

*As B. in Public Lib.*

# THE INDIAN.

Single Copies, each :  
TEN CENTS.

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.

\$1.50 per Annum  
IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

NO. 10

## LIFE OF JOHN SUNDAY.

SHAWUNDAIS.

By Rev. John McLeod, Fort McLeod, Alberta.

(Continued.)

"Brother Scott want me that I shall write my conviction about 9 years ago. First is, we had camped at Mr. James Howard's place one morning. I go to Mr. Howard to get some whiskey; so I did get it some. After I took it—that fire-water, I feel very happy. By and by, James Farmer he says to me. 'Do you want go see them Indians at Belleville? They want see all Indians.' I say to him. 'What they want see Indians for?' He says to me. 'Them are Preachers talk about God.' So I went home to my wigewaum to tell others: and we took some our blankets:—we hire with them. Mr. Howard with his team, to take us at Belleville. We got there about nine o'clock. We have no chance to go in the meeting-house: so we went to the wood-pile; so we sit there all day in the wood-pile, until about five o'clock in the evening.

By and by them came out from the meeting-house; so we went to them, and shake hands with them. About seven o'clock in the evening went to the meeting; I want to hear them very much, what they will say to us. By and by one of them rose up—talk to us, he begin talk about God, and soul, and body:—he says this—'all mankind is only two ways we have got to go when we come to die: one is broad way and other is narrow way. All wicked white men, and wicked Indians and drunkards shall go there; but the good white people shall go in the narrow way; but if the Indians also become good, and serve the Lord, they can go in that narrow way.' Then now I begin think myself; I begin feel bad in my heart. This is, I think I am one, I am one, to go in that broad way, because I had hard drink last night. My father and my mother had taught me this ever since when I was little boy—'all the Indians shall go where sun set, but the white people shall go in the Ispeming.' That I had trouble in my heart. Next morning again they had talk to us; so they went off from us. As soon as they went off, some of them Indians says. 'Let us get some more whiskey to drink it.' What them men say unto us, 'we shall not do so;' we must do our own way; so they went to get more whiskey. So I take it little with them; and immediately after I had drunk it, I went home—me and Moses. Is about seven miles to our house. All way along the road, I thinking about these two ways. Four nights I do not sleep much. On Saturday we all went to Belleville again.

There I saw Brother Case. He says to me. 'How you like Peter Jones' talk?' I say unto him. 'Four nights I do not sleep much.' And he began to talk about religion of Jesus Christ. O. I feel very bad again;—I thought this, I am one of devil his men, because I so wicked. On next Monday we all went back home again. That night I thought I would try pray; this is first I ever did intend to pray—my heart is too hard—I cannot say but few words; I say this, 'O, Lord, I am wicked, I am wicked man, take me out from that everlasting fire and dark place.' Next morning I went in the woods to pray;—no peace in my heart yet. By and by I went to other Indians to tell about what them men had said unto us at Belleville; so I went home again. By and by we went to cross the bay on Sahgegwin Island. So Indians come there on Island. By and by we begin have prayer meeting in the evening and in the morning. I talk with them all the time. I had boy about six years old; by and by he got sick and died. I felt very bad. I thought this, I better not stop to pray to God;—I went to Belleville to all them methodist me to come on Sahgegwin Island to pray for us. I ask one of them methodist men for glass of beer to comfort in my heart. That man say to me. 'Beer is not good for you better for you to have good spirit in your heart.' None them they do not want to come on our wigewaum. So I went home without glass of beer. So we have prayer meeting. None of us had religion yet. By and by I went to Quarterly Meeting at Mr. Ketcheson. I saw one man and one woman shouting; I thought they were drunk, because is them christian;—must be something in them. Brother Belton he preached that day; he says this. 'If any man be great sinner, Lord will forgive him, if only believe in him.' I thought this, if I do well may be God will forgive me. About one week after this, another quarterly meeting at Seventown Mr. Dings' Barn. In the morning we had Love-feast; they give each other little bread and water. I do not know what they do it for. When I took it the bread, had stop in my throat and choke me. O how I feel in my heart. I think this—surely I belong to devil, because the Lord's bread choke me; I know now that Great Spirit is angry with me. I think this again, I do not know what must I do to be save my soul from that everlasting fire. I thought I will try again. Take another piece and bread—not that the Lords bread, but some I got at a house, I did swallow it down. I feel worse again, because I swallowed down that bread. O how I feel in my heart; I feel like this—if I in under water. In afternoon we went to pray meeting in the Old House, about five o'clock, and Peter Jones says to us. 'Let us lift up our hearts to

God.' I look at him. I do not understand him. I think this, if I do this—take my heart out of my body, I shall be died; however I kneel down to pray to God. I do not know what to say to ask for religion; I only say this—O Keshamunedo, shahnemeshim. O Lord have mercy on me poor sinner. By and by the good Lord he pour his spirit upon my poor wretched heart; then I shout and happy in my heart. I feel very light; and after pray meeting, I went to tell Peter Jones how I feel in my heart; I say to him this, 'I feel something in my heart.' Peter says to me, 'Lord bless you now.' O how glad in my heart. I look around—and look over other side a bay—and look up—and look in the woods; The same is everything new to me. I hope I got religion that day. I thank the Great Spirit what he done for me. I want to be like this which built his house upon a rock. Amen."

Several years after his conversion he related in forcible language the story of God's dealings with his soul.

Two years after the light shone into his soul, he attended a camp meeting held on Snake Island, and gave several addresses. He spoke of his pagan life and entrance into liberty. Christians ought to be, said he, as wise as the red squirrel who looks ahead and, thinking of the approaching winter, provides food. They ought to imitate the red squirrel by preparing to meet God. Now is the time to lay up the good words of the Great Spirit. Where will he go who refuses to be as wise as the red squirrel?

During the same meeting he said: "My brothers and sisters. I have been one of the most miserable creatures on earth. I lived and wandered amongst the white people on the Bay of Quinte, and contracted all the vices and soon became very wicked. At one time I had a beloved child who became very ill. I tried to save the child from dying, but I could not, the child died in defiance of all that I could do for him. I was then more fully convinced that there must be some Being greater than man, and that the Great Being does all things according to his own will. When I heard the missionaries preach Jesus Christ, and what we ought to do to be saved, I believed their word, and I began at once to do as they advised, and soon found peace to my soul. Brothers and sister, I will tell you what the good missionaries are like: they are like sun glass which scatter light and heat wherever they are held; so do the missionaries of Christ spread the light of truth amongst the people, which warms their hearts, and makes them very happy."

After he had experienced the enlightening influence of God's Spirit there sprang up in his heart a desire to obtain more education. He was unable to read or write, and he felt to be

useful he must do something towards developing his native genius. He had good mental qualities, a lively imagination and an aptitude for describing men and things that produced lasting impressions upon the minds of his hearers by their quaintness and power. Help was given him to obtain training for his intellect from the Dorcas Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The sum total of the education he received was limited, and comprised merely the ability to read and write. He lacked the dignity of the ideal Indian, and was unable to charm his audiences with the majestic stateliness of Indian speech, but he possessed the power of reaching the conscience by his penetrating appeals, and he had the gift of conveying instruction by his quaint illustrations and humorous tales.

The love of Christ constrained him to go and tell to others the sweet story of the Cross. Within two months after his conversion he volunteered to go with Peter Jones on a missionary tour. Love for the souls of his Indian Brethren compelled him to travel amongst them relating his experience, praying fervently with them and preaching pointedly salvation through Christ alone. He began without any recognized authority to instruct him to preach Christ and him crucified.

The Rev. Wm. Case and his family were awakened early one morning by sounds coming from a wigwam, evidently of a person in deep distress. The missionary went to learn the cause of the trouble and observed an aged woman standing up in a wigwam speaking in an intensely earnest manner to those present. Upon inquiring as to who the person was, and the cause of her sorrow, John Sunday replied: "Oh, it is my mother. She so happy all night, she can't sleep."

Happy in his Savior's love he could now rejoice that the Lord had touched the heart of his aged parent. This was a source of encouragement to him to continue telling his Indian brethren of the blessings resulting from the faith in God.

(To be Continued.)

#### VOTERS' LISTS—FINAL REVISION.

His Honor Judge Jones, the Revising officer for North and South Brant, has fixed the days for the final revision of the Dominion Voters' as follows:

##### SOUTH BRANT.

Paris, June 26th, at town Hall.  
Onondaga, July 12, at Township Hall.  
Tuscorora, July 14th, at Council House.  
West Brantford, July 16th, at Mt. Pleasant.  
City of Brantford, July 19th, at Court House.

St. Thomas Times: "Under the Crooks Act it will be an offence for a white man to sell liquor to Indians. Under the Scott Act Indians visit London, purchase whiskey, bring it to St. Thomas and sell it to white men. Detective Heenan, arrested William Nicholas, an Indian, who had returned from the Forest City and two or three quart bottles filled with liquor were found in his pockets. The Magistrates fined him \$3 and \$3 costs or 30 days.

#### HOW THE CREES BANQUETED ME.

I was a member of the first Red River Expedition, under General Wolseley, in 1870, and in the year following my discharge was further seized with the spirit of adventure. Purchasing an "outfit" consisting of an Indian pony, a cart, tent, and stock of provisions, I started from Manitoba for the Great Plains of the Saskatchewan, and on arriving at Fort Edmonton concluded to pass a year with the Half-breed buffalo hunters and Indians, establishing my watering post at Saddle Lake, on the north side of the upper Saskatchewan, about ninety miles northwest of Fort Pitt.

Joining a party of French Halfbreeds, I left Saddle Lake in October, 1872, on a buffalo hunt to procure a supply of meat for the winter's use.

After crossing the North Saskatchewan, and arriving at the Great Plains, buffalo were met with in vast numbers, and we soon filled twenty-seven carts, but a severe and protracted snow storm caught us while sojourning in the Cree camp under the leadership of Chief Little Pine, who was poisoned in Poundmaker's camp ten days before the Cutknife fight of last Summer. Owing to the stormy weather we were compelled to remain in camp for over a week.

The lodges were pitched on the sheltered side of a hill, from the summit of which bands of buffalo could be seen feeding, and ample supplies were brought in daily by the squaws, who went out with dog-trains after the hunters had made a "run."

No settlers or mounted police had then appeared on the plains, and the Indians were living in their primitive way, hunting, feasting and dancing, enjoying the present caring nought for the morrow.

Although this was a camp of the Crees, several Blackfeet were visiting it, the two tribes for a wonder, being at peace, in consequence of the terrible havoc made in the ranks of both by the small pox, which had raged on the plains during the previous year.

