

# THE INDIAN.

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

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VOL. I.

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## THE PETROLEUM OIL WELLS OF BAKU.

*From the Scientific American.*

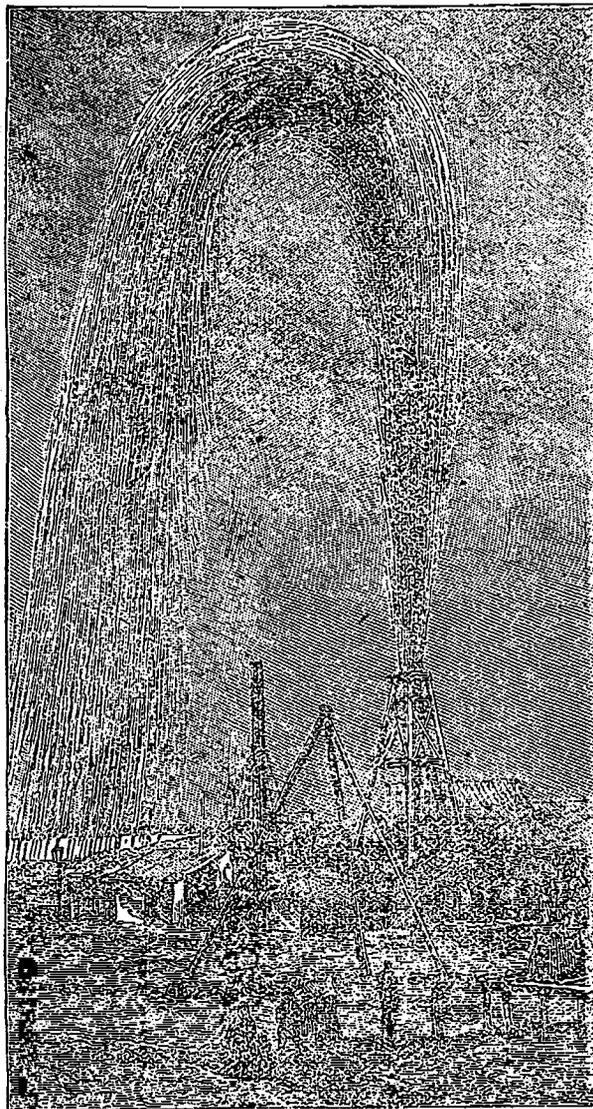
We have at different times described the great establishment of Messrs. Nobel Brothers at Bakhani, adjacent to Baku, and the operations conducted there. The boring of oil wells, the pumping, refining, and other processes, are not the only task which the petroleum industry of Baku has to carry out. The transport of the article to the consumer has also to be accomplished. It is known that for many centuries past there has been more or less trade in naphtha with Persia and other neighboring regions. The great problem was to get the oil into Russia, and to send it into all the principal towns of that widely extended country. The distant position of Baku made this a most difficult undertaking. The oil has first to be sent to Astrakan; but at the mouth of the Volga, owing to its shallow water, a transshipment into barges has to take place. Some of the oil is sent on by the river, but the greater part is transported by railway. Trucks of a peculiar form have been made for this purpose, and they are now to be seen at all the principal railway stations of Russia.

Messrs Nobel Brothers, who have brought all the science of Europe, as well as the experience of the Americans, to bear on the manufacture of the oil, have also carried their ability and energy into the organization of transport. They have a splendid fleet of iron screw steamers, fitted up with tanks which carry the oil to the Volga, with barges carrying it on to Tzaritsin. At this town they have a large depot, from which they send the oil by rail to depots in all the principal towns. By these means they now supply the whole of Russia, and American oil has been entirely driven from that country. They have begun to extend the supply into Germany; and it may be looked upon as only a question of time when a great part of Europe will receive its petroleum from Baku. Among many projects connected with this new industry is the proposal to lay a pipe, to act like a siphon, from Baku to the Black Sea, and thus to deliver the oil at Poti or Batoum, and by steamers thence to carry it not only over the Black Sea, but over the Mediterranean. The cost of such a pipe line would be great, for the distance is over 500 miles; so, at present it is only talked about; but, if the supply of petroleum at Baku continues in undiminished quantities, this is likely to become an accomplished fact at no distant date.

Petroleum oil is now largely used as a fuel to

heat the steam boilers in the Caspian steamers. The oil is brought to the furnace by one pipe, from a tank, while another pipe brings steam from the boiler; the oil is poured into the blast of high pressure steam, and is thereby pulverized or blown into minute particles, which become a sheet of flame underneath the boiler. If a sufficient supply of this fuel could be procured for our ocean-going steamers, many advantages could be derived from it. Among these may be

in all tropical seas, this would end the well known horrors of the stokehole. The disagreeable process, more particularly to passenger ships, of "coaling" would be done away with; and, of course, there are no ashes to raise and throw overboard. In proper tanks it is perfectly safe—even safer than coal, the danger of which we have had experience of not long since. It would thus be cheaper than coal, safer, and its use would be conducive to the comfort of passengers and all on board ship.



A FOUNTAIN OF PETROLEUM OIL,  
BAKU, RUSSIA.

noticed that it takes less bulk than coal; a ton of *Astarki*—the Russian name, which means "dregs"—is equal to about two tons of coal; but on the Caspian a ton of *Astarki* is about thirty or forty times cheaper than the ton of coal. The furnaces burning this material require no stoking, thus saving hands; to vessels going through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and

## A MISSIONARY'S OPINION OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

The Indian must be built up. He is now but an atom of the tribe. He must be made an individual. He has keen instincts, but needs to be taught to reason. He is quick to learn, but repeated action is irksome. He must, therefore, be trained into habits of work and of thinking. All this is so closely related to his religious life that the higher possibilities of development are only open to him through Christianity. The faith of the Son of God must become the main-spring of his life. So the heart of the Indian question belongs to the churches. The political issues are outward conditions merely. These are important; and Christian people have a share in the public responsibility for them. But the greater work they share with nobody else. It is theirs alone under the gospel commission.

It is, therefore, a great mistake to allow the political phase of the question to be uppermost in missionary meetings. It obscures the sense of personal obligation. If the Government is a great sinner, they say, let the Government be made to see its sin, and do works meet for repentance. So the personal responsibility is shifted over to the shoulders of the Government. Thus, with all the increase in public interest in the Indian question, there has been comparatively little increase in the funds given for Indian Missions. And although the missionary work that we have been doing has been so richly rewarded by success, and though the field is full of grand opportunities for still larger and better work, yet the enthusiasm of Christians is not aroused to the point of freely offering themselves for this service. In the Congregational and Presbyterian ranks, there have been almost no recruits of ordained missionaries, save a few sons of the old missionaries, for over thirty years. Something is wrong or this could not be.—[*American Missionary*.]

The Six Nations will hold a picnic in Phil. Carlows grove on Aug. 12th.

## THE MAGIC CIRCLE IN THE PRAIRIE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A young hunter found a circular path one day in a prairie, without any trail leading to, or from it. It was smooth and well-beaten, and looked as if footsteps had trod in it recently. This puzzled and amazed him. He hid himself in the grass near by, to see what this wonder should betoken. After waiting a short time, he thought he heard music in the air. He listened more attentively, and could clearly distinguish the sound, but nothing could be seen but a mere speck, like something almost out of sight. In a short time it became plainer and plainer, and the music sweeter and sweeter. The object descended rapidly, and when it came near it proved to be a car or basket of osier containing twelve beautiful girls, who each had a kind of little drum which was struck with the grace of an angel. It came down in the centre of the ring, and the instant it touched the ground they leapt out and began to dance in the circle, at the same time striking a shining ball.

The young hunter had seen many a dance, but none that equalled this. The music was sweeter than any he had ever heard. But nothing could equal the beauty of the girls. He admired them all, but was most struck with the youngest. He determined to seize her, and after getting near the circle without giving alarm, made the attempt; but the moment they spied a man, they all nimbly leapt back into the basket and were drawn back to the skies.

Poor Algon the hunter was completely foiled. He stood gazing upwards as they withdrew till there was nothing left, and then began to bewail his fate. "They are gone for ever, and I shall see them no more." He returned to his lodge, but could not forget this wonder. His mind preyed upon it all night, and the next day he went back to the prairie, but in order to conceal his design he turned himself into an opossum. He had not waited long when he saw the wicker car descend, and heard the same sweet music. They commenced the same sportive dance, and seemed even more beautiful and graceful than before. He crept slowly towards the ring, but the instant the sisters saw him they were startled and sprang into their car. It rose but a short distance when one of the elder sisters spoke. "Perhaps," said she, "it is come to show us how the game is played by mortals." "Oh no!" the youngest replied, "quick, let us ascend." And all joining in a chant, they rose out of sight.

Algon returned to his own lodge again; but the night seemed a very long one, and he went back betimes the next day. He reflected upon the plan to follow to secure success. He found an old stump near by in which there were a number of mice: he thought their small form would not create alarm, and accordingly assumed the shape of a mouse. He first brought the stump and set it up near the ring. The sisters came down and resumed their sport. "But see," cried the younger sister, "that stump was not there before." She ran affrighted towards the car. They only smiled, and gathering round the stump, struck it in jest, when out ran the mice, and Algon among the rest. They killed them all but one, which was pursued by the

youngest sister; but just as she had raised her stick to kill it, the form of the hunter arose, and he clasped his prize in his arms. The other eleven sprang to their osier basket and were drawn up to the skies.

He exerted all his skill to please his bride and win her affections. He wiped the tears from her eyes. He related his adventures in the chase. He dwelt upon the charms of life on the earth. He was incessant in his attentions, and picked out the way for her to walk as he led her gently towards his lodge. He felt his heart glow with joy as she entered it, and from that moment he was one of the happiest of men. Winter and summer passed rapidly away, and their happiness was increased by the addition of a beautiful boy to their lodge circle. She was in truth the daughter of one of the stars, and as the scenes of earth began to pall upon her sight, she sighed to revisit her father. But she was obliged to hide these feelings from her husband. She remembered the charm that would carry her up, and took occasion while Algon was engaged in the chase to construct a wicker basket, which she kept concealed. In the mean time she collected such rarities from the earth as she thought would please her father, as well as the most dainty kinds of food. When all was in readiness, she went out one day, while Algon was absent, to the charmed ring, taking her little son with her. As soon as they got into the car, she commenced her song, and the basket rose. As the song was wafted by the winds, it caught her husband's ear. It was a voice he well knew, and he instantly ran to the prairie. But he could not reach the ring before he saw his wife and child ascend. He lifted up his voice in loud appeals, but they were unavailing. The basket still went up. He watched it till it became a small speck, and finally it vanished in the sky. He then bent his head down to the ground, and was miserable.

