

Jos B. Ann
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THE INDIAN.

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

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VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1886.

NO. 14

THE ISLAND OF THE BLESSED; OR THE HUNTER'S DREAM.

There was once a beautiful girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young hunter. He had proved his bravery in war, so that he enjoyed the praises of his tribe, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when it was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try and amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had lost their charms for him. His was already dead within him. He wholly neglected both his war-club and his bows and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams, had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground, when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and, as he walked on, finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found he had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became pure and mild; the dark clouds had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him; and, as he went forward on his journey, he saw flowers beside his path, and he heard the song of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It took him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which

he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young man began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek

stretching plain beyond: it is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe upon your return." So saying he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and confidence which seemed to tell him, there was no blood shed there. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them: they were, in fact, but the images or shadow of material forms. He became sensible that he was in the land of souls.

When he had travelled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of white shining stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe; exactly its counterpart in everything. It seemed to be the shadow of his own. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from the shore



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passed here but a short time since, and being fatigued with her journey rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, and refreshed himself by rest, they both issued forth from the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said the old man, "and the wide-

and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and, at a distance, looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them, they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. but no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; but what

added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of the bones of beings who had perished before.

The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the thoughts and acts of neither of them had been bad. But they saw, many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females, of all ages and ranks were there: some passed and some sunk. It was only the little children, whose canocs seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, nor chilly winds; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered for hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. Animals ran freely about, but there was no blood spilled in hunting them, for the air itself nourished them. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there for ever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but heard his voice, as if it were a soft breeze. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the acts of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you will observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoice in the spirit which you have followed, but whom you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows and hunger, death and tears.

FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The following letter from Rev. Mr. Roberts, now a missionary in British Columbia, is interesting and encouraging:

Kuper Island, Chemainus P.O., B. C.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

A short time ago a friend sent me a copy of your paper, THE INDIAN, with which I was very much pleased. I wish to subscribe for it from its first issue.

It is a credit to the Indians of the Grand River to have so excellent paper edited by one of themselves, and I trust it will go far to increase the intelligence for which they are already noted.

Both Mrs. Roberts and myself will look forward to its arrival here with an eager anticipation of the pleasure we shall have in reading news of our friends, the Six Nations, Chippewas and Delawares. It will remind us of many happy days we spent among you all.

In this Province we have abundance of fishing, shooting, camping and boating. We have 3 boats and a small yacht. In the latter we oc-

asionally take long voyages up and down and across the Gulf of Georgia. About a year and a half ago I went with my son Percy and 2 English friends, as far north as Fort Rupert, which is near the north end of Vancouver Island. It was a most delightful trip. It occupied more than a month. We sailed altogether about 700 miles, crossing the Gulf twice and passing through groups of wooded islands, and having the snow-capped mountains of the mainland constantly in view. There are a great many Indians in this Province, those who live on the coast are chiefly fishermen. A few years ago they were very wild and lawless, but now they are becoming civilized and industrious. In the summer season they earn good wages at the salmon fisheries on the Fraser River or elsewhere. Many of them are also employed in saw mills, on farms, steamboats, etc. Indeed, the Indians of this Province can easily obtain a "good living" and, if they were economical and saving, they might in a short time, be comparatively rich."

Yours, very sincerely,

ROBERT JAMES ROBERTS.

THE SCUGOG INDIANS.

SCUGOG AGENCY, ONTARIO.

The Indians belonging to this band are now in a better position to work their own land than ever before. This is owing to the Department having this year supplied them with good horses, harness, waggons, and other necessaries for farm work, and although the Indians did not get their horses until late in the season, I must say the work so far has been encouraging. They have a nice crop of oats, the largest crop of corn and potatoes ever raised on the reserve, and have also summer fallowed nearly all their land, having ploughed it a second and a greater part of it a third time, putting it in really excellent order for next year's crop. The trouble existing for years, of the Indians renting their lands to the whites is now an evil of the past, as not a single acre has been worked by outsiders this season. The general health of the band is good, there being one death and two births in the last twelve months, the band now numbers forty-four (44) an increase of one over last year. I am sorry to report that school matters remain at a standstill, as I find it is impossible to persuade any of the children to attend the school which adjoins the reserve. The fishing in Scugog Lake this year has been unusually good, the Indians finding it a never-failing source of food supply; besides catching large numbers of fish for sale. I am glad to report that the use of intoxicants among the Indians is decreasing, but there are two or three Indians who continue to baffle all efforts to prevent them obtaining liquor, as they manage some way or other to get it every time they go to any of the neighboring villages. I am now working strenuously to catch the parties who procure the liquor for them.

GEORGE B. McDERMOT,
Indian Agent.

Dakota gets its name from the northern Sioux Indians, that being their pronunciation of Lacota, meaning a Sioux.

INDIAN RELICS.

As soon as it became known that Withrow Avenue had been the site of an old Indian cemetery, Messrs. Vandermissen and Boyle, of the Canadian Institute, took immediate steps to secure all that could be had for the Archæological Museum. On Friday Mr. Boyle engaged men to explore the site thoroughly and with so much success that the following objects have been added to the collection:—12 skulls, several perfect femurs and tibias, 1 stone tomahawk, 3 chisels, 1 knife, perforated at one end, 1 barbed arrow-head and a number of small pieces of pottery. It is a great pity that the parsimoniousness of the Provincial Government prevents the Institute from making such a collection as it will speedily be impossible to form at any cost.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, IN BELLEVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR:—

Kindly allow me to say to your readers that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is open to the deaf children of the Province and every deaf mute child in Ontario, whether the parents are poor or rich, may share in the many advantages the Institution affords, such as tuition, board, care, etc.

There are many parents of such children who do not know of this place, and persons who will inform them of what the Province has so generously provided for their children will confer a lasting obligation.

Uneducated; a deaf mute child has no knowledge of language; is isolated, as it were, from the rest of mankind; is irresponsible and in many cases dangerous to the community; life is a blank without a ray of hope to illuminate the future. With an education such as may be had here, all this is changed and the mute is enabled to take his or her place as respectable members of society and law abiding citizens and learn of the glorious life beyond. Over 700 mute children have been entered upon our books and the large majority of them spread over the Province bear testimony to the good work already accomplished. We have a full staff of capable, devoted teachers in the literary and industrial departments. We are doing all we can for those afflicted in this way and we are anxious to do whatever work of this kind there is to do. There will be room for all who can come in September next, and in the meantime it will give me pleasure to supply application papers and necessary information to any one who may apply.

Yours faithfully,

R. MATHISON,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Belleville, July 1st, 1886.

Read the advertisement of the Commercial College of Kentucky University, which received the highest honor at the World's Exposition for book-keeping and general business education. Hon. J. Geo. Hodgins, Minister of Education to the Exposition from Canada, was one of the distinguished jury that rendered this decision.

This College is situated in the beautiful and healthful city of Lexington, Ky., the capital of the renowned "Blue Grass Region." See another column for advertisement and write for circular.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

ALGOMA.

MISSIONARY WORK IN ALGOMA.

The Rev. F. Frost, missionary, writes: Perhaps your readers would like to hear something about missionary work in this diocese. When writing on missionary work, it is difficult to know exactly what to say, or what particular phase of the work to describe. I want to give you a very short sketch for the benefit of your readers, who, a great many of them, give of their substance for the support of missions in this diocese. I am living here, on the Manitoulin Island, as missionary to the Indians, although my work is not confined to them, for the missionary must labor among all classes of people with whom he comes in contact.

There are about 150 Indians in the village of Sheguinday, where I reside. It is situated on the shores of Lake Huron, on a bay called by the same name as the village. We have a church here, and a school-house. A new church has lately been erected by the Indians, through the kindness of some ladies in Toronto, who raised funds for the purpose. The money was used to purchase material chiefly, the Indians doing the building at the nominal wage of 25c. per day and find their own board. It is a pretty church, and does great credit to the Indians, who, I need not say, are very proud of it, and very grateful to the ladies who so kindly worked for them. There are other stations on the Island besides these, where services are held, viz: Chiguiandah, White Village, where a new church has recently been built, also at Little Current, where services have been held in the Presbyterian church, which was kindly lent for the purpose. In this village a new Anglican church is in course of building, a gentleman in England supplying the funds. We have an Indian congregation at Sucker Creek Indian Reserve. Here is a little church built by the Indians themselves. There are very good and attentive congregations always. Bad weather is no hinderance. There is a service held in each of the four stations every Sunday. But it was itinerant work chiefly that I wished to write about. Last winter several journeys were made to different white and Indian settlements, and lumber shanties on the north shore of Lake Huron. I made several journeys to La Cloche. This is a Hudson Bay fort, the head-quarters of the Hudson Bay Company on Lake Huron. Here the people are firm adherents of our Church but seldom saw a clergyman previous to my coming. I held service there at different times during last winter and the winter before, and administered holy communion.

