

THE INDIAN.

BY T. F. YOUNG.

Written for THE INDIAN.

When wooded hill and grassy plain,
With nature's beauties gaily dressed,
Lay calm beneath the red man's reign,
And smiling in unconscious rest.

There roamed the forest's dusky son,
In nature's wildness proudly free;
From where Missouri's waters run,
Far north to Hudson's icy sea.

From Labrador—bleak, lowly, wild—
Where seal, 'mid icebergs sportive play;
Far westward wandered nature's child,
And wigwam built near Georgia's Bay.

With bow of elm, or hick'ry strong,
And arrow armed with flinty head,
He drew with practised hand the throng,
And swift and straight the shaft it sped.

Full many a bounding deer or doe,
Lay victims of his skillful eye,
And many a shaggy buffalo
In lifeless bulk did lowly lie.

The forest did his wants supply,
Content he was with nature's scheme;
For failed the woods to satisfy,
There came response from lake or stream.

His simple shell of birchen rind,
Propelled by skillful hand, strong,
Down cataracts and rivers passed,
And over lakes it went along.

With spears from stone or ivory wrought,
Or hooks ingenious made of bone,
He stores from out the waters brought,
Nor looked for forest gifts alone.

Contentment dwelt within his heart,
And from his dark and piercing eye
A freedom looked, unbred of art,
An honor looked unconsciously.

Untaught by books, untrained by men
Verse in the thoughts of bard or sage,
He yet had read from nature's hand,
A book unwrit, yet wise its page.

One would have thought that men so blessed,
And richly, too, with manly powers,
Had surely some far higher guest
Than living thus, in nature's bowers.

One would have thought that when they knew
The laws of God and cultured men,
Their minds would take a nobler view,
And light pursue with eager ken.

But such is not his happy state,
Since light of knowledge round him shone;
He still stands sadly at the gate,
And few still go, where few have gone.

And whose the fault, and whose the blame
That thus his mind is still so dim,
That wisdom's lamp with shining flame,
Still gives so pale a light for him.

Oh, thinking white man, look around,
And when you have discerned the cause,
Express yourself with certain sound,
Concerning this poor forest child,
Who left his fathers' hunting ground.

KEBYIN, Brant Co., March 11, 1886.

PETER JONES IN ENGLAND.

The following extracts of a letter from Peter Jones, will be read with deep interest. Some parts of them will abundantly administer to the amusement as well as the curiosity of our readers.

LONDON, ENG., Dec. 30th, 1731.

My Dear Brother,—I take up my pen for the purpose of sending you a little *paper talk* that you may know how I am, and what I have seen in this land of light. I am happy to inform you that my health is much improved since I wrote to you last, for which I desire to thank our heavenly father, from whom come every good and perfect gift. I rejoice also to state that my soul still follows hard after the Good Spirit, in whose service I find much joy and comfort in my heart, while wandering in a foreign land and in the midst of strangers—strangers they are in one sense, but brothers and sisters in Christ, for such they have been to me ever since I landed upon their shore.

"I have visited many cities and towns in this country for the purpose of attending Missionary meetings; and I am happy to say, that all who love the Lord Jesus Christ have received me and my talk with open arms, and their hearts have been made very glad when they heard of the conversion of my poor perishing countrymen in the woods of Canada."

"The British and Foreign Bible Society have printed a thousand copies of the translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Chippeway language, which will be forwarded to Canada in the spring. I have made arrangements with this Society to proceed on in translating the Gospel of St. Luke, the Acts, and some of the Epistles into the Chippeway."

"I have thought you would be glad to hear my remarks, as an Indian traveller, on the manners and customs of the English people, and therefore send you the following brief remarks, made from actual observation:—The English in general are a noble, generous minded people—free to act, and free to think—they very much pride themselves in their civil and religious privileges, in their learning, generosity, manufacture, and commerce, and they think that no other nation is equal with them in respect to these things. I have found them very open and friendly, always ready to relieve the wants of the poor and needy when properly brought before them. No nation, I think, can be more fond of novelties or new things than the English are; they will gaze and look upon a foreigner as if he had just dropped down from the moon; and I have often been amused in seeing what a large number of people, a *monkey riding* upon a *dog*, will collect in the streets of London, where such things may be seen every day. When my Indian name (Kahkewaquonaby) is announced to attend any public meeting, so great is their curiosity that the place is always sure to be filled; and it would be the same if notice was given that a man with his toes in his mouth would address a congregation in such a place on such a day, the place without fail would be filled with English hearers. They are truly industrious and in general very honest and upright in their dealings. Their close attention to

worldly mindedness, and hence many forget to business, I think, carries them too much to a think about their souls and their God, and are entirely swallowed up in the cares of the world—their motto seems to be, "Money, Money, get money—get rich and be a gentleman." With this sentiment they all fly about in every direction like a swarm of bees in search of that treasure which lies so near their hearts. This remark refers more particularly to the men of the world, and of such there are not a few. The English are very fond of good living, and many who live on roasted beef, plum-budding, and turtle soup, get very fat and round as a toad. Roasted beef to an Englishman is as sweet as bear's meat to an old Indian hunter, and plum-pudding to a beaver's tail. They eat four times in a day—breakfast at 8 or 9 in the morning, which consists of coffee or tea, with bread and butter, and sometimes a little fried bacon, fish or eggs. Dinner at about 2 p. m., when everything that is good and strong, is spread before the eater, and winds up with fruit, nuts, and a few glasses of wine. Tea at 6 in the evening with bread and butter, and sometimes a little sweet cake—supper at about 9 or ten, when the leavings of the dinner again make their appearance, and upon which John Bull makes a sound hearty meal to go to bed on at midnight. The fashion in dress varies and changes so often that I am unable to describe it—I will only say that the ladies of fashion wear very curious bonnets, which look like a farmer's scoop shovel, and when they walk in the tiptoe style, they put me in mind of the little snipes that run along the shores of the lakes and rivers in Canada. They also wear sleeves as big as bushel bags, which make them appear as if they had three bodies with one head. Yet with all their big bonnets and sleeves, the English ladies, I think, are the best of women.

"If you should see any of my Indian brethren, I would thank you to tell them that I pray for them every day, that the Great Spirit, through Christ, may keep them in the good way—I often have longing desires to be in the midst of my friends and brethren in Upper Canada. We expect to leave England for America about the month of May next."

PETER JONES.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CANADA."

The origin of the word "Canada" is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular searches for gold and silver, and, finding none, they often said among themselves, "aca nada," (there is nothing.) The Indians who watched them closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they were also Spaniards, come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence "aca nada." The French, who knew as little of the Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly-recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.