



On Saturday, September 22, at the Indian village of St. Regis, six miles from Cornwall, was terminated a meeting of a most curious and interesting kind.



CHIEF "APPROACHING FIRE," The Demosthenes of the Council and historian of the Iroquois.

burning homes of the first French settlers, and laid waste the country to the very gates of Montreal. Such was then their power and numbers. But that was long ago, far back in the seventeenth century, after the fruitless expeditions of the Marquis de Denonville against the Senecas in 1657, and the Count de Frontenac against the Onondagas in 1686.



And the band played "Caughnawaga."

his race with that of the paleface till scarcely an Indian of pure blood is left, yet will he cherish the wild strain more than the civilized one.

This then may have been the raison d'être of this meeting, and the petition which was its outcome. Yet the Indian laws of Canada give to the dwellers on the reserves more powers and privileges than they will make use of.

"The care of the public health. The observance of order and decorum at assemblies of the Indians in General Council, or on other occasions.

"The repression of intemperance and profanity. The prevention of trespass by cattle, and the protection of sheep, horses and cattle.

"The construction and maintenance of water courses, roads, bridges, ditches, and fences. The construction and repair of school houses, council houses, and other Indian public buildings, and the attendance at school of children between the ages of six and fifteen years of age.

"The establishment of pounds and the appointment of pound-keepers. The locating of land in their reserves, and the establishment of a register of such locations.

"The repression of noxious weeds. The imposition of punishment, by fine, penalty or imprisonment or both, for violation of any of such rules or regulations, under the 'Act Respecting Summary Proceedings before Justices of the Peace.'

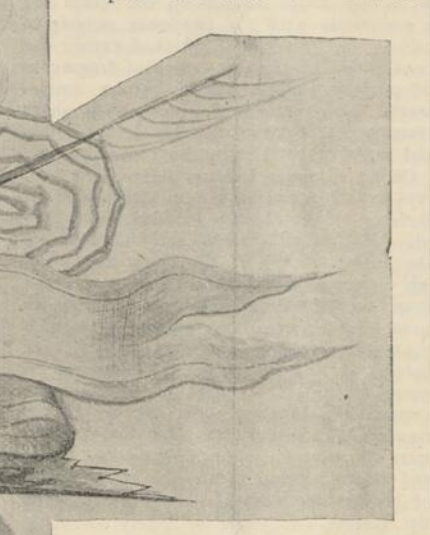
"Chiefs, according to the Indian laws framed by the Government, are elected for three years, but may be deposed and declared ineligible for re-election for three years for dishonesty, intemperance, immorality, or incompetence; and they may be in the proportion of one head chief and two second chiefs or councillors for every two hundred Indians. No band can have more than six head chiefs and twelve second chiefs, but any band composed of thirty Indians may have one chief.

"Elections may be set aside by the Governor-in-Council on report of the Superintendent-General, if it is proved by two witnesses before the Indian Agent for the locality represented, that fraud or gross irregularity was practiced at any election, and every Indian who is proved guilty of such fraud or connivance thereat may be declared ineligible for re-election for six years."

Now it is on this very point, of the election of chiefs, that the present cause of dissatisfaction is alleged to exist. It is claimed by some of the Indians that there are too many chiefs, and that the present system of election by ballot every three years breeds endless strife, and broils, and peace-disturbing schemes on the reserves, as pretty nearly every Indian wants to be a chief, and his short term of office and desire to be re-elected limits the free use of the power he might

use in coercing wrong-doers, and acquiring that moral influence in the tribe which the old system of life chiefs ensured. Under the old regime, it was the women of each totem or family who elected their

contract, where such had been done, was regarded as a gross dishonor and an everlasting disgrace. It is not so much the meaning of a shell as it is of the order in which it is placed, and so perfectly is the cone of arrangement understood that an Indian who knew nothing of the events recorded could read them from the wampum belt with an accurate



interpretation. It must, however, be remembered that the Indian languages are full of similes, of the parables and metaphors, and that it is not so much an expression of words as of suggestions that the wampum conveys. Chief "Approaching Fire" says every time a new chief is created under the old law, the veritable strings of wampum with which the founder of the Confederacy opened the first council, and created its constitution, over 1500 years ago, are produced and read, and the chief installed under the formula which it proclaims.

ORIGIN OF THE "GREAT PEACE." "In the remote period before the Iroquois Confederacy was formed, about sixty years, perhaps, before Christ was born (as the white men would count), there were many fierce and warring wars between the nations which were later amalgamated under the name of the Iroquois Confederacy—the Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas.

These wars embittered the lives of the various tribes, whose sole business was revenge and retaliation upon each other, till the earth became red with bloodshed and there was no such thing as peace or prospect of it, save through the annihilation of the tribes. About this time, a young Wyandotte virgin, named D-yo-no-da-donh, or "North



Pete Sawyer poured out the cold tea at Indian Jocks' Cafe, St. Regis.

Star," lived with her parents on the north shore of the Bay of Quinte, at a place called in "Real Men's" tongue (Iroquois) Ka-ka-ha-na-yeh. This spot, in the opinion of Chief "Approaching Fire" and other Indian authorities, is in the neighborhood of a little hill above where Deseronto now stands, a few rods from that part of the shore which is called in Mohawk Je-de-ya-go-dem.

This maiden, so the legend goes, whose virginity was a proven fact in time brought forth a man-child who was a marvel of personal beauty. When this strange thing had come to pass, the mother said to her daughter, "I suppose it is not good to nurse and raise the child, lest great calamity might befall our nation by him."

The daughter conformed with her mother's suspicion, and then her mother said, "Let us cast the child into the water that he may die, so that the nation may escape this threatened danger."

So they wrapped the child in a fur robe, and the grandmother took it to the place where they got water, and sank it through the hole in the ice. During the following night, however, the mother of the man-child awoke, and finding her son lying on her bosom, was more than ever impressed with the evil future which this child must bring upon her race.

So the grandmother again sank the child under the ice, but once more it returned and was found in the morning lying upon its mother's breast.

Three times did the grandmother sink this mysterious man-child into the ice-covered waters, but every night it returned, till at length they ceased trying to destroy it, nursed it, and it grew rapidly into strength and health, and from childhood to manhood became daily more beautiful. One night, in a dream, it was communicated to the virgin mother that her son should be named De-ka-na-we-dah, because there was no other such name in her family; and that none other should be named after him.

THE GREAT PEACE-MAKER. As De-ka-na-we-dah grew into manhood he was persecuted by his own people on account of his surpassing beauty, and the possession of all good virtues and abilities, till at length he was driven from home, and went to the Mohawk tribe on the Mohawk river, in what is now New York State.

According to Indian authorities, De-ka-na-we-dah is believed to have been a heavenly messenger, sent by the Great Creator of All Things, to establish a system of government which would bring about a reign of peace among the hostile

"Real Men" (On-gie-hon-weh) of the Western Hemisphere, and pacify and restore to normal humanity the notorious and determined

A-DO-DAR-HOH, DESTROYER OF LIVES.

This was a sorcerer of fierce and terrible nature, who had first been discovered in a swale between what is now Syracuse and the present Onondaga Reserve, about seven miles south-east of Syracuse. Such was the baleful power of this merciless tyrant that with a glance of his eye or a touch of his hand, he could wipe out of existence the strongest and bravest warrior, and when he was first known he was seen sitting one day by the bank of a river, up which were coming many of the canoes of the nation.

Turning to one of those on shore, he said, "They had better come in soon, for I see a squall coming," and, waving his arm in the air, he laughed a most horrible laugh as a dense black cloud smote down upon the waters; and the wind rose up and lashed the foam and fury, filling the canoes and drowning all in sight of their brothers on shore, who were powerless to help them.

The evil influence of the man possessed of fiendish powers such that he soon acquired complete control over the Onondaga nation, making slaves of them all, and at the slightest murmur annihilating them with a glance, till the tribe grew smaller daily, and became abjectly subservient to his will in all things. This monster, it was, too, who stirred up all the evil passions of the surrounding tribes, and caused the wars with which the country was infested; and it was his pleasure to see them always fighting.