Spanish River is another station. Here is an Indian village, where dwell some twenty members of the Church of England. I baptized a family of five people not long since. Here services are held at different times in one of the Indian houses, where the people assemble to hear God's word. These people are always glad to have services in their own tongue, and to hear the Word of God. I remember on one occasion, it was very late at night when I ar-

rived, and they were gone to bed. They were notified of my arrival, and all got up and came to church.

There are several Church of England families settled on the banks of the Spanish River, who are visited from time to time. I have been as far back as the Algoma Mills branch of the C. P. R., some distance north of the river. Here I visited several houses, short services were held and eleven children baptised. The settlers here, have squatted on the land in the vicinity of the railway, and very good land it is. There are English, Scotch, French, and German settlers, some of whom belong to the Church of England. These people had not seen a clergyman before for three years. On a subsequent visit, I held service at a house near the river. There was quite a large congregation. Holy communion was administered and one child baptised. There is a small Indian settlement situated near the mouth of the Spanish River. I held service there twice last winter and the winter before. I was there to the funeral of a young man whom I had known for many years. I paid several visits last winter to the Spanish River Mill. Here is quite a village. They have a school house in which service was held on three different occasions. A good number attended services. The place is forty miles from my home. But let us go in another direction, to the Indian village on the White Fish River. Here the Indians are all members of our Church, and have good log houses, and are tidy and respectable, though poor. Here services were held eight times during the winter. The Indians are pleased to see the missionary, every man, woman, and child turing out to service. Holy communion administered once. The old chief of this band has since died. Let us go further down the north shore of Lake Huron. Here is a place called Collins Inlet, situated on an inlet as the name implies, on the north shore of the Georgian Bay. Here is a new saw mill and a number of houses, where the people live who work in the mill. I found these people kind and hospitable. They have a day school and Sunday school, but, until the Bishop of Algoma called last year, they had not seen a clergyman there for some years. I held service there twice during the winter. Good attentive congregations, singing good, responses hearty. We used the small service books supplied by the Bishop. We go now to the lumber shanties on the Beaverstone River. Here, about eighty men have been employed all winter, getting out board lumber for the English market. When I arrived, some had left, but a good number assembled to hear the Word of God in the large shanty, where I held service in the evening. We slept in one of the smaller shanties, which leaked considerably, happening to be a wet night.

But come with us to another Indian village. This is Goomlin Point. Here the Indians are industrious, and the houses are of a superior class, especially some of them, and the cleanliness of the interior would put many white people to the blush. The attendance was good, service at noon and in the evening. One child was baptised. This is a short, imperfect sketch of missionary work in Algoma. I withhold particulars on account of space.

A SHORT SERMON.

"SON, REMEMBER."—LUKE XVI, 25.

Our text is a lesson that comes to us from the world of woe.

The fact contained in these two words is important and worthy of profound consideration, viz: A wicked man and his past life are inseparable.

This is true in one temporal resolution. A bad deed haunts and gives pain. What was true of Judas Iscariot has been true of too many. We often hear of suicides. In many instances the memory of the past led to this act. They did it to get rid of themselves. Poor, deluded souls! They only plunged to deeper woe. Many a murderer has given himself up because he could not endure a troubled conscience. Let any one make the attempt to forget any act that he has performed and he will see how his acts are identified with himself.

The memory of the past goes with one into his future state of existence. Our actions are, so to speak, photographed and by and by we must look upon the pictures. The impression is made over yonder quicker than by any human art of photography.

"Son, remember." These words will come to the murderer, to the base adulterer, the gambler every dishonest man, and his deeds of impurity and crime will continually haunt him. The sinner will remember his neglected opportunities—his disregard for God's commandments—the many sermons, warnings and entreaties, his squandered means, his inattention and lack of interest in spiritual things. All these will come freshly to his mind.

Memory in the other world will be clearer and more distinct than while on earth. It is said of drowning men that they seem to live their lives over in an incredible short time. Our bodily organisms here impair memory. Not so in the other world.

A life of sin and shame will there be seen in all its hideous proportions.

It will be beyond the power of a sinner to obliterate the memory of the past. His actions formed his character. Character is a permanent thing. He cannot terminate his existence. There will be no suicides in the eternal world.

No temporary relief can be found. Whiskey or some narcotic may stupefy in this world, but not in the world to come. Trouble will not there be drowned. The mind will be active.

And to what should these considerations lead an unholy life?

It would certainly seem to alarm. In terror and confusion he may well exclaim: "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. 7:24.

They should lead to repentance. A Godly sorrow is the first step to relief. The Prodigal Son when he came to himself, arose in sorrow and shame.

They should lead to seek a conscience guided by the application of Christ's cleansing, atoning blood. The memory of the past, sad as it is, disquieting as it is, may find a balm.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

The repentant sinner may be permitted to remember the past in the light of God's amazing mercy and grace—Himself saved by that grace, from Himself, from His destructive sins.

These facts should lead us to holy, true and noble living. Let us fill up our lives with earnest, loving benevolent deeds, so that the memory of these may be pleasant to us as the winter of life comes on, and in the eternity which we are to spend. Do in Jesus' name, and for his sake, and if it be but to "give a cup of cold water" to one of Christ's followers in the name of a disciple, the memory of that act will bring joy. For one also with settled convictions can say, "For me to live is Christ," may add, "and to die is gain." X. Y. Z.

EARLY MISSIONS AMONG THE CREEKS.

Rev. Lee Compere commenced work as a missionary to the Creeks in the year 1822, under the appointment of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. The mission had many discouraging circumstances to contend with, and, owing to the unsettled state of affairs, it was for a time suspended. The work was resumed west of the Mississippi in 1850 by the appointment of John Davis, a Creek Indian, converted through the instrumentality of Mr. Compere. In 1832 Rev. David Lewis joined him in his work. A church was soon organized and a school established, containing thirty pupils. Three hundred Creeks frequently attended the preaching of the missionaries on the Sabbath. Many of the leading chiefs were hostile to the introduction of Christianity among them. Their fierce opposition finally again broke up the mission. In the year 1843 Rev. Eben Tucker was appointed as a missionary to the Creeks. The Lord blessed his labors. During the two years that he remained he baptized more than a hundred of the tribe and organized another church, which soon numbered two hundred and twenty members. From that time marked success has followed missionary work among the Creeks. * * * * *

During the time the opposition to the Creek Indians there was a colored Baptist minister by the name of Mundy Marshall. He was a large, strong man, of fine physical proportions. He readily spoke the Creek language, and commenced preaching to the Indians when a young man.

At one time a drunken Indian came to his house while he was at dinner, armed with a knife about one foot long. Mundy arose and shut the door and fastened it. The Indian attempting to force an entrance, slipped and fell, dropping his knife in the fall. Mundy stepped out, secured the knife and laid it away. He then seized the Indian, who had risen to his feet, threw him down and took him by the throat. Then he thought: "This will not do for me, a Christian. It is not right for me to hurt the man." So he took him in his arms, despite the struggles of the Indian to extricate himself, and carefully put him over the yard fence and told him to go home. The Indian arose, and, with a surprised look, said: "I thought you Christian people were weak, but you are too strong for me."

At another time while Mundy was praying at a meeting, the same Indian came along and struck him on the head. Mundy arose from his knees, seized the Indian, threw him down and tied him, but did not hurt him, as he felt that this would be wrong. He only wanted to keep him from hurting the others while he was drunk. Afterwards this same Indian became an earnest seeker. The Band Chief told Mundy to go on and help his people if he could, for he did not know of anything else that would keep them from doing bad things. Through Uncle Mundy's influence many Indians were converted. Before his death, which occurred only about two years ago, he witnessed great changes among the Creek Indians. The strong opposition to Christianity that was manifested in his early life passed away, and now the Creeks are peaceable people. There are many churches among them and many faithful, consistent Christians.

