

(Continuation from first page.)

holidays, from Jesuit College in Montreal.

—Mr. Jean Baptiste Delormier, stone contractor of Montreal, was here last Thursday, looking for a boarding house to place ten stone-cutters.

—Birth.—On the twentieth instant, the wife of Mr. Lazare Delisle of a Daughter.

GIBSON.

David, the eldest grandson of David Kaentetha, is dead, aged seventeen. He was the son of Kowi Sakowen-niaks who died March twenty-ninth 1905, at the age of eighty-four. He was related to a great many Caughnawaga people, being brother to the late Saro, husband of Onaktokon. He was also a brother to Thomas Taronkawas' late mother. He was at the same time, grand-father to George Canadian's wife, Marie Therese. He was sick only five days, he told his children, who had gathered around his dying bed, that he did not fear death at all and that he felt perfectly happy.

—Measles is ravaging Gibson just now, Mr. Laforce almost died with it, but is now better. A great many are ill with it.

THE DEVIL'S HILL.

An Indian Legend.

We took down the following strange legend from the lips of Mr. George Maracle (Taihokawehe) of Caughnawaga. Being handed down to him from the preceding generation, we have little reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the greater portion of it.

"It is 160 years since the following events happened; I judge by the age of my grandmother, who lived to be 115. She was eight years old when they came from the Mohawk River in the States to the Tahentaneken Reser-

rence. She told me the story. Near Deseronto is a mound about 50 ft. high, with a basin all around it. This is the Devil's Hill. Long before my time there used to be a pine-tree a foot or two in diameter standing here. It used to be a tree on which men going to war would hack with their tomahawk, and if blood came—like human blood—it shewed luck, but if none came they might as well stay at home, as going to war would be certain death. That was the old-time token, hacking at this pine-tree. They say the "seventh star" as they called it in those days, was a people, and on this Devil's Hill they had their war dance, when it was heard there was to be a big war between the Mohawks and the Breestocks. They heard the Mohawks were coming to murder them, and these eight men went up on to the hill, and used to dance when we should pray now-a-days under similar circumstances. Commencing the dance they whirled round and round and made a deep hole with dancing there so long. After a few days and a few nights dancing the chief was sitting right in the centre of them, and they mounted skyward, and the chief said: "Do not look back where we are going." One looked back, and fell down head first, and striking the ground was turned into the very pine I spoke of. Then the other seven went right on up into the sky, and that is what they call the "seventh star" now.

So the Mohawks did come at last, and the Breestocks had quite a village close to this Devil's Hill, and an old Mohawk had a nephew—a little boy—whom he carried on his back when he went to war, and when he got home he said whatever luck he had had was owing to his nephew and not to himself. The Breestocks were great friends with this old man, entertained him at night with corn soup, and never fought with him. After the nephew grew up to be 21 or 22 he asked his uncle: "I wish, uncle, you would give me twelve men, I want to go up to Lake Ontario and around by the Bay of Quinté to find a good place to live in." So the old man agreed to give him twelve warriors, and they started. The nephew knew that his uncle was very friendly

with the Breestocks, and the tribe heard that the nephew was coming to stay with them. They used him well, and the Breestock chief said: "You come just in time, we have a wedding to-night." So the nephew and his twelve warriors—thirteen in all—were invited. Night came, and they called them to go to the wedding. When they reached the house, the Breestocks separated the thirteen warriors, and placed them in different parts of the house. A Breestock old man sitting near the door took hold of a young warrior's garment as he was passing in, and told him to sit down there, and whispered: "My good boy, if you can skip and go home, go as quickly as you can. They are going to kill you all."

In the house, on the fire, was a big pot containing bear's meat, hanging from a hook in a seething mass of fat. The chief sat down on a seat and said: "Who is your chief?" They pointed to the nephew; then they put the pot on the floor. "You call yourself a good man. Take that boiling meat out with your bare hand and feed your warriors." "I am," he said, and putting up his sleeve he put his hand in. The flesh was boiled off his arm, leaving only the bone, and the young boy at the door ran off home when he saw this, but the Breestocks caught him and kept him.

A big fire was made on the outside, and they moved the coals off the stone upon which they put the fire. This stone was of a death-giving heat. "Go on there," they said to the nephew, "and sing your war song." "So I

quois went over with the Mohawks. All went up to the Breestock's village, and they massacred every one, old men, children and everyone, and they burned everything there, the houses and everything, and left nothing."

CAUGHNAWAGA CELEBRITIES.

IV.

James D. Deer.

Many of Caughnawaga are acquainted with Mr. James Deer, though he is no longer in our midst. He was one of the intrepid Indian-Canadian voyageurs who accompanied the British expeditionary corps up the Nile in the year 1884, and this was one of the chief events of his life. He published an interesting account of this voyage entitled: "The Canadian Voyageurs in Egypt." It was on a Saturday afternoon at the close of summer, September 13th, 1884, that the little party left Caughnawaga. They embarked at Montreal on the "Ocean King," and at Quebec were joined by Captain L. F. Jackson of Caughnawaga, foreman of the party. Having crossed the Ocean, they visited Gibraltar, and going up the Mediterranean, beguiled the time on board ship by playing at the "Tug of War," the Indian team led by Captain Jackson beating the other Canadian teams. Their medical attendant, Dr. Nelson, impressed upon them the necessity of abstaining from the strong liquors of Egypt if they were to keep

