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Vol. IV., No. 5.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 15.]

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

JNO. RUTHERFORD, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
OWEN SOUND, ONT.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 5.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 15.]

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The holidays have commenced at last, and nearly all the boys and girls have gone home. The schools broke up on Friday, the 27th of June. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day every one assembled in the school-room. The Bishop of Algoma, who had kindly consented to give away the prizes, first addressed the boys; this was followed by one or two addresses from other gentlemen who were present. The Indian chief Bukkuzyjenene, who had come up from Garden River for the occasion, made a very animated speech. The Bishop then gave away the prizes, after which "God save the Queen" was sung very heartily. At 6 p.m. all the boys and girls had a splendid tea, laid out under the trees, and late in the evening the girls returned to the Wawanosh. Some of them left for home that night, but the greater part had to wait till next day. I remember one funny little occurrence in connection with Friday. Louisa S., a little girl seven or eight years of age, is the proud possessor of a very diminutive parasol, which she carries about with her on every possible occasion. Friday being a very hot day, of course this young woman arrived with her parasol. But when the time came for the girls to go home and they all assembled in front of the house, the blazing sun had disappeared and the moon was slowly rising in its stead. I suppose Louisa had never been up so late before in her life, at any rate directly she got outside the house she put up her parasol and began to look for the sun. She always did this, for unless she got her parasol directly between herself and the sun, it was too small to be of any use. Well, she stared about for a minute or two, and at last asked in a tone of intense astonishment, "Where ever is the sun?" The girl addressed (an elder sister, I think) answered in a rather shocked voice, "Lou-i-sa, stupid, the sun has gone, it's the moon now." "Well, I must keep the moon off me, then," was the ready retort, and tilting her parasol to exactly the right angle, away she went. How we all laughed! To see this ridiculous little mite trotting calmly down the avenue, with a tiny fringed parasol protecting her from the moonlight, was very funny.

One of the little Islands in front of the Home has now become quite a popular resort. A rustic wooden bridge has been built to connect it with the mainland, and it has been nicely cleared—that is to say a good deal of the thick underbrush has been cleared away, and delightful little paths made, twisting and winding in different directions. At every turn one is confronted by a sign-board pointing to "Readers' Retreat," "Bay View," "Shingwauk View," etc.

The 1st of July passed off without very much demonstration on the part of the boys here. It was a very rainy day, and out-door sports were out of the question. Just before prize-giving day, the "Buckskin Base Ball Club" played a club from the American Sault, and beat them, amid much rejoicing on the part of their school-fellows. The band has had to be given up, as some of the best players have gone home. Those that are left were greatly disappointed at not being able to play in the Sault on Dominion Day, as they were asked to do.

Please address any questions to be answered in these letters, to

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

Indian Ingratitude.

(1) IN some Indian languages there is not a single expression for "I am grateful to you," but they will say, "You have a good heart." For all favors received, they expect to give as much in return. When this principle is applied to them in their relation to the white people, they accept without thanks and do not expect to pay again, as they think that the white people have received in land more than they can ever repay in gifts to their red brethren. Hence it savors of ingratitude to us, who do not expect anything in return, to see them accept benefits without a word of thanks.
—MacLean.

(2) Among the Indians of the Pacific coast, there exists a festival known as "Potlach." It is a Chinook word, meaning "to give," from the fact that the chief object is to make a distribution of gifts to friends. A chief desiring honor, or an Indian wishing to obtain a good name for himself, will call the people of his own

and other tribes to enjoy the abundant provision made for them. Many of the adult members of the tribes will spend years of hard toil, live in poverty, denying themselves the necessaries of life, that they may be able to save a sum sufficient to hold a Potlach. At these festivals a single Indian has been known to distribute, in money and various kinds of articles, to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. At the beginning of the Potlach, the names of the persons to receive the gifts are called aloud, and they come forward in a very indifferent manner, to receive a blanket or a gun, but when nearing the end of the distribution, there is a general scramble for the property to be given away.—

MacLean.

(3) When Peter Jones had his audience with the Queen, he presented a petition and some wampum from the Ojibways of Canada. In speaking of Her Majesty in his journal, he records, "I then proceeded to give her the meaning of the wampum, and told her that the white wampum signified the loyal and good feeling which prevails amongst the Indians toward Her Majesty and her government; but that the black wampum was designed to tell Her Majesty that their hearts were troubled on account of their having no title-deeds to their lands; and that they had sent their petition and wampum that Her Majesty might be pleased to take out all the black wampum, so that the string might be all white."—*MacLean.*

(4) It seems strange to a pale-face that when an Indian is asked his name, generally he will appeal to his Indian friend to answer for him. The reason for this lies either in shame or modesty, as the names given them relate to honor or dishonor. Some Indians have two or three names. Among some tribes the name of a deceased person is never mentioned.

The Naming of Our Kittens.

SATURDAY evening, October 19, one of the girls brought up the Winona kittens in her apron and stood in the hall with them.

Soon a large crowd gathered around them; then began the grand task of naming our beloved kittens. Their names are as follows:

Pasapa (Sioux) meaning Black Head, falling to the cunning little black and white one.

Cheeldauski (Cherokee) meaning Falling Blossom, to the little white one.

Katsidsi (Oneida) Pretty Rose, to the grey and white one.

Babakwa (Shawnee) Flower, to the one that has grey bangs and is quite cunning.

Hinunkwacheck (Winnebago) Young Girl. It is almost all white, with one grey spot on its side.

Their mother has an Omaha name, Englunga, meaning Cat. The girls call her Mrs. Englunga. We think they all have very fine names.—*Etta Pilcher, in Talks and Thoughts.*

Jottings.

CADET F. B. Wilson, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has returned home to spend his summer vacation.

We are glad to be able to state that the Hospital is at last empty, Miss Pigot having only a few out patients.

MR. WILSON and the two little boys, Soney and Zosie, returned on the 9th, all in good spirits and well pleased with their trip.

ADDITIONS are being made to the Shingwauk Home in the shape of a drill shed, bath room and back kitchen, and building is rapidly progressing.

THE summer vacation commenced on the 27th of June, prize-giving being held on that day. His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma kindly consented to give away the prizes.

MRS. CUMMINS and Miss Patterson, the two deputies from the W.A., Toronto, paid the Homes a visit last month, and seemed much interested in the work generally.

MR. WILSON expects to leave for the North-west somewhere about the fifteenth of August. He will visit the Elkhorn institutions, and then go on to Medicine Hat.

Two of the Shingwauk pupils, Sahguy and Joseph, have been trying to pass the examination for entrance into the High School, and they are now anxiously awaiting the results.

MISS CHAMPION, the Lady Superintendent of the Wawanosh Home, has left for Collingwood, where she intends spending part of her vacation. We hope she will enjoy a very pleasant summer.

MISS MARY BERGER, who has been an inmate of the Home for nearly nine years, was married in the Memorial Chapel, to Mr. W. Wilson, of the American Sault. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Algoma.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 15.

