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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

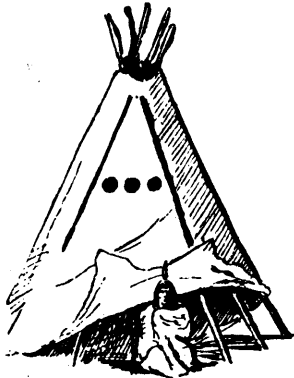
PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 6.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

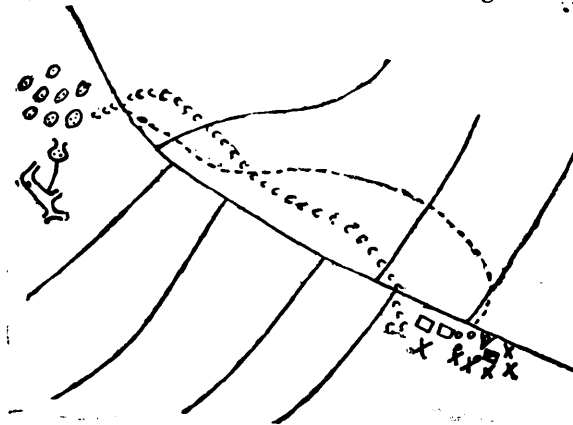
[NEW SERIES, NO. 16.]

Picture Writing.



ALTHOUGH the Indians in their native state had no idea of the art of writing, they used to have a clever way of recording events by means of rudely drawn pictures. The one of which a tracing is here given, was drawn by a Hidatsa Indian, named "Lean Wolf;" and it

describes a little trip which he made on foot from Fort Berthold to Fort Buford, Dakota, to steal a horse from the Dakotas encamped there. The head of a man with a wolf attached to it means "Lean Wolf;" the little irregular circles close by are the earth lodges of the Hidatsa Indians, and the spots in them are the posts supporting the roof. This is the Indian village at Fort



LEAN WOLF'S MAP.

Berthold. The dotted line shews Lean Wolf's footprints, going on his journey from Fort Berthold to Fort Buford, the little square marks at this latter place are the Government buildings, the crosses are the teepees of the Dakotas. Where a cross and a circle are united, it means that a Dakota is married to a Hidatsa. Where a cross and a square are united, it means that an Indian is married to a white person. The black

lines represent rivers; and the hoof marks imply that Lean Wolf was successful in stealing the horse, and that he rode it back by a shorter way than he went to Fort Berthold.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—There is not very much going on here now that nearly all the boys and girls are away for the holidays. Bathing and berry picking are the chief amusements. The wet weather has generally put a stop to pic-nics, or anything of that sort. We had a bazaar for the benefit of the Rev. R. Renison, a few weeks ago. There was a nice stall full of work, a great deal of which had been done by the members of the "Onward and Upward Club," during the weekly meetings. The Indian girls had made aprons, frocks, baskets, dressed dolls, etc. The boys had devoted their energies to wood-carving and basket-making. The bazaar was held on one of the little Islands in front of the Home, and the different stalls (refreshment, etc.,) were dotted about here and there. They were prettily draped and decorated, and when the island was lighted up in the evening with Japanese lanterns and torches, it all looked very picturesque and pretty; but, unhappily, it had rained heavily the night before, and even a little that morning, so the general atmosphere was decidedly damp, and not many people came. However, we cleared expenses and had a nice little sum left to send to Mr. Renison. The lazy inmates of the Home were very pleasantly awakened the other morning, by the band playing a new and very pretty tune, at some little distance from the House. They had been asked to join an excursion party, who were going down the river for the day, and so were up bright and early and giving their friends a morning serenade before they left. Of course they are very short-handed now, as most of the best players have gone home; but as school begins again the middle of August, the band and everything else will soon be in full swing. Somebody asked little Zosie (one of the boys that Mr. Wilson took with him to England) how he liked it all; his answer was, "I was getting a little tired of it." He said the only thing that he wanted in England, and

could not get, was "Johnny Cake." Canadian children know what that is; the boys often have it for tea, and poor little Zosie missed it greatly. Both he and Soney are the proud possessors of a watch each. Of course one of the first questions asked was, "Well, Soney, what is the time?" "I can give you English time," said Soney, in a most magnificent tone of voice. It was amusing to see the reckless way in which the two boys gave away their presents. So many kind friends had given them different things, that when they got back to the poor stay-at-homes, they evidently felt that they could well afford to be generous. In fact Zosie, I am certain, did not feel really happy until he had managed in one way or another to dispose of nearly everything he possessed, had tumbled into his old clothes once more, and was perched upon the wood pile, with a piece of Johnny cake in his hand, and a crowd of admiring small boys round him. At any rate, that was how I saw him, and he looked remarkably happy.

BARBARA BIRCHBARK.

Icebergs at Home.



ULTITUDES of travellers, voyaging across the Atlantic Ocean, see from time to time whole flocks of icebergs sailing silently away to their doom in the sunny south; but it does not often fall to the lot of man to see these icebergs at home, before they start off upon their long journey. Glacier Bay is on the western coast of Alaska. Mountains rise to a great height on its sides, and the coast presents a perpendicular ice front 250 feet in height. Professor Wright says:—"This great glacier region is a wonderland in itself. Repeatedly have I seen vast columns of ice, extending to the full height of the front, topple over and fall into the water with a report like a thunder-clap, or the booming of a cannon. The bay is generally full of immense bergs, several hundred feet long and wide, and from 20 to 60 feet in height; and they are constantly floating out towards the ocean."

THE two Roman Catholic institutions for Indian children, at Qu'Appelle and High River (both in the North-west Territory) receive between them \$42,000 per annum, of Government money, for their support.

AMBROSE, aged eight years, was writing to his friend, one of the ex-teachers at Carlisle, and as she had directed a letter to him, "Master Ambrose," he thought that was the correct method, and returned his answer to her with "Master Miss P——" in plain characters on the envelope.

Not Ashamed of His People.

REV. SHERMAN COOLRIDGE, is an Arapahoe Indian, a young man, and a preacher in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

He is a full Indian, the distinctive features of the race being as strongly marked upon his visage as upon any Indian face we ever saw.

We saw Mr. Coolridge last October, at the Mohonk Conference of the friends of the Indian. We ate at the same table with him and conversed with him.

We saw no difference between him and an Episcopal clergyman of any other race, or between him and a gentleman and scholar of any other race.

In an address before the Mohonk Conference, after Henry Kendall had said, "Since I have been separated from my parents I respect them more and I love them more," Mr. Coolridge supported this Carlisle experience with his own, as follows:

My people have received me after fourteen years of absence in civilization, and have looked up to me and been proud of me. When I suggested anything in the way of improvements, or when I asked them to convene together, that I might speak to them on any subject, they came, as our friend said, "up to time." So that they do not have prejudice always. It depends much upon the man. Some of the Indians are only allowed to stay a few years in the East. If they stay two or three years, they have only a smattering of education. Those are the ones who sometimes get the disrespect of the people. But, when one is educated enough to stand his own ground, and is recognized and encouraged by the white people there or in the East, then these people will have much pride and respect for him, and will heed his advice and his words."

—*Indian Helper.*

THE Indians of Guiana have only four numbers in their system of enumeration. They count by the hand and its fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it "a hand;" six is therefore "a hand and first finger;" ten is "two hands;" but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is "a man;" forty is "two men;" and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."—*Indian's Friend.*

THE dialect used by some of our boys is quite laughable. For instance last Sunday evening, two boys wanted to comb their hair. One of them said to the other, "I go hair my comb." "Wan!" replied his friend, "what for right you don't say it."—*Pipe of Peace.*

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 16.

THE CHEYENNE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

THE Cheyennes are warriors of a very determined type; some of the bloodiest of frontier warfare has been carried on by the Americans against this tribe. The men are of above the average stature, few of them being less than six feet in height. As a tribe, they are the richest in horses of any Indians on the continent, a single chief having sometimes owned as many as a hundred animals. Formerly wild horses roamed their prairies, and these they used to catch and sell to the Sioux, Mandans, and other tribes, as well as to the fur traders.

