

THE INDIAN.

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

[\$1.50 per Annum
IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29, 1886.

NO. 24.

INDIAN SCHOLARS

In Hampton, Va., there is a school in which colored youths, both Indians and negroes, receive the foundation of an English education, and are also trained in some craft or industry by which they can support themselves. A gentleman who had just made a thorough examination of the school lately related several incidents of interest to those who are laboring to civilize the red man. The negro scholars, he asserts, as a rule, learn their lessons more rapidly than the Indians, but are liable to forget them more quickly. When an Indian once comprehends an idea, he never lets it go. Many persons profess a doubt of the ultimate advantage to the Indians of the education at such schools as those at Philadelphia, Hampton, and Carlisle. They fear that the pupils, after two or three years' training, will, on returning to their tribe, forget it, and lapse into savagery again. There is, however, to eager an anxiety among the Indian tribes to learn the white man's ways to permit such a result.

Last summer, two or three sons of Dakota and Apache chiefs returned home for a visit.

All the young people of the tribes crowded around them to "learn English". They had regular classes of sixty to seventy scholars, and spent their holidays in teaching. A young Sioux who left the school a year ago last September, presented himself before the superintendent,

"Why, J——! You here? What do you want?"

"I have taught my people all I know," he replied, smiling. "Come for two years more, to learn something else to teach them."

A young Indian, son of one of the head men, appeared at an agency in the Indian Territory, begging to be sent to Hampton to "learn to be like the white men." The lad had a wen or tumor growing on his neck. "My poor boy," said the agent, "it will be impossible for you to go. You could not work or study in that condition." But the boy pleaded so earnestly that the agent sent for a physician, who pronounced the disease likely to prove fatal, and that a long journey could not be accomplished without great immediate danger. Still the boy persisted.

"Let me have the chance while I live," he said.

He was sent to Hampton, and is now one of the most successful students. Let us hope that he may live long, to show to whiter boys how little true manliness depends on the color of the skin.—*Youth's Companion*.

Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the great Abraham Lincoln, was slain by an Indian's tomahawk one hundred years ago.

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA.

"HE KEEPS THEM AWAKE."

By Major F. H. Furniss, To-an-do-ah.

The portrait of Red Jacket, the chief of the Wolf tribe of Senecas, which we present to our readers to-day, is copied from a life-size oil painting now in possession of Mr. Fred. H. Furniss, of Waterloo. It was taken by the artist, F. I. Hart, from the original painting by the noted artist "Weir," of New York, in 1828. Red Jacket was on a visit to New York then and was persuaded by his friend, Dr. Francis, to allow his portrait to be taken. Dr. Francis says: "The chief dressed himself with great care in a costume he thought the most becoming and appropriate, decorated with his brilliant war dress, tomahawk and Washington medal. While around him groups of Indians were reclining up-



SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA.
(RED JACKET.)

on the floor, he stood erect and firm, his lofty and capacious forehead, his piercing black eye, his gently curved lip, fine cheek and aquiline nose all marked the great man."

Efforts were frequently made prior to this time, to induce Red Jacket to sit for his portrait but he always refused, and frequently remarked "when Red Jacket dies, all that belongs to him dies too." Dr. Francis, however, reasoned with the Indian and finally succeeded.

Hon. Gideon Granger, the Postmaster General under Jefferson and Madison, afterwards in the Senate of New York, and who died at Canandaigua, in 1822, was accustomed to speak with great enthusiasm of a speech made by Red Jacket at Hartford, Conn., in 1797. He says: "with a step measured, firm and dignified, a

countenance marked with manliness and intellectual vigor, he entered the vast assemblage without manifesting surprise, fear or curiosity. Such was the peculiar gracefulness of his person, a titude and action, and the mellow tones of his Seneca dialect, and such the astonishing effect produced on the part of the auditory who did not fully understand him, that their souls seemed to be engrossed and borne away by the orator with perfect delight. His figures of speech were frequently so sublime and appropriate, and so beautiful, that the English language was not rich enough to allow of doing him justice. He wore his medal and tomahawk, and for an hour he held the vast audience with an uninterrupted stream of burning and pathetic eloquence, and closed with the following peroration, which will live and reverberate amid our mountains and valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart: "We stand a small island in bosom of the great waters. We are encircled; we are encompassed. The Evil Spirit rides upon the blast, and the waters are disturbed. They rise over us; we disappear forever. Who then lives to mourn us? None. What marks our extermination? Nothing. We are mingled with the common elements."

With all his intellectual ability, and power to sway minds of others by his eloquence, Red Jacket was humble, and impressed with the feebleness of man in the hands of the Great Spirit. He foresaw the extermination of his race and mourned their decay. Only a few names live, among the tribes that then existed, and the one who felt the keenest the loss of their power, and who was the most sensitive over their disappearance from among the races of the earth, is enshrined in history as among the noblest of his tribe of American Indians.

How about our Canadian Indians, can they equal the record of the Cherokees?

T. A. Bland, in the *Council Fire* says: "There is not in the Cherokee nation an Indian man, woman, boy or girl, of sound mind, fifteen years of age or over, who can not read or write."

A surveyor who has just returned from an extended survey of a timber land in the foot hills west of Mohr, states that the party of Stoney Indians that he met with him were the best lot of men he had ever seen employed. He stated that they were a good example to their white neighbors. They were every man they were a good example to their white neighbors. All of them were able to read and write. They were all men of good character and high intelligence. They were all men of good character and high intelligence. They were all men of good character and high intelligence.