THE HIDATSA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



CONSIDERABLE confusion has frequently been caused in the minds of those who have taken up the study of the various Indian tribes, owing to the various names and appellations which have been carelessly or unwittingly applied to the same people. The above name,

Hidatsa, is one that is probably but little known by the general public, and yet it represents a once important and powerful tribe, their cognomens being *Gros Ventres* and *Minnitaree*. There is also some further confusion about this tribe, owing to another people of a wholly distinct stock, living far to the west, having received the same rather uncomplimentary epithet of *Gros Ventres* (big bellies). The *Gros Ventres* of the western prairies in Montana are properly the *Atsinas*, and the tribe of which we are now speaking, in Dakota, are properly the *Hidatsas*. They have no relation one to the other, neither is there any affinity in their languages.

Hidatsa is the name now generally used by this people to designate themselves; it was the name of their principal village on Knife River (a branch of the Missouri), at the time when the explorers Lewis and Clarke visited them in 1804; although even at that time they were spoken of both as *Minnitarees* and *Gros Ventres*. The origin of the word *Hidatsa* is obscure. It is said by some to mean "willows," indeed the name "Willow Indians" has not unfrequently been applied to them. The title of *Minnitaree* they obtained from their near neighbors, the *Mandans*. The story is that when this tribe in its early wanderings arrived on the north-eastern bank of the Missouri river, the *Mandans* were encamped on the opposite shore; the *Mandans*, seeing strangers approaching, cried to them in the *Mandan* dialect, "Who are you?" The *Hidatsas*, not understanding what was said, but supposing that the *Mandans* (who were provided with skin boats) asked them what they wanted, shouted in return, "Minitari"—we want to cross the water. All travellers agree that the term "*Gros Ventres*" is a decided misnomer. Palliser remarks:—"They are most absurdly termed *Gros Ventres* by the French traders, there being not

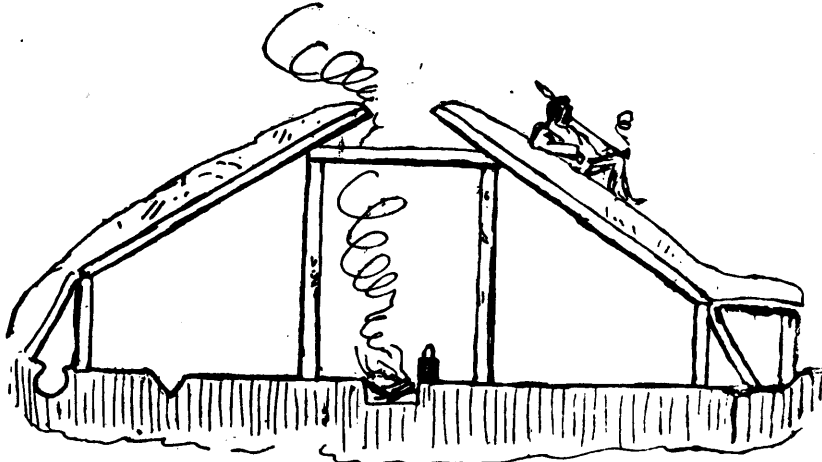
the slightest foundation for branding them with that epithet." The *Hidatsas* are regarded as belonging to the Siouan stock, to which pertain the *Dakotas*, *Omahas*, *Osages*, *Poncas*, *Mandans*, *Crows*, and several other important tribes.

Although distantly related to the *Mandans*, their language is, nevertheless, very different to the one spoken by that tribe; and when they first came into contact with each other, as distinct tribes, on the banks of the Missouri river, they were unable to understand each other's speech. However, they made friends and settled together in contiguous villages; and another tribe, the *Arickarees*, of a wholly distinct stock, also made friends and built their villages near them. And so, when Lewis and Clarke made their memorable western tour, at the beginning of the present century, they found these three tribes—the *Hidatsas*, the *Mandans*, and the *Arickarees*, living harmoniously together in villages scattered along the shores of the Missouri river, in North-western Dakota, occupying dome-shaped mud houses all of similar construction, gaining their living by hunting and fishing, all much in the same way, and yet each tribe speaking its own distinct language.

At that time the *Hidatsas*, who were the largest of the three allied tribes, were said to number 2500; now they have become reduced to one-fifth of that number. The Indian Bureau Report for 1888 places them at 502—men, women and children, all told. They still occupy the same locality that they did at the beginning of the century, the present Indian Agency at Fort Berthold being within a short distance of the original *Hidatsa* village. In Catlin's time (about 1830), the *Hidatsas*, or *Minatarees*, as he calls them, numbered about 1500 and occupied three villages of earth-covered lodges on the banks of Knife river; he regarded them as a part of the tribe of the *Crows*, who were then living further west at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and thought that at some remote period they must have had their retreat to their own people cut off by the enemy, and so travelled eastward and joined themselves to the friendly *Mandans*. In language and personal appearance as well as in many of their customs, says Catlin, they resemble the *Crows*. Dr. Washington Matthews thinks it is fully two hundred years since the *Hidatsas* separated from the *Crows*. A Crow legend accounts for the separation in this way. During a season of scarcity, while yet they were all living together, a single buffalo wandered into a camp and was killed by a *Hidatsa*, who offered the paunch to the *Crows*. The

Crows were offended and refused, and so the two bands separated, and the Hidatsas have ever since called the Crows Kichatsa, which means "they who refused the paunch." The Hidatsas probably learned their method of constructing dwellings from the Mandans, as the Crows have never made or lived in earth-covered lodges.

found their way out, and, discovering a country much better than their own, came back and told their people, and so they all determined to come out. Owing to the breaking of a tree up which they were scrambling, a great part of the tribe had to remain behind in the water, and are there yet. After coming up from the



HIDATSA EARTH LODGES.

water they wandered over the prairies, and at length came on the Mandans, as already described, on the banks of the Missouri river. From the Mandans they learned the arts of peace, and have ever since dwelt beside them. They say that they had no knowledge of corn until they first ate it from the trenchers of the Mandans. Modern story-tellers say that Devil's Lake in Northern Dakota is the natal lake of the Hidatsa Indians.

Formerly, the Hidatsas were constantly waging war with

The land which these people now occupy is very fairly good both for cultivation and for stock-raising. The three allied tribes have a reserve of eight and a-half million acres in the north-west part of Dakota, extending on both sides of the Missouri river and having Fort Berthold as its centre. The Indian agent gives a very favorable report of their progress, both in civilization and in their knowledge of agriculture. Altogether they have about 2000 acres of land at present under cultivation; their dome-shaped mud houses have given place to log and frame dwellings, and the blanket and breech-cloth have been discarded for the more civilized coat and trousers. Each family now has its own little farm, and they grow wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, besides raising a number of cattle and horses. All children of schoolable age go to school—most of them to the Fort Stevenson Industrial School, which is seventeen miles distant; others to the local Mission School. The present missionary, the Rev. C. L. Hall, reports that they have two services and Sunday school every Sunday, conducted partly in English, partly in the Indian language, there being an average attendance of about sixty at the services.

The Hidatsa Indians relate of themselves as follows: They originally dwelt beneath the surface of a great body of water situated to the north-east of their present home. From this subaqueous residence some persons

the Shoshonee Indians, and there are men still living among them who remember these raids and battles of their younger days. The Hidatsas were a brave, warlike people, but they never ill-treated young children when taken captive, or scalped their enemies; neither would they torture adult prisoners, but they seemed to take a special delight in mutilating the bodies of the slain. One of their most noted chiefs was "Eh-toh-k-pah-she-pe'e-shah," (the Black Moccasin), whose portrait, as taken by Catlin, we here give. He was a mild-tempered old man and made great friends with Lewis and Clarke on the occasion of their visit. Lewis he called "Red Hair," and Clarke "Long Knife," and he asked affectionately after them when Catlin visited him thirty years later. "He is an ancient, patriarchal looking man," says Catlin, "counting undoubtedly more than one hundred snows; he sits tottering with age, and silently reigns sole monarch of the little community around him, who are continually dropping in to cheer him and render him their homage."