Algon bewailed his loss through a long winter and a long summer. But he found no relief. He mourned his wife's loss sorely, but his son's still more. In the meantime his wife had reached her home in the stars, and almost forgot, in the blissful employments there, that she had left a husband on the earth. She was reminded of this by the presence of her son, who, as he grew up, became anxious to visit the scene of his birth. His grandfather said to his daughter one day, "Go, my child, and take your son down to his father, and ask him to come up and live with us. But tell him to bring along a specimen of each kind of bird and animal he kills in the chase." She accordingly took the boy and descended. Algon, who was ever near the enchanted spot, heard her voice as she came down from the sky. His heart beat with impatience as he saw her form and that of his son, and they were soon clasped in his arms.

He heard the message of the Star, and began to hunt with the greatest activity, that he might collect the present. He spent whole nights, as well as days, in searching for every curious and beautiful animal. He preserved only a tail, foot, or wing of each, to identify the species; and, when all was ready, they went to the circle and were carried up.

Great joy was manifested on their arrival at the starry plains. The star-chief invited all his

people to a feast, and, when they had assembled, he proclaimed aloud, that each one might take of the earthly gifts such as he liked best. A very strange confusion immediately arose. Some chose a foot, some a wing, some a tail, and some a claw. Those who selected tails or claws were changed into animals and ran off; the others assumed the form of birds, and flew away. Algon chose a white hawk's feather, which was his totem. His wife and son followed his example, when each one became a white hawk. He spread his wings, and, followed by his wife and son, descended to the earth, where his species are still to be found.

## BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

The British India of our day presents a spectacle which is unique and without a parallel in the history of the world. What do we see? Instead of periodical, if not permanent wars, profound peace finally established throughout the whole empire; instead of the exactions of chiefs always greedy for gold, and not shrinking from any act of cruelty to extort it, moderate taxes, much lower than those imposed by the feudatory princes; arbitrary rule replaced by even-handed justice; the tribunals, once proverbially corrupt, by upright judges, whose example is already beginning to make its influence felt on native morality and notions of right; no more Pindarris, no more armed bands of thieves; perfect security in the cities as well as in the county districts, and on all the roads; the former bloodthirsty manners and customs now softened, and, save for certain restrictions imposed in the interests of public morality, a scrupulous regard for religious worship, and traditional usages and customs; materially, an unexampled bound of prosperity, and even the disastrous effects of the periodical famines which afflict certain parts of the peninsula more and more diminished by the extension of railways, which facilitate the work of relief. And what has wrought all the miracles? The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen, and the bravery and discipline of an army composed of a small number of British and a large number of natives, led by heroes; and, lastly, and I will venture to say principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance, and the skill, combined with an integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire.—*Baron Von Hubner.*

## DEATH OF A BAPTIST MISSIONARY.

PARIS, Ont., Aug. 2.—A cablegram to the Rev. James Grant, of this town was received here on Saturday announcing the death of Rev. Mr. Currie, Baptist Missionary in India. Mr. Currie was the successor of the Rev. Mr. Timpanny, who died about a year ago in India. He left Canada last summer for the India mission field and since his arrival there sent home cheerful accounts of his health and the progress of the work. The deceased missionary was a man in the prime of life, and esteemed by the Baptist body as one of the most active, zealous, and devoted ministers.

## THE ROYAL COMFORTER.

The following anecdote of His most gracious Majesty, George III, may be interesting to our readers, as there is a similarity in some of the habits between the gypsies and the Indians. It is an extract from a book entitled "The Gypsies' Advocate," written by the late Rev. James Crabb, a great friend and benefactor to that wandering but very interesting people, who had been too long neglected by the Christian public:

"A king of England, of happy memory, who loved his people and his God better than kings in general are wont to do, occasionally took the exercise of hunting. Being out one day for this purpose, the chase lay through the shrubs of the forest. The stag had been hard run, and to escape the dogs had crossed the river in a deep part. As the dogs could not be brought to follow, it became necessary, in order to come up with it, to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass and frequent thickets, obliged the sportsmen to separate from each other; each one endeavoring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before he had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue and uneasiness; so much so, that his Majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion to his horse. With this view he turned down the first avenue in the forest, and determined on riding gently to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. The king had only proceeded a few yards, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward, he heard it more distinctly. 'Oh, my mother! my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!' The curiosity and kindness of the sovereign led him instantly to the spot. It was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent; and a basket or two, with some packs, lay on the ground at a few paces distant from the tent. Near to the root of the tree he observed a little swarthy girl, about eight years of age, on her knees, praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears. Distress of any kind was always relieved by his Majesty, for he had a heart which melted at 'human woe;' nor was it unaffected on this occasion. And now he inquired, 'What, my child, is the cause of your weeping? For what do you pray?' The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and pointing to the tent, said, 'Oh, sir! my dying mother!' 'What?' said his Majesty, dismounting and fastening his horse up to the branches of the oak, 'what, my child? tell me all about it.' The little creature now led the King to the tent; there lay, partly covered, a middle-aged female Gypsy, in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office; *the silver cord was loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern.* The little girl then wept aloud, and stooping down, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The King, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her

family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment another Gypsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been at the town of W—, and had brought some medicine for her dying mother. Observing a stranger, she modestly curtsied, and hastening to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears. 'What, my dear child,' said his Majesty, 'can be done for you?' 'Oh, sir!' she replied, 'my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her, before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to W—, and asked for a minister, *but no one could I get to come with me to pray with my dear mother!*' The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. The King, full of kindness, instantly endeavored to comfort them: he said, 'I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother.' He then sat down on a pack, by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying Gypsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the nature of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Savior. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope: her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile; it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not till some time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

"It was at this moment that some of his Majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and who had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted Gypsies. It was an affecting sight, and worthy of everlasting record in the annals of kings.

"He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and then look to heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L— was going to speak, but his Majesty, turning to the Gypsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said with strong emotion, 'Who, my lord, who, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto these?'"

A Sarnia Indian has been given thirty days for drunkenness.

Twelve families of half breeds from Batoche, are seeking a suitable place for settlement between Lethbridge and Fort McLeod.

Sioux Ben, of the Bird Tail Indian reserve, in the North West, is engaged in raising money to buy an organ for the new Indian church.

At the revising officer's final court at Walpole Island, all the Indians were struck off at their own request, and those from whom appeals had been entered declined to appear. The consequence is that there will be no voters in Walpole.

## MANITOULIN NOTES.

## PROVIDENCE BAY.

We were pleased to see two Gore Bayites in town to-day in the person of Messrs. Sutherland and Anderson.

The fires have done a great deal of damage in this section of country. Among the sufferers are John Kennedy, Wm. Craham, James Sawyer, Archie Cranston, Edward Ellis and Jas. Kendrick, all of whom lost everything.

The grain crops are looking very well considering the great drouth.

## PIKE LAKE OIL WELLS.

Six wells have been sunk so far, the most promising of the lot being No. 1. The gentlemen having the contract for sinking the wells have completed their original engagement and will be in this village Saturday evening on their way below.

Mr. Newman still has abundance of faith in the locality, and is confident that by going further west and south they will strike it rich yet.

He expects work to proceed under a new contract in the course of a month or so.

## THE CROPS.

A recent drive to Sheguiandah village by way of Ten Mile Point and return via Bidwell has satisfied us that crops are not going to be so bad as was expected. Notwithstanding the exceeding dry weather there are some excellent fields of grain, and the whole crop will be little, if any, below the average. Hay, too, though light, will not be a less crop than last year, taking the average of the Island; in fact, in some localities it has turned out exceedingly well. With careful feeding fodder will not be any higher next spring than it was last.

## FIRE NOTES.

Although McKewan's camp was destroyed, as reported last week, all the Government supplies were saved with the exception of one or two trifling articles. Only some 100 feet of lumber was destroyed.

Hugh Rannic's house is not burnt.

Jno. Cochrane's loss will foot up to about \$300.

Two shanties, a stable and barn, on the Stover farm, next lot to Cochrane's, were destroyed.

Colman Wagg's frame barn, near Mindemoya Lake, is gone.

## SWEPT BY FIRE.

CHICAGO, July 31.—The Canadian steamer Isaac May staggered into harbour at a late hour on Thursday night without fuel and almost destitute of provisions. Captain Muir, her master, relates a thrilling experience. The May left Chicago three weeks ago, towing three barges. After a run of five days they arrived at Manitoulin Island, on the Canadian side of Lake Huron. When the vessels arrived the inhabitants were badly frightened. For weeks not a drop of rain had fallen. The steamer and her tow began to take on cargoes of posts and ties, when the

woods suddenly burst into a great blaze. A severe wind storm swept over the Island, driving the flames in every direction. The people fled in terror to the beach and sought shelter on board the vessels, which pulled out into the lake. Scores of bears roaring with pain, ran out of the woods with hair singed from their hides and plunged into the lake. The flames raged five days, burning over acres of valuable timber, and destroying a vast amount of stock piled on the beach for shipment. Then a drenching rain storm set in and continued until the fire was put out. It was ten days from the time the vessels reached there before they were ready to leave, and their stock of provisions was almost exhausted in caring for the people who took refuge on them.