The name Cheyenne (spelt also Shyenue, Shienne, Chayenne) means "wounded people." How they received such an appellation is not known. They call themselves *Zi-zis-tas*.

They belong to the great Algonkin stock; their nearest relations among the other tribes being the Gros Ventres and the Blackfeet, and their more distant connections the Ojebways, Crees, Pottawatamis, Kickapoos, Micmacs, Mohicans, &c.

When first known, they were living on the Cheyenne River, a branch of the Red River of the North, but they were driven west of the Mississippi by their enemies, the Sioux; and about the close of the last century, still further west across the Missouri, where they were found by those enterprising travellers, Lewis and Clarke, in 1803. At the time of the first treaty made by this tribe, with the United States, the Cheyennes were said to number 3,250 souls. So long as the white people did not encroach upon their domains, they were inclined to be friendly with them; but immigrants began pressing westward in great numbers; in the year 1859 it was estimated that over 60,000 incoming settlers crossed the plains occupied by these Indians. Then the trouble commenced. A foolish mail-carrier fired on two innocent young warriors, who came riding up to beg tobacco; the Indians returned the fire; troops then were called out; the Cheyennes became exasperated, killed two men and a child, and took a woman captive. Emigrant trains after this were in constant danger of attack; and the Cheyennes were regarded as hostiles, and shot down wherever found. For three or four years a costly and bloody war was carried on against them. The men, proud, arrogant, and believing themselves to be superior in strength to their white aggressors, refused to yield either to per-

suasion or force. If worsted in one engagement, they quickly rallied their braves and prepared for another. The United States Government wanted to move them all to Indian Territory, and there settle them on reserves and make them farm; but to this they were one and all resolutely opposed. A number of them, who had been seized in Dakota, and were held as prisoners of war at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, declared that they would never be taken alive to Indian Territory; and they broke up the iron stones in the camp, and made themselves weapons with which to defend themselves. The commanding officer, thinking to tame their savage nature, ordered them to be starved and to be kept without fuel (although midwinter, and the glass below zero) for several days. At the end of two days he said that the women and children might come out and be fed; but not a woman would move. On the night of the fourth day, driven to desperation, they broke prison, overpowered the guards, and fled. They were overtaken in a deep ravine and mercilessly shot down. Only fifty women and children and seven men were left of this band, and they were sent to prison at Fort Leavenworth. A black page on American history was the Sand Creek massacre; it took place in November, 1864, at a time when the Cheyenne Indians and the white settlers were sworn foes. Governor Evans, of Colorado, had sent out a circular, inviting all Indians who were friendly to the American Government to come to Fort Lyon for protection, while war was going on against the hostiles. A band of Cheyennes availed themselves of the invitation, and went into the Fort, believing that they would be safe. After a time an order came for them to be removed to Sand Creek, forty miles from the Fort, but they were still guaranteed perfect safety. But the American Colonel intended their destruction. Just at daybreak, Nov. 27th, he fell upon their camp with his troops and massacred them without mercy. Their chief, White Antelope, who had always been friendly to the Americans, seeing what was happening, ran out towards the soldiers, crying in English, "Stop! stop!" When he saw that nothing could be done, he folded his arms and waited till he was shot down. Women and children were killed and scalped by the brutal soldiers. One little child, three years old, was toddling along through the sand, perfectly naked, trying to follow the Indians, who had taken to flight, when a soldier, seeing him, jumped from his horse, took deliberate aim and fired. He missed his mark. A comrade then dismounted, fired at the poor little creature; and he missed, too. Then

a third man came up and fired, and the little fellow rolled over in the sand.

In 1867, General Hancock burned a village of the Cheyennes, on Pawnee Fork. This provoked another war, which ended in the defeat of "Black Kettle," and his braves, by General Custer, at Washita. In 1868-69, there was war again, in which Generals Sheridan, Custer and Carr took part. In March, 1875, the Southern Cheyennes, under their chief, "Stone Calf," surrendered at Fort Sill. In 1876, the Northern Cheyennes joined "Sitting Bull," and the Sioux, and aided in the terrible Custer massacre. In 1877, they surrendered, and were sent to Indian Territory; but the following year they broke away, and escaped again to the North. At the present time there are 2,100 Cheyenne Indians in Indian Territory, and 560 in Dakota. For the last two or three years they have been quiet, and are now showing a disposition to engage in agriculture, and to send their children to school. The latest reports from Indian Territory are encouraging. Once the wildest, proudest and most untameable of all the tribes; now over 2,000 of them are wearing civilized dress, either wholly or in part; they have 2,000 acres under cultivation, and 75 per cent. of their children are attending school. Their missionary is the Rev. H. R. Voth, of the Mennonite church, who has a mission boarding school of about fifty children; and also holds services in the camp. The first Cheyenne was baptized in June, 1888. Quite a number of Cheyennes have been educated at the Carlisle Indian School, in Pennsylvania; and some of the returned pupils are now doing a good work among their own people. A writer in the *Red Man*, thus describes a recent visit to these people, showing what marked progress they are making in civilization:—"That little house is where 'Creeping Bear' lives, and there is Mrs. Creeping Bear whipping the pigs away from the door with the dish cloth. Ten months ago she had no house, no pigs, no dish cloth; so we can excuse the mis-application of the latter. Let us go inside. Those pictures on the wall were sent from the East last Christmas. Those new chairs and the hand-saw, were purchased the last trip to the Agency. The looking-glass and towelling are late purchases. The window-curtains, though calico, are hemmed and looped back in a civilized way. The cook-stove was issued to them by the Government."

One great hindrance to the advancement in civilization of these people in days gone by, was the existence of the "dog-soldier" element, by means of which at-

tendance was made compulsory at the sun-dance and other heathen ceremonies. Now this is done away with, and instead thereof they have a system of native police, acting under the direction of the Indian agent. The native police, some thirty-five in number, wear a uniform and receive pay; and their duty is to look after and arrest whiskey pedlars, horse thieves, and other such transgressors; and also to enforce the attendance of children at school.

We have already alluded to three chiefs of this tribe, "White Antelope," "Black Kettle," and "Stone-calf." Another noted man was the "Wolf on the



"WOLF ON THE HILL."

Hill" (Ne-hee-o-ee-woo-tis); he was chief of the Cheyennes in 1834, at which time Mr. Catlin painted his portrait, and thus describes him:—"A most fine-looking and dignified man, a man of honor and strictest integrity, his dress a very handsome one, made of deer skins, garnished with broad bands of porcupine-quill work down the sleeves of his tunic and leggings, and all the way fringed with scalp-locks, his hair profuse and flowing over his shoulders."

Before these people were taught to read and write, they were accustomed, in common with most other Indians, to convey messages one to another, or to record their brave deeds, by means of pictographs. The accompanying cut is *fac simile* of a letter sent by mail by a Southern Cheyenne, named "Turtle-following-his-wife," in Indian Territory, to his son, "Little-man," in Dakota. It was drawn on a half-sheet of ordinary writing paper, without a word written. It was enclosed in an envelope, which was addressed to "Little-man, Cheyenne, Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota," in the ordinary manner, the direction being written



CHEYENNE PICTOGRAPH.

evidently by some clerk at the agency. The letter was evidently understood by "Little-man," as he immediately called upon the Indian Agent and told him that \$53 had been placed to his credit to enable him to take the long journey to his father's home, in Indian Territory. The Agent had by the same mail received a letter from the Indian Territory Agent, enclosing the \$53 for the purpose named. The pictograph letter is explained thus:—"The two large figures represent father and son, each with his name attached by a jagged line to his head—the one "Turtle-following-his-wife," the other, "Little Man." From his father's mouth goes forth the message "Come!"—the ends of the lines curved back, and, as it were, drawing "Little Man" towards him; and just above are the silver coins necessary for the journey which, if counted, will be found to number fifty-three.