For several days I had been hunting with the Indians and feeding on fresh meat, humps, and marrow bones, when, early one morning, I determined to go out alone on a "still hunt," hoping to get near enough to a herd to send a bullet through the fattest animal in it. As my arrangements were about completed, and I had donned my dressed skin hunting shirt, powder horn and bullet pouch, Chief Little Pine entered the lodge and noticing my movements, asked Johnny Pritchard, one of the Metis, to request me to remain, as some of my Indian friends intended to visit me that morning. Unwillingly I complied, and soon had good cause to regret that I had done so.

Little Pine's lodge, in which I was living, was a very large and commodious one, well lined with ornamented dressed buffalo skins, to ward off the draughts which entered beneath the walls, and liberally supplied with warm robes, strewn about on the ground, for use as "chairs" and beds.

Johnny Pritchard, who has since become famous as the preserver of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, at Frog Lake, was with me in

the lodge, and was the only person, beside myself, in the camp who could speak English. Johnny proved a good, honest, warm-hearted fellow during the long period in which he was connected with me.

Soon after Little Pine's entrance the skin door of the lodge was pushed aside, and the medicine man of the camp made his appearance, bearing under his arm his stock in trade, rolled up in a dressed wolf skin. Seating himself beside me, after shaking hands, he untied his roll, and, amongst other articles, produced a large redstone pipe, into which he fitted a long carved and ornamented wooden stem, and placed it before him on two sticks.

Presently the skin door was again opened, and two Indians came in. One of these was old Bent Reed, who had constituted himself a sort of protector and general guide to me in my wanderings amongst the many lodges, of all sizes, composing the camp. He it was who introduced me to the dance tent, and every lodge wherein a feast was under way. He had a wonderful nose and could tell in a moment when the hump, marrow bone or hip, which was to be the crowning dish of the meal, was cooked to a turn, and the host only waited our presence to place it on the ground before us. The other individual was Dog Tail, who some days before had, with much ceremonial feasting and painkiller drinking, accepted me as his brother.

They had scarcely seated themselves, cross-legged, on the robes spread around the open fire which burned in the centre of the lodge, when a croud of Indians appeared and filled every available inch of space. They all appeared to be in the best of humor, while casting many admiring and expectant glances at two big copper kettles which had been brought in and placed near the fire in front of the medicine man. Old Bent Reed chuckled and nudged me many times, while I wondered what it all meant.

An odor of boiled meat came from the kettles mingled with a strangely fragrant, sweet smell, which pervaded the lodge, and convinced me that it was some special dish of tidbits cooked for my benefit. So it afterwards proved to be, but of a nature quite different from what I expected.

The old medicine man now slowly, and with much deliberation and care, cut some tobacco and filled the big pipe, the Indians meanwhile preserving a perfect silence. Taking a coal from the fire—I never saw an Indian light his pipe from a flame when he could get a coal—he ignited the tobacco with two or three long drawn inhalations, and blew a cloud of smoke to each of the four cardinal points, the earth, and the sky, after each puff pointing the pipe-stem in the same direction.

Following this ceremony came a short oration after which the pipe was passed from hand to hand, until all present had taken from it a whiff of smoke. As soon as all had participated in this observance the ashes were carefully shaken from the bowl, which was again placed in position before the medicine man, who at once began to deliver a mighty discourse. With much gesticulation and many apparent appeals to his audience for approval, he spoke rapidly and harmoniously.

My situation was far from pleasant, though after the pipe had been passed I was quite at ease as to their pacific intentions. I understood a little of the Cree language, but could only follow the general drift of the remarks made, interlarded, as they were, by copious signs and gesticulations.

The discourse was quite lengthy, and, as afterwards interpreted to me by Johnny, was to the effect that the white men who had lately come into their country were appearing on the plains, hunting the Indian's buffalo, and that some envoy should be sent by the Good Mother to explain to them what it all meant. I, who was the first Canadian who had visited them under the new order of things, was very welcome, as I acted as a friend and brother. I could kill all the buffalo I required for food, but I was to tell the Great Chiefs on my return home that no more hunters should come to the plains until a message was sent explaining the things that were then dark to them. They hoped I would tell my people these words.

A chorus of "How! How! How!" followed every appeal the medicine man made to the circle of half-naked and battle-scarred warriors. At the close of his oratorical effort he again shook hands with me, sat down with a self-satisfied air, and immediately turned his attention to the contents of the kettles simmering on the fire.

I made them a short speech through my interpreter, explaining that, having been told of their country, I had come to visit them and hunt the buffalo for a season, and strongly advised them to close their ears to the voices of any bad men, who would endeavor to make them believe that the Good Mother would take from them their hunting grounds or send men to run lines about their grounds without first getting their consent and holding treaties with them. I assured them I would faithfully bear their message to the Great Chief at the settlement (Winnipeg), who represented the Good Mother. This promise I honestly kept the following summer, when I had an interview with Lieutenant Governor Morris, at Winnipeg, and at his request made a formal report in writing on the subject.

My words seemed to please the assemblage, for the medicine man, Little Pine, Bent Reed and others stepped up and very solemnly shook hands once more, with grunts of evident satisfaction.

During all this time the steam was issuing from the kettles, and I had become quite curious as to the nature of its contents. My solicitude on this point was, however, soon relieved, for the moment the speech making was at an end the medicine man took the kettles off the fire, and, with much stirring, made ready to transfer what they held to four tin washhand basins, which had been brought forth from some hidden recess and laid before him.

These preparations I viewed with considerable trepidation, that almost amounted to fear, when each basin was filled with strange-looking bones and meat, and my feelings were not at all calmed when from the second kettie, he poured over the meat a thick, reddish-colored stream of sauce, which I at once recognized as boiled dried choke-cherries.

With complete formality a basin was placed before each of the two Metis, Little Pine and myself. Johnny, who was three seats removed from me, looked very uneasy and perplexed, and I asked him, in a low tone, what this fearful-looking mess was composed of. He answered back, "Dog!"

Horror of horrors! I was in a lather of perspiration in a moment's time.

Could I ever eat it! If it were but a single rib or slice I might stand some chance of getting it down; but a whole quarter of a dog! I turned weak at the very thought.

Johnny whispered: "You must eat it, or they will be greatly insulted and annoyed. I am going to try it."

What was I to do? I was the only white man within the radius of a hundred miles, and did not know what would be the result of a refusal on my part to eat of this, perhaps, sacred bow-wow, over which so much incantation and ceremony had been expended.

Summoning up courage, I lifted the big iron spoon which had been stuck into my dish, took a mouthful of the sauce, and swallowed it. I imagined a lot of steel filings washed down by sugared soup. I thought my throat was in rags. The sharp edges of the sun-dried cherry stones scratched and cut until they arrived at a resting-place in my interior economy. (The cherries, when ripe, are gathered, placed in a skin sack to be mashed with a pounder, stones and all, until they are well broken up, beaten together, when the mass is exposed to the sun to dry, until hard as gravel.)

After that mouthful I inwardly vowed that all the Indians on the plains would not force me to repeat the experience, and, thinking nothing could be worse than the sauce, I seized a piece of the dog meat, and with my teeth, savagely tore off a morsel.

When I explain that the dog had been strangled and the hair singed off its hide, the skin being scorched in the operation, some faint idea may be had of my sensation on discovering that my signal ill-luck had caused me to take some of the burnt skin at this first bite. It was as bitter as gall!

Forcing down the piece after the flinty fragments of choke-cherries, I stole a look at Johnny to see how he was progressing with his share of the trouble. He was the very picture of misery, great beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. His eye meeting mine, he gasped out: "Ah, boy, I'm sick!" I understood exactly what his feelings were, for in a moment I was deadly ill, and quite prepared to fight before I ate another atom of that canine.

In all his experience on the plains, Johnny had never been called upon to eat dog flesh, and in despair he turned to McGillies, the French Metis, (many of the French half-breeds have Scotch names,) who was eating away most unconcernedly, and asked him what was to be done, for we would not eat any more of the mess.

McGillies laughed, and after a short conversation with Little Pine, told us to offer the basins to our next neighbors, with presents. I quickly shoved my dish before Bent Reed, with a plug of tobacco and a bottle of pain-killer. That old fraud, who, I believe, had taken his

seat by my side in anticipation of this action, gracefully accepted the present, and with much chuckling speedily proceeded to devour the dog and cherry sauce, at times bestowing spare ribs on favored neighbors. The bones were handed from one to the other, until they reached the door, where, on the outside, many attendant squaws picked and polished them with a great amount of sucking and smacking of lips.

A little more talk and exchange of compliments and the feast given in my honor, as a peculiar mark of their high esteem, was at an end. I was glad, very much so, and was perfectly sincere when I told them that their kindness on this occasion would never be forgotten by me as long as I lived.

The Indians quietly dropped out one by one, and Johnny and I exchanged words of condolence with each other.

McGillies and Little Pine, having filled their pipes, leaned back on piles of furs and quietly puffed away, having heartily enjoyed their share of the repast.

Being afraid of more complimentary banquets of dog meat, I left the camp early in the morning, amidst a shower of good wishes from my Cree friends.

#### BURYING THE BONES.

(RED JACKET, BUFFALO, OCT. 9, 1884.)

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

It is half an age since he passed away,  
The chief we honored that autumn day.

The day was bright, but what of the deed,  
Ah! that depends on the make of the creed.

It is well that his bones find at last,  
But what of the wrongs of the silent past?

To judge from the law brought down from the  
mount,

It will need much more to square the account.

He spoke for his people, great and small,  
But our ears were closed to his plaintive call.

He sued for justice, he sought for right,  
But died as he lived without the sight.

We gave no heed to his living tones,  
But what of that? We buried his bones.

He plead for his own and we heard him not,  
But see the monument he has got.

The stony return from the ages gone:  
He asked for bread and they gave him a stone.

BUFFALO, NOV. 7TH, 1884.

Dr. Oronhyatekha addressed a large meeting of the Mohawk Indians at the Council House, Belleville, on Wednesday of last week, explaining to them the provisions of the new Franchise Act as they affected the Indians. He advised them to form an organization and to work harmoniously and unitedly, and they would thus make themselves respected by both parties. The Indians now hold the balance of power in East Hastings. The Doctor was invited to assist them at a meeting to be held for organization two weeks hence.

## NOTED SAYINGS OF NOTED MEN.

FROM THE HANSARD.

APRIL 30TH, 1885.

Mr. MILLS, (Reformer). I rise to ask the hon. gentleman how we are to understand the word Indian. Does he use it in the sense of an Indian enfranchised under the Indian Act, or in the sense of Indians who are not enfranchised?

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, (Conservative) I fancy that an Indian who is qualified would have a vote if he is a British subject. If an Indian has an income of \$300 a year, he will have a vote the same as any other person.

Mr. MILLS. What we are anxious to know is whether the hon. gentleman proposes to give other than enfranchised Indians votes.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Yes.

Mr. MILLS. Indians residing on a reservation.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Yes, if they have the necessary property qualification.