This incident may serve to illustrate the power and influence of Christian principles. It is not right to injure another, but to do them all the good that is possible; this is the principle of Christian living. Self-protection can, in many instances, be brought about without resort to the taking of one's life. Munday used his physical strength; others may use tact. All, in times of danger from others, should resort to every legitimate means before personal violence, and trust the Lord for overruling power.—*Missionary.*

THE ALGOMA DIOCESE.

VISIT OF LORD BISHOP TO GARDEN RIVER—SERMONS TO THE INDIANS.

The Lord Bishop of Algoma paid his third visit this season to Garden river on Saturday, Sept. 26th, immediately after his return from Lake Superior, Port Arthur, Nepigon, etc. The Evangeline brought his Lordship, with Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Wilson, early in the day to Garden river. The bishop and his party then proceeded to visit the Indians in their houses, and were indefatigable in giving and receiving visits till some hours after night had supervened, when almost all the Indians who were at home had the rare honour and privilege of a special visit from the bishop himself and his fair party, who also graced each house with their presence. This has already had one good effect. It brought the Indians out in full numbers, on the following Lord's day, to the morning and evening services, at both of which the Bishop took the chief parts in Indian, and preached through an interpreter to unusually large congregations. There was also a celebration of the Holy Communion. Both sermons being sublimely simple, were well suited to the comprehension of the audience, and were listened to with unwearied attention. Hebrews ii., 18, was the morning text. The sermon touched upon idleness as one great temptation, and ended with a valuable exhortation on the blessings

OF A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

and the great sin against God, and against the children, on the part of those parents who neglect it wilfully. Genesis iv., 2, was the evening text. The sin of idleness was again one of the leading ideas. The fact that Adam and Cain and Abel were not idle was prominently

brought forward. The whole beautiful discourse was specially calculated to inspire the Indians, who do not take to farming, with a love not only for that holiness which has the promise of both lives, but also for those original and honourable pursuits so needful for bodily sustentation. The fact also that Cain took to farming, though he had no plough, etc., was forcibly put by his lordship. It was a day of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. On Wednesday, September 30th Evangeline again brought the Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan, Rev. Mr. Frost, Misses Sullivan, Misses Wilson, and other ladies, to visit the remaining houses of the Garden river Indians. They also put up on the two side walls of the church, in large letters of blue, purple, and scarlet, the following Indian texts:—Sahgeewawin ahwe owh Kesha Muhndoo; ahkahwahbeyook, kuya ahnuhmeahyook. Kenuhwind kesahgeahnaun Jesus Christ, ween mah netum kesahgeegoonau; ahnuhmeathuwik Kesha Muhndoo emah menoezhewabizewining." This done, the Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan having gladdened the hearts of each and all the people by their public and private ministrations, and night supervening, all went on their way rejoicing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE RESERVES.

ONEIDA RESERVATION—(RIVER THAMES.)

The Oneida Orange Lodge, No. 953, marched in the forenoon of the 12th to the C. M. Church where the Rev. E. Hurlbert preached an appropriate sermon from the text Matt. xvi 18: "And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." After the sermon the Orangemen went to a picnic at Port Stanley. The Muncey and Oneida bands furnished music for the occasion.

John Lickers is putting up a large barn, it being 30x50. Baptist Powless had his foot badly smashed by a post falling on it at the raising.

Abraham Cornelius was the first man to cut wheat on the reserve this year

We are getting a fine lot of gravel on the Oneida road.

Dry weather prevails here just now. Some of the crops are parched for want of rain.

The Inspector of Indian Agencies, Mr. Dingman, has been visiting the Oneida Reserve.

The Mount Elgin Institute was closed on the 21st of July.

The Oneida Medicine Co. is doing well, having completely cured several patients lately.

A. S.

MORAVIANTOWN RESERVE.

A grand harvest festival will be held on the 1st of September next. Proceeds in aid of St. Peter's Church on this reserve. Several talented speakers are expected to be present.

J. B. N.

JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

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

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time!
In an age on ages telling;
To the living is sublime—
Hark! the waking up of natives—
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

LIFE OF ADOUIRAM JUDSON, BY HIS SON, E. JUDSON.

The illustrious reign of Queen Elizabeth was drawing to a close when the Apostle to the Indians first saw the light of day. Shakespere had written the last of his immortal sonnets, and passed away to the great beyond. Classical learning was being superseded by theology study. The Renaissance had given place to the influence of Puritanism and was exerting a moral and social regeneration among the people. The Bible was being read by prince and peasant, and its phraseology was now moulding the speech and quickening the intellects of rich and poor.

At Nasing, in the county of Essex, England, in 1604, John Eliot was born. Just four years later, the poorest type of the knightly Puritan, the singer of Creation's songs, John Milton, was ushered into life. A godly parentage was Eliot's legacy, and such was the influence of that Christian home, that his first years were seasonable with the fear of God, the word and prayer. The culture of the heart prepared him for that intellectual development which was to fit him for his life-work, and to be usefully employed in seeking to elevate the despised red man of the New World. Amid the associations of Cambridge University he toiled hard as a student, becoming proficient in the Greek and Hebrew languages, and showing promise of attaining the position of an excellent scholar.

After leaving the University, he became usher in the Grammar School of the Rev. Thomas Stocker at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford in Essex. Stockard had been silenced for nonconformity, and after keeping a school for a season, he emigrated to New England, where he became known as the father of the Connecticut churches. The influences thrown around Eliot during his residence with this family, were full of inspiration and Devine power. There he witnessed the power of godliness in the lives of his friends. A clever light dawned upon his soul and the seraphic fire burned deep and strong. "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel" became the language of the soul baptized by God. Like many of the Puritans, he found that his nonconformist principles deprived him of acting publicly as a teacher of righteousness. Religious toleration there was none. Liberty of conscience was to be found across the Atlantic. The devine rights of the people were ignored, and the doctrine of the Divine Rights of Kings was upheld. That base relic of Egyptian heathenism incorporated in the Emperor-worship of the Romans, became in England a plea for despotism, under whose shade the virtuous and learned were persecuted and oppressed. In November, 1831, Eliot landed in Boston, and America became his home. Eleven years before the men of the May Flower seeking

liberty of worship had crossed the raging seas, and landed on the coast of Massachusetts, afterward known as Plymouth. Amid privation and suffering they toiled bravely, and their example was followed by hundreds of Puritans of all classes, who laid the foundations of that noble manhood, stern morality and theological study that has characterized the inhabitants of the New England States. When Eliot stepped ashore in his adopted country, a different state of things was in existence from that of his native land. A spirit of democracy reigned supreme among the people. The Pilgrim Fathers had suffered much at the hands of royalty and they were strongly disposed to rule themselves. The religious tendencies of the colonists made them forget that which they had sought and for which they suffered. The majority compelled Roger Williams to found a colony on Rhode Island, because he differed from them in his religious views. The weaker demonstrations were persecuted, and religious toleration for a time was lost in the bitter controversies of this period. In spite of the religious animosities that prevailed a bright gleam of sunshine appears in the earnest desire for education manifested by the people. A native literature had not yet begun to make its influence felt. The Indian population consisted of wandering tribes who followed the courses of the rivers, made their camping grounds near timber, hunted game and led a gypsy life. As in every Indian community, there were many honest and faithful men. Tall, grave and dignified, they were worthy a place beside the intrepid Tecumseh of late years. A peculiar kind of cunning associated with bravery, characteristic of the Indian nature made them often formidable foes. The beauty, dignity, loyalty, and devotion of heroines like Pocahontus induced friendly relations between the whites and Indians, only to be severed by jealousy, greed, or a lurking hatred in the breasts of a few individuals which often resulted in open war. The people were desirous of educating the Indians and for that purpose arrangements were made to found the University of Virginia, but an Indian massacre put an end to the regulations and several years elapsed before the Indian question was properly settled. Idolatry exerted a debasing influence on their minds, while debauchery and vice enervated their frames and sent them to an early grave. The seal of the Massachusetts colony consisted of an Indian with a label hanging from his mouth, having the Scriptural inscription "Come over and help us." Eliot having seen this, a deep impression was made upon his mind as to his duty to these Indians. The Governor of Massachusetts had used means for their instruction and sought to interest others in their behalf. The year after Eliot arrived, he married and remained at Roxbury whither he had removed. He determined to preach the Gospel to the Indians and began at once the study of the language to enable him intelligently and successfully to prosecute the work. There were several tribes in the colonies whose language was nearly similar, and these could be reached by a proper use of the Indian tongue. On the twenty-eighth day of October, 1646, he first addressed an Indian audience at Novantum, now called Newton. The task of

civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, was no easy one. The colonies often encroached upon the Indians rights, and many of them believed that labour spent upon the Indians was useless and their conversion to Christianity next to impossible. Still there were some who agreed with the sentiment expressed by one in a letter to his friends in 1650. in which he says: "The best news I can write you from New England is: The Lord is, indeed, converting the Indians." The Indian medicine men threw obstacles in the way, as they saw that the profits arising from the practice of their profession would be lost. Undismayed by difficulty the enthusiastic missionary continued his faithful ministrations among the people of his choice, and his heroic efforts were crowned with success. Desirous of keeping his work and its interest from being hindered by the presence of a white population and seeking to help the Indians in temporal and spiritual things, he contemplated removing them to a more suitable location. The savage sachems bitterly opposed this movement, and were successful in causing some of Eliot's followers to desert him. The undaunted spirit boldly faced his opponents, and with characteristic courage said to them "I am engaged in the work of the great God, and God is with me. I fear not all the sachems in the country. I shall go on in my work, and do you touch me if you dare!" A favorable location was made on the Charles River, eighteen miles from Boston, and there the Indian town of Natick, the *place of hills*, was founded in 1651. A tract of land consisting of six thousand acres was granted in exchange for another section which was owned by them. The communistic system of farming practiced by governments in modern times, was not then attempted but the individual rights of each Indian settler were respected, thereby producing a spirit of independence and an incentive to thrift. The town was laid out into three streets, and lots apportioned to the Indians individually. To secure the temporal welfare of the Indian settlement, Eliot determined to teach these Indians agriculture by precept and example. The land was ploughed, fruit trees planted, houses erected. The Indians were industrious, and under the able leadership of their spiritual father they became prosperous and happy. A strong desire for education visited in the minds and hearts of the colonists, and in 1656, the colony of Massachusetts voted two thousand dollars for establishing a college, Toiling in carrying out this resolution two years later, the Rev. John Harvard gave three thousand five hundred dollars for the same purpose and Harvard University was then founded. Eliot being a man of energy, strong judgment and scholarly attainments, it was natural that he should attempt the educating the Indian youths. The church was used for school purposes, and an Indian named Monequassun was appointed schoolmaster. He prepared books for the use of the scholars, and even attempted to found a college of a native ministry.

(To be Continued.)

At Manitowaning recently two intoxicated Indians collared another intoxicated Indian, marched him to the lock-up, and had him for \$7.50.

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.

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A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of \$5.00 per inch per annum solid measure. Contracts for shorter periods at proportionate rates. Special contracts with large advertisers at a reduction of 10 to 30 per cent. off above rates.

The Indian Publishing Co.

Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

Head Chief Kahkewaquonaby, Alf. Dixon, Ed. E. Llewellyn,
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Having assumed the business management of "THE INDIAN" we propose to give all our profits away for the first year to reliable energetic canvassers. Write for particulars and blank forms. This is an excellent chance for live agents. Address

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On our frontispiece our artist has reproduced the "Post," from a celebrated sculptor, and represents the magnificent figure as presenting to the Indians of the Dominion the inestimable boon of the Franchise; that act that places the former possessors of our fair country on an equal footing with those who now hold possession. Strange it is that those people, who held regal sway over this broad continent, long ages before the pale face looked westward for "fresh fields and pastures new," should only at this late hour have a voice in the government of the land in which they live, and we sincerely hope they will appreciate it to its fullest extent.

On page 164 is a representation of a most unprovoked attack on a settler, which our young readers, and many of our older ones will appreciate.

TO OUR READERS.

We beg to notify our readers that we have somewhat altered our arrangements and have increased our staff by the addition of a practical and experienced journalist and business manager. We propose to increase the interest of the paper by adding such features from time to time as

will accomplish that object, and also to embellish THE INDIAN with suitable illustrations. We trust our efforts will meet the approbation of our numerous readers.

Respectfully Yours,
THE INDIAN PUBLISHING CO.

A MISSISSAUGA IN JAPAN.

We have have received the *Japan Gazette* and other interesting matter from Mr. Frank G. H. Wilson who is now in Yokohama and Tokyo, Japan.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the New Credit Band and a son of Francis Wilson, half-brother of the Rev. Peter Jones. Francis Wilson was being educated by a Scotch gentleman for the medical profession, but died of small-pox about the year 1845. His widow afterwards married John Brant, a grandson of the celebrated Capt. Brant. She is again a widow and living upon the reserve at New Credit.

Frank G. H. Wilson received a liberal education and spent several years as teacher of Indian schools, and was for some time a partner of Chief Dr. Jones in the drug business in Hagersville, Ont. He always had a great liking for advertising which amounted to a fascination.

He left home about fifteen years ago and has ever since been connected with some of the largest shows travelling. For several years he has been advance agent for Chiarine's Royal Italian circus and menagerie. In the last few years he has acted in that capacity in California, Nevada, Auckland, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Java, Cuba, Ceylon, India, British Burmah, Siam, Cochin, China, the Phillipine Islands, Hongkong, and Shanghai where the show now is, from there it goes to Yokohama, Japan, where Mr. Wilson awaits it.

We trust that if Mr. Wilson returns to Canada, he will not fail to visit his old home and renew the acquaintance of his Indian friends of years long ago.

His successful career in all parts of the world shows what education and an energetic character can do for the Red Men of America.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

The Christ Church choir practice will be held at the parsonage on Friday evening.

Miss Katie Maracle, accompanied by Miss Sarah Cowie, of Hiawatha, Ont., where Miss Maracle has been teaching school, returned home on Saturday last for her midsummer vacation. Miss Cowie will spend her summer vacation with Miss Maracle on the Reserve.

Chief S. Green will start for England on Wednesday next.

A union political picnic will be held in the parsonage grove on the first and second days of September.

Agent M. Hill has started to give orders for fencing.

Miss Lillie Martin, of Brantford, is visiting friends on the Reserve.

A pleasant parlor party was held at the parsonage on Tuesday evening last.

Mr. Joseph Maracle has started to erect a new drive-house. Mr. Maracle is one of our

enterprising young men on the Reserve; he likes to have every convenience about his farm.

The children, who were attending the Collegiate Institute at Brantford, Ont., returned home on Saturday last for their midsummer vacation, all show marks of wonderful improvement.

The Mohawks of the Tyendinaga Reserve, Co. of Hastings, propose having a grand demonstration in their Parsonage Grove on the 1st and 2nd days of September next to discuss among others privileges accorded them by the Dominion Franchise Act of 1885. All friends of the Red Man are cordially invited.

SOLOMON LOFT, Sect'y of Committec.
REV. G. A. ANDERSON, Chairman.

NEW CREDIT RESERVE.

During the past two or three weeks much has been done to beautify the Council House grounds of the Missisraugas of the Credit.

A fine gravel pit was found upon the Reserve and opened out. The sidewalks upon each side of the driveway have been neatly covered with six inches of fine gravel, and the circle in front of the Council House and the driveway to the road have also received a coat, and the approaches to this beautiful council house now look very neat and tidy. The grass on the lawn has been cut, and unnecessary brush and rubbish has been removed and altogether the grounds present a very pleasing sight and in keeping with the fine building.

INDIAN SCHOOLS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The most recent report with regard to the education of the Indian youth in British Columbia states that three schools have been established with this object and have been brought prominently under the notice of the Government, towards which grants, corresponding to the respective attendance and the character of each, have been made. These institutions consist of:

"1st. The Industrial School at St. Mary's, under the care of the Roman Catholic Church, whereat forty-two children are boarded—the boys receiving instruction in farming, and the girls in housewifery, needlework, &c. Grant, \$350 per annum.

"2nd. A similar, but little larger, institution, at Metlakahtle, under the supervision of Dr. Duncan, supported by the Church Mission Society, of London, having an attendance of three hundred and four children. Grant, \$500 per annum.

"3rd. A day school, at Naniamo, with fifty pupils, under the superintendence of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Grant, \$250 per annum.

"There has also been authorized the payment of \$300 per annum to each of such seven other schools as may already, or hereafter, be established, in accordance with the wishes of the Indians and the approval of the Indian Commissioner, and having each an attendance of not less than thirty pupils.