In the war of 1876, the Oglala Indians helped General Mackenzie to fight against the Cheyennes. This event was commemorated by a rude drawing, found some time after in the camp. The star-looking figure is the Cheyenne camp, or circle of teepees. To one of the teepees is attached, by a line, an Indian's head; this was the beginning of the attack. The white man holding up three figures, is General Mackenzie, who is placed upon the head of the warrior, to indicate that the Indians were assisting him. The other white man is General Crook, indicated by three stars, because he wore three stars on his shoulder straps. The symbol for 'Cheyenne,' was generally three or four short marks, because it was their practice to make several transverse cuts on the fore-arm, before or after going into a conflict, as an offering or vow to the Great Spirit for success.

The Cheyennes, like most of the prairie Indians, live in "teepees," made of a framework of poles, covered over with buffalo-hides or tent-cloth, and conical in shape. In the winter time they generally protect these dwellings from the cold winds and the drifting snow, by a circular fence of brush-wood, as shown in



CHEYENNE TEEPEES.

the drawing. A strange sight is their "medicine dance." A number of braves, naked to the waist, enter the "Medicine Lodge." They gash their arms and legs, and pierce holes in their chests, pass ropes through the holes, and suspend themselves from the centre of the lodge until their struggling tears the flesh loose. Each one has a bone whistle, and, keeping their eyes on a suspended charm, they dance night and day, without food or water, until exhausted. Even although advancing now in civilization, so strong is their love for their ancient customs, that the Cheyenne Indians have kept up these medicine dances until quite recently. Some of the Christian young men, who have been educated at Carlisle and elsewhere, have now banded together to try and put a stop to the practice, and at a recent gathering for a medicine dance, they had prayer and singing in an adjoining tent, as a counter attraction; but they were soon ordered away by the medicine men. One of the leaders in this movement, Leonard Tyler, says:—"We prayed for our poor red brethren, who cut themselves while making medicine, and almost died from thirst; and it seemed to us that we heard God's voice speaking to us and saying, 'Go on, I am with thee always.'"

These people do not seem to have many traditions. If they have any, they havenot yet been recorded. They believe in a Great Spirit, whom they call Ma-hai-nan; and in their medicine lodge they preserve four sacred arrows, which they say came out of the earth. When they die, they believe they will go to a good place in the south, and that their spirits will hunt buffaloes.

According to Capt. Clark, when a Cheyenne child is born, whether a boy or girl, it is first of all called

baby, afterwards by any childish name, until, if a boy, he goes to war. Then he will be named from something that has happened on the journey—from some incident, some animal killed, or some bird that is supposed to have helped him to success. An old Cheyenne Indian gave Capt. Clark the following incident in his life, concerning his own name:—"When I was small," he said, "I was called *Little Bird*. When I first went to war and returned to camp, the name of *Long Horn* was given to me, by an old man of the camp. Then the traders gave me the name of "Tall White Man;" and now, since I have become old, the Indians call me "Black Pipe," because I used to blacken the stem and bowl of my pipe after these trips, as a sign that I had been successful."

Some time since there was discovered in the State of Kansas, a burial case, containing a Cheyenne baby, and a description of it will show what were the mortuary customs of these people. The case, which was made of the interlaced branches of white willow, was found resting on a platform of sticks, supported on poles, about eight feet from the ground. It was removed to the Army Medical Museum, at Washington, and there opened. Inside the basket-work covering were layers of buffalo-ropes secured by gaudy-colored sashes—seven robes in all. Then came a series of new blankets—five in all—two scarlet, two blue, and one white. These being removed, the next wrappings consisted of a striped white and grey sack, and a nearly new United States infantry overcoat. Inside these were three robes, with hoods, very richly ornamented with bead work and spherical brass bells; these robes were made of buffalo-calf skin, and were each about four feet long. Within these were, first, a grey woollen double shawl, then five yards of blue cassimere, then six yards of red calico, then six yards of brown calico, and, finally, the remains of a child, probably about a year old, elaborately dressed in a red flannel cloak, red tunic, bead-work leggings, red and black stockings, and wampum necklaces adorning its neck. There were also buried with it numerous trinkets, a porcelain image, a china vase, and a number of little toys.

The Cheyenne Indians call their neighbors, the Arapahoes, *It-tan-i-wa*; the Sioux, *I-ho-o-mo-ho*; the Pawnees, *Ho-ni-a-tan*; the Comanches, *Shisk-in-o-wits-i-tan*; and the Apaches, *Mats-se-an-i-tan*. No books have as yet been published in the Cheyenne language.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ë*, as in they, met; *i*, *ï*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ö*, 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; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in *jamais* (Fr.), pleasure; *â*, as in law; *ä*, as in fan; *ü*, as in *tu* (Fr.); *h*, as in *ich* (Gr.); *ñ*, as in sing; *dh*, as in that; *th*, as in thin; *ĝ*, as in a guttural *ghr* sound.

man, hi-tän.
 woman, hi-ih.
 boy, kiss-i-wai.
 house, mai-yu.
 boat, amoyis-tcistu-tca.
 river, ohih.
 water, ma'h-pih.
 fire, o wist.
 tree, hüh tcistch.
 horse, mu' ä-nüh.
 dog, ho-ish-kiss.
 fish, no'-mäh.
 town, w'i-hyu-in.
 kettle, ük-si'-wi-du.
 knife, mo'-i-tcistch.
 tobacco, tsin-ni-mo.
 day, esh-shëyw.
 night, dai-e'h-wa.
 yes, hi-i.
 no, ho'-wün.
 I, nä-ni'-hiyöwh.
 thou, ni-ni'höwh.
 he, dä-du-hi-tan.
 my father, ni-hu'-e.
 it is good, pah-wah.
 red, i-mai'kit.
 white, tse-wök'üm.
 black, tse-mokh-tauh.
 one, in-yu-kaih.
 two, inih shi-ä.
 three, in-ä-hi-ä.
 four, in-näh-vi-ä.
 five, in-nö-hün.
 six, näh-sö-tä.
 seven, nis-sö-tä.
 eight, näh-nöhk-tä.
 nine, söhk-tä.
 ten, mäh-töhk-tä.
 twenty, nisöh-e.
 hundred, mah töhk-tä-nü.
 come here, nis-tci-yuts.
 be quick, shi-wün-istch.
 to-day, hët-its-ai-ish-aiv.
 to-morrow, ma-wö-in-na.
 good morning, howh.
 Indian, tcissiwoistan.
 white man, wi-a-hu.
 God, ma-hai-nan.
 Devil.
 heaven,
 a hand, ma-ats.
 my hand, na-ats.
 your hand, ni-ats.
 John's hand, John hi-ats.
 my knife, na-motc-ki.
 axe, hök-kwi.
 little axe, etcki-hok-wi.
 bad axe, ehäv-sivä-hok-wi.
 big axe, imaha-hok-wi.
 big tree, mah-ho'-tsi-tsi.
 black kettle, mo'h-ta'bi-tu'.
 money, makadän tsitsi.
 bird, shi'-shi stitsi.
 snake, shi'-shi-no thwits.
 I walk, na'-mi.
 thou walkest, ni'-ami.
 he walks, i'-ami.
 we walk, na'm-nim.
 they walk, i'-am-niyä.
 he is asleep, e-shina'wots.
 is he asleep? e-shina'wots-a
 I go, na'ta-ni-yuts.
 I shall go, na'ta-asi-yuts.
 I went, nata-ashin-i-yuts.
 I am not going, nata-tusa-ni-yutsi.
 are you going? nita-tusi-niyutsi.
 give it to me, ni-metc-shtch.
 don't be afraid, ni-wi-i-du'-tän.
 I am hungry, nä widämi'-shi-tän.
 are you sick? ni-ha-mo'-tai?
 he is very sick, i'yuda'hohai-mo'-tahe.

it is cold, a-tonit.
 I see him, na-wâm.
 thou seest him, ni-wâm.
 he sees him, i-wâ-mo.
 he sees it, i-wôt ta.
 if I see him, mah-wôm.
 thou seest me, ni-wâm^{mi}
 I see thee, ni-wâm^{matsi}
 he sees me, nawâm^{ma}
 I see myself, na wâm^{mats}
 we see each other, na wâm^[matsimi]
 do you see him? nishi wâm^[ma?]
 I do not see you, tsa wâm^[matsa]
 two men, nishi ta'nâ.
 three dogs, na'ha ôsh risse.
 four knives, nivi motc-ki-its.



WAWANOSH HOME (side view).

Did John see the horse? John iwâm-o-ho mo-eh-naha?
 I will see you to-morrow, stawâm itsi mawō ina.
 John saw a big canoe, John iwôt^{ta} amō'ystcis^{titca}.
 I shall not go if I see him, natsani^{itsi} matawom.
 If he goes he will see you, matani-ot^{sitsi} tsiwom.
 What is your name? nitun'-shi-wi?
 Where are you going? tusa nitau'^{tsa?}

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Cheyenne Indians: Catlin; the "Red Man;" Indian Bureau Report, Washington; Century of Dishonor; Bureau of Ethnology Report, Washington; The American Indian; The "Indian Helper;" Mortuary Customs (Yarrow). Special thanks are due to the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, for the loan of several manuscripts bearing on the language. Also to Kish Hawkins, of the Carlisle Indian School, for a partial vocabulary and notes.

\$1400 required in order to complete the first of the three buildings at MEDICINE HAT.

The Wawanosh Home.

AN interesting account appeared recently in the columns of the Toronto "*Empire*," describing a visit paid by two ladies to the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. The following describes their visit to the Wawanosh:

THE WAWANOSH HOME.

The first visit on the day after our arrival here was to the Wawanosh Home, which we reached after a walk of about a mile and a half along a pretty country road,

fragrant with the odor of the spruce trees which grow in great profusion on either side. The home for Indian girls was established by Rev. Edward F. Wilson in 1879 as a branch of the Shingwauk Home, as before that time both boys and girls had been received in the Shingwauk. The Wawanosh is a substantial square stone building with kitchens, etc., at the back. The door was opened for us by the pleasant-faced matron, Mrs. Seal, who, on learning our errand, expressed great pleasure and willingness to show us everything of interest in the building. After a few minutes' rest in the cosy sitting-room of the lady superintendent and teacher, Miss Champion, who unfortunately was not at home, our visit being unexpected, Mrs. Seal took us across the hall to the school-room, where about ten Indian girls, of ages varying from 9 to 16 years, were found. The holidays had begun, we were told, and some of the girls had gone home, while the others were to go in a few days. Bright, intelligent girls they looked, and, after hearing them read and sing and examining their copy books, we were not surprised to be told that they learn even more quickly than white children, having, as a rule, more perseverance.

"How many girls can you take?" we asked, and were told that 26 was the number the house was supposed to hold, but that generally

27 OR 28 WERE CROWDED IN.

The girls are instructed in every branch of household work, and, indeed, practically do all the work of the house, under the oversight of the matron, as well as sew and knit. For the work they do they are paid a

small sum, a few cents of which they retain as pocket money and the rest is placed in a savings bank to their credit.

"Do they return home when their five years' training is over?" said I.

"No," replied Mrs. Seal. "They generally go as domestic servants, and give great satisfaction. From the school-room we passed quickly through the dining-room and kitchen and then up stairs to the dormitories and cupboards, where were hanging the neat uniforms or best dresses of the girls—navy blue dresses, trimmed with three rows of red braid, white aprons and black sailor hats, trimmed with red ribbon. We said good-bye to the girls, receiving from one of them a note, which we faithfully promised to take to her former teacher in the Elkhorn Home in Manitoba. Mrs. Seal then took us across the road to a small cottage, used as the laundry for both the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. Here we found the laundress with four Indian girls hard at work, but were sorry to find that this work was rendered unnecessarily laborious from the want of any modern conveniences, such as we are accustomed to see in the laundries of our public homes in Toronto. A waterspout from the roof conveys the rain water into a tank under the floor, from which it has to be lifted by buckets to the tubs and boilers. The stove also for ironing is small, old, and smokes badly. Now, when the laundry work of over 100 persons has to be done weekly amid these drawbacks and inconveniences, because there are no funds to expend on necessary improvements, it makes one wish that some of our wealthy men, who give so generously to the Toronto "homes," would come up here and leave a substantial reminiscence of their visit behind them. Altogether, however, our visit to the Wawanosh was a pleasant one—barring the mosquitoes. I have always had a feeling of compassion for the poor Egyptians in the time of their numerous plagues. Not for Pharoah and his advisors, but for the rank and file who had nothing to say in the matter. If mosquitoes were among the other sorts of flies, I shall always feel for them as for fellow-sufferers after our morning at the Wawanosh. The war dances we executed would have done credit to the parents of any of the Indians present.

WILL not our English friends give us some further help towards our MEDICINE HAT Homes. £280 is still wanted in order to complete the building now in course of erection, by November 1st.

Iroquois Indians changing with the Times.

To the Editor of O.F.C.:

DEAR SIR,—I received information a few days ago, through the Brantford Press, what may be regarded as one of the most important of all important matters in connection with the ancient confederacy of the "People of the Long House"—*Six Nations*. That is, they have appointed a committee of six chiefs, to draft out rules and regulations for the guidance and information of its people on the reserve. There are several reasons why this may be regarded as important; in the first place, the affairs of the people can be carried on on business principles, more suitable to its present surroundings and educational tendencies. Of course, it must not be inferred that the present system is devoid of business principles; before we can make such an attack upon a system, which I am told, upon good authority, gave birth to George Washington's great scheme of confederating colonies into one harmonious whole, a scheme a little over a century ago, thought to be dangerous on account of its republican character. Liberal minds can now look upon the many United States of all America, viz.: Columbia, Brazil, etc. Not only in America is the grand lesson exemplified as coming from the barbarian aboriginals of the new world, but it has taken fast hold across the ocean. Countries have placed upon their flags, legends indicating freedom to all, governments by the people and for the people, not monarchy. However the red man has been used in the past, his one great virtue, "personal freedom," will certainly not go into oblivion with him. Of all the information that has been gathered regarding our Six Nation Indians, little or nothing has been produced, in spite of the fact that more has been written about them in early history than any other tribe or confederation of aborigines. Enough has been gathered, however, to successfully stamp them as "The Romans of the West;" shrewd in all their dealings, masters of their situation, they placed more weight upon harmony between themselves, than eagerness to gain possession, for its own sake; hence, it would have been impossible for them to attain a state of civilization like the European civilization, trampling and subjecting one another, all for the sake of money. Their highest thought was how to be happy.

After a probable period of 1000 years, a change is to take place through sheer necessity; but this change should not in any way be looked upon with shame or disgrace, nor detrimental to the present conditions: for it must be borne in mind, the Indian of to-day is not

the Indian of yesterday, and by the great law of evolution we must acquiesce cheerfully, though I could not think of the change taking place without struggle. People cannot be blamed for holding fast to the old friend in preference to the new, which, though an old saying is indeed a true one. There is always so much feeling of danger and suspicion on the part of the Indians in matters of this sort, that they actually prefer not to act rather than to leave themselves in a position whereby legislative acts may misconstrue their meaning. In consequence of this, they are in constant fear. How changed from their former condition; they act without responsibility, and, with some truth, without any defined purpose. This project of having well-defined rules and regulations will transfer what responsibility remains from the verbal or memory record, to records in black and white. Chiefs of the Six Nations must not wonder why the people should require such change, when by their acts they show their appreciation for knowledge; they cannot encourage education without it showing itself in some shape or other, and they must bear in mind, that those who would favor such are prompted by the most earnest desire to advance the people's interest. As years roll on, social changes take place; when one portion looks upon certain things as extravagant, by others they are looked upon as a necessity. Another thing, why something definite is required, in regards to property, some of the Indians have become so very exacting and overbearing in their eagerness to get wealth, and are shrewd enough to appeal to the old laws; when they fail in that they appeal to Canadian laws; this is taking advantage of the Indians' non-descript condition.

Now, if the Government were to try and rectify this, they would be sure to make a bungle of the whole business, simply because there exists two classes, "whose ideas and feelings are dissociated;" and so based upon misunderstanding.

I hope the committee will work the case out in a manner that will bring about some definite understanding, and not let the matter collapse, and D'ongōun'oui-vérād'ouh-Oneuh.

O-Ji-Ia-tek-ha.

Toronto, May 16, 1890.

"OUR FOREST CHILDREN" for the past sixteen months, June, 1889, to September, 1890, is shortly to be bound, and the volumes will be offered for sale. Subscribers who have full fyles on hand, and wish them bound, will please send word to that effect to the Editor.

MY WIFE AND I

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

MRS. SOMERS waxed eloquent on this subject, and began to shine in a new light which I had scarcely anticipated. She was evidently a woman who would shoot a Navajo at sight, if he came prowling around her place without any business. "Flint is no good for these Indians, he's afraid of them, that's what it is. It wants a man whose got some heart and pluck for such a business as this. These Navajoes know he's afraid of them, and that's how it is they are so bold. I tell you, Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Somers afterwards, in confidence, "there's going to be trouble about this affair. Why it's scarcely a year since Mr. Dean was shot fifteen miles from here, between this and Defiance, and the Indian that shot him has never been arrested; and a few months ago there were three men killed on the track by these Navajoes. I tell you the settlers won't stand any more of this. I belong to a Society down in Texas, and I have only to give them the word and 300 men will be at hand to avenge Swift's death. Those men in Socorra County, that was Swift's county, are not going to let it alone, they are most all Texas men; if the Government don't find and punish that Navajo before many days, there will be 15 or more of these Navajoes killed—and then there will be a general rising and an Indian war—I know it must come sooner or later, and we may as well be ready for it."

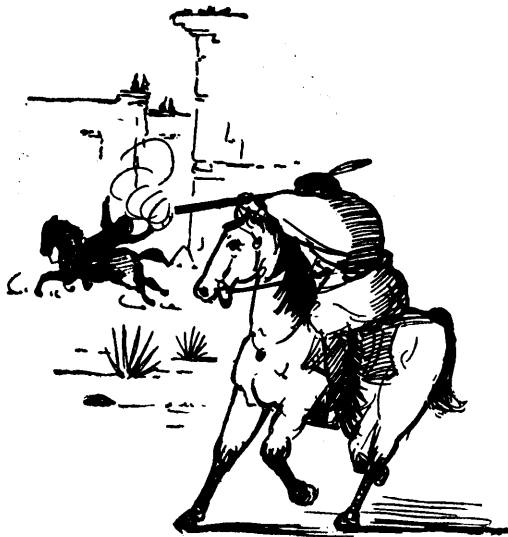
"Does Captain Flint go about armed?" I asked of Oliver. "Armed! I should think he did; why, he never goes anywhere without an escort, and he takes two six-shooters in his belt and a gun loaded with buckshot on the floor of the buckboard under his feet—why, he wouldn't cross from his house to the stable without his six-shooter."

"How was it Dean got shot?" I asked.

"Why, Dean was just travelling through the same as you are. He got off at the station here just as you did, and he wanted to go out to the Fort the same as you. Well, he came into the store here, Dougherty's store, and hired a horse to go out there; and he changed a \$20 piece in the store. This Navajo Indian that killed him, 'Buttons' we call him, saw him get the gold changed, and saw him put the silver in his pocket, and 'Buttons' made up his mind to have that money."

"What was the fellow called 'Buttons' for?"

“Why he always used to bring silver buttons to trade with, the Navajoes make them, you know, out of dimes or quarters. Well, Dean stated off to go to Defiance, and the Navajo mounted his pony and followed him. He followed him 15 miles, and then he



THE SHOOTING OF DEAN.

shot him. The bullet struck him in the thigh, and he fell from his horse. ‘Buttons’ robbed him of his money and was trying to lug him into the bush to kill him when Dan Cotton came riding along just in the nick of time, and when ‘Buttons’ saw Dan Cotton he made off. Cotton got Dean up on his horse and brought him here. It was six weeks before he was able to be about. ‘Buttons’ has never showed his face around here since.”

I waited till Wednesday to see if any word would come from Capt. Flint. Then I thought, better than waste further time, I would hire a team and go to Zuni, and take Fort Defiance and Moki later. So I wrote a pencil note to Capt. Flint’s teamster, whoever he might be, telling him that I was gone to Zuni and would be back Friday, if he would be kind enough to wait for me till then. The Somers said that in the present state of the roads, even if he arrived that evening he would want a day here to rest his horses before starting on the return journey, so that it would cause very little hindrance. So, having settled this matter, I engaged Oliver with a buckboard and a pair of mules, and we started at 11 o’clock in the morning.

I thought it better, considering the condition of the country, to leave my valise behind me, and just put up what I thought I should need for the two days absence

in a strapped bundle with an extra overcoat and some wraps. Mr. Somers gave us a lunch to take with us, and a canteen filled with water, and Oliver put on his cartridge belt and took his six-shooter ready loaded. Then we started. It was quite a new country to me, typical, as Oliver informed me, of all this Western country through New Mexico and Arizona, and quite different to what I had seen in Colorado. First we crossed the Rio Puerco, down a very steep clay bank, across a narrow but rather deep stream with a quickstand bottom, up a steep bank on the other side; then five miles of open country with low hills on either side, all dry and barren and with scarcely a vestige of vegetation. Then for six miles or so our route lay through a grand cañon—“Six mile cañon,” it is called—or flat desert valley, from half a mile to a mile in width, and abrupt yellow sandstone rocks, 300 or 400 feet high, on either side. The formation of the rocks was very curious and varied. Here and there rose a tall slender column of sandstone supporting a huge block of rock on its top. Here again grew a crop of gigantic sandstone mushrooms, 6 or 7 of them in a group, and varying from 15 to 30 feet in height. Over there, looming up behind a ridge, were the minarets of some ancient Cathedral; there, again, cut in the face of the rock was a perfectly symmetrical bridge, supported by a single arch. It was a wild, wild desert—a weird, uncanny-looking place—a place of caves and gorges and gulches and wild beasts—a choice district indeed for Indian scalp hunters and white desperadoes. There were said to be bears and wolves and coyotes in abundance, but we did not see any. Once we came upon an immense flock of Navajo sheep and goats. They looked very pretty in and out among the rocks, but there was nothing whatever for them to eat except the sage brush. I am told, however, that during the winter they manage to eke out a living on that not very palatable-looking food. A slight sprinkling of snow was on the ground, and I found my seal-skin coat none too warm. Oliver was an excellent travelling companion, but all his talk was of the “killings” which had taken place within the last year or so, and the quality and value of horses and mules. “These Navajoes,” he said, “are never to be trusted; there is trouble all the time between them and the Americans. They come to steal our horses and mules; and, of course, we can’t put up with that; and if we can’t get our own back, why we take theirs. I can tell you,” said Oliver, “it’s not very pleasant when one’s out on the trail teaming goods, to find in the morning, after a night’s camping, all one’s horses gone;

and there, skulking round, you will see perhaps five or six of these Indian brutes, with their Winchesters; and they will offer to show you where your horses are, if you will pay them—they have taken and hidden them away in some side canon or gorge during the night, and rather than be delayed hunting for them you have to pay these brutes what they ask to shew you where they are. I tell you it makes a fellow feel ready to knock them down or shoot them on the spot. But spare me! we must not shoot a Navajo. A Navajo's life is worth ten times more in the eyes of the Government than is an American's. If an American gets killed, its no matter at all; but if a Navajo is killed, why you will have the Indian Agent and his scouts and the troops all after you in a terror of a time. The fact is the Government is afraid of these Indians, they just pet and pamper them, and its just that that makes them so bold. But this state of things can't last much longer. These Navajo brutes have got to be punished, and the sooner there's a break out I guess the better. You see, there'll be a general break out before next Spring."

"I suppose you have trouble in these parts with white desperadoes too, don't you?"

"Oh yes, this country is overrun with deserters from the army, and bad fellows who have been obliged to skip from civilized parts; but its not as bad as it used to be a few years back; the railway and the telegraph coming through here has helped to put them down, and they keep further back now than they used to. Of course, every now and then there's a train robbery. A number of these fellows come together, masked and armed, and 'go through' a train, making the passengers give up all their valuables; and there's a great deal of horse stealing, too. Marshall Barrett shot and killed four of these fellows in one evening, at Holroyd, about fifty miles from here, because they resisted arrest; that's the way to do with them. That man, Crislo, who dined

time. Then we have great times, sometimes, with the 'Cow-boys;' but they go in for these things more just for deviltry, than anything. About ten months ago they stopped a train at the next station to ours, and 'held up' the passengers; they fired their six-shooters through the car windows and scared the people all out of their lives, and then went through the train. At another place, while the engine was taking water, they galloped up, firing their pistols all round; and they got an Indian and ran him off with them, saying they were going to hang him. A number of the passengers followed to see what they were going to do; and as soon as they had got some distance from the train, they 'held up' every one of those passengers and 'went through' them, taking away all the money and watches they could get. I tell you, those cattle men sometimes are a 'holy terror.'"

"What do you call this pair of mules worth?"

"Why, Puss here is worth \$100, and Monk, he's smaller, but he's fast, he's good for \$75 to any man. John Somers sold a better pair than these, only this morning, for \$250; that's a good price for mules?"

"What are horses worth then?"

"Oh, horses are not worth as much as mules in this country. A horse will fetch all the way from \$40 to \$75. Indian ponies are of less value. They sell for \$20 or \$30 apiece."

"What are sheep worth?"

"Navajo sheep are worth nothing in the market. Certainly they are not worth more than from 75 cents to a dollar a-piece; indeed they'd be dear at that. It's only the wool that'll sell. They shear them twice in the year—May and October. The sheep average one and a-half pounds at each shearing, and the wool sells at about 15 cents a pound; wool buyers go round and buy it up. That man, Clarke, who's at the house now, is a wool buyer."

"What does the shearing cost?"

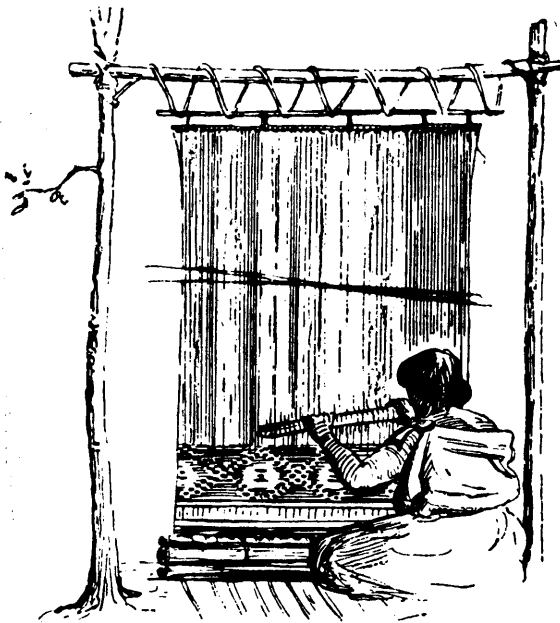
"On the sheep ranches they pay 1½ cents to 2 cents a sheep. There's nothing pays better than sheep in this country. They cost next to nothing to keep, as they find their own living all the year round—30 cents a year for each sheep, will about cover everything."

At two o'clock we had travelled fifteen miles, and stopped at the only house between Manuelito and Zuni. It was kept by an American, who was married to a half-breed woman, and made his living by stock-raising. We were glad to go into the little adobe dwelling and warm our feet by the fire in the corner, and eat our lunch. An Indian woman was weaving a blanket in the same room, on a native loom. It was very interesting to watch the operation. The loom consisted of two strong upright poles fastened to the floor and rafters, about six feet apart, with cross pieces at top and bottom, and a winding cord for tightening them; on this frame the blanket was made, beginning at the bottom and working upwards, the operator sitting on the floor. I made a sketch of the woman at her work. These Navajo blankets are said to be the best in the world; they are beautifully made, very variously colored, and sell for from \$5 to \$100 according to size and quality.



COW-BOYS' PLAY.

at our place the day you came, killed a man about seven months ago; he was acting deputy-sheriff at that



INDIAN WOMAN WEAIVING.

The last part of our journey was more tedious than the first—the scenery not so attractive, the hills more distant, and the travelling, too, was heavier, for in some parts the snow was six inches deep; the sun also had gone in behind the clouds, and it was beginning to blow and snow again. It was a welcome sight when we at length saw the outline of the Zuni buttes—two great castles of rock looming up against the grey sky; but we had still seven or eight miles to go, and it was growing dark. Down a hill we went,—and then it seemed, in the darkness, as though we were driving out on to a frozen lake and leaving the land behind us. It was a wide, open, flat area, many miles, seemingly, in extent, and low hills all round it. Away to our left rose a “Mesa”—a high, flat table-rock—which I recognized as forming the background to a picture which I had seen of Zuni, so that I knew we must now be nearing our journey’s end.

“Did you see that light?” said my driver. I looked into the dense gloom ahead of us, and in a little while discerned the faint glimmer of a light; and then another a good distance to the right.

“That’s Zuni,” said Oliver.

As we drew nearer, other little lights gleamed forth. I counted over thirty of them; and the wide distances they were apart shewed that Zuni must be a large place. The population, I believe, is at present about 1600.

NOTE—This being the last issue of “OUR FOREST CHILDREN,”

“My Wife and I” will be continued in the pages of “The

Canadian Indian.” The next chapter, entitled Zuni, will be found to be the most interesting one in the whole narrative. The story will extend probably to the March number of *The Canadian Indian*, after which a new story, illustrated in the same manner, will be commenced, entitled “Two Little Indian Boys, and Where they went to.”

THE S.P.C.K. has voted £100 towards the Homes at MEDICINE HAT, but the building must be completed and insured before this is available, and over and above this grant \$1400 (£280) is still required.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

THE following persons have subscribed their names as members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, since the last list was published:—The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Rev. P. J. Filleul, Charles Burrill, Mrs. G. M. Armstrong, Rev. Louis C. Wurtele, The Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec, Rev. Thomas Fyles, Rev. G. G. Nicolls, G. R. White, John Macgillycuddy, G. M. Sproat, J. R. Tomly, J. M. Lemoine, Rev. F. C. Piper. There are now 115 members of the Society. Any other persons wishing to join will please send their name and addresses, with subscription (\$2 or 8s.) enclosed, either to the Secretary, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; or to the Treasurer, W. L. Marler, Merchants Bank, Ottawa. The Society’s Journal, the “*Canadian Indian*,” the first number of which is to appear next month, will be sent free until December, 1891, to all who have paid up their subscriptions.

THE “Sokitaphe Home” for Indian children, at MEDICINE HAT, is now being built at a cost of \$4000.

“The Canadian Indian.”

THE *Canadian Indian*, the first number of which will appear on the 1st of October, is to be a first-class magazine, printed on heavy antique paper, size six by nine and a-half inches (about the same as Harper’s Monthly), 24 pages in length, illustrated, and will contain articles on the ethnology, philology, and archæology of our aboriginal races by the pens of some of our ablest writers; also information as to the present condition and future prospects of our Indians; the missionary and educational work which is being carried on among them; gleanings from other magazines and papers, both Canadian and American; stories, tit-bits, Indian children’s letters, extracts from their examination papers, &c.; the aim of the editors

being to provide in as concise and yet as attractive a form as possible, such reading matter about our Canadian Indians as shall be palatable both to the student and to the general reader, to the learned ethnologist as well as to the school boy, and, for that matter, to the Indian himself, in whose interest the Magazine is published.

The "*Canadian Indian*" is sent free to Members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society. To others the price is \$2 per annum, or half that amount to missionaries working among Indians, to Indians, and to Sunday Schools (for their library) supporting a pupil at an Indian Institution. Those who subscribe at once will receive fifteen numbers, viz., October, November, December, 1890, and the whole of 1891, before their subscription expires. Any person may become a member of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, and also receive the magazine for 15 months, by sending in \$2 (or 8s.) to the Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

THE new Sokitaphe Home at MEDICINE HAT is now being built at a cost of \$4000, but in order to complete it by November 1st, \$1400 must still be raised.

To our Subscribers.

AS has already been announced, this is the last issue of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." Next month, October, will appear the first number of the "*Canadian Indian*," one half of which will be devoted to original papers on ethnological and philological subjects; and the other half will contain serial stories, items about Indians, missionary work, Indian children's letters, etc., etc., such as hitherto have filled up the pages of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." The new magazine will be illustrated, and will be made in every way as useful and reliable and interesting a journal on Indian subjects as it is possible for it to be. Mr. H. B. Small, who will edit the ethnological part, is already widely known by his writings on Canadian subjects in the British Press; and his connection with the magazine augurs well for its success. Mr. Wilson will edit the educational and missionary part, and continue his story "My wife and I," which has already gone through sixteen numbers of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." After due thought and consideration on the part of the editors; and consultation with others who have had experience in such matters, it has been decided that in order to make it from the outset a first-class magazine, the price must

be \$2.00 per annum (eight shillings). It is to be the organ of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, and as such will be the medium of intercommunication with other learned Societies, and its pages will be contributed to by men who would be indisposed to lend their valuable writings to any but a first-class magazine. It seems important therefore that its position should be asserted from the first, and every effort will be made to maintain its character as time goes on. The subscription therefore will be \$2.00, which sum covers also the annual membership fee. It has however to be considered also that one of the chief aims of the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society," as at present constituted, is to reach through its publications the eye and the heart of the Canadian public, to call forth their sympathies for our poor red men, and lead them to take an active interest both in the proposed research into their past history, and also in what can be told of their present condition and future prospects. With this object in view, it seems most important to enlist the interest and help of the missionaries and teachers, who are laboring among the Indians at their widely separated and isolated stations. Without the co-operation of these laborers in the field, the success of neither our newly formed society or of the new magazine can be well expected. It is proposed, therefore, that to missionaries and teachers among Indians, whether in the United States or in Canada, to the Indians themselves, and also to Sunday Schools supporting pupils in Indian Homes, the charge for the Magazine shall be \$1 instead of \$2, but this will not entitle them to be members of the Society. We hope that most of the present subscribers to "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" will give our new Society a helping hand, just at the start, by subscribing at any rate for one year to the "*Canadian Indian*." To those who have already paid up for the second year of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," viz., to May, 1891, we will, in lieu thereof, send the "*Canadian Indian*" for six months, viz., until March, 1891; and then, if willing to continue taking the new magazine at the advanced price, we must ask them to pay the \$2 for the year commencing with the April number, 1891. To other subscribers who have paid several months in advance for "O.F.C.," we will send the "*Canadian Indian*" for such time as their subscription will cover, and will notify them at what date to renew, if they wish to continue the new magazine at \$2 per annum. We have about 500 complete files of "O.F.C." still on hand, viz.: June, 1889, to September, 1890, inclusive (16 months), and these we propose now

to bind and offer for sale. We will be glad to receive orders for these bound copies.

With the dropping of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" will be dropped also the "Stray Leaves from the Forest," which we have published during the last few months specially for our Sunday School helpers. In order to supply this deficiency, we shall hope to make more use than hitherto of the regular church papers and periodicals, the columns of which have been kindly opened to us for that purpose.

THE Rev. John M. Davenport, of St. John, N.B., has offered \$50, if 19 others will do the same, and make up \$1000 for MEDICINE HAT.

Medicine Hat.



ON the 20th of July, Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, brother of the Rev. E. F. Wilson, a civil engineer, who has been in charge of the Shingwauk Home during the latter's absence in England, went up to Medicine Hat, to make arrangements for the immediate erection of the new Indian Institution, which is to be called the Sokitahpe Home. The *Medicine*

Hat Times has the following item in its issue of July, 31st:—

"The excavations for the main building of the Medicine Hat Indian industrial schools was commenced on Tuesday by the contractor, Mr. H. Yuill. The building will be constructed of frame and concrete, the timber showing on the outside. It will be 38 x 40 ft., with a rear wing 17 x 23 ft., and two stories in height. It will overlook the river, from which it is distant about three hundred yards. The ground floor will be divided into a porch and hall, superintendent's sitting room and office, dining room, kitchen and pantry. The first floor will be divided into a superintendent's bedroom, a sick room, linen room, and school rooms. Until the other buildings are erected, portions of the two school rooms will be partitioned off for dormitories for the pupils. The contractor binds himself to complete the building in three months. Mr. Wilberforce Wilson will remain here to oversee the construction of the building, and if possible he will open the schools this winter."

To this newspaper notice it must be added that out

of \$4000 required for the completion of the building, \$2100 only is as yet available. The S. P. C. K. has promised £100 so soon as the building is completed and insured; but unless more money comes in within the next two months, the work will have to be closed down for the winter in an incomplete state. Just \$1400 is the sum now wanted in order to make the S.P.C.K. grant available, and to complete the building before winter.

THOSE who will join with Mr. Davenport in giving \$50 each to MEDICINE HAT, please send their names and addresses at once to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie.

Jottings.

THERE are forty-seven pupils at present at the Washakada and Kasota Homes, at Elkhorn.

THE Presbyterians expect to open their large new Government Institution for Indian children, near Regina, this fall.

SCHOOL re-commences at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, August the 18th, and at the Elkhorn Homes, Sept. 8th.

THE Shingwauk recently had a visit from Adam Kiyoshk, who was the first pupil to enter that institution, sixteen years ago. Adam is now a fine broad-shouldered man, thirty-two years of age, with a wife and three children. He is at present employed as a diver, by a Chicago firm.

DONATIONS are most earnestly solicited for the new Homes at MEDICINE HAT.

THE Shingwauk Home received a visit recently from Miss Cartmell, representative of the Methodist Women's Missionary Society. She was on her way to the North-west and British Columbia, to visit all the Indian schools, with a view to selecting a suitable position for a new Indian Home.

THE sale of fancy work on behalf of the Rev. R. Renison's Mission, took place on the Shingwauk Island, July, and realized about \$30. The island was prettily lighted up in the evening, and the stalls very tastefully decorated. Owing to showery weather, the attendance was not as large as had been hoped.

ANY contributions to MEDICINE HAT just at the present time, will be most thankfully accepted. We are most anxious to complete the building before winter.

Indian Ornaments.

THESE are few ornaments now in use with any meaning, among the Dakota Indians. Eagle feathers—the number worn showing the number of enemies he has killed, the wing feathers of the bald-headed eagle denoting male, and the black eagle feathers denoting women, are perhaps most prominent. If they have scalped the enemy, a broad red streak is painted upon the feathers. If the person killed was of prominence or reputation, the feather is sometimes dyed red. No one will wear an eagle feather unless entitled to it, as they believe it will fly away from their heads if worn unlawfully. The scalp-lock is still worn, even among the so-called civilized Indians. They arrange the scalp-lock proper an inch across, and tie around this very firmly a head band, and then the hair is braided, and an otter skin tied around it spirally, forming a braid at least two, and sometimes as much as four, feet long. This is kept oiled for the enemy. If an Indian has the time, and the person killed is of importance, he will scalp off the whole from beneath the eyebrows, including the eyes. Grizzly bear claws are worn as necklaces, as a mark of distinction, but, as they are costly, the wearing of them is merely a matter of wealth and not of chieftainship.—*Kansas City Times.*

Indian Piety.

IN the American Magazine for October, Mrs. H. S. Thompson, describing a trip taken in the Red Pipestone country, makes mention of a very marked feature of piety shown by the Christian Indians of that region. The following incidents are related:—

Some of our party, with less wisdom than frolic, visited a teepee on Sunday morning to purchase a few of the specimens of carved pipestone. They found the family at breakfast, and were treated with grave cold politeness, until their errand was made known, after which the family refused to hold any conversation with them whatever.

A similar result was shown on another occasion when a party from the town visited the Flandrau Indians, who have a church fourteen miles from the pipestone quarry. The party went for the purpose of engaging these Indians for a war dance at the coming Fourth of July celebration. These white Christians undertook the matter on a Sunday morning, and found the Indians all at church an hour before service, where they intro-

duced the subject at once. To their astonishment and annoyance they could elicit no response, nothing but blank silence. Thus discomfited, they withdrew until after service, and then made further efforts. Still the Indians stared in silence on the ground, and finally turned their backs upon their intruders in disdain, who then withdrew, too much chagrined to communicate the affairs to their townsmen. A few days later the Indians came in a body to negotiate for their service, thus proving their respect for the white man's religion, though contempt for its violators.

WHEN a chief of the Cherokees was asked why the Cherokees are so much in advance of the other tribes, he replied: "Because we have taken care to educate our women as well as the men." This answer means much. It means civilization and advancement for any people, be they Cherokees, Turks, Chinese or Africans. As long as the mother is ignorant, there is little hope for her sons.—*The Pipe of Peace.*

BISHOP HARE, of South Dakota, reported to the General Convention that during the last three years he has confirmed six hundred and fifty candidates among the Indians. Nine persons of the Sioux or Dakota race are now in holy orders. The Indians last year contributed \$2,500. He says: "Because they have sometimes done brutal deeds, it is a mistake to call them 'brutes.' Because our ancestors little more than one hundred years ago, for political reasons, beheaded their prisoners, and impaled them upon the walls, or condemned them to be hung, drawn and quartered, are we to call the English nation a nation of brutes? Unquestionably, they did brutal things; and so did these Indians. But these Indians are not brutes. They are capable of civilization, and there is not a remote corner of that reservation where you may not find a pretty little mission house or chapel and a worshipping congregation."

THE Indian children possess many good traits, which have been observed by those who have noticed the peculiarities and characteristics of the Indian race. One writer truthfully remarks that they are noticeable for their feeling of charity, and the manner in which they will stand up for each other, even when they recognize the faults of the offending party. They will not betray each other if they can possibly help it, and are always willing to do for and help each other along. This is not often found in a great degree among white children who have had far better advantages.

Apache Girls.

THE little Apache girls at the Ramona school are implicit believers in what they are taught of religion. The second Sunday, after fourteen or fifteen Apaches had arrived, they were fitted out in American garments and sent to church. As they were leaving the house, it was discovered that a skirt of one of the little girls was too long. The teacher took a needle and thread and fastened it up securely. The older girls were anxious that the first impressions of the new pupils, just from an Apache camp, should be correct. One of them went at once to the matron and indignantly asked: "What for Miss DeSette sew on God's day? What for you no tell her to stop?"—*Wide-awake*.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts and clothing sent to our Indian Homes:

JULY, 1890.

From Mrs. Niven, Montreal, a bale containing boys' and girls' clothing, also gifts for Xmas.

From Mrs. Brigstocke, St. John, N.B., a barrel containing some nice warm quilts, boys' clothing and other gifts.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM JULY 7TH TO AUGUST 4TH., INCLUSIVE.

L. R. MARSH, London, Ont., \$5; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$25.25; St. Mark's, Niagara, for girl, \$25; Miss Crouch, Virgil, \$10; All Saints', Toronto, for girl, \$25; Visitor, \$1.00; Shingwauk Collection Box, \$2.83; Mrs. Muckleston, for freight, \$2.00; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, for boy, \$9.37; Mrs. Forbes, for girl, \$45; Bible Class, Peterboro, for girl, \$12 50; Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont, \$3; St. George's S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$75; Mrs. H. P. Holden's Class, special, Elkhorn, \$9.40, per R. V. Rogers, W.A.M.A., Ottawa, \$10; St. George's Church, Montreal, \$100. Receipts during Rev. E. F. Wilson's tour in England: A. Kinsella, \$1; Anon, per Rev. G. G. Nichol, \$2; Mrs. Morton, 8s.; Mrs. Blake, 5s.; Miss Atkins, 10s.; R. McCauley, £1; Mr. McGillicuddy, £5; J. G. Churton, £1; Mrs. Almon, 10s.; Miss Parminter, \$1.50; Miss Small, \$1.50; Mrs. Andrews, 10s.; Rev. C. Hole, £5 14s. 6d.; Miss Brooking, 10s.; Mrs. Cleghorn, £1; Mrs. Butcher, £1, Mrs. T. Harvey, £1; Mrs. Pennefather, £2; Jos. H. Richardson, 10s.; E. Sturge, 10s.; Mrs. J. Richardson, £1; At Mrs. T. Merz's, £8 13s.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Foster, £1; Mrs. McDonall, 10s.; Mrs. L. Fry, 5s.; Offertory St. Dunstan's, London, England, £2 13s. 9d.; Meeting St. Dunstan's, London, England, £2 18s. 9d.; Miss Meadow's White Drawing Room, £20 7s. 6d.; Hughes Hughes, Esq., £5; Mr. Thompson (Grand Hotel), £2 2s.; Stoke Newington Collection, £3 12s.; Col. Clarke, Wimbledon Drawing Room, £12 15s. 3d.; Public Meeting, Wimbledon, £4 9s. 9d.; M. B. Galbraith, £1, per Rev. Canon Wilson, £1 6s.; Mrs. Tait, Drawing Room Meeting, £5 6s. 4d.; Mrs. Ellis, 3 guineas; Meeting, iron-room, Mildmay, £5 3s. 8d.; Mrs. Hutton, 1 guinea; Ipswich Afternoon Meeting, £6 10s. 8d.; Evening, £2 3s. 4d.; Bromley Public Meeting, £3 5s. 11d.; Mr. W. S. Cowell, Ipswich, £5; Miss Atkins, £1; Rev. Canon Elwyn, £1 1s.; Miss Farrar, £20; Hampstead Meeting, £10; Dover Friday Meeting, £3 19s. 2d.; Saturday, £5 13s. 5d.; Dover Sunday Offertories, £4 13s.; Ramsgate Afternoon Meeting, £6 2s.; Evening, £3 3s. 4d.; Dr. Martin,

£1; Arthur Wilson, £5; St. Jude's Mildmay Offertories, £15 13s.; Garden Meeting, Mitcham, £13 2s.

NOTE.—As the "Canadian Indian" will be published on somewhat different lines to those on which "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" has been published, acknowledgement of contributions to Mr. Wilson's Indian Homes will not as a rule appear in its pages, but will be sent to the church papers together with a few notes about the work going on at the Homes.

Receipts—O.F.C.

JULY 10TH, 1890.

Mrs. Noyes, 50c.; Mrs. Eppes, \$1; Mrs. Fortin, 50c.; Miss Lamb, \$1; Williamson & Co., \$1; Miss Crouch, \$2.50; O. Sharpe, \$1; R. N. Wilson, \$1; Sarah Atkins, 50c.; Miss L. A. Kingsmill, \$1; Miss Brown, 50c.; Miss Vidal, 50c.; W. Wilson, 50c.; Miss A. Wordman, \$1; Miss Moody, \$1; Mrs. J. Manning, 50c.; Mrs. Hamer, \$1.50; Miss Bawtree, \$1.20; Mrs. Fearon, \$1; G. F. Jewell, \$2.50; Miss Millar, 50c.; Carlos Montezuma, 50c.; Rev. Dr. Burman, \$1.

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Also, THE WASHAKADA HOME, for Indian children, at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE.

AT SHINGWAUK HOME.

A Beautiful Photograph of the SHINGWAUK PUPILS who went with Mr. Wilson to Montreal and Ottawa, mailed 50c.

The two BLACKFEET BOYS, mailed 30c.

WILLIE and ELIJAH (who went with Mr. Wilson in 1886,) mailed 25c.

SHINGWAUK, CHAPEL and a General View of the Shingwauk Buildings from the river (mailed), each 35c.