### AN INDIAN BOY'S LETTER.

*From the Morning Star:*

The following from one of the boys, who recently returned to his home after but two years at Carlisle, shows a degree of spirit and good thought that is encouraging. We give the letter exactly as written:

DEAR CAPT.:—Excuse for I didn't write soon as when I got home as I ought to, so I think it is better thing to let you know how I am getting along since I left Carlisle. On Monday we got home all our parents, family and our relations are very glad indeed to see us. And the Carlisle boys and girls their parents are come to my house to asking about their children, and I told them that their children are very good care of, and that they learning very fast how to write and read and how to talk English, and their parents are very glad to hear about this. After three days since I got home the woolbuyer has come to this Village and I sold myself five sacks of wool for my father. And ——— sold for one of his friends. Some people were surprised for this. On next day ——— has come on horseback to see us. On next morning we went to west four miles from this place, there where all the people were working we were working up there I and ——— and ——— and ———; I drove the mules with waggon; I hauling some adobe, in the evening when it is time to start for homes some men I did made little mad, what you think of it the mules got tired for were working all the day. They asked me to get in the wagon. I told them that they got tired, if it not so, I will take for home. They people were working for hoeing in their corn fields, they didn't get ready for reap, but it is ready for reap, but the people always reap later, father I told that we will going reap this week, we will going fix where we have to thrash on Monday. I got a cradle from ——— a few days ago, nobody has a cradle in this country, father is anxious to see how works with that thing. Last Sunday we had the Sunday school, and in afternoon were a good many people in church Mr. ——— asked us to say something for the people nobody got up except I did got up. I say something to the people they looked at me with interesting. I told them how they will do good for God and how they will get into Sin against God. There has been very dry in this place, last winter it snow fell very little and never it

rain fell, the people kept their sheep on the mountain in the north west. My father he did not kept his stock at the Ranch any more there has been very little water, he has brought near to the Village. We expect to buy some iron water-pipes we will fix up at the Ranch, and also we need some draughts. I think perhaps I will buy some carpenter's tools. I think it is very good thing to have all carpenters tools so I can make anything I need it. The people very few in this Village a good many of them were out on their farms.

I had told my family and some other relations anything what I had learned at Carlisle as far as I know they very great astonished. I must close, I Will write sometime again, tell all your family that I send my best regard to them, From one of your student.

### BUSH FIRES ON THE MANITOULIN.

The Manitoulin *Expositor* says:—"Bush fires continue to rage in many parts of the Island, particularly on the south shore in the vicinity of Michael's Bay and Providence Bay. The losses in many cases are serious, some farmers losing everything. The bridge and crossing between Michael's Bay and Providence Bay are reported burnt. James Kendrick's shingle mill, shingles and timber have been destroyed. R. Batty lost his house, barn, implements, fences, and some sheep. John McKechnie lost his barns; Hugh Rennie, a house; Sam Sinclair, house, barns and implements. The M.B.L. Co's barn on Manitou River is burnt. The fire is very close to Michael's Bay. A. W. Trewin's (until lately Bowler's) mill is reported in danger. Unless rain comes soon, much property will be destroyed.

LATER.—Trewin's mill is reported to be burnt.

### THEIR GREAT MOTHER.

THE HINDOOS AT THE COLONIAL WAIT UPON THE QUEEN.

*(London World.)*

The pilgrimage of the "Indians" to see the Great Mother at Windsor on Thursday afternoon will live long in the memory of the inhabitants of the Royal borough. Dr. Tyler's natives of Hindustan, from Bakshi Ram, aged 102, to Ram Lal, aged 9, donned their Sunday best; Mr. Hawtayne's Red Indians were made presentable by a timely supply of blankets; the Hong-Kong contributed six of its inmates; Messrs. King sent down their Goa boys; South Africa was represented by Hadji Meah, his family, and four Kaffirs; and the Australian bushman brought down the wife of his bosom with a baby on her back. State carriages awaited their arrival. The proceedings at the Castle commenced appropriately with refreshments. The Red Indians did not disdain the meat and wine, while the more scrupulous Hindoos and Moslems were fed tenderly on fruit, innocuous jellies, and sherbet. The reception took place in the Waterloo Gallery, which certainly never witnessed a more striking spectacle. The Hindustanees knelt, offered their *nazzurs*, and kissed the Queen's feet, who endeavoured in vain to stay the demonstrative loyalty of the venerable Bakshi Ram; Shaban,

the corpulent *hinkab* weaver, charmed Her Majesty with the popular song of "Bulbul Bulbul;" scholarly Nazir Hussen, the miniature-painter, intoned the Urdu ode which he had written in honour of the occasion; the Goa boys knelt as if they were at confession; the Kaffirs played on some barbarous instrument; the Red Indian blowpipe man missed the target; and the Bushman twanged piteously on his one-stringed harp.

Thus sang Nazir Hussen to Queen Victoria:—"Empress of Hindustan, Head of all Kings and Rulers, Monarch of Monarchs, the One in all, Her Majesty the Queen. Hahin, the great and generous Buddha, is worthy only to pick flowers at thy feet. All living in the world are under thy care. Thou great Ruler, in this thy fiftieth year of reign; all under thy sway, both rich and poor, from kings and princes to beggars, are happy and grateful to thee for thy great kindness and condescension. That thy reign may prosper and daily increase, under God's blessing, is the perpetual prayer of all India. We present this our petition, with most respectful submission, from the true-hearted residents of Benares, Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, Cawnpore, Muthura, and Bheetpur in Rajpootana."

Dr. Tyler having explained the mysterious signification of *nazzurs*, everybody adjourned to a second luncheon; the enjoyment of Mr. Dan Godfrey's music outside; the inspection of St. George's Chapel, when the pious Hindoos insisted on taking off their turbans; a walk through the town, when everybody insisted on shaking hands with the dusky visitors; and then Paddington, and back once more to the "Colonies."

### MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.

The following extract from an exchange teaches a lesson. If an Indian had been guilty of pounding Mrs. Indian it would have been said, "he is an Indian, what else could you expect?" But as it is, it shows there are lots of savages among the whites who want a little civilizing, and in the present case a coat of tar and feathers, with a ride on a rail thrown in, would have been too good for the inhuman brute. There is lots of work for *home* missionaries:

"A remarkable case of wife beating occurred in Leamington on Saturday, which for some reasons is, perhaps, unique in history. A boy in passing by the house of a dentist named Mineker heard his wife crying murder. The little fellow made it known to a butcher near by, who went in and found the man pounding her most lustily. The man pulled him off and began to administer to him some of his own medicine, when the wife united with her husband against her deliverer. At this time a second man came in, when the husband was led off to the magistrates of the village, where he was tried for the offence. The wife stated in her evidence that her husband would spit on the floor and compel her to lick it up. Sometimes he compelled her to lick his feet, and other things which she declined to mention. On this occasion she had been commanded to kiss his boot, which she refused, and for this she was receiving a castigation at his hands. The wife in her evidence gave as a reason for turning against her deliverer, fear of her husband in future. Feeling at the court ran high against the offender, and if the people could have got him in their hands he would soon have received a summary punishment for the crime."

## AN INDIAN PHILOLOGIST.

Sequoyah, a Cherokee half-breed, who is perhaps better known by his English name of George Guess, was the inventor of the syllabic characters in which the language of his people is now written. He was born in the year 1770, in the former abode of the Cherokee nation, among the mountains of northern Georgia. His father, George Gist, was a peddler, of German descent, and, it would seem, of indifferent reputation. This person wandered off from his native village of New Ebenezer into the Cherokee mountains, where he took to himself for a consort an intelligent and industrious Indian girl, of good character and family. In a few months he wearied of this connection, and deserted his dusky helpmate to whom he never returned. Their child, born after his flight, inherited his name, which was corrupted by the English colonists into George Guess, and translated by the Indians into Sequoyah, meaning 'He guessed it,'—a name which proved in the end to be singularly appropriate. The boy evidently drew more from his Teutonic ancestry than from his name. In countenance and character he had much of the German, and little of the Indian. As his portrait shows, his features were almost purely European. When he grew up, he became, like his father, a travelling trader, and displayed, at the same time, a remarkable mechanical talent. The silver dollars which he obtained from the whites for his peltries and other Indian wares were converted by him into the rings, coronets, breastplates and other ornaments with which his mother's people, in their artless æstheticism, loved to adorn their persons. He would have become wealthy but for his addiction to drink—a taste which he may also have owed to his paternal origin. He had sunk at one time almost to the level of a common drunkard. From this condition, fortunately, he was able to rescue himself by an extraordinary effort of that persistent resolution which formed a part of his character, and was due perhaps to his Indian blood. He became a sober and thoughtful man, noted among his people for his shrewdness, and often consulted in difficult cases.

The mode in which the white men conveyed their thoughts in writing had been a subject of much speculation among the Indians. Sequoyah took part in the discussions, and determined to solve the problem. His first notion was that every word should be represented by a distinct character, as in Chinese. He soon discovered, however, that this method was wholly unsuited to his complicated language, with its bounding inflection. An English spelling-book fell into his hands, and gave him, as he thought a key to the riddle. By a careful analysis, which was really a wonderful effort of untrained genius, he discovered that eighty-five characters would represent all the syllables comprised in the Cherokee speech. These characters he formed in imitation of the English letters in the spelling-book, with variations and additions of his own.

In a few hours a quick-witted Cherokee could learn all the characters. A few days would suffice for the dullest. Sequoyah's countrymen have always been classed among the most intelligent of the Indian tribes. After a brief season of incredulity, they caught the value of the new

alphabet, and studied it with delight. Soon almost every grown person in the nation was a reader. The inventor became famous, not only among his own people, but among the whites. His reputation spread widely, and when he visited Washington, as a member of a Cherokee delegation, he was received with much distinction. Congress gave five hundred dollars in appreciation of the benefit he had bestowed upon his people; and at a later day the Cherokee Council voted him a pension of three hundred dollars a year. Sequoyah was a man of sixty when the forced emigration of his people to the Indian Territory took place. After a time he followed them to their new abode. But the change left him unsettled. Much pondering on subjects beyond the ken of his untaught mind—the origin of the Indians, their diversity of their languages, and other like questions—led at last to a singular enterprise. He was persuaded that another branch of his nation dwelt somewhere in the far west, and he determined to find it. He set out in an ox-cart, with a Cherokee boy for his companion, and travelled for two years over the plains and the mountains, visiting the various tribes, and inquiring for his lost people. His fame as a great teacher everywhere went before him, and ensured him safety and an honourable reception. He reached at last the villages of the Pueblo Indians in northern Mexico, and rested awhile among their half-civilized inhabitants. Then he attempted to pursue his journey, but a fever seized his frame, weakened by years of wandering and hardship. He died in 1842, near San Bernardino, at the age of seventy-two.

