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*Mr. Wilson & R12
1910*



Vol. III, No. 11.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, FEBRUARY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 9.

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. II.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, FEBRUARY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 9.

NOTICE.—“Stray Leaf from the Forest,” for the Sunday School children:—The first two pages and the last two pages of “OUR FOREST CHILDREN” will in future be written in a style specially suited for our Sunday School helpers, and extra copies will be printed for free distribution in those Sunday Schools that have undertaken the support of Indian children. The “Stray Leaf” will always contain one or two illustrations and will be made as attractive as possible; there will generally be a letter from “Barbara Birchbark,” telling all the ins and outs of a pupil’s life at the Indian Homes under Mr. Wilson’s control. While distributing these “stray leaves” free for the children, we hope that in each Sunday School there will be a few subscribers to the entire Magazine, at 50 cents per annum. This is a very low price, considering that it is sixteen pages and illustrated, and it requires great labor and expense to bring it out every month.

Our Needs.

AT our various Institutions, namely the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and the Washakada and Kasota Homes at Elkhorn in Manitoba, we have now *one hundred and ten pupils*.

Some of these Indian pupils have Christian and comparatively civilized parents; others are little wild children taken from the teepees out on the prairies, and are just as wild as coyotes when they come to us, and generally run away a few days after we get them, and we have to run after them and get them back.

Many little boys have neither coat, hat, nor trousers, when they first come to us, nothing but a blanket over their shoulders and a strip of cloth round the waist.

A teepee is the sort of house that the wild Indians live in on the prairie. It is made of about fifteen poles, their thick ends resting on the ground in a circle, and their tops all meeting together at a point; this framework of sticks is covered over with tent cloth, except just at the top, where a hole is left for the smoke to go out. The door is a round hole on the side, with a flap of cloth falling over it. The little Indian children pop in and out of this round doorway like rabbits. They never knock at the door. They go into each others’ houses just when they please.

About ten years ago the Indian teepees used to be covered with buffalo hides. But there are no buffaloes now, so they have to buy tent cloth at the stores. A teepee can be bought from an Indian for about ten dollars.

A coyote is a prairie wolf; it should be pronounced Co-yo-ty. There are lots of them on the prairies in the North-west.

FORTY MORE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Yes, we want forty more Sunday Schools to undertake the support of our Indian pupils. We are always behind with funds. When we count up our money at the end of each year, we are always \$300 or \$400 or \$500 short, and this year we are \$700 behind. The reason, I suppose, is that we are always trying to do a little more than we have the means for. The Government gave us \$2,500 this summer for building purposes at the Shingwauk, but it is all used up, every cent gone; instead of spending \$2,500, we spent about \$2,800, so you see we are short again. But no money is wasted. Not one cent is wasted. We are prepared to prove this at any time. The other day a practical engineer and builder, quite a stranger to us, was looking over the new buildings and other improvements just completed, and he was astonished when we told him what each had cost; he did not understand how we could have built so cheaply. Well, the way is this: We have employed *just one* practical carpenter and builder, and all the rest of the work has been done by our Indian boys. Of course they get some pay for it, and they put about two-thirds of their earnings in the Savings Bank. Two of our best carpenters at present are William Riley, supported by St. Paul’s Sunday School, Toronto, and John Solomon, unsupported. The engine at our factory is driven by another boy, named Chas. Gilbert, who was supported last year by St. John’s Sunday School, St. Johns, N.B. Of our one hundred and ten pupils, only fifty-nine are at present receiving support by Sunday Schools. The Government grant, it should be understood, does not pay the cost of a child’s food and clothing; it is almost all expended in the general expenses of the Institutions, such as salaries of teachers, fuel, house expenses, &c. For the food and clothing

of each child we depend mainly on the \$50 a year from a Sunday School and the boxes of clothing made up by kind friends.

Yes. We want forty more Sunday Schools to undertake the support of our Indian pupils. **TWELVE DOLLARS AND A HALF EACH QUARTER.** Any Sunday School that will do this can have an Indian pupil allotted to their care, to think of, to correspond with, and to pray for; they will receive the child's School Report, and can have twenty or thirty of these "Stray leaves from the Forest" each month to distribute among the scholars.

katchewan, on the opposite side from the town. We have bought nine acres there for \$700, and now we want to raise \$5000, 'right away,' and to begin building next spring. See how anxiously a certain gentleman is gazing on the spot from his grassy couch on the hill top, picturing in his mind the three handsome buildings which are to arise by-and-by, on those three vacant patches. Will you not help? Surely many a Sunday School, or Guild, or working party, could raise \$50 for Medicine Hat during this winter. After paying for the land, we have only \$400 left in hand; but the people of Medicine Hat have promised us another \$400; and



SITE OF THE PROPOSED HOME AT MEDICINE HAT, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

Medicine Hat.

HERE is another work for the Sunday Schools. We want the Sunday Schools to help us in this, and to set about it "right away" this winter. Our Elkhorn school is nine hundred miles west of Shingwauk, and Medicine Hat is about six hundred miles *still farther west*, almost under the shade of the Rocky Mountains. There are thousands of wild Indians about there—Crees, Stonies, Blackfeet, Sarcees, Bloods, Piegans, Assinaboines. We want to have a big institution there at Medicine Hat and gather the little Indian children in. Will you not help us? See! (on the picture,) there is the very spot where the Institution is to be built, right on the banks of the River Sas-

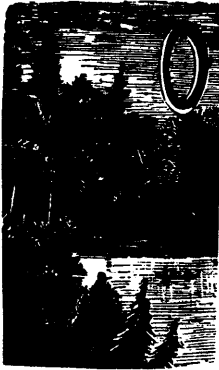
surely, with God's help, we may raise the money. In case any of our English friends who do not understand dollars, should see this, we would explain that we want £1,000 for starting this new Institution in the centre of the wild blanketed Indians of Medicine Hat. All our pupils at these Institutions—at Sault Ste. Marie, at Elkhorn, and at Medicine Hat—will wear the same uniform, dark navy blue, trimmed with red, and bright brass buttons with O. I. H. (Our Indian Homes,) on them.

A COPY of Elliot's Indian Bible was sold at auction recently in Boston for \$210. The high value placed upon this book at the 'Hub' is owing to the fact that the word 'Mugwump' was derived therefrom.—*World.*

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 9.

THE ASSINABOINE INDIANS.

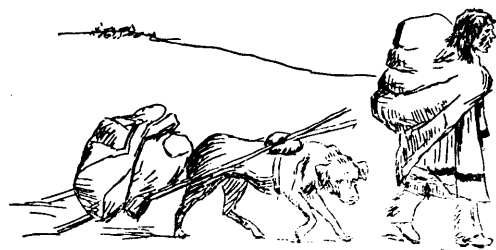
By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



ONE of the most extensive and widely distributed of the North American Indian Nations, in former days, was that generally known among white people as the *Sioux*. Their territory extended from the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers in Arkansas, to the north-west part of Dakota Territory; and east and west they ranged from the State of Wyoming to Lake Michigan. In course of time the great Siouan stock, as it is now designated by ethnologists, became broken up into numerous tribes. Chief among these are the Dakotas (or Sioux proper,) numbering some 39,000; then come the Omahas, the Osages, Poncas, Iowas, Mandans, Winnebagoes, Crows, Kaws, Quapaws, Otoes, and Assinaboines. Of these tribes the nearest related to the Dakotas, or Sioux proper, would seem to be the Assinaboines. Exactly when the Assinaboines separated from the Sioux and became a distinct tribe, it were difficult to say. In language, habits, and general appearance, they resemble one another very closely. Catlin, speaking of these people so long ago as the year 1832, says of them:—"At what time, or in what manner, these two parts of a nation got strayed away from each other is a mystery." The Assinaboines now living in the Canadian North-west Territory, say that they came from the River Missouri, and that they used to roam all over the North-west to the Rocky mountains. They call themselves Tcaje ikidatabi. In Catlin's time, fifty years ago, this tribe was said to number about 8,000; but half of their number were destroyed by small-pox a few years later. At that time they were occupying the country from the mouth of the Yellowstone River to Lake Winnipeg, and were living in skin lodges or 'teepees,' like the Sioux.

The name Assinaboine was given to them by the Ojebways, and it means "stone boilers." The reason for their receiving such an appellation is thus described by Catlin: "There is a very curious custom among the Assinaboins, from which they have taken their name—a name given them by their neighbors, from a singular mode they have of boiling their meat, which is done in the following manner: When they kill meat a hole is dug in the ground about the size of a common pot, and

a piece of the raw hide of the animal, as taken from the back, is put over the hole, and then pressed down with the hands close around the sides, and filled with water. The meat to be boiled is then put in this hole or pot of water; and in a fire which is built near by, several large stones are heated to a red heat, which are successively dipped and held in the water until the meat is boiled; from which singular and peculiar custom they are called "stone boilers." In the Ojebway language *assin* means a stone, and *abwen* to make hot or cook. The Assinaboines made treaties with the United States after 1855, and up to July, 1880. They were forced to quit farming, and to locate on the Reservations in Northern Montana after 1875, by reason of the building of railroads, disappearance of game, and the incoming of settlers. Many of them crossed into Canada, and affiliated with the Crees. In June 1884, the Assinaboines at Fort Peck Agency, Montana, numbered 1,195, and at Fort Belknap Agency, Montana, 1000. In 1888 a careful census showed 830 at Fort Belknap, and 713 at Fort Peck—total 1543. In Canada there are 250 Assinaboines a few miles south of Indian Head in Assinaboia, and a few families, numbering 140 souls, at Moose Mountain, also in Assinaboia. In Alberta, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, at a place called Morley, are some 600 Stoney, or Assinaboine Indians. In Saskatchewan, near Battleford, are 230, and at the Peace Hill Agency are 130. This would make the total number of Assinaboine Indians in Canada, 1350. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Canadian Province of Assinaboia, of which Regina is the capital, is called after this tribe.



ASSINABOINE SQUAW.

These people are described by Catlin as a fine and noble-looking race, bearing both in their looks and customs a striking resemblance to the Dakotas or Sioux, from whom, he says, they have undoubtedly sprung. The men, he continues, are tall, and graceful in their movements, and wear their pictured robes of the buffalo hide with great skill and pleasing effect. They are good hunters, and tolerably supplied with horses; and living

in a country abounding with buffaloes, are well supplied with the necessaries of Indian life, and may be said to live well." The writer of this paper visited the Stoney Indians at Morley in 1887, and the Assinaboines at Indian Head in 1885 and 1889, and he would corroborate what Catlin has said as to their fine physical appearance; they appeared to him to be a bold, daring, proud race; those at Morley had accepted Christianity and were beginning to adopt in some measure European dress, though still living in teepees, while those at Indian Head were still heathen and seemed to be very wild and untameable. The name of their Chief was "The Man who took the Coat,"—or, as he is more familiarly known "Chief Jack." These people all live in teepees,—conical dwellings made of a frame-work of sticks covered with cotton—in summer time, and huddle together in little log mud-plastered windowless hovels in the winter time; the men go stalking proudly about in their bright colored blankets covering one or both shoulders or drawn loosely round the waist; on their legs they have fringed leggings, and beaded moccasins on their feet; their hair they wear in two long plaits one on each side of the face; they all seem to be adepts at riding, the only rein being a single rope fastened to the pony's lower jaw; for a whip they have a wooden cudgel studded with brass nails and with two leather thongs for a lash; it is said they use the lash for their ponies and the cudgel for their wives. During the writer's visit to these people in the summer of 1885 an Indian named "Young Eagle" was killed in a fit of jealousy by another Indian named "Fast Walker." The writer was sleeping that night in one of the Indian's mud hovels, his only companion being a young Indian boy from the Shingwauk Home. About 2 a.m. the rickety door was pushed suddenly open and two Indians and the interpreter entered and asked for a match—saying at the same time that one of their number was shot and there was going to be trouble in the camp; the wife of the murderer with her two little children were shoved into an adjoining compartment and locked up, as it was feared that should the murderer escape, the wife's blood would be demanded by the relatives of the murdered man.



THE HUT WHERE I SPENT THE NIGHT

However next morning "Fast Walker" was arrested by

the Mounted Police and placed under guard. The two little children mentioned are now pupils at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn.

The Assinaboines are not skilled in manufacture, but they make pretty moccasins and other articles ornamented with beadwork, also pipes of red soap stone, bows and arrows, spears, and spoons made of buffalo horns. The men often cultivate their hair to a very great length, sometimes reaching almost to the ground. Generally this great length is attained by *splicing*, just as the Chinese do,—namely, by adding on several lengths, which are fastened very ingeniously with glue, the joints being obscured by a sort of paste of red earth and glue with which the hair is filled at intervals. Like all other Indian tribes they are fond of ornamenting their persons. Both men and women wear necklaces, bracelets and finger rings, made of brass wire, beads, shells, bears' claws, elks' teeth, &c. Catlin says, the dresses of the women and children are usually made of the skins of the mountain goat, and ornamented with porcupine quills and rows of elk teeth. A missionary now among them, says: "A woman's dress is shaped almost like a bag, open in the waist at both sides, and a belt around the waist." The men sometimes have feathers in their hair, especially on state occasions. For food they formerly depended almost entirely on buffalo meat and berries. Now, both in the States and in Canada, they receive beef and flour from Government. They also do a little farming under the direction of a Government farm instructor. The 'prairie turnip' is also one of their staple articles of food. Their sticks for digging these up are often curiously carved. They collect the turnips by striking the end of the stick into the ground and prying them out; after which they are dried and preserved in their teepees for use during the season. Their games and amusements are many. Chief among them are ball play, the game of the moccasin, horse-racing and dancing. They are also inveterate gamblers. In gambling they sometimes use cards, but more often claws of birds, and bits of brass, which are mixed promiscuously in a dish and which they shake by striking the dish on the ground or floor. The change of position of the pieces will indicate the success or failure of the players. The pipe dance, which is a favorite amusement among them, is thus described by Catlin: "On a hard trodden pavement in front of their village, which is kept for such purposes, the young men had gathered around a small fire and each seated himself on a buffalo robe spread on the ground. In the centre was the medicine man

with a long pipe in his hand, which he lighted at the fire and smoked incessantly, grunting at the same time a half-strangled guttural song, while another grim-visaged fellow alongside accompanied him with his drum. Suddenly one of the young men sprang to his feet and commenced leaping up and down, first one foot then the other, and singing. After moving round the circle several times making the most violent gesticulations, bowing and brandishing his fist in the faces of each one seated, he at length grasped one of them suddenly by his wrists and jerked him up forcibly upon his feet. This one then joined in the dance, moving round the circle while the first one remained singing and dancing in the centre. One after another of the young men was thus jerked up and forced to join in the dance, until all were on their feet gesticulating and yelling till they seemed to make the earth quake; they kept on in this way for about three quarters of an hour, and then broke up with the most piercing yells and barks, like so many frightened dogs."

As to their religious belief, the Assinaboines, in their heathen state, are taught to regard the sun, moon, earth and stones all as gods. The great God, they say, is in the moon. They used formerly to practice sorcery, but this is falling into disuse as their medicine men and wizards of the past are now for the most part dead. Their dances they regard as acts of worship; especially "the sun dance," which they still engage in once a year, unless prevented from doing so by Government. This dance has often been described. It is accompanied by great cruelties, some of the young men who offer themselves as victims having wooden skewers thrust through the muscles of the chest or back, by which they are suspended by ropes, and from which the only way in which they may free themselves is by forcibly tearing away the flesh. Before these dances it is their custom to fast for three days. These people believe that each person is the possessor of four spirits. At death one goes up, one remains in the body, one goes to the east where the sun rises, and one they preserve in a lock of the deceased's hair. They bury their dead on a platform of sticks erected for the purpose, and leave the bodies exposed, after winding them up in a blanket or quilt. The parents, and sometimes other near relations, gash their limbs and cut their hair close as a token of sorrow for the loss of their friends, and quite frequently after the death they will go within sight of the graveyard and howl for the dead. Sign language, as with other Indian Tribes, is common among the Assinaboines. To imply that *everything is*

exhausted, they will strike the palm of one hand against the other and slide it outwards. To signify *killing*, they shut the fist and put it downward and outward. For *fear*, they open the fist and draw the hand horizontally towards the eye, with index finger slightly elevated and back of hand towards the face.

These people do not seem to indulge much in tradition, their ideas as to their own origin and the origin of the human race are very vague. They say that there was a flood at one time, and that the muskrat rescued the only man who was saved.



WI-JUN-JON, GOING TO AND RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON.

The following story of *Wi-jun-jon*, an Assinaboin chief, is abridged from Catlin: "Wijunjon (the Pigeon's egg head), was a brave and a warrior of the Assinaboines, young, handsome and proud. He was selected by Major Sanford, the Indian agent in the year 1832, to be one of a delegation of chiefs to go to Washington. And so, clad in a dress of mountain goat skin, beautifully ornamented with porcupine quills and scalp locks, his head adorned with war eagles' plumes, and a buffalo robe over his shoulders, he embarked with the other members of the party in a Mackinaw boat to descend the Missouri river two thousand miles to St. Louis. While descending the river, Wijunjon began cutting a notch in his pipe-stem for every white man's house he saw, intending thus to keep a careful record which he might make use of among his people on his return home. After a little while, the pipe-stem was filled with marks; then he began on his war club. When this was filled he cut a long slender stick out of the bush on the river bank and began notching it; but the houses kept increasing. Several sticks were cut and all filled with notches; and at length when St. Louis was reached, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, Wijunjon

threw away his sticks in despair. A wonderful metamorphosis had taken place in the person of this Indian Chief when he returned from his visit to the East. His Indian dress was all left behind, and in its place he wore a bright blue frock coat of military pattern, golden epaulettes on his shoulders, a high-crowned beaver hat, surmounted by a huge red feather, on his head; boots on his feet, white kid gloves on his hands, and was carrying a blue umbrella and a large fan. Sad was the ending of this Assinaboine Chief who had been to see the world. His people would not believe all the stories that he told them of the wonders he had seen; they put him down as an inveterate liar; they believed him bewitched; they resolved that he must die. The young man who was deputed to dispose of him had a dream that the only weapon that would kill the wizard was a gun made with the handle of an iron pot. He spent a whole day improvising this gun, and with it he blew out poor Wijunjon's brains.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

Very little attention appears to have been given at any time to the Assinaboine language. Pilling's Bibliography mentions several small vocabularies that have been compiled at different times, but no grammar or dictionary has ever been published. The following notes have been kindly furnished by Mr. McLean, teacher among the Assinaboines near Indian Head, and by John Thunder, his interpreter. The letters *f*, *l*, *r*, *v*, *x*, are unused. No distinction is made in the inflection of article, noun, adjective or verb, between animate or inanimate objects. The personal pronoun when used with the verb is incorporated with it, not used separately. There is a dual form of the verb, as we two go, *napin un ya*. To make a verb causative, *ya* or *kiya* is affixed. There is a reflexive form of the verb. The plural ending is *pi*, whether affixed to noun or verb. Certain particles prefixed to a verb, indicate the mode in which the action is done, as *yuksa*, to break off in any way; *yaksa*, to bite off; *paksa*, to break off by pushing; *naksa*, to break off with the foot; *kaksa*, to cut off with an axe; *boksa*, to shoot or punch off; *baksa*, to cut off with a knife or saw. A verbal root may be built on to by prefixes and affixes, thus: *ye-chi-ye-kte-ish*, I will not make you go, from the verb *ya*, to go.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *é*, as in they, met; *i*, *ï*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ó*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ä*, *ü*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *di*, as in judge; *j*, as in *jamais*, (Fr.),

pleasure: *â*, as in law; *ä*, as in fair; *g*, a *gh* guttural sound; *h*, as in German *ich*; *n* as in French *bon*.

man, wi tcash ta. good morning, han kun na.
 woman, wi' ye. Indian, iktce wi tcashta.
 boy, hokshi' na. white man, washi' tcu.
 house, washi tcu ti. God, Wakan tunga.
 boat (or canoe), wa' ta. Devil, Wakan shitca.
 river, wak pa'. heaven, wak pa'.
 water, mini. the "
 fire, pe' ta. a hand, nape.
 tree, tcan. my hand, nape mita'wa.
 horse, shu'nga tun' ga. your hand, nape nita'wa.
 dog, shun'ga. John's hand, John nape.
 fish, hogan'. my knife, min mitawa.
 town, washitcuti ota. axe, uspe'.
 kettle, tce ga. little axe, uspe' tcu'shin.
 knife, min. bad axe, uspe' shitca.
 tobacco, tcandi. big axe, uspe' tunga.
 day, an' pa. big tree, tcan tunga.
 night, ahe' bi. black kettle, tcega sapa.
 yes, han. money, maza ska.
 no, hi' ya. bird, zit' kan.
 I, miye'. I, miye'. snake, sno hen.
 thou, niye'. I walk, ma wa' ni.
 he, iye'. thou walkest, ma ya' ni.
 my father, ate'. he walks, mani.
 it is good, wash' te. we walk, ma un ni bi.
 red, sha. they walk, ma ni bi.
 white, ska. he is asleep, ishtin' ma.
 black, sa' pa. is he asleep? ishtin' ma he?
 one, wan' ji. I sleep, mi shtin ma.
 two, nom. I slept, mi shtin ma tce' ha.
 three, ya'mni. I shall sleep, mi shtin me'
 four, tom. kta.
 five, sap' tan. he does not sleep, ishtin
 six, shak' pe. me'sh.
 seven, iyush' na. we two sleep, unkishtin ma.
 eight, shak-no' gan. we sleep, unki shtin ma bi.
 nine, nap tcu' wak. do not sleep, ishtin mesh wo.
 ten, wik tcem' na. don't be afraid, kini hash wo.
 twenty, wik tcemna nom. give it to me, ma ku'.
 hundred, Opa'w wige. I am hungry, i ma tuka.
 come here, kwa' wo. are you sick? ni ya'san he?
 be quick, kun' na. he is very sick, nina ya'san.
 to-day, anpa den. it is cold, osni'.
 to-morrow, anpa sten. it is not cold, osnish.

he is a man, witcashta she. I see myself, a mi tci tci da.
 it is a house, tipi she. we see each other, un ga ki
 I see him, wañ mda'ga. tci tci da.
 thou seest him, wañ da'ga. do you see him? wañ da'ga
 he sees him, wañ ya'ka. he.
 he sees it, wañ yaka. I do not see you, wañ tsem-
 if I see him, wañ mdagasten. dakesh.
 thou seest me, wañ maya- two men, witchashta nom.
 da'ga. three dogs, shunga yamni.
 I see thee, wañ tci mda ga. four knives, mina tom.
 he sees me, wañ ma ya ga.

Did John see the horse? John shunga tunga wanyaka he?
 I will see you to-morrow, ai akeca wañ tci mda kin kta.
 John saw a big canoe, John wata tunga wañ ya'ka.
 I shall not go if I see him, wañ mdaga shte miniktesh.
 If he goes he will see you, ya shte wañ yaki kta tce.
 What is your name? Tohen enitciyabi he?
 Where are you going? Toki da?

The following books and papers have been referred to in the above account of the Assinaboine Indians:—Catlin's Works; the Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); the Indian Department Report (Ottawa). For the vocabulary and several interesting notes on the habits and history of the people, I am indebted to Mr. McLean, teacher, and Mr. John Thunder, interpreter, at the Assinaboine Reserve, near Indian Head.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

THE scheme for the formation of the above Society was given in our January number.

The Bishop of Quebec has signed his name as a member, and writes very kindly, expressing his hope that the Society may be set on foot.

George E. Barnum, Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, writes: "I heartily endorse the noble work you are doing in the interest of Indian education and civilization, and, as far as I know them, approve your plans for the connection of a scientific study of the race, their present and past condition."

Henry Phillips, U. S. Commissioner, Philadelphia, writes: "I heartily approve of your project for forming an Association for the closer study of the Indians of Canada, and hope it can be pushed to a successful termination; the results to ethnology should be very

copious from the material existing within the Dominion."

The Bishop of Rupert's Land signs his name as member, and sends his first year's subscription, but wishes it to be understood that he is not to be called upon to take active part in the Society's operations; nor does he approve of archaeological specimens, collected by members, being sent to Toronto.

The Bishop of Niagara writes: "The aims of your proposed Society in restraining injustice and improving the condition of the Indians, and promoting a deeper interest in their welfare, have my hearty approval and shall receive such support as I may able to render."

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle has signed his name as a member of the proposed Society.

Dr. Brinton, Professor of American Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania, writes:—"It gives me much pleasure cordially to endorse and recommend the plan proposed by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of forming a Society for the education of the Indians of Canada, and for uniting with this a scientific study of their present and past condition and characteristics. This enlightened project will, I trust, meet the hearty support both of philanthropic persons and Scientific Societies."

Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia, writes:—"I take great pleasure in commending the project of Rev. E. F. Wilson, for organizing a Society in Canada similar in some respects in its aims to our Indian Rights Association, which for the past eight years has been in operation in the United States. This Association was the outgrowth of a deep interest on the part of two young men who saw, during a visit to Bishop Hare's Diocese in Dakota, evidences of what Christian and intelligent treatment can accomplish for the civilization of the Red man, who if left in barbarism would be sure to become the prey of designing men."

Any persons interested in the Indians and willing to become members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, will please forward their names and addresses either to David Boyle, Esq., Canadian Institute, Toronto; or to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. A meeting will be called for the election of President and officers, so soon as a goodly number of members have enrolled their names. Subscriptions need not be paid at present.

THE Shingwauk Brass Band has been engaged to play twice a week at the Sault Ste. Marie rink.

Round Lake.

WE are always glad to receive letters from Indian pupils at other Institutes, whether in Canada or the United States, and, when space will admit, will give them publication. Following is a letter from an Indian girl at the Presbyterian Institution at Round Lake, north of Broadview, Assinaboia. A picture of this school appeared in our Christmas Number, 1888:

Nov. 19th, 1889.

Dear Mr. Wilson: I have been asked to send you a letter. You have a school for Indian children. I remember seeing you at our school. Tell all the boys and girls that we send our good wishes to them. We have about 30 at school now. Round Lake is covered with smooth ice and we have good play. We have a new schoolhouse and a new teacher. I will write a long letter the next time. I am,

ELIZA GEDES.

Letter from Washington Territory, U. S.

Rev. E. F. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—I will try to write a short letter to-day. I read a letter from an Indian boy, at Oneida Reserve Indian School, in your little paper "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." It was a very good letter, and I like to write a letter as good as that. I am in Jamestown School, Clallam Co., Washington. My teacher's name is J. M. Butchart. He is teaching good in this school. It is a small school, and it is not on a Reservation. On Saturday night I study my Sunday School lessons, and repeat it in the church on Sunday. In August, the Indians here take their canoes and go to Puyallup to pick hops, and we have vacation and go too. They make lots of money in picking hops. A man and his wife can pick about five or six boxes a day, and it is big boxes, about thirty-two bushels of hops in one box, and it is one dollar a box.

Next thing I am going to say is about these Indians here at Jamestown. They living like white people now. They have got horses, cows, pigs, sheep, etc.

Yours respectfully,

JOHNSON WILLIAM.

A MISSIONARY to the Indians in British Columbia took a keg of whiskey and poured it over the grass in the presence of the young people. It destroyed all the herbage. The Chief then told them that just as it burned the grass it would burn them if they drank it. This experiment has become a yearly ceremony with the Indians, and there has been very little trouble with the liquor question since.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XII.—PONCA.

MY Wife felt a little uncertain about Ponca. The name of the place was to her ear not particularly melodious. She was afraid she would not get warm water to wash with at Ponca.

We reached Ponca at just thirty-five minutes after midnight. I went on the station platform to see if there was a team from the Agency come to meet us, before taking my wife off the train. It was necessary to do this because there were no houses at Ponca. By the dim light of the new moon I could see three Indians in their blankets standing on the platform, and in their rear I discerned a vehicle with two mules attached. The conductor was holding the train for me. I told him it was all right, that we would alight, and I went back to get my wife. Then the train went on.

After a rather long drive in the chilly midnight air, the fagged mules came to a standstill in front of a house. My impression was it was the School; my wife thought it was the Agency; it was neither.

"Go right in at that door, turn to your right, and go in that room where the light is; that is your room, all the folks are abed by this time."

That is what the driver of the mules said to us as we alighted and pushed open a picket gate, which was held shut by a chain and weight.

So my wife and I went right in and turned to the right, and entered the room where the light was. The room had three windows and three doors. The blinds were all up. There were no curtains. The lamp was turned low. On one side of the room was a sofa and a sewing machine; in the middle of the room was a fireless box stove, with pipe going into a chimney in the wall; in one corner was a double bed, ready made, and looking as though it had been recently occupied; in another corner was a small oval table covered with dust, and near it a common yellow chair. Between the bed and one of the windows was a shelf, rather high up. On the shelf was a clock, going, and marking the hour of half-past one; also a hair brush and comb, a pair of scissors, and a pipe. The room was carpeted. On the wall over the sofa was a hanging looking glass. On the opposite wall was a picture of Lillie Langtry, with a pink printed notice pasted below it, "Fifth Avenue Opera House, Friday evening, Oct.

26th." There was nothing else in the room. No warm water, not even cold water, nor even a jug or basin. My wife looked at me. We did not sleep very well.

We were kept well acquainted with the hours as they passed—for the clock just over our bed kept us regularly informed. That clock had a very remarkable way of striking. It wheezed and gurgled for quite a considerable time between each stroke, when sounding the hour. There was no mistaking the hour struck; the wheezing and gurgling was very successful in drawing the attention, and each stroke was given very loudly, decidedly and separately.

My wife and I would have got up at half-past seven, as we felt sure that breakfast would be all over by eight, but we were deterred from doing so on account of the absence of any water to wash with. However, this little matter was soon settled for us in a manner cheerful to relate.



"HERE'S WATER FOR YE."

A ponderous knock was heard at the door, and a rather harsh woman's voice on the outside gave information as follows: "There's some water for ye, sitting right here outside at the door."

It was a matter of dressing under difficulties; but we

managed to get through, and were very nearly ready to proceed to the next room, when the door at which the water with the jug and basin had been placed, was suddenly and unceremoniously opened (there was no lock,) and a huge woman, with bare arms, presented herself.

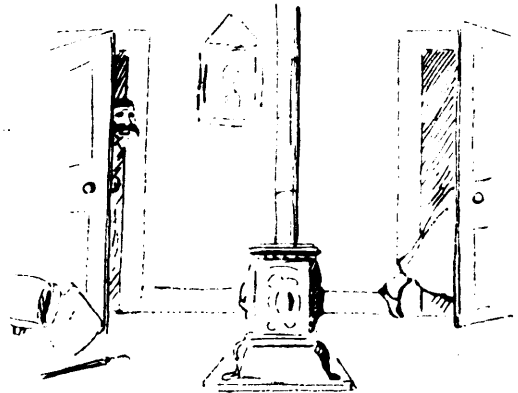
"Wall, ye are ready for breakfast, are ye? Can I have the chairs? We are short of chairs, ye see, in the dining room."

We assured our genial hostess that we would be ready for breakfast just in a few minutes, and would bring the two yellow chairs, viz, the one that had been in all night, and the one that had come with the jug and basin, with us.

No sooner was this door closed than the other one was pushed open. The outside boarders were beginning to come into breakfast; and it was evidently their

custom to pass through this hybrid of a room—half sitting room and half bedroom—in which we were domiciled.

My wife, with true womanly forethought, had placed her little box down at the door and her dressing bag on the top of it; and these two obstacles—to which, by the by, my umbrella was added—served to impede



INTERRUPTIONS WHILE DRESSING.

the entrance of the boarders, and seeing a gentleman and lady not quite dressed, they very considerably withdrew, and went round another way.

The breakfast at Ponca was not a success. We both felt more hungry after it was over than we did when we sat down to it. We went for a little walk to talk over matters; and we mutually agreed that when dinner time came, we would have a picnic lunch down by the river, make tea in the "etna," and eat some sandwiches and biscuit which we had brought with us. Then we went to call on the Indian agent, and I presented my credentials from Washington. We also visited the Ponca School. It was a large brick building, and had 84 pupils, all Poncas.

I noticed that several of the pupils had a dark tattoo mark on the centre of the forehead, just as though some one had dipped his finger in ink, and dabbed them on the forehead with it. We were told that this was to distinguish them as being of royal lineage in direct descent from some Ponca Chief. Several of them also had a star or other device tattooed on the back of their hands.

There were two large school rooms, and school was going on. Some of the pupils were writing out the multiplication tables from memory on their slates. Many of the children appeared to be scrofulous, and many of them had sore eyes. The teacher said that the attendance at the school depended mainly on the

native police; if it were not for their exertions the school would probably be empty more than half the time, for the parents were all heathen and were quite indifferent about sending their children, or would even try to keep them away.

The Ponca Indians braid their hair on each side of the face in the same way as the Cheyennes, and they wear blankets, and ornament themselves with shell and bead necklaces, bracelets, &c.

Our little lunch down by the river was a success; we sat on the sloping bank under the trees, and spread a white napkin for a cloth, and lighted the "etna" and boiled some water, and each had two cups of nice hot tea.

As we were strolling back through the woods towards the Agency, our solitude was suddenly broken in upon by the arrival of a detachment of U. S. cavalry. They came threading their way in single file along the narrow trail, and at the word from their captain came to a halt just close to where we were standing, and proceeded to unsaddle their horses and turn them loose to browse. Then some mule teams arrived, and for an hour or more there was a busy scene—the soldiers in their shirt sleeves putting up their tents, cutting firewood, chopping up beef, and getting all ready for the night's bivouac. After watching them for a little time, and making acquaintance with their captain, we went on to the Agency, and for the next hour I was busy writing up a vocabulary of Ponca words. The chief of the police, whose name was Antoine, and who knew a little English, gave me the words. He was a Ponca half-breed, with long black hair, a slight moustache, and a little tuft of beard; his face was pock marked, and he wore the blue U. S. uniform with a slouch hat. A young educated Indian, named Charlie, sat on the floor, and kept putting in a word or two now and then.

Late at night we left for Arkansas city. A wild Ponca Indian drove us to the station. He seemed bound to make his mules go.

CHAPTER XIII.—DENVER.

We reached Arkansas city on our return trip from Indian Territory, at two o'clock in the night, drove in a 'bus to the "Gladstone," and went to bed.

Our train for Denver would not start till 2.30 p.m., and I had planned to occupy the morning by paying a visit to the Chilocco School, six miles out. My wife being tired, I left her at the hotel, and engaged a buggy

and pair of horses, and a man to drive me to the School. It was a crisp, frosty morning, and the sun was shining brightly. In the hedges which we passed, were some big yellow things that looked like large ripe oranges; the man said that there were lots of them on the hedges, and that they were no good except for seed. We also passed a cotton field; this was the extreme northern limit for cotton, my driver said.

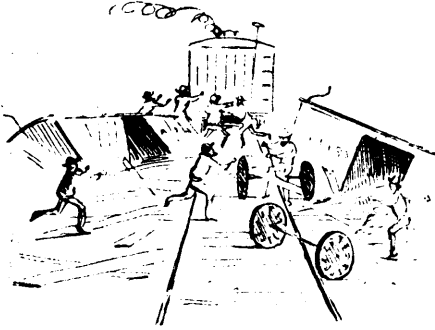
Arkansas City is on the southern border of the State of Kansas, and the Chilocco School was just across the line, in Indian Territory; a broad strip of but little used roadway marked the boundary. The school stands in the open prairie, and as we approached it, presented the appearance of a large, substantially-built white stone building. It had accommodation for 175 pupils; it was at the time occupied by 169—boys and girls—of the Caddo, Oto, Pottowatami, Quapaw, Sac and Fox, Tonkawa, Iowa, and several other tribes. Attached to the school were 8,000 acres of land, of which 400 were under cultivation, and the remainder used for grazing purposes. My visit to the school was necessarily a hurried one. The first thing, after introducing myself to the authorities, was to interview some children of the Caddo, Oto, and Tonkawa tribes, and take down words in their languages; then I went through the school with the Superintendent, and saw the class rooms, dining hall, &c., all very neat, clean, and well kept. The boys were taught carpentering, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and tailoring.

I got back to the hotel at one, and had just time to get dinner and put our things together before it was time to start.

It was a long journey of 630 miles from Arkansas City to Denver, and it took us from 2.30 p.m. Friday, to 7.30 p.m. Saturday, to get there.

There was a delay, however, on the road. We were occupying a lower berth on a Pullman car. The hour was 7 a.m. The train was at a standstill. It seemed to us both to have been at a standstill for a very considerable period. We compared notes. We had both awakened and gone to sleep again, and awakened and gone to sleep again several times during the night, and each time we had awakened the train was at a standstill. Something evidently was wrong. I put aside the blind and looked out. Morning seemed to be just dawning, and a cock was crowing; there were the outlines of several buildings just visible. I got up and went out to the wash room. A black porter was there blacking the boots, and I enquired of him the

cause of the delay. He answered low, and answered ambiguously. I completed my dressing, and was going out, but the door was locked. "Can you open this door for me?" I said. "No, sah! Conductor's orders were not to open the door; you see we don't want the passengers woke up, they are all sleeping nicely." I went to the other end of the car, found the door unlocked, and went out. It was blowing a blizzard, and the air full of snow. "What's the matter up the line?" I asked of a solitary individual whom I



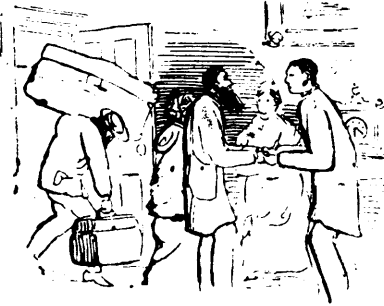
RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

encountered on the station platform. "Oh, its just a freight train mashed up, they say, about half a mile ahead there, where you see the fire." I saw the name of the place was Garden City, and looking at my Railway guide, found that we were already six hours late. As it did not seem likely that we should be moving on for some time yet, I walked out to the wreck. Two freight cars were smashed up, lying bottom up, and all in splinters; an engine with a hawser was at work clearing the wreckage; a couple of fresh rails and a few fresh ties would have to be put in. I made a sketch of the scene, and then went back to the Pullman.

No other adventure befel us on the way, and about 4 p.m. we got our first sight of the Rocky Mountains. We passed Pike's Peak just at dusk, and were a little disappointed with it. It is only about 1200 feet high from the ground where the station stands, but then the station is 5000 feet or more above the sea level.

We reached Denver at 7.30 p.m., and alighted at the Union Station. The Union Station is a grand, I might almost say majestic edifice, and was lighted up brilliantly with electric lights. The general waiting room is an immense room, its floor paved, and its ceiling supported by handsome iron pillars; on one side are the Ticket, Pullman, and Telegraph offices; in one corner is the cloak room, where anything a passenger may wish to leave is ticketed and taken care of; on another side is the lunch bar, where can be

got a good cup of tea or coffee, and all one can want to eat. Opposite to the train doors are the street doors leading out to the cabs and street cars. Then, adjoining the main waiting room, through a short but lofty hall, is the ladies' large spacious room, and beyond that, through another hall, is the baggage room. There is no need for any crowding, for all is so wide and spacious, and all is so systematically arranged. We had given our checks to the transfer agent, and hired a hack to take us to our friend Dr. Martin's house, where my wife was to stay while I went down into New Mexico and Arizona.



ARRIVAL AT DENVER.

Denver is at present a thriving city of some 70,000 or 80,000 inhabitants. It is destined, so think the Denverites, to be THE city of the West, ranking in importance with Chicago on its right hand, and San Francisco on its left. The sources of wealth are firstly mines, secondly cows and sheep, thirdly grain. The Rocky Mountains, at the foot of which Denver is situated, are full of mineral wealth. There are silver mines, and gold mines. Also copper, tellurium, iron, lead and coal. The yield of gold and silver in the State of Colorado since first the mines were worked, has been \$154,000,000.

Of cattle, there are 1,500,000 in the State, and about the same number of sheep. The cattle get fat on the buffalo grass, wretched looking stuff, though it looks to a stranger unacquainted with its virtues—mere tufts of coarse, worthless-looking grass, cropping up here and there in a wide waste of bare, hopeless-looking land; and yet the cattle feed on it and thrive on it, and become a great source of revenue at a very small expense.

The crops that succeed best in Colorado, are hay, wheat and oats; Indian corn, barley, and potatoes are also grown extensively. In order to overcome the excessive dryness of the climate, irrigation is very generally resorted to.

(To be continued.)

Disadvantages of the Tribal System.

BY OLLJATEKHA, TORONTO.

I AM well pleased with the tone and aims of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," published to elevate Indian education and civilization, to bring more closely together the two ideas, so vastly misrepresented by both. The Indian population, permeated with the instincts of tribal affairs, naturally looks upon individualistic struggles as *forward*, and *done just to show off*, more than from a matter of duty and conclusive desire to advance. They also point to the cities and say, "pity the poor" of your own first, we do not desire those distinguishing features which characterize your civilization. We want to live as free men; we want to preserve the freedom our forefathers enjoyed in peacefulness.

For myself, I do not wish to be placed on the list as opposed to civilization, or the education of my fellow Indians from their present state of ignorance. No, no! but I cannot consider myself justified in voicing for the elevation of my people, without acknowledging the good points possessed by the people whom we would deprive of their habits, because it is not now in harmony with the sweeping onward march of civilization. As an Indian, I wish to encourage all the advantages of civilization, not its disadvantages, far from it. In doing so, the present tribal system must cease. The Indian will ask me what I mean by tribal system. By tribal system, I mean those advantages which every Indian expects to have because another Indian possesses it; and the idea that all must work in harmony, *i.e.*, in one mind, no Indian having any right to do certain things without the consent of his chief or the Indian agent; who cannot use his own judgment without being afraid of undergoing severe lecturing at the hands of those who do not know any better, but assert their authority just because our forefathers subjected themselves to such custom. Another great damaging evidence why the tribal system should be abolished, is the fact that such system only allows the education of the few, consequently the elevation of the few must be the result—otherwise, prejudice and hatred springs up at seeing one (whom we would despise to have rule over us) possessing more than ordinary influence. More especially does the sore appear more hurting, when we fail to connect the ambitious young aspirant to some tribal distinction of his ancestors. It is awfully hard for an Indian to allow himself to be dictated to by one of his own blood or

color. We take, for example, the freed negroes just after the war of 1865, when the writer's father was in Georgia, Va. They almost preferred slavery than being commanded by an officer of their color. "I don't want him to play the white man ober me," they would exclaim. Since then they have learned to appreciate and respect the learning and authority of their own color. So are the Indians yearly learning to appreciate efforts made amongst them; they are learning to throw aside that prejudicial foolishness which retards the inward desire to prosper.

To my fellow-Indians who aspire to rise, I would say: The field is broad—all you require is brains, and you are equipped to battle forth. Be honest with yourself and your convictions, and you save your burden by half and accomplish more by half.

With a plea to abolish tribal system, and an invitation extended to show why it should not be abolished, I beg leave to place my contribution, and wish this bright champion of Indian cause *success*—"OUR FOREST CHILDREN,"—from an ex-pupil of the Mohawk Institution at Brantford.

Let us Work Together.

THE editor of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" is particularly anxious that all Protestant Institutions for Indian children in Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-west, should work harmoniously together, sink all petty feelings of rivalry and jealousy, and keep the one great end in view—namely, to gain over the Indians as a people, not to this creed or that creed, or for this faith or that faith, but for civilization, enlightenment, purity, and Christ. It is impossible, of course, "but that offences will come," little jarring notes of discord will now and then arise, ill thoughts will sometimes crop up, words that were best unspoken will sometimes slip out. But let all who are engaged in this great work of emancipating the Indians from the chains of ignorance and darkness, protecting them from insult, robbery and injustice, caring for and training their little children—determine that by the grace of God they will keep under and smother down in their own breasts every feeling unworthy of so great a cause; and that they will, so far as lies in their own power, work harmoniously with others of the Protestant faith who are engaged in a similar work. There is ample room at present for all the Institutions that can be built. There is a large Church of England one at Battleford, supported by the Government. There

is a very large one being built by Government at Regina for the Presbyterians; there is Dr. Burman's newly-built Institution six miles north of Winnipeg. There is Rev. Mr. McKay's Presbyterian Institution at Round Lake, north of Broadview; another small Presbyterian Institution lately started at Birtle, in Manitoba. The Methodists have the Macdougall Orphanage at Morleyville, in Alberta, and are starting a large Government Institution up north of Red Deer Lake. Then out West, the C. M. S. Missionaries among the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans, are each taking steps to start small local Institutions. All these have each their work to do, and each will, we trust, be liberally supported by the members of their own Church, besides the aid they get from Government. The O. I. H. Institutions under Mr. Wilson's control, are the two Homes at Sault Ste Marie, the Homes at Elkhorn, in Manitoba, and the prospective Homes at Medicine Hat, in Alberta. The chief difficulty just at present—a difficulty which will doubtless be acknowledged by all who have Indian Institutions under their charge, is to induce wild Indian parents to give up their children to be educated. They do not themselves see the advantage of it; they are suspicious of the White man's motives; are unwilling for their children to be parted from them, and are only too ready to accept a bribe or price before giving up a child. We feel sure that all our readers must feel that it is a very unwise thing to give an Indian parent any bribe for yielding a child to be educated; for ourselves, we are entirely averse to any such proceeding; still our friends will, we are sure, see the difficulty, the great difficulty, that stands in the way of filling our Institutions, when built, with a suitable class of Indian children, and the difficulty again in keeping them when once we have got them. The merest pretext is often sufficient for a child to decamp, or for his parent to come and take him away. All this is, we know, *very trying* to those who are doing their best to secure and educate the little wild Indian children. But we feel certain that in order to succeed, and to make these Institutions of real profit to the Indians, all petty feelings of rivalry must be sunk away out of sight, and we must all strive to help and not hinder one another's work.

While offering the above remarks, the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will readily publish any letters on the subject from those interested in the matter, if written in a kind and temperate spirit,

Jottings.

THERE are said to be 600,000 Indians in Brazil.

MISS FLORENCE MARACLE, an Indian lady from the Grand River reserve, near Brantford, arrived here today to take a position in the Department of Indian Affairs. This is the first instance on record in which an Indian *lady* has secured an appointment in the departmental buildings in the history of the Government. It is only a few days ago since Captain Elliott, a Six Nation Indian, received an appointment in the same department.

THE site of Penn's Treaty Elm is on the east side of Beach Street, north of Hanover Street, Philadelphia. A monument is erected there, and the place held for public use. Access is by the Second and Third streets line of horse cars.

HONESTY: At the Shingwauk social, on the night of Dec. 12, a gentleman asked one of the Indian apprentice boys to give him change for \$2, handing him, as he thought, a two-dollar bill. Next morning, the boy, on looking at the note by daylight, saw that it was a five-dollar bill. He at once showed it to the Superintendent, and took steps to find the owner.

Indian Dudes.

THE feathers most prized by the dandy Chiefs of certain tribes of Indians at the far West, are those taken from the tail of the calumet eagle, sometimes called the war eagle. These tail feathers are twelve in number, broad, and of unequal length. They are white until within two inches of the end, where they change to a deep black. The calumet eagle is somewhat smaller than the common kinds, but it is remarkably swift and fierce and domineers over them all, driving them away from the carcass upon which they may happen to be feeding. Among some tribes the tail feathers of two eagles—sufficient to compose a head-dress—are often bartered by the lucky hunter for a good horse or a rifle; and it is stated that the bird is not unfrequently domesticated about the camps for the purpose of affording an annual supply of tail to the aboriginal "swells."—*Pipe of Peace.*

AT the Sitka School, some of the boys took a worn-out bread trough, that had been thrown out from the bakery, and rigging oars to it, take solid comfort in rowing around the bay.

Why the Crow Is Black.

THE Indians of the extreme North-west have some very remarkable legends about the Creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious is that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for a lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but on account of the scarcity of water, he refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep, the crow got up to hunt for water, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum-wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

Origin of the Term "Yankee."

THERE are comparatively few people who know the origin or the meaning of the term "Yankee," by which we are accustomed more or less affectionately to designate our American cousins born in the United States. In view of the approaching American Exhibition of the Arts, Inventions, Manufactures, and products of the United States, to be held next year at Earl's Court, Kensington, and which has already been nicknamed in some quarters the "Yankereries," it may be of interest to know what the word means. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the friendly Indians asked of what people they were, to which query they replied "English." But the red man could not twist his tongue around that word, and "Yangeese" was as near as he could get to it. It was but a very short time, and by a natural and easy transition, before "Yangeese" became transformed into "Yankees." The use of this word also is peculiar. The people of the Southern States call all Northerners both east and west, "Yankees," as will be remembered by those familiar with the great Civil War. The people of the Western States call only those living in the Eastern States, or east of the Hudson River, "Yankees," and these are the only people who acknowledge the name, and always so describe themselves. On the other hand, all the English colonists and the people of Great Britain invariably call all citizens of the United

States "Yankees," and when abroad they cheerfully accept, and are generally proud of the title, which, as we have seen, means and is only a corruption of the word "English."—*Iron*, (English paper.)

AN Indian boy who returned from a farm where he had had an experience of getting up early and working all day, writes in his school composition:

"The farmer is like a hen—he gets up early in the morning, and never comes in till in the evening and it is time to go to roost."

THE people of the United States are known among the natives of Alaska as "Boston people." Not long since a mining company brought to Alaska some donkeys. One of the boys who had been reading in school about rabbits having long ears, wanted to know if the donkeys were "Boston rabbits."—*The North Star*.

WE will be glad to see the day come when compulsory law will take effect, as many of the natives are not sensible of their needs of an education. I am sure if all children of school age were to attend school regularly until they got a reasonable education, there would be no difficulty in having full schools in the next generation.—*North Star*.

ALL the sentiment and poetry has not died out of the noble Red man. An Indian named Hinock, sentenced at Happy Camp, Del Norte county, Cal., to sixty days in the county jail for misdemeanor, presented himself to the Sheriff at Yreka, lately, for admission to that institution, bringing with him his commitment. He travelled sixty miles, unaccompanied, and bore his own expenses.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

THE self-sacrifice of the teachers among the natives of Alaska can scarcely be overestimated. Take this sample case from Miss Huber's diary:

"Balonga, the girl we dressed, is fifteen years old. The first day the lice were so thick on her head that they fell off and ran around on the desk. I washed her and put blue ointment on her head. After I had combed out the tangles with a coarse-tooth comb, I used a fine one. About the ears there were so many kinks that the hair was quite stiff and the lice came off in combfuls. I left her go before her hair was quite cleaned, because I was afraid her head would hurt. Next day I put some more ointment on and we give her two combs and told her to use them. Bro. Wolff gave each a small piece of soap and a comb and told them how to use them."—*North Star*.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am going to write you a letter every month, and tell you something about the Indian children living in these Homes. This month it shall be an account of the Christmas festivities. I daresay many of you know that Santa Claus generally pays us a visit at the Shingwauk Home, and last Christmas eve he did not forget us. At seven o'clock in the evening everyone assembled in the school-room for prayers. When prayers were over, Mr. Wilson said, "Now, do the juniors want to go to bed?" But the poor little juniors did not look as if they wanted to go to bed at all. Many of them were new boys and had not the faintest idea what was going to happen, but they all looked as if they would prefer staying where they were to going up into the dark dormitories. Then Mr. Wilson asked who would go up-stairs and see if Santa Claus was about. A great many volunteered, but when it came to the point, none of them would go. At last, however, two plucked up courage and went creeping up the stairs, but, oh! how quickly they came down, tumbling head-long from the top to the bottom, crying out, "He's up there; that fellow, is up-stairs, Santa Claus!" Only those who have seen it, know what a commotion those words caused; how the boys all tumbled over the forms and desks, and over each other. Little Anthony, the five-year-old "baby" of the school, took refuge under the wing (or rather the apron) of the portly matron. Santa Claus was a very jolly little old man, not five feet in height, with white beard and hair, and a rosy good-humored face; he carried a pack on his back and scattered nuts and candies in all directions, as he rushed through the rooms. That night sixty socks hung round the beds in the dormitories, but in the morning they had all disappeared, and were found at last by sixty boys (who, by the way, were hopping about with "one shoe off and one shoe on,") hanging round the drums in the school-room. At 7.30 came breakfast; at 8.30, prayers in the school-room, which had been tastefully decorated with evergreens, by some of the older boys, the day before. At 11 o'clock, the lady Superintendent, the matron and thirty girls, arrived from the Wawanosh, just in time for the service in the chapel, which looked beautiful, all wreathed with cedar, stag-horn moss, etc. After service the white people set to work and laid the dinner tables for the boys and girls. First came the nice white tablecloths, with pot plants here and there. Some kind friends in the Sault had sent a lot of nuts,

candies, apples and figs, so these were distributed about the tables, with a pretty Christmas card at each plate, then the boys and girls took their places, and the roast beef, plum-pudding, cakes, etc., were served. After dinner some of them went out on the ice, and the rest played games indoors. The girls went home at 4.30, accompanied as far as the Sault by the brass band. The girls had their Christmas tree on Friday. Only the boys who had sisters there were allowed to go, but this did not matter in the least, for in less than half an hour nearly every boy in the school discovered that he had a sister at the Wawanosh. Unhappily Mr. Wilson could not trace the relationship as quickly as they did. A beautiful doll, sent by Miss McClaren's class, Hamilton, was given by election to Dora Jacobs that same evening. The boys had their tree on New Year's eve; each boy got three presents, a jubilee medal, sent by Chief Brant, and a bag of candies. After the tree every one in the Home was weighed and measured, and a prize given to the one who had gained most in weight, and another to whoever had grown the most. Then coffee and biscuits were served and at 11.30 came service in the chapel, followed by a general hand-shaking and many wishes for "A Happy New Year."

I shall be very pleased to hear from any of our young friends and helpers, and will gladly answer any questions in my next letter; but they must reach me not later than the eighth of the preceding month.

Address,

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,

(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson)

Shingwauk Home,

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

DECEMBER.

REV. MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing and also presents for Xmas:

Mrs. Nivin and Miss Crusor, \$5.00.

From Mr. W. H. Plummer, a watch as prize to a boy.

The King's Daughters of Memorial Hall, Ottawa, a beautiful box of clothing, books, Xmas presents; also kind presents to Mrs. Wilson, from "Friends in Ottawa," per Miss M. K. Johnson.

From the Ladies' Working Parry, Niagara, per Miss M. Beaven, a second donation of clothing this year for boys and girls—flannel, cloth; also presents to Mrs. Wilson and family.

From the W.A.M.S., New Liverpool, per Mrs. Smith, a barrel of clothing for boys and girls; also \$6.00 from the Children's S.S. Missionary box, for Xmas.

Gift from the "King's Daughters," St. Stephen, N.B., per Mrs. Bolton, for Mary P., a box of material and articles of clothing.

From St. Thomas, per Mrs. Beaumont, a barrel containing clothing and other articles for the boys and girls of the Homes.

- From the Ladies' Aid Society, Niagara Falls South, per Mrs. Bull, yarn for knitting, plaid flannel and other kind gifts.
- From the St. John's Branch of the Ottawa F.G. Society, per Miss Thompson, a box of dolls, scrap books, etc., for the boys and girls.
- From the Fergus non-Sectarian Mission Band, per Miss Green-Armytage, for the Wawanosh Home, clothing, dolls, etc.
- From the boys of Miss Baird's S.S. Class, Paisley, a box of presents for the Indian boys' Xmas tree.
- From Portsmouth Indian Mission, per Miss L. Betts, a beautiful supply of flannel shirts and other articles; also some Xmas gifts for the Indian children and a work bag for Mrs. Wilson.
- Miss. E. Wood, Port Rowan, sent a parcel containing some articles of clothing made by her S.S. girls, also \$1.00 from a friend.
- From Mrs. Hamwood, Craigleith, \$1.00.
- Mrs. A. E. Harding, London, a box of Christmas presents and candy bags.
- From St. Mark's Church, Deseronto, a box of clothing and toys.
- From Mrs. W. Gallinger, Cornwall, six pairs of mitts.
- From the W. A., Cobourg, a large bale of new and most useful clothing for boys and girls.
- The Camden East branch of the W. A., sent a box of new and second-hand clothing—all most acceptable.
- From Revd. Canon Churton, King's College, Cambridge, almanacs and illustrated papers.
- Mrs. Vidal, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, desires most gratefully to acknowledge a large bale full of most excellent and useful clothing for the Elkhorn pupils, from the W. A., Ottawa; also a box of useful second-hand clothing from "The Missionary Gleaners," Clarenceville, Quebec.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM DEC. 9TH TO JAN. 9TH, 1890.

- Memorial Church S.S., London, for boy, \$18.75; Emmanuel Church, London Tp., \$4.21; "Kings Daughters," St. Stephen, N.B., for girl, \$12.50; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; T. Millman, for Shingwauk \$10, for Wawanosh \$5; St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; Holy Trinity S.S., Lucan, \$10; Holy Trinity S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$30; Miss Harmon's Boarding School, \$1.35; Trinity S.S. Aylmer, for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. M. H. Gault, for the three Homes, \$15; Mrs. Clench, \$10; Revd. T. Walker, 50 cents; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy \$18.75, for girl \$18.75; Sunday School, St. John's, London Tp., \$8; Chas. A. Kinneer, \$5; Harrison Kinneer, \$2; Frank A. Kinneer, \$2; St. Mark's S.S. Longueuil, \$16.13; St. John's S.S., St. Thomas, for boy, \$25; St. Paul's S.S., Port Dover, for boy, \$12; All Saints' S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$25; Sunday School, Portsmouth, \$15; Children's Mission Sale, Market Rasin, England, for boy, \$29.

Receipts—O.F.C.

- W. W. Newell, 50c.; C. A. Hirschfelder, 50c.; W. M. Stephen, \$3; Mrs. H. Roberts, \$1; Miss K. E. Baker, \$1; Dr. Millman, 50c.; H. A. Kaulback, 50c.; Mrs. Moody, 50c.; Jas. McElroy, 50c.; Mrs. H. Bent, \$1; Mrs. A. Williston, \$1; Rev. Dr. Sweeney, 50c.; Mrs. Trigge, 50c.; Miss Bowman, \$1; G. T. Spencer, 50c.; Rev. Geo. Keys, \$1; C. F. Kite, 50c.; F. J. Child, 50c.; J. N. Fradenberb, 50c.; Rev. A. E. Miller, 50c.; K. G. Thwaites, 50c.; Rev. H. L. Wood, 50c.; The Bishop of Rupert's Land, \$3; C. Thompson, \$1; Rev. L. G. Roberts, \$1; Rev. J. A. Fletcher, 50c.; G. M. Cox, \$1; Rev. R. Lindsay, 50c.; Miss Day, \$2; Canon Belt, \$1; M. G. Poole, \$1; F. H. Furniss, 50c.; Rev. T. Walker, 50c.; Miss L. Betts, 50c.; V. Keffer, 50c.; Archdeacon Lonsdell, 50c.; Rev. D. W. Pickett, 50c.;

C. H. Harris, \$1; W. Reid, 50c.; J. Stewart, 50c.; W. Robinson, 50c.; A. H. Hamilton, 50c.; Geo. Gander, \$1; Rev. G. B. Bull, \$1; Rev. C. Abbot, 50c.; J. A. Kaulback, 50c.; H. J. Cundall, \$1; Rev. C. Hannington, 50c.; Miss Harding, \$1; Rev. J. Osborne, 50c.; Rev. F. Willis, \$1.50; Miss Davidson, 50c.; Mrs. Osler, \$1; Thomas Geddes, 50c.; Rev. B. P. Leurs, 50c

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