for the purpose had recently been augmented by a gift of \$120 from Mr. Geo. Gooderham, of \$150 from the York Pioneers, and a grant of \$200 from the City Council. In a year's time they hoped to have raised the monument high enough to receive the pillar. An inscription would be placed upon the block beneath.

Mr. Withrow expressed the hope that the monument would be finished in less than a year's time, so that all present might have a chance of seeing it.

Cheers were then given for Mr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Scadding and the proceedings terminated.

#### BADLY CRUSHED.

And Indian named Jackson of Christian Island, was this week trying to cut down a tree which lodged against another. In attempting to fell the latter, the former struck him across the chest. He was brought to Beauseil Island in a very low condition where the doctor attended him though slight hopes were entertained of his recovery. He has since died. Jackson was once a member of the New Credit band.

#### THE LOONS IN MAINE.

When they hear the loons crying the passamaquoddy Indians think it is sure sign of a hard wind. If the feathers are on the partridges' legs or the bears den early they believe a long winter is coming. If they see a beaver carrying a stick a storm is approaching. It is a sure sign of death to have partridges hovering about the house. If a dog barks in the night a stranger will come the next day. They said the Pleasant Point dogs howled like fiends the night before the writer visited the camp.—[Loweston (Me) Journal.]

The stovepipe can be cleaned by putting a piece of zinc on the coals of a hot fire. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

## A JOLLY FARMER'S LIFE.

It is a frequent saying that in the winter a farmer has nothing to do but enjoy himself; that when the blizzards send in their cards he can draw his chair up to the stove put his feet in the oven, and spend the day reading the *Mail* and *Church Herald* and other moral works. According to tradition, this occupation is only disturbed when he adjourns to the table and banquets on mince pies and divers meats. This is all a mistake.

A close observer will see the industrious farmer crawl out of bed four hours before daylight, soften his boots with a hammer and commence his day's work with a lantern in one hand and a bucket of frozen slop in the other. He has from one to a thousand hogs, which shove their noses in his face, and tip the contents of his bucket on him, where it freezes until it looks like a skating rink. When he has escaped from the hog pen he hunts up six or seven buckets, and crawls through a wire fence to milk twenty-seven cows. These animals wait until he has the bucket nearly filled, when they kick it over, aiming so that it will kalsomine such parts of his clothing as the hogs spared. Now and then they vary the monotony by kicking him instead of the bucket, which makes him feel tired and homesick. When the cows have been milked he goes to feed the horses and finds the sorrel mare doubled up with the colic. He then has to mix up a lot of aconite and water, which he attempts to pour down the animal's mouth, when it hits him on the teeth with his front foot and makes him wish he had never been born. He works round all morning with the old mare and then proceeds to curry the dun mules, which try to see which can work the hardest, and by the time he is through he feels as though he had passed through a corn sheller. When he has fed the hens and watered the cattle and hunted three hours for a twenty cent pig and chopped half a cord of elm for the house and carried forty buckets of water to the horses and shelled three bushels of corn by hand and shoveled a road through ten feet of snow and milked the cows and curried the mules and doctored the old mare again in the evening, he goes to bed and gets up again in the morning four hours before daylight and commences the whole thing over again.

## PUZZLED PIGS.

Throughout the forest regions of the Alleghany mountains is found the staked and ridered brush fence, made from the trees and brush growing on the line where the fence is constructed. Ever changing in appearance, no two rods being alike, yet preserving the identity; here and there forming a picturesque scene with its clumps of pokeberry, brambles and shrubs, it is the home of birds and squirrels and the tempter of breachy cows. One farmer, in constructing a fence of this kind, had placed a crooked, hollow log at the bottom, with one end opening into the cornfield and the other into the woods adjoining. When the corn was ripening, he was much annoyed by several shoats that kept entering the field, but where they got in baffled detection, till their trail was discovered leading to the hollow

log. The log was then turned over so that both ends opened into the woods, and the boys hid near by to await the shoats' return. Grunting with satisfaction at the prospects for more delicious roasting ears, they soon arrived, and the leader, followed by the rest, dove into the log, expecting of course to emerge into the cornfield. But astonished at coming out on the wrong side again and again they raced through the log, until all with a puzzled look gave up the trial, and in only such language as pigs, expressed their dissatisfaction, much to the enjoyment of the boys.—*American Agriculturist for October.*

## GAME IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

The game laws of several States contain penalties not only against killing game out of season but also against selling, disposing of, or having it in possession during the close time. The question has arisen whether they apply when the game was killed during the open season of the State, where the penalty is sought to be enforced, or has been brought from another State where it is lawful to have it in possession. The decisions on this point are conflicting. "The mandate is that 'any person having in his or her possession' between certain dates certain specified game, killed, shall be liable to penalty." The when or the place where the game was killed or when brought within the State, or where from is not made material by the statute, and we have no power to make it so. State laws forbidding the transportation of game during close seasons do not infringe the right of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. But a State law forbidding transportation into or out of a State of game killed or captured during the open season of the State making the law is unconstitutional. If a statute prohibits "killing or taking" birds, etc., taking means "catching" not "taking away." And if prohibits having "in possession any bird of game," it includes live as well as dead birds. If the law prohibits hunting or trapping game on Sunday, a man who sets a snare on a week day and leaves it open on the following Sunday is liable, if game be caught therein on that day, even though he did not then watch over his snare.—*American Agriculturist For October.*

## HOW SIOUX JUVENILES BREAK PONIES.

The Sioux, like many other Indians on the plains, are bred from infancy to handle horses. When but papooses they are hung on the saddle bow, and I have frequently seen them, when not more than five or six years of age, girls as well as boys, riding their ponies like mad at full gallop. The manner of subduing a pony I have often witnessed on the plains, and one who now visits the Sioux Indians in their Dakota reservations may find children similarly employed in breaking colts. The boys and girls together take a young colt when only three or four years old and begin with him. A lariat is tied Indian fashion with a slip noose to the under jaw. A small bundle is then placed upon the colt's back, or the children arrange a pair of light trevice poles over the colt's shoulders, letting the ends drag on the ground; then the poles are tied on his back, and attached to a wicker-work platform or

basket, and a weight is placed in it. Sometimes in place of a weight three or four dogs are put into the wicker, and very often the children get in. The colt runs and plunges and kicks in all directions, then lies down and rolls over. Sometimes three or four children will climb upon his back, and by and by such a tumbling scene is witnessed as would make every boy and girl reader of the *American Agriculturist* cry with laughter—the children flying one way and blankets the other.—W. M. CARY in *American Agriculturist for October.*

## AN INDIAN LEGEND OF AN ECHO.

"O! O! O! O!"

"Ugh, Great Rock talks," said the Indian guide impressively, as the echoes came rolling back from the sides of old Mount Shasta.

"Living rock mock white man and red man," he continued, after a long silence.

"But the rocks are not alive," ventured a young member of the party.

"Wuh," grunted the red man, with a shrug of indifference and conviction.

For half an hour the little burros toiled patiently over the foothills.

"Rocks all alive once," said the guide abruptly. "Some dead now. Indian die and go to Land of Smoke (the sky). Rock die him dead forever. Once Great Rock loved Indian maiden, Uenainee. She dance on his bosom and love brave chief. Great Rock then burn with hate. Little-Spirit-Very-Thirsty, (a whirlwind), hunting water, find maiden. Carry her to the land of the Great Mole Spirit (the mountains). Brave weep O! O! in the valley. Great Rock mock him O! O! from the mountain.—*Chicago News.*

On his trip to the West, Sir John A. Macdonald alighted at Swift Current for a short time. There was at that place at the time a brigade of sixty or seventy carts awaiting freight for Battleford which attracted considerable attention, it being the first outfit of the kind that Sir John had seen.

