

## BIRTHDAY TRIOLETS.

OCTOBER is a pleasant time  
 Though violets are far away.  
 Around the fire at evening chime  
 October is a pleasant time;  
 And falling blythely in its prime  
 Your birthday makes the season gay.  
 October is a pleasant time  
 Though violets are far away.

Love's messages ring through the year  
 And birthday voices give them speech;  
 With happy music, sweet and clear,  
 Love's messages ring through the year;  
 In friendly greeting—kindly cheer—  
 With all the meanings Love may teach,  
 Love's messages ring through the year  
 And birthday voices give them speech.

You know what daring words may dwell  
 Among the things a year may say;  
 When all your kindred wish you well  
 You know what daring words may dwell  
 In some one's heart as in a cell  
 Imprisoned till a festal day;  
 You know what daring words may dwell  
 Among the things a year may say.

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## PICTURES IN RED.

THIS is not a learned treatise on the history and future of the Indian race. It is simply a few rough sketches of what is to-day to be seen on the reserves of the United States.

## THE RESERVE.

Like no other place in the whole world is the United States Indian Reserve. The advancing white man found the roving Indian a great hindrance to his nation building, and, not worrying himself about after consequences, cast about him for the best means of tying the redman down to certain limits. Pow wows were held and tempting offers were made to the Indian if he would settle down to a definite region. So it came to pass that to-day vast blocks of land appear as blanks on the map, the spot bearing only the words "Indian Reservation." All reserves are not alike, but I will attempt to describe a typical one.

Early on a sharp November morning I found myself in a stage coach driving toward the Agency, which was in the heart of the reservation. The road at first led across mound-shaped, round-topped hills, such as one sees in Catlin's pictures; the prairie all around appearing barren and desolate. Then we passed through a sparsely settled region, with a few poor corn-fields and small settlers' cabins. The road next took an abrupt turn, and we descended into the river bottom. Passing in and out of the scant timber, which grew in patches along the bottom, we encountered clouds of dust blown from mid-river sand-bars. Over the river itself hung a dense cloud that looked like mist, but which, the driver said, was blown sand. How the wind swept down the valley, and how the sandy dust bit into the flesh. The driver beguiled the way by describing how the bottom looked during a memorable flood, when ten feet of water concealed the road we were then travelling. Settlers' houses grew fewer and fewer, until fording a rapid stream, as high as the wheel hubs, the driver announced that we were on the reservation. There were no houses of any description for some distance, and those we first met with differed but little from the homes of the white settlers, and that difference chiefly lay in the roof. The huts were of round logs, laid in the usual fashion, but the roof was formed not out of boards and shingles, but of boards laid from eaves to ridge-pole, and covered with about three inches of chalk-stone rubbish. This is kept from rolling off by a raised border on eaves and gable. The stove pipe projected from the ridge, and disdained the idea of protection from a chimney. As we approached the heart of the Reserve, little hamlets of these small houses became more frequent, interspersed with teepees with their brownish white cones; cones that are white at the bottom, and gradually shade into a deep black at the apex through the action of the smoke of the fire within. Evidences of civilization were not wanting. Here and there were little patches of Indian corn, and occasionally a few potato hills, while frequent small, black stacks of hay showed that the cattle would have something to eat during the approaching winter. The stables are even more curious than houses and teepees. They are made of poles and hay. A double row of poles is driven into the ground around the desired space; hay is pressed tightly down between them, horizontal poles being laid in at intervals; poles are laid across the space and covered with hay, and the whole is complete. An opening is of course left for the door, which is made in the usual manner; windows, so far as I am aware, are unknown in hay stables. Many of these odd-looking structures are fairly

large, and will hold quite two dozen animals. Ventilation is of course perfect, and, should fodder become scarce in spring, the thrifty drover can remove the poles with which the inside is protected, and literally allow his stock to eat their way out into summer. Now and again we passed a waggon drawn by fair looking horses, and containing wood or hay. Seated on top, dressed in white man's attire, was the red owner of the team, his long flowing hair proclaiming that he had not yet become wholly converted to the white man's ways. Walking along the road were bright shawled squaws of all ages, some with burdens, some with children, all bareheaded. The wondering little face looks out over the mother's shoulder at the passer by, but seldom shows its surprise or fear in anything more than looks. Other squaws drive waggons rapidly and dexterously along the rough road, while here and there may be seen a waggon filled with material for a new house, logs or chalk-rock rubbish. Life has its phases here as elsewhere. As we passed on we noticed several young men making homes for their prospective wives; while at several places groups of old squaws, seated upon the ground, told that scandal was as rife as in any gossip-cursed eastern village. In front of many of the houses, and generally some few steps from them, was a shade made of poles laid upon forked sticks, the whole covered with hay. Here in sultry summer days, armed with a turkey-wing fan, the elders of the household sit at ease, while the children gambol about them.

Several times across our road passed a strange cavalcade. Fifteen or twenty boys mounted on saddleless ponies galloped up and down over the hills, shouting and laughing. This pastime is indulged in when stray ponies come within reach, and is especially to be noticed toward evening as the herders begin to come in. We were nearing the Agency and the scene became more spirited. Old men staid as Quakers, yielding but little to modern ideas, stalked about with an air of great importance. They were enveloped in a single blanket of blue, falling in graceful folds almost to the ankle, one corner nearly sweeping the ground. From beneath this peep out embroidered moccasins and leggings. The head is swathed washer-woman fashion in a red bandana, while the whole is surmounted by a high-crowned felt hat, the band of which is a marvel of colour. Children had not been wanting along the road, but as we advanced the number increased. Little boys, hatless, and with long braided hair, vied with little girls equally fleet-footed in racing after our waggon. Larger boys are throwing lithe wands along the ground with a peculiar skipping motion, or else by a dexterous twist, causing them to strike against the ground and then fly upward, reminding one strongly of the Australian boomerang. Waggons were more frequent, and the number of shot guns carried shows that game is not by any means extinct. One looks in vain for the novelist's ideal Indian beauty. There are good faces now and again, good eyes, good teeth, good complexion, but there is a lack of carriage in the figure and vivacity in the countenance, which we have learned to look for in the white woman. Girls of fourteen and fifteen sat in picturesque groups near their homes, a bright shawl forming about them a cone of colour from near the apex of which peeped out dark inquisitive eyes. Dogs formed a sort of background for the whole picture. It seemed as if some great souled city had gathered up all its worthless, mangy and distempered curs, and sent them out here. They are not given to barking during the day, but have a most unpleasant fashion of sneaking about with a cold nose uncomfortably close to the calf of the leg. At night, however, the silent creature of the day howls most dismally, and must, I think, be one of the missionary's heaviest crosses.

But we had got on, and now the wire fence of the Government school farm was beside our track, and the great barrack building of the school had become a prominent feature of the landscape. On further, and the school was close at hand, looking the more ugly than before. Soon we were in the village about the agency. Here is the square bulky form of the Issue House, near it the Indian Office, the Agent's office, surmounted by a bell, the licensed trader's store, the Agent's house, the wooden jail, iron-bound like an ancient strong box, the Agency shops with high smokestack, and off to one side the modest mission church, backed by the mission house and school. Most of the buildings are of wood, painted white or yellow, and are thrown together as it pleased the builders so that the main thoroughfare is vague and winding, and there are throughout patches of common on which children play and ponies graze. Before the village is the rapid, shallow river with sandy bluffs on the opposite shore, while behind rise rounded hills upon the top, of which gleam the white fences of grave plots, and here and there a long blanketed bundle on a raised platform tells that some Indian has died a heathen, and been laid to rest after the manner of his fathers.

## THE ISSUE.

While the "Issue" is not unknown on Canadian Reserves, still it has been kept down to as low a point as possible, but on many reserves of the United States this pernicious, pauperizing scheme has got such a footing that it will be very difficult to get rid of it. It arose simply because the Indians confined strictly to a small reserve, and, knowing nothing of farming, would have starved had not the Government issued provisions at regular intervals. This is now generally termed "the issue." Let us try then to get a mental picture of this Western Pension

Bureau. Imagine a great square stone building, bare as a jail, its architecture that of a huge packing box. Near it is a smaller building of wood in which is kept annuity goods, which are issued just before winter sets in. Between these is a level space upon which in ordered ranks, are set reapers, mowers, hayrakes and one or two threshing machines used on the reserve.

The frequency of issue varies, but usually it takes place once a week. Long before daybreak, Indians have begun to drive in to get the miserable dole that the Government grants. As I walked through the Agency about ten o'clock, the little village was alive with Indians. Waggons were standing on the strip of ground along the river, and horses and ponies of all grades were eating from the waggon boxes, or picking up food at large as best they could. Indians were everywhere. Indians in civilized dress; Indians in blankets and paint and feathers; Indians in shawls, and Indians almost in the garb that Adam wore, shivering in that chill October blast. It seemed as if a fair and a funeral were mingled. There was plenty of colour and liveliness; there was enough and more of rags and sorrow. Around the Issue House door were gathered a crowd of women, some shrivelled, hardened, impudent; some simply old and resigned; some middle-aged and looking half ashamed to accept dole; and some young and modest, erect and comely, endeavouring to escape the observation of all but the necessary officials. Crowding through the wide door, I found myself in a great square whitewashed room. I say whitewashed, but its original colouring could now only be seen high up on the rough stone walls. Cobwebs graced the dusty windows and the beams of the ceiling. Across the opposite side of the room was a long wide counter, and the right half of this was guarded by a railing after the manner of a bank counter, save that the delicate bank railing was replaced by a rusty iron picket fence. Behind this stood a weary, dust covered young man, the Issue clerk, and before him were spread out the lists containing the names of every head of a family on that reserve. Beside him stood a native policeman in uniform, another leaned against the wall. A withered old woman approached the loop-hole in the fence and handed the clerk a greasy tag, such as is used in shipping merchandise. This is the "ticket"; upon it is the name and number of the holder, and the quantity of rations each is to receive. We have reached the stage of numbering men. But to return, the clerk took the ticket, tapped the holder's hand with his pencil as a sign that she had touched the writing instrument, and then put a mark against the printed name. The tickets were put down in pile, from the bottom of which another clerk, seated near a scale, took one at a time, giving out the name in a sonorous monotone. Listen to the names: Wee-na-tong-ka, Israel Running Rabbit, Crover Cleveland, Mary Yellowdog, and so on through a list of Indian names unpronounceable, and English names, wonderful. As the name was called, the clerk shifted the weight on the scale bar to the proper number of pounds; the person named came forward and handed a small bag to an Indian worker standing over a great flour bin at the other side of the scale. Long practice had given him the power to calculate to a nicety, and from his big scoop he dropped just the quantity required. The scale balanced, and, with a full-arm swing, the bag was tossed across the counter to the woman. In the meantime, the clerk at the scale, by simply holding up his fingers, had signified to another Indian how many rations of beef are required for the person at the counter, and while the flour was being weighed, he hooked up a piece of beef from one of several tables, and threw it with a dexterous jerk upon the counter near the flour bag. The person for whom it was intended put the beef in another bag and retired to make room for Henry Irving, or Iron-legged Bull, or whoever it may be whose ticket lay next on the pile.

Let us look at the man at the flour bin. He was a grand specimen of the old red man; prominent nose, high cheek bones, braided hair down his back. At his side in a fanciful case was an ugly looking knife, used in opening flour bags; but one felt as he looked at it, that in earlier days it had a very different use. The meat-slinger, if I may so term him, was almost a giant; but he had not, despite his bloody clothes, the determined look of the old man.

And so this thing went on hour after hour, from early morning until late afternoon. There was that same silent collection of human beings outside the bars in all stages of misery, shame and wretchedness. Inside the bars there was the same monotonous routine, the same calling of long drawn names, and the same machine-like swinging of flour bag and meat hook. No tongue, no pen can do justice to that scene. Once looked upon, it is indelibly stamped upon the memory. Just fancy an intelligent human being having his food thrown at him as it were to a dog. Can we wonder that the Indian gives trouble? Who would not rather know that the Indian's spirit galled under such treatment, and that he desired to get away from it rather than, like a hardened pauper, he preferred to live an object of a more brutal, more degrading feeding system than the cattle in the Government barn.

## THE GODLESS GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

The United States secular Indian boarding school has many champions, and for the benefit of those who may never have seen one, I shall describe a real school, and one that is not by any means the worst that might be picked upon.

Everything that the United States makes for the