"The extension to British Columbia of laws, already for the government of Indians in the older Provinces of the Dominion, and the pass-

age, last Session, of a stringent law to put a stop to the liquor traffic among the Indians, are notable circumstances in the years transactions."

This was in the first report after the entrance of British Columbia into the confederation, and it is gratifying to find that not only were these seven schools established, but they have ever since been maintained; and the last report shows an attendance at them of four hundred and eight pupils studying the usual public school branches, and though the attendance is less regular than in the other Provinces, still very pleasing evidences of progress is reported. To counteract this irregularity, one inspector recommends the extension of the principle of the industrial schools to the whole Province. As yet, however, the expense of such a step would involve too great an outlay.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Vaccination is being done and special sanitary precautions taken among the Indians on Manitoulin Island and on the north shore of Lake Huron.

Last week Mr. David Plewes received samples of white wheat and barley from Malachy Bros. and on Saturday purchased a quantity of red wheat from Peter Garlow, an Indian residing on the reserve, and who brought in the first quantity for sale. Mr. Plewes says the samples of each were very fine indeed.—*Brantford Expositor*.

Peter Garlow is to be congratulated upon his success in beating the white man in his own game of farming. It is rather odd, though, that the *Expositor* should continue to maintain that Peter Garlow, and other industrious and enterprising Indians, should not be allowed to vote. A man who grows the earliest red wheat knows enough how to vote.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS WROTE.

There is generally a better chance of recovering a real alphabet when lost. One after another the writing found in Asia engraved on rocks have yielded to the study of wise men, and have been read; or are on the way to being read. The *quippus* can be read only by persons who have already learned their meanings. Sometimes old alphabets can be deciphered by people who have never seen before the name of the ancient king or priest who caused them to be written. They work back to the pictures from which the letters started, and so get a hint of what a given sign meant. But even if, by careful study of the methods used by the oppressed and sullen Indians of the Andes, we could get some clues to the meaning of different colors and different knots in the worsted *quippus*, how can we hope to read a sentence? At most we could guess the general idea. Yet it would be rash to say that we shall never make them out after a fashion.

Our North American Indians had a system similar to the *quippu*, only they used a wampum, or strings of colored shells or beads, to jog the memories of their chiefs. And some wampum belts are used to this day by Indians who speak,

read, and write English as well as any of our white friends. Once a year they meet in a grand council as their forefathers and they have always done. The belts are brought solemnly out, and the speeches and hymns which they recall are recited exactly as they have been for hundreds of years.

Only last year, when the bones of the great Indian orator Red Jacket were buried under the Monument in Buffalo, New York, the chiefs who chanted songs of his new resting-place, used belts of wampum to remind them what verses should be sung.

The beads of wampum which are slowly made by hand from the inner part of a certain shell remind them in what order to place the words, and recite the sentences they already know by heart. By this means the great Indian Confederation of New York State, called the Iroquois, or Six Nations, has kept the records of the founding of the league by Hiawatha and other great chiefs, word for word, during many centuries. As the great chief, to whose family belongs the right to pronounce the words, utters the solemn sentences, each chief present listens carefully, and should he vary the words or the order of the words, each would be able to correct him. When you are "counting out" in order to know who is to be "it," you yourselves know that almost any child will stop you if you vary one word in the giberish that is used. You must say, "ana, mana, mona, might." But if you say, "Ana, mona, mana, might" you will be stopped. So with the Indians. They are so exact that certain words which used to be employed in their language, but are no longer in use, still keep their place in these old hymns. Often chiefs do not know exactly their meaning, but pronounce them they must.

By means, then, of *quippus*, wampum belts, tallies, and other systems, nations that have no true writing, nor even picture-writing, can hand traditions down from generation to generation. If war and pestilence do not ruin them as a nation, there seems no limit to the time such records taught from father to son may last. From books discovered in Ireland, it appears that the petty kings of that turbulent little island trusted to the memories of their bards for all sorts of important matters. Not only were the bards of use to delight men with ballads, in which they played the part of historians, but for decisions at law, in which they acted as lawyers, or counsel, and for matters of finance, in which they were the authorities on taxes and tribute. We have the rough metrical verses they recited when called on by the king for a statement of his own rights and those of his officers and subjects, when taxes were to be laid, penalties exacted, or tribute asked. These verses were used long after the writing of the Greeks and Romans (our writing) had been brought to Ireland by Christian monks. The kings, forever at war with one another, could not make or keep libraries; it was more convenient to have their library in the brains of a bard. So they went back to remote antiquity and used methods in practice among nations ignorant of letters. The bard, like the ancient Druid who was his superior and forerunner, felt in humor bound to cultivate his memory and be prepared for all sorts of ques-

tions from his employers. So you see that it is unwise to conclude, as have some, who figure as great historians before the world, that national traditions are not trustworthy, though these may have never actually been placed on paper until many centuries after the occurrences which they tell. Men have had various ways of keeping their memories true. The Zuni Indians of New Mexico, like the old Irish bards, learn to repeat thousands of lines of poetry that tell in picturesque terms of their forefathers and give an account of the early history of their nation.

In writing, then, as in so many other things, we have the advantage over our ancestors. But let us beware how we take pride to ourselves for that reason. Suppose this advantage should turn out to be only recently acquired? Learned men who know all kinds of languages, both those now spoken and those that have died out, have consulted old books, and puzzled out old inscriptions; and compared one alphabet with another, and taken one alphabet and compared the letters as they now are with those of the same alphabet as they were in use one thousand, and two thousand, and even three thousand years ago. Add what do you think they find? For one thing, that far back in the beginning of history, our white friends were no better off than our ancestors. They used picture-writing only, and held their memories with notches, or tallies, cut in wood. Would you like to know how it came about that our white friends gave up writing by means of pictures that take a long time to draw, do not tell much to the world, and are hard to understand? They did not even invent the letters we now use; other races of people helped them to the alphabet. In fact they were so much helped, that we can say that really they borrowed their letters. So you see that it will not do for us to despise our ancestors for we know that not very many centuries ago the pale faces had no true alphabet, and had to be taught one. And from whom, think you, did our far-back white friends borrow their letters? From the Greeks and Romans, of course. But from whom did they get the alphabet? From a great nation of sailors and merchants, called the Phœnicians, who were discovering distant lands, planting colonies, building cities, and driving back the savage hunters and shepherds when the latter attacked them, at a period even earlier than when David and Solomon reigned over the Jews. This nation belonged to the same great folk as the Hebrews. It is to them that we owe that alphabet which enables us to put our thoughts on paper quickly and plainly, that alphabet which makes books and newspapers possible, and has given us the power to have many, many copies of THE INDIAN printed off. If we still used picture-writing, a magazine would be filled from first to last with the pictures needed to express what is now told in these few pages. And if we had no alphabet, the chances are that printing would not have been discovered. Certainly printing from moveable types would not be possible. We might now be in the same condition that our ancestors were in five hundred years ago,—only able to consult a book now and then in a monastery, and then finding it chained to a desk lest some one should run off with it.

(To be Continued.)

ALLEGORICAL TRADITIONS OF THE
ORIGIN OF MEN.

At a certain time, a great Manito came on earth, and took a wife of men. She had four sons at a birth, and died in ushering them into the world. The first was Manobozho, who is the friend of the human race. The second Chibiabos, who has the care of the dead and presides over the country of souls. The third Wabasso, who, as soon as he saw light, fled to the North, where he was changed into a white rabbit, and, under that form, is considered as a great spirit. The fourth was Chokanipok, or the man of flint, or the fire-stone.

The first thing Manobozho did, when he grew up, was to go to war against Chokanipok, whom he accused of his mother's death. The contests between them were frightful and long continued, and wherever they had a combat the face of nature still shows signs of it. Fragments were cut from his flesh, which were transformed into stones, and he finally destroyed Chokanipok by tearing out his entrails, which were changed into vines. All the flint stones scattered over the earth were produced in this way, and they supplied men with the principle of fire.

Manobozho was the author of arts and improvements. He taught men how to make sagakwuts (axes), lances, and arrow-points, and all implements of bone and stone, and also how to make snares, and traps, and nets, to take animals, and birds, and fishes. He and his brother Chibiabos lived retired, and were very intimate, planning things for the good of men, and were of superior and surpassing powers of mind and body.

