



VOL. I.

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## Where we find our boys.

PAPER II.

WHEN we first came to live at Garden River in the autumn of 1871, there was among our congregation, one noticeably respectable couple who came regularly to church with their two children and an infant in arms. The man's name was Meneseno (a warrior) a younger brother of the old "Chief Little Pine," and his wife whose face seemed always smiling and good tempered and who was one of the best singers in the congregation, was named Eliza. Every one knew Eliza, she was such a clean, neat woman, due no doubt to the training she had received in her youth under Dr. O'Meara at Manitouwauning. She used to do our washing and sometimes took needle-work, and was always a welcome visitor at the parsonage. Her little family consisted of Benjamin, the hero of our story at that time a stout little fellow of five years old, with a head of thick black hair like a bear-skin, Esther his sister, about two years younger, and Frankie, the baby. Their house was always neat and clean, the floor well scrubbed, and a clock ticking on a shelf on the wall.

But a sad day was coming upon the little household. Meneseno was away far back in the Bush hunting beaver. He had killed

three and was on the home tack, thinking how much pleased his wife would be with the result of his hunting expedition, for all Indians are fond of beaver-meat. Little did he think, as he neared his home, what sad things, were going on within the halls of his humble dwelling. It was Friday evening and a cottage-reading was going on at Ogemahqua's house, when suddenly a young Indian came in at the door and startled every one by announcing that Eliza Shingwauk was dying. Books were immediately closed, the meeting ended, and one and all started for the unfortunate woman's house, about a mile distant. The Indian youth had brought a sleigh, and so we drove with him and were the first to arrive on the spot. No one was in the house but a sister who was crouching in one corner of the floor, and the three little children lying asleep; and on another part of the floor, propped against the wall, but her head fallen to one side, was Eliza—she was dead. We administered a stimulant, but it was too late, no effort was made to swallow, and the lips fell apart. Her death being so sudden, we thought it right to hold an inquest, but as nothing could be adduced to prove that her death had been caused improperly, a verdict was given

that she died by natural causes. The poor little children were hardly old enough to understand their loss, the two youngest were taken by one of Buhkwujjenene's married daughters, and Benjamin the eldest was received into our Institution—the first building—which, shortly after this sad event was erected and opened for use. As is well known however, this first Institution was only six days in existence. The dreadful fire came, and it was burnt to the ground. We were very anxious about little Ben that night, as he was one of the missing ones when we counted over the children in the garden, again and again we shouted his name into the burning building fearing that he might have failed to escape. Happily however we found afterwards that he had been taken into a neighbour's house, and so was safe. In the autumn of 1874—when money had been collected to rebuild, and we were making a fresh beginning with sixteen children or so in temporary occupation of a frame building which was afterwards to be the laundry—little Ben came back to us. He became the protege of two little twin brothers living in Reading, England, who undertook, with their mamma's help, to collect the £10 per annum required for his support. We call little Ben, Menesenoons—the little warrior—his father being Meneseno—the warrior; (it is a very convenient plan in Indian, having this diminutive termination; any word can be made diminutive by adding ns, thus enene, a man, eneneens a little man; pahpazhegoonguhzhe, a horse, papazhegoonguhzheens, a pony.) Benjamin has always shewn a good capability for learning, as

may be gathered from the fact that although barely twelve years of age he now ranks among the first five boys in the school, and is learning English history, grammar, latin and medicine. That first winter at the laundry, he got homesick on one occasion and ran away. His father and a lot of the Garden River Indians had been over to spend New Year's Day with us (1875), and when they went away late in the evening, poor little Ben began to feel yearnings for home; the next day his feelings overcame him and he started off alone, ten or eleven miles tramp over ice and snow—the poor little fellow was tired, hungry, and cold, and had his feet bitten by the frost when he arrived late in the evening at his father's house. He was allowed to remain a fortnight, and was then brought back to the institution.

Little Ben is now a great traveller, being one of the two boys who accompanied us last summer on our long tour of 1900 miles through the Eastern and Maritime provinces. He has seen the fortifications of Quebec and Wolfe's monument, has boarded a man of war at Halifax, had a swim in the Atlantic Ocean, seen the Falls of Niagara and Sir Isaac Brock's monument, witnessed the great fire in St. John. N. B., and, in fact, has seen and learnt more for his age than very many a white boy.

We hope that his father will allow him to remain at school for several years longer, and at some future day we hope to introduce him to the world as Dr. Benjamin Shingwauk.

### Little Pine's Journal.

THE WRITER IS THE CHIEF WHOSE APPEAL IN 1871 SUGGESTED THE SHINGWAUK HOME.

(Continued from page 62).

**I** REPLIED that my reason for wishing to hasten home was that I might cut the hay, so that my cows might have food to eat in the winter, and I feared that it would soon be too late if I delayed much longer; still, if it was necessary for me to do so, I would consent. So instead of going at once to see the Black-coat, Chance, we journeyed a short distance only, and arrived at an inland town, (St. Catherine's), where was a spade-dug river, (the Welland Canal), and plenty of sail-ships and fire-ships.

At the feeding-wigwams (hotels) in this town they did not seem to like us very well, and from two of them we were turned away. I did not know the reason, but I thought in my mind, "these people are not the right sort of Christians or they would not refuse us shelter."

The Black-coat in this town, (Rev. H. Holland), was very good to us indeed. We were both of us strangers to him, and yet he received us as if we were old friends. He invited us to his wigwam, and we drank tea with his wife and daughters. This

Black-coat's wife seemed to me to be a very good woman, and full of love. She told me that she came from a far country many days' journey distant to the South, beyond the Big-knives' land, where the sun is very hot, and the land inhabited by strange Indians long ago that made her so good to me now. I tried to think what present I could make to her, and I told her I had a beaver-skin with me, which I always carried to put under my feet when I sat, or to lie upon at night. This I wished to give her if she would accept it, but she would not take it. She said that I should want it, and although I pressed her again to have it, still she refused.

The day after our arrival at the inland town where sail-ship and fire-ship are plenty; we hired a little waggon and went from wigwam to wigwam, asking the white people for money to help Christianity to spread on the shore of the Chippeway Lake. Some of them opened their purses, and gave us a little money; but most of the people seemed too busy with their buying and selling, and other employments, to listen to us; and even though they belonged to the Queen's Church, still they did not seem to care much about our poor Indians in the far north. One selling wigwam especially, I remember, into which we entered three times, and each time sat a long time waiting to be heard, and saw much money thrown into the money-box; and yet, after all our waiting, they would only give half-a-dollar to help Christianity to spread on the shores of the Chippeway Lake.

In the evening of that same day the white people gathered together in the teaching wigwam to hear what I had to say to them. The wigwam was full and my heart was rejoiced to see so many faces turned towards me to listen to my words. I told

them my object in coming to the great town of the white people; that I had not been hired to come; that even my own people did not know my reasons; but that the Great Spirit had put the thought into my heart; and though I was a poor man, and had no means of my own, still I had come to tell my story, and urge the white people who are so strong and so wise, to send help to the poor Indians on the Great Chippeway Lake. I told them I belonged to the Queen's Church, and my reasons for doing so; and that I wished that all people were wise and good; and that I thought if they were wise, they would be members of that Church also.

After I had finished speaking, a man stood up and asked me some questions, which, when I understood by Wilson interpreting, I answered. He asked me what was the meaning of my medals, and the feathers in my head, and what was our occupation at Garden River. When I had answered all his questions he sat down. Then another man stood up and spoke, but I did not understand what he said, until after the meeting was over. Then I asked the Black-coat, and he told me that that man was a Scotchman, and that he did not like my saying in my speech that I thought people were not doing right unless they belonged to the Queen's Church; he thought I ought to love all Christians alike. When I heard this I told the Black-coat I wished I had known what the Scotchman was saying and I would have replied this to him—"Is it true that the English religion is good? Do you think the Queen does wrong in belonging to the Church of England? Why do you fly the Queen's flag from the top of your prayer-wigwams and yet refuse to join her in her worship? I feel ashamed of you."

## Muskoka.

A CORRESPONDENT in Muskoka writes:—"Your subscribers may like to know, that, with the Bishop's consent we hold a service every Sunday at Mr. Smith's house on the town-line of Stisted and McMurrich, and once a month Mr. Crompton comes to Mr. Stair's house.

We are trying to raise funds to build a church and pay a clergyman, and hope

to get one here next fall; at present, for want of a better, I read the service by wish of the settlers.

The Bishop's visit inspired us with new hopes and did much good, and we have already numerous promises of help from the settlers all round. in fact when the church is built, men living ten miles north say they will come as often as possible. At present

we want—like all—money, and we are appealing urgently to our friends in England and Canada for help as we want to be as light a burden as possible on the Diocesan fund.”

### A VIEW OF MUSKOKA.

*(From the Muskoka Herald).*

**M**USKOKA is a vast territory, about 150 miles in length, and 100 in breadth. Some portions of it are beautiful, very beautiful; some are just the very reverse. Some are fertile, others barren. You may represent the land as good, better, best; and again you may call it bad, worse, worst. Entering it as we did from the south, you see at first the very worst parts of it. The farther you penetrate into it the better the soil and the more suited to become the home of a happy and comfortable people. Muskoka will never rival the rolling prairies of the Great North West. While it lacks the inexhaustible soil of the prairie, it has some compensating advantage. It is abundantly wooded, it abounds with lakes that will always be beauti-

ful, even when man has done all he can to mar their beauty. It will never be a great wheat producing country. Throughout the greater part of it there is no limestone rock, and little or no lime in the soil. But the hardier grains grow there luxuriantly. The same is true of barley, peas, rye, &c. All the root crops yield abundantly, they are never troubled by summer frosts or early autumn frosts. The district is fast filling up with thrifty and industrious settlers. They come from all lands, and there is not one of our old counties, but has sent, or will yet send, some of its members to help to people Muskoka. I know of no mission field just now which can have the same interest for our Church as this.

### MUSKOKA MISSIONS.

The Rev. R. Mosley of Parry Sound reports:—

**T**HE past winter here has been very mild, but travelling for the missionary has been difficult, being very little snow, consequently scarcely any sleighing during the winter.

The Bishop of Algoma has recently been on his annual visitation tour through the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. On the 8th. of March his lordship and I left the Sound for service twenty-three miles north. On our way we stopped at the village of McKellar for refreshment; and being informed of a Church family having recently come into the village to reside we visited them. The mother told us that three of the children were not baptized, but at the same time added that she would like to have it done; being no Church service held in the village, his Lordship baptized them. We then started on the remainder of our journey, a distance of seven miles, for service at 7 p.m., but we had gone only two miles, when we met with a sad misfortune: having to

drive over a rough brush road, over stumps and stones, we suddenly came to a full stop, having broken one of the front wheels of our buggy; so that we were obliged to leave it by the roadside. His Lordship and I then fastened our portmanteaux to the sides of the horse and walked five miles through water and mud; reaching our place of appointment at 7 p. m. Notwithstanding our great fatigue, we commenced service at 8 p. m., the Bishop baptized three children and preached an impressive sermon to a large audience. The next day, being fortunate in borrowing a waggon, we drove five miles to another station at which we held service and then returned to the Sound. The day following being Sunday, the Bishop preached morning and evening, and in the afternoon visited the Sunday School.

It was His Lordship's intention to visit Lake Nipissing and a number of other stations in the Parry Sound district; but on account of the roads breaking up and being in so fearful a state, was obliged to defer his visit.

## Garden River.

**A**N interesting vestry-meeting was held at the Garden River Indian Mission on Easter Monday. William Buhkwujjenene and William Driver were elected churchwardens for the ensuing year. The accounts for the past year shewed a balance of \$2.32 in the Treasurer's hands, after paying for fuel, lighting, and other expenses in connection with the church. The chief business before the meeting was to take into consideration a proposal for them to assist in the future support of their mission to the extent of \$75 per annum. A large number of Indians were present, including Chiefs Little Pine, Buhkwujjenene, and Waubomeme. These latter made excellent speeches on the subject and all were unanimous in agreeing to the proposal. The only point of difference was as to whether they should instruct the Government agent to pay the required amount out of their funds at the time of the annual payments, or whether their offerings should be made voluntarily every Sunday. Chief Little Pine was in favour of having the payment made from the Indian funds—*i. e.* from the proportion of the funds belonging to the members of the Church of England—he moreover did not wish to stop at \$75, but proposed that \$100 should

in this manner be placed at the disposal of their missionary. On reckoning the matter up it was found that they would be in this manner devoting just one-tenth of their annuity money to the work of God. Chiefs Buhkwujjenene and Waubomeme seemed to be rather in favour of their contributions being made at the regular offertory in church, and the envelope system was proposed; each member who took envelopes pledging himself to give 10c. per week. It was finally decided to let the matter stand over until the arrival of the Bishop in May, when, there seems little doubt, the Garden River Indians will agree upon some satisfactory arrangement for the future support of their mission to the extent of about \$100 per annum.

This is, we believe, the first time that a change of this kind has been attempted among the Indians; people have been too apt to regard them as a begging, degraded people, but we have every reason to believe that many noble qualities will develop themselves, if only more effort can be made for their advancement, and they can be raised to feel themselves on a level with their white neighbours; and that we depend on them to assist us in the growth and prosperity of the country in religious as well as in secular matters.

## About Indians.

**H**ERE is a striking tale of Indian treachery and vindictiveness in war:—The Assiniboines and the Saskatchewan are two great horse tribes living on the prairies near the Rocky Mountains, who had a long cherished feud between each other. A party of the former had been hunting for the winter supply of food, and had accumulated a large quantity of meat, which the women were drying in their camp, in a shady hollow in the mountains. The young men growing tired of the monotony of their life, proposed to go on a war-party against the Saskatchewan; which raid was so successful that they defeated a hunting-party of that tribe, and took many scalps and much plunder, and returned leisurely home with their heavily laden horses. As they came in sight of their wigwams again they began to raise the song of rejoicing, the song of warriors returning from victory. But no women came out to meet them. Still they sang as they approached nearer,

but still no sign of life; no children playing about the doors, or old men smoking their calumets. Louder, and louder still, they sang, until the horrible truth flashing on them they rushed down to their lodges. There lay the old men, the women and the children, butchered in cold blood. The Saskatchewan had revenged themselves in another direction, and coming to the defenceless wigwams of their enemies, had turned their victory into mourning.

Treachery is one of the cardinal vices of the Indian, and figures in his war practices as one of his most prominent characteristics.

The Stekins and other northern tribes have long been a great thorn in the side of the more southern tribes, and to this day it is nothing uncommon for a party of northern Indians to fall upon a Cowichan or Nanimio camp, and slaughter the inhabitants or take them prisoners. Old Locha of Cowichan, some years ago, took a bitter revenge on them; which, as a

specimen of Indian wiles, may be related as I heard it from the old man's mouth. Hearing that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village, he took a strong party of his men and posted them in the woods about a mile from his village, leaving his little son wrapt up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay until they spied what they took for an Indian girