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VOL. III, No. 4.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 2.]

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

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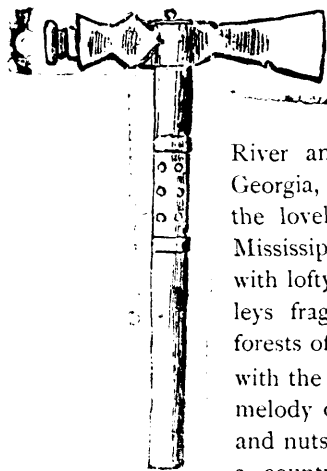
SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 2.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 2.

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



THE Cherokees were the Eastern mountaineers of America. Their country lay along the Tennessee River and in the highlands of Georgia, Carolina and Alabama, the loveliest region east of the Mississippi. Beautiful and grand, with lofty mountains and rich valleys fragrant with flowers, and forests of magnolia and pine filled with the singing of birds and the melody of streams, rich in fruits and nuts and wild grains; it was a country worth loving, worth fighting, worth dying for, as thousands of its lovers have fought and have died, white men as well as red, within the last hundred years."

So says Helen Jackson, in her interesting book,—“A Century of Dishonor.” And further on in the book, the same author tells us how devotedly attached were these Cherokee Indians to their ancient patrimony. “Never did mountaineers cling more desperately to their homes than did these Cherokees. The State of Georgia put the whole nation in duress, but still they chose to stay. Year by year high-handed oppressions increased and multiplied; military law reigned everywhere; Cherokee lands were surveyed and put up to be drawn for by lottery; missionaries were arrested and sent to prison for preaching to Cherokees; Cherokees were sentenced to death by Georgia juries, and hung by Georgia executioners. Appeal after appeal to the President and to Congress for protection produced only reiterated confessions of the Government's inability to protect them—reiterated proposals to them to accept a price for their country and move away. Nevertheless they clung to it. A few hundreds went, but the body of the nation still protested and entreated. There is

nothing in history more touching than the cries of this people to the Government of the United States to fulfil its promises to them.”

The above extracts give a very vivid idea of the long, sad warfare which this great and remarkably intelligent people have been forced into waging with the Arglo-Saxon race ever since they began to dispute their right of territory. It has been a long series of struggles, of the weak against the strong; and as might be expected, the weak have had to give way before the strong. The beautiful mountains and valleys of Georgia are all now in the hands of the white man; the Cherokees, gradually but steadily driven westward, are now settled to the number of 22,000 in the Indian territory; and only a small, straggling remnant is left behind in the old home among the mountain fastnesses.

The Cherokee Indians are a branch of the extensive and widely distributed Iroquoian stock. They are related to the Six-nation Indians of Canada, the Mohawks, the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Tuscaroras, also to the Iroquois of St. Regis, the Caughnawagas, the Hurons, the Wyandottes. They call themselves “Tsa-ra-ghee.”

The history of this people has been an eventful one. Their first treaty made with the whites was in the year 1721, when boundaries were defined and an agent appointed to superintend their affairs. From that time onward the white people have been gradually encroaching upon them and driving them from their ancient possessions. Ten treaties were made with them while under British rule, and thirty-seven treaties have been made with them since the establishment of American Independence. In the year 1791, the first steps were taken by the American Government to induce them to farm, and thirty years later they were reported as having made great progress in agricultural pursuits, raising corn and cattle sufficient for their needs. They had also schools and missionaries among them, and in the year 1827, assembled the first regularly organized convention of the Cherokee nation with a Principal Chief at its head, an executive council of three members, and a council of delegates elected from eight districts. All went smoothly and well until 1830, when the people of

Georgia rose against them and forcibly expelled them from their State, driving them away to the west of the Mississippi. The hardships and exposures of that journey, coupled with the fevers and malaria of a radically different climate, cost the lives of ten per cent. of their population. They exhibited, however, wonderfully recuperative power, and five years after their forced removal from their old homes, we find them again with houses and farms, eleven schools in active operation, and a printing office issuing publications both in the English and Cherokee languages. The civil war of 1861-3, again worked great havoc among them; they were raided and sacked alternately by the federal and confederate troops, and when the fight was over they were left an impoverished, heart-broken people, their schools and churches all burnt, their fields deserted and overgrown with weeds. In sullen despair they set to work to rebuild the waste places, and bent to the task with a determination and perseverance that could not fail to secure success.

And now, to-day, the country of these Cherokee Indians is fair and prosperous, and long may they be allowed to enjoy it. Few people on the face of the earth have made so great progress in so short a time, and in the face of so great difficulties and discouragements as have these Cherokees. They number now 22,000. They have 2300 scholars attending 75 schools, established and supported by themselves at an annual expense to the nation of nearly \$100,000. To-day, 13,000 of their people can read and 18,000 can speak the English language. To-day, 5000 brick, frame and log houses are occupied by them, and they have 64 churches with a membership of several thousands. They have also a constitutional form of Government, framed on the same plan as that of the United States. A leading spirit in the framing of their constitution was John Ross, in the year 1827. He was then made their Principal Chief, and continued in office until he died in 1866. John Ross was of mixed Scotch and Indian blood, his maternal grandfather being John Stuart, who was British Superintendent of Indian affairs prior to the Revolution.

A visitor to the Cherokee country, in Indian Territory, at the present day would be vastly surprised to note the wonderful progress that these people have made; indeed, he would scarcely believe that he was in Indian country at all. Entering the district by the Missouri Pacific Railway, he arrives first at the town of Vinita, a town of a thousand people; it is surrounded



VINITA.

by farms with comfortable houses and cottages; it has broad streets and business houses built of stone, brick, and wood; it has a Mayor and Council; it levies and collects taxes on all property within the corporate limits. It has four churches, and a large, well-conducted high school, called the Worcester Academy, with accommodation for 200 pupils. One of the citizens of the town is estimated to be worth \$100,000. It should be added, however, that there are very few full-blooded Cherokees in the town—the population consisting mostly of half-breeds and whites adopted into the nation. Out in the country 'round, the farm houses are, in every respect, equal to those of other western settlers. Some of these farms are 400 or 500 acres in extent. There are orchards set out with apple and peach trees, and here and there a vineyard. The fences are of plank, wire, or wooden rail. Of course there are poor Cherokees as well as well-to-do ones; these live in log cabins, plant from 5 to 100 acres, and keep hogs and a few cattle. The last census taken shewed, out of 20,000 people, five persons only who made their living by hunting and fishing, the others being farmers, mechanics, teachers, etc.—but no saloon keepers. The community is strictly prohibitionist; the whisky peddler who carries on his secret nefarious traffic does not rank much above a thief, and when found is promptly and severely dealt with.

The system of government is now very complete. The Principal Chief is the Governor, and has all the functions usually attaching to that office, with the pardoning power, the right to veto, etc. He may be impeached as the Governor of a State may be impeached. The Executive office is thoroughly well managed. The Chief has four Secretaries, who are constantly employed in keeping a record of the affairs of the nation. Every letter is briefed, registered, and placed on the letter

record book. The Treasurer is under a \$75,000 bond. Sometimes he has as much as \$350,000 cash in his hands. Each of the political districts, nine in number, has its sheriff and deputy sheriff, and its prosecuting Attorney. The Legislative Assembly consists of an Upper and a Lower House. In the former sit 18 Senators, and in the latter 38 Councillors, elected every second year from the nine districts. Every man over 18 years of age has a vote, and the voting is *viva voce*. The Cherokees are the most ardent politicians on the face of the earth. They are at present divided into two parties—the Nationalists and the Downings; the former answering to the American Republicans, and the latter to the Democrats. These parties copy their American neighbors in vilifying one another with much vigor and ingenuity. The Judicial department of the Cherokee nation is composed of a District Court for each of the nine political Districts. In cases involving the death penalty, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court presides. The jury and grand jury system is followed the same as in the United States. Their State prison is

in civilization as the Cherokees would have adopted the white man's views in regard to the desirability of each individual having his own holding. But not so. They still hold their lands in common, and they are utterly averse to any change being made in this respect. The land, they say, belongs to the Cherokee nation, and not to the individuals thereof; land is as air and water, the property of all, it cannot be given away to the few.

A well educated Cherokee lawyer has given the following reasons wherefore the Cherokees are opposed to the allotment of land in severalty: (1) By holding it in common, they are better able to resist the aggression of the whites; (2) their present social system has never yet developed a mendicant or a tramp; (3) Although poor, yet they have no paupers, none suffering from the oppression of the rich. With the whites, every one is scrambling to live, the strong trampling down the weak, but not so with them. (4) They do not believe that the whites have any better condition to offer them, therefore they prefer to remain as they are.

It remains now to say a few words as to the ancient condition and old traditions of this people so far as can be ascertained.

The idea, we believe, is becoming prevalent among those who have searched deeply into the matter, that these Cherokee Indians are connected with the ancient mound builders, and indeed, that they may quite possibly be their direct descendants. North Carolina and Tennessee are known to have been their ancient domains, and from the mounds in these regions have been obtained articles similar in material and construction to those still to be found among the Eastern Cherokees. There can be no doubt that these people formerly practised the art of pottery very extensively; they used a plastic clay, tempered with pulverized shell or powdered



CHEROKEE PRISON.

at Tahlequah, their capital, where also are situated their Government Offices and Houses of Parliament, also two large, handsomely built Seminaries, one for male and one for female pupils, each with accommodation for 150 scholars.

It might be thought that a people so far advanced

mica; with this material they made bowls, cups, pots, etc., of various sizes, and ornamented them with native made paint. They were also skilled in basket and cane work. They made bows and arrows. They would also kill small game with "blow guns," 7 or 8 feet long, made out of a hollowed cane, an arrow was inserted with a wad of thistle down, bound tightly round the

feather end, which just fitted the pipe. The made combs also of horn with teeth two inches in length, and ball sticks (or racquets) of hickory wood, with a pear-shaped loop covered with a network of leather or bark strings.

These people believed in one great Supreme Spirit, whom they called "the Man of White," his face was the sun and his arms were the rivers, extending over and embracing the earth. Formerly they believed in the transmigration of souls; the spirit, after death, they said, appeared in the form of some animal of the cat tribe seven days after death. Number seven was with them a sacred number. They believed themselves to be the most ancient people on the face of the earth. Formerly, they were divided into seven clans or gentes: (1) The flowing hair, (2) the paint, (2) the blind savana, (4) the holly, (5) the bird, (6) the wolf, (7) the deer. The ancient method of burying the dead appears to have been to lay the corpse face upwards in a pit or grave, then to cover it with moist clay, which was moulded into the features; then to light a fire on the top and bake the clay thoroughly; then to cover the grave with earth and stones in the form of a conical mound. Many of these ancient graves have been lately uncovered, and the complete mould of the dead Indians features have in some cases been preserved. But the Cherokees buried also in boxes placed on the surface of the ground, or they would dig a hole under the floor of the house and place the dead there, and then desert the house.

No grammar or dictionary has ever been published of the Cherokee language. A few grammatical forms were published some years ago in *The Cherokee Messenger*, now out of print. A Cherokee New Testament has been printed by the American Bible Society, New York, price 50 cents. Also a hymn-book, pictorial book, and catechism. Some of these Cherokee publications are printed in Roman characters, others in the Cherokee alphabet. The Cherokee alphabet was invented in the year 1820, by a young Indian named "Sequoyah," or George Guess. He was a clever fellow, and noticing how the white people could talk to each other by means of marks or signs on paper, conceived the idea of introducing the same system among the Cherokees. His first plan was to invent signs for words, but this he found was too cumbrous and laborious, and he soon contrived the plan of an alphabet which should represent sounds, each character standing for a syllable. He persevered in carrying out his intention, and attained his object by forming eighty-six characters.

In 1823, the general Council of the Cherokees bestowed on George Guess a silver medal in recognition of his services.

It is said that a clever boy can learn to read in a single day with the Cherokee alphabet.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

As in most Indian languages, there is a distinction made between animate and inanimate objects. This distinction is in Cherokee particularly noticeable in the verb.

There are nouns which are used separately, and other forms of the same noun, which can be used only in composition.

The personal pronouns when used with the verb are incorporated in the verb as prefixes or suffixes.

There are three ways of using the first person plural of the verb. (1) A dual form, *i ni hne ga*, you and I speak; (2) a dual form, *o sti hne ga*, he and I speak; (3) a general first person plural, *i di hne ga*, we speak.

The verb often shews the character of the article spoken of. Thus:—

skā si, give it to me (something solid—*e.g.*, a stone).
skidi' si, " (something long and rigid—*e.g.*, a knife).
skinā āsi " (something flexible—*e.g.*, a blanket).
skiné hāsi " (something liquid—*e.g.*, some water).

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father; *e*, *ē*, as in they, m'et; *i*, *ī*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ō*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ā*, *ū*, as in but; *ai* as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in jamais (Fr.), pleasure; *ā*, as in law; *h*, as German *ich*.

man, <i>yā w'i</i> , a <i>ska yā</i> .	we walk (he and I), <i>awstega</i> .
woman, a <i>ge yā'</i> .	they walk, <i>anéga</i> .
boy, a <i>tçu tca</i> .	I see him, <i>tsigo wa ti'ha</i> .
house, <i>kāl tso de'</i> .	thou seest him, <i>higo wa ti'ha</i> .
boat, <i>tsi yu</i> .	he sees him, <i>ago wat'ha</i> .
river, <i>egwā ni</i> .	he sees it, <i>ago wati'ha</i> .
water, a <i>mā'</i> .	if I see him, <i>yit si go ān</i> .
fire, a <i>tsi' la</i> .	thou seest me, <i>skigo wati'ha</i> .
tree, <i>tlu ga' i</i> .	I see thee, <i>kago wat'ha</i> .
horse, <i>sāgwilli</i> .	he sees me, <i>agigo wati'ha</i> .
dog, <i>ki hli</i> .	I see myself, <i>agwasakatago-</i>
fish, a <i>tsa di'</i> .	<i>wati'ha</i> .
town, <i>kadu ha'i</i> .	we see each other, <i>denada-</i>
kettle, <i>tsu la's ki</i> .	<i>gowati'ha</i> .
knife, <i>ha ye la sti</i> .	do you see him? <i>higo wa</i>
tobacco, <i>tso' lā</i> .	<i>ti ha tsu?</i>
day, <i>i' ga</i> .	he is asleep, <i>kah li ha</i> .
night, <i>sa nō' yī</i> .	is he asleep? <i>kah li ha tsu</i> .

yes, ä ä.
 no, tla.
 I, a yä'
 thou, nihi'.
 he, na ski.
 my father, eto'da.
 it is good, a w stün.
 red, ki gä gë.
 white, uné gä.
 black, küh nä ge.
 one, sa kwù.
 two, ta li.
 three, tso i.
 four, no gi.
 five, hi ski.
 six, sudali
 seven, gül gwo' gi.
 eight, tsu ne'la.
 nine, so ne la.
 ten, a skö hi.
 twenty, talla sko'hi.
 hundred, skoh tsu kwi.
 come here, e he'na.
 be quick, kle kiyu.
 to-day, ko'he i'ga.
 to-morrow, sunàle.
 good morning, sin'ale (reply: osiyu).
 Indian, oyä wi yà i
 Call themselves, tsa ra ghi.
 my hand, akwo yéni.
 your hand, tso yéni.
 John's hand, John uwoyéni.
 my knife, hai e'lusti akwat-séli.
 I walk, Ke'ga.
 thou walkest, he'ga.
 he walks, èga
 we walk (you and I), inega.