The Manitos who live in the air, the earth, and the water, became jealous of their great power and conspired against them. Manobozho had warned his brother against their machinations, and cautioned

him not to separate himself from his side, but one day Chibiabos ventured alone on one of the Great Lakes. It was winter, and the whole surface was covered with ice. As soon as he had reached the centre the malicious Manitos broke the ice and plunged him to the bottom, where they hid his body.

Manobozho wailed along the shores. He waged a war against all the Manitos, and precipitated numbers of them to the deepest abyss. He called on the dead body of his brother. He put the whole country in dread by his lamentations. He then besmeared his face with black, and sat down six years to lament, uttering the name of Chibiabos. The Manitos consulted what to do to appease his melancholy and his wrath. The oldest and wisest of them, who had

had no hand in the death of Chibiabos, offered to undertake the task of reconciliation. They built a sacred lodge close to that of Manobozho, and prepared a sumptuous feast. They procured the most delicious tobacco and filled a pipe. They then assembled in order, one behind the other, and each carrying under his arm a sack formed of the skin of some favorite animal, as a beaver, an otter, or a lynx, and filled with precious and curious medicines culled from all plants. These they exhibited, and invited him to the feast with pleasing words and ceremonies. He immediately raised his head, uncovered it, and washed off his mourning colors and besmearments, and then followed them. When they had reached the lodge, they offered him a

The before recreant Manitoes united all their powers, to bring Chibiabos to life. They did so, and brought him to life, but it was forbidden him to enter the lodge. They gave him, through a chink, a burning coal, and told him to go and preside over the country of souls and reign over the land of the dead. They bid him with the coal to kindle a fire for his aunts and uncles, a term by which is meant all men who should die thereafter, and make them happy, and let it be an everlasting fire.

Manobozho went to the Great Spirit after these things. He then descended to the earth, and confirmed the mysteries of the medicine-dance, and supplied all he initiated with medicine for the cure of all diseases. It is to him that

we owe the growth of all the medical roots, and antidotes to every disease and poison. He commits the growth of these to Misukumigakwa, or the mother of the earth, to whom he makes offerings.

Manobozho traverses the whole earth. He is the friend of man. He killed the ancient monsters whose bones we now see under the earth: and cleared the streams and forests of many obstructions which the Bad Spirit had put there, to fit them for our residence. He has placed four good Spirits at the four cardinal points, to which we point in our ceremonies. The Spirit at the North gives snow and ice, to enable men to pursue game and fish. The Spirit of the South gives melons, maize, and tobacco. The Spirit of the West gives rain, and the Spirit of the East, light; and he commands the sun to make his daily walks round the earth. Thunder is the voice of these Spirits, to whom we offer the smoke of sa-man (tobacco.)

Manobozho, it is believed, yet lives on an immense flake of ice in the Arctic Ocean. We fear the white race will some day discover his retreat

and drive him off. Then the end of the world is at hand, for as soon as he puts his feet on the earth again, it will take fire, and every living creature perish in the flames.

Peter Garlow, of the Indian reservation delivered the first new wheat of the season in Brantford on Saturday.

All the wood yards in Montana, on the Missouri, are now controlled by Indians, and the price of wood has been fixed for \$3 per cord for cottonwood and \$4 for ash, and cash must be paid. Any captain who attempts to get wood for less than these figures, or who stands the aborigines off, is reported. No white man is allowed to cut and sell wood on the reservation.



A SETTLER ATTACKED BY NATIVES.

cup of liquor prepared from the choicest medicines, as at once, a propitiation, and an initiative rite. He drank it at a single draught. He found his melancholy departed and felt the most inspiring effects. They then commenced their dances and songs, united with various ceremonies. Some shook their bags at him, as a token of skill. Some exhibited the skins of birds filled with smaller birds, which, by some art, would hop out of the throat of the bag. Others showed curious tricks with their drums. All danced, all sang, all acted with the utmost gravity, and earnestness of gestures; but with exactness of time, motion and voice. Manobozho was cured, he ate, danced, sung, and smoked the sacred pipe. In this manner the mysteries of the Grand Medicine dance were introduced,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

His voice was no longer audible in the burst of rage which now broke into the air, as if the wood instead of containing so small a band, was filled with the nation. During the foregoing address the progress of the speaker was too plainly read by those most interested in his success, through the medium of the countenances of the men he addressed. They had answered his melancholy and mourning by sympathy and sorrow; his assertions, by gestures of confirmation; and his boastings, with the exultation of savages. When he spoke of courage, their looks were firm and responsive; when he alluded to their injuries, their eyes kindled with fury; when he mentioned the taunts of the women, they dropped their heads in shame; but when he pointed out their means of vengeance, he struck a chord which never failed to thrill in the breast of an Indian. With the first intimation that it was within their reach, the whole band sprung upon their feet as one man; giving utterance to their rage in the most frantic cries, they rushed upon their prisoners in a body with drawn knives and uplifted tomahawks. Heyward threw himself between the sisters and the foremost, whom he grappled with a desperate strength that for a moment checked his violence. This unexpected resistance gave Magua time to interpose, and with rapid enunciation and animated gesture, he drew the attention of the band again to himself. In that language he knew so well how to assume, he diverted his comrades from that instant purpose, and invited them to prolong the misery of their victims. His proposal was received with acclamations, and executed with the swiftness of thought.

Two powerful warriors cast themselves on Heyward, while another was occupied in securing the less active singing-master. Neither of the captives, however, submitted without a desperate though fruitless struggle. Even David hurled his assailant to the earth; nor was Heyward secured until the victory over his companion enabled the Indians to direct their united force to that object. He was then bound and fastened to the body of the sapling, on whose branches Magua had acted the pantomime of the falling Huron. When the young soldier regained his recollection, he had the painful certainty before his eyes that a common fate was intended for the whole party. On his right was Cora, in a durance similar to his own, pale and agitated, but with an eye, whose steady look still read the proceedings of their enemies. On the left, the withes which bound her to a pine, performed that office for Alice which her trembling limbs refused, and alone kept her fragile form from sinking. Her hands were clasped before her in prayer, but instead of looking upwards towards that power which alone could rescue them, her unconscious looks wandered to the countenance of Duncan with infantile dependency; David had contended, and the novelty

of the circumstance held him silent, in deliberation on the propriety of the unusual occurrence.

The vengeance of the Hurons had now taken a new direction, and they prepared to execute it with that barbarous ingenuity which they were familiarized by the practice of centuries. Some sought knots, to raise the blazing pine; one was riving the splinters of pine, in order to pierce the flesh of their captives with the burning fragments; and others bent the tops of two saplings to the earth, in order to suspend Heyward by the arms between the recoiling branches. But the vengeance of Magua sought a deeper and a more malignant enjoyment.

While the less refined monsters of the band prepared, before the eyes of those who were to suffer, the well known and vulgar means of torture, he approached Cora, and pointed out, with the most malign expression of countenance, the speedy fate that awaited her—

"Ha!" he added, "what says the daughter of Munro? Her head is too good to find a pillow in the wigwam of Le Renard; will she like it better when it rolls about this hill a plaything for the wolves? Her bosom cannot nurse the children of a Huron; she will see it spit upon by Indians!"

"What means the monster!" demanded the astonished Heyward.

"Nothing!" was the firm reply. "He is a savage, a barbarous and ignorant savage, and knows not what he does. Let us find leisure, with our dying breath, to ask for him penitence and pardon."

"Pardon!" echoed the fierce Huron, mistaking, in his anger, the meaning of her words;

"The memory of an Indian is longer than the arm of the pale faces; his mercy shorter than their justice! Say; shall I send the yellow hair to her father, and will you follow Magua to the great lakes, to carry his water, and feed him with corn?"

Cora beckoned him away, with a solemnity that for a moment checked the barbarity of the Indian; "you mingle bitterness in my prayers; you stand between me and my God!"

The slight impression produced on the savage was, however, soon forgotten, and he continued pointing, with taunting irony, towards Alice.

"Look! the child weeps! she is young to die! Send her to Munro, to comb his grey hairs, and keep life in the heart of the old man."

Cora could not resist the desire to look upon her youthful sister, in whose eyes she met an imploring glance that betrayed the longings of nature.

"What says he, dearest Cora?" asked the trembling voice of Alice. "Did he speak of sending me to our father?"

For many moments the elder-sister looked upon the younger, with a countenance that wavered with powerful and contending emotions. At length she spoke, though her tones had lost their rich and fulness in an expression of tenderness that seemed maternal.

"Alice," she said, "the Huron offers us both life—nay, more than both; he offers to restore Duncan—our invaluable Duncan, as well as you, to our friends—to our father—to our heart-stricken, childless father, if I will bow down this rebellious, stubborn pride of mine and consent"—

Her voice became choked, and clasping her hands, she looked upward, as if seeking, in her agony, intelligence from a wisdom that was infinite.

"Say on," cried Alice; "to what, dearest Cora? Oh! that the proffer were made to me! to save you, to cheer our aged father! to restore Duncan, how cheerfully could I die!"

"Die!" repeated Cora, with a calmer and firmer voice, "that were easy! Perhaps the alternative will not be less so. He would have me," she continued, her accents sinking under a deep consciousness of the degradation of the proposal, "follow him to the wilderness; go to the habitations of the Hurons; to remain there: in short, to become his wife! Speak, then, Alice; child of my affections! sister of my love! And you, too, Major Heyward, aid my weak reason with your counsel. Is life to be purchased by such a sacrifice? Will you, Alice, receive it at my hands at such a price? And you, Duncan; guide me; control me between you; for I am wholly yours."

"Would I!" echoed the indignant and astonished youth. "Cora! Cora! you jest with our misery! Name not the horrid alternative again; the thought itself is worse than a thousand deaths."

"That such would be your answer, I well knew!" exclaimed Cora, her cheeks flushing, and her dark eyes once more sparkling with the lingering emotions of a woman. "What says my Alice? for her will I submit without another murmur."

Although both Heyward listened with painful suspense and the deepest attention, no sounds were heard in reply. It appeared as if the delicate and sensitive form of Alice would shrink into itself, as she listened to this proposal. Her arms had fallen lengthwise before her, the fingers moving in slight convulsions; her head dropped upon her bosom, and her whole person seemed suspended against the tree, looking like some beautiful emblem of the wounded delicacy of her sex, devoid of animation, and yet keenly conscious. In a few moments, however, her head began to move slowly, in a sign of deep, unconquerable disapprobation.

"No, no, no; better that we die as we have lived, together!"

"Then die!" shouted Magua, hurling his tomahawk with violence at the unresisting speaker, and gnashing his teeth with a rage that could no longer be bridled, at this sudden exhibition of firmness in the one he believed the weakest of the party. The axe cleaved the air in front of Heyward, and cutting some of the flowing ringlets of Alice, quivered in the tree above her head. The sight maddened Duncan to desperation. Collecting all his energies in one effort he snapped the twigs which bound him, and rushed upon another savage who was preparing, with loud yells, and a more deliberate aim, to repeat the blow. They encountered, grappled, and fell to the earth together. The naked body of his antagonist afforded Heyward no means of holding his adversary, who glided from his grasp, and rose again with one knee on his chest, pressing him down with the weight of a giant. Duncan already saw the knife gleaming in the air, when a whistling sound swept past him, and was rather accompanied, than

followed, by the sharp crack of a rifle. He felt his breast relieved from the load it had endured; he saw the savage expression of his adversary's countenance change to a look of vacant wildness, when the Indian fell dead on the faded leaves by his side.

CHAPTER XII.

Clo.—I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

The Hurons stood aghast at this sudden visitation of death of one of their band. But, as they regarded the fatal accuracy of an aim which had dared to immolate an enemy at so much hazard to a friend, the name of "La longue Carabine" burst simultaneously from every lip, and was succeeded by a wild and a sort of plaintive howl. The cry was answered by a loud shout from a little thicket, where the incautious party had piled their arms; and, at the next moment, Hawk-eye too eager to load the rifle he had regained, was seen advancing upon them, brandishing the clubbed weapon, and cutting the air with wide and powerful sweeps. Bold and rapid as was the progress of the scout, it was succeeded by that of a light and vigorous form, which, bounding past him, leaped, with incredible activity and daring, into the very centre of the Hurons, where it stood, whirling a tomahawk, and flourishing a glittering knife, with fearful menaces, in front of Cora. Quicker than the thoughts could follow these unexpected and audacious movements, an image, armed in emblematic panoply of death, glided before their eyes, and assumed a threatening attitude at the other's side. The savage tormenters recoiled before these warlike intruders, and uttered as they appeared in such quick succession, the often repeated and peculiar exclamation of surprise, followed by the well known and dreaded appellations of—

"Le Cerf agile! Le gros Serpent!"

But the wary and vigilant leader of the Hurons was not so easily disconcerted. Casting his keen eyes around the little plain, he comprehended the nature of the assault at a glance, and encouraging his followers by his voice as well as by his example, he unsheathed his long and dangerous knife, and rushed with a loud whoop upon the expecting Chingachook. It was the signal for a general combat. Neither party had fire-arms, and the contest was to be decided in the deadliest manner; hand to hand, with weapons of offence, and none of defence.

Uncas answered the whoop, and leaping on an enemy, with a single, well-directed blow of his tomahawk, cleft him to the brain. Heyward tore the weapon of Magua from the sapling, and rushed eagerly towards the fray. As the combatants were now equal in number, each singled an opponent from the adverse band. The rush and blows passed with the fury of a whirlwind, and the swiftness of lightning. Hawk-eye soon got another enemy within reach of his arm, and with one sweep of his formidable weapon he beat down the slight and inartificial defences of his antagonist, crushing him to the earth with the blow. Heyward ventured to hurl the tomahawk he had seized, too ardent to await the moment of closing. It struck the Indian he had selected

on the forehead and checked for an instant his onward rush. Encouraged by this slight advantage, the impetuous young man continued his onset, and sprang upon his enemy with naked hands. A single instant was sufficient to assure him of the rashness of the measure, for he immediately found himself fully engaged, with all his activity and courage, in endeavoring to ward the desperate thrusts made with the knife of the Huron. Unable longer to foil an enemy so alert and vigilant, he threw his arms about him, and succeeded in pinning the limbs of the other to his side, with an iron grasp, but one that was far too exhausting to himself to continue long. In this extremity he heard a voice near him, shouting,—

"Extarminate the varlets! no quarter to an accursed Mingo!"

At the next moment, the breach of Hawk-eye's rifle fell on the naked head of his adversary, whose muscles appeared to wither under the shock, as he sank from the arms of Duncan, flexible and motionless.

When Uncas had brained his first antagonist, he turned, like a hungry lion to seek another. The fifth and only Huron disengaged at the first onset had paused a moment, and then seeing that all around him were employed with the deadly strife, he had sought, with hellish vengeance, to complete the baffled work of revenge. Raising a shout of triumph, he sprang towards the defenceless Cora, sending his keen axe, as the dreadful precursor of his approach. The tomahawk grazed her shoulder, and cutting the withes which bound her to the tree, left the maiden at liberty to fly. She eluded the grasp of the savage, and reckless of her own safety, threw herself on the bosom of Alice, striving, with convulsed and ill-directed fingers, to tear asunder the twigs which confined the person of her sister. Any other than a monster would have relented at such an act of generous devotion to the best and purest affection; but the breast of the Huron was a stranger to sympathy. Seizing Cora by the rich tresses which fell in confusion about her form, he tore her from her frantic hold, and bowed her down with brutal violence to her knees. The savage drew the flowing curls through his hand, and raising them on high with an outstretched arm, he pased the knife around the exquisitely-moulded head of his victim, with a taunting and exulting laugh. But he purchased this moment of fierce gratification with the loss of the fatal opportunity. It was just then the sight caught the eye of Uncas. Bounding from his footsteps he appeared for an instant darting through the air, and descending in a ball he fell on the chest of his enemy, driving him many yards from the spot, headlong and prostrate. The violence of the exertion cast the young Mohican at his side. They arose together, fought and bled, each in his turn. But the conflict was soon decided; the tomahawk of Heyward and the rifle of Hawk-eye descended on the skull of the Huron, at the same moment that the knife of Uncas reached his heart.