Sequoyah can hardly be deemed a fair specimen of the Indian character, as it is evident that his European parentage determined to a large extent his qualities and temperament. To term him the American Cadmus implies a comparison unjust to him. Cadmus merely applied to the Greek language the alphabetic characters which the Phœnicians had borrowed from the Egyptians. This proceeding required a much humbler exertion of intellect than the analysis of a complex language, like the Cherokee, into its component syllables. But while Sequoyah's work, as a mental effort, can hardly be too highly estimated, its usefulness has been greatly overrated. In fact, his invention was actually a misfortune for his people, simply because it was incomplete. His analysis was imperfect, and lingered in the semi-barbarous stage. While the Cherokee is highly complex in grammar, its phonology is very simple. Instead of eighty-five syllabic characters, it could be better written with only twenty letters. The missionaries were just preparing to introduce a simple alphabet of this nature among the Cherokee when Sequoyah's invention and the national enthusiasm which it aroused put a stop to their work. Some have suggested that the syllabic method is easier to learn and to teach than the alphabetic. Granting this, it should be remembered that the alphabetical method can be taught syllabically. Sequoyah employed our English *W* to denote the syllable *lu*, and our English *M* to denote the syllable *lu*. It is clear that *la* and *lu* could be taught and learned as syllables just as readily as *W* and *M*; and the learner would have the advantage of perceiving the identity of the initial

sound, and of learning to discriminate the vowels, so as to be prepared to recognize both consonant and vowels, in other combinations. The Choctaw and the Dakota and many other Indian languages are written in the English missionary alphabet, and are learned as readily as the Cherokee. Their readers are not, like the Cherokees, cut off by their peculiar graphic system from all other nations, as an intelligent missionary, at the time of Sequoyah's invention, warned his people they would be if they adopted it. Many among the Cherokees themselves, it is now stated, have come to see this, and are eager for the adoption, not merely of the English alphabet, but of the English language. This will doubtless be the result, and probably at no distant time; for it appears, by the enumeration of 1882; that of the twenty thousand Cherokees, no less than sixteen thousand could speak English. In another generation this language is likely to be in general use, and Sequoyah's alphabet will become a mere linguistic curiosity.—H. HALE, in *The Critic*, June 19th, 1886.

## INDIAN SCHOOLS IN NEBRASKA.

(From the *Morning Star*.)

The scholastic year of the Indian school was brought to a successful close on the 29th ult. by exercises most satisfactory and commendable. The entire programme was carried through with credit not only to the children who took part but to those who prepared them in their several parts. Many who saw what the Indians, by education, become, could only wonder how the change was wrought. One thing particularly noticeable was their acquirement of the English language, their retentive memories, and their power to take in as well as to adapt themselves to the conditions of their surroundings.

Let the good work go on, and Genoa citizens will not fail to duly appreciate the labors bestowed, but also feel a just pride in the school.

Helen Hunt Jackson is to have a monument at Santa Fe, N.M., in the form of a school for Indian girls.

The remains of the mound builders, long supposed to be confined to the Southern Mississippi regions, have lately been found in our own North-West, where we hope Mr. Hirschfelder, of Toronto, will shortly see fit to pursue his archæological investigations.

The second load of tea direct from Yokohama arrived at Winnipeg on Tuesday. The train of 13 cars made the run from Donald, B. C., to Winnipeg, a distance of 1,022 miles in about 48 hours including an hour lost at Broadview by the change of time.

Judge Fralick gave judgement at Canifton striking sixty-nine Mohawk Indian votes from the Dominion voters' list in East Hastings, on the ground that they did not occupy the land which had been allotted to them by the crown, and that they had not made improvements to the value of \$150. Judgement on a few other votes was reserved until the 19th of July.

# THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MORAVIANTOWN RESERVE.

MORAVIANTOWN, Aug. 3rd, 1886.

The election of C. M. Stonefish as Head Chief of the Band for the next term has been protested by ex-Chief Lewis and his supporters, charged with bribery, but they failed to prove anything. The case was decided by the Minister of Justice at Ottawa, Chief Stonefish and his councillors being confirmed on July 29th.

I enclose a letter from W. R. Snake, of this reserve, who is now in the Indian Territory, U.S., which I think will be interesting to your readers especially in this section.

J. B. NOAH.

### DELEWARE RESERVE, Ind. Terr.

On June 1st left home, take trip to Indian Territory, arrived there June 4th, staid with Chas. Journeycake, find everybody in good health. Delaware tribe number 779, very good people; received me in good care; wherever I go visiting, they talk little different; I talk Muncey language; I understand them pretty good, excepting a few words; but most of them talk English, so I could get along with them very well. They were very good farmers. I have

seen a man have two hundred acres of corn; they live mostly on corn, just the same as we on wheat in Canada. They sell corn at fifty cents a bushel, in ears. They have early harvest, cutting their wheat June 7th. I saw oats being cut June 16th, but climate is very hot. I was sick a few days on account of hot weather; don't suit me. I eat green corn, June 20th, everything early, that is, garden stuff. Delaware payment, June 28th, they have big times, which last three days. They draw \$24 dollars apiece. Their interest money amounts to \$19,500. Lots of the land not worked too much, They can't work it all although there are lots of people. I counts the different tribes, which are as follows: Cherokees, Delaware, Shawnees, Mexicans, Pawnees, Osages, Wichitas, Kiowas, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Kickapooes, Comanches, and Pottawottamies. I stay in this country four weeks, can't stay any longer, so hot weather, I have to come home. I hope there will be some of my Indian friends will tell us something about their tours.

I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM ROBERT SNAKE.

P. S.—I will write again next week a full account of my trip.

### TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

The Committee are meeting with every encouragement in their arrangements for the Grand Political Picnic on the Tyendinaga Reserve on the 1st and 2nd of Sept. They have received assurances of the presence on that occasion of many prominent politicians.

Rumour says that Mr. Francis Claus has the agency for John T. Greatrix's Superior Baking Powder; Mr. Claus is at present introducing the genuine article in Bearbrook, Russell County: his many friends extend their good wishes for the success of his undertaking.

Miss Kahnratishon has been very ill for the past week, but is now recovering.

Mr. Jacob Brant is erecting a new barn on his farm near Brant's wharf.

On Tuesday morning Peter and Josiah Brant and David Smith departed for Bald Mountains to have a good feast of whortle berries; it is hoped they will return with Q. S. to treat friends.

DECATUR, MICH., July 28th, 1886.

To the Editor of THE INDIAN:

DEAR SIR:

Allow me space in your valuable paper, having had the pleasure of meeting some of the representatives of your race at Plainwell, attended lecture given by Princess Viroqua, and Dr. Ontiyyoh, nephew, both of whom acquitted themselves well. The Princess told them truths they never thought of before. They had the elite of the town out to hear them. After the lecture they were surrounded on all sides, I really thought they were going to be swallowed up then and there. The Princess, whose kindly face beams with happiness; her name is a household word in this part of the country. Your people must all feel proud of her and well you may, for she certainly is doing a great deal of good, not only in healing, but also in breaking up the prejudice of my people, of whom I feel ashamed, to think that an Indian Princess was

capable of instructing and making all feel ashamed of their inferior knowledge to her. Had the extreme pleasure of having a nice visit with both the nephew and herself. He is a noble specimen of the race.

I remain, yours truly,

A. J. MADDEN.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

A new post office has been established on the reserve at Georgina Island, and is in full operation. Any mail matter sent to the Island should be addressed Georgina Island P. O., Ont.

## THE NOBLE RED MAN IN TOWN.

Yesterday Rev. John McDougall, of Morley, Alberta, N.W.T., arrived in the city, accompanied by three Indian chiefs, and put up at the Robinson house. Rev. Mr. McDougall is the son of the late Rev. George McDougall, who was one of the first missionaries to the Northwest, and who was frozen to death a few years ago. Rev. Geo. McDougall was implicitly trusted by the Indians all over the territory, and during his life probably exercised more influence over them and did more to keep them peaceable than any other man of the time. His son, who arrived here yesterday, has also been in the Northwest doing missionary work for twenty years, is intimately acquainted with their languages, and has great influence with them. He came to Toronto for the purpose of attending the Methodist conference in September, and to show the chiefs whom he brought with him the civilization of Ontario. The chiefs who accompany him are Chief Pakan, of White Fish Lake, Chief Samson, of Bear's Hill, and Jonas Chomin, of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. McDougall will take them to Ottawa to interview the government with regard to the adjustment of their land affairs.

Leonard Williams shot Ellis Rattling Gourd Sunday evening at John Terrell's, near Eureka. The ball passed through both legs causing a painful wound, and a dangerous one owing to the hot weather.—*Cherokee Advocate*. That would be a jolly place to spend Sunday evening; a rattling way to be gored by a ball.

The Bear's Hill Band of Indians have done very well in farming this season. Samson's band has under crop 104 acres out of 110 broken; Ermine Skin has 97 acres of crop out of 104 broken; Louis Bull has 47 acres out 55 broken; and one man on Bob-Tail's band has 10 acres of crop. Sharphead, of the Wolf Creek band of Stonies, has done well, but his land has not been measured.

Gabriel Dumont, the exiled Lieutenant of Louis Riel, received the news of "amnesty" with tears of joy; and the various Indian Chiefs composing "Buffalo Bill's Wild Show of the West" on Staten Island, manifested their extreme delight and sympathy, by a successive series of howls and grand united "War Whoops." The managers gave Dumont a grand banquet in honor of the event: It is said he owned about \$80,000 worth of property in the Northwest, which will likely be restored to him.

## JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

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

(Continued.)

That he was a strong believer in its beneficial influences arising from education may be seen in the sentiments expressed in the following prayer offered at a Synod in Boston: "Lord for schools everywhere among us! That our schools may flourish! That every member of this assembly may go home and procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives! That before we die we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation of the country!" His chief aim, was the conversion of the Indians. For that, he lived, laboured and prayed. After the founding of Natick, a meeting-house was erected. Securing the help of the Indians, the timber was prepared, borne upon their shoulders to its destination, and speedily erected. The basement was used as a church and school, and the upper part served as an Indian storehouse, with an apartment for the missionary. The first church of praying Indians was organized in 1660. Indians had been converted previous to this, but Eliot manifested prudence in delaying this step, that a suitable probation might develop Christian character. A code of simple laws was given for the guidance of the Indian settlers. Amid the arduous labors engaged in, he carried on the work of translation to help his people and of writing books on his mission to the Indians. In 1639, he was associated with Mrs. Welde and Richard Mather in preparing a new version of the Psalms. This was the *Bay Psalm Book*, now famous, as the first book printed in America. In 1649, he published "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel among the Indians," and in 1655, "A Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel among the Indians." The great literary monument of his life, is the translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue. This was the first Bible printed in America. At forty-five years of age he began the translation of the Bible. Eight years labor with the help of an Indian were spent upon it. In 1661, the New Testament was published, and three years later the Old Testament. The Indian title is "Wusku Wutttestamsutum Nul-Lordumun Jesus Christ Nuppoquohwus Suaenumun." Some of the phrases in this Bible reveal to us, the fact, that patience, untiring industry and linguistic ability with the blessing of God were used in this great work. The phrase "Kneeling down to him," found in Mark i-40, is thus translated:

"Wuttappesittukqussunnookucktunkquoh."