"Now, Effie, I am going to allow you to sit at the table with all the company; but you must not forget to be polite and say, 'Yes, please and 'No, thank you.'" Effie, (with an unlimited capacity for dinner)—"All right, ma; but I go to bed. I shall have to say, No, thank you."

## A DOMESTIC QUESTION.

He—I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother does?

She—By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your mother does' my dear.

A New Jersey girl has eloped with an Indian. The manner in which our Government permits the Indians to be imposed upon by the white race is shameful.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Methodist Church of Canada now owns over nine million dollars' worth of church and parsonage property. Never before in its history has the denomination been so prosperous as it is at the present time.

## A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A number of friends of the late Chief John Smoke Johnson of the Six Nations have requested that the address delivered by Rev. D. J. Caswell at the Grove on Saturday, August 28th ult., should be printed and preserved.

The following is the address read by Rev. Mr. Caswell:—

I do not think it would be right to let this opportunity pass without speaking a few words in memory of the aged chief whose loss we mourn today. Chief John Smoke Johnson was "an old man and full of years," and has "in a good old age been gathered to his people.

Sa-ka-yew-kwa-rah-ton," or vanishing smoke, as his name implies, if he had lived till the 2nd of December next, would have completed the age of 94 years.

It seems almost incredible in this busy age of the world, when life appears so short and so rapid in its flight, that any one life could extend over a period of almost a century.

Let us recall some of the events in his life and in the world during his long period, so that we may be able to grasp the idea of a lifetime of 94 years.

First, then we must try to call to memory the fact that the venerable chief was born when George the 111 was king, and all Europe was on the eve of the great struggle which led to the French revolution. Then the great Napoleon was hardly heard of, and he who afterwards became the terror of the nations, and whose influence extended over the world, was only in the beginning of his career.

It seems almost impossible to grasp the thought of a life that extends so far back into the history of our fathers. In 1793 when the chief was born this old church was standing nine years. In 1807, when Capt. Joseph Brant died, John Smoke Johnson was a boy of fifteen years of age, and so (as he said a few days ago at the laying of the corner stone of the Brant monument) he could remember Brant well, and had often heard of the deeds he had done in times of war.

In 1812 war broke out between the United States and Britain, our veteran was among the warriors who, under Sir Isaac Brock and other generals fought for the British flag at Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, Black Rock and other engagements.

In 1827, when Rev. Robert Suggester commenced the work of the mission for the New England Company, Chief Johnson was a man of 35 years of age and in those olden days gave his assistance as an inspector to the work of the missionary.

In 1829 he was a man of 37 years, when the first grant of one mile square was given to commence a village of white residents where now stands the beautiful city of Brantford.

In 1831, when the Ven. Archdeacon Nelles began his work as missionary to the Indians, Chief Johnson was 29, and lived to see that long and useful career of missionary labor among the Six Nations.

In 1832, when Capt. John Brant died, our veteran chief had reached the age of 40 years, and was in middle life.

When we come down to 1853 we find the removals were going to the S. W. side of the river and our Indian people locating on their present

Reserve. Chief Johnson was then a man of 61 years of age and continued to give his assistance as interpreter in the work of the mission, when once in the month this ancient church was open for the Holy Communion. The removals had, at that time, caused the old church to be closed for the most part, except for purpose of Holy Communion.

In 1860, when the Prince of Wales visited Canada, and coming amongst you took such an interest in the Indian people, our veteran chief had reached the age of 68 years.

An in 1865, when the church at Kanyenia was erected, Chief Johnson was among the aged men present at the opening of the church, having reached the age of 73 years.

And now for 21 years (while some have grown from infancy to manhood) as an aged patriarch he has lived among his people, and has gone in and out among them "doing good."

For a few years after your people removed to the present Reserve he lingered near the scenes of his youth, till his aged partner was taken from him, and he also removed to the Reserve to live and die amongst his people.

As Catechist and Interpreter he has been of great assistance in the work of evangelizing his Indian brethren, and has done good service in the church for many years.

Let me say he has been loyal to the church in which he was baptized. Whilst others in their fancied wisdom have fallen off and gone astray, he has always been loyal to his church as he was loyal to his country. He lived to bring up his sons to be a credit to his nation, and lived to see his sons' sons, and "peace upon Israel."

He was a "man of war" (in the real sense of the expression) in his youth, and as a warrior he went forth to fight the battle of his country in the war of 1815. But he lived to be "man of peace" and to use his abilities to advance the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, and to fight manfully under His banner as a good soldier and servant of Christ.

Like all mortal men, no doubt, he had his weaknesses, and many to-day will remember some of his failings, but we must remember that the best of the Bible heroes are not represented as men without fault, but are described as "men of passions with ourselves," and we are only encouraged to follow their footsteps as far as they walked the paths of righteousness.

Like our aged brother we may say that with all his human weaknesses his heart was set upon the right and the true and we will join in giving him credit for the purpose of his heart in seeking to do good in his day and generation.

His voice has always been on the side of righteousness, seeking to give good advice to his people. For years past as Catechist he has been unable to do more than read the ten commandments in church in the Mohawk tongue, and thus he tried to do what he could.

And though some in their fancied wisdom look upon the ten Commandments as antiquated, he wisely saw that the day had not yet come when we might lessen our teachings of morality, nor might we believe indeed that God's laws can never change, but are rather like the Holy Son of God himself, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Altogether then, speaking of our loss in the

decease of the venerable chief many of us feel that a "great man has fallen in Israel," that in him we have lost a good man and true and good men are to scarce for us not to feel their loss. It is enough almost to make us say we never shall look upon his like again, and yet we pray that God may, in his providence, raise up faithful men among us who will walk in his footsteps in so far as he followed Christ.

His happy countenance full of Christian brightness, will be missed among us, and his readiness to speak words of encouragement and love, and to point others to Christ, will long leave their impressions upon us. I myself shall long remember his words of Christian welcome, spoken on my entering upon his mission in a new and untried field of labor. Welcome to-day to lay him down in the shadow of the dear old church which he loved so well, where his aged wife is already laid, and, where in his youth and early manhood, he heard the words of life which first won him to Christ. We lay him down in deep regret because of our loss, and yet we are assured that our loss is his everlasting gain. We lay him down in hope; in the words of our beautiful liturgy we lay him down "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Let us pray that God may enable us also to be faithful during the few short years it may be ours to continue here in life, so that we may walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ our Saviour and guided by His Holy Gospel, we may at last "attain the light of everlasting life," and be "numbered with His Saints in Glory everlasting."

## ONEIDA RESERVATION—(RIVER THAMES.)

The Indians are busy seeding after the heavy rains. It was needed bad, as the clay lands could not be worked, for they were all in lumps.

Apples are a good crop this year.

The Irish delegates, Rev. Dr. Kane and G. Hill Smith, accompanied by brethren from London, Ont., visited the Oneida Indians and addressed them in the Orange Hall. The delegates made grand speeches. Rev. Dr. Kane is a Wesleyan Methodist minister and Grand Master of the Orange Society of Ireland; the other, G. Hill Smith, is a noted barrister. They came to this reserve expressly to see the Indians, being on their way to London.

The Grand Lodge of the United Temperance Society met at Oneida, in Ogwalli Hall, on October 6th, 1886.

The Oneida Agricultural Show was held on October 14th and 15th.

An interesting case occurred on this reserve after the division of the estate of the late Thos. Homer, deceased. Three of the children wanted one thing and the other three wanted another thing, as to how the property should be divided. Two of the boys took the team and drove to Grand River the next day. Constable Doxtator took after them, and overtook them at Paris, where he arrested them. He sent the boys to London, where they are now awaiting a trial.

Subscribe for THE INDIAN.



CHIEF GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON.

(ONWANONSYSYHON.)