A-YONH-WHA, CHIEF OF THE ONONDAGAS.

But the Chief of the Onondagas, who was a good and brave man, called together meetings and tried to bring the tribes into harmony with each other, and under some sort of system; but at every council or meeting, the evil influence of A-do-dar-hoh caused one or more of his children to die, till at length his whole family became exterminated, and he was left a childless and homeless man. Sorrow ate his heart out, and he forgot in his misery the bones of his fathers, and the care of his tribe, and wandered forth from Onondaga into the forests, caring not to return, and brooding on the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the Evil One.

THE PEACE-MAKER AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

Now when De-ka-na-we-dah reached the Mohawks, he had passed through the villages of several tribes, who had used him kindly, and invited him to come into their council chambers as a guest to listen



TOTEMS.

He then classified the families into totems, or lineages, and to each totem he gave a chief, or lord, who was to be chosen by the women, who were the keepers of the totems; for a man may not know his father, but his mother he can be sure of.

And in every tribe of the Six Nations there were nine totems; and each one of these was as a family which had its brothers and its sisters in the totem of the same name in all the other tribes. There were, and always have been since, the totems of the Bear, the Beaver, the Little Plover, the Bull, the Tortoise, the Wolf, the Deer, the Grey Swift Sable, the Hawk, and the Eel.

To the Mohawks he gave nine lordships and totems; to the Onondagas, nine; to the Onondagas, fourteen (for they were reckoned the wisest nation of the whole Confederacy); to the Cayugas he gave ten lordships, and to the Senecas eight. These were the nations that were to sit in council, and the lords were the confirmers of the council, so that when any measure was passed which seemed to threaten in any manner the welfare of the Confederacy, it was referred to the lords for confirmation, and they being the wisest in all the nations, accepted or rejected it, as to them seemed best.

DEPENDENT TRIBES.

It was then the Onondagas took to their bosoms the Tuttle tribe, who were allowed two chiefs to sit in the council, to hear, but not to speak or take active part in it. They also took to their protection the Tuscaroras, who had, however, no representation in the council. And the Mohawks took to their bosom and protection the Delawares, who were to put on the women's clothes and serve the food to the Iroquois at the meeting of the councils. They also took the Nanticokes, who had no chiefs, though very numerous, and were not allowed an entrance into the

WANDERINGS OF A-YONH-WHA. When the lone Onondaga chief wandered in a grief-stricken mood through the woods he too was planning in his mind a scheme of government which should restore peace to the warring tribes of "Real Men." And when he looked for the wampum with which to make the Great Peace, he knew that he would find them at a certain small lake, and when he arrived there he saw the surface covered with thousands of black ducks which turned towards him and uttered strange cries. He said to them, "So you have expected me, and you see that I am come, and now I am looking for the wampum." At this the whole flock flew upwards, darkening the sky and carrying with them the waters on their wings, till the bed of the lake was left dry, and there in the centre of it he found the wampum. Taking his pouch, which was formed of the skin of a fish, he filled it full, in handfuls, of the shells,



The Belles and the Beaux were there.

and gathered afterwards the thread of elder twigs, on which to string them.

But after wandering a little while longer he at length came to the wigwams of the Mohawks, where he met De-ka-na-we-dah, who asked him, "How is it that a peaceful chief like you is so far away from his own tribe?" And A-yonh-wah answered, telling him that the Evil One had destroyed all his kin, and he cared no longer what became of him; but wished to see a Great Peace established throughout the land before he died.

De-ka-na-we-dah then told him that he would lay his case before the chiefs of the Mohawks in council that very evening.

FORMING THE LAWS OF THE GREAT PEACE.

So when the Council had gathered together De-ka-na-we-dah called upon the chiefs, each to give his views of a plan of creating a government which would spread peace and happiness throughout the land. And each of the chiefs produced a string of wampum and handed it to him, which he looked at and laid aside.

Then turning to A-yonh-wah, who had been invited to enter the council chamber, he said: "What contribution do you bring to the making of this Constitution?" And A-yonh-wah answered: "I bring these," putting the bag of wampum and the elder string before him.

De-ka-na-we-dah then said: "This is the thing that will accomplish our undertaking." And he arranged them into thirteen strings, expressive of the addresses to the thirteen surviving parties of confederates, to be used in the creation and installation of chiefs when Ohnson-do-ra-go-nah-yah-de-ha-gonh-son-deh

"DEATH, THE FACELESS"

should snatch one or more from among their number.

And he said to them: "Follow these laws and rules of our Constitution till the end of time, and I will make ye Lords, who were chiefs; and shall crown ye with a crown of deer's horns, and ye shall become as brothers and sisters to each other, and in every tribe there will be a branch of your own family, and with these ye shall not marry, but shall regard them as if they were your own flesh and blood, and love them accordingly."

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HOME OF MR. LONG. Indian Agent and Custom's Officer, St. Regis.



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One of the oldest houses in St. Regis.

body, to use it against the nations; and such was the force of the terrible passions with which the spirit filled him, that it transformed his face and figure into that of vice. But the painful remembrance of his former sufferings in Onondaga was more than A-yonh-wah could endure, and he returned to the Mohawks, taking with him the restored warrior as a proof to the nations, that the Great Peace had now indeed been established. De-ka-na-ne-dah soon after his return disappeared from earth, but his spirit watches over the councils of the Confederacy, and witnesses the deeds of his children as if he was present among them.

SINGING THE PEACE MARCH.

When the Mohawks had accepted the laws of the new Confederacy, and their chiefs had been crowned lords, they chose a singer, who went at the head of their nation, singing the great song of De-ka-na-ne-dah; and as they came to each tribe they mingled with the song the name of the chief of the nation they visited, and soon they were joined in one grand union of the Mohawks, and the Oneidas, and the Onondagas, and the Cayugas, and the Senecas.

When they were all together, De-ka-na-we-dah told them the meaning of the laws which he had recorded in the wampums, and which were the Constitution of the Confederate Lords of the Six Nations.

NATURE OF IROQUOIS CONSTITUTION.

These wampums of De-ka-na-we-dah, of which there were forty-five strings, as read by John Buck, one of the present Fire-keepers of Onondaga, begin in this way:

First wampum string—"We now take the hand, and wipe away the tears from off your weeping faces that we see clearly."

Such is the tone of De-ka-na-we-dah's law; but it would be too long to write it all here. The nineteenth string, however, is so significant in connection with the late meeting that it may be well to reproduce it.

Nineteenth wampum string—"You are now confederate nations forever, which we signify by joining our hands together, and if any of the confederate lords leave this confederation, his crown of deer's horns, the emblem of his lordship, together with his birthright, will lodge on the arms of the confederate lords, whose hands are joined; so that his crown of deer's horns falls off from his head, and he forfeits his lordship title, together with his birthright, and they will remain in the Confederacy."

"And if at any time any of the confederate lords choose to submit to the laws and regulations made by other people, he, or they, are no longer in, but out of, the Confederacy, and shall be called aliens."

"And likewise if any of your people submit to the laws and regulations made by other people, he or they, shall forfeit his or their birthright. Thereafter he or they shall have no interest or claim in the Confederacy."

"We, the Confederate Lords, now join hands together. Be firm, so that if a tree falls on our arms it shall not separate us, nor cause us to loosen our hold. Such shall the strength of our union be."

"SIX NATION" IDEAS.

Thus, according to Iroquois ideas, was the Confederacy formed; and it is by these forty-five strings of wampum that they ask the Government, in their petition, to be permitted to rule themselves, deeming that they are not true Iroquois if they accept any other laws than their own. These they claim do not in any way conflict with the laws of the Dominion, but are specially fitted to their peculiar condition. Behind this again there is a grievance, which is that the renegade Indians who desert their tribes, reserves and callings, for the professions of the white men, still draw their share of annuity and revenue from the Reserves, till they are five years absent.