Catlin also gives an amusing account of the effect that reading a newspaper had upon these people. "They thought I was mad," he says, "when they saw me for more than an hour with my eyes fixed upon a copy of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*; at last some of them conjectured that it must be a cure for sore eyes.



BLACK MOCCASIN.

I, at length, put an end to the mystery, by reading several passages, which were interpreted to them. Their astonishment then became still greater, and one of them offered me a very handsome, beautifully garnished robe in exchange for it. This I would not accept, but I gave him the newspaper, and he wrapped it up in eight or ten folds of birchbark and deer-skins, and then put it in a sack made of the skin of a polecat, to become henceforward his mystery or medicine bag."

The manner in which these people trap eagles is told by Dr. Washington Matthews, and is worth recounting. Late in the autumn a few families, bent on eagle catching, choose a suitable location and make their camp. They first build a small, earth-covered medicine lodge, and then raise their own tents around it. In the medicine lodge is a sort of altar, on which various charms and relics are placed, and here the hunters remain all day fasting previous to the day's hunt. The eagles are caught in traps made as follows: A hole is dug in the earth and covered with sticks, sods, etc., a small opening only being left in the covering, and close to this is tied a dead rabbit, grouse or other small animal. The hunters having fasted in the medicine lodge all day, take just a little nourishment about midnight, and then sleep until early dawn. Then with the first streaks of light they go to their traps. Each hunter gets inside his pit under the covering of brush and sods, and there waits until an eagle, seeing the bait, swoops down and fastens his claws in it. When the eagle's claws are stuck fast, the

Indian puts his hand out through the opening, and, catching the bird by both legs, draws him into the hole and ties him firmly. The trapper then re-arranges his trap and waits for another eagle. He sits thus all day in his pit without either food or water, and often catches several eagles. They are brought alive into camp, and their tail feathers and principal wing feathers plucked out, and then are set at liberty. The feathers are disposed of to other neighboring tribes, one eagle tail being worth a good horse. The eagle trapping lasts four days, and during all that time the hunters take only a little food at midnight each day. If one of them should have caught no eagles, instead of going to sleep after midnight, he must spend his time in loud lamentation and prayer.

The dwellings of the Hidatsas were, in former days, earth-covered lodges, large and strongly made, similar to those used by their neighbors, the Mandans. They were from thirty to forty feet in diameter, circular, the floor a foot below the surface of the ground, the ceiling ten to fifteen feet high in the centre, the roof somewhat dome shaped, made of strong timbers covered with willows, hay and earth, a hole in the top to let in the light and let out the smoke; the entrance an aperture in the side connecting with a long, narrow, low porch or shed, just as the Eskimos have for their snow houses. The floor of these earth lodges was of earth, the fireplace in the centre—circular, and about a foot lower than the floor. Mats, hurdles, hair pillows, and buffalo robes formed the seats and beds; the bedsteads were separated by curtains. When travelling at a distance from their villages, the Hidatsas would use skin lodges or teepees like other prairie Indians. The Hidatsas and their neighbors were clever in several branches of manufacture. They understand the art of making pottery, and appear even to have known something of the manufacture of glass; home-made globular and ellipsoidal beads of rude construction are still to be found among them; whether, however, any of them antedate the Columbian discovery is doubtful. The boats or canoes used by these people are not canoe shape, but are more like the Welsh coracle, being a tub-shaped, willow frame covered with buffalo skin, and propelled by dipping the paddle forward and drawing it in towards the paddler. In dress these people resembled the Mandans (already described in November No. O.F.C.) They were fond of shells for ornaments, and obtained them in trade from Indians on the Pacific coast. Some old people among them formerly tattooed themselves. Their chief food until within recent years,

was buffalo meat roasted or boiled. Sometimes they chopped the fresh meat fine and put it in a piece of intestine, making a sort of sausage. For preservation they would cut the meat into long thin sheets or strips and dry it in the sun. Meat thus prepared would keep sweet for three years or more. Hungry hunters, on killing an animal, would sometimes eat the liver or kidneys raw. Raw liver is said to have a saccharine taste which is not unpleasant. Their principal vegetable diet was Indian Corn. Sometimes they would eat it green, but generally they allowed it to ripen, and pounded the grain in a wooden mortar with water, boiled it and made it into a pudding or cakes. They also ate squashes, berries, roots, and cakes made of sunflower seeds.

Polygamy is not much practised among these people. When a man marries he offers gifts to the woman's relations, and presents of equal value are usually returned; the wife is not bartered for and bought as with many of the other tribes. After marriage, the husband, if a young man, becomes an inmate of his father-in-law's lodge, and helps by his hunting to support his wife's parents.

The Hidatsas have a number of religious dances and other ceremonies. Chief among them is that called *Nahpiké*, which takes place every second or third year. It is accompanied by a good deal of cruelty—self-inflicted. Some of the participants have long strips of skin cut from their bodies and hanging loose; others have incisions made in the flesh into which a rawhide thong is fastened, the other end being attached to a buffalo skull, which the unfortunate victim has to drag about until his flesh gives way. One young man, in performance of a vow he had made, had himself attached in this way to a horse that had been kept three days without food and water, and he took him to the margin of a river and dragged him away home again without drinking, simply by straining against the animal with the thongs fastened into his flesh and without using his hands.

In regard to their native religion, these people may be said to worship everything in nature—the sun, the moon, the stars, all the lower animals, all trees and plants, rivers, lakes, and stones—everything not made with human hands, having an independent being, they believe possesses a spirit and may be addressed as a god. They believe also in an unseen Deity, whom they call *Itsikamahidís*, the first made or first in existence. They worship the sun and offer sacrifices to it. Formerly they thought it wrong to cut down a large tree.

They do not believe in hell or devil, but they say there are evil genii, in female shape, who may harm people in this life, but cannot hurt them after death. When a Hidatsa dies, his spirit, they say, lingers four nights around the camp and then goes to the land of his departed kindred. During the four nights that the ghost is supposed to linger near his former dwelling, those who had not been good friends with the deceased burn a pair of moccasins at the door of their lodge, believing that the smell of the burning leather will keep him away. Corpses are wrapped and tied up in cloths and placed on scaffolds, or in the fork of a tree.

An interesting account of the Hidatsas has been written by Dr. Washington Matthews of the Surgeon-General's Office, Washington, and the same book contains a grammar and vocabulary of their language. Beyond this, very little has been written about these people.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The Hidatsa is a sonorous language, pleasing to the ear, but not so musical as the Dakota. The sounds *f, v*, are unknown to the language, and the letters *b, g, j, l, n, q, r, x, y*, are not required in writing or speaking it. The linguo-dental sounds *d, l, n, r*, are interchangeable; also the labial sounds *m, b, w*; this makes it very difficult to write the language correctly; the word *madakoe*, (my friend) for instance, may be pronounced by one *balakoe*, by another *wanakoe*, and so on. As in Dakota, there is the German *ch* sound, but there is no nasal vowel (\tilde{n}). Parts of the body, and articles that must necessarily have an owner cannot generally be expressed apart from the possessive pronoun. There is no plural number of noun or adjective, and the verb has only a plural in the future tense. The plural has to be expressed by numeral adjectives. There are causative and reflexive forms of the verb. Almost any word can be changed into a verb. The only tenses are the indefinite (present or past) and the future. The only moods are the indicative, the imperative, and the infinitive. Various prefixes to a verb may indicate the mode in which the action is done; thus, *ada* prefixed means that it is done with the foot; *da*, that it is done with the mouth; *dak*, that it is done with force; *ki*, that it is done repeatedly or completely.