For "Our question" the following is given:

"Kummogkodonattoottummooteiteaongannunonash."

With the aid of an Indian the New Testament was printed. The printing of the Old Testament was superintended by Marmaduke Johnson, who was sent out by the English Corporation, and such was the interest taken in this work, that the corporation wrote as follows on May 7th, 1669:

"We conceive it will not only be acceptable unto God, but very profitable to the poor heathen, and will much tend to the promotion of the

spiritual part of this worke amongst them."

The press and type were sent from England.

Three hundred and sixty reams of paper, costing from sixty to seventy shillings a sheet were used in printing it. A second edition of the Old Testament comprising two thousand copies was issued in 1685. A copy of the Bible was sent to Charles III, concerning which Richard Baxter said "such a work and fruit of a plantation was never before presented unto a king." Cotton Mather, the eminent theologian and writer of New England, wrote enthusiastically of this work in the following terms: "Behold, ye Americans, the greatest honor that ever ye were partakers of—the Bible printed here at our Cambridge; and it is the only Bible that ever was printed in America, from the very foundation of the world. Then enthusiasm which carried on this work to completion, supplying the spiritual wants of a large community, was increased by the earnest appeal of King Philip for books that his people might be able to read. The whole translation was written with but one pen. Cotton Mather said regarding this pen, that had it not been lost, it "would have certainly deserved a richer case than was bestowed upon that pen with which Holland wrote the translation of Plutarch." There is not a member of the Natick Indians living to-day. The tribes for whom this translation was made, have followed their leader into the great beyond. There is said to be only one living master of the Natick dialect, Mrs. J. H. Trumbull, of Hartford, who translated Eliot's catechism for presentation to the owners of the few existing copies of the Bible. Besides this great work, Eliot translated Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted and the Practice of Piety*, prepared an Indian Grammar, primer and catechism and wrote several treatises on practical religion. His literary work was very extensive, considering the manifold duties of a missionary life.

The work so faithfully prosecuted was very successful. Quality, not quantity, in Mission work is the true measure of success. Religion will not develop an intelligent white man from an Indian, but it will produce an earnest Christian life. Considering the sudden change from the life of a hunter to a settled abode and an agricultural occupation, the hereditary tendencies of an Indian nature, the sudden revolution in all the surroundings, the unhealthy example of the immoral white man, and the ignorance of English customs, it is surprising that so much success has attended the labours of missionaries among the Indians. Freedom and independence generated by a roving life are supplanted by subjection and dependence. The same amount of money, time, and energy spent upon an intelligent community would give greater results, but when we consider the difficulties to be overcome in acquiring the language, transforming the moral, religious, social and political life of the Indian, we have no hesitation in asserting that the conversion of one Indian is of greater value than that of ten average white men, with the advantages of education, hereditary influences and religion.

Viewed in this light, Eliot's was eminently successful.

Let the inheritors of civilization ponder the questions asked by the Natick Indians in their

day, which are repeated by the Indian tribes of modern times. "If any talk of another's fault, and tell others of it when he is not present to answer, is that a sin?"

Do not Englishmen spoil their souls to say a thing cost them more than it did? And is not all one as to steal? If a man will make his daughter marry a man whom she doth not love, what will God say?"

Native preachers were trained by exhorting after the missionary had preached. The narration of Christian experience was required, whereby spiritual difficulties could be removed and progress made in the divine life. Promises made by the Christian Indians were sacredly fulfilled. Many of Eliot's Indians were slain during King Philip's war. Several churches sprang up amongst the tribes which were attended to by the native preachers.

The missionary work excited great interest in England. The funds for extending and maintaining the work were chiefly supplied by the Society for propagating the Gospel in New England. The British Parliament aided in the translation of the Bible, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge wrote letters on behalf of this missionary enterprise, and contributions were increased though the sympathy, and eloquent advocacy of many of the leading divines.

The Apostle to the Indians was a man of deep piety. His eloquence seemed help for his Indians. Energy and learning produced the Indian Bible. Political sagacity developed enterprising Indian towns from the scattered elements and conflicting factions of the Indian tribes. Uprightness, zeal and humility made him to be trusted by the Indians as their most faithful friend. Courage protected the Indians, and kept the colonist from their attempts at termination. His *Christian Commonwealth* published in England in 1660, aroused opposition for a time on the part of the Colonists. In 1675, many of the Christian Indians were unmercifully and unjustly slain, because they were supposed to be supporters of the cause of King Philip. Difficulties deterred him not, in his work. Having completed his Indian Grammar, he wrote, "prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do nothing." Hardships were endured by him with patience. Enthusiasm made him gladly brave opposition, toil earnestly and suffer, if need be, in his work. He says, "I have not been dry night nor day, from the third day of the week to the sixth, but so travelled; and at night pulled off my boots, wrung my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps."

Three things are worthy of special notice in connection with his missionary work. He ignored the Indian communistic system of farming practiced in modern times. This system is easier for Indian Bureaus and Departments, but in the end, it is more expensive, besides seriously retarding the progress of the Indians. The sooner we implant in the Indian mind, the feeling and distinction between *mine and thine*, the better for the Indian and those laboring on his behalf.

The employment of a native minister was the means of developing the work. Wisdom was manifested in this. Missionary Societies fail in securing greater results by not employing more extensively a native agency. Natives under-

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### HOW OUR ANCESTORS WROTE.

(Continued.)

You saw how the savage would indicate a bat, by drawing its image. Well, suppose picture-writing of that kind were used a long while by a nation, until it was found convenient to use the picture of a bat in words where there was simply a sound like *b a t*, even when it has no reference to the odd little flittermouse that comes out at dusk. Now, suppose some other nation (without as good a system of writing) should find it convenient to take that picture-sound *b a t*, but should use it somewhat differently. Suppose this nation has so far advanced on the way to an alphabet that instead of pictures, or signs, that mean certain things, or the sounds of the names of those things, they have signs that mean single short sounds which we call syllables. A syllable is composed always of a consonant and a vowel, or a vowel and a consonant side by side, or a vowel between two or more consonants. Consonants are so called because they *sound with* a vowel; the vowel is the long, and the consonants the short sound, and it sounds with the vowel. *Bat* is formed of the consonants B and T, which *sound with* the vowel A. Then, in the language of this nation I am speaking of, the little sketch of a bat would be used to stand for the syllable *ba*. Suppose by a simiar development a small sketch of an ant should be employed to express the syllable *at*, the sound of *n* in *ant* being slurred over, after a fashion you will find in many different tongues. Then to write on this system the word *bat*, this nation would need two signs, one originally the drawing of the bat, the other that of an ant; placed side by side, they would spell *ba-at* and would be pronounced *bat*. Note now, that wherever in the words of that language those two sounds *ba* and *at* occurred, these two signs could be used. This may seem a clumsy fashion; you may wonder why it is easier to use two signs in place of one; but it is really a great step onward from pure picture-writing. Let this be enough for the present. I only wish to hint to you how pictures gradually grew into letters of the alphabet during the course of ages. Later you will learn how it all took place, so far as we can make it out from the old forms of writing. The word *syllabary* expresses that stage of writing where *ba* and *at* spell *bat* and a true alphabet had not yet been born.

It was the Phœnicians then—remember this name, for it will constantly occur hereafter—a people of Syria and Palestine, and cousins of the Hebrews, who used a true alphabet of only twenty-two letters. By the hands of successive nations and, as a rule, westward from Asia Minor, we have borrowed from them our own excellent alphabet. But did the Phœnicians invent their own alphabet? Did they see the clumsiness of the syllabary stage and make the last great leap? That is a question many wise men have labored hard to answer. Men have given the better part of their lives to discover whence that alphabet came. And some are now content to believe that a French professor, named de Rouge, was right, who argued by a train of reasoning too long to be given here, that the

stand the language, customs and intellects of the Indians better than any other can in several years. With an energetic and wise superintendent, greater success would be attained and with less expense.

Education and religion were not divorced. This was one of the chief causes of Eliot's success. Spiritual instruction will produce ideas, regenerate the moral nature, produce a true social life and lead to God.

The one enduring relic of this extinct New England tribe is the Indian Bible. The influence of Eliot's work created a desire to aid the Indians and to this fact may be traced subsequent efforts to educate and civilize them. A brick building was erected at the American Cambridge, called the Indian College, and about the time of Eliot's death, a college was founded in Virginia for educating the youth of the colony and also the Indians. Since that time colleges and Industrial schools have exerted a leavening influence, and the grand results abundantly testify to the importance and usefulness of these commendable means.

Society no longer dread the savage red men. The ranks of literature are being adorned by the earnest advocates of the Indian's rights. Political parties are interested in the Indian question and the churches are laboring earnestly for the temporal, mental, moral and spiritual welfare of these people.

Bowed down with age and bodily infirmities, no longer able to go out amongst his Indians, the devoted Eliot induced several families to send their negro servants once a week, that he might impart religious instruction to them.

In his last days, he was found teaching an Indian child the alphabet by his bedside. A friend asked him "why not rest from your labors now?" The aged Apostle answered, "Because, I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and now that I can no longer preach he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

He died on the 20th of May, 1690, aged eighty-six years. His wife died three years before him. She was a pious and devoted woman, who, by her excellence, aided much in the work in which both their lives were spent. There were five sons and a daughter in the family. Three of the sons became ministers of the Gospel. The daughter and one son survived their father. The Apostle to the Indians was esteemed highly by the men of his day. Richard Baxter, who was peculiarly attached to him and deeply interested in his work, wrote "There was no man on earth whom I honored above him." Enthusiastic in life, his dying declaration reveals the same burning zeal for the welfare of his converts. Ceasing at once to work and live, he "being dead, yet speaketh unto us."