According to the old law, these deserters would forfeit at once their share of birthright, to the general fund of their nation, who would thus be made richer individually by their apostasy. And they probably believe, too, that fewer desertions would take place when it would cost the progressive Indians something to make them. This may account also for the two rival parties of Iroquois, the one which looks forward to a prosperity like that of the white race, and who say that the best thing of the other fellows can do is to "hurry up and get civilized as quickly as possible." The other party, which regards these as apostates, and looks back with longing eyes upon the old days of power and glory, cherish with all the ardor of the patriot the fading traditions of their race, are those which have recent-



One dose of Pete Sawyers' "cold tea," made two pictures at once. It is stronger than Tetley's.

are pleased to call our enlightened age, and what posterity will some day call the barbaric era. On the broad prairies of the west, up the Rainy River, and on one island in the Lake of the Woods, may be found those queer looking mounds which have yielded up their trophies of an intelligence surprising to those who people the past with nought but a humanity which possessed only brute instinct and appetite. In these mounds have been found copper utensils which would not disgrace the smithy of to-day, if they were to be made by hand.

The lost art of tempering copper was no secret to these primitive artisans, and edge tools have been found of that material almost as hard as tempered steel. These mounds were the burial places of former Americans, and in all ages that instinctive desire to perpetuate in the memory of posterity the deeds and thoughts and lives of the existing race has led to the building of places of sepulchre more enduring than if intended for any other purpose.

In Hough's History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, written in 1853, may be found a description of some interesting mounds and earthworks of primitive days, which come within the scope of this article on account of their almost certain connection with the Iroquois and other Indian races. "On St. Regis Island, directly opposite the Indian village of that name, and at a point where the boundary line of 1818 crossed the river, there still exists a barrow or sepulchral mound. It was excavated by Colonel Hawkins, of the United States Boundary Commission, in 1818, and found to contain numbers and in a good state of preservation, but at the base were found traces of fire, charcoal, burned bones, and fragments of pottery, together with stone implements and ornaments. Directly opposite to the church on the east bank of the St. Regis River is another barrow or mound of similar nature, which has at some period evidently been explored.

There is no tradition in the village relating to either of them, and no probability that they were made by the existing race of Indians, and doubtless belong to a period of history so remote that it has been lost even to the traditions of the tribes. In making a canal round the rapids on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence many years before 1853, a singular mound described spot, was still another trace which could easily be made out, as it had never been plowed, and was the only work of the three in the town of Macomb which could be seen entire. On the road between Norfolk Village and Raquetteville, on Mile Lot 10, was a remarkable trench enclosure in early times; pine stumps still stood on the bank four rods in circumference, in 1853, which must have grown there since the place was

occupied, as beds of ashes have been found under their roots mingled with broken earthenware, flint arrows, and other relics of the builders. On an island in the vicinity, Indian graves were found. In the town of Massena, half a mile west of Raquette River bridge, was plainly to be seen a work which differed considerably from any of the others, and was the best preserved. Its form was somewhat like an ox bow, with its open side towards Raquette River. The summit of the ridge at that place commands an extensive and delightful prospect, and the vicinity must have been a favorite haunt of the rude Indians who once made it their home.

On the intervening woods were cleared away, the locality in Potsdam described, some 20 miles away, could be seen from this place, and signal fires at night could be distinguished easily from either summit. Not far from this work, in the town of Massena, has been found a pipe formed of whitish steatite or soapstone, with the figure of a serpent wrought on its head rising a little above the bowl.

This figure has been used by the savages of all nations without any apparent knowledge of each other, and this has given rise to the opinion that it originated in some religious notion and is symbolic of some idea inherent in the mind. The Egyptians represented the recurring cycles of the year by a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and one of the mounds to the south-west here, when traced in its immense proportions along the ground, is like an enormous serpent. A semicircular trench and bank also existed in the town of Oswegatchie, now Ogdensburg, N. Y., where a small portion of the highway passes over it at the only part visible, and the outline of this bank may be traced in the spring by the unusual verdure of the grass along its line, similar spots indicating the sites of fire-places within and without. This was formerly the western edge of the town, on a farm owned by Benjamin Pope, and an unusual abundance of stone and earthenware ornaments have been found there.

In the case of the copper implements found on the Canadian shore, the metal must have been mined or taken from the surface and carried eastward to the Superior district, as this ore does not occur at a nearer point to the place where the excavations were found, unless, indeed, these primitive races knew of its presence in places which have not since been discovered.

MORE RECENT ROCK PAINTING.

Another step in the history of the savage races is indicated by the rock paintings which have been discovered along the St. Lawrence river and in various parts of the continent. In Elizabeth township, west of Brockville, Ont., and

directly opposite to Oak Point, N. Y., there could be seen years ago, and perhaps to-day, a rude painting on the rock representing a canoe with thirty-five men, and a cross, evidently intended to commemorate some event, and done since the Roman Catholic missionaries came to Canada. From the direction of the canoe it would appear that the party was passing down the river, and from the number it contained and the cross in advance, it probably was a party going to attend some of the Indian missions, perhaps at Tadoussac or Ste. Amos.

A little below Brockville, and opposite to Morrissetown, were two paintings on the cliffs, cuts of which are here reproduced.

These are probably of comparatively modern origin, and indeed the Indians at St. Regis possess a vague tradition concerning them, which they relate as follows:—"A long time ago the Caughnawaga Indians were going west on a warlike expedition, and made these paintings on their way up. They were all killed, and the number of marks denote the number of the party."

Another tradition which prevails in the vicinity of Brockville is to the effect that long ago a war party of Indians returning from the upper waters with two captives were caught in a terrible storm, and their canoe being heavily laden was in great danger of foundering. To lighten it they threw overboard the two captives, and fearing the vengeance of God, made a vow that if they were saved they would return every year and paint this picture upon the rocks at the point where they first found shelter, and would renew it year by year.

Rumor says that till the last decade this vow was faithfully performed, and a rude picture certainly does exist there to-day, though it may indeed be a spurious one. The picture near Oak

Point was apparently painted in vermilion and the others in ochre. When first seen by the whites they were quite brilliant, but lost their hues afterwards. The cross, the emblem of the Christian faith, and especially held in reverence by Catholics, sufficiently indicates the modern origin of the sketches, which may have formed a connecting link in the chain of events occurring under the French dynasty, or may have been traced to pass away the tedium of a leisure hour.

In either case they are symbolical of the records used by savages to preserve the memory of events or of the pastimes and tastes of a race which is fast passing away.

The shores of Black Lake, at the town of Morrissetown, N. Y., between the village of Hammond and the Narrows, contained traces of paintings of an obscure character. One of these was a deer drawn very rudely, and about eight inches high. There were also seven figures, in two groups, at a short distance from the first picture.

The deer was an emblem or mark in use among the Iroquois to designate one of their totems or bands, as given in a preceding paragraph, and was also in use among the Oswegatchies, and the block on which it was drawn is preserved in the collections of the State at Albany. The following sketch, taken from Hough's History, like most of these facts, represents the group of human beings upon the rocks, drawn in the conventional form adopted among the savages.



Indian Painting on Black Lake near Morrissetown, N. Y., showing conventional way of representing seven men.

The material used is clay and coarse sand generally well tempered and baked; and the vessels occasionally bear a rude resemblance to the human face.

Stone gouges for tapping maple trees, stone chisels for skinning deer, arrowheads of flint, jasper, chalcocite, shale, and other rock; Amulets and amulets of steatite, implements of bone, evidently used as needles, and tools for marking impressions upon the pottery; fragments of bones and broken shells, the remains of ancient feasts, indicate the pursuits and enjoyments of our predecessors. Most of the sites of these pre-historic strongholds were chosen with a natural protection upon one or more sides, as the bank of a stream or the brow of a hill, leaving only defenses to be erected on the unprotected sides.

The traces usually found consisted of a mound or bank of earth surrounded by a ditch of proportionate extent, and these banks probably formed the foot of a palisade of timber set upright in the ground. In some of them the holes left by the decaying timber might still be seen.