axe, ga lu ya sti.
 little axe galu yasti usti.
 bad axe, galu yasti huya'wi.
 big axe, galu yasti e'kwa.
 big tree, e'kwa kluka'i.
 black kettle, kuhnake tsu la'ski.
 money, ate'la.
 bird, tsi skwa.
 snake, i nä tã'.
 don't be afraid, klesti yiska'hi hesdi.
 give it to me, skasi (solid only).
 I am hungry, agiyo'siha.
 are you sick? ts'klängã tsu.
 he is very sick, ùtsata uk-längã'.
 it is cold, uh yä klã.
 the, na ski.
 I sleep, tsi li ha.
 I slept, agi hlo no gi.
 I shall sleep, da tsi lo ni.
 we sleep (excl.), o tsi kli na.
 we sleep (incl.), i di klina.
 two men, anitali aniskaya'.
 he sleeps not, tlayi ga lina.
 do not sleep, tlesti tsa lãnägi.
 it is not cold, tla yä yho dla.
 he is a man, askaya i ginaski.
 it is a house, so kwi li i gi na ski.
 God, U ne hla no hi.
 devil, a ski na.
 heaven, tso sä i.
 white man, yä wunega.
 four knives, nä ki hai e'lasti.
 three dogs, anitzo i kih li.

did John see the horse? so kwi li tsu u go he tsa ni?
 I will see you to-morrow, su na le da gä go i.
 what is your name? ga do de tsa do a?
 where are you going? ha tlã whi ga ti.
 I do not see you, tla yi gä go wa ti ha.
 John saw a big canoe, tsi yu e kwa u go ho gi tsa ni.
 I shall not go if I see him, yi tsi go a tla yä ga ge na.
 if he goes he will see you, yu we no da tsa go hi.

The following books have been referred to in the above account of the Cherokee Indians:—The Bureau

of Ethnology Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); The Morning Star (Carlisle); Catlin; Harper's Magazine, March, 1888; Study of Mortuary Customs of N.A. Indians (Dr. Yarrow); The Century of Dishonor; Cherokee hymn-book. Special thanks also are due to Rev. A. N. Chamberlain, Vinita, Indian Territory, for further particulars sent in answer to Question Pamphlet.

Are They an Antedeluvian Race?

A LEGEND.

WHEN the Great Spirit made man, He made them male and female, and he placed them in a country having "a great river," with four heads or branches. On the east of this country was the wide ocean.

The first man and woman had three sons. The eldest son was a white man. He killed his brother, and then went away to the east. The third son remained with his parents, and his children and descendants were good.

After a time, when the inhabitants of the world had increased to many thousands, they nearly all became wicked. The white man in the east taught them to be wicked. The Great Spirit sent a great flood to punish them for their wickedness. There was only one family at that time who continued to obey the Great Spirit; it consisted of an old man and his wife, and their four sons. The eldest of these four sons had married a near relation, the two next ones married white women from the east, the youngest was unmarried. The old man and his sons set to work and built a very large boat, and called within it animals of every kind. The flood increased, and floated the large boat. The old man and his wife, and his three eldest sons and their wives, embarked in the boat with all the animals that were already on board. A strong west wind blew and drifted them away over the ocean eastward, and they were never seen again by those who saw them depart.

The youngest son, at the bidding of his father, made his journey westward to a high mountain ridge, which ran northward and southward. On his way he took to himself a wife—one of his near relatives. All the rest of the people remained in the low country of the east, or sought refuge in the low eastern hills, and so they were all drowned. All the descendants of the wicked white man were drowned, except the two white women who had gone away in the great boat.

After a time the flood subsided. Then the young

brother, who was safe on the top of the high mountain ridge, with his wife, came down and dwelt in the plain. Children were born to them; they became a great people, and gradually spread themselves over the country to the north and to the south. They knew not how to read or write, but they always preserved the tradition of the great flood and of the building of the great boat which went away to the east. They were a people of wandering habits, and sometimes a family would become separated from the rest of the tribe, while on a hunting excursion, and become lost in the mazes of the great forest. It happened in some cases when the family was lost, that the father and mother died of disease while the children were yet young; the children had then to care for themselves; knowing only the elements of their mother tongue, they invented new words and a new system of speech; thus the language became changed, so that, when after the lapse of time, they chanced to fall in with other beings of their own race, they were no longer able to converse with them. The language of the country thus became diverse, and yet showed evidences of having sprung originally from a common stock, and also some slight connection with the old language of their ancestors, which was spoken before the flood came.

The great boat crossed the mighty ocean, and when the flood subsided it was stranded on the summit of a high mountain. Of those who had thus escaped alive, the elder brother, who had married his near relative, had good children, who

the south country, and their skin became black and their faces ugly. Those people who had escaped from the flood learned the arts of writing and reading, and became very ingenious and wise, especially those who had the white blood in their veins, but with all their ingenuity and wisdom was mingled wickedness. They always preserved the tradition of the great flood and of the boat which their great ancestor had made, and they believed that there was another world across the great ocean in the west.

The Visit to Montreal.

WE give herewith an engraved copy of the photograph which was taken in Ottawa in the fall of 1887, when thirty of our Indian pupils from the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, joined the great jubilee demonstration in Montreal,



MONTREAL GROUP.

served the Great Spirit and obeyed His laws. The other brothers, who had married white women, had children who were bad. These children set to work to build a tower whose top might reach unto heaven, in which they thought to protect themselves against another flood. The Great Spirit was angry at this. He destroyed their tower, and scattered them abroad over the face of the country, and made their language entirely diverse one from the other; and the children of the younger brother, who had been forelost in building the tower, were sent to

and also visited Ottawa, Kingston and Carleton Place. Some of the faces, doubtless, will be recognized by those kind friends who so hospitably entertained the children at their houses. Beginning with the back row, the first tall figure on the left is Appikoka, the Black-foot boy, who was one year at the Shingwauk, and is now back among his people and married. Next is David Minominee, now teaching an Indian school, with twenty-six scholars, at Henvey's Inlet. Next is Charles Gilbert, from LacSeul, Manitoba, who has been three years at the Shingwauk, and has become a

good blacksmith. Next is Harriet Causley, who left us last summer. Next is John Maggrah, now junior teacher at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn. Next is Wasi (Yellow Pine), a Sioux boy, from Manitoba; he left last summer. Next is Matthew Sampson, an Ottawa boy, from Manitoulin Island, he is learning shoemaking and making rapid progress. Next is Albert Sahgij, studying to be a school teacher. Next is Etukitsin, the other Blackfoot boy, who was taken ill with consumption, and died at the Shingwauk Home the day after his baptism. Below Etukitsin is Smart Altman, Ojebway, from Walpole Island, learning boot-making. Next to him, towards the left, are three boys, one under the other. The one just under A. Sahgij is Peter Negaunewenah, a clever little Ottawa boy, who has made progress at school. Just below him is Peter Oshkaboos, Ojebway, from Serpent River, who has been absent lately on account of sickness. Below Peter is merry-faced Willie—Willie Adams, Ojebway, from Sarnia, who is learning weaving. Lying down in front of Willie is Sylvester Kezhig, Ojebway, from Cape Croker, learning tailoring. Above Sylvester's head appear a girl, a boy, and two girls' heads. The girl is Marion Beesaw, from Serpent River, now at Elkhorn school. The boy above her is Elijah Crow, a Sioux, from Manitoba, and the two girls' faces above Elijah are Louisa Tousseneau, Ojebway, and Fanny Jacobs, Pottawatami. The central figure is Mr. Wilson, with his daughter, Winifred, on his left, and his hand on Gracie Jacob's shoulder. On Mr. Wilson's right are Frank Maggrah, close to his head, and Philamine Sampson, (both Ottawas from Manitoulin Island), at his elbow. Below Philamine are Dora Jacobs, a little Delaware girl, and Joseph Loney, a Pottawatomi, lying with a wheel in front of him; the wheel is a specimen of Wasis' work as wheelwright, and Sylvester holds a chain and hook, made by Gilbert, the blacksmith. Next to Joseph Loney, lying down, is William Riley, a carpenter boy, holding a picture stand which he has made. Above him is Thomas Cromarty, the boy who is always laughing, who is now at the Elkhorn school. Between Cromarty and Philamine nestles another little Delaware girl, Lily Anthony. Above Lily is Mary Peters, who went to service in Kingston, but has since died. Above Cromarty is little Aleck Beesaw, brother to Marion; and above Aleck is James Sharpe, from Manitoba. This boy has been three years at the Shingwauk, and is now learning telegraphing.

The block from which the engraving is printed has

been very kindly loaned by the Secretaries of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

Copies of the original photograph are for sale at the Shingwauk Home— $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches—price 50 cents. One of these photographs will be sent free to anyone enclosing us \$3, with the names and addresses of six new subscribers.

MY WIFE AND I.

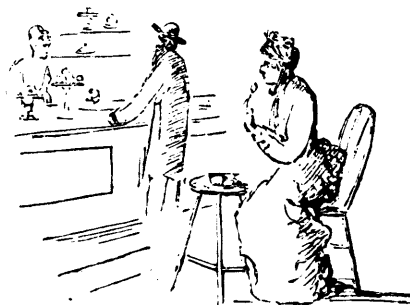
A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

CANADA is a quiet place; the United States is not very quiet. In fact, the United States is rather a noisy place, and especially so in its towns and cities.

My wife and myself were awaiting our train. The hour was 10 p. m.; the location was Watertown, in the State of New York. I was standing at the luncheon

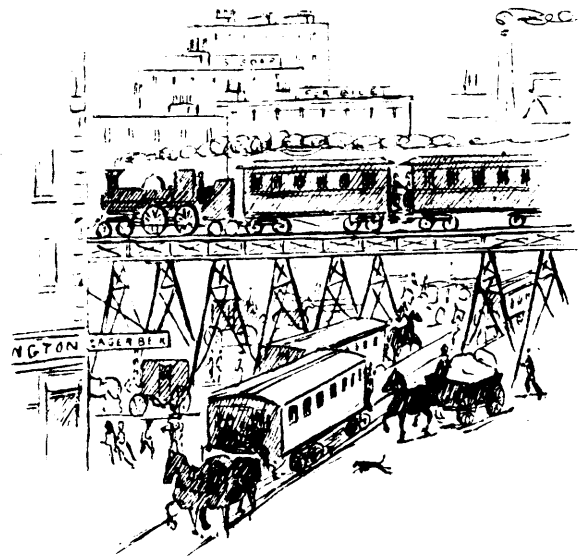


bar in the station, drinking coffee and eating bread and butter and pie. My wife was sitting on a chair, with a stool for a table, drinking tea and eating bread and butter and a dough-nut. The station platform without was not unoccupied—rather, it was very much occupied; it was also somewhat unquiet, and it was considerably lighted. There were young men and boys, in blue coats, with red pants, and three-cornered hats; and there were young men in silver coats, and blue pants and helmets; and there were young men in long, grey coats, with high, white hats, and black hat bands; and there were other young men and boys, in coats of other patterns, and in hats of other shapes, and in pants of highly diversified colors. They were probably several thousands in number, and they all tramped through the station; and they all carried flaring torches; and there was considerable music—brass bands and fife bands—and a great many drums; and there were several thousand on-lookers also in the station; and trains and single engines went screeching by every few minutes. We did not trouble to ask what it was about, as we under-

stood it was the custom to have processions of this kind every night or so. We saw on the banners something about "Trades Unions," and "American rights to do as they pleased." It was, no doubt, all very nice and proper, except that a good many people seemed somewhat the worse for liquor, and when the train came in, it was a little difficult to get to it.

I had thoughts that my wife would like a lower berth in the Pullman sleeping car for the night, and had telegraphed to that effect, so as to be sure of securing one, but, on the train arriving, I was grieved to find that no lower berth had been reserved for us—so the choice lay between taking an upper berth or sitting up all night. A ladder was brought, and a black man assisted me in hoisting my wife to an upper berth.

We reached New York at a quarter to seven on the morning of Friday. We sent our baggage by express waggon to the Pennsylvania R. R. depot, at the foot of Cortland street, and then proceeded, leisurely, to take the elevated railway to the same place. New York is



NOISY NEW YORK.

a noisy place. Just as much noise as it is possible to make is made in New York. All the streets of New York are paved with a stone of a particularly noisy character, and the stones are cut in a particular way, so as to make as much noise as possible. Overhead are the elevated railways, all made of iron trestle-work, so arranged that it will give out as much sound as possible. Little, short trains go swishing and rattling along over the trestles, about three in every minute or so one way, and three in every minute or so the other

way. Beneath the elevated railroad are the street cars. These are drawn by horses, shod with heavy shoes made of iron of a particularly clanging character. The street cars are arranged to follow each other so that the noses of one pair of horses shall be within two yards or so of the rear of the preceding car. There is excellent system, but great noise. The people delight in noise; it is only people who come from Algoma and other quiet places who find it a little too noisy.

At length we alighted at the Cortland street station, and we engaged a very un-American-looking boy, probably a recent importation from the Old Country, to convey our travelling-bag to the depot, and to act as our guide. That boy was not satisfactory. He evidently knew about as little and as much of New York as we did. After depositing our baggage, and getting it all re-checked for Philadelphia, we went back into the city to look about and see things. We got on to a yellow car in Broadway. Broadway is not very broad. It has a considerable number of shop signs all along, and some banners stretched across. There are no 'busses, but the street cars swarm. The policemen are all tall and fat, and wear blue coats. We lunched with the Rev. Dr. Wilson, who is associated with the Rev. W. B. Rainsford, in the work of reclaiming outcasts from the slums of the great city. They have an immense building—"Clergy House," they call it—attached to St. George's Church, which was built by a wealthy parishioner, at a cost of \$250,000. It consists of class-rooms, lecture-rooms, a gymnasium, and well-furnished apartments for the clergy on the upper flat. Happily, there is an elevator to go up by, as the building is six storeys high.

CHAPTER III.—INDIAN SCHOOLS.