Mr. MILLS. An Indian who cannot make a contract for himself, who can neither buy nor sell anything without the consent of the superintendent general—an Indian who is not enfranchised.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD. Whether he is enfranchised or not.

Mr. MILLS. This will include Indians in Manitoba and British Columbia?

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Yes.

Mr. MILLS. Poundmaker and Big Bear?

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Yes.

Mr. MILLS. So that they can go from a scalping party to the polls. Why the hon. gentleman should be anxious to confer the electoral franchise upon a portion of the community who are not taxed, who are not subject to any burdens in the conduct of the Government of the country, who are not permitted to buy or sell or to make contracts on their own behalf, who are dealt with by the Government precisely as children are dealt with, and at the same time withhold the franchise from large numbers of the white population, a great many people will not be able to understand. That class of the community who are held to be wards of the Government, utterly incapable of managing their own affairs, are to be entrusted with the most important franchise that can be conferred upon a free people. I am opposed to placing in the hands of the Administration a certain number of votes because that is precisely what this provision means. An Indian who is a ward of the Government, who can buy or sell nothing without a license from the Superintendent General, and who is less qualified to exercise the franchise than many a boy running through the streets of this city, is to have the franchise conferred upon him, while many a white man is denied that privilege.

Mr. DAWSON, (Conservative). I should have thought that the hon. gentleman would have been liberal in his views towards a class who were once under his charge. The Ontario Act provides as fully for giving the franchise to the Indians as this Bill does. The hon. gentleman read from the Ontario Act. That was the law in Ontario for many years, but two years

ago they altered it, so as to prevent Indians who drew annuities, or certain sums of money for lands ceded to the Government, from having votes. The Indians, I may say, would be far from voting uniform in any particular way; for they are guided, like other people, by their opinions and predilections; they do not change their opinions readily. The hon. gentleman quoted further from the Ontario Act, 48 Vic., chap. 144. This, Sir, is a very sweeping clause, and I think it is a very illiberal and unsound provision to exclude Indians for no better reason than drawing moneys from the Government for lands which they have ceded—moneys which continue to be paid to them by all Governments, and of which no Government of the day can deprive them. It is surely ungenerous to call them paupers, dependent on the Government. In the district I represent there are many Indians who have property, and pay their taxes, who are educated, and who have been elected as members of the municipal councils. One was reeve of a municipality, and many of them are well off. Yet, because these men draw money from the Government on account of the lands they ceded, they are deprived of votes. That, I think, is unfair. The hon. gentleman says he will allow the enfranchised Indians to vote, but I say, anyone who reads the Act with reference to the enfranchisement of Indians, which dates from a somewhat remote period, will see that it is almost impossible for the Indians to become enfranchised under that Act. (The hon. gentleman here quoted from the Act 43 Vic., chap. 28, at considerable length.) This provision makes the Act practically ineffective, for if you give an Indian an allotment on a reserve, that moment you break up the reserve, and render it useless for the purpose for which it was established. Besides, the Indians themselves are so attached to the tribal system that they would not consent to it. The clause with reference to enfranchising Indians who are educated looks fair enough, but it, too, is utterly impracticable, as the idea of an educated man going through a probationary term of three years to become enfranchised is absurd, when he knows that the moment the laws have enfranchised them they step out of the reserve. This law is intended to apply only to Indians who have left their wild life and acquired property sufficient to keep them and their families comfortable, and these men are as able to exercise the franchise as white men, for the Indian is naturally intelligent, and when he gives up his wandering habits makes a very good member of the community. The hon. gentleman has held forth the idea that the franchise is to be given to Indians who are hardly removable from the condition of pauperism; but let me tell him that there are Indians throughout this Dominion who are far advanced in civilization. There are Indians who have been in France, in England, and in other countries in Europe, for their education. I believe that the Premier of Manitoba will come under the designation of an Indian; the wife of one of the Governors in Manitoba, before that Province was part of the Dominion, and who was remarkable for her hospitality and good breeding, was an Indian; I believe the wife of another Governor, a lady who has been looked upon by people along the Pacific coast as a very

accomplished person, was an Indian; and we have a very intelligent class of people among Indians all through the country. I know some very intelligent Indians who even draw this little annuity from the Government. There is one on the island of Manitoulin, who has a shop in which there are \$10,000 worth of goods. It is a mistake to suppose that these Indians are without the affections common to other men; they are not the barbarians which many people imagine, and I say that this law, which the hon. gentlemen has quoted, and which came down through a period of two hundred years, is an extraordinary one. I know of another case of an Indian in Algoma who sends his children to Paris to be educated, who has from six to a dozen white people in his employ as servants, and yet, because he draws his annuity, he is not allowed by the Ontario law to vote.

Mr. BLAKE, (Reformer). The question before us is not one of sympathy with the Indians at all. I do not suppose any well-regulated mind can feel anything but sympathy with the original possessors of the soil of this continent. That is not the question. The question is, whether the Indian, in the sense in which the hon. gentleman uses that word in this clause, is a fit subject for the exercise of the franchise. Now, what is the word franchise? It is a symbol of the freedom of the party, and it is not upon any except a free man that you have a right to confer the power to elect the representatives who will make the laws. Freedom is essential to this right; and I maintain that under the laws as they exist there is sufficient evidence to show that the Indian—at any rate the Indian who is not enfranchised within the meaning of that word in the Indian Act—does not occupy that position in which it is safe to give him the franchise.

Mr. MILLS, (Ref.). The hon. gentleman will see that while, by the Indian Act now in force, these Indians are not capable of managing their own affairs, it is proposed by the present Bill to say that they are capable of managing the affairs of the country. The House and the country will know that the object of passing such a law is to enable a party to succeed in certain constituencies that otherwise they could not succeed in. I say this proposition is more offensive to the liberties of the people of this country than treason itself, because this indirect way of taking away the rights and liberties of the people is doing infinitely greater violence to the constitution of the country than anything that can be done by men who take up arms against the Government of the country. This Act is an attack upon that system of government which we have inherited from the mother country. The hon. gentleman had the audacity to tell the people of England that he and his supporters were the men who stood up for British principles, but I would ask him if there is anything British in this proposition to degrade the electoral franchise, and put it in the hands of men who are held incapable of managing their own private affairs. The hon. gentleman stands here in the position of a man who has taken sides with those who are taking up arms against the Government of the country.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD (Con). I am

sorry that the proposal to put in one word in this clause should excite the blatant indignation of hon. gentlemen, and move them to make such an exhibition of themselves in discussing the question of whether or not an Indian is a person. The hon. gentleman knows perfectly well, and the hon. member for Algoma in his admirable and well-informed speech, has told us that many of these Indians are respectable, educated and worthy Indians in every respect, and he knows perfectly well that the Bill can in no way apply to the savage nomads of the North-West. It is only designed to give a vote to those Indians who have the ostensible evidences of property which the white man can show—have houses, furniture, and civilized appliances of a certain value. With regard to what has been said by the hon. member for West Durham, he knows perfectly well how these Indian affairs are managed, and that as a matter of fact these duties are performed through subordinate officers and that the Indians are just as little dependent upon or interfered with by the Superintendent General as any trustee of a real estate interferes with those who are the subjects of that estate. The Superintendent General represents the chief trustee—the Sovereign—but is that any reason why those who are the inhabitants of this country, who own property, who live, and raise families and die in this country, if they are otherwise qualified, should not have votes. Of course there are restrictions in the Indian Act, because the purpose of that Act was by slow degrees—but as speedy degrees as possible, as speedily as the old prejudices and habits of the Indians would justify it—they should be freed from these trammels. As quickly as the prejudices of the Indians themselves will allow, the effort of legislation respecting them has been to free them from those trammels, and to enable them to go forward, and become as independent British subjects, as if they were white men. The annuities paid to the different bands are their own moneys and they go to them as their right. Their lands have been sold; the proceeds have been funded at a certain rate of interest, which the Government pays; and the Indian has the same right to his annual payment as if he were a shareholder in a bank receiving a dividend. It is his own money; and why this illiberal restriction should be put on an unfranchised Indian I cannot see, unless it is for some political reason, which I will not say, as the hon. gentleman opposite might, who chooses to attribute motives. If it is wrong, if it is treasonable, if it is infamous, if it is audacious, and I do not know what else, what is it in the Government of Ontario? We are actuated, I believe, by the same desire, to give British subjects, red or white, if they have the property qualification, the right to vote as such. The Indian contributes to the revenue just as well as the white man. He buys taxed goods, he wears taxed clothes, he drinks taxed tea, or perhaps excised whiskey, just as well as the white man; and according to the Liberal principle, we are to have taxation without representation in the case of the poor Indian. How hon. gentlemen opposite would exclaim against the crushing tyranny of depriving a man who contributes to the revenue of the right to vote for representatives in Parliament; we should hear the Liberal drum rub-a-dub-dubbing around

around the country that here was an instance of oppression and tyranny—here, in a country that boasts of representative institutions; here, under a Superintendent General, who said, in England that his party drew their inspirations from England, that I imposed taxation on men and then deprived them of representation.

Mr. MILLS. What about the Chinese?

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. The hon. gentleman wants now to change the subject. He has had enough of the Indians; and now he comes to the "Heathen Chinese." Sir, in humble imitation of the Province of Ontario, I have ventured to say that an Indian is a person, and I have ventured to ask Parliament also to say that when the Indian has the necessary property qualification he should have the same vote as a British subject—as the white man has.

(To be Continued.)

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

CONTRACTS AWARDED FOR BEEF AND GENERAL SUPPLIES.

OTTAWA, May 18.—The contracts for Indian supplies have been awarded to the following firms:—

Beef—T. G. Baker & Co. and the Cochrane Rancho Co., Calgary; Sinclair and Gillespie, Winnipeg; Allison & Scott, Regina.

General Supplies—George Lebell, J. M. Garland, and T. S. & H. Borbridge, Ottawa; J. A. Doolittle and J. B. Milliken, Fort Qu'Appelle; George F. Munroe, A. McDonald, and the Hudson Bay Co., Winnipeg; Anderson & Collins, Grenfell, N.W.T.; T. A. Browne, Collingwood; Sibbald, Lindsay & Co., J. A. Kerr, and Mowat Bros., Regina; Logan & Sons, Renfrew; Thos. Howard, Birtle; Power & Co., Medicine Hat; J. G. Baker & Co., Calgary.

The flour supply contracts have not yet been awarded.

GERONIMO'S BAND.

FEARS OF A RAID ON SOUTHERN ARIZONA—SETTLERS TERROR-STRICKEN—OFFICIAL REPORT OF CAPTAIN HATFIELD'S FIGHT WITH HOSTILES.

TOMBSTONE, Ariz., May 18.—A courier reports that six of Captain Hatfield's men were killed in the ambushade by the Indians. It is feared a raid on the country is contemplated by Geronimo's band, and couriers are being sent out to warn settlers.

EL PASO, Tex., May 18.—The inhabitants of the southern border of Arizona are living in perfect dread of being massacred by Geronimo's band. Old Indian scouts unite in the belief that Geronimo will endeavor to reach the Mescalero reservation for the purpose of persuading friendly Indians to join him in his mountain warfare. These reservation Indians are restless and very much dissatisfied. It is feared that if Geronimo could exert the influence of his presence he could bring away not less than one hundred fresh bucks to replenish his band. There are no soldiers in Southern Arizona at present. If the Apaches after their repulse of Friday near

Santa Cruz should be pressed too hard by the combined forces, it is greatly feared they will be forced across the line, and with no troops at hand to head them off they would make a detour of a hundred miles as they went, and re-enter Sonora with perfect safety.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The following has been received from General Miles, dated Nogales A. T., May 16:—"Captain Hatfield, 4th Cavalry, struck Geronimo's camp yesterday morning. At first he was quite successful, capturing the camp and horses and driving the Indians some distance in the Concha mountains, Mexico. About noon, in moving five miles from camp through a deep canon, he was attacked, and fought for two hours. He lost two soldiers, killed, three wounded, and many of the horses and mules. It is reported the Indians were 70 strong and several were killed. Other troops are in close proximity to the hostiles. It requires nine-tenths of my command to hold in check the large bodies of Indians on the reservations, and protect exposed settlements."

LACROSSE.

CAUGHNAWAGAS VS. MONTREALERS,

MONTREAL, May 15.—The opening game of the season was played here to-day, commencing at 3:30. The Montrealers (champions) were opposed to the Caughnawaga Indians. The first game was taken by the Indians, the second and third by the Montrealers. In the fourth game the match terminated in a free fight. The playing of the Indians was excellent, while that of the Montrealers was up to the old standard. The day was rainy and the ground sloppy.

The lacrosse match between the Capitals and St. Regis Indians on the 24th, will be the principal feature at the opening of the Ottawa Athletic Grounds.

SHE HAD MISSED HER MAN.

A teacher in one of our Indian schools, relates the following incident of an Indian boy's quick thought. He had asked the meaning of the word miss. "To miss" I told him, "is the same as to fail. You shoot at a mark or at a bird and do not hit it; you miss it. You go to a tailor's for a coat, and your coat fits badly, it is a miss-fit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examination, and so you miss the promotion."

His face wore a puzzled air and he shook his head.

"Then," said I, "there is another meaning of miss. We call a married woman, madam, but an unmarried woman, miss."

His face brightened. He smiled and nodded. "Ah, I see," said he "she has missed her man."

Four Indians and two French half-breeds, rebellion prisoners, have just been released from Stony Mountain Penitentiary. The Indians are: Carrot, Little Crow, The Storm and Two-by-Two, and the others. Pierre Henri and James Short.

# THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

## ADVERTISING RATES.

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

The Indian Publishing Co.

Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

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

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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

## Correspondence.

### FROM THE RESERVES.

#### BRANT.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DISTRICT LODGE AT OSHWEKEN.

At the annual meeting of the L. O. District Lodge of Brant, held at Oshweken, the following officers were elected:—Bros. J. Savage, W.D.M.; J. Armstrong, D.D.M.; Chief Smith, Chap.; F. A. Metcalf, Sec., re-elected; William Forde, Treas.; William Wage, D. of C.; W. Hill, Lect. The next annual meeting will be held in Brantford on the second Tuesday in January, 1887. From the reports of the six primary lodges in this District, I find them all in a flourishing condition and increasing numerically and otherwise. A new lodge has recently been organized in Ayr, which makes seven in our jurisdiction. This speaks well for the harmonious way in which the brethren are working, and my wish is that we may long live to assist in furthering the glorious cause of Orangeism.—F.A.M.—*Orange Sentinel.*

#### TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

It is rumoured that many of the youngsters on the Reserve are about to pledge themselves in holy matrimony.

The Indian Nightingales will give us some of the latest selection of music on June 3rd, at the Council House, under the management of Prof. Crow.

A grand pic-nic will be held in the parsonage grove on Dominion Day.

Mr. Wm. Martin has let his farm to S. & N. H. Maracle to work on shares.

Rev. Mr. Kahnonhariyoh, accompanied by Mrs. K., spent a few days this week with Chief F. Loft of the western part of the Reserve.

A. L. Roberts, Esq., and Mrs. Roberts, of

Shannonville, were on the Reserve renewing old acquaintances on Monday last and dined at the Mohawk Parsonage.

On Saturday the Supreme Disposer of Events was pleased in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst the beloved and affectionate wife of W. J. W. Hill. Deceased was 62 years of age, was born on the Reserve and has lived all her life within the limits of the Reserve. She was all her life a devoted member of the Church of England, and by her devout and pious walk and conversation illustrated the principles of her church. The funeral services were largely attended on Monday at All Saints Church, where a large number of friends assembled to pay the last tribute to departed worth. The remains were interred in the adjoining cemetery. The bereaved husband has the sympathy of the writer and a host of friends.—*Deseronto Tribune.*

#### ALDERVILLE.

Most assuredly we must have some friends residing in other Reservations within our beautiful Province of Ontario, who, like ourselves, would be pleased to learn how we are getting along down here. This Reserve is situated in the County of Northumberland eighteen miles north east of the old town of Cobourg bordering on the shores of Lake Ontario, from which our province is named. A stage line leaves the town of Cobourg every day at one o'clock p. m. Sundays excepted, for Roseneath, passing Alderville each way once daily. During the past year nearly, twenty deaths have taken place among the people of this Band, which is considerably more than has occurred in many preceding years since this band have been on this Reservation, inflammation seems to have been the prevailing cause in nearly every case.

The Spring opened unusually early this year, enabling the farming portion of our Band to enter work on their lands much earlier than last year. It is pleasing to know and learn, that considerable move is being manifested among our people here, in the line of agriculture. I am sure you will be pleased to learn, when I acquaint your Indian readers as well as those who really have an interest for the wellbeing of our race. We have an agent located near our village by the name of John Thackery, Esq., J. P., who really looks after the interest of these people, and one who is ever ready to render aid by ways and means to those who are willing to till the land. I am sure we would like to learn from your correspondents from other Reservations respecting their several local agencies regarding the interest manifested by them towards our people.

It is understood here that the celebrated Crow family of this village have been engaged to take part in the grand Re-union Festivity at the White House, Tyendenaga Reservation, on the 3rd of June next.

SARAH MARGRETT.

SIR,—A short time ago the Chief of the Alhwick band of Indians received a letter from Charles Gilchrist, the fishery officer at Rice Lake, to this effect:—

"I have been informed on good authority that your Indians are killing fish. If they do not stop I will cast them off the lake and will not allow them to fish in future."

What an insult! It is a good thing the Indians are a quiet and harmless people. Perhaps it would be well to look back a little and see who have a right to fish in Canadian waters. Our good mother, the Queen, sent out Sir John Johnston as her representative to govern Canada, and he made a treaty with our people. The meeting took place at the carying-place. Some thousands of Indians were present, who all listened very attentively to hear what words would fall from the lips of this great man. The first words he uttered were:—"We want so much of your land—you must remember we do not want the game or fish; those are yours; for they are your living. It is only the land we want." Those were the words uttered by this great man who was much respected by the Indians. If we are not mistaken that treaty is still good, and we think we are right. This took place before the civilization of the Missisauga tribe of Indians of Ontario. The words were to stand good as long as the grass grows and rivers run.

Yours, etc.,

KA-NA-YAH-GE-NE-WAH.

Alderville, May 13.

#### OSHWOKEN.

Everybody is busy seeding on this line, and the prospects for a successful season are bright.

Mr. Richard Davis is about to build a new residence—a commodious structure. Mr. Jas. B. Hill has got the contract.

A crying evil here is the incapability of the pathmasters and in consequence our roads are poor and rough. We hope our council will see to it, that in the future better work is done.

#### PERSONALS.

Mr. Thomas Staats, son of Mr. H. Staats, who has been seriously ill is getting better.

Mr. Richard Davis is one of the staff repairing Cockshutt's bridge.

We are sorry to hear of the sudden death of a son of Elijah Jacket Hill, which will be a great loss to Mr. Hill, for he was the eldest son, aged 18. The funeral took place on Tuesday, and was largely attended. Rev. D. J. Caswell conducting the service.

#### COUNCIL.

A Council meeting was held Tuesday, Superintendent Gilkinson presiding. A good deal of discussion took place about the New Credit Reserve. It was decided to celebrate the 24th of May in the good old way. The red men are intensely loyal to the Crown.

#### FOR ENGLAND.

There is some talk of a number of our chiefs and warriors going to England apart from the Salvation Army delegates who left last week.

#### WANTS ON THE RESERVE.

- 1—Better Chiefs and less Chiefs.
- 2—Better roads and better path-masters.
- 3—The white tenants on the Reserve to do road work.
- 4—Better bridges, culverts, and ditches.

It is understood that it is Mr. James Jamieson's

desire to have seven of our oldest chiefs together with the interpreter of the Six Nation Council photographed and have the pictures placed in the different railway stations, showing the scenery of the well known Lady Dufferin Grove near Onondaga.

The meetings of the different churches of our reserve were well attended on Sunday with the exception of St. John's Church. Your humble scribe regrets to state that the congregation of this church has dwindled to a small number, but would suggest a good choir to bring the renegades back.

The Indians are exceedingly pleased to learn that Mr. James S. Miller, lately of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, has opened a law office on Market street, near Hardy, Wilkes and Jones, for Mr. E. R. Reynolds, of Toronto. We feel sure that Mr. Reynolds will not regret having secured the services of such an industrious and energetic young Indian, and we trust the law profession will soon be pleased to place upon the only representative of that class the honors of a full fledged lawyer.

Dr. Onoutiyoh, of the Buffalo Medical College, has been on the reserve visiting friends, and is at present in Mitchell on a visiting tour. The doctor looks fine, and we wish our brother Indian every success in his new practice across the line.

The farmers are greatly hindered in their work by the rains, and consequently they have not done much sowing yet, beyond a few small patches of spring wheat and oats.

In answer to the 'Frozen Facts' of last week in the *Courier* I would strongly oppose sending the Six Nation band as our representative at the Colonial Exhibition. The cost would be enormous, and I think we would be doing more good by helping our poor than by sending such a troop for the gratification of our sentimental mania. Music is well enough, but bread and butter come first to a goodly number of our Indians.

Mr. Wm. Reep, interpreter for the Six Nation Indians and the representative of Dr. Jones' paper *THE INDIAN*, published at Hagersville, has just returned from a very successful business trip to the North West. Mr. Reep, is interested in Indian Missions. He is a clever well educated young man, and describes the progress of his people with pardonable pride, and states his firm belief and justifies it by examples which he adduces, that the granting of the franchise to his people was but an act of justice, and that those who think they will not use it properly or with a knowledge of its value, are mistaken.

KENYENGA.

Some weeks ago a letter appeared in the *Brantford Expositor*, signed Peter Hill, accusing Peter Hill Farmer of collecting \$40 for certain objects, and applying it to his own use. Inasmuch as Peter Hill cannot write his own name, and inasmuch as the letter had some literary pretensions it is very evident that Peter Hill is only the tool of a certain cunning chief. The \$40 raised by Peter Hill Farmer, was for the purpose of bringing before the Indian depart-

ment the advisability of granting the Six Nations Municipal privileges, and it was with this money that he journeyed to Ottawa and had an interview with the Superintendent General and subsequently had a bill framed which has been sent down to the Government. Now this bill provides for the abolishment of the Council of Chiefs, and the election annually of twelve representatives by ballot, who with the visiting Superintendent should form the Council. Of course the old chiefs don't like the idea of their hereditary rights being set aside, and it was the outcome of spite upon the part of one of their number that prompted the libellous letter in the *Expositor*. Why does he not come forward like a man and not crouch behind the name of one of his dupes?

AN ADVOCATE OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.  
—*Brantford Courier*.

MORAVIANTOWN RESERVE.

MORAVIANTOWN, MAY 10th, 1886.

To the editor of THE INDIAN.

Dear Sir:—The following is the result of the election for officers in council. John Beattie, Esq., Indian Agent, presiding.

For Head Chief—C. M. Stonefish, 29; Ex-chief Lewis, 28. Stonefish' majority 1.

For 2nd, 3rd and 4th officers:—The nominations were: J. B. Noah, 32; James Dolson, 21; Issac Hill, 29; Nilson Stonefish, 20; Wash. Jacobs, 20; Jonathan Hill, 17; W. R. Snake, 8; Abram Logan, 14. J. B. Noah, for 2nd; James Dolson for 3rd and Issac Hill for 4th. officers were elected.

For Secretary.—F. E. Wampum, James J. Stonefish and James Noah. James Noah elected.

The election passed off very quietly and perfect harmony prevailed. A more detailed report will be given at the next meeting of the council.

J. B. N.

CLAIMS OF MANITOULIN INDIANS.

The following from our esteemed Island Contemporary, the Manitoulin Expositor, will be of interest to Collingwood fishermen, and others interested in the Island:

A council of leaders among Indians of the surrounding neighborhood was held on Manitowaning on Monday evening.

From what we could learn from Chief Tugawane, the object of the meeting was to place before the Government certain claims, the subject of which are as follows:

They claim in the first place that the Indians who ceded the major portion of this Island were promised by the Hon. William McDougal, by whom the treaty was made, that when the Island became settled by whites each Indian who was entitled to share in the interest on the purchase money would receive \$10 annually. The Indians say the Island is now well settled and yet they are not getting what was promised.

They also claim that the small islands adjacent to the Manitoulin were never ceded; that all the islands lying within a line drawn seven miles south from the mouth of South Bay, thence to

three miles south of Lonley, thence north between Squaw Islands and west to the centre of Heywood, still absolutely belong to the Wikwemikng Indians; and the Sheguiandah Bay, including Strawberry.

The Indians further claim that they have the exclusive right of fishing within three miles of the Georgian Bay front of the Wikwemikng Reserve.

Now we have carefully read the treaty made on the sixth day of October, 1862, between the Hon. William McDougal (then Superintendent General of Indian affairs) and his deputy, on one part and certain Indian Chiefs on the other; and that document fails to make any such promise as that made by the Indians. All the "Great Manitoulin Island" as well as "the islands adjacent which have been deemed or claimed to be appurtenant or belonging thereto" are ceded to Her Majesty by the treaty; a rider, in the seventh clause, however, reserving that portion of the Manitoulin lying east of Manitwaning and South Bays from the operation thereof. Therefore the whole islands (with the exception named) as well as the adjacent islands were absolutely sold.

Neither are there any special fishing privileges reserved for the Indians. They are simply placed on the same footing as the whites in that respect.

In regard to annuities the only promise made was that the Indians should receive "such sums as may be realized from time to time as interest upon purchase money of lands to be sold for their benefit," less the expense of management after the sale of 100,000 acres.—*Collingwood Enterprise*.

A recently started paper is called the INDIAN. It is humorous in tendency; we suppose it will have a reference to a milkman's mixing water and Choctaw make milk. And then—then—that is—er—hem—well I guess I'm fairly tired now. I will leave it for Ute to continue, my esteemed friend, R. J. E. Perhaps you can digger remark or two up that will Crete a laugh. If I tried to keep this thing up I'd have Modoc's bills to pay than I could well afford.—*Peck's Sun*.

"I have always been successful in winning money at horse races, by betting on time instead of betting on horses," remarked a horse jockey to some friends at a prominent hotel last evening.

"That, I suppose, is a good way if you are acquainted with the speed of the horses that are entered," said one of the crowd,

"I'm not always acquainted with the horse's speed, but I'm generally pretty lucky in saving my money on time."

"That's so," spoke up another of the crowd.

"I did not know you was here. What do you know about my saving money on time?"

"Well, all I know is that you owe me some money and you have saved it on time."

"How?"

"By always telling me to come some other time, when I call on you for it."

Subscribe for THE INDIAN.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF  
INDIAN AFFAIRS.

(UNITED STATES.)

## INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.

When the farm and the school have become familiar institutions among the Indians, and reasonable time has intervened for the transition from barbarism of a semi-civilized state to one of civilization, then will the Indian be prepared to take upon himself the higher and more responsible duties and privileges, which appertain to American citizenship. A wider and better knowledge of the English language among them is essential to their comprehension of the duties and obligations of citizenship. At this time but few of the adult population can speak a word of English, but with the efforts now being made by the Government and by religious and philanthropic associations and individuals, especially in the Eastern States, with the missionary and the school-master industriously in the field everywhere among the tribes, it is to be hoped, and it is confidently believed, that among the next generation of Indians the English language will be sufficiently spoken and used to enable them to become acquainted with the laws, customs, and institutions of our country, and to regulate their conduct in obedience to its authority.

When this point in their upward progress has been attained they will be a part and parcel of the great brotherhood of American citizens, and the last chapter in the solution of the Indian problem will be written. After that we shall hear no more of the Indian as a separate and distinct race; we shall hear no more of him as a "ward of the nation"; but like the alien and the negro, who by our laws are admitted to the great family of American citizens, each individual must stand upon his own bottom, enjoying equal rights and bearing equal responsibilities.

It is confidently believed that the present policy of the Government toward the Indian is fast bringing the younger class of Indians up to the point where they can see the advantage of citizenship. This is strictly illustrated by the attitude of some of the youth now being educated at the Carlisle Training School, one of whom, writing upon the subject, says:

I want to be admitted into citizenship, but I would like to know what real rights I will have, what benefits I may enjoy, or under what punishment must I suffer.

Speaking of losing his rights as an Indian if he should become a citizen, the same writer says:

Lose my writes as an Indian! What are the rights that an Indian has? Is it drawing the rations and beef every week? No, the Indians have no rights. Then how is it that I shall lose my Indian rights? Is it not the Government policy to abandon all this? Some of the good people do not want Indians to become citizens of the United States, because they want to treat them as separate nations. The negroes became citizens while they were just as ignorant as can be, even now. Why cannot the Indians be allowed citizenship? Free us from the rights of support and ignorance, and give us the rights of civilized citizenship. We are bound to be citizens, and why not now?

While such sentiments are very natural to a young Indian whose aspirations have been

awakened by a liberal education, and which would be common to the Indian race if they had equal advantages and a like education, such a new departure to the vast mass of the Indians would now be inopportune, and instead of bringing blessings, would entail disaster. Take, for instance, some of the quiet peaceable Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Under the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, and the decisions of the courts, they are held to be entitled to the rights of citizenship; but a personal acquaintance with their "governors," as they style themselves, reveals an incapacity which, for the present, must wholly unfit them to exercise the rights of an American citizen. They are rather objects of sympathy and governmental guardianship.

In a recent case (*Elk vs. Wilkins*, 112 U. S. Reps., 94) the Supreme Court of the United States decided that an Indian born a member of one of the Indian tribes, within the United States, who has voluntarily separated himself from his tribe and taken up his residence among the white citizens of a State, does not thereby become a citizen of the United States, and cannot make himself a citizen without the consent and co-operation of the Government. In view of this decision a bill was introduced in the last Congress of Senator Daves declaring every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States, who has voluntarily taken up, within said limits, his residence separate and apart from any tribe of Indians therein, and who has adopted the habits of civilized life, to be a citizen of the United States, and entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of such citizens.

While I consider desirable the enactment of some law whereby the Indians who have dissolved their tribal relations and are sufficiently prudent and intelligent to manage their own affairs, can become citizens of the United States by some process similar to that provided for the naturalizations of the aliens, still it seems to me this bill is too broad in its operations, and would make citizens of those who are totally unfitted for such responsibilities. Any action taken in this direction must be gradual. The Indian must be educated up to a point where citizenship would be an advantage and not a disadvantage to him. He must be brought up to that standard where he can understand the white man's law, its benefits to him if he obeys it, and its penalties if he violates it.

The treaty of the United States with the Kickapoo Indians provided a mode by which aspiring Indians could become citizens of the United States, which was to accept or receive their part of the reservation lands in severalty in fee-simple, with power of alienation, they being first required to appear in open court and take the oath of allegiance (as in the case of naturalization of foreigners), and also by proof to satisfy the court that they were able to manage their own affairs, had adopted the habits of civilized life, and had been able for five years to support themselves and families. (13 Stat., p. 624, Art. III.) I do not believe that the above entire legislation was wise or salutary. The power of alienating their lands should not be given to the Indians for many years after they are allowed to exercise the rights of American

citizens in all other respects. The history of the Kickapoos and some of the Shawnees and Pottawatomies, and some tribes in Michigan and Wisconsin, who have taken lands in severalty without a restrictive power of alienation, and who have disposed of them, and are now for the most part pensioners upon the bounty of the Government, or are without visible means of support, is sufficient to demonstrate the fact that the Indians in general are not sufficiently advanced in education and civilization to make it safe, and to their best interest, to give them citizenship and title to their lands with unrestricted power of alienation. What I would impress is the fact that there are but few Indians outside of the civilized tribes, who are prepared to own lands in severalty without the Government retaining a lien upon the same as trustee for twenty-five or thirty years, allowing no power of alienation by them either to white men or to their own race.