*His Life and Work Among the Six Nations.*

BY HORATIO HALE.

The proceedings which has just been related will doubtless elicit a smile from some readers, who may be reminded by it of the wholesale military conversions of the Middle Ages. Chief Johnson himself, in after days, would have cared little for a convert who had been gained otherwise than by reasoning and the influence of religion. By nature he was one of the most reasonable and tolerant of men. In later life he counted among his most valued friends many whose opinions on political and religious questions differed very widely from his own.

His marriage was an event which exercised a strong influence on his character and fortunes. He was married on the 27th of August, 1853, to Miss Emily Susanna Howells, a sister of the wife of his missionary patron and teacher, the Rev. Mr. Elliott. Coming of a good family in the ancient English city of Bristol, Miss Howells had many near relatives in distinguished professional and political positions, both in Canada and the United States, including the late able and eloquent American consul in Toronto, the Hon. Wm. C. Howells, and the eminent author W. D. Howells. As may be readily imagined, the companionship and influence of a refined and accomplished lady, belonging to a family noted for literary tastes and talent, did much to develop the husband's naturally good capacity, and to fit him not only for the work in which he was then employed, but also for the wider field of usefulness which was soon to open to him.

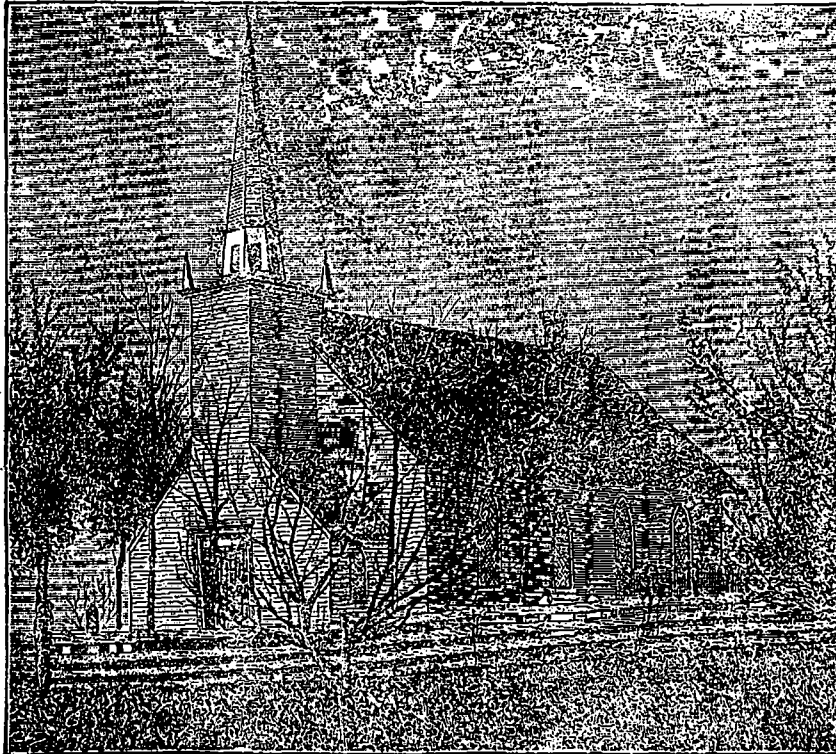
While he was engaged in his duties as church intrepeter, he was called to take part in the civil government of his people. One of the associates of Hiawatha was a Mohawk chief, who bore the designation of Teyonhehkon, or "Double-Life." He was, as has been said, one of the fifty great chiefs who composed the first federal council of the Five Nations. His name descended to his successors, like the title of an English peerage. It had been last borne by George's maternal uncle, whose English name was Henry Martin. On the death of a chief, the duty of nominating a successor—who must be one of his kinsmen on his mother's side—devolves by Iroquois law upon the oldest matron of the family, who is commonly known as their "chief matron." This position in the family of the diseased chief was held by George's mother, who, after due consideration and consultation, named her son for the place. Such a nomination, to be valid, must be approved and confirmed both by the tribe to which the candi-

date belongs and by the Great Council of which he is to be a member. In the present case this confirmation was speedily given, and the young chief took his place as one of the legislators of his people.

By a singular chance, which illustrated alike the Iroquois institutions and the character of the race, he was not long allowed to hold this position undisturbed. His ability as an interpreter, and his character for energy and probity, had attracted the attention of a newly appointed Visiting Superintendent,—as the officer is styled who represents the Canadian Government on the Reserve. Through the nomination of Col. Gilkison—who now for more than twenty years has filled this responsible office to the satisfaction alike of the Government and of his Indian wards—George Johnson was appointed to the post of Government Interpreter for the Six Nations. A modist salary attached to the office formed an acceptable addition to his income; but the post

He became, in fact, and was often styled, the Warden of the Reserve. It was a post highly congenial to his disposition, and he assumed its duties with his usual energy.

But he had hardly entered upon them when an unexpected difficulty arose. Was it consistent with the principles of the Iroquois constitution that a salaried official of the colonial government should be a member of the Legislative Council? The question was warmly discussed. The case was new, and there was no precedent to use for a guide. The general opinion was unfavorable; and at length it was understood that at the next meeting of the council the new Teyonhehkon would on this ground be displaced from his chieftainship. But the councilors had reckoned without their hostess. The chief matron, when she learned of the indignity, as she deemed it, which was about to be inflicted on her son and the chief of her choice, was greatly moved. The Iroquois women have always been noted for their spirit and their turn for public affairs. In this instance the matron, who was both the wife and sister of a chief, understood—or believed she understood—the principles of their government better than the councillors themselves. There was no doubt of the right of the great council to eject one of its members; but this, it was well known, must be done for a good cause. It had never before been done except for some delinquency of the ejected person himself. To deprive a councilor of his office, not for anything he had done, but for something which they feared he might do, was, she acutely reasoned, not only unprecedented, but unjust. Using her privilege as a peeress, she presented herself before the council at their next meeting, and there delivered her mind. After soundly rating the members for their unconstitutional and arbitrary purpose, she ended by declaring that if they deprived her son of his chieftainship for no misconduct of his



THE OLD MOHAWK CHURCH, ERECTED IN 1784, SHOWING BRANT'S TOMB.

was chiefly prized by him for the large opportunities which it offered him of benefiting his people. The humble title of the office gave no idea of the duties and powers attached to it, or rather, it should be said, which quickly annexed themselves to it when held by the new incumbent. In strictness, perhaps, he had only to interpret between the superintendent and council, and also in courts of justice, when Indian witnesses were called, and to attend when the semi-annual distribution of the annuities which accrued to the Indians from the sale of their lands. But as the interpreter was necessarily the chief assistant of the superintendent, and as powers and responsibilities naturally flow to the capable and the willing, it was not long before he found himself the chief executive officer on the Reserve, charged with the duty of carrying into execution both the laws enacted by the council and the regulations framed by the protecting government.

own, she would never nominate a candidate so long as she should live. This threat startled the assemblage. If it were carried out, the Mohawks who formed the leading confederacy, would lose one of their nine representatives in the council. The matter was reconsidered, and a conclusion was finally reached which satisfied all scruples. Chief George was to retain his title and his seat in the council, but so long as he remained a salaried official, a resolution of the council (which usually required a unanimous vote) should be valid without his assent. Thus jealously did these freeborn sons of the forest guard the independence of their parliament.

*(To be Continued.)*

If the Indian female be compared to a shadow it is a shadow which reflects the softer outlines of the substance. There is grace and modesty in the rudest female of the forest.

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.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

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Chief Kahkewagonaby, S. T. Wright, Manager Advertising Department  
(Dr. P. E. Jones.) Editor.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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

Medals of the Brant Memorial.



Having a few medals left over from the celebration, can fill orders for same at reduced rates, 20cts each or \$2.00 per dozen.