From New York we went, on the same afternoon, to Philadelphia, and arrived at that city at 5.30 p. m., amid drenching rain. We took a cab to the Lincoln Institution, on the corner of Eleventh and Pine streets. Mr. Hughes, the superintendent, met us at the door and welcomed us in, and a number of the Indian girls were peeping around the corners at the new visitors. This institution has accommodation for 100 Indian girls, and there is another one for 100 Indian boys, called the Educational Home, about three miles off in another part of the city. Our bedroom was near the girls' dormitories, and, while unpacking our things, we could hear the quaint talk going on—just the way the girls talk to each other, in imperfect English, at our Wawanosh Home. Soon an Indian girl tapped at our

door, and told us that tea was ready; so, following our guide, we threaded our way through the rather narrow passages and down the stair-cases till we arrived in the teachers' dining-room. The regular supper was already over, but a nice little meal had been prepared for us, consisting of stewed oysters, raw oysters, nice bread and butter, and preserved quince. Miss Whitmore, the house-mother, presided at the table, and a half-breed woman and an Indian girl waited on us. At 7 o'clock we went into the assembly-room for prayers. The school is under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the prayers used were nearly the same as our own. A young lady presided at the piano, several hymns were sung, and I, being requested to do so, conducted the prayers; after which I was asked to address the children. My heart always warms towards Indian children, and it was a pleasure to me to address those Indian girls, and tell them about our Institutions at Sault Ste. Marie, and I read to them a letter which my Wawanosh girls had written for me to read to the pupils of any Indian school I visited. After finishing the Wawanosh letter, I said that I had another one from our Indian boys; but, as this was a girls' school, perhaps it would not be quite correct for me to read it. However, there arose a general demand for it on the part of both teachers and pupils, so I drew it out of my pocket and read as follows:

To our Unknown Brothers and Sisters:

DEAR RELATIONS—We are very glad to have a chance to send this letter to you. We are all very happy at this Institution, and hoping that you are as happy at your studies as we are. Our Shingwauk Home is beautifully situated on the banks of the River St. Mary, about two miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. The Indian boys are taught in different trades, such as blacksmiths, farmers, bootmakers, carpenters, waggonmakers, &c. We study arithmetic, geography, English grammar, history of England, and so on. We like, also, to know the Bible, which tells us the way of our salvation. We hope you will never give up your studies. Whenever you want to do anything look up to God, and he will help you. In all that you do, do it unto the Lord. We boys and girls are all having a holiday to-day. They are keeping Mr. Wilson's birthday. He will be away on his real birthday, so we are keeping it to-day. The number of the boys at the Shingwauk is 50, and the Wawanosh girls are 22. Mr. Wilson is very kind to us, and gives us all that we want. I hope, by God's grace, that we Indians may rise to a great nation. Good-bye to you all.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

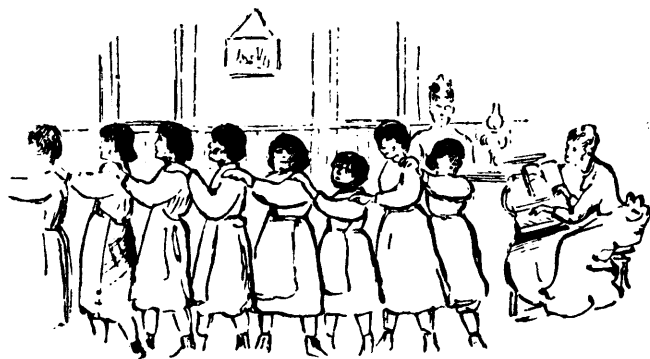
ALBERT SAHGUJ.

JOSEPH SONEY.

JOSEPH SAMPSON.

For the rest of the school.

After this I shewed the girls my sketches and photographs, and explained to them the large map which I had brought with me. It was now past eight, and



INDIAN GIRLS GOING TO BED.

time for them to be dismissed. They all passed out of the room in excellent order, each little band headed by its captain, and each girl with her right hand resting on the shoulder of the girl in front of her. They kept their line well, and marched to a lively tune called "Silvery Waves," which one of the teachers played on the piano. Most of them smiled and said good-night to us as they passed.

Next morning we again saw all the girls assembled for prayers; and after prayers they were called off in squads for their morning's work, before school commenced. One squad went to the laundry, another to the kitchen, another to sewing, another to scrubbing and sweeping, and one little batch of small girls to peeling potatoes. And now I had business to attend to. These girls belonged to a number of different tribes; some were Dakotas, some Oneidas, some Wichitas, some Winnebagoes, &c. I wanted to get words and sentences from some of these girls in their various different dialects. I had already drawn up a comparative vocabulary of some forty or so different Indian languages, and, in the course of my travels, I wanted to be gradually adding to my stock. The authorities at Lincoln kindly offered me every facility, and three or four girls, speaking different languages, were detailed to attend on me, and to give me all the information that they could. And so, for a couple of hours or so, I was hard at work taking down various words and phrases in their different tongues. Then it was time for us to leave. We had plenty of helpers in getting our baggage down stairs; hands were shaken with the teachers, and with as many of the girls as we could get near to us, and we were off again once more on our travels.

* * * *

Our next destination was Carlisle, in Pennsylvania.

We reached Carlisle at 4.20 p. m., Saturday, and drove out at once to the Indian School.

There is a species of vehicle met with in Pennsylvania, called a "Herdic." The name "Herdic," like that of many Indian tribes, is probably of unknown origin. It is a vehicle, sometimes with two wheels, sometimes with four; it has sometimes the shape of a small omnibus, sometimes that of a coupé. It may



A SHAKY VEHICLE.

hold four persons in it, or it may hold eight or ten. The principal characteristic seems to be that it is low; it requires no climbing to get into it, the seats are only a little above the axle-tree, and the feet of the passengers not far from the

roadway. There are also windows all round, and a cash box to put the fare into. Some of these Herdics go steadily enough, others shake and sway terribly. It was in one of these latter that we found ourselves on the road between Carlisle station and Carlisle Indian school. We did not keep our seats long. My wife was nowhere, anywhere and everywhere; the bags and bundles were first on one side of the vehicle, then on the other; first one side up, then the reverse, and were in constant danger of falling out of the door at the back, which was only imperfectly held to by a strap communicating with the driver. We were by no means ill pleased when at length this terrific jolting came to an end, and our vehicle drew up at the office door of the Carlisle school.

We heard the captain's voice within, and in another minute he appeared at the doorway and extended us a warm welcome. Captain Pratt is a tall, powerful-looking man, about fifty years of age, stooping a little, as though he were accustomed to pass through doorways a little too low for him, wearing a black sack

coat on his back, and a kindly smile on his face; he won our affection at once, and we soon became fast friends.

The captain led us to his house, which was only a few steps distant, and introduced us to his wife. She received us most hospitably, and we were soon feeling quite at home in their spacious and comfortably furnished house.

There is plenty of room in America. People are not cramped for want of space. The bedroom into which we were ushered shortly after our arrival, was one of this kind. It took quite a time to walk across it; it had three doors leading out in three different directions, and four large windows. It was heated by steam.

The drawing-room was a room of about the same size, and was interesting on account of the Indian pictures, curiosities and ornaments which adorned it on every side. Parts of the carpet were covered with handsome Navajo blankets, of bright colors, and clear, sharp patterns. On the mantel-piece and over the bookcases were specimens of Pueblo pottery, large, white clay jars of globular shape, standing fifteen or eighteen inches high, and covered with curious Indian devices in red and black paint. On one wall was a large collection of curious Indian weapons and articles of bead-work, forming quite a trophy, and from the corner of a bookcase hung suspended a splendid Sioux head-dress, consisting of a crown of eagle feathers, and eagle feathers pendant from a long strap, which extended from the back of the head to the heels. The captain put this head-dress on to show us how it looked. The Americans are great on rocking-chairs—there were three rocking-chairs proper in the drawing-room, and one rocker which worked without moving its feet. One would have to go a long way to find a more genial host and hostess than are Captain and Mrs. Pratt.

"We are having dinner rather early to-day," said the captain, "as the pupils are to meet in the assembly room at 7 p. m., for their monthly entertainment. It was to have been last night, but we put it off till to-night, thinking you would like to be present."

We were glad of this; and, a little after seven, in company with some other visitors, we entered the assembly room. It was a large, well-lighted room about 50 feet wide by 70 feet long. At one end was a spacious platform, and to the right of the platform were the members of the choir, some 30 or 40 in number, and a piano; on the other side were seats for visitors.

The pupils, Indian boys and girls, ranging in age from 10 to 20, and upwards of 400 in number, filled the body of the building. There are nearly 600 pupils now belonging to the school, but a number of these are out on the school farm, which is some distance off, and about 150 have been placed out temporarily as apprentices with white people.

The evening's entertainment consisted in songs, readings, recitations, speeches, &c., all by the Indian pupils,—and was very creditably conducted. One young Indian gave us a temperance lecture, another took for his subject "Try, try again." Five or six little children, some of whom were white, sung an infant song, keeping time with their hands and feet. One of these was a little Apache, not long from the camp, and only about 6 years old. The little fellow was quite on his dignity and kept feeling his little stick-up collar and arranging his white cuffs. The prettiest thing of all was a something by a number of little Indian girls in dark blue dresses, white collars, and red sashes, who went through a number of evolutions threading in and out among each other to the time of the music; they each had a sort of baton with a red tuft at each end, in each hand, and sometimes they rattled their battons together; sometimes they seemed to aim them at the assembled audience; sometimes they pressed them to their breasts and put one foot forward, and leaned back, and turned up the whites of their eyes. It was all very pretty, and they were encored and had to do it again.

Then when the children's part was all over, the great, tall, towering form of the captain appeared on the platform. We expected to hear him speak in a big voice, but he didn't; he spoke rather low, but very clearly, and everybody listened while he was speaking. Then my turn came to speak, and I said a few words and read the two letters I had brought with me from the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Home.

Next day was Sunday. We had purposely planned to pass a Sunday at the Carlisle School. The Carlisle school is undenominational. On Sunday morning those pupils who have been baptised and joined some Christian body, are allowed to attend whatever church they have been received into; they are detailed off into squads, and, accompanied by an Indian serjeant or corporal, go to their own place of worship. In the afternoon is Sunday school, and preaching in the assembly room, and in the evening, a service of prayer or praise, generally led by the Captain himself. The Captain and Mrs. Pratt are Presbyterians.

At 10.30, the school herdic, with two horses (not the

one we arrived in) was driven up to the door, and ourselves and several of the teachers took seats in it and were driven to the Episcopal Church. Quite a number of the Indian boys were present in their blue United States uniforms, and several of them remained with us for Holy Communion. In the afternoon, the Captain asked me to assist the Rev. Mr. Rittenhouse, Congregational minister, in conducting service at the school. It consisted in hymns, prayers, and a missionary address by myself, in which I told the pupils something of the early history of our Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and shewed how the work had from the first been carried on, by a simple dependence upon God. In the evening, I thought I would like a walk to the Episcopal church again, and, the night being dark and the church some distance off, I asked the Captain to allow two of his boys to go with me to shew me the way. As I was given the choice, I selected two little fellows twelve or thirteen years old, their homes a very wide distance apart—Saisena Nora, a Pueblo boy, from Laguna, New Mexico, and Henry Philip, a Thlinkit, from far Alaska. It was very interesting to hear the talk of these two bright, intelligent little fellows; they both told me about their homes, and the way in which their people lived.

* * * * *

I had come to Carlisle for business. The business began at nine o'clock on Monday Morning. It happened in the office of Mr. Cambell, the disciplinarian. (Disciplinarian, it should be explained, is an American term, meaning one who drills pupils, sees after their clothing, boots, bathing, &c., and occasionally whips them). I took my seat at the desk, a scribbling book be-



GETTING INDIAN WORDS.

fore me, a pencil with a morsel of india rubber at the other end in my right hand. On my right, close to me, sat a young Comanche Indian.—A Comanche

Indian, clothed in United States uniform, in his

right mind. For twenty-two minutes did I ply that Comanche Indian with questions, asking him to give me the Comanche rendering of a long string of words and sentences. "What is the word for man?" "Say it again please." "Does that mean a white man or an Indian, or simply man?" "Oh, that's it, is it?" "Say it again, please."—"Te-né-pa." "Do I say it right?" "Say it once more;" "thank you." "Now, woman."

As soon as the Comanche is finished, the Disciplinary sends him to his work, and a Cheyenne Indian takes his place at my side. And after the Cheyenne, a Kiowa; and after the Kiowa, an Omaha; and after the Omaha, an Onondago. Seven languages are taken down now before lunch, and ten more in the afternoon. There were more taken down in the afternoon for the reason that some of the pupils had a somewhat imperfect knowledge of their own language. Carlisle had done its work, and had in some instances succeeded in driving the native tongue almost entirely out of the Indian head in the course of 4 or 5 years. One pupil only knew one word in his own tongue and that was "yes" which he said was "ya;" he did not know what "no" was, and I found out afterwards that his rendering of "yes" was incorrect.

I must now give a brief description of the Carlisle buildings and grounds:—

The present buildings consist, first of all, of a band-stand. I mention the band-stand first because the band-stand stands in the centre of the grounds. It also emits considerable sound when the fifteen performers on brass instruments, and the big drum and the kettle drum are present. When the band is absent, the band-stand is mostly occupied by a little girl with a broom; the little girl sweeps out the dead leaves, while a number of other little girls look on and laugh and joke. No little boys are allowed on the band-stand. The band-stand is also the headquarters of the editor of the little weekly paper called the *Indian Helper*. The *Indian Helper* is edited by "the man on the band-stand." And "the man on the band-stand" is supposed to be surveying from his elevated position everything that takes place at Carlisle, both indoors and out. Correspondents to the *Indian Helper* begin their letters "Dear man on the band-stand." The "man on the band-stand" sometimes complains that he has not been invited to some girls' entertainment or teachers' social, and the girls and teachers wonder, however, "the man on the band-stand" found out that they had an entertainment or social. But there are other buildings in the school grounds besides the band-stand. Captain Pratt's house

is on one side; it has two immense, perfectly round, yellow stones on either side of the entrance, brought all the way from Cannon ball canon, somewhere up in Dakota. On the same side of the quadrangle, are the other officers' houses, the little boys' quarters, the chapel, and the hospital. On another side are the girls' quarters, the gymnasium, and the large (they are now called *big*) boys' quarters, and back of them the workshops. On the other side, opposite to the Captain's house, are the dining hall for 600 pupils, with sewing room overhead, and kitchens and laundry at back—also the bakery and printing office; and on the remaining side, are the accountants' offices, the post office, and the teachers' quarters; and back of them the immense new school building, which is not yet completed. School is at present held in the gymnasium, chapel and recreation rooms. The new school will have 14 immense class-rooms, and an enormous assembly room in which to hold meetings. The oldest pupil at present at Carlisle is an Arapaho chief, about sixty-five years of age, who got left, and the youngest is an Apache baby, seven months old, born on the premises. Baby's father died of consumption, her mother (she is a girl) still lives and wheels her about in a light basket-work perambulator. The prettiest thing around Carlisle is an Apache baby.

Tuesday morning I was busy again collecting Indian words, and got a good stock—about twenty-five languages altogether. At 11 o'clock I went with the Captain through the various class-rooms and workshops, and at 2 p.m. we had to start once more upon our travels.

CHAPTER IV—WASHINGTON.

From Carlisle we went to Washington, and put up at a very comfortable, moderate-priced hotel called the 'Temple Café.' The Temple Café has advantages. It is a clean, well kept boarding house, patronized by respectable people; it is situated in a central part of the city, and it is cheap. For these various reasons, myself, wife, and belongings found ourselves at the Temple Café, number something, Ninth street, close to F. street, close also to the Patent office, and only five minutes walk from the Indian Bureau, on the evening of Tuesday, October 30th. The Temple Café has two departments; they are separated by a door with two steps; on one side of this door is the restaurant. A young lady sits at a desk receiving the very moderate sum of twenty-five cents for every full meal, and fifteen cents for every lunch. The room has two long rows of

dining tables with white cloths and chairs for four; colored men stand behind the chairs and wait on the guests. A superior colored man, in black swallow-tail coat and white shirt front, receives the guests and conducts them to their seats. On the other side of the door already mentioned, is the other department. Within this door is a staircase leading up to several suites of rooms—sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, well furnished and comfortable, and let for from \$1 to \$1.50 each, per day.

(To be continued.)

Elkhorn Echoes.

WASHAKADA is the name of the Girls' Home at Elkhorn; KAOSOSTA is the name of the Boys' Home.

ALL the buildings will be completed about the first week in July.

MISS ROBINSON, the lady superintendent, was married May 21st, and has left.

MRS. VIDAL is the present lady superintendent and teacher, assisted by her daughter, Miss Vidal.

MR. MCKENZIE is still superintendent.

MR. WILSON expects to visit Elkhorn about July 10.

THE Bishop of Rupert's Land will, if possible, be present to open the new buildings.

MR. MCKENZIE writes from Elkhorn. (See letter).

Shingwauk Chips.

SHINGWAUK is an Ojibway word, meaning pine tree.

CHIEF SHINGWAUK is still living at Garden River, and is now 90 years of age. He was a boy of 12 at the time of the war in 1812.

THE Shingwauk holidays are from June 28th to August 19th.

THE Government grants are secure—\$2,500 for buildings, and \$2,200 towards maintenance. This will allow of employing an assistant superintendent and support for about twenty additional pupils.

THE following buildings are in course of erection: New workshops, new factory, cottage for foreman of factory, also a band-stand on the open space in front of the Home.

MR. J. W. MADDEN, of Thamesville, has been engaged as foreman of factory and carpenter.

A BASE BALL club has been formed at the Shingwauk Home; it is to be known as the "Buckskin Club."

THE Shingwauk brass band plays in front of the institution every Thursday afternoon at 3.30, during which time the boys have half an hour recess.

WAWANOSH. (See letter).

FRANCIS had prepared his piece to repeat at the Friday meeting of the O. U. C., and came up to the platform with beaming face, evidently expecting to make a sensation. With laughter in his eyes and on his lips, he began: "There's a good time coming, boys." Something about his very joyous tone and expression made us all laugh, and when some naughty little Indian boy in the rear seats suggested aloud, "He tell lie that one," we all went off into roars of laughter, and poor Francis and his piece suffered a complete collapse.

IT is expected that Chief Joseph B. Brant, of the Tyendingaga Reserve, will be present at the summer's prize, giving at the Shingwauk Home.

IT was a very hot morning, the school room was unusually close, and little Tommy fainted. At recess some of the boys at school were telling the workers outside of the event—"Tommy, he faint, he fall down, and Mr. McCallum, he catch him; by and by, he come to life, *just like Lazarus.*"

To our Subscribers: If your copy of O. F. C. fails to reach you about the first of the month, please send post-card to John Rutherford, printer, Owen Sound. Any mistakes of this kind can be rectified more quickly in this way than by writing to Mr. Wilson.

Indian School Scraps.

REV. MR. BRICK, of Peace River, is trying to start a Mission School for his Indian children. "Like the sons of the prophet," he says, "we intend to go up the Jordon (the Peace) and get out the timber for our school buildings. Our plan will be to give our day school scholars a free dinner, and to take the entire charge of orphans. Miss L. A. Dixon, 29 Wilton Crescent, Toronto, will be glad to receive contributions towards Mr. Brick's Mission.

MR. BURMAN'S school, north of Winnipeg, is now in process of erection.

THE Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D., of Boston, has been appointed Indian School Superintendent, under the United States Government. He is said to be a man of earnestness and ability, and famous as an educator and a writer.


ALASKA proper is without roads, horses, or steam-boats. Very few of its native population have seen a horse. Not long since some donkeys were imported for mining purposes, and one of the boys of the Sitka Industrial School, on seeing them, asked if they were "Boston rabbits."

THERE are two Alaska boys at the Carlisle School, Pennsylvania.

VERY excellent printing is done by the Indian boys at the Santee Agency School, Nebraska. Their little paper, published every month, is called *The Word Carrier*.

THE Cherokees have opened their new Female Seminary, at Tahlequah, Indian Territory. It is an imposing brick building with accommodation for 150 boarders, and built entirely out of their own funds.

More Help! More Help!

UR friends in Canada and in England seem scarcely yet to have realized how greatly our work has increased within the last twelve months. Instead of a Shingwauk and Wawanosh Home, with sixty-five or seventy pupils between them, we have now facilities for receiving sixty-four boys at the Shingwauk Home, twenty-six girls at the Wawanosh and about seventy pupils at the Washaka Home, Elkhorn, 160 PUPILS ALTOGETHER; and, if only funds are sufficient, there is no reason why we may not have that number of pupils under our care before next winter sets in. But the work cannot go on without funds to support it. Just at the present the collective Maintenance Fund of the Home shows a deficit of \$1,094. Government helps us very materially, but by no means undertakes the entire support of our institutions. For the Homes at Elkhorn we require at least \$2,000 per annum, over and above the government grant, and all that we have at present is \$200 per annum from the Women's Auxiliary, Montreal, and the support of four pupils by Sunday schools. Surely there must be many more Sunday schools throughout Canada that might undertake the support of an Indian pupil, and would feel much interest in doing so, if only the clergyman of the parish would propose it to the superintendent and teachers.

On Tidiness and Punctuality.

William Soney—aged 11; 2d class, says: "The white man he is a very tidiness, and he is a very smart; he will not like to see something untidiness. But the Indians are not so smart as the white man, and is not so tidy. The white man he will clean it his own house, but the Indians, I never saw him not much to clean it. I always saw the Indians to hunting and fishing, but he will not make it tidiness in his own house."

Elijah Crow—aged 10; 2d class, says: "We ought to be tidiness while we are boys, and when we are men to be tidy as can be, that is, we are not to throw away our things. We are to keep them until is very old, and it cannot be used any more; but we ought not to burnt them in the fire or throw them away into bush where it cannot be seen. And anything we want to do we ought to do it at once and not to be late, and we ought not to be late in the roll call, and we must not get late at school."

Charlie Baker—aged 11; 2d class, says: "When the boys get new clothes they will throw their old clothes about and leave them until they are rotten, and when they are rotten they are very disgrace to Institution. And many boys leave their things about, and Mr. Dowler gaders them, and if a boy gets 4 marks he has to work on Saturday afternoon."

Abram—aged 16; 3d class: "Many people at present day are untidy because they were not brought up to be tidy. Untidy mothers nearly always have very untidy children and very untidy homes. Now, when children are sent to school, they are taught to keep themselves tidy, and be like gentlemen and ladies after they leave the school. And if a boy don't try to keep himself tidy, the best thing to do to him is to punish him for it till he is tidy, if he don't do it when he is coaxed."

Arthur—aged 17; 3d class: "Some boys as we know in this place are very hard to keep themselves tidy and punctual, especially those younger boys. I think Brant got about 30 bad marks on punctuality. Zosie is the second; of course, those are the youngest boys of all. But I think the bigger boys are trying to be punctual and to keep themselves tidy, by the looks of them, as far as I know."

On Kindness to Animals.

BY JOSEPH SONEY.

I think this is one of the things that many of the Indians, and some white boys, don't know. They will hurt a thing for nothing. They do this because they are fond of doing it. They like to see the things being hurt.

The Indian boys are known as always being unkind to animals and to birds. This they do because its their habit. The old Indians have left all these to the Indians that are living now; and still they are following the customs and habits. The boys like to hurt things, although they know it is unkind. The Indians are very kind to their neighbors, but not to animals.

They will help anyone if they ask him. If an Indian boy meets a dog or sees a bird, he will surely pick a stone up or a stick to strike it. Not many white boys are cruel, but very few. The boys that are cruel are the boys that have not been trained in their ways. White people teach their children well before they are big; but some white parents do not teach their children to do what is right, so they are unkind and they do bad things. God made the animals and all things. He says in the Holy Bible to be kind to the animals, and we and everybody ought to be kind to the animals, because they are dumb; they cannot speak or talk as we do.

Wawanosh.

The following letter, together with a gift, was presented to Mrs. Bridge, the laundress, on the occasion of her leaving.

DEAR MRS. BRIDGE:—

We, the laundry girls, have heard with much regret that you are going to leave us. We wish, before you say farewell, to present you with some little token of our regard and esteem, and at the same time to wish you in your new home all prosperity and happiness.

Signed:

HANNAH GRAY,	CAROLINE WALKER,
CAROLINE ANTHONY,	BELLA MATHEWS,
NANCY HENRY,	MARY KADAH,
JULIA KABAYAH.	

NOTE.—Mrs. Bridge came out from England with Mr. Wilson, in 1872, and had been nearly 16 years in his employ. She has now bought a lot, and built a house for herself, in the Sault.

Mr. McKenzie Writes from Eikhorn.

WEECHAHWAJU (Lone man), came here the other day to take his two boys away; said the Indians that passed by here told him that they were being very badly treated. He had a long talk with the boys (his two), then came to me and said he was very well pleased with what he saw and heard, and asked me if he could take one of the boys to see his folks; (he said before leaving that he had a daughter that he was going to put in school soon, but would wait until he saw the school (Roman Catholic) at QuAppelle, he has a son there). I told him he could take the boy for two or three days; he was back the morning of the third day and brought his daughter with him. I made an appointment with him for Tuesday first, at his reserve; he is the head man of the bands.

Letter from an Indian Pupil.

McDougall Orphanage, Alberta, Oct. 31, 1888.
REV. MR. WILSON:

Dear Sir,—Mr. Younans tells me to write a letter for you. We are learning how to do farm work this summer. I learn how to make an A fence, a mile of fence, but on the hill we can't get along quickly. I want to talk about our turnips and potatoes. We have not any turnips, but we had a few potatoes and they got froze. But our oats are getting along fine; when we bring in our oats we get 17 loads. We had 11 chickens, 6 roosters, 95 pullets and one hen. We have 4 milking cows and 2 calves to feed. We have one cat; first when I bring is wild, but now she is tame and now she catch mice. We can't go to school because the school is far from our house, about three miles away, so we can't go to school; but we go to school at Sunday. I am

GEORGE G. MCLEAN.

An Indian in Office.

THE Indian Affairs Department now employs as a clerk, Mr. David Osagee, a full-blooded member of the Chippewas, of Walpole Island. Osagee is in the accountant's branch, and at the recent Civil Service examinations passed high up. He got special mention in book-keeping.—*Toronto Mail.*

From skeletons found in South Carolina it is certain that there used to be a race of men in this country who stood from 8 to 11 feet high, and who could step over a common rail fence. They must have been "the sons of the giants."—*Indian Helper.*

AMONG recent exchanges and publications received, are:—The *Miskwinnene* (Red man), published by the Massinagan Co., Chicago. The *North Star*, published at the Indian School, Sitka, Alaska. The *Friend of Missions*, published by the Society of Friends, England. The *Indians' Friend*, published by the Women's National Indian Association, Philadelphia.

THE Indians feel a real and true affection for their children. A father had placed his little girl at school, but she soon ran away, and appeared at home. She was carried back, but at once repeated the offence, and this time her father whipped her. After the punishment was inflicted, however, the thought of it so rankled in his heart that he sought the school with a pony, as a propitiatory offering to the child.—*Ex.*

Clothing for Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MAY, 1889.

From St. John, N. B., per Mrs. Brigstocke, 2 barrels of clothing, books, boots, shoes and other articles.

From the Ladies' Working Party, Niagara, per Miss Beaven, a large box, containing 241 articles of new and valuable clothing for boys and girls, including a beautiful outfit for Louisa; also kind presents to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family.

JUNE.

From Mrs. John Bolton, St. Stephens, N. B., a dress, stockings and petticoat by mail for Mary P.

For Emily Nawag, from Miss Thornton, a parcel of clothing and a pretty purse.

From Mrs. Nevin, a bale of clothing for boys and girls, also little Xmas gifts.

From Miss G. Milne-Home, Scotland, a bale containing shirts, flannel jackets, Xmas gifts and other articles.

Receipts—O.I.H.

SINCE APRIL 12TH, 1889.

George H. Tinbury, \$2; Trinity S.S., St. John, N. B., for boy, \$18.75; Trinity S.S., St. John, N. B., for girl, \$18.75; Christ Church S.S., Tottenham, Lenten Offering, \$2; Mrs. Holden, Boys' Branch No. 1, W. A., Montreal, for boy, \$12; A poor widow, 10c.; Colonel Sumner, \$10; Bible Class, Emmanuel Church, London Township, \$4; Weston S.S., Self-denial, \$5.12; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$12.50; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy; \$6.26; L. R. F. Q., \$7.75; St. Andrew's S.S., Grimsby, \$10; St. Paul's S.S., Rothesay, \$5; Church Redeemer, S.S., Toronto, Building Shingwauk, \$25; St. John's S.S., Cayuga, Easter Offering, \$7.38; St. Paul's S.S., Fredericksburg, Medicine Hat, \$12; Mrs. J. Hamer, 50c.; Mrs. Fearon (per Bishop of Algoma), 50c.; Geo. H. Rowswell, for boy, \$18.75; Mitchell S.S., for boy, \$6.25; Anonymous, Oakville, \$4; Aylmer S.S., for girl, \$6.25; St. Stephen's S.S., Thamesville, \$16.22; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, for boy, \$9.37; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$16.25; Mrs. Holden, Women's Auxiliary, Montreal, for Elkhorn, \$39.50; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; per Rev. G. O. Troop, for Maggie, \$1; St. James' Miss. Union, Carleton Place, for boy, \$18.75; Christ Church S.S., Deer Park, for girl, \$6.25; St. John's S.S., Stratroy, for boy, \$6.25; St. George's S.S., Ottawa, \$50.

Receipts—O.F.C.

MAY 13TH, 1889.

Thomas Sanderson, \$1; R. Coulter, 50c.; E. M. Chadwick, 25c.; Miss Patterson, \$1; Miss B. Billing, \$1; Mrs. Noyes, \$1.51; Col. Sumner, \$1; Rev. W. A. Burman, \$1; Rev. J. Irvine, 60c.; Rev. H. B. Morris, \$1; Rev. D. W. Pickett, 50c.; Miss C. Lawson, 50c.; S. Fox, 50c.; Mrs. Hamwood, 25c.; J. C. Phipps, 50c.; J. W. Jowett, \$3; Miss Gaviller, 50c.; J. A. Youmans, 51c.; H. N. Wilson, 50c.; Miss Boultsbee, 50c.; M. C. Salter, 20c.; A. Robinson, 62c.; Miss A. Miller, 15c.; Mrs. Hamer, \$2.10; "Conscience money," \$10; Miss R. Kingsville, \$1.25; R. T. Wilson, 50c.; K. J. Dunstan, 50c.; Mrs. H. Richardson, \$1; A. Manitowassing, 50c.; Ormond Sharpe, 50c.; Miss M. Lamb, 26c.; Mrs. Davidson, \$1; Mrs. Jolly, 10c.; Mrs. Elkington, 50c.; Miss Milne-Home, 48c.; Rev. A. H. Coleman, \$1; C. W. Nichols, 50c.; H. Hale, \$1; Miss S. Murray, \$1.

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Miss A. Patterson, \$100; Rev. E. F. Wilson, \$100.

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