VOCABULARY.

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

pleasure; â, as in law; ä, as in fan; ü, as in French *tu*; h, as in German *ich*; ñ, as in sing; *dh*, as in that; *th*, as in thin; *g*, as in gun; *g̃* a guttural *ghr* sound.

man, matse.	twenty, dopa piti ka.
women, mia.	hundred, piti kih tia.
boy, makad-ishta matse.	come here, hu.
house, ati.	be quick, hata täki.
boat (or canoe), mati.	to-day, hidi mape.
river, azi.	to-morrow, ataduk.
water, midi.	good morning.
fire, midaha.	Indian, a maka doh paka.
tree, mida.	white man, mashi.
horse, itsua shuka.	God, Ita ka te tash.
dog, ma shuka.	Devil, (no word).
fish, mua.	heaven, a pa hi.
town, ati ahu.	the, (no word).
kettle, midaha.	a hand, shaki.
knife, ma etsi.	my hand, ma shaki.
tobacco, 'o pe.	your hand, di shaki.
day, ma pe.	John's hand, John i shaki.
night, ma ku.	my knife, mata maetsi.
yes, a.	axe, ma ipt sa.
no, desha.	little axe, mi iptsi daka.
I, ma <i>or</i> mi.	bad axe, mi iptsi ishia.
thou, da <i>or</i> di.	big axe, mi iptsi ihtia.
he, i.	big tree, mida ihtia.
my father, 'a te.	black kettle, midaha shipi.
it is good, tca kishä.	money, uetsa.
red, hishi.	bird, tsakaka.
white, ataki.	snake, mapok sha.
black, shi pi.	I see, a ma ka.
one, du et sa.	thou seest, adaka.
two, do pa.	he sees, ika.
three, dami.	it is cold, hapa.
four, to'pä.	I know, emake.
five, ki hu.	I knew, emake (no change).
six, akama.	I shall know, emakemi.
seven, sha pu a.	two men, matse dopa.
eight, do pa pi.	three dogs, mashuka dami.
nine, duet sa pi.	four knives, maetsi topa.
ten, pi ti ka.	

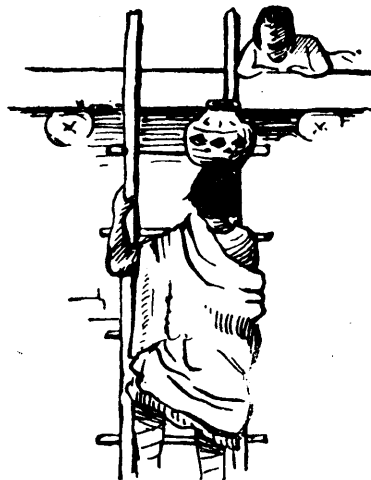
MAJOR POWELL, in the *United Service Magazine*, urges that the Indians be utilized by training them for soldiers. It should be said, in this connection, that the use of the Indians as mounted police—a semi-military service—has been a pronounced success.—*Boston Journal*.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).



HE Pima and Papajo Indians struck me as not very prepossessing in appearance, their skins of a dull clouded color, much darker than that of our northern Indians—and a large proportion of them are sadly pock-marked; they were, however, spoken very

highly of by their teachers, as being quick to learn, very obedient and very industrious. Pimas and Papajos occupy the southern part of Arizona, and are related to one another, their languages being but slightly different. Later in the evening I went with Mr. Evans to the dormitories to see them all in bed; they had iron bedsteads, with comfortable mattresses and bedding, and slept generally two in a bed. The largest dormitories had thirty or forty inmates. The washing operation I saw next day—just before the evening meal. It was in a large roomy outhouse adjoining the main building; the captains brought in their companies one at a time; there was a boiler full of hot water and a tank full of cold water. Each boy, as he entered, hung up his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves, took a basin from the long row on the wash bench, dipped up a little hot water, then a little cold water, took it back to its place, washed himself, turned out the basin into a slanting trough, which passed through the length of the building, and left it ready for the next company. At meals, the pupils occupied a large dining hall and sat at small tables, six or eight at a table, as at a hotel. The girls were at one end by themselves. Boys, appointed for the purpose, did all the work in the kitchen, under the guidance of the matron, and at meals they wore white aprons and waited at table. The girls, I noticed, were polite in helping one another before helping them-

selves. For supper, they had bread, mashed potatoes, stewed apples and coffee. During my visit I took down words in six different Indian languages, all of which were quite new to me. I also addressed the children again the second evening of my visit, read to them my letters from the boys and girls of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, and showed them my sketches and photographs.

My next destination, after leaving Albuquerque, would be Manuelito, on the western border of New Mexico; from there I expected to take stage about twenty-five miles, to Fort Defiance, in Arizona, and then drive eighty miles or so, to visit the Moki Indians; then, returning to Manuelito, I would drive thirty or forty miles in another direction, to visit the Zuni Indians. I had allowed sixteen days for the accomplishment of this western trip, and had been told that it could be accomplished within that time.

"Are you armed?" said Mr. Evans to me, as we were sitting in his parlor after breakfast.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Are you armed? Do you carry arms?"

"No," I said. "Is it necessary to be armed?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "No one ever thinks of travelling in the Navajo country without arms. Why, even here at Albuquerque, there are pretty rough doings sometimes. Only a little while ago a gentleman was 'held up' and robbed by three masked men, on the steps of the San Felipe hotel. The country is over-run with desperadoes west of this, and there is continual trouble with the Navajoes and Apaches. So long as two or three travel in company it is generally safe enough, but it does not do for a man to go about alone.

"Does your wife know the sort of country you are going into?" asked Mr. Evans.

"No," I said.

CHAPTER XVIII—MRS. SOMER'S BOARDING HOUSE.