F. J. GRENNY,  
P. O. Brantford, Ont.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a series of Indian works in pamphlet form from Geo. S. Conover, who is one of the most eminent Indian historians of the day. He has labored for years and travelled many miles to determine boundary lines of Indian villages, to trace out their trails, locate settlements, and discover reliable tangible proof of the habits, customs and lives of the red man, who inhabited the state of New York cen-

tuaries ago. There is a charm in modern historic research that has peculiar attraction for him, and he never seems to enjoy himself quite so much as when discovering some relic that establishes local facts of history.

NORTH-WEST INDIAN EXHIBITS.

As an indication of the progress the Indians are making in the North-West, we clip the following list of successful Indian exhibitors at the agricultural exhibiton at Regina this fall, from the *Regina Leader*. Such exhibits show the progress the Indians are making in the distant west far more effectually than columns of descriptions could do, and prove that many of the stories of Indian abuses are confounded. Those who are on the watch to find something to say against the Indians of the North-West, and the management of them should copy this proof of their progress. In the exhibits of

SEED GRAIN

the Indian, Ais-Can, of the Crooked Lake Reserve, took second prize on Red Fyfe wheat in competition with the white farmers of the district of Assinabois. The following is the list of successful Indian exhibitors:

Wheat—1 Gaddie, Crooked Lakes; 2 'The-man-who-took-the-coat,' Assiniboine; 3 Gaddie. Barley.—1 Jos. Bellgord, 2 "Jack," Assiniboine; 3 Gaddie. Oats—1 Gaddie. Potatoes—1 "Jack," 2 Pasquasecan, Crooked Lakes; 3 Eschapa, Sioux Reserve. Turnips—Aisacan Crooked Lakes; 2 "Rabbit Skin," Assiniboine. Carrots—Aisacan. Onions—"The-man-who-took-the-coat." Lot assorted vegetables—1 Asiacan; 2 Pasquasecan; 3 "Jack." Butter—1 Kis-sa-manitoo, File Hills; 2 Wah-chack, Crooked Lakes. Loaf Bread—1 Wah-chack; 2 wife of Carry-the-kettle, Assiniboine. Knitted mitts—1 Mrs. Mosney; 2 Mrs. Chief Jack; 3 wife of Dust-when-he-walks, Assiniboine. Knitted comforter—1 wife of The-man-who-took-the-coat; 2 Mrs. Dry Walker, Assiniboine. Knitted socks—1 Margaret Pasqua; 2 Mrs. Mosney; 3 Mrs. Chief Jack.

CAPE CROKER.

Cape Croker, Oct., 16th, 1886.

A tremendous hurican visited this place on the afternoon of the 15th inst. The wind blew from the S. W. All the fences on the Reserve were blown down and some buildings badly shaken up. The water rose over the shore road and some parts of it were washed away. It is feared that a great number of nets that were set the night before will be lost. A large fishing tug took shelter in the harbor. The wind moderated last night and she left for Meaford this morning where she belongs. Snow enough fell to whiten the ground through the night. We expect to hear of some wrecks caused by the gale.

Thomas Nahoquwaone one of the oldest men on the Saugeen Reserve, died last week. He must of been ninty years of age. He was a youth at the time of the war in 1812. He took up arms in defence of his queen and country in the rebellion of 1837-8 and saw skirmishes fought near Toronto, the Indians being ordered to keep away from the fight in the town. He took an active part in the affairs and welfare of his people. May his soul rest in peace.—SAHGINAW.

THAYENDANEGBA.

Honoring the Great Chief of the Six Nations—A Rare Gathering of Indians.

The Great Brant Memorial.

On Wednesday, at the beautiful city of Brantford, Ont., was unveiled a monument to Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, the most famous chief of the Six Nations. The idea of a memorial to this eminent Indian originated 20 years ago with Mr. Allan Cleghorn. In the course of futile efforts to raise money, an appeal was made to the remnants of the Six Nations, and this handful of Indians, most of them farmers, raised \$5,000 for the monument. The Dominion Government appropriated \$5,000. and the Provincial Government added \$2,500. These sums were supplemented by grants from the city of Brantford and by private subscriptions untill the sum of \$16,000 was raised.

In 1883 the Brant Memorial Association, of which Mr. Cleghorn has always been president, invited international competition for the work, and a number of English, French and Canadian sculptors entered the lists. The result was that the designs of Mr. Percy Wood, eldest son of Mr. Marshall Wood, who designed the statue of Queen Victoria which adorns the Library of Parliament in Ottawa, obtained the work. The Imperial Government honered the work as it has never honored any other by passing through Parliament a grant of a number of bronze cannon from which to cast the statue and representative figures. The work was a peculiar one. No Indian had ever been honored with a statue before, and there was therefore no model on which Mr. Wood could found his work or from which he could gather an idea. Mr. Wood, however, spent a considerable amount of time in studying the different types of Indians, and posted himself on their characteristics so as to be in a position to make the statute a representative one. The result fully answers the expectations which were formed. The result, viewed as a work of art, is certainly one of the finest in America. The work was commenced in August, 1883, and has taken three years to complete.

The memorial consists of a colossal statue of Brant, nine feet in height, two groups of three life size figures each, and two trophies flanking the sides of the upper base and four *bassi-relievi* upon the lower base, which terminates in a step upon the ground line. The right hand group, as one faces the memorial, shows chiefs of the Mohawk, Tuscarora, and Oneida nations, furnished with the scalping knife, spear and pipe of peace. The left hand group gives the Seneca, Onondaga, and Cayuga nations, with the bow and arrows, war club, and flint lock gun. The trophies consist of an artistic arrangement of their weapons and instruments, including snowshoes and lacrosse sticks. The totems of the Six Nations, the bear, the wolf, and the tortoise, are introduced in the memorial, especially at the request of the Indians themselves. On the front of the lower base is a bas-relief showing about 15 Indians engaged in a war dance. At the back another relief shows Brant addressing the chiefs in council. Two

circular reliefs at the side are devoted to the bear, with winter Canadian scenery, pines, etc., and the wolf with maple-tree foilage, etc.

The unveiling ceremonies on Wednesday were elaborate. The city of Brantford was handsomely decorated and was thronged with visitors. Many historical societies of the United States sent delegations. Many Canadian officials were present, Lieut. Gov. Robinson making the unveiling address.

It was the most remarkable gathering of representative Indians seen of late years. There were present a number of chiefs from the far North-West, including Red Crow, Chief of the Blood Blackfeet; North Axe, Chief of the Piegan Blackfeet, and One Spot, sub-Chief of the Blood Blackfeet, from Fort McLeod, under the care of Mr. J. L'Henreux, of the Indian Department; and Mistowassis, or Big Child, of Carleton; Kah-Kee-Wistabaw, or Flying-in-a-Circle, of Crooked Lake, Ah-tah-to-coop, or Star Blanket, of Crooked Lake and Osoup, or Backfat, of Crooked Lake, the four latter being Crees, and under the charge of Col. McDonald, Indian Agent, Crooked Lake, and Peter Hourie, interpreter, of Regina. The chiefs wore nondescript costumes, partly Indian and partly civilized. On Thursday there were games and races, and on Friday a great council was held at the old Council House near Brantford, attended by the North-west Indians, Blackfeet and minor tribes, the Bloods, Sarcies, Crees, and the principal Indians of Western Ontario.

Capt. Joseph Brant, known by the name of Thayendanagea, pronounced Ti-yan-te-na-ga, was a wonderful instance of what Indian intellect, sharpened and polished by intercourse with the European, can accomplish.

The beautiful city of Brantford, or, as it was formerly called Brant's ford, known as the spot where Brant first forded the Grand River in Canada, is named after this brave chieftain. Joseph Brant was born in 1742; his father was a full blooded Mohawk of the Wolf tribe. His parents lived on the Mohawk, in this State. On the death of her husband, Brant's mother married an Indian whose Christian name was Barnet, by corruption Brant. The future war chief was first known as "Brant's Joseph." At 13, he entered the warpath at the battle of Lake George. After engaging in several campaigns of the French War, he received an English education at the Moore School, Lebanon, Vt. In 1765, he married the daughter of an Oneida chief and settled in the Mohawk valley, where he became noted as an interpreter and teacher, and assisted a missionary in translating the New Testament and other religious works. Brant became a thorough-going churchman, but subsequent devotion to the trade of war evidently checked his development in that direction. In 1774, Brant took a decided stand in favor of the English cause, and through all the campaigns of the Revolution, evinced his strong and sincere adherence to the British crown. The Six Nations lost their extensive and fertile country, the garden of the State of New York, through this attachment. Brant was made principal War Chief of the Confederacy, and became known as Capt. Brant. In 1775 he went to England. During this visit he figured at a grand masquerade ball, dressed in the brilliant costume of his nation. During the festivities,

the Mohawk chief flourishing his war-club and raising his war-whoop, so frightened his admirers that they rushed wildly out of the room, tumbling downstairs in the greatest confusion. In 1776 he returned to America. During the years of war that followed Brant's part was a prominent one. In August, 1777, at the battle of Oriskany, the Six Nations were worsted, but, with the exception of the Tuscaroras and Oneidas, remained faithful to the King. Brant for a long time made his headquarters at Niagara. At the end of the war, Brant and his people applied to the Mississaugas and Ojebways of the Credit River, in Upper Canada, for a portion of their lands. They being invited to settle where they chose, selected the Grand River tract. In 1785 Brant went again to England to adjust the claims of the Mohawks upon the Crown. On his return he devoted himself to the good of his people. With great exertion and scanty means a church was built. This, the first Protestant church in Canada, now over 100 years old, still stands on the banks of the Grand River, near Brantford. When Brant died, its bell tolled for 24 hours. There is now a modern church on the reservation. Brant died in 1807. His remains were buried near the old church. In 1850 the Six Nations caused the remains to be removed to a new tomb.

#### BRANT MEMORIAL SOUVENIR MEDALS.

We have been shown a copy of the medal, struck in commemoration of the unveiling of the Brant memorial on the 13th inst. The design was furnished by Mr F. J. Grenny, a local numismatist, and the dies were executed to the order of P. W. Ellis & Co., of Toronto. The medal is probably the finest work of art of its kind turned out in Canada. On the obverse it bears a bust of Brant, in Indian costume, with the inscription: "Thayendanagea—Captain Joseph Brant, born 1742; died 1807;" and on the reverse: "Brant memorial unveiled at Brantford, Canada, 1886." The monument is shown with *bas reliefs* on each side of the base and *alto relievo* figures round the pedestal, depicting scenes in the life of Brant the whole is surmounted with a colossal figure of our great Indian hero. We refer our readers to Mr. Grenny's advertisement of medals for sale.

#### A BITTER TONIC.

Five years ago a bright, wholesome, cheerful-hearted young girl, living in New Orleans, married a promising and talented young man. There was a pretty church wedding, half a dozen brides maids, music, and a wedding journey. The young husband had furnished a pretty little house for his bride, and when they came back from their 10 days' tour they set up housekeeping.

The friends of the bride said it was an unequal match; that Ethel had been too long used to the independence of earning her own living to enjoy being dependent on another. The friends of the groom congratulated him. Jack had drawn a prize. A girl who cut and made her own dresses trimmed her own hats, and was one of the best dressed girls in town would be a prize for any man; but in addition Ethel had been earning no less than \$50 a month painting dinner cards, by teaching music, and giving lessons in brass-work. When the marriage came off Ethel did very

timidly and lovely ask Jack if he would not allow her to keep up her classes and continue to supply her customers with dinner-cards, but Master Jack swelled out his manly chest, took on a pompous, protecting air, and swore his wife should not work for a living, not while he had a strong arm and a stout heart. And Ethel was so proud at thus being forbidden. There is something of the loving dog in every true woman. She is most happy at being made to obey the affectionate commands of the master she loves. At the end of the first year of married life there came a baby to the sweet little home.

At the end of the fourth year there were three of them, and Ethel found life as nurse, house-keeper, wife, mother, and mender not all sunshine. She was beloved and honored and happy, but none the less was she being down by the children, by the work, and by one other embarrassment that cut her to the soul—that was, of course, the going to her husband for every cent of money she needed.

It was very hard for a girl who had been her own banker, who had had the free run of her own pocketbook, to go timidly to her husband and ask him for a dollar. It was a very hard thing to have him pinch her cheek, kiss her, and ask her what she wanted with the dollar, and to have tell, between the kisses to be sure, but still to have to tell, what she was going to do with it.

Every morning of her five years of married life Ethel has had to ask Jack for the market money. Never once, during all that time has he recollected to give the money for the day's needs unasked. Oh, they have gay times around that pretty little breakfast table, and they laugh over the play they have seen and over the quaint sayings of their wise little 4-year-old. And then when Jack jumps up, a smile on his face, and vows he must clear out or he will be late at the office. Ethel clears her throat and humbly reminds him to "leave the market money."

Were you ever run down and sick and had to take a bitter, nauseous tonic three times a day after each meal? Well, this eternal, everlasting asking for money is the dose that is inevitable after every breakfast in Jack's and Ethel's home. Ethel helps with the cooking, does all the sewing for herself and three children, and all the mending and darning, takes care of the children and keeps the house in dainty order, but where she once had \$50 a month for her own, she now has less than \$5, and must ask for that.

On Easter morning Ethel hurried up breakfast, left her little ones with cook, and gave herself the rare treat of going to church. She looked very dainty and sweet in her black and white check dress, her black straw bonnet with its crepe lisse bows, her silk gloves, and the pink in her cheek was as fresh and peachlike as the day it was shaded by the veil of bridal tulle. When all ready for church she went to Jack, lounging with the papers in the cool and shady parlor. "Jack," said she, timidly—she had never grown brave at this begging act—"Jack give me some money to go to church,"

"Huh?" without looking up from the paper. "Please give me some money; I can't walk you know."

"You sweet thing—come here. You look like a daisy. I've got the prettiest wife in the world, Ethel. Here it is dear," and Jack handed out his life-partner a dime.

A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN  
LAW STUDENT.

Sir—The following proof of the advancement and abilities of a race who have been described as "the noblest savages under the sun" may be of some interest to your readers, particularly at a time when attention is so keenly directed to our colonies.

Birmingham, Eng., August 20th.

"The law society of our sister province has lately raised the standard of examination to such a degree as to practically exclude all candidates who have not completed a very thorough course of classics and mathematics. Of this plan the examinations held last week at "Three Rivers" furnish ample evidence. Thirty-four young men presented themselves for examination for admission to the study of law, but only eighteen succeeded in obtaining the points required by the society. A more than ordinary interest arises from the fact that second among the successful eighteen was John W Jocks, or as he is known among his own people, Sawatis Waniente. Mr Jocks is a full-blooded Iroquois Indian, and is the first of his race in Canada, so far as we can learn to take up the study of the law. By taking second place in a competition with thirty-three whites, Sawatis waniente has done much to show that if the aboriginal races do not hold as high a position in this country as they should it has been from lack of encouragement and opportunity, not from want of talent and natural ability to improve under favorable circumstances. We have no doubt Mr Jocks has had—and before achieving success as a lawyer will have—to encounter more difficulties than most of his future "learned brethren" of paleface origin; but if, with the characteristic perseverance and determination of the red Indian race, he keeps to the course he has hitherto pursued, he will prove a credit to his nation, and honour the profession he has embraced."

W. J. FRANKLIN.

## VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

The camp meeting held here by the different reserves of Canada and United States last week was a grand success, with the exception of the rain of last Saturday night, the tents being unable to keep the rain out and the inmates got all wet, but the Sunday following came out bright and clear, so they were not much the worse of the rain, but I advised them when they have another camp meeting, to have it a little earlier than September, which month is a little too cold.

LOUIS BAY,

MOSES A. WALKER.

Walpole Island, Sept. 22, 1886.

## THE CAUHNAWAGA RESERVE.

The field survey of the new thirty acre farms on the Cauhnawaga reserve began last week, and in addition from 35 to 30 miles of new roads will be constructed. The value of the improvements have not yet been finally approved by the Government, and while waiting to hear from Ottawa the common land is being operated upon, and by that time the decision of the Government will be announced so that the allotments can be made. Each male Indian over 21 years

of age on the reserve will receive one lot. The Chiefs having contested the right to claim property put forward by Mrs. Glasson, the claim was dismissed by the Indian department. The friends of Mrs. Glasson have obtained permission to re-open the case and are producing evidence to prove that Mrs. Glasson is a descendant of a former member of the band.

"Better this splendid river's song,  
The mellow matin of the lakes,  
The organ-swell of Huron's breeze,  
That stirs Superior's mighty trees—  
Than all the music-mockeries,  
The blare of thronged hostelrys,  
The noise that idle fashion makes."

## OUR PETOSKY TRIP.

(Written for THE INDIAN.)

We left Allegan, Aug. 11th, at 7 a. m., arriving in Petosky at 6 p. m. About 7 p. m. we took the "dummy" for our destination, We-que-ton-sing, situated on Little Travers Bay on Lake Michigan, a pretty resort right in the woods. Its Avenues of small poplars, with its white bark, stands in bold relief to the green waters of the Bay. Our party was met by some pale-faced friends from Allegan who made us so welcome, which made us feel very grateful for we were all very tired from our long dusty ride.

We had rented Judge Arnold's cottage so we got a gentleman who had it in charge to open the house for us. The first thing we did was to get our supper. After supper we had to fix our beds for the night. We put a straw bed on the table and put the only gentleman we had in the crowd there to sleep. There was one bed with springs and mattress which was on stilts, so we got that in order for myself and lady companion, who wore a night cap, I said I did not think it possible for me to sleep with a woman with a night cap.

I have always had a horror of night caps, when we were children at home my poor mother tried in vain to make us wear night caps. We thought that wearing night caps was too much like white people and we could not stand it. We would put it on, but would tie the end of the string so when we went to sleep and turn over in bed it would come off. Invariably our caps were at the foot of the bed or around our necks. However I was induced to get in bed with her.

Our other lady companion had to lodge in a hammock, and had to be tied in before she would sleep. Morning came when exploration began in the cottage. We found carpet, dishes, kettles, pans, &c., in fact everything needed for house-keeping. We got our breakfast while one washed the dishes, the other two put down carpets. I trimmed the shelves and rustic stands and by noon had you peeped in on us you would have thought we always lived there, we were so cosy and comfortable. We hung one hammock under the beautiful shade trees, took our book to read while we laid and listened to the music of the water splashing on the pebbly shore. We-que-ton-sing is a lovely resort, if you want rest that is the place to go. We had thirty callers the first day, among them was Aunt Margaret Boyd,

of Harbour Springs, the noted Indian woman of the Ottawa tribe, we found her very intelligent and speaks English fluently, she belongs to the Romish Church, she seems to have great influence with her people. We took a trip to Macinac Island, never did I have a more enjoyable trip, the weather was all that could be desired. It was one of the perfect days. When we arrived at the island we took a carriage and made the round trip, visited all places of interest. Among them "Ann Rock," Sugar Loaf, "Devil's Kitchen," Leap, and Natures Wonders, arriving home at 11 p. m. well pleased with our trip. We also took a trip on "The Island Route." we were somewhat disappointed on this trip. We also visited Charlevoix, a beautiful resort. We also visited Northport to an Indian camp meeting. It done my heart good to see such good numbers of my people. They seem to be very devoted. They had their own clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who is very smart, who afterwards called on us, he is of the Methodist denomination. After this trip ended my holidays and I had to begin to heal the sick until I was completely wore out and came back sick myself. I was over run with patients from all over the United States. I never saw so many sick people all at once in my life. Crowds of people go to Petoskey to get relief from hay fever, they think they must go somewhere to escape the hay fever season. They are a sickly crowd. I am now looking forward with pleasure for my visit home to attend the unveiling of Brant's monument, I think I will stay home for a while and rest, which I so much need. I had to get sick to get some rest.

Ever yours.

PRINCESS VIROQUA.

## HARPERS MAGAZINE.

Harper's Magazine for October not only maintains but re-enforces its claim to leadership in literary and artistic excellence

The frontispiece is an engraving from a masterly drawing by J. K. Weguelin, illustrating Horace's ode, Percicos Odi—a translation of which by Sir Stephen E. De Vere Bart, is given in this number. The most striking of the illustrated articles is Miss Amelia B. Edward's Story of Tanis, the latest and most interesting chapter of Egyptian exploration. The story is as dramatic as it is thrillingly interesting to the Bible student, and is superbly illustrated. Mrs. D. W. C. C. contributes an interesting paper entitled ALUMN in England, a picturesque description of country sports peculiar to that season. The paper is illustrated by two of the ablest English artists—Alfred Parsons and A. C. Corbould. Two important articles of military and naval interest are contributed to this number—The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, by Maria B. Butler, and United States Naval Artillery by Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson—both amply illustrated. The eighth of E. P. Roe's valuable series, The Home Acre, gives some useful points about the kitchen garden—particularly asparagus celery and onions. The Editor's Easy Chair by George William Curtis, the Study by W. D. Howells, and the Drawer, conducted by Charles Dudley Warner, are as usual, full of thoughtful, timely, and entertaining matter.



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(Continued.)

"Surely, it was of flesh," continued the scout; "no spirit could handle its arms so steadily."

"It was of flesh; but whether the poor fellow still belongs to this world may well be doubted," said Heyward, glancing his eyes around him, and missing Chingachgook from their little band. Another groan more faint than the former, was succeeded by a heavy sullen plunge into the water, and all was as still again as if the borders of a dreary pool had never been awakened from the silence of creation. While they yet hesitated in uncertainty, the form of the Indian was seen gliding out of the thicket. As the chief rejoined them, with one hand he attached the reeking scalp of the unfortunate young Frenchman to his girdle, and with the other he replaced the knife and tomahawk that had drunk his blood. He then took his wonted station, with the air of a man who believed he had done a deed of merit.

The scout dropped one end of his rifle to the earth, leaning his hands on the other, he stood musing in profound silence. Then, shaking his head in a mournful manner, he muttered—

"'Twould have been a cruel and an unhuman act for a white-skin; but 'tis the gift and nature of an Indian, and I suppose it should not be denied. I could wish, though, it had befallen an accursed Mingo, rather than that gay young boy from the old countries."

"Enough," said Heyward, apprehensive the unconscious sisters might comprehend the nature of the detention, and conquering his disgust by a train of reflections very much like that of the hunter; "'tis done; and though better it were left undone, cannot be amended. You see we are, too obviously, within the sentinels of the enemy; what course do you propose to follow?"

"Yes," said Hawkeye, rousing himself again, "'tis as you say, too late to harbor further thoughts about it. Ay, the French have gathered around the fort in good earnest, and we have a delicate needle to thread in passing them."

"And but little time to do it in," repeated the scout. "The thing may be done in two fashions, by the help of Providence, without which it may not be done at all."

"Name them quickly, for time presses."

"One would be to dismount the gentle ones, and let their beasts range the plain; by sending the Mohicans in front, we might then cut a lane through their sentries, and enter the fort over the dead bodies."

"It will not do—it will not do!" interrupted the generous Heyward; "a soldier might force his way in this manner, but never with such a convoy."

"'Twould be, indeed, a bloody path for such tender feet to wade in," returned the equally reluctant scout; "but I thought it befitting my manhood to name it. We must then turn on our trail, and get without the line of their look-

outs, when we will bend short to the west, and enter the mountains; where I can hide you, so that all the devil's hounds in Montcalm's pay would be thrown off the scent for months to come."

"Let it be done and that instantly."

Further words were unnecessary; for Hawk-eye, merely uttering the mandate to "follow," moved along the route by which they had just entered their present critical and even dangerous situation. Their progress, like their late dialogue, was guarded, and without noise. For none knew at what moment a passing patrol, or a couching picket, of the enemy, might rise upon their path. As they held their silent way along the margin of the pond, again Heyward and the scout stole fugitive glances at its appalling dreariness. They looked in vain for the form that had so recently stalked along its silent shores, while a low and regular wash of the little waves, by announcing that the waters were not yet subsided, furnished a frightful memorial of blood they had just witnessed. Like all that passing and gloomy scene, the low basin, however, quickly melted in the darkness, and became blended with the mass of black objects, in the rear of the travellers.

Hawk-eye soon deviated from the line of their retreat, and striking off towards the mountains which form the western boundary of the narrow plain, he led his followers, with swift steps, deep within the shadows that were cast from their high and broken summits. The route was now painful; lying over ground ragged with rocks, and intersected with ravines, and their progress proportionately slow. Bleak and black hills lay on every side of them, compensating in some degree for the additional toil of the march, by the sense of security they imparted. At length the party began slowly to rise a steep and rugged ascent, by a path that curiously wound among rocks and trees, avoiding the one, and supported by the other, in a manner that showed it had been devised by men long practised in the arts of the wilderness. As they gradually rose from the level of the valleys, the thick darkness which usually precedes the approach of day began to disperse, and objects were seen in the plain and palpable colors with which they had been gifted by nature. When they issued from the stunted woods which clung to the barren sides of the mountain, upon a flat and mossy rock that formed its summit, they met the morning as it came blushing above the green pines of a hill that lay on the opposite side of the valley of the Horican.

The scout now told the sisters to dismount; and taking the bridles from the mouths, and the saddles off the backs of the jaded beasts, he turned them loose, to glean a scanty subsistence among the shrubs and meagre herbage of that elevated region.

"Go," he said, "and seek your food where nature gives it you; and beware that you become not food to ravenous wolves yourselves among these hills."

"Have we no further need of them?" demanded Heyward.

"See, and judge with your own eyes," said the scout, advancing towards the eastern brow of the mountain, whither he beckoned for the whole

party to follow: "if it was as easy too look into the heart of man as it is to spy out the nakedness of Montcalm's camp from this spot, hypocrites would grow scarce, and the cunning of a Mingo might prove a losing game, compared to the honesty of a Delaware."

When the travellers reached the verge of the precipice, they saw, at a glance, the truth of the scouts' declaration, and the admirable foresight with which he had led them to their commanding station.

The mountain on which they stood, elevated, perhaps, a thousand feet in the air, was a high cone that rose a little in advance of that range which stretches for miles along the western shores of the lake, until meeting its sister piles, beyond the water, it ran off toward the Canadas, in confused and broken masses of rock, thinly sprinkled with evergreen. Immediately at the feet of the party, the southern shore of the Horican swept in a broad semicircle, from mountain to mountain, marking a wide strand, that soon rose into an uneven and somewhat elevated plain. To the north, stretched the limpid, and, as it appeared from that dizzy height, the narrow sheet of the "holy lake," indented with numberless bays, embellished by fantastic headlands, and dotted with countless islands. At the distance of a few leagues, the bed of the waters became lost among mountains, or was wrapped in the masses of vapor that came slowly rolling along their bosom, before the light morning air. But a narrow opening between the crests of the hills pointed out the passage by which they found their way still further north, to spread their pure and ample sheets again, before pouring out their tribute to the distant Champlain. To the south stretched the defile, or rather broken plain, so often mentioned. For several miles in this direction, the mountains appeared reluctant to yield their dominion, but within reach of the eye they diverged, and finally melted into the level and sandy lands, across which we have accompanied our adventurers in their double journey. Along both ranges of hills, which bounded the opposite sides of the lake and valley, clouds of light vapor were arising in spiral wreaths from the uninhabited woods, looking like the smokes of hidden cottages; or rolled lazily down the declivities, to mingle with the fogs of the lower land. A single, solitary, snow-white cloud floated above the valley, and marked the spot beneath which lay the silent pool of the "bloody pond."

Directly on the shore of the lake, and nearer to its western than to its eastern margin, lay the extensive eastern ramparts and low buildings of William Henry. Two of the sweeping bastions appeared to rest on the water which washed their bases, while a deep ditch and extensive morasses guarded its other sides and angles. The land had been cleared of wood for a reasonable distance around the work, but every other part of the scene lay in the green livery of nature, except where the limpid water mellowed the view, or the bold rocks thrust their black and naked heads above the undulating outline of the mountain ranges. In its front might be seen the scattered sentinels, who held a weary watch against their numerous foes; and within the walls themselves, the travellers looked down up-

on men still drowsy with a night of vigilance. Towards the southeast, but in immediate contact with the fort, was an entrenched camp, posted on a rocky eminence that would have been far more eligible for the work itself, in which Hawk-eye pointed out the presence of those auxiliary regiments that had so recently left the Hudson in their company. From the woods, a little further to the south, rose numerous dark and lurid smokes, that were easily to be distinguished from the purer exhalations of the springs, and which the scout also showed to Heyward, as evidences that the enemy lay in that direction.

But the spectacle which most concerned the young soldier was on the western bank of the lake, though quite near to its southern termination. On a strip of land, which appeared, from his stand, too narrow to contain such an army, but which, in truth, extended many hundreds of yards from the shores of the Horican to the base of the mountain, were to be seen the white tents and military engines of an encampment of ten thousand men. Batteries were already thrown up in their front, and even while the spectators above them were looking down, with such different emotions, on a scene which lay like a map beneath their feet, the roar of artillery rose from the valley, and passed off in thundering echoes, along the eastern hills.

"Morning is just touching them below," said the deliberate and musing scout, "and the watchers have a mind to wake up the sleepers by the sound of cannon. We are a few hours too late! Montcalm has already filled the woods with his accursed Iroquois."

"The place is, indeed, invested," returned Duncan, "but is there no expedient by which we may enter? Capture in the works would be far preferable to falling again into the hands of roving Indians."

"See!" exclaimed the scout, unconsciously directing the attention of Cora to the quarters of her own father, "how that shot has made the stones fly from the side of the commandant's house! Ah! those Frenchers will pull it to pieces faster than it was put together, solid and thick though it be."

"Heyward, I sicken at the sight of danger that I cannot share," said the undaunted, but anxious daughter. "Let us go to Montcalm, and demand admission; he dare not deny a child the boon."

"You would scarce find the tent of the Frenchman with the hair on your head," said the blunt scout. "If I had but one of the thousand boats which lie empty along that shore, it might be done. Ha! here will soon be an end of the firing, for yonder comes a fog that will turn day to night; and make an Indian arrow more dangerous than a moulded cannon. Now, if you are equal to the work, and will follow, I will make a push; for I long to get down into that camp, if it be only to scatter some Mingo dogs that I see lurking in the skirts of yonder thicket of birch."

"We are equal," said Cora firmly; "on such an errand we will follow to any danger."

The scout looked to her with a smile of honest and cordial approbation, as he answered,—

"I would I had a thousand men, of brawny limbs and quick eyes, that feared death as little

as you! I'd send them jabbering Frenchers back into their den again, afore the week was ended, howling like so many fettered hounds or hungry wolves. But stir," he added, turning from her to the rest of the party, "the fog comes rolling down so fast, we shall have but just the time to meet it on the plain, and use it as a cover. Remember, if any accident should befall me, to keep the air blowing on your left cheeks—or, rather, follow the Mohicans; the'd scent their way, be it in day or be it at night."

He then waved his hand for them to follow, and threw himself down the steep declivity, with free, but careful footsteps. Heyward assisted the sisters to descend, and in a few minutes they were all far down a mountain whose sides they had climbed with so much toil and pain.

The direction taken by Hawk-eye soon brought the travellers to the level of the plain, nearly opposite to a sally-port in the western curtain of the fort, which lay, itself, at the distance of about half a mile from the point where he halted to allow Duncan to come up with his charge. In their eagerness, and favored by the nature of the ground, they had anticipated the fog, which was rolling heavily down the lake, and it became necessary to pause, until the mists had wrapped the camp of the enemy in their fleecy mantle. The Mohicans profited by the delay, to steal out of the woods, and to make a survey of surrounding objects. They were followed at a little distance by the scout, with a view to profit early by their report, and to obtain some knowledge for himself of the more immediate localities.

In a few moments he returned, his face reddened with vexation, while he muttered his disappointment in words of no very gentle import.

"Here has the cunning Frenchman been posing a picket directly in our path," he said; "red-skins and whites; and we shall be as likely to fall into their midst as to pass them in the fog!"

"Cannot we make a circuit to avoid the danger," asked Heyward, "and come into our path again when it is passed?"

"Who that once bends from the line of his march in a fog can tell when or how to turn to find it again! The mists of Horican are not like the curls from a peace-pipe, or the smoke which settles above a mosquito fire."

He was yet speaking, when a crashing sound was heard, and a cannon ball entered the thicket, striking the body of a sapling, and rebounding to the earth, its force being much expended by previous resistance. The Indians followed instantly like busy attendants on the terrible messenger, and Uncas commenced speaking earnestly, and with much action, in the Delaware tongue.

"It may be so, lad," muttered the scout, when he had ended; "for desperate fevers are not to be treated like a toothache. Come then, the fog is shutting in."

"Stop!" cried Heyward; first explain your expectations."

"'Tis soon done, and a small hope it is; but it is better than nothing. This shot that you see," added the scout, kicking the harmless iron with his foot, "has ploughed the 'arth in its road from the fort, and we shall hunt for the furrow it has made, when all other signs may fail. Duc No

more words, but follow, or the fog may leave us in the middle of our path, a mark for both armies to shoot at."

Heyward perceiving that, in fact, a crisis had arrived, when acts were more required than words, placed himself between the sisters, and drew them swiftly forward, keeping the dim figure to the leader in his eye. It was soon apparent that Hawk-eye had not magnified the power of the fog, for before they had proceeded twenty yards, it was difficult for the different individuals of the party to distinguish each other, in the vapor.

They made their little circuit to the left, and were already inclining again towards the right, having, as Heyward thought, got over nearly half the distance to the friendly works, when his ears were saluted with the fierce summons, apparently within twenty feet of them, of—

"Qui va la?"

"Push on!" whispered the scout once more bending to the left.

"Push on!" repeated Heyward; when the summons was renewed by a dozen voices, each of which seemed charged with menace.

"C'est moi," cried Duncan, dragging, rather than leading those he supported, swiftly onward.

"Eote!—qui?—moi!"

"Ami de la France."

"Tu m'as plus l'air d'un ennemi de la France; arrete! ou pardieu je te ferai ami du diable. Non! feu, camarades! feu!"

The order was instantly obeyed, and the fog was stirred by the explosion of fifty muskets. Happily, the aim was bad, and the bullets cut the air in a direction a little different from that taken by the fugitives; though still so nigh them, that to the unpracticed ears of David and the two females, it appeared as if they whistled within a few inches of the organs. The outcry was renewed, and the order, not only to fire again, but to pursue, was too plainly audible. When Heyward briefly explained the meaning of the words they heard Hawk-eye halted, and spoke with quick decision and great firmness.

"Let us deliver our fire," he said; "they will believe it a sortie, and give way, or they will wait for reinforcements."

The scheme was well conceived, but failed in its effect. The instant the French heard the pieces, it seemed as if the plain was alive with men, muskets rattling along its whole extent, from the shores of the lake to the furthest boundary of the woods.

"We shall draw their entire army upon us, and bring on a general assault," said Duncan: "lead on, my friend, for your own life, and ours."

The scout seemed willing to comply; but, in the hurry of the moment, and in the change of position, he had lost the direction. In vain he turned either cheek towards the light air; they felt equally cool. In this dilemma, Uncas lighted on the furrow of the cannon ball, where it had cut the ground in three adjacent ant-hills."

"Give me the range!" said Hawk-eye, bending to catch a glimpse of the direction, and then instantly moving onward.

(To be Continued.)

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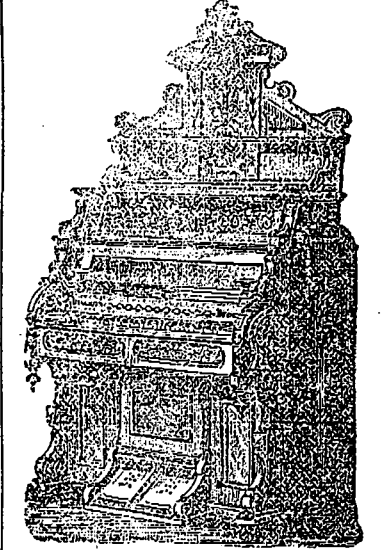
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 The above mills are now running to their fullest capacity and turning out a superior  
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 For Crosscut Saws, Axes, Files, Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, Nails and all kinds of  
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 Every kind of Fur Coats, Mantles, Caps, Muffs, Mitts, Moccasins, at lowest wholesale  
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 A Specialty made of Undertaking. Public Orders from the Head Chief of the Mississ-  
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 Indians dealt with and waited upon in the same manner as other people.

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**THE INDIANS**  
 Will always be treated right and goods sold  
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**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.  
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 The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's Ger-  
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7.40 a. m.	8.55 a. m.
10.50 a. m.	3.30 p. m.
6.40 p. m.	6.40 p. m.

 The N. & N. W. Rys. runs in direct connection with  
 the Collingwood Lines of Steamers, and connects  
 with all important points either by Rail, Stage or  
 Steamers. Through tickets issued to all points on  
 Lakes Huron, Superior, Georgian Bay, etc. Freight  
 for the Northwest billed straight through thus avoid-  
 ing delays and inconvenience of customs.  
**ROBERT QUINN, Genl. Passenger Agent.**  
**WM. MAXWELL, Agent, Hagersville.**



**MICHIGAN CENTRAL**  
**The Niagara Falls Route.**  
**M. C. R. Canada Division.**  
 Trains Leave Hagersville as follows  
**GOING EAST**  

Boston and New York Express, Ex Sun.	4.20 a. m.
Limited Express, daily	3.34 p. m.
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	11.43
Atlantic Express, daily	5.05
Boston and New York Express, daily	

**GOING WEST**  

Michigan Express Except Sunday	11.25 p. m.
Chicago Express, daily	8.26
St. Louis Express, daily	8.55
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	2.43 p. m.
Pacific Express, daily	

 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.  
**O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Passenger Ag't, Chicago.**  
**J. G. LAVEN, Canada Passenger Agent Toronto.**  
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