drowning, falling into deep water while helping to push a boat off a rock; Joe Mungo fished him out with a pike pole. At Ambougol Rapids, John Morris, another Indian, was drowned. Joe Mungo was actually washed over a cataract, but rescued. The same thing happened to a boy, who falling out of a boat, got into a biscuit box, and was rescued at the foot of the cataract. On the return journey they stopped at Wady Halfa for sports, Solomon Angus of Caughnawaga winning the quarter mile race, and Angus Mailloux the obstacle race. After visiting the Pyramids they embarked at Alexandria for home on board the "Poonah" where they had very poor food and accommodation. On the evening when they left Ireland for Halifax, some of the Indians on board were attacked by a party of Frenchmen, but the Indians defeated them. The English stated that the Frenchmen were jealous of the Indians having done better work on the Nile than they had. On the last night of the voyage there was another great fight, the French breaking into the Indians' quarters, and beating some with sticks until they were nearly killed. Though the Indians got a car to themselves at Halifax there was further fighting all the way to Montreal; in fact there was probably more fighting and discomfort during the journey home than during the whole of the expedition up the Nile. The Indian party were thankful to reach Caughnawaga, when they met with a very warm reception.

(Suite de la deuxième page)

pays, et ils échappèrent belle aux coups de fusil des sentinelles égyptiennes. Le dernier jour d'octobre eût lieu un triste accident; Louis Capitaine, qui était occupé à aider un officier anglais à gouverner le bateau au bas des rapides, tomba à la rivière, et malgré qu'on lui jeta des rames, une corde et des ceintures de sauvetage, il fût englouti par un tourbillon et l'on ne le vit plus. En quittant Sarrass, le bateau sous la garde de John Morris, un des hommes du Sault, fût brisé par une collision avec un bateau monté par un Canadien, et on dût l'abandonner. Plus haut M. Deer manqua de se noyer, tombant à l'eau dans une place profonde, tandis qu'il aidait à un autre Indien à lancer à l'eau un bateau atterré; Joe Mungo le tira du fleuve avec une perche. Aux Rapides d'Ambougol, John Morris, un autre Indien, fût noyé. Joe Mungo fût entraîné au bas d'une cataracte, mais on le sauva. La même chose arriva à un garçon, qui tombant d'un bateau, arriva à se tenir dans une boîte à biscuits, et fût sauvé au bas de la cataracte. Au voyage de retour, ils s'arrêtèrent à Wady Halfa pour des jeux, où Salomon Angus du Sault gagna la course d'un quart de mille, et Angus Mailloux la course à obstacles. Après avoir rendu visite aux Pyramides ils s'embarquèrent à Alexandrie à bord du "Poonah" pour revenir au pays, et sur ce bateau ils furent fort mal nourris et logés. Le soir de leur départ de l'Irlande pour Halifax, quelques-uns des Indiens à bord furent attaqués par une bande de Canadiens, mais les Indiens les battirent. Les Anglais dirent que les Canadiens étaient jaloux des Indiens parce que ces derniers avaient mieux travaillé qu'eux sur le Nil. Le dernier jour du voyage il y eût encore un grand combat, les Canadiens défonçant la porte du quartier des Indiens, et en frappant à coups de bâtons jusqu'à ce qu'ils furent à peu près tués. Malgré que les Indiens purent avoir un char à eux en arrivant à Halifax, il y eût encore des batailles tout le long de la route jusqu'à Montréal; il y eût probablement plus de batailles et de malaise pendant le retour au pays que pendant tout le temps de l'expédition sur le Nil. La bande des Indiens furent charmés de revoir Caughnawaga, où ils rencontrèrent un accueil très cordial.

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will," he said, and singing in Mohawk he went three times with his bare feet round the stone. Then the Breestocks shouted: "Murder them", and they killed all except the nephew and the young warrior whose nose and ears they cut off leaving them hanging. "Go home," they said, "and tell your chiefs what has happened you." The young chief was not dead, but his flesh was cooked up to his knees with walking on the hot stone. They stripped him naked and rubbed him with red-hot brands, but he never spoke till they touched his bowels when he shouted out: "Every joint I've got and every hair on my head I'm going to take with me," meaning that the tribe would take vengeance for his death on that number of people. The Breestocks laughed, but he said this three times. Then the young warrior with the nose and ears cut went home and told, as they told him.

Meanwhile the old uncle who lived away from the town did not know what to do, until after much hesitation they told him what had happened. "Well," said he, "it's all right; my nephew died a good death; he did not run away." He seemed to think nothing of it, but that afternoon the old man was weeping loudly and bitterly, and the young and old warriors went to him and said: "Dont grieve so much about your nephew; we give you another young fellow, may be just as good." So a young fellow of sixteen went to him and said: "Grandfather, how would you like it if I were to go there, and replace every joint and hair from your nephew?"

He told his father and the Mohawks went over. The Iroquois lived near to them and they told them, and the Iro-

quois went over with the Mohawks. All went up to the Breestock's village, and they massacred every one, old men, children and everyone, and they burned everything there, the houses and everything, and left nothing."

On the last day of October a sad accident took place; Louis Capitaine, while helping an English officer to steer down some rapids, fell overboard, and though oars, a rope, and life-belts were thrown to him, he was sucked down by a whirlpool and never seen again. When leaving Sarrass the boat in charge of John Morris, one of the Caughnawaga men, was smashed by running against a Frenchman's boat, and had to be abandoned. Higher up Mr. Deer had a narrow escape from