MANUELITO is the Mexican name of the chief of the Navajoes. It is also the name of a desolate little station on the route of the A. & P. Railway, just on the border of Arizona, at which I arrived at 10 A.M., on the morning of Monday, Nov. 26th. I was very nearly passing Manuelito without getting off. The train, I knew, was some hours behind time, but while I was busy writing up my journal, it had been making extra speed, and so reached the place about half an hour earlier than I had expected. When the Pullman porter came in and said—"This is Manuelito, sir," I was taken, as

they say, "all of a heap," and had to bundle my pencil and papers and travelling cap into my valise and close it up, and get my coat and umbrella, all in double quick time; and the train was already moving away when the porter, with my valise, and myself with my



MY ARRIVAL AT MANUELITO.

other things, alighted on the platform. It had been drenching with rain all night, and the rain had turned to snow, and underfoot it was all mud and slush. "Where is Mrs. Somers' place?" I asked of a young man on the platform. "Come with me and I will show you," he said, "let me carry your valise." I noticed that there were only four houses in the place, and that those four houses were at wide distances apart. One was the station, another was the 'section house,' for the railway men, another was a traders' store, and the fourth was Mrs. Somers' boarding house. Mrs. Somers' boarding house was now in front of us. The young man, whose name was Oliver, carried my valise, and I followed him. Mrs. Somers' boarding house was a shanty built of rough upright boards with a slightly slanting board roof, covered with tarpaulin; the surrounding country, so far as one could see through the mist and sleet, appeared to be wild and grand. We arrived at the door of the little shanty and entered. The interior was more attractive than the outside. The attraction lay mainly in its warmth and cleanliness—two very desirable things in a country like this, and in weather such as the present. The room we entered was sitting and dining room; a door on the right led into the kitchen, where Mrs. Somers and her daughter were busy cooking the dinner; and a door in front led into a bedroom, which I could see was plainly but

comfortably furnished. I asked the daughter, who appeared at the kitchen door, if I could remain for the night; she said yes, and then I removed my overcoat and sat me down in an arm chair by the little vase-shaped coal stove and looked about me. On the other side of the stove, rather too near it to be comfortable, was a sofa, a cat lying on it, and a brown retriever under it. It was covered with a handsome bright-colored Navajo blanket. A small clock hung on the wall. The walls and ceiling were rough boards white-washed; the floor had a red and black carpet, with a grey drugget and some rag mats over it; a small table covered with newspapers of very various dates, stood by the little curtained window; a larger table, capable of seating six men, with a white cloth on it, and a cruet stand, stood near the entrance door and extended nearly across the little room; the only other article of furniture, beside the yellow chairs, was a book-shelf containing a few well-thumbed novels, and, on the top



I LOOKED TO SEE IF IT WAS LOADED.

shelf, a revolver. I looked to see if it was loaded. It was.

I was not left long alone. First, Mrs. Somers came in and introduced herself. I was agreeably surprised at her appearance,—a fine, sensible-looking, grey-haired matron, with a good head and well-cut features, a mixture of good nature and determination and, probably, quite a little of the “eye to business.” A son and daughter lived with her, and Oliver was a sort of partner with the son in teaming and horse-trading. I asked if anything had been heard from Captain Flint, the Indian agent at Fort Defiance, as I expected he would send for me. No, nothing had been heard from him, and the roads were in such a terrible condition

since the rain and snow storms that it was very unlikely he would send, indeed it would be scarcely possible to get there except on horseback; I had better write to him and tell him I was here—an Indian courier would be leaving almost directly with the Fort Defiance mail. So I wrote to Captain Flint. The next one to come into the room was Charlie Somers, the son: it was nearly dinner time and he seated himself on the sofa and scanned the papers; then Oliver came in; then the outer door opened, and two men appeared on the threshold and passed into the kitchen. Considerable excitement appeared to be aroused by the arrival of these two men. Great talking went on in the kitchen, but the door was closed so that I could not hear what it was about, and meanwhile I had withdrawn to the bedroom to get ready for dinner. In the bedroom was a big six-shooter, with all its chambers loaded, and a cartridge belt full of cartridges, and a Winchester.

We sat down to dinner. Charlie Somers, Oliver, these two men who had just come in, and myself. It was a very good dinner, good tasty beefsteak, nicely cooked potatoes, strong savory coffee, and cranberry pie—and there were plated knives and forks and clean white napkins. Mrs. Somers and her daughter waited on us and got their dinner afterwards. I listened to the conversation. There seemed to be considerable excitement about one, Swift, who had been killed recently by the Navajo Indians, and it turned out that these two men, who had been in Swift's party, were supposed to have been killed to, but had escaped, and this was their first appearance since the affray happened. The party at the table seemed to be all down on Captain Flint, the Indian agent—he was too mild altogether with the Indians, they said—yes, it was mainly his fault that so many of the white settlers got killed—the Navajoes were getting so bold it was scarcely safe to stay in the country. By keeping my ears open I got the whole story of Swift's murder. There was a mine somewhere on the Navajo reserve—a gold and silver mine. People knew it was there, but it had never been absolutely located. People were afraid to go there because of the Indians. So a party of sixteen was organized, Swift and these two men being of the number; they were all well armed and went to prospect. In some way or other Swift got separated from the rest of the party. He had two animals with him—the horse he rode and a pack horse carrying his tent and baggage. He stopped at a ‘hogan,’ *i.e.*, a Navajo hut, to rest his horses and get lunch. He gave

the owner of the hogan some of the food he had with him and asked his way. After resting awhile he started on again with his two horses. Night came on and he stopped to camp till morning near a stream of water. A Ute Indian, who had been captured by Navajoes and was their slave, was camped at the same place, and two Navajo boys, who were herding sheep, seeing the camp fire, came to it. There was also another party lurking by, namely, the Navajo at whose hut Swift had stopped for lunch. He had followed Swift on horseback, and his intention was to kill him. The Navajo began to twit the Ute slave with cowardice and dared him to knock the American down. "What do you want to kill the American for?" asked the Ute. "Because the devil is in him," said the Navajo. The Navajo succeeded at length in inducing the Ute to strike the first blow, promising that if he did so he would finish him. Swift was a little suspicious when he noticed that the Navajo had come after him and was talking to the Ute. He untied his horses from where they were and moved them to another place, then he collected some wood and began to build a fire. While he was doing this, the Ute Indian, who had cut a heavy stick, came up behind him and struck him to the



THE MURDER OF SWIFT.

ground. Then he handed the stick to the Navajo, and the Navajo finished poor Swift off. The two sheep boys were witnesses to the scene, and, it was said, even took a part in killing the American. Then the Navajo shot both the horses, and he and the Ute dragged the white man's body into a side cañon, placed some stones round it, and covered it with brush. The Ute Indian

had been arrested, but the Navajo was still at large. If steps were taken to arrest the Navajo, the general opinion was that there would be trouble; but he must be arrested and hung for it, they said, and if the proper authorities did not attend to it—why the settlers would take it into their own hands, as they had had to do several times before.

(To be continued.)

Good Thunder's Little Daughter.

(BY BISHOP WHIPPLE.)

HERE was among the Dacotah Indians, whom we call Sioux, a chief named "Wakean Washta,"—Good Thunder. Indian mothers name their children after something they saw or heard when the baby came to their home. I suppose this mother heard the thunder, and thought it good for the gift of her dear child, and so gave him the name. More than twenty-eight years ago I met three Indian chiefs on the banks of the Minnesota, near Birch Coolie—Good Thunder, Taopi and Wabasha. They told me such a sad story of the robbery of the white man that my cheeks were red with shame. They asked for a missionary, and of this came all the wonderful work God has done for these poor red men.