"Let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians. Let it live when I am dead. Welcome joy." Such was his dying injunction to those behind. The years have rolled on, they are extinct, a very few of the thousands of copies of the Indian Bible are in existence, yet to us there remains the example, as an incentive to labour and the precious memory of the heroic missionary is our legacy and joy.

[THE END.]

old Greeks were truthful in their traditions when they wrote that the Phœnicians took the shapes for their twenty-two letters from the writing of the Egyptians, several thousand years before the birth of Christ. The theory is that Phœnician traders in Egypt borrowed the shapes of the letters of the alphabet from the Egyptians, and handed these shapes improved down to us, along with their names, which we retain very clearly in *alpha-beta*, or Alphabet.

THE END.

### MISSIONS IN THE FAR WEST.

We ought to have at least five more white missionaries in the Indian Territory. We ought to do far more evangelization of the uncivilized Indians, for whom we are doing comparatively little. In the Indian Territory an excellent religious interest has prevailed, resulting in numerous additions to the churches. The Christian Indians continue with increasing zeal the support of a native missionary to the uncivilized tribes in the Territory. Their Territorial convention and the publication of "The Indian Missionary," of which Rev. D. Rodgers, our general missionary, is editor, are having a happy effect in unifying and combining for Christian effort the Baptists of the several Nations in the Territory.

It is gratifying to be able to announce that a missionary to Alaska has been appointed. His destination is the Port of St. Paul on Kadiak Island. This island is the elbow of the peninsula, has an area of 28,980 square miles, (nearly half that of New England), and belongs to the geographical portion of Alaska known as the Kadiak division, containing 70,884 square miles, being about one-sixth larger than New England. The people, numbering about 5,000 are of Eskimo stock, dwelling in villages which (according to the last Government report) "will compare favorably, in neatness and domestic comfort, with most of the fishing villages of Northern Europe. The climatic conditions of the island are more favorable than in other sections of Alaska, the cultivation of potatoes and turnips and the rearing of cattle being among the general industries of the people." The people, therefore, are at least semi-civilized, and under such religious care as they formerly received from the Russian Church, have chiefly, if not wholly, abandoned their pagan and savage customs.

They sadly need the influence of education and of the Gospel, and upon American Baptists certainly rest some obligation to supply this need.—*Baptist Home Mission.*

An Indian named Comego, under the influence of liquor, or, as he says, of Blue Ribbon beer, lay down beside the railway track, between Hastings and Birdsall, with his right arm thrown across the rail beside him, and a passing train severed it a little above the elbow.

The report that the Whitefish Lake band of Indians were to be allowed to vote at the forthcoming Federal elections in the North-west is discovered to have been founded on a proposition to extend to them the provisions of the Indian Advancement Act.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

"'Twas like himself," cried the inveterate forester, whose prejudices contributed so largely to veil his natural sense of justice in all matters which concerned the Mingoes, "a lying and deceitful varlet as he is. An honest Delaware now, being fairly vanquished, would have lain still, and been knocked on the head, but these knavish Maquas cling to life like so many cats-o'-the-mountain. Let him go—let him go; 'tis but one man, and he without rifle or bow, many a long mile from his French comrades; and, like rattler that has lost his fangs, he can do no further mischief, until such time as he, and we too, may leave the prints of our moccasins over a long reach of sandy plain. See, Uncas," he added, in Delaware, "your father is flaying the scalps already. It may be well to go round and fell the vagabonds that are left, or we may have another of them; loping through the woods, and screeching like a jay that has been winged."

So saying, the honest, but implacable scout, made the circuit of the dead, into whose senseless bosoms he thrust his long knife, with as much coolness as though they had been so many brute carcasses. He had, however, been anticipated by the elder Mohican, who had already torn the emblems of victory from the unresisting heads of the slain.

But Uncas, denying his habits, we had almost said his nature, flew with instinctive delicacy, accompanied by Heyward, to the assistance of the females, and quickly releasing Alice, placed her in the arms of Cora. We shall not attempt to describe the attitude to the Almighty Disposer of events which glowed in the bosoms of the sisters, who were thus unexpectedly restored to life and to each other. Their thanksgivings were deep and silent; the offerings of their gentle spirits, burning brightest and purest on the secret altars of their hearts; and their renovated and more earthly feelings exhibiting themselves in long and fervent, though speechless caresses. As Alice rose from her knees, where she had sunk by the side of Cora, she threw herself on the bosom of the latter, and sobbed aloud the name of their aged father, while her soft, dove-like eyes, sparkled with the rays of hope.

"We are saved! we are saved!" she murmured; "to return to the arms of our dear, dear father, and his heart will not be broken with grief. And you too, Cora, my sister; my more than sister, my mother; you too are spared. And Duncan," she added, looking round upon the youth with a smile of ineffable innocence, "even our own brave and noble Duncan has escaped without a hurt."

To these ardent and nearly incoherent words, Cora made no other answer than by straining the youthful speaker to her heart, as she bent over her in melting tenderness. The manhood of Heyward felt no shame in dropping tears over this spectacle of affectionate rapture; and Uncas stood, fresh and blood-stained from the combat,

a calm, and, apparently, an unmoved looker-on, it is true, but with eyes that had already lost their fierceness, and were beaming with a sympathy that elevated him far above the intelligence, and advanced him probably centuries before the practices of his nation.

During this display of emotions so natural in their situation, Hawkeye, whose vigilant distrust had satisfied itself that the Hurons, who disfigured the heavenly scene, no longer possessed the power to interrupt its harmony, approached David, and liberated him from the bonds he had, until that moment, endured with the most exemplary patience.

"There," exclaimed the scout, casting the last withe behind him, "you are once more master of your own limbs, though you seem not to use them with much greater judgement than that in which they were first fashioned. If advice from one who is not older than yourself, but who, having lived most of his time in the wilderness, may be said to have experienced beyond his years, will give no offence, you are welcome to my thoughts; and those are, to part with the little tooting instrument in your jacket to the first fool you meet with, and buy some useful weapon with the money, if it be only the barrel of a horseman's pistol. By industry and care, you might thus come to some preferment; for by this time, I should think, your eyes would plainly tell you that a carrion crow is a better bird than a mocking thrasher. The one will, at least, remove foul sights from before the face of man, while the other is only good to brew disturbances in the woods, by cheating the ears of all that hear them."

"Arms and the clarion for the battle, but the song of thanksgiving to the victory!" answered the liberated David. "Friend," he added, thrusting forth his lean, delicate hand towards Hawk-eye, in kindness, while his eye twinkled and grew moist, "I thank thee that the hairs of my head still grow where they were first rooted by Providence; for, though some of other men may be more glossy and curling, I have ever found mine own well suited to the brain they shelter. That I did not join myself to the battle, was less owing to disinclination, than to the bonds of the heathen. Valiant and skilful hast thou proved thyself in the conflict, and I thereby thank thee, before proceeding to discharge other and more important duties, because thou has proved thyself well worthy of a Christian's praise."

"The thing is but a trifle, and what you may often see, if you tarry long among us," returned the scout, a good deal softened towards the man of song, by this unequivocal expression of gratitude. "I have got back my old companion, 'kill-deer,'" he added, striking his hand on the breech of his rifle; "and that in itself is a victory. These Iroquois are cunning, but they outwitted themselves when they placed their fire-arms out of reach; and had Uncas or his father been gifted with only their common Indian patience, we should have come in upon the knaves with three bullets instead of one, and that would have made a finish of the whole pack; yon lopeing varlet, as well as his comrades. But 'twas all fore-ordered, and for the best."

"Thou sayest well," returned David, "and

hast caught the true spirit of Christianity. He that is to be saved will be saved, and he that is predestined to be damned will be damned. This is the doctrine of truth, and most consoling and refreshing it is to the true believer."

The scout, who by this time was seated, examining into the state of his rifle with a species of parental assiduity, now looked up at the other in a displeasure that he did not affect to conceal roughly interrupting further speech.

"Doctrine or no doctrine," said the sturdy woodsman, "'tis the belief of knaves," and the curse of an honest man. I can credit that yonder Huron was to fall by my hand, for with my own eyes I have seen it; but nothing short of being a witness, will cause me to think he has met with any reward, or that Chingachgook, there, will be condemned at the final day."

"You have no warranty for such an audacious doctrine, nor any covenant to support it," cried David, who was deeply tinctured with the subtle distinctions which, in his time, and more especially in his province, had been drawn around the beautiful simplicity of revelation, by endeavouring to penetrate the awful mystery of the divine nature, supplying faith by self-sufficiency, and by consequence, involving those who reasoned from such human dogmas in absurdities and doubt; "your temple is reared on the sands, and the first tempest will wash away its foundation. I demand your authorities for such an uncharitable assertion." Like other advocates of a system David was not always accurate in his use of terms. "Name chapter and verse; in which of the holy books do you find language to support you?"

"Book!" repeated Hawk-eye, with singular and ill-concealed disdain; "do you take me for a whimpering boy at the apron string of one of your old gals; and this good rifle on my knee for the feather of a goose's wing, my ox's horn for a bottle of ink, and my leathern pouch for a cross-barred handkercher to carry my dinner? Book! what have such as I, who am a warrior of the wilderness, though a man without a cross, to do with books? I never read but in one, and the words that are written there are too simple and too plain to need much schooling; though I may boast that of forty long and hard-working years."

"What call you the volume?" said David, misconceiving the other's meaning.

"'Tis open before your eyes," returned the scout; "and he who owns it is not a niggard of its use. I have heard it said that there are men who read in books to convince themselves there is a God. I know not but man may so deform his works in the settlements, as to leave that which is so clear in the wilderness a matter of doubt among traders and priests. If any such there be, and he will follow me from sun to sun, through the windings of the forest, he shall see enough to teach him that he is a fool, and that the greatest of his folly lies in striving to rise to the level of one he can never equal, be it in goodness, or be it in power."