## CONCENTRATION OF INDIANS.

Many theories have been advanced by as many theories as to what policy it is proper to pursue with the Indian. I rejoice to know that one theory has been exploded which had its advocates, if not numerous, at least very noisy for a while, to wit, the theory that "the best Indian is a dead one." The enlightened Christian sentiment of this country—East, North, South, and West—has frowned down any such inhuman and unchristian sentiment.

The friends of the Indians have differed among themselves as to the best mode of promoting their true welfare, one view being to concentrate them upon the Indian Territory, which, under the provisions of the act of May 28, 1830, and various treaties, was set apart for the use and occupancy of the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and other tribes; a portion of which has by subsequent treaties been ceded to the United States for the purpose of locating friendly Indians and freedmen thereon, and upon another portion of which the Government is, by treaty stipulations, permitted to settle friendly Indians. From time to time several tribes and fragmentary tribes have been removed there upon these terms, and are now permanently settled and most favorably located.

The Indian Territory has an area of about 64,222 square miles, or about 41,102,280 acres. It is situated between the Arkansas River and the thirty-seventh degree of north latitude, and nearly in the center of the United States, east and west. Its climate is delightful, and its resources almost unbounded. While there are some poor lands within its limits, yet, taken as a whole, it is hardly excelled in its natural resources by any other portion of the United States of the same extent. Its soil is adapted to the raising of all the cereals, and cotton is cultivated with profit in some portions of the Territory, and its grazing resources and adaptability to raising stock are unexcelled. It has an abundance of water, with timber in different portions in limited quantities, while an abundance of coal of good quality is found.

The advantages of this country for the location, advancement, and civilization of the Indian is strikingly illustrated by the progress of the five civilized tribes.

(To be Continued.)



## Literary Department.

## THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

## CHAPTER VII, (CONTINUED.)

"What is to be done?" demanded Duncan, losing the first feeling of disappointment in a more manly desire for exertion; what will become of us?"

Hawk-eye made no other reply than by passing his finger around the crown of his head, in a manner so significant, that none who witnessed the action could mistake the meaning.

"Surely, surely, our case is not so desperate!" exclaimed the youth; "the Hurons are not here; we may make good the caverns; we may oppose their landing."

"With what?" coolly demanded the scout. "The arrows of Uncas, or such tears as women shed! No, no; you are young, and rich, and have friends, and at such an age it is hard to die; but," glancing his eyes at the Mohicans, "let us remember we are men without a cross, and let us teach these natives of the forest, that white blood can run as freely as red, when the appointed hour is come."

Duncan turned quickly in the direction indicated by the other's eyes, to read a confirmation of his worst apprehensions in the conduct of the Indians. Chingachgook, placing himself in a dignified posture on another fragment of the rock, had already laid aside his knife and tomahawk, and was in the act of taking the eagle's plume from his head and smoothing the solitary tuft of hair in readiness to perform its last and revolting office. His countenance was composed, though thoughtful, while his dark, gleaming eyes were gradually losing their fierceness of the combat in an expression better suited to the change he expected momentarily to undergo.

"Our case is not, cannot be so hopeless," said Duncan; even at this very moment succor may be at hand. I see no enemies! they have sickened of a struggle in which they risk so much with so little prospect to gain."

"It may be a minute, or it may be an hour, afore the wily serpents steal upon us, and it is quite in nature for them to be lying within hearing at this very moment," said Hawk-eye; "but come they will, and in such a fashion as will leave us nothing to hope. Chingachgook,"—he spoke in Delaware—"my brother, we have fought our last battle together, and the Maquas will triumph in the death of the sage man of the Mohicans, and of the pale face, whose eyes can make night as day, and level the clouds to the mists of the springs."

"Let the Mingo women go weep over their slain!" returned the Indian, with characteristic pride and unmoved firmness; "the Great Snake of the Mohicans has coiled himself in their wigwams, and has poisoned their triumph with the wailing of children, whose fathers have not returned! Eleven warriors lie hid from the graves of their tribes since the snows have melted, and none will tell where to find them when

the tongue of Chingachgook shall be kept silent! Let them draw the sharpest knife, and the swiftest tomahawk, for their bitterest enemy is in their hands. Uncas, topmost branch of a noble trunk, call on the cowards to hasten or their hearts will soften, and they will change to women!"

"They look among the fishes for their dead!" returned the low, soft voice of the youthful chieftain; "the Hurons float with the slimy eels! They drop from the oaks like fruit that is ready to be eaten! and the Delawares laugh!"

"Ay, ay," muttered the scout, who had listened to the peculiar burst of the natives with deep attention; "they have warmed their Indian feelings, and they'll soon provoke the Maquas to give them a speedy end. As for me, who am of the whole blood on the whites, it is benefitting that I should die as becomes my color, with no words of scoffing in my mouth, and without bitterness at the heart!"

"Why die at all!" said Cora, advancing from the place where natural horror had; until this moment, held her riveted to the rock; "the path is open on every side; fly, then, to the woods, and call on God for succor! Go, brave men, we owe you too much already; let us no longer involve you in our hapless fortunes!"

"You but little know the craft of the Iroquois, lady, if you judge they have left the path open to the woods!" returned Hawk-eye, who, however, immediately added in his simplicity: "the down stream current, it is certain, might soon sweep us beyond the reach of their rifles or the sounds of their voices."

"Then try the river. Why linger, to add to the number of the victims of our merciless enemies?"

"Why," repeated the scout, looking about him proudly, "because it is better for a man to die at peace with himself than to live haunted by an evil conscience! What answer could we give Munto, when he asked us where and how we left his children?"

"Go to him, and say, that you left them with a message to hasten to their aid," returned Cora, advancing nigher to the scout, in her generous ardor; "that the Hurons bear them into the northern wilds, but that by vigilance and speed they might yet be rescued; and if, after all, it should please heaven that his assistance come too late, bear to him," she continued, her voice gradually lowered, until it seemed nearly choked, "the love, the blessings, the final prayers of his daughters, and bid him not mourn their early fate, but to look forward with humble confidence to the Christian's goal to meet his children."

The hard, weather-beaten features of the scout began to work, and when she had ended, he dropped his chin to his hand, like a man musing profoundly on the nature of the proposal.

"There is reason in her words!" at length broke from his compressed and trembling lips; "ay and they bear the spirit of Christianity; what might be right and proper in a red skin, may be sinful in a man who has not a cross in blood to plead for his ignorance. Chingachgook! Uncas! hear you the talk of the dark eyed woman!"

He now spoke in Delaware to his companions, and his address, though calm and deliberate, seemed very decided. The elder Mohican heard

him with deep gravity, and appeared to ponder on his words, as though he felt the importance of their import. After a moment of hesitation, he waved his hand in assent, and uttered the English word "Good," with the peculiar emphasis of his people. Then, placing his knife and tomahawk in his girdle, the warrior moved silently to the edge of the rock which was most concealed from the banks of the river. Here he paused a moment, pointing significantly to the woods below, and saying a few words in his own language, as if indicating his intended route, he dropped into the water, and sank from before the eyes of the witnesses of his movements.

The scout delayed his departure to speak to the generous girl, whose breathing became lighter as she saw the success of her remonstrance.

"Wisdom is sometimes given to the young, as well as to the old," he said: "and what you have spoken is wise, not to call them by a better word. If you are led into the woods, that is such of you as may be spared for a while, break the twigs on the bushes as you pass, and make the marks of your trail as broad as you can, when, if mortal eyes can see them, depend on having a friend who will follow to the ends of the earth afore he deserts you."

He gave Cora an affectionate shake of the hand, lifted his rifle, and after regarding it for a moment with melancholy solicitude, laid it carefully aside and descended to the place where Chingachgook had just disappeared. For an instant he hung suspended by the rock; and looking about him with a countenance of peculiar care, he added, bitterly, "Had the powder held out, this disgrace could never have befallen!" then, loosing his hold, the water closed above his head, and he also became lost to the view.

All eyes were now turned on Uncas, who stood leaning against the ragged rock, in immovable composure. After waiting a short time, Cora pointed down the river and said:—

"Your friends have not been seen, and are now, most probably, in safety; is it not time for you to follow?"

"Uncas will stay," the young Mohican calmly answered in English.

"To increase the horror of our capture, and to diminish the chances of our release! Go, generous young man," Cora continued, lowering her eyes under the gaze of the Mohican, and, perhaps, with an intuitive consciousness of her power; "go to my father, as I have said, and be the confidential of my messengers. Tell him to trust you with the means to buy the freedom of his daughters. Go! 'tis my wish, 'tis my prayer, that you will go!"

The settled, calm look of the young chief changed to an expression of gloom, but he no longer hesitated. With a noiseless step he crossed the rock, and dropped into the troubled stream. Hardly a breath was drawn by those he left behind, until they caught a glimpse of his head emerging for air, far down the current, when he again sank and was seen no more.

These sudden and apparently successful experiments had all taken place in a few minutes of that time which had now become so precious. After the last look at Uncas, Cora turned, and, with a quivering lip, addressed herself to Heyward:—

"I have heard of your boasted skill in the water, too, Duncan," she said, "follow, then, the wise example set you by these simple and faithful beings."

"Is such the faith that Cora Munroe exacts from her protector?" said the young man, smiling mournfully, but with bitterness.

"This is not a time for idle subtleness and false opinions," she answered; "but a moment when every duty should be equally considered. To us you can be of no further service here, but your precious life may be saved for other and nearer friends—"

He made no reply, though his eyes fell wistfully on the beautiful form of Alice, who was clinging to his arm with the dependency of an infant.

"Consider," continued Cora, after a pause, during which she seemed to struggle with a pang even more acute than any that her fears had excited, "that the worst to us can be but death; a tribute that all must pay at the good time of God's appointment."

"There are evils worse than death," said Duncan, speaking hoarsely, and as if fretful at her importunity, "but which the presence of one who would die in your behalf may avert."

Cora ceased her entreaties, and, veiling her face in her shawl, drew the nearly insensible Alice into the deepest recess of the inner cavern.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Be gay securely;  
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous clouds,  
That hang on thy clear brow."

DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.

The sudden and almost magical change, from the stirring incidents of the combat to the stillness that now reigned around him, acted on the heated imagination of Heyward like some exciting dream. While all the images and events he had witnessed remained deeply impressed on his memory, he felt a difficulty in persuading himself of their truth. Still ignorant of the fate of those who had trusted to the aid of the swift current, he at first listened intently to any signal, or sounds of alarm, which might announce the good or evil fortune of the hazardous undertaking. His attention was, however, bestowed in vain; for with the disappearance of Uncas, every sign of the adventurers, had been lost, leaving him in total uncertainty of their fate.