The next day Good Thunder brought me his daughter, a child of ten years. Her face was beautiful, her complexion a rich dark brunette, her hair black as a raven's wing, and her eyes sparkling like gems. I never have seen a more beautiful Indian child. The father asked me to take her home, and educate her to become like the daughters of Christian white men. I took her to Faribault, where I had an Indian child in my school. She was marvellously intelligent, quick to learn, and gentle as a Christian lamb. The next year she was taken ill. The wild Indians told Good Thunder: "You see what comes of your folly: The bishop has Ojibway children in his school. They are our enemies; they have poisoned your child. She will die, and you are a fool!" Good Thunder came to Faribault, and never did I see a more sad face as he stood at my door. He told me what his Indian friends said. I asked him to go and see his child, whom I had baptized after the gentle poetess "Lydia Sigourney." The father saw his child, and told her what he had heard. She told him the sweet story of Bethlehem; of Jesus' coming into this sad world to be a babe; of his wondrous life of love and mercy; of his death on the cross; of how he passed through the grave; and

ascended into heaven, to be the friend of all who need a friend at the right hand of God. She said, "Father, these Chippeway children have the same mark on our foreheads. We are his children; and his children are friends and sisters and brothers, not enemies. Do you see these berries? The Ojibway children picked them for me. Do you see these flowers? They gathered them for me." Good Thunder believed his child. When he took her home, I gave him an open letter to show to all whites: "This man, Good Thunder, is taking his Christian child home. Will you not, for Jesus' sake, be kind to her? He who said 'Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these,' will surely repay you." Good Thunder told me afterwards how kind all were to his child. I visited the Sioux agency a few weeks later, and was present at Lydia's death-bed. The dear child thanked me for telling about Jesus, told her father she was going to a beautiful home Jesus had prepared, said she would soon be with the Saviour, and her last words were to tell about the angels whom she saw. As I stood by the open grave and committed the lamb of Jesus to God's acre, I was overpaid for all I had done or could do for these red men. From that hour Good Thunder was a changed man. He gave up his heathen dances; he no longer painted his face; he was like a little child, and the blessed story found its way to his heart. He became a Christian, and was baptized Andrew.

This was the summer of the awful Sioux massacre, when eight hundred people were killed by the Indians, who had been provoked to murderous hatred by long deeds of wrong. Good Thunder, Taopi, Wabasha, Wahachampamaza, and other Christians, were as true as steel. They rescued over two hundred white women and children, and delivered them to General Sibley. It was due to their faith in Christ that these wild, savage Indians became Christian heroes. Good Thunder was General Sibley's chief of scouts. He is an old man now, but, of my many friends, I know of none I love more than this Christian chief.—*Southern Workman*.

Do Indians Notice Little Things?

IF the following old story of an Indian hunter is true, it is to be hoped that our young Indians, now learning other things than hunting on the plains, are not growing weak in this most excellent trait to have—that of noticing little things:

An Indian on going to his hut, discovered that somebody had stolen a piece of venison hung up to dry on

a tree. After looking around very closely, he set off in pursuit of the thief, following his tracks in the wood.

Meeting two men in the forest, he asked them if they had seen a little old white man, who carried a shotgun, and who had a little dog with a short tail.

They said they had met a man of that description, and asked him how he was able to give so exact a description of the thief he had never seen.

"I know he is a little man," said the Indian, "because he heaped up a pile of stones to stand upon in order to get at the venison. I know he is an old man by his short steps. He is white, because his steps show that he turns his toes out—which no Indian does. His gun I know to be short, from a mark the muzzle made on the bark of a tree against which it had been leaned. His dog is a small one, I know by his track; and that his tail was short I found by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting when his master stole the meat."—*Indian Helper*.

Life in Alaska.

MR. LIND can not get his men to work to-day, and all on account of a *balooga*. Yesterday about 3 A.M. I heard the *balooga* yell, and when I got up at 5.30 I could not find our workmen. Later in the day I saw Mr. Lind, and he said his men were all off after a *balooga*. About 8 P.M. the men arrived, bringing a lot of blubber. Johnnie's father put in the first spear, and he therefore stands at the head of the honor list. Three others are on this list, among them a small boy 9 or 10 years old. It seems that the first four spears that are put into a *balooga* are those which bring credit upon the owners. Nearly the whole carcass is divided among those on the honor list, although every one participating in the chase gets a piece of blubber and meat. The superstition connected with a *balooga* I have never fully heard, but so much I have learned:—those who take part in the killing observe absolute rest for four days after the killing. This is why Mr. Lind's work is at a standstill. The natives declare that they would die if they worked within these four days. However, I have no trouble to get Alexi's man to work, but I have not required any hard work of him. During the chase yesterday one man was upset by the whale, but there were no serious accidents. Some day I hope to learn the particular part which the white whale plays in the religious belief of these people. I am convinced that there is something in their belief which compels them to observe the four days of rest. This is even greater honor than is paid to a dead man.—*North Star*.



CHIEF JOSEPH.

IN the August number of *The American Missionary*, Miss Mary C. Collins, for many years a devoted missionary among the Dakota Indians, gives these thrilling facts:

"Last Sabbath, Mr. Riggs came up from Oahe and we had communion, and there were five children baptized and seven grown people, and seven more were examined and advised to wait till the next communion. It was a most interesting season.

"Three of the young men were the leaders in the Indian dance. They have always been the head ones in all Indian customs. A year ago one of them said in the dance that he should follow the Indian customs a year longer—give himself up to them wholly and try to be satisfied, and if he had in his heart the same unsatisfied feeling, the same longing, that he then had, he should throw it all away.

"On last New Year's day, the same young man, Huntington Wolcott, came to me and said—'Last night I arose in the dance and told them that I had given the old customs and the old Indians a fair trial, and that they did not satisfy, now I should leave them forever and give myself to God, and if any others were ready to follow to arise and so make it known. The other two leaders arose, stood silently a moment, and walked out.' From that time they have given themselves up to singing, praying and studying the Bible. They had, for two years, been halting between two

opinions, attending the school, church, etc., and the Indian feasts and dances, too. These three having come out so boldly on God's side, has made a great change in our work here.

THE benighted Alaskans are firm believers in hobgoblins, ghosts, signs and omens. The first winter that Rev. and Mrs. Willard spent in the Chilcat country, was one of deep snows and stormy weather. The natives said that the weather-gods were angry at the new ways of the missionaries. A child had been buried instead of burned on the funeral pyre in accordance with their customs. The mother of the child became alarmed and felt that her life was in jeopardy for permitting her child to be buried, so she kindled a fire over the grave in order to appease the gods and bring fair weather. At school the children had played new games and mocked wild geese. The girls of the Sitka Training School brought on a very cold spell of weather by playing a game called "cat's back," and which caused a commotion at the native village. A white man out with some natives picked up some large clam-shells on the beech to bring home with him; the natives remonstrated with him saying that "a big storm may overtake us, our canoe might capsize and all be drowned."—*North Star*.



RABBIT SKIN.

THE above cuts—"Chief Joseph" and "Rabbit Skin," should have appeared in "Our Indian Tribes—Paper No. 14" (July issue O.F.C.), but were, through mistake, omitted.

"Work is Sociable."

HERE was a very pleasant thought expressed by a Carlisle boy in a home letter. It ought to be printed, and put in a frame for a motto. It was this, "Work is Sociable." The boy had been detailed to wash dishes in the kitchen. Everybody, girls as well as boys, knows how disagreeable is the task. But this boy with a rare good nature, looked on the bright side of the matter, and even fished fun out of the dreadful dish water. There were other boys to make it lively, and their cheerful chatter made the work light. What kind of a "white man" do you think that Indian boy will make when he grows up? We believe he will go through life teaching the lesson of his original motto—"Work is sociable."

What Wild Indians Eat.

A WRITER in *Our Brother in Red*, Indian Territory, says:—"It may be of interest to know what these Indians eat, although the story may be read with disgust. They eat animal food principally, but they are learning to mix other kinds of food with it. Every two weeks the Government issues to these Indians at this agency about 200 head of cattle which are driven out upon the prairie near here and shot down by the men. It is cruel sport, and enjoyed by them to the extent that it is cruel. I suppose it is the only thing that reminds them of the days of the buffalo; hence they run these beeves over the prairie shooting them a number of times before a real effort is made to kill them. After the killing is done and the sport is over, the squaws take hold and skin and clean the beeves. As soon as the carcass is opened then begins the eating. A kidney smoking warm and reeking with blood is seized upon by some hungry papoose and with bloody jaws devoured. Here is another feasting upon a raw liver, now and then dipping the pieces into the secretion of the gall-bladder to give relish and digestion to the food thus devoured. Then there are the squaws as they work away at the beef, cutting off the entrails or pouch unwashed and putting them into their mouths, and chewing with all the satisfaction that a so-called civilized white woman does her chewing gum. It may be that in addition to appeasing hunger they eat the entrails and paunch thus for the sake of digestion. There is a pepsin contained in them, and pepsin promotes digestion. A fœtus from the embryo state up, ready for birth, is considered a great delicacy. They eat the fœtus frequently unwashed and uncooked. A

mare and her new foaled colt died just back of my house on the river. The Apaches ate both the mare and the colt. Just across the road in front of our house, a cow died a lingering death. They ate the cow and the unborn fœtus. If there is any lower plane to be found, so far as eating is concerned, I know not where to find it. I have seen them cook and eat with a good deal of relish the carcass of a fat dog or puppy. They cook the puppy with the hair and hide all on. They remove the skin after cooking. I might tell you of other things that they eat, but I suppose you have had enough along this line to satisfy the most fastidious.'

The Red Man's Lament.

MY destiny, my destiny! How sinks my heart, as I behold my inheritance all in ruins and desolation—yes, desolation. The land the Great Spirit has given us, in which to live, to roam, to hunt, and build our council fires, is no more to behold. Where once so many brave Algonquins and the daughters of the forest danced with joy, danced with gratitude to the Great Spirit for their homes, they are no more seen. Our forests are gone, and our game is destroyed. Hills, groves and dales, once clad in rich mantle of verdure, are stripped. Where is this promised land which the Great Spirit had given to his red children as the perpetual inheritance of their posterity, from generation to generation? Ah, the pale-faces, who have left their fathers' land, far beyond the ocean, have now come and dispossessed us of our heritage, with cruel deceit and force of arms. Still are they rolling on and rolling on, like a mighty spray from the deep ocean, overwhelming the habitations of Nature's children. Is it for the deeds of Pocahontas, of Massasoit, of Logan, and hosts of others who have met and welcomed the white men in their frail cabin doors when they were few in numbers, cold and hungry? Is it for this that we have been plundered, and expelled at the point of the bayonet from the hallowed graves of our brothers and sires? O, my father, thou hast taught me from my infancy to love this land of my birth; thou hast even taught me to say that "it is the gift of the Great Spirit," when yet my beloved mother clasped me close on her peaceful breast, while she sang of the warlike deeds of the great Algonquins. O, my father, our happiest days are o'er, and never again shall we enjoy our forest home. The eagle's eye could not even discover where once stood thy wigwam and thy peaceful council fire. Ah, once it was the happy land, and

all the charms were there which made every Indian heart swell with thanks to the Great Spirit for their happy homes. Melodious music was heard in every grove, sung by the wild birds of the forest, who mingled their notes sweetly with the wild chant of my beloved sisters at eve. They sang the song of lullaby to the pawpooose of the red man, whilst swinging in the cradle from the shady trees, wafted gracefully to and fro by the restless wind. The beautiful old basswood tree, bending so gracefully, stood there, and the brown thrush sang with her musical voice. That tree was planted there by the Great Spirit for me to sport under, when I could scarcely bend my little bow. Ah, I watched that tree from childhood to manhood, and it was the dearest spot to me in this wide world. Many happy youthful days have I spent under this beautiful shady tree. But, alas, alas, the white man's axe has been there! The tree that my good spirit had planted for me, where once the pretty brown thrush daily sat with her musical voice, is cut down by the ruthless hands of the white man. 'Tis gone; gone forever, and mingled with the dust. Oh, my happy little bird, thy warbling songs have ceased, and thy voice shall never again be heard on that beautiful shady tree. My charming bird, how oft thou hast aroused me from my slumber at early morn, with thy melodious song. Ah, could we but once more return to our forest glade, and tread as formerly upon the soil with proud and happy heart! On the hills with bended bow, while nature's flowers bloomed all around the habitation of nature's child, our brothers once abounded, free as the mountain air, and their glad shouts resounded from vale to vale, as they chased o'er the hills the mountain roe, and followed in the otter's track. Oh, return, return! Ah, never again shall this time return. It is gone, and gone forever, like a spirit passed. The red man will never live happy, nor die happy here any more. 'Tis passed, 'tis done. The bow and quiver, with which I have shot many thousands of game, is useless to me now, for the game is destroyed. When the white man took every foot of my inheritance, he thought to him I should be the slave. Ah, never, never! I would sooner plunge the dagger into my beating heart, and follow the footsteps of my forefathers, than be slave to the white man.

The White Flag.

IT is a fact which I deem to be worth noting here, that amongst all Indian tribes that I have yet visited in their primitive, as well as improved state, the

white flag is used as a flag of truce, as it is in the civilized parts of the world, and held to be sacred and inviolable. The chief going to war always carries it in some form or other, generally of a piece of white skin or bark rolled on a small stick, and carried under his dress or otherwise, and also a red flag; either to be unfurled when occasion requires the white flag as a truce and red one for battle, or, as they say, "for blood."—G. C.

Unjust Treatment of the Indians.

A TREATY was concluded in the city of Washington in the year 1836, to which my people—the Ottawas and Chippewas—were unwilling parties; but they were compelled to sign blindly, and ignorant of the true spirit of the treaty and the true import of some of its conditions. They thought when signing the treaty that they were securing reservations of lands in different localities as permanent homes for themselves and their children in the future; but before six months had elapsed from the time of signing this treaty, or soon after it had been put in pamphlet form so that all persons could read it and know its terms, they were told by their white neighbors that their reservations of land would expire in five years instead of being perpetual, as they believed. At the end of this time they would be compelled to leave their homes, and if they should refuse they would be driven at the point of the bayonet into a strange land, where, as is almost always the case, more than one-half would die before they could be acclimated. At this startling intelligence more than half of my people fled into Canada; fled to the protection of the British Government; fled, many of them even before receiving a single copper of the promised annuities; fled to a latitude like that in which they had been accustomed to live. The balance of them determined to remain and await whatever the consequences might be, and receive the annuities which they were promised for twenty years. But fortunately their expulsion from the State was suddenly stayed, in the years 1850 and 1851. By the kindness of the people in the State of Michigan, they were adopted as citizens and made equal in rights with their white neighbors. Their voice was to be recognized in the ballot box in every election; and I thought this is what ought to be, for the same God who created the white man created the red man of the forest, and therefore they are equally entitled to the benefits of civilization, education and Christianity.—*Blackbird.*

THE CANADIAN INDIAN will appear 1st October, 1890.

His Father's Portrait.