The instant David discovered that he battled with a disputant who imbibed his faith from the lights of nature, eschewing all subtleties of doctrine, he willingly abandoned a controversy, from which he believed neither profit nor credit was to be derived. While the scout was speak-

ing, he had also seated himself, and producing the ready little volume and the iron-rimmed spectacles, he prepared to discharge a duty, which nothing but the unexpected assault he had received in his orthodoxy could have so long suspended. He was, in truth, a minstrel of the western continent—of a much later day, certainly, than those gifted bards, who formerly sang the profane renown of baron and prince, but after the spirit of his own age and country; and he was now prepared to exercise the cunning of his craft, in celebration of, or rather in thanksgiving for, the recent victory. He waited patiently for Hawk-eye to cease, then lifting his eyes, together with his voice, he said, aloud—

“I invite you, friends, to join in praise for this signal deliverance from the hands of barbarians and infidels, to the comfortable and solemn tones of the tune, called ‘Northampton.’”

He next named the page and verses where the rhymes selected were to be found, and applied the pitch-pipe to his lips, with the decent gravity that he had been wont to use in the temple. This time he was, however, without any accompaniment, for the sisters were just then pouring out those tender effusions of affection which have been already alluded to. Nothing deterred by the smallness of his audience, which in truth, consisted only of the discontented scout, he raised his voice, commencing and ending the sacred song without accident or interruption of any kind.

Hawk-eye listened, while he coolly adjusted his flint and reloaded his rifle; but the sounds, wanting the extraneous assistance of scene and sympathy, failed to awaken his slumbering emotions. Never minstrel, or by whatever more suitable name David should be known, drew upon his talents in the presence of more sensible auditors; though, considering the singleness and sincerity of his motive, it is probable that no bard of profane song ever uttered notes that ascended so near that throne where all homage and praise is due. The scout shook his head, and muttering some intelligible words, among which “Throat” and “Iroquois,” were alone audible, he walked away, to collect, and to examine into the state of the captured arsenal of the Hurons. In this office he was now joined by Chingachgook, who found his own, as well as the rifle of his son, among the arms. Even Heyward and David were furnished with weapons; nor was ammunition wanting to render them all effectual.

When the foresters had made their selection, and distributed their prizes, the scout announced that the hour had arrived when it was necessary to move. By this time the song of Gamut had ceased, and the sisters had learned to still the exhibition of their emotions. Aided by Duncan and the younger Mohican, the two latter descended the precipitous sides of that hill which they had so lately ascended under so very different auspices, and whose summit had so nearly proved the scene of their massacre. At the foot, they found the Narragansets browsing the herbage of the bushes; and having mounted, they followed the movements of the guide, who, in the most deadly straits, had so often proved himself their friend. The journey was, however, short. Hawk-eye, leaving the blind path that the Hurons had followed, turned short to his

right, and entering the thicket, he crossed a babbling brook, and halted in a narrow dell, under the shade of a few water elms. Their distance from the base of the fatal hill was but a few rods, and the steeds had been serviceable only in crossing the shallow stream.

The scout and the Indians appeared to be familiar with the sequestered place where they now were; for, leaning their rifles against the trees, they commenced throwing aside the dried leaves, and opening the blue clay, out of which a clear and sparkling spring of bright, glancing water, quickly bubbled. The white then looked about him, as though seeking for some object, which was not found as readily as he expected.

“Them careless imps, the Mohawks, with their Tuscorora and Onondaga brethren, have been here slacking their thirst,” he muttered, “and the vagabonds have thrown away the gourd! This is the way with benefits, when they are bestowed on such disremembering hounds! Here has the Lord laid his hand, in the midst of the howling wilderness, for their good and raised a fountain of water from the bowels of the earth, that might laugh at the richest shop of apothecary’s ware in all the colonies; and see! the knaves have trodden in the clays and deformed the cleanliness of the place, as though they were brute beasts, instead of human men.”

Uncas silently extended towards him the desired gourd, which the spleen of Hawk-eye had hitherto prevented him from observing, on a branch of an elm. Filling it with water, he retired a short distance, to a place where the ground was more firm and dry; here he coolly seated himself, and after taking a long, and, apparently a grateful draught, he commenced a very strict examination of the fragments of food left by the Hurons, which had hung in a wallet on his arm.

“Thank you, lad,” he continued, returning the empty gourd to Uncas; “now we will see how these rampaging Hurons lived, when outlying in ambushments. Look at this! The varlets know the better pieces of the deer; and one would think they might carve and roast a saddle, equal to the best cook in the land. But everything is raw, for the Iroquois are thorough savages. Uncas, take my steel, and kindle a fire; a mouthful of tender broil will give nature a helping hand, after so long a trail.”

Heyward, perceiving that their guides now set about their repast in sober earnest, assisted the ladies to alight, and placed himself at their side, not unwilling to enjoy a few moments of grateful rest, after the bloody scene he had just gone through. While the culinary process was in hand, curiosity induced him to inquire into the circumstances which had led to their timely and unexpected rescue—

“How is it that we see you so soon, my generous friend,” he asked, “and without aid from the garrison of Edward?”

“Had we gone to the bend in the river, we might have been in time to rake the leaves over your bodies, but too late to have saved your scalps,” coolly answered the scout. “No, no; instead of throwing away strength and opportunity by crossing to the fort, we lay by, under the bank of the Hudson, waiting to watch the movements of the Hurons.”

“You were, then, witnesses of all that passed?”

“Not of all; for Indian sight is too keen to be easily cheated, and we kept close. A difficult matter it was, too, to keep this Mohican boy snug in the ambushment. Ah! Uncas, Uncas, your behavior was more like that of a curious woman than of a warrior on his scent.”

Uncas permitted his eyes to turn for an instant on the sturdy countenance of the speaker, but he neither spoke nor gave any indication of repentance. On the contrary, Heyward thought the manner of the young Mohican was disdainful, if not a little fierce, and that he suppressed passions that were ready to explode, as much in compliment to the listeners, as from the deference he usually paid to the white associate.

“You saw our capture?” Heyward next demanded.

“We heard it,” was the significant answer.

“An Indian yell is plain language to men who have passed their days in the woods. But when you landed, we were driven to crawl, like serpents, beneath the leaves; and then we lost sight of you entirely, until we placed eyes on you again, trussed to the trees, and ready bound for an Indian massacre.”

“Our rescue was the deed of Providence. It was nearly a miracle that you did not mistake the path, for the Hurons divided, and each band had its horses.”

“Ay! there we were thrown off the scent, and might, indeed, have lost the trail, had it not been for Uncas; we took the path, however, that led into the wilderness: for we judged, and judged rightly, that the savages would hold that course with their prisoners. But when we had followed it for many miles, without finding a single twig broken, as I had advised, my mind misgave me; especially as all the footsteps had the prints of moccasins.”

“Our captors had the precaution to see us shod like themselves,” said Duncan, raising a foot, and exhibiting the buckskin he wore.

“Ay! ’twas judgmatical, and like themselves; though we were too expert to be thrown from a trail by so common an invention.”

“To what, then, are we indebted for our safety?”

“To what, as a white man who has no taint of Indian blood, I should be ashamed to own; to the judgment of the young Mohican, in matters which I should know better than he, but which I can now hardly believe to be true, though my own eyes tell me it is so.”

“’Tis extraordinary! will you not name the reason?”

“Uncas was bold enough to say,” that the beasts ridden by the gentle ones,” continued Hawkeye, glancing his eyes, not without curious interest, on the fillics of the ladies, “planted the legs of one side on the ground at the same time, which is contrary to the movements of all trotting four-footed animals of my knowledge, except the bear. And yet here are horses that always journey in this matter, as my own eyes have seen, and as their trail has shown for twenty long miles.”

“’Tis the merit of the animal! They come from the shores of Narragansett Bay, in the province of Providence plantations, and are celebrated for their hardihood, and the ease of this peculiar movement; though other horses

are not frequently trained to the same."

"It may be—it may be," said Hawk-eye, who had listened with singular attention to his explanation; "though I am a man who has the full blood of the whites, my judgment in deer and beaver is greater than in beasts of burden. Major Effingham has many noble chargers, but I have never seen one travel after such a sideling gait."

(To be Continued.)

A BAD LOOKOUT.

The Poncas and other friendly Indian tribes located on the strip are said to be in a bad fix, and likely to suffer severely through the winter. Upwards of a year ago they voluntarily gave up their annuities on the promise that the money thus saved to the government should be invested in work animals and horned cattle to stock their farms. The spring went by and the horses and cattle were not forthcoming, and hence they were unable to plow their land. Their corn crops are deficient and they will be without a store for winter, and how they are to live through the inclement season without severe suffering, troubles the minds of those interested in their welfare.—[Arkansas City Traveler.]

ALGOMA.

The Indians of Sheguiandah have sent the Bishop a letter of thanks, acknowledging very gratefully, the kindness of their friends in Toronto and elsewhere, who supplied the funds for the erection of the new church. We append a literal translation, made by their minister, the Rev. F. Frost, which will, doubtless, be read with much interest.

Sheguiandah, Manitoulin Island,

June 25th, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I, the chief, Manitowassing, at Sheguiandah, rise up with pleasure, because the beautiful church is finished, this building which is called the House of God, and wherein His holy religion is preached, and where the great and good Spirit discovers blessing to the worshippers, and where the Lord Jesus Christ abides. He is the Almighty One. We poor Indians praise God for His house, and we thank the Bishop that he was able to do what he thought of, and also we thank the kind givers of Toronto. It is very good to know that the work has succeeded. I conclude, trusting God's blessing may rest upon us. Your grateful friend,

MANITOWASSING.

I am also pleased that the new church is done, I who am poor. I beg that God the good Spirit may bless us all.

JANE MANITOWASSING, (wife of chief).

And I also am very pleased that the poor and needy can worship the good Spirit, and be all happy.

ELLEN MANITOWASSING, (daughter).

I also, a poor cripple, know the same, and I too know the Saviour loves me.

MARY JANE MANITOWASSING, (daughter).

And I also am grateful you helped us who needed assistance in religion, and also thank God as well.

WILSON GATTHAONGA, and thirty-eight others.

THE OSHWEKEN DEFAULTER.

Henry Martin, the defaulting secretary of the "World's Fair" was brought up at Onondaga last week, before reeve Hunter, upon the charge of obtaining money by false pretences, G. R. VanNorman, Q. C., for the crown and J. W. Bowlby for defence. The defence is that there was no premeditation; that Martin promoted the sports on his own account and that he would have received the proceeds and that he would have paid the prizes. The case was adjourned for a while for some more evidence to be produced by the defence. Martin is in the gaol in Brantford.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S OPINION.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians, within our boundaries, shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted, with a view to their ultimate citizenship.

GREETING.

The following poetic greeting was written by a member of Sandford Church, Ireland, addressed to "Rev. Henry Pahtahquahong Chase, Hereditary Chief of the Ojibbeway Tribe of Red Indians":—

With happy thoughts we greet thee,  
Joint heir to realms of bliss,  
With thee we seek a kingdom,  
A better land than this.  
Thy "Friend" and thy "Beloved"  
Hath drawn thee from thy tribe.  
To give thee fairer honours,  
Than those which they ascribe.  
And by the hand He holds thee,  
To guide thee on thy way,  
And will thy path illumine  
"Unto the perfect day."  
No "Foreigner" or "Stranger"—  
His name is on thy brow—  
Of that fair land of promise,  
Free "Citizen" e'en now.  
Of His dear Church a Member,  
And of his bone and flesh—  
The thought doth bring thee nearer,  
And warms our hearts afresh.  
We greet thee as a brother,  
"Made of one blood" are we,  
And now a tie more holy  
Doth bind us all to thee.

A. C. L.

PROPOSED HOME FOR INDIAN CHILDREN.

H. D. Mitchell, Esq., assistant superintendent of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma, accompanied by the Rev. J. Jacobs, of Sarnia, visited the Church of England missions on the Walpole Island, Sarnia and Kettle Point Reserves last week. The object of Mr. Mitchell's visit was to give the people of these Reserves, insight into the working of the Homes at the Sault, and also to lay before them a project for the establishment of a branch institution to be located in the neighborhood of Courtright for the accommodation of the Indian children residing in the above mentioned missions. The new Home is to be called the "Kiyoshk Home," and is projected on a scale to accomo-

date forty children, at an estimated cost of about \$5,000, and is expected to be completed and ready for opening in the course of two or three years. The well-known and energetic worker, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, is the prime mover in the contemplated enterprise. The leading men on these missions, after listening favorably to Mr. Mitchell's statements, assured him that they would do their utmost to assist the praiseworthy project, and thanked Mr. Mitchell for his visit and lecture. The new branch Home, when established, will furnish means of giving the Indian Children a good English education, and of teaching them different useful trades, as has been done with such success at the parent home at Sault Ste. Marie.—[Sarnia Canadian.]

At the Fourth of July celebration in Genoa, Nebraska, Horace P. Chase, superintendent of the Indian school at that place delivered an oration, and a class of Indian boys sang. The school, which formed one of the main attractions to sight-seers, was opened for the inspection of visitors, a large number of whom went through and expressed their admiration of the surroundings and approval of the system, which is manifested in the workings of the school.—[Genoa Enterprise.]

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THE MARKET REPORTS.

FISH MARKET.

Reported by J. Keckie, Toronto.

No. 1 L. S. Salmon Trout, in hf. bbis. \$3.35; qr. bbis. \$1.85; kitts, \$1.00. No. 1, L. S. White Fish, in hf. bbis., \$5.00; qr. bbis., \$2.65; kitts, \$1.50. No 1 L. H. Round Herring, in hf. bbis., \$2.50; qr. bbis., \$1.40; kitts, 75 cts. No. 1 L. H. Split Herring, in hf. bbis., \$3.00; qr. bbis., \$1.70; kitts, 90. No. 1 Labrador Herrings in bbis., \$4.00. No. 1 Cod Fish, in quintals, \$4.00.  
All fish are inspected before shipping.

FUR MARKET.

Reported by C. N. Bastoda, & Co., Toronto.

Beaver, per lb., \$2.00 to \$3.00. Deer,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., \$2.00 to \$3.50. Bear Cub, \$1.00 to \$6.00. Wild Cat, 50c to 75c. Fox, Red, 50c to 75c. Fox, Cross, \$2.50 to 3.50. Fisher, \$4.00 to \$7.00. Lynx, \$2.00 to \$3.50. Martin, 50c to \$1.50. Mink, 10c to 50c. Muskrat, 7c to 10c. Muskrat, kitts, 3c to 4c. Otter, \$3.00 to \$9.00. Raccoon, 10c to 70c. Skunk, 10c to 90c. Wolf, \$1.50 to \$2.50. Deer Skin, 15c to 20c.  
[Prompt returns for all furs shipped to us. Reference Central Bank, Toronto.]

GAME MARKET.

Reported by Dixon & Morton, Hamilton.

Partridge, 40 to 45cts. per Brace; Quail, 30c; Ducks, 30c; Red Heads, 40c; Gray Heads, 45c; Canvas Ducks, 50; Mallards, 35c; Teal, 20c; Wood Duck, 20c; Snipe, 15; Plover, 15c; Woodcock, 50c; Cock of the Wood, 40c; Game Pigeon, 15c; Wild Pigeon, 13c; Prairie Chicken, 80c; Sage Hens, 70c; Deer, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 5cts. per lb; Moose Deer, 5c; Beaver without skin, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6c; Rabbits, 20 to 25cts. per Brace; Hares, 25 to 30c.

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The above mills are now running to their fullest capacity and turning out a superior grade of flour. The proprietors are also prepared to supply Indians requiring seed grain or other seeds with the best in the market. We treat everybody alike.

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For Crosscut Saws, Axes, Files, Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, Nails and all kinds of Building Material. Stoves and Tinware. General Jobbing of all kinds, go to

**WM. FILMAR, HAGERSVILLE.**

Highest price paid in cash for Hides, Skins, Furs, &c.

**The Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada.**

"LIBERALITY AND SECURITY."

**The Only Company in America**

—ISSUING—

**UNCONDITIONAL LIFE POLICIES.**

The SUN issues also incomparably the most liberal Accident policy in existence. No other company in America gives days of grace on Accident Policies.

Thos. Workman, Esq., Pres. R. Macaulay, Mn'g Director

A. H. GILBERT, Mgr. for Western Ontario, 35 Adelaide st. E., Toronto.

J. C. HURST, Inspector, Hamilton.

**DANIEL J. LYNCH,**

ON THE WAR PATH AGAIN.

**If You Want to Purchase Winter Goods**

AWAY DOWN AT HARD PAN PRICES, GO TO

**Daniel J. Lynch's One Price Cash Store,**

As he is determined to clear out his entire stock of

**Wool Goods, Overcoats, Fur Caps and Felt Boots,**

BEFORE THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1886.

N. B.—All Orders on Interest money if approved by Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by will be taken in exchange for goods.

**C. N. BASTEDO & COMPANY,**

MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS OF

Hats and Caps, Furs and Robes, etc. etc.

54 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Every kind of Fur Coats, Mantles, Caps, Muffs, Mitts, Moccasins, at lowest wholesale prices. Highest prices paid for new furs, prompt returns made for all furs shipped to us.

**JOHN H. HAGER, GENERAL MERCHANT,**

Cor. King and Main Sts., Hagersville.

The Old Post Office Store. Never forget the Old Reliable Place when in Town.

**J. SEYMOUR, - HAGERSVILLE.**

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

**ALL KINDS OF HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.**

A large stock kept constantly on hand at lowest prices.

A Specialty made of Undertaking. Public Orders from the Head Chief of the Mississaugas accepted and Indians liberally dealt with.

**DAVID ALMAS, - HAGERSVILLE,**

—GENERAL DEALER IN—

**Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,**

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC.

Indians dealt with and waited upon in the same manner as other people.

**Grand General Indian COUNCIL OF ONTARIO.**

MEETS EVERY SECOND YEAR

OFFICERS:

President, Chief Wm. McCREGOR,

Cape Crocker.

1st. Vice President, Chief Jos. Fisher,

Muncey.

2nd. Vice President, Chief Sol. James,

Parry Sound.

Secy. Treas. Chief P. E. Jones M. D.

Hagersville.

Cor. Secy. for Northern Indians P. Lamor-

andier,

Interpreter,

Able Waucosh.

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

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

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

Any correspondence connected with the business of the Grand Council should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Hagersville, Ontario.

CHIEF P. E. JONES, M. D., Secy-Treas. Hagersville, Dec. 1885. Office of THE INDIAN

**Indian Homes. Sault St. Marie.**

Shingwauk Home for Boys. Wawanosh Home for Girls.

Application for admission stating name age and state of health, must be made before the first of May. An agreement must be signed and witnessed by the Chief or Indian Agent or Missionary before a child can be admitted.

New pupils admitted on the first of June. Summer vacation this year is from July 16th to Sept 7th.—Address.

REV. E. T. WILSON Sault St. Marie.

**HENRY J. INCE,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER

FOR THE COUNTIES OF

Haldimand, Wentworth, Brant and Norfolk

Issnor of Marriage Licenses. P. O. ADDRESS, WILLOW GROVE.

**AT J. W. HUSBAND'S**  
General Store, - Hagersville,  
THE INDIANS

Will always be treated right and goods sold cheap. orn mats, Baskets etc., take n in exchange for goods.

**M. C. R. Canada Division.**

Trains Leave Hagersville as follows

GOING EAST	
Boston and New York Express, Ex. Sun.	
Limited Express, daily	4:20 a.m.
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	3:34 p.m.
Atlantic Express, daily	12:45
Boston and New York Express, daily	5:22

GOING WEST	
Michigan Express Except Sunday	11:25 p.m.
Chicago Express, daily	
St. Louis Express, daily	8:28
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	3:34
Pacific Express, daily	2:43 p.m.

All trains run by Ninetieth Meridian or Central Standard time.

Making connections for the East at Buffalo, and the west at Detroit. Connecting with the C. V. R. & L. & P. S. Railways at St. Thomas.

Through-tickets issued to all parts of the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through. No change of cars between Hagersville and Chicago. Tickets issued to the Old Country via the Anchor Line of Ocean Steamers.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. Chicago. J. G. LAVEN, Canada Passenger Agent Toronto. J. H. SALTER, Agent Hagersville.

**N. & N. W. Railways.**

Trains leave Hagersville as follows:

TO HAMILTON	TO OT. DOVER
7:10 a. m.	8:55 a. m.
10:50 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	6:10 p. m.

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

ROBERT QUINN, Genor Passenger Agent. WM. MAXWELL, Agent, Hagersville.