In a moment of such painful doubt, Duncan did not hesitate to look about without consulting that protection from the rocks which just before had been so necessary to his safety. Every effort, however, to detect the least evidence of the approach of their hidden enemies, was as fruitless as the inquiry after his late companions. The wooded banks of the rivers seemed again deserted by everything possessing animal life. The uproar which had so lately echoed through the vaults of the forest were gone, leaving the rush of the waters to swell and sink on the currents of the air, in the unmingled sweetness of nature. A fish-hawk, which, secure on the topmost branches of a dead pine, had been a distant spectator of the fray, now stooped from his high ragged perch, and soared, in wide sweeps, above his prey; while a jay, whose noisy voice had been stilled by the horser cries of the savages, ventured again to open his dis-

cordant throat, as though once more in undisturbed possession of his wild domains. Duncan caught from these natural accompaniments of the solitary scene a glimmering of hope; and he began to rally his faculties to renewed exertions, with something like a reviving confidence of success.

"The Hurons are not to be seen," he said, addressing David, who by no means recovered from the effects of the stunning blow he had received; "let us conceal ourselves in the cavern, and trust the rest to Providence."

I remember to have united with two comely maidens, in lifting up our voices to praise and thanksgiving," returned the bewildered singing-master; "since which time I have been visited by a heavy judgement for my sins. I have been mocked by the likeness of sleep, while sounds of discord have rent my ears, such as might manifest the fullness of time, and that nature had forgotten her harmony."

"Poor fellow! thine own period was, in truth, near its accomplishment! But arouse, and come with me; I will lead you where all other sounds but those of your own psalmody shall be excluded."

"There is melody in the fall of the cataract, and the rushing of many waters is sweet to the senses!" said David pressing his hand confusedly on his brow. "Is not the air yet filled with shrieks and cries, as though the departed spirits of the damned—"

"Not now, not now," interrupted the impatient Heyward, "they have ceased, and they who raised them, I trust in God, they are gone, too; everything but the water are still and at peace; in, then, where you may create those sounds you love so well to hear."

David smiled sadly, though not without a momentary gleam of pleasure, at this allusion to his beloved vocation. He no longer hesitated to be led to a spot which promised such unalloyed gratification to his wearied senses; and, leaning on the arm of his companion, he entered the narrow mouth of the cave. Duncan seized a pile of the sassafras, which he drew before the passage, studiously concealing every appearance of an aperture. Within this fragile barrier he arranged the blankets abandoned by the foresters, darkening the inner extremity of the cavern, while its outer received a chastened light from the narrow ravine, through which one arm of the river rushed, to form the junction with its sister branch, a few rods below.

"I like not that principle of the natives, which teaches them to submit without a struggle, in emergencies that appear desperate," he said, while busied in this employment; "our own maxim, which says, 'while life remains there is hope,' is more consoling, and better suited to a soldier's temperament. To you, Cora, I will urge no words of idle encouragement; your own fortitude and undisturbed reason will teach you all that may become your sex; but cannot we dry the tears of that trembling weeper on your bosom?"

"I am calmer, Duncan," said Alice, raising herself from the arms of her sister, and forcing an appearance of composure through her tears; "much calmer, now. Surely in this hidden spot we are safe, we are secret, free from injury; we will hope everything from those generous men

who have risked so much already in our behalf."

"Now does our gentle Alice speak like a daughter of Munro!" said Heyward pausing to press her hand as he passed towards the outer entrance of the cavern. "With two such examples of courage before him, a man would be ashamed to prove other than a hero." He then seated himself in the centre of the cavern, grasping his remaining pistol with a hand convulsively clenched, while his contracted and frowning eye announced the sullen desperation of his purpose. "The Hurons, if they come, may not gain our position so early as they think," he lowly muttered; and dropping his head back against the rock, he seemed to await the result in patience, though his gaze was unceasingly bent on the open avenue to their place of retreat.

With the last sound of his voice, a deep, a long, and almost breathless silence succeeded. The fresh air of the morning had penetrated the recess, and its influence was gradually gaining possession of every bosom, though each one felt reluctant to give utterance to expectations that the next moment might so fearfully destroy.

David alone formed an exception to these varying emotions. A gleam of light from the opening crossed his wan countenance, and fell upon the pages of the little volume, whose leaves he was again occupied in turning, as if searching for some song more fitted to their condition than any that had yet met his eye. He was, most probably, acting all this time under a confused recollection of the promised consolation of Duncan. At length, it would seem, his patient industry found its reward; for, without explanation or apology, he pronounced aloud the "Isle of Wight," drew a long, sweet sound from his pitch-pipe, and then ran through the preliminary modulations of the air, whose name he had just mentioned, with the sweeter tones of his own musical voice.

"May not this prove dangerous?" asked Cora, glancing her dark eye at Major Heyward.

"Poor fellow! his voice is too feeble to be heard amid the din of the falls," was the answer; "besides, the cavern will prove his friend. Let him indulge his passion, since it may be done without hazard."

"Isle of Wight!" repeated David, looking about him with that dignity with which he had long been wont to silence the whispering echoes of his school; "'tis a brave tune, and set to solemn words; let it be sung with meet respect!"

After allowing a moment of stillness to enforce his discipline, the voice of the singer was heard, in low, murmuring syllables, gradually stealing on the ear, until it filled the narrow vault with sounds rendered trebly thrilling by the feeble and tremulous utterance produced by his debility. The melody, which no weakness could destroy, gradually wrought its sweet influence on the senses of those who heard it. It even prevailed over the miserable travesty of the song of David which the singer had selected from a volume of similar effusions, and caused the sense to be forgotten in the insinuating harmony of the sounds. Alice unconsciously dried her tears, and bent her melting eyes on the pallid features of Gamut, with an expression of chastened delight that she neither affected nor wished to conceal.

(To be Continued.)

WIGWAM.

HOUSE-CLEANING NOTES.

Clean the glass of pictures by dipping a cloth into alcohol and water and then in into alcohol and water and then into whiting, and rub over it, and wipe dry with a silk handkerchief.

The cleanest and most polished floors have no water used on them at all. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth which is steeped in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake clean of dust, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (not across). In a few rubbings the floor assumes a polished appearance that is not easily defaced by dirt or footprints.

Straw matting should be washed with warm salt and water; wring out a soft cloth in it and apply quickly, not wetting the matting much, only enough to take out the dust and stains.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron rust. If the hands are stained, there is nothing that will remove the stains as well as lemon. Cut a lemon in half and apply the cut surface as if it were soap.

The smell of paint may be taken away by closing up the room and setting in the centre of it a pan of lighted charcoal on which have been thrown some juniper berries. Leave this in the room for a day and night, when the smell of paint will be gone. Some persons prefer a pail of water in which a handful of hay is soaking. This is also effectual in removing the scent of tobacco smoke from a room.

The best way to brighten a carpet is to put a half tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice.

Silver that is not in frequent use will not tarnish if rubbed in oatmeal.

Clean cane chairs by saturating the cane well with a sponge and hot water, using soap if necessary, then put it in the open air or in a good current of air, and as it dries it will tighten and become as firm as when new.

A cheap paint for a floor can be made with five pounds of French ochre and a quarter of a pound of glue dissolved in two quarts boiling hot water, then apply enough boiled linseed oil to make the paint flow easily from the brush. Any man can paint a kitchen floor and save the women work by so doing.

May the day hasten when the good wife shall be more afraid of dust upon her intellect than on her pantry shelves, and have a greater horror of cobwebs in her brain than on her parlor floors!

CHOICE RECEIPES.

Suet pudding—Three-fourth pound suet, three-fourth pound of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, three eggs, one lemon. Chop the suet up until very fine and add the bread crumbs, the sugar, the salt, the grated zest of the lemon together with its juice (strained), and the eggs, beaten. Mix all the ingredients well together and tie in a cloth, allowing sufficient room for the pudding to swell. Then plunge

it into boiling water and let it boil briskly for from four and ahalf to five hours or until done.

Every-day Doughnuts—One egg, one cup of buttermilk, one and one-half cups of sugar, a teaspoonful of soda, and a half-teaspoonful of salt; flour as for biscuit, roll to half an inch in thickness, cut in strips, and form two "twisters." The "youngster" thinks a good, fluffy, fat twister is more than twice as good as the little rings and balls, "cause there are several mouthfuls in one." Fry in hot lard.

Plumb Pudding—Five cups flour, one cup sugar, half a cup of raisins, half a cup currants, one cup well-chopped suet, one teaspoonful baking powder, one nutmeg. Mix with milk to a stiff dough. Boil three hours. Serve with a sauce or with cream and sugar.

BAKED EGGS.—Grease well an individual vegetable dish with butter; into it break two eggs, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them, and place them in the oven a few minutes. With tomato sauce poured over them, the fancy name for them is "eggs in sunshine"; with a little grated cheese over them, "eggs in moonshine."

RAISED GRAHAM LOAF—Half a cup of yeast, one pint of water, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, three cups of graham flour; beat up well. Cover and set where it will be warm till quite light, then turn out into a well-greased basin or deep baking tin. When light again put into a brisk oven. Bake one hour. The last half hour turn a tin over the loaf to keep it from getting too brown and hard a crust. When done turn out and wrap in a damp cloth. It is good either cold or warm.

PICKLED CHICKEN—Boil four chickens until tender enough for meat to fall from bones, put meat in a stone jar, and pour over it three pints of cold, good cider vinegar and a pint and a half of the water in which the chickens were boiled; add spices if preferred, and it will be ready for use in two days. This is a popular Sunday evening dish; it is good for luncheon at any time.

Miss E. Addie Dingman, of Strathroy, is at the Kerby House, the guest of her father, Mr. A. Dingman, Inspector of Indian agencies.

Thomas Gordon, Indian agent, recently fined W. Willie \$5 and costs or 30 days in jail for refusing to leave the Muncey Reserve when ordered.—*Strathroy Despatch.*

An Indian named "Man Afraid of Nothing" married a white woman in Montana recently, and in one week after the wedding applied to his tribe to have his name changed.

Situation Wanted.

A young Indian of the Six Nations desires a situation as book keeper or office clerk. His qualifications are a good education, and for some time was assistant book keeper in two prominent firms in Canada and has taught school. The best of certificates of character will be produced when required. Address:

"THE INDIAN"

8-11 Times Building, Hagersville

Threshing Machine For Sale.

A 36 inch vibrator, nearly new, having been in use only two seasons, complete with all necessary fittings and in good working order, for either horse or steam power. Will be sold cheap for cash or farm produce. Apply to

"THE INDIAN"

Times Building, Hagersville.

8-11

THE MARKET REPORTS.

FISH MARKET.

Reported by J. Keckie, Toronto.

No. 1 L. S. Salmon Trout, in hf. bbls. \$3.35; qr. bbls. \$4.85; kitts, \$1.00. No. 1, L. S. White Fish, in hf. bbls. \$5.00; qr. bbls. \$2.65; kitts, \$1.50. No. 1 L. H. Round Herring, in hf. bbls. \$2.50; qr. bbls. \$1.40; kitts, 75 cts. No. 1 L. H. Split Herring, in hf. bbls. \$3.00; qr. bbls. \$1.70; kitts, 90. No. 1 Labrador Herrings in bbls. \$4.00, No. 1 Cod Fish, in quintcls, \$4.00. All fish are inspected before shipping.

FUR MARKET.

Reported by C. N. Basteda, & Co., Toronto.

Beaver, per lb., \$2.00 to \$3.00. Bear, per lb., \$2.00 to \$5.00. Bear Cub, \$1.00 to \$6.00. Wild Cat, 50c. to 75c. Fox, Red, 50c. to 75c. Fox, Cross, \$2.50 to 3.50. Fisher, \$4.00 to \$7.00. Lynx, \$2.00 to \$3.50. Martin, 50c. to \$1.50. Mink, 10c. to 50c. Muskrat, 7c. to 10c. Muskrat, kits, 3c. to 4c. Otter, \$3.00 to \$9.00. Raccoon, 10c. to 70c. Skunk, 10c. to 90c. Wolf, \$1.50 to \$2.50. Deer Skin, 15c. to 20c.

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

GAME MARKET.

Reported by Dixon & Morton, Hamilton.

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

Why Not Subscribe?

—FOR—

THE INDIAN,

—THE—

Only Paper in Canada

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Aborigines of North America.

Circulating Largely

Throughout the British Provinces, the United States and Europe.

It Contains

- A general News Summary from the different Reserves.
- The Dominion Parliament proceedings relating to Indians.
- The Minutes of the Indian Councils.
- The Fur Market Reports, from leading firms.
- An interesting continued story.

The following gentlemen have promised to contribute to its columns, the most of whom are well known in literary circles.

Dr. Wilson, president Toronto University; Rev. Dr. Scadding, Arthur Harvy, J. Hirschfelder, Horatio Hale, C. Mair, James Bain, David Boyle, Major C. A. Boulton, W. H. Merritt, Lieut-Col G. T. Denison, Ed. Furlong, M. W. Glyndon, Peter Purves, and Rev. Dr. Armstrong. We will also be assisted by contributions from many of the educated Indians.

Subscription price \$1.50 per annum in advance, European subscription, including postage, seven shillings, single copies 10c. Address, Editor, THE INDIAN, Hagersville, Ont.

Back Numbers Free.

**The Leading Tailoring House**  
**J. J. SMITH, HAGERSVILLE,**  
 Special attention given to Indian custom.  
 Certified Orders accepted.  
 South Main Street, Opposite Almas' Block.

**EDWARD FURLONG, L. L. B.**  
**BARRISTER, ETC.**  
 Corner King and Main Streets, next to the  
 Molsons Bank.  
 HAMILTON, - CANADA.

**B. A. GRIFFITH,**  
**WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,**  
**HAGERSVILLE.**  
 A fine stock of Watches, Clocks & Jewelry.  
 Repairing on short notice.  
 All work warranted. Howard's Block.

**THOMAS McLEAN,**  
**COLBORNE STREET, - BRANTFORD.**  
**DRY GOODS.**  
 We always carry a first class stock of Dry  
 Goods, Clothing, etc.

**S. W. HOWARD,**  
**Druggist and Bookseller,**  
 ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
 —AND—

Telegraph & Insurance Agent.  
 KING STREET, WEST,  
 Hagersville, - Ontario.

**ROBT. FISHER,**  
 —DEALER IN—  
 Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps  
**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
 Millinery and Fancy Goods a specialty.  
 Toys in great variety.

**Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.**  
**JOHN W. PARK,**  
 —DEALER IN—  
 General Merchandise, etc. Special atten-  
 tion paid to the Indian trade. Approved  
 orders issued by Head Chief of New Credit  
 Band accepted.

**ARCADE FISH DEPOT.**  
**J. DAVIS,**  
 Dealer in Fish, Game and  
 Oysters, etc.  
 HAMILTON. - ONTARIO.

**FISHERMAN'S DEPOT.**  
 78 Front Street East.  
 TORONTO, - ONTARIO.  
**Wholesale Fish Depot.**  
**J. LECKIE.**

Canada's Great Comic Paper  
**GRIP.**  
 PUBLISHED AT TORONTO.  
 \$3.00 a Year.  
 Grip Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto.

**JONES & EVANS,**  
**PAINTERS.**  
**HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS,**  
**KALSOINERS, PAPER HANGERS.**  
 King Street, - Hagersville, Ont.

**THE EXCELSIOR ROLLER MILLS.**  
**J. & P. R. Howard, Proprietors, - - Hagersville, Ontario.**  
 The above mills are now running to their fullest capacity and turning out a superior  
 grade of flour. The proprietors are also prepared to supply Indians requiring seed grain  
 or other seeds with the best in the market. We treat everybody alike.

**HARDWARE.**  
 For Crosscut Saws, Axes, Files, Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, Nails and all kinds of  
 Building Material. Stoves and Tinware. General Jobbing of all kinds, go to  
**WM. FILMAR, HAGERSVILLE.**  
 Highest price paid in cash for Hides, Skins, Furs, &c.

**The Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada.**  
**"LIBERALITY AND SECURITY."**  
**The Only Company in America**  
 —ISSUING—  
**UNCONDITIONAL LIFE POLICIES.**  
 The SUN issues also incomparably the most liberal Accident policy in existence.  
 No other company in America gives days of grace on Accident Policies.  
*Thos. Workman, Esq., Pres. R. Macaulay, Mn'g Director*  
**A. H. GILBERT, Mgr. for Western Ontario, 33 Adelaide st. E., Toronto.**  
**J. C. HURST, Inspector, Hamilton.**

**DANIEL J. LYNCH,**  
 ON THE WAR PATH AGAIN.

**If You Want to Purchase Winter Goods**  
 AWAY DOWN AT HARD PAN PRICES, GO TO  
**Daniel J. Lynch's One Price Cash Store,**  
 As he is determined to clear out his entire stock of  
**Wool Goods, Overcoats, Fur Caps and Felt Boots,**  
 BEFORE THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1886.

N. B.—All Orders on Interest money if approved by Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by  
 will be taken in exchange for goods.  
**C. N. BASTEDO & COMPANY,**  
 MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS OF  
**Hats and Caps, Furs and Robes, etc. etc.**  
 54 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
 Every kind of Fur Coats, Mantles, Caps, Muffs, Mitts, Moccasins, at lowest wholesale  
 prices. Highest prices paid for new furs, prompt returns made for all furs shipped to us.

**JOHN H. HAGER, GENERAL MERCHANT,**  
 Cor. King and Main Sts., Hagersville.  
*The Old Post Office Store. Never forget the Old Reliable  
 Place when in Town.*

**B. QUIDER, - HAGERSVILLE,**  
 Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
**ALL KINDS OF HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.**  
 A large stock kept constantly on hand at lowest prices.  
 A Specialty made of Undertaking. Public Orders from the Head Chief of the Mississ-  
 augas accepted and Indians liberally dealt with.

**DAVID ALMAS, - HAGERSVILLE,**  
 —GENERAL DEALER IN—  
**Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,**  
**CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC.**  
 Indians dealt with and waited upon in the same manner as other people.

**Grand General Indian  
 COUNCIL OF ONTARIO.**

**MEETS EVERY SECOND YEAR**  
**OFFICERS:**  
 President, Chief Wm. Mcgregor,  
 Cape Crocker.  
 1st. Vice President, Chief Jos. Fisher,  
 Muncey.  
 2nd. Vice President, Chief Sol. James,  
 Parry Sound.  
 Secy. Treas. Chief P. E. Jones M. D.  
 Hagersville.  
 Cor. Secy. for Northern Indians F. Lamor-  
 andier, Cape Crocker.  
 Interpreter, Able Waucosh.

The next meeting of the Grand General Indian  
 Council will be held in the Council House upon the  
 Sauguen Reservation (near Southampton) commen-  
 cing on  
**Wednesday, 8th Sept., 1886,**  
 and continuing from day to day until the business  
 is completed.  
 The minutes of the last Council will be published  
 in a few weeks and will be freely distributed among  
 the various Bands, and also to the Dominion Mem-  
 bers of Parliament.  
 Any correspondence connected with the business  
 of the Grand Council should be addressed to the  
 Secretary-Treasurer, Hagersville, Ontario.  
**CHIEF P. E. JONES, M. D., Secy-Treas.**  
 Hagersville, Dec. 1885. Office of THE INDIAN

**Indian Homes. Sault St. Marie.**  
**Shingwauk Home for Boys.**  
**Wawanosh Home for Girls.**  
 Application for admission stating name age  
 and state of health, must be made before  
 the first of May. An agreement must be  
 signed and witnessed by the Chief or Indian  
 Agent or Missionary before a child can be  
 admitted.  
 New pupils admitted on the first of June.  
 Summer vacation this year is from July  
 16th to Sept 7th.—Address.  
**REV. E. T. WILSON Sault St. Marie.**

**HENRY J. INCE,**  
**LICENSED AUCTIONEER**  
 FOR THE COUNTIES OF  
**Haldimand, Wentworth, Brant and Norfolk**  
 Issuer of Marriage Licenses.  
 P. O. ADDRESS, WILLOW GROVE.

**AT J. W. HUSBAND'S**  
**General Store, - Hagersville,**  
**THE INDIANS**  
 Will always be treated right and goods sold  
 cheap. Corn mats, Baskets etc., taken in  
 exchange for goods.

**M. C. R. Canada Division.**  
**Trains Leave Hagersville as follows**

GOING EAST	
Boston and New York Express, Ex Sun.	
Limited Express, daily.....	4.19 a.m.
Mail and Accom. except Sunday.....	3.34 p.m.
Atlantic Express, daily.....	12.45
Boston and New York Express, daily.....	5.22
GOING WEST	
Michigan Express Except Sunday.....	11.25 p.m.
Chicago Express, daily.....	
St. Louis Express, daily.....	8.18
Mail and Accom., except Sunday.....	5.55
Pacific Express, daily.....	2.43 p.m.
All trains run by Ninetieth Meridian or Central Standard time. Making connections for the East at Buffalo, and the west at Detroit. Connecting with the C. V. R. & L. & P. S. Railways at St. Thomas. Through tickets issued to all parts of the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through No change of cars between Hagersville and Chicago. Tickets issued to the Old Country via the Anchor Line of Ocean Steamers. O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. Chicago. J. G. LAVEN, Canada Passenger Agent Toronto. J. H. SALTER, Agent Hagersville.	

**N. & N. W. Railways.**  
 Trains leave Hagersville as follows:

TO HAMILTON	TO PT. DOVER
7.55 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, General Passenger Agent.**  
**WM. MAXWE J., Agent, Hagersville.**