The battle was now entirely terminated, with the exception of the protracted struggle between "Le Renard Subtil" and "Le gros Serpent." Well did these barbarous warriors prove that they deserved those significant names which had been bestowed for deeds in former years. When

they engaged, some little time was lost in eluding the quick and vigorous thrusts which had been aimed at their lives. Suddenly darting on each other, they closed and came to the earth, twisting together like twining serpents, in pliant and subtle folds. At the moment when the victors found themselves unoccupied, the spot where these experienced and desperate combatants lay, could only be distinguished by a cloud of dust and leaves which moved from the centre of the little plain towards its boundary, as if raised by the passage of a whirlwind. Urged by the different motives of filial affection, friendship and gratitude, Heyward and his companions with one accord rushed to the place, encircling the little canopy of dust which hung above the warriors. In vain did Uncas dart around the cloud, with a wish to strike his knife into the heart of his father's foe; the threatening rifle of Hawk-eye was raised and suspended in vain, while Duncan endeavored to seize the limbs of the Huron with hands that appeared to have lost their power. Covered as they were, with dust and blood, the swift evolutions of the combatants seemed to incorporate their bodies into one. The death-like looking figure of the Mohican and the dark form of the Huron, gleamed before their eyes in such quick and confused succession, that the friends of the former knew not where nor when to plant the succoring blow. It is true, there were short and fleeting moments, when the fiery eyes of Magua were seen glittering, like the fabled organs of the basilisk, through the dusty wreath by which he was enveloped, and he read by those short and deadly glances the fate of the combat in the presence of his enemies; ere, however, any hostile hand could descend on his devoted head its place was filled by the scowling visage of Chingachook. In this manner the scene of the combat was removed from the centre of the little plain to its verge. The Mohican now found an opportunity to make a powerful thrust with his knife; Magua suddenly relinquished his grasp, and fell backward without motion, and seemingly with out life. His adversary leaped from his feet, making the arches of the forest ring with the sounds of triumph.

"Well done for the Delawares! victory to the Mohican!" cried Hawk-eye, once more elevating the butt of the long and fatal rifle; "a finishing blow from a man without a cross will never tell against his honor, nor rob him of his right to scalp."

But, at the very moment when the dangerous weapon was in the act of descending, the subtle Huron rolled swiftly from beneath the danger, over the edge of the precipice, and falling on his feet, was seen leaping, with a single bound, into the centre of a thicket of low bushes, which clung along its sides. The Delawares, who had believed their enemy dead, uttered their exclamation of surprise, and were following with speed and clamor, like hounds in open view of the deer, when a thrill and peculiar cry from the scout instantly changed their purpose, and recalled them to the summit of the hill.

(To be Continued.)

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REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS.

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1885.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
OTTAWA, 1st January, 1886.
THE INDIANS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The Indians of the counties of Annapolis and Shelburne are of the Micmac stock, as are the Indians generally, of this Province. The Indians of these counties are said to be gradually improving in their habits. Their principal means of support are derived from fishing, hunting, from the sale of oil extracted from fish, and from the disposal of such articles as Indians generally manufacture. The Indian population of these counties is one hundred and twelve. I regret that the very meagre statistical statement forwarded by the agent prevents me from giving any further details respecting these Indians.

The sanitary condition of the Indians of the County of Digby, whose reserve is on Bear River, was not as good as usual during the past year. Consumption is the most fatal disease with which they are afflicted. Intemperance is not so common with members of this band as was formerly the case. The conviction and subsequent committal to prison of a person who had broken the law by selling intoxicants to some of them, has, doubtless, had a deterrent effect upon others.

The school on the reserve is favorably reported of by the Public School Inspector.

The Indians of the County of Yarmouth are included in the same agency, but there is no reserve in that county. They therefore camp on lands not their own, and very little is known about them. The Indian population of the two counties is two hundred and twenty-five. They have two hundred and fifty acres under cultivation, of which twelve acres were newly broken this year. They raised nine hundred and thirty-three bushels of farm produce, and cut thirty and a half tons of hay. The value of the fish and furs taken by them is estimated at \$6,000; and from other industries they are stated to have realized \$3,080.

The Indians of King's County number only seventy-five souls. They are, for the most part, well behaved, temperate, and industrious in their habits. They support themselves principally by the manufacture and sale of Indian work. They have no reserve for general occupation. A few families are settled upon a lot consisting of ten acres, which the Department purchased for them several years since. The others occupy pieces of land which they have either brought or which are the property of white people. These Indians subsist principally by the sale of Indian wares. They have six acres under tillage, two acres of which were newly broken this year. They raised three hundred and eighty bushels of produce.

The Indians of the counties of Queen's and Lunenburg number one hundred souls. They are reported to be improving in their circumstances. They have one hundred and thirty acres under cultivation, whereof five acres were broken for the first time this year. Their pro-

ducts amounted to four hundred and fifty-six bushels of grain, and forty tons of hay was cut by them. Their principal means of subsistence are derived from the sale of articles of Indian manufacture.

The Indians of the County of Halifax are very industrious, and temperate in their habits. The Indian population of this county is one hundred and ten. They have thirty acres under cultivation, from which they raised two hundred and thirty bushels of produce and cut ten tons of hay.

The non-receipt of a Report from Mr. Gass, the agent for the county of Hants, prevents me from adding anything to the remarks contained in my report of 1884 respecting these Indians, which had necessarily to be very brief, from the same cause.

The Indians of the County of Colchester have no reserve. The lands they occupy do not belong to them. They consequently do very little in the agricultural line. Truro is the point most resorted to by the Indians of this county, and it is also much frequented by Indians from adjoining counties. They can here find a ready mart for their manufactures. The Indian population of the county is one hundred.

The condition of the Indians of the County of Cumberland appears to be improving. They are, for the most part, temperate and industrious. Their principal occupations are coopering and farming. The number seventy-seven souls. They have sixteen acres under cultivation, of which six acres were newly broken this year. The raised four hundred and fifty bushels of produce and cut five tons of hay. Their other industries realized for them about \$800.

The condition of the Indians of the County of Pictou is reported to be unchanged. They derive a subsistence principally fishing and coopering. Very little interest is manifested by them in farming. The school on the reserve at Fisher's Grant has been closed for some months. The teacher having resigned, it is not easy to obtain the services of another competent person for the position.

The Indian agent for the counties of Antigonish and Guysboro' having only forwarded a statistical statement, I am unable to do more than furnish statistics respecting the Indians of those counties. They number fifty souls, have one hundred and seventeen acres of land under cultivation, raised five hundred and twenty-five bushels of produce, cut thirty-two tons of hay; and they realized from other industries about \$1,300.

The Indians of the County of Inverness are improving morally, being more temperate in their habits than was formerly the case. They have a school on the reserve at Whycocomagh, which is well reported of by the Public School Inspector, and the children attending it are said to be making fair progress in their studies. The Indian population of the county is one hundred and fourteen. They have two hundred and sixty acres under tillage, of which six acres were newly broken this year. They raised one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two bushels of produce and cut one hundred and fifty tons of hay.

The Indians of the County of Cape Breton

have, I regret to report, suffered very much from sickness. Consumption has been very fatal among them. On the reserve at Eskasoni considerable progress in cultivating the soil is apparent. The school on the reserve is not regularly attended by the Indian children, and they do not therefore derive the benefit therefrom that would otherwise be the case. The population of the county is two hundred and fifty-two. They have two hundred and fifty acres under cultivation, four acres of which were newly broken this year. They raised two thousand three hundred and seventy bushels of produce and ninety-five tons of hay.

No report or statistical statement having been received from the Rev. R. Grant, Indian agent for the County of Victoria, I am unable to give any particulars regarding the Indians of that county, other than those contained in my Report for 1884.

The same remark has to be made respecting Indian affairs in the County of Richmond, for which county the Rev. John McDougall is Indian agent. The Department has had a road built from the mainland to Chapel Island, which forms part of the reserve of these Indians. This will be a great convenience to the public generally. A small wharf will also be constructed in the ensuing spring, at the terminus of the road, for the landing of vessels.

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THE MARKET REPORTS.

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Interpreter, Able Waucosh.

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

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

The minutes of the last Council will be published in a few weeks and will be freely distributed among the various Bands, and also to the Dominion Members of Parliament.

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

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Making connections for the East at Buffalo, and he 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 |
|-------------|--------------|
| 7:40 a. m. | 8:55 a. m. |
| 10:50 a. m. | 3:30 p. m. |
| 6:40 p. m. | 6:40 p. m. |

The N. & N. W. Rys. runs in direct connection with the Collingwood Lines of Steamers, and connects with all important points either by Rail, Stage or Steamers. Through tickets issued to all points on Lakes Huron Superior, Georgian Bay, etc. Freight for the Northwest billed straight through thus avoiding delays and inconvenience of customs.

ROBERT QUINN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. WM. MAXWE L, Agent, Hagersville.