THOSE who have read Catlin's works are aware that his most honored Indian hero was Four Bears, a chief of the Mandans. He devotes one full-page plate to Four Bears' portrait, another to his hospitality, four to his buffalo-robe, an entire chapter to his personality and history, and he often refers to him elsewhere in his various works. Among those who came to see my books was a son of this Four Bears, named Rushing Eagle, or (as he was more familiarly called by whites) Bad Gun. Rushing Eagle was then second chief of the Mandans. He had already earned a high reputation for himself as a warrior and counsellor. He was very gentle in his manner, reticent, dignified and disinclined to beg favors of white men. At the time of which I am speaking he was a middle-aged man; his father had been dead over thirty years, and I did not suppose his recollection of his parent could be very vivid. At the first sight of the picture of Four Bears he showed no emotion, although he regarded it long and intently. While he was gazing at it I was called on business out of the room, and I left him alone with the book, telling him, correctly as I supposed, that I would be gone some time, and asking him not to leave until I returned; but in a few moments I was obliged to come back for something I needed. When I re-entered the apartment, I found him weeping and addressing an eloquent monologue to the picture of his departed father. Of course, I intruded as short a time as possible on this scene, and left him alone a long time, so that he could "have his cry out."—*Dr. Washington Matthews, in American Antiquarian.*

Sharp-sighted Indians.

ONE of the most curious traits of the Ayan Indians, is their power of seeing the motion of a fish in water. The Yukon is very muddy. The water is ten or twelve feet deep, and the river wide. Yet when a solitary salmon comes up this river, its coming is noticed, its position identified, and it is often caught in a hand net. Some person, generally an old squaw, is on the look-out in front of the huts, on the banks. At her call a man runs to the beach, picks up his canoe, paddle and net, and guided at first chiefly by the other Indians who gather on the shore, but as he approaches, relying more on himself, shoots the canoe in the proper position; and, while he regulates its movements with his left hand, plunges the net to the bottom with his right.

THE first thing that the little Indian girl, Nina, said when she found herself at Richenda's party was, "When we going to eat the little party?"—*Indian Helper.*

A SIOUX Indian named Henry Hokixina Lyman, twenty-two years old, has entered the Yale Law School and intends to practice among his tribe when he has been graduated. He entered on the recommendation of the Indian College at Hampton, Va. He is handsome and intelligent.

A LITTLE Alaska boy, having been set to write about what a lady had said to them on a recent visit, wrote: "A lady last Saturday evening came to speak to us about not to drink, not to swear and not chew the baker. Of course we will be good if we do'nt do it."—MAX (aged 11 or 12.)

THE girls in the Sitka Mission, Alaska, fill orders for articles embroidered entirely by themselves. These native girls are surprising even their teachers by their aptness and patience in doing fine and delicate work. The following articles are now made:—Finest linen doylies, hemstitched and embroidered; needlebooks, embroidered pincushions, embroidered satchel bags, filled with pine needles, embroidered photograph-holders.

A LADY of culture, who has lived two years in Alaska, thus writes concerning the native women: "As I learn more of the *deep* degradation of these poor women, I desire more and more earnestly to see the young girls rescued from such a life. In all my missionary experience I have never known anything like it. If I had a Home full of young Alaska girls *outside* of Alaska where I could have the entire control of them and where they could be shielded from certain influences that surround them here, I think I should be one of the happiest women in America."—*North Star.*

THE Chiriqui Indians, in olden times, inhabited Mt. Chiriqui, in South America, from which you can see both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. These Indians had their burying ground 2,750 feet above the level of the sea. They had many metal implements and pieces of pottery. In and around the burying ground were enormous stones covered with curious figures and inscriptions. They were very skilful in working metals, and especially in plating them. Many gold, bronze and copper ornaments and implements were found in the graves, many of which had been moulded in clay or sand moulds, but no traces of pots to melt the metal in were found.—*Amateur Collector.*

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts and boxes of clothing to the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie :

From St. Matthias S.S., Cote St. Antoine, P.Q., a bale of very useful girls' clothing.

From Portsmouth Indian Mission, in connection with the W.A., per Miss Betts, a parcel of clothing for boys and girls, containing, among other things, twelve greatly needed dresses and twenty-seven aprons.

From the Kemptville Branch of the W.A., a parcel of clothing, also pillow-slips, which are most acceptable.

From a "Friend," for sick children, \$5.00—spent in beef tea, jellies, biscuits, oranges and other delicacies.

From the "American Bible Society," New York, a Bible, to be given as a special prize.

From Inverness Branch of the W.A., a box of nice clothing for boys and girls.

From Mrs. J. A. Coster, Carleton, St. John, N.B., a box of clothing for boys and girls.

From the Young Girls' Guild of St. George's Church, Kingston, a bale of clothing for distribution.

For "Phoebe," a box containing a complete new outfit, a nice shawl, boots, etc., from St. George's Cathedral S.S., Kingston.

A second donation of \$2.35 from a "Friend," for Hospital and sick children. This sum is still in hand for future needs.

From Miss Lena Baird, towards screen in Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel, \$2.00.

From Miss McLaren's Sewing Class, some clothing for girls and a doll for Xmas.

From "The Daughters of the King," St. John, N.B., per Mrs. Walker, outfit for Anthony; also clothing for boys and girls.

FROM ENGLAND, large contributions of clothing and Xmas gifts from the following friends and Working Parties :

A number of Xmas gifts, etc., made by St. Dunston's Children, M.C.L.

From Mrs. and Miss M. and C. Thorpe, socks, scrap book and other gifts.

From Miss Pinder, shirts, pinafores, books, socks, etc.

From Mrs. and Miss C. G. Corrie, shering, jackets, pinafore, etc.

From Mrs. Harke, a parcel of woollen things.

From Mrs. Halson, presents for Xmas.

From the children of Mrs. Basil Woodd, gifts for the Xmas tree.

From Mrs. Seakey's Working Party, hoods, jerseys, stockings, frocks, petticoats and many other garments.

From Miss Jeaffreson's Working Party, a large supply of shirts, socks, vests, petticoats, etc.; also bale for the Bishop of Algoma.

From Miss Greaves' Working Party, a good and useful supply of clothing for both boys and girls.

All these and many other kind gifts from our English friends have been received, for which please accept our grateful thanks.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM JUNE 10TH TO JULY 5TH, 1890.

MEMORIAL Church S.S., London, for girl, \$18.75; Anon, \$20; Mrs. Veal's Boarding School, Toronto, for girl, \$26; St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, \$9.38; St. John's S.S., Elora, balance Lent Collection, 55 cents; Wm. Rainsford, Fort Erie, \$25; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, \$37.50; J. N. Poole, Newboro, \$2.50; St. Peter's Church S.S., Cobourg, \$14.50; Miss Cruso, for freight, 70 cents; Trinity S.S., Colborne, for boy, \$6.50, and for S.L.F., 25 cents; Mrs. Clement's Girls' School, Berthier-en-Haut, Q., for boy, \$16.25; three of Miss Harmon's Resident Scholars, 49 Daly Ave., Ottawa, \$3.35; Misses E. and J. Hoyles, towards support of girl, \$4.05; Strathroy S.S., \$6.25; Rev. Cooper Robinson, \$1; Miss M. H. Beaven, for freight, \$2.65; A Visitor, \$1.

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Died

June 9th, at the Wawanosh Home, CAROLINE WAUKAY, aged 15 years.

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