This is especially true of a work near Geneva, in Ontario County, U. S., which formed the last stronghold of the Seneca

cas in the expedition of General Sullivan, during the Revolutionary War, and which owed its preservation to the circumstance that the premises were expressly reserved when their lands were ceded to the State, with the explicit understanding that it should never be brought under cultivation.

"There," said the Seneca chief, "sleep our fathers, and they cannot rest well if they hear the plow of the white man above them."

In the town of Macomb, St. Lawrence Co., have been found traces of three trench enclosures, and several places where beds of ashes mark the sites of ancient hearths, the habitations and defenses of a race whose period of history is even beyond the guessing point.

One of these was on the farm of William Houghton, on the bank of Birch Creek, enclosing the premises since used as a mill yard. It was in the form of a semicircle with the two ends running to the creek. The line which formed the bank, and its vicinity, revealed fragments of pottery, ashes, shells, stone implements, and earthenware pipes with short clumsy stems two or three inches long and massive bowl with short stem. On an adjoining hill another ancient fort existed, and in an adjacent pond a skeleton of great size has been discovered. Half a mile north-east of this, on the farms of W. P. Houghton and Josiah Sweet, was another enclosure, and from what little remained it seemed to have been a deep ditch outside of a high bank of irregular semi-oval shape, with gateways, and its ends came up to a small stream, the outlet of a tamarac swamp, the former site of a beaver meadow. Evidences of the latter fact were discovered when digging a ditch, and sticks bearing the marks of the teeth of beavers were found several feet below the surface.

The trench and bank could be traced in 1853 about 100 paces, which appeared to be about half of the original circuit. Numerous fire beds occurred within it, and in one case a quantity of ashes and charcoal was found five feet below the surface.

In a field a few rods distant vestiges of an Indian village were found, and on the premises of the St. Lawrence Lead Mining Co., and the farm of Robt. Wilson, three-fourths of a mile from the first described spot, was still another trace which could easily be made out, as it had never been plowed, and was the only work of the three in the town of Macomb which could be seen entire. On the road between Norfolk Village and Raquetteville, on Mile Lot 10, was a remarkable trench enclosure in early times; pine stumps still stood on the bank four rods in circumference, in 1853, which must have grown there since the place was

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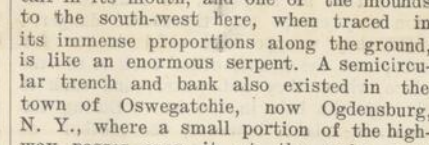
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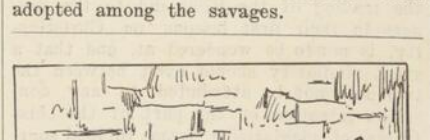
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St. Regis folks know they are handsome and like to "get their pictures took."

sent town of Ogdensburg, in New York State, U. S., but once in French Canadian territory, might be seen some years ago traces of a broken wall, which was the foundation of an edifice erected nearly a century and a half ago, as the inscription on the corner-stone, preserved in that town to the present day will tell. Translated from the original Latin, it reads: "In the name of the Omnipotent God, the foundation of this habitation was laid by Francis Piquet in 1749."

These buildings, or others erected on their site, were afterwards for many years occupied by a British garrison, and subsequently as a court house, jail, store, and barracks for troops, and the inscription on the corner-stone, preserved in that town to the present day will tell. Translated from the original Latin, it reads: "In the name of the Omnipotent God, the foundation of this habitation was laid by Francis Piquet in 1749."

Another explanation of the name of the village is given by the fact that above the rapids coming down under the firm ice at this place, sometimes caused by a sort of earthquake or tremor, attended with a noise like the drumming of the ridges.

Among the missionaries and to the present day it is named after Jean Baptiste Regis, a Jesuit, born at Foncenerve, in the diocese of Geneva, in 1597, and a descendant from an ancient and noble family. He was one of the first to enter the Jesuit school at Begiers, and after performing it undertook the charge of instructing the Saint of the lower classes, for whom interests he labored with such zeal that he was persecuted by those of the higher state, and sought an appointment as missionary to the Iroquois and Huron in Canada. He was deeply disappointed in not getting it, but remained at home where he died.

His tomb at La Louvaine in Langres is regarded as a shrine where miracles were believed by Catholics to have been performed. A painting of the Saint was presented to the church at St. Regis by Charles X., but was burnt in the fire of 1866.

The site of St. Regis is as beautiful as it well can be, situated as the village is on a projecting point of land which juts out into the St. Lawrence between the mouths of the St. Regis and Raquette rivers, and on the 45th parallel of latitude.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States passes through the village, and the iron post which appears in the title cut of this issue is located on the principal street. This bears the following inscription, which has been cast on the metal: "Boundary, Aug. 26, 1842." Lieut. Col. J. B. B. Estcourt, B. M. Com'ssr." On the other two faces of the post are "Treaty of Washington,"

happened to be made at the time, from the Indians for twenty-five or fifty cents, they would ask nearly double the price if you wanted to bargain in advance for a thousand yet to be made.

So the basket merchants buy the logs and the materials from the Indians in the summer, pay for them on delivery, and sell them back to them at a profit in the winter and, in fact, all the year round.

In this way a steady supply is secured, and large orders can be filled by the merchants from stock.

The next thing was to improve on the crude models of the Indians, and introduce more artistic shapes and tints into the making of the goods. This was done by bringing models from Germany and insisting upon faithful and perfect copies of them being made.

Even organs have found their way into some of the houses, and at night pour forth very creditable music accompanied by such singing as would compare favorably with much that is heard in the homes of the white man, for these people seem to have a natural love for music and what is called "a good ear" for it.

Many of them, too, have horses and carriages, some of them costing as much as seventy-five dollars.

A glance at the pictures in this issue will show that some of the younger generation manage to dress themselves with as much taste as their white sisters, tan shoes, and gloves, with quite "catching" hats being in evidence, and pretty blouses not unknown.

There are the Indian dances, too, and these simply "knock you silly," being altogether too funny. One young fellow of swarthy hue, but rather good-looking features, appeared upon the scene with a black silk sash round his waist, a Tam O'Shanter set jauntily upon the side of his head and a cigarette between his fingers.

He was simply "killing," and if that type thrives among the Indians, all the squaws must certainly wear tan shoes or be out of the swim altogether.

But most of the women cling to the old conservative style of dress, with shawl-covered head, and many rather pretty faces with their bright eyes peep out roguishly enough from this most unladylike costume.

Some of the male persuasion have their ears pierced and wear ear-rings, but most of them are quietly and cleanly dressed, and there is a marked absence of that "Injun smell" which haunts the villages of the prairie and other western tribes.

Basket making has had much to do with all this and St. Regis, is a living example of the effect which comfort and prosperity has upon a community which has seen the reverse.

These baskets are most artistic in their shapes and appearance, and it is marvellous into what a variety of forms the black ash fibres have been woven.

In the ware-rooms of Messrs. Dwyer & Lantry were shown thousands of these pretty utensils in hundreds of forms of most ingenious weaves. Among other things were two hats, as dainty creations as ever the deft fingers of the milliner produced.

They were of fibre with flames and trimming of a sort of perfume grass, and were intended as sachets for parlor use, and said to retain their delicate odor of new mown hay for years.

Upstairs were whole bins of this grass, gathered by the Indians and immediately

sold to the merchants, only to be purchased back at a higher price later on.

FORMER REVENUE.

But prior to the basket period there was no such prosperity in St. Regis. In 1852, the tribe numbered 1120 in all—632 British and 488 Americans, as against 1300 total at present, not one of which, even at that distant date, was of pure Indian blood.

The British part of the St. Regis tribe then received \$1,000, as interest, for a tract of land sold to the Government, though it afterwards drew a greater sum.

They also received rents from lands in Dundee amounting to about \$1,000 yearly; and many of the leases of these properties having expired about six or seven years ago, the Indians having been unable to purchase the improvements of the settlers, sold their right in the lands for \$2.50 per acre.

This has been a bone of contention among them ever since, as they deemed that when the leases expired the improvements, buildings and everything else should revert to them, without any charge whatever.

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There is also a Methodist Mission at St. Regis, which has a chapel at Hogansburgh, two miles away, on the line of the reservation, and as near to the Indian village as a title for land could be procured.

This mission was originated by the Reverend Ebenezer Arnold, in 1847, and is now in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Houghton.

Such was the traditional founding of the village, and these were the people, with their descendants, whom Father Gordon found here when he arrived with his detachment of Iroquois, that he was taking away from the evil influences of a too close proximity to the moral miasma of Montreal.

The ecclesiastics have shown in this regard a commendable interest in the welfare of their flocks, and in order that the end desired might not be defeated it was deemed necessary that the new colony should be exclusively native, and that no military post should form part of it, or traffic in spirituous liquors be permitted.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC. That even the savages themselves recognized the degrading influences of drink has been proven by the following memorial from the Oneidas to the Legislature of New York, in which they voiced the opinions and wishes of the different tribes nearly a century ago, and is pathetic in its appeal to save them from themselves:

"Brothers: We, the Sachems and Chiefs of the different Nations, desire your attention. You have often manifested a respect for our welfare, by way of good council. You have told us that we should love one another, and to live in peace.

You have also exhorted us to abandon our savage life, to adopt your mode of life in cultivating our land; to raise grain; to be sober, and many other good things. We have made attempts to follow the good path you have pointed out for us, but find ourselves still deficient. And you seem to blame us for our backwardness, and we are to be blamed.

"Brothers: We have been often consulting upon our welfare, and how to promote it.—We made but slow progress. For we find one great obstacle, which we look upon as our enemy, by whose means our nations are almost reduced to the ground. Our young men seem willing to become slaves to the tyrant who goes in the name of Spirituous Liquor. To us he is a servant of evil spirit.

When we found that our own endeavors and powers were too weak to prevent such an engaging tyrant, we united our voices two years ago to you for assistance, that you might bind this tyrant. But you refused to give your assistance, which one brother had right to expect from another.

"Brothers: If such of your color as sell us this article were obliged to keep us in their houses while we were distracted with it, and suffer us in the desolation it makes, we then believe they would as willingly call out as loud as we do for help and existence. Therefore we can not but

hope, and firmly believe, that you will at this time give all possible relief. "Brothers: Remember we were willing to assist you to fight against your enemy. We were willing to let you have our lands when you needed. We were willing to maintain the chain of friendship with you, and we desire to live in peace and enjoy all your privileges. But how can we do this, so long as you are, as it were, willing to see us destroyed by this tyrant. In consequence of which numberless audiences have taken place amongst us. And besides that you have often told us that the Great Spirit will send all drunkards to everlasting fire after death.

"Brothers: You are wise people and you know the mind of the Great Spirit. We know but little, and can do but little. And as you are our brothers, we would again look to you for help to lessen abundantly that distracting article by some law of yours, that we may have a fair trial to walk in that path which you so highly recommended to us. And in compliance with this our request, we shall ever acknowledge your friendship, and we leave it to your wisdom and humanity."

This memorial, taken like most of the historical matter in this article from Houghton's History, tells its own tale in its appeal for help against that terrible curse which has slain more of the Indian race through exposure to cold and hardship (the results of drink in savage life) than all the bloody wars between the various nations and the white men. It was not alone the bullet which laid low the power of the red men, once the proud possessors of this American continent. That might have decimated their ranks, but could not have broken their spirit into their present pitiful weakness.

King "Booze" was the arch conspirator of the white Icarists. They pressed the button and he did the rest.

As soon as Gordon and his people became established in their new home, they set about building a church of logs, covered with a roof of bark; and this primitive temple served the double purpose of a church and a dwelling for the priest—one end of the hut being partitioned off.

There being no bell, at the hour of worship an Indian went from hut to hut and announced the time of prayer in a loud voice, much the same as the Muezzin call in Mahomedan countries from the mosques.

Two years after this church was burnt and with it the first records of the parish, though since that date they are said to be perfect, and kept in Latin and French. A small wooden church replaced this one, and was built on the ground now occupied by the priest's house.

This church had a cupola which contained a bell, generally believed to be the famous one taken from Deerfield, Mass., by the Indians in 1704. Mrs. Sigourney has written this legend of the bell into poetry, and admirably portrays the superstitious fear of the Indians when they heard its first strange sound echoing among the solemn woods. They had learned to look upon the bell as something sacred and almost personal in its religious interest; and its ransom from the hands of its English captors cost many lives in that memorable attack on Deerfield, when Hertel de Rouville, Lord of Mount St. John, swept down with his French soldiers and Indian warriors like avenging demons on the New England settlements.

But we will quote the little poem of the sweet singer:—

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS. "The red men came in their pride and wrath Deep vengeance fired their eyes, And the blood of the white was in their path, And the flame from his roof rose high.

The dome from the burning church they tore, The bell of tuncful sound, And on its wretched captive train they bore That wonderful thing toward their native shore, The rude Canadian bound.

It spoke no more till St. Regis tower In northern skies appeared, And then legends extol that pow-wow power Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower. As conscience slumbereth a little hour In the cell of a heart that's cared.

"Fifty-six years before the founding of St. Regis, Father Nicholas having assembled a considerable number of converted Indians, established them in the village now known as Caughnawaga, on the St. Lawrence, the situation of which is one of the most picturesque in the whole country. Father Nicholas, having founded his village, now set to work with the aid of his Indians to erect a church, which stood upon a jutting point, and with its spire glittering in the sunlight against a background of gloomy forest; formed a romantic setting for the legend of this celebrated bell.

But Father Nicholas' church was more pretentious than many of the rude structures of the missions, and among other titles to distinction it possessed a bell which one day became the subject of his sermon. He explained to his savage audience that a bell without a bell was like a church without a priest, and urged them to lay aside some of the furs they had collected till enough would be accumulated to purchase a bell, which could then only be procured from France.

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St. Regis girls are bashful, but love to be loved.

Government thought differently, and the Indians eventually signed a quit claim for the figure stated.

Besides interest and rents, they received from the Government blankets and clothing according to the age of the individuals. A child of from 5 to 9 years received the value of \$1.50; from 9 to 14 about \$2.50, and after that period the worth of \$4.00 or \$5.00, besides one pound of powder and four pounds of shot and balls for hunting. The squaws received the value of \$4.00 in blankets and cloth.

In addition to the lands held at St. Regis, the Canadian reserve includes Cornwall Island, St. Regis Island, and others, which are very fertile, and which they either cultivate or rent out.

The American party at the same date received an annuity of \$2,131.67, which equally divided between men, women and children averaged \$4.00 per head.

They also received \$700 rental for a tract of land near Hogansburgh; and at one time it was customary for the two sides of the tribe to pool their revenue from both sources and divide it between them.

This led to the use of the Roman Catholic Church at St. Regis (which is on the Canadian side) by the American portion of the tribe, till some years ago, when the old church being burnt a new one was erected at the exclusive expense of the Canadian party. To this, as of old, the American contingent kept coming without contributing anything towards either its construction or maintenance. The old custom of international division of revenue having been cancelled, caused the Canadian Indians to prevent the Americans

who took a great personal interest in the matter.

The Roman Catholic Mission was established much earlier, having been started by Father Anthony Gordon, a Jesuit from Caughnawaga, with a colony of these Indians in 1700. The year of the settlement is known by the fact that the party was met near Coteau du Lac by Lord Amherst, who was then descending the St. Lawrence to complete the conquest of Canada.

Caughnawaga, or St. Louis, had at a very early period been formed from a portion of the Mohawk tribe, who had embraced the Catholic faith and followed the "Black Robes" into French territory.

FOUNDING OF ST. REGIS.

But, according to ancient narratives, there was a small colony at Ak-wis-sas-be before Father Gordon came and named it St. Regis.

This tradition says that about 170 years ago a girl of thirteen years and two brothers of younger age were playing together in a barn at the town of Groton, Mass., when the two boys were seized by Indians and carried away, probably in the expectation that a reward would be offered for their return.

The story says that these boys were taken to Caughnawaga, where they were adopted as the children of their captors and grew up in the customs and language of the Indians. In time they married the daughters of Sak-kon-ai-ta-ang and Ata-wen-ta, two chiefs of the Caughnawaga tribe. Their superior intelligence and enterprise brewed endless jealousies and

many quarrels among the younger Indians, which became a source of irritation and trouble in the settlement and of anxiety to the missionary, who tried in vain to reconcile the difficulties between them. Finally he advised the two young men to remove with their families to a place by themselves, where they might enjoy tranquility, beyond the reach of persecution from their comrades.

This they did, taking with them their wives, and followed by their wives' parents. These four families then departed with their effects in canoes to seek a new home further up the St. Lawrence.

Coasting along the river with critical eye, they at last arrived at the point on which St. Regis now stands, where they landed and took possession at the meeting of the waters. The name of these youths was Tarbell, and their descendants, who have ever since lived at St. Regis have given to the tribe some of its most distinguished chiefs and head men. One of these, named Lesor Tarbell, was, nearly a century ago, a chief very highly esteemed by the white men for his prudence, candor, and great worth of character. On nearly all of the treaties with the Iroquois the name of Tarbell figures, and in the little Indian cemetery at St. Regis may be seen tombstones bearing it.

Such was the traditional founding of the village, and these were the people, with their descendants, whom Father Gordon found here when he arrived with his detachment of Iroquois, that he was taking away from the evil influences of a too close proximity to the moral miasma of Montreal.

The ecclesiastics have shown in this regard a commendable interest in the welfare of their flocks, and in order that the end desired might not be defeated it was deemed necessary that the new colony should be exclusively native, and that no military post should form part of it, or traffic in spirituous liquors be permitted.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

That even the savages themselves recognized the degrading influences of drink has been proven by the following memorial from the Oneidas to the Legislature of New York, in which they voiced the opinions and wishes of the different tribes nearly a century ago, and is pathetic in its appeal to save them from themselves:

"Brothers: We, the Sachems and Chiefs of the different Nations, desire your attention. You have often manifested a respect for our welfare, by way of good council. You have told us that we should love one another, and to live in peace. You have also exhorted us to abandon our savage life, to adopt your mode of life in cultivating our land; to raise grain; to be sober, and many other good things. We have made attempts to follow the good path you have pointed out for us, but find ourselves still deficient. And you seem to blame us for our backwardness, and we are to be blamed.

"Brothers: We have been often consulting upon our welfare, and how to promote it.—We made but slow progress. For we find one great obstacle, which we look upon as our enemy, by whose means our nations are almost reduced to the ground. Our young men seem willing to become slaves to the tyrant who goes in the name of Spirituous Liquor. To us he is a servant of evil spirit.

When we found that our own endeavors and powers were too weak to prevent such an engaging tyrant, we united our voices two years ago to you for assistance, that you might bind this tyrant. But you refused to give your assistance, which one brother had right to expect from another.

"Brothers: If such of your color as sell us this article were obliged to keep us in their houses while we were distracted with it, and suffer us in the desolation it makes, we then believe they would as willingly call out as loud as we do for help and existence. Therefore we can not but

hope, and firmly believe, that you will at this time give all possible relief.

"Brothers: Remember we were willing to assist you to fight against your enemy. We were willing to let you have our lands when you needed. We were willing to maintain the chain of friendship with you, and we desire to live in peace and enjoy all your privileges. But how can we do this, so long as you are, as it were, willing to see us destroyed by this tyrant. In consequence of which numberless audiences have taken place amongst us. And besides that you have often told us that the Great Spirit will send all drunkards to everlasting fire after death.

"Brothers: You are wise people and you know the mind of the Great Spirit. We know but little, and can do but little. And as you are our brothers, we would again look to you for help to lessen abundantly that distracting article by some law of yours, that we may have a fair trial to walk in that path which you so highly recommended to us. And in compliance with this our request, we shall ever acknowledge your friendship, and we leave it to your wisdom and humanity."

This memorial, taken like most of the historical matter in this article from Houghton's History, tells its own tale in its appeal for help against that terrible curse which has slain more of the Indian race through exposure to cold and hardship (the results of drink in savage life) than all the bloody wars between the various nations and the white men. It was not alone the bullet which laid low the power of the red men, once the proud possessors of this American continent. That might have decimated their ranks, but could not have broken their spirit into their present pitiful weakness.

King "Booze" was the arch conspirator of the white Icarists. They pressed the button and he did the rest.

As soon as Gordon and his people became established in their new home, they set about building a church of logs, covered with a roof of bark; and this primitive temple served the double purpose of a church and a dwelling for the priest—one end of the hut being partitioned off.

There being no bell, at the hour of worship an Indian went from hut to hut and announced the time of prayer in a loud voice, much the same as the Muezzin call in Mahomedan countries from the mosques.

Two years after this church was burnt and with it the first records of the parish, though since that date they are said to be perfect, and kept in Latin and French. A small wooden church replaced this one, and was built on the ground now occupied by the priest's house.

This church had a cupola which contained a bell, generally believed to be the famous one taken from Deerfield, Mass., by the Indians in 1704. Mrs. Sigourney has written this legend of the bell into poetry, and admirably portrays the superstitious fear of the Indians when they heard its first strange sound echoing among the solemn woods. They had learned to look upon the bell as something sacred and almost personal in its religious interest; and its ransom from the hands of its English captors cost many lives in that memorable attack on Deerfield, when Hertel de Rouville, Lord of Mount St. John, swept down with his French soldiers and Indian warriors like avenging demons on the New England settlements.

But we will quote the little poem of the sweet singer:—

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS. "The red men came in their pride and wrath Deep vengeance fired their eyes, And the blood of the white was in their path, And the flame from his roof rose high.

The dome from the burning church they tore, The bell of tuncful sound, And on its wretched captive train they bore That wonderful thing toward their native shore, The rude Canadian bound.

It spoke no more till St. Regis tower In northern skies appeared, And then legends extol that pow-wow power Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower. As conscience slumbereth a little hour In the cell of a heart that's cared.

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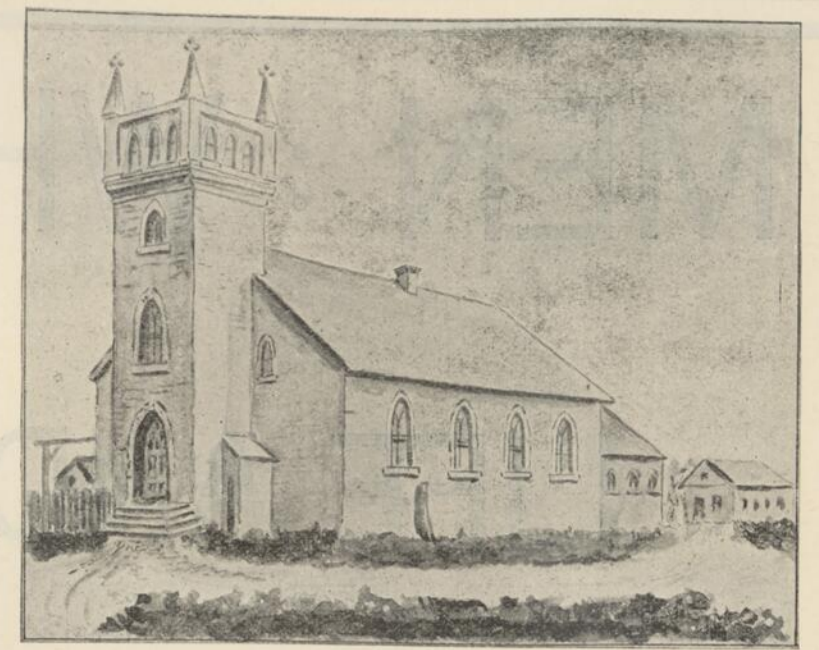
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ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT ST. REGIS.

But now and then with a fearful tone, It struck on their startled ear— An I said it was 'mid the mountains lone, Or the rained tempest's muttered moan, That terrible voice to hear.

It seemed like the question that stirs the soul, O! its secret good or ill; And they quaked as its stern and solemn tone, Rec-echoed from rock to hill.

And they started up in their broken dream, Mid the lonely forest shade, And thought they heard the dying scream, And saw the blood of slaughter's r. am Afresh through the village glade.

Then they sat in council, those chieftains old, And a mighty pit was made, Where the lake with its silver waters rolled, They buried the bell 'neath the verdant mould, And crossed themselves and prayed.

And there till a stately pow-wow came, It slept in its tomb forgot, With a mantle of fur, and a brow of flame He stood on the burial spot.

They wheeled the dance with its mystic round At the stormy midnight hour, And a dead man's hand on his breast he bound, And then legends extol that pow-wow power Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower. As conscience slumbereth a little hour In the cell of a heart that's cared.

Then he raised the bell with a nameless rite, Which none but himself might tell, In blanket and bearskin he bound it tight And it journeyed in silence both day and night.

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BUSINESS MEN, who know that a business very profitable to run is often worthless to liquidate, and almost always embarrassed by an owner's death; and want their families to have funds to keep it going, or to live while it is in shoal water.

ALL MEN, because life and fortune are alike uncertain, and premature death or business failure or trustees' embezzlement or failure of investments may leave their dependent ones penniless; and because insurance is the only means by which enough money to keep one's family in comfort, exempt from the chances of business or attachment by creditors, can be immediately secured to them.

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mounted by a cross, and with their squares and little ones singing a hymn, which the priest had chosen for them, in imitation of the women who animated the warriors of Godfrey de Bouillon in those earlier days of the first Crusades.

Arriving at Fort Chambly, where was de Rouville's army of French soldiers, they marched at the very hour of joining the forces, and with that perseverance peculiar to their character they followed in the rear, in silence, till they reached Lake Champlain, where the army had been ordered to rendezvous. This lake being frozen and less covered with snow than the shores, was the most convenient route for the French army, which suffered dreadfully from cold and fatigue, and regarded with admiration the cheerfulness with which the Indians glided over the yielding surface of the snow on their snowshoes. The quiet endurance of Father Nicholas' proselytes, whose one thought was the grim determination to rescue their bell, formed a striking contrast to the impatience of the French soldiers, who had no such religious motive to sustain their enthusiasm.

After great hardships and intense suffering, having covered about 300 miles, the footsore and wearied expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield without being discovered, on 20th, Feb., 1704.

De Rouville here ordered his men to rest and refresh themselves for a short time, and with that strategy which formed one of the principal features in the guerrilla warfare of these days, gave orders that in advancing to the assault his troops should make frequent pauses, and then rush forward with rapidity, to imitate the noise made in the forest by the irregular blowing of the wind among the ice-laden branches. This was done to deceive the inhabitants and the garrison, so that the crushing of the surface of the frozen snow under foot might not betray their approach. The attack occurred in the night, and after a desperate combat the town was captured and the inhabitants with the garrison slain or dispersed.

At daybreak the Indians sought Father Nicholas, and begged to be led to the bell, that they might by their homage prove their veneration for it. At this the French soldiers laughed long and loud, but the priest, much affected by what he knew to be in the hearts of his proselytes, obtained permission from the French commander to send one of the soldiers to ring this bell which had cost so much suffering and bloodshed, in the hearing of the Indians. Clear and far did its notes float out over that scene of carnage and desolation—the funeral knell of those who but a day before it had called to prayer with its brazen tongue.

But to the savages, who had so long thirsted for the welcome sound, it fell

upon their ears in the stillness of the morning and the calmness of the forest like an oracle, and they were filled with fear and wonder. Perhaps, even in the hearts of the scoffing French soldiers, who looked upon the expressions of these Indians with an amused twinkle in their eyes, the solemn notes in this far off frozen land may have awakened memories of that sunny France where they too first heard the tolling of the church bells. But soon the Indians took their treasure down from the belfry, and with much care and tenderness they attached it to a pole in such a way that four men could carry it, and in this way was it borne off by these children of the forest, who gloried in the deliverance of this wondrous thing that spoke with such a voice of power, and in the thunder tones of which they fancied they heard the Deity talk to them.

Finding their cherished treasure too heavy to be borne such a long distance of the rugged homeward route, they buried it in the ground at a point on the lake, and left it there with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could transport it with more convenience.

There it lay in its long sleep, while the women and children of the village were being told its wondrous qualities, till early in the spring, as soon as the ice had disappeared and the buds on the trees began to peep slyly out, loading the air with their fragrance, a number of the tribe went with a yoke of oxen to bring home this most curious object.

What a subject for the artist would that have been, when in the dusk of evening there was assembled on the river bank the old men and women of the tribe in thoughtful discourse, and the younger generation who awaited in religious awe the coming of the wonder.

Far off in the stillness of the forest was heard a feeble sound of such a peculiar nature that it could not be associated in the minds of the listening group with anything that in their experience had been seen or heard before. Louder and stronger it grew, from the first musical tinkle to the metallic clang and the nearer thunder tone, re-echoing through those woods which had never before thrilled to such a sound. With what fear and wonder it must have inspired this lawny race, which only a few years before had been rescued from their pagan superstitions. At last the cry arose: "It is the bell! It is the bell!"

Then, emerging from the skirt of the forest, was seen a group of Indians bearing between them the precious burden on a pole. They had hung around it clusters of wildflowers and garlands of leaves, and even the oxen were adorned in like manner. Father Nicholas, marching at the head of the column with proud step and swelling heart, was received as triumphantly as was ever conquering hero welcomed home. The bell was then deposited in the church, and the strange and musical metal examined by every one in the village.

In due time it was raised to its place in the belfry, where some assert it still remains, the smaller of the two at Caughnawaga, while others claim that it received its popular title of "The bell of St. Regis" from the fact that it was carried thither when that village was formed by Father Gordon from part of the Caughnawaga residents.

About 56 years ago a bell belonging to the church at St. Regis was broken up at Ogdensburg for re-casting, and the Indians were said to have been so jealous lest some part of it should be abstracted that they appointed some of their number to watch the operation and see that it was all remelted. The present bell which hangs in the belfry of the massive stone church built after the fire of 1868, probably contains the same metal.

The substance of the above legend was found about 1838 in an old English publication, and was regarded by the priest of the mission of that time as, in the main points, reliable. Among the Indians of Caughnawaga the tradition exists to this day, and the oldest residents of St. Regis state that a bell was in the church there at a very early period.

But these traditions fade quickly and become distorted among a people who record them only in their memories.

IROQUOIS CONQUESTS.

But when the history of that once powerful and warlike race is written, whose subdued and civilized remnants dream away its peaceful and harmless old age at St. Regis, Caughnawaga and Onondaga, the names will be found as full of martial fire and poetic fancy as are those that record the great days of Greece and Rome, or the triumphs of Alaric and his horde of barbarians. It will have its Indian Romulus, its Caesars, its Antonys, its Ciceros, and its Socrates. Aye, and it will have its Brutus and its Cassius too. From that early day when the Iroquois were routed by the Algonquins and bereft of the shores of their much loved St. Lawrence, where Cartier found them, a peaceful race devoting their efforts and their intelligence to the planting of corn, fishing, and road-making, down to the time when Brant with his fierce warriors fought shoulder to shoulder with the British against the American colonies, the record has been an almost uninterupted chain of conquests over other nations which have crossed the path of the Confederacy. Verily, "The Tree of the Great Peace" grew thorns in abundance for its enemies, and, like the deadly nightshade, it exhaled a pestilential vapor which exterminated them. Gone are the Hurons, the Algonquins, and the Neutral

—that tribe which "glimmers through Champlain's narrative" of 1615, flashes out ten years later in the letter of Friar Dailion, steadily glares with a baleful light through the "Relations of the Jesuits," and then, with appalling suddenness, is forever extinguished by the Iroquois invasion of 1650-1.

These Neutral formed the earliest historical inhabitants of the central and southern portions of the great peninsula of western Ontario and their territory lay between the Hurons of Georgian Bay, and the Iroquois of New York State. For many years these last two deadly enemies stood in such awe of this formidable tribe, that by mutual consent they dropped their differences while on the territory of the Neutrals, and met on terms of apparent amity.

In 1628 the word of Chief Souharissen was law in the twenty-eight considerable Indian villages and towns which covered the territories of his nation. He had made successful war on seventeen hostile tribes, and in a day could put on the war-path several thousand braves, armed with war club, javelin and bow and arrow.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

But it was the Algonquins who first awoke in the Iroquois breast that terrible war spirit, and brought them to turn toward the midnight fray and the tree to tree battle, that superior intelligence which had hitherto found its expression in the arts of peace, and the successful cultivation of the soil.

From the Adirondack Mountains, their ancient homeland, these Algonquins looked down in envy upon the prosperous Iroquois, who had nick-named them "bark-eaters," from their poverty and improvidence; and as in most other cases in history, it was the barbarians which conquered the more advanced race.

Swooping down upon the then peaceful Iroquois, they divested them of their rich lands, and the forests bordering their noble stream, driving them up the Iroquois (now Richelieu) River, till they found a new home in the Mohawk Valley.

But the thorn of exile forever rankled in their hearts, and the current of their thoughts flowed ever downwards to their old home on the St. Lawrence; and deep in their hearts was born a terrible desire for vengeance.

The victorious Algonquins in time fused with that other branch of their race on the Ottawa River, and these combined formed with the Hurons, the staunch allies of the French in Canada.

It was on one of the combined French and Algonquin forays into the Mohawk territory that Champlain incurred for the French the deadly enmity of the Iroquois, who ever after remained their bitter and relentless foes.

This was in 1609, when the Iroquois of

the Mohawk valley were making determined efforts to regain their ancient control of the St. Lawrence; for the majestic tide of its glittering waters, and its wooded islands and shores with their teeming life of forest and stream had never, even in the lapse of years, been forgotten.

Ages before this the forbears of the Iroquois, the Todonans, had harried the Southern, or Miami branch of the Algonquins, which held the shores of the St. Lawrence from Stadacona (Quebec) to Gaspe; and now this wheel within wheel of fate brought their descendants back to prey upon those of the same hated race who had divested them of their possessions.

WAR SONG.

A war song, quoted from Garneau, will show the temperament of these savages, at once poetic, nobly martial, and brutally terrible:

"Oh, places where the sun floods with his light, and the moon illumines with her paly torch; places where verdure waves in a breeze, where runs the limpid stream, and the torrent leaps; with witless, oh earth, and ye heavens, that we are every one ready to encounter our foes."

The war clubs we snatch from enemies shall attest to our surpassing valor. The scalps that we tear from their prostrate heads will ornament our huts. Our door-lintels we shall redden with the blood of our prisoners. Timid in captivity, as feeble in combat, we shall cause them to perish by slow torturing; and when life has fled their mutilated frames, we shall burn them up and scatter their ashes to the four winds of heaven."

Such were the people who eventually conquered the Algonquins, and swept with torch and tomahawk over the face of the whole western peninsula. Such were the forefathers of those who held that little meeting three weeks ago at St. Regis to petition a restoration of those privileges which they were wont to enforce as the free lords of the soil, in these early days of war and extermination.

MISSIONARY HEROISM.

In this Iroquois Terror died many of the heroic missionaries of the times, who with a self-devotion which can never be sufficiently appreciated by Canadians of every creed, had sacrificed all the advantages their birth, education, and attainments had given them in the Old World to carve the first pathway into the wilds of savage life, and create an opening for the thin edge of the wedge of civilization.

Among these heroes of the early days entered the realm of the terrible Souharissen, and unarmed and unattended strode fearlessly through the villages of the Neutrals, the first white man who had ever dared to enter that territory, at the

boundaries of which even the lion-hearted Champlain turned back in fear.

But owing to the craft of the Hurons, who filled the minds of the Neutrals with wild ideas, telling them that this man without fear was a wizard who "would breathe a pestilence into the air and cause their ruin, he was one day felled to the earth by a blow from a stalwart savage, and continually ill-used till sent for from the Huron mission.

Fourteen years later came to the Neutrals again the fearless Brebeuf, great of heart and strong of faith, "the Ajax of the Missions." He was accompanied by Chaumonot the Jesuit, and for four months they trod through the tiger's lair, undeterred by insult and ill-usage, and through the terrible cold of an unusually severe winter, returning with the anguish of failure in their hearts.

At Sainte Marie, the Jesuit missionaries surrounded by peril on all sides, founded a central station "to serve as a fort, magazine, hospital, and convent," and be a base of operations for the peninsula.

Here, according to Parkman, might be seen Ragueneau, the Father Superior; Bressani, scarred with firebrand and knife; Chabonel, once a professor of rhetoric in France; the fanatical Chaumonot, and the beardless Garnier, of fine sensitive nature, whose religious ardor warmed into visible realities the ideal forms of his worship.

Here too was Brebeuf, portly and tall, with short and grizzled moustache covering the firm lips of a hero. With him was his colleague, Gabriel Lalemant, of slender frame and delicate features; and these two were soon to seal their faith with a terrible death.

MARTYRDOM OF BREBEUF.

Brebeuf, the giant Ajax of the Missions, was, after the conquest of the Hurons, bound by the Iroquois to a stake, scorched from head to foot, his lower lip cut away, and a heated iron thrust down his throat. A collar of red hot hatchets was also hung round his neck, and boiling water poured over his head in travesty of baptism.

But even this could not cause him to flinch whose lion heart knew not a spasm of cowardice or fear, and the Indians, more enraged at this, cut strips of flesh from his limbs, scalped him, and tore his heart out.

Such was the stuff from which these missionaries were made, and such was the fate of many of them, and narrow-minded indeed is he who would grudge them that generous meed of admiration and hero-worship, which is one of the noblest traits of poor human nature.

SOURCE OF IROQUOIS STRENGTH.

The great Iroquois Confederacy of the Six Nations may well have possessed a sound constitution and wise laws, since it held together through all the years of

their warlike existence these races of former enemies bound by the ties of the ka-na-we-dah; and to that constituting military organization among a warlike and disunited people must be attributed their numberless conquests over other nations.

The virtues and physical gifts of the savage were possessed by the Iroquois to a greater degree than by any other of the Indian tribes, and one good point in their character shines out bright and clear against the background of their barbarous and unsustained by treachery.

And if in losing their ferocity by contact with the white man and assimilation with civilized races, they have also acquired some of his insincerity, and his treachery, we should not forget that they are in a transition stage only, and will some day realize Brant's dream of a civilized, generous, and influential people.

ASSIMILATION.

Even in the present age there are many who have entered the learned professions and are conspicuous among their brethren for all that is able and progressive. And if the wild strain will reveal itself in the quick impulsive act, the bronzed complexion, and aquiline features, it only gives a distinction which will some day be prized as a rare inheritance from the first blue blood of America; even as the old Castilians pride themselves on their much more sluggish current which passes its enfeebled tide through their over-civilized veins.

The last council meeting of the Iroquois at St. Regis was retrospective in its nature, but it was as pathetic in its instincts, clinging to the memory of past glories and nationality as were the last acts of the patriot Poles, when their dismembered country was parcelled out in ghastly nations who saw only property in what was the birthplace and heart of a nation, constituting all that the patriot calls the sacred names of home and country.

In conclusion, the Herald writer would herein express his indebtedness to a spasm of the facts in this article to Hon. J. H. History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, kindly loaned by Mr. F. H. Hogsburg, N. Y., to O'Callaghan's Documentary History, Prof. G. B. Turesque Canada, Parkman's History of the other authorities; also to Mr. Mills of Hogsburg; Indian Agent Long, and Mr. Powell, of St. Regis; and Chief of the "Coming History" of the Iroquois Confederacy the writer would bespeak the attention it deserves from all who are interested in the subject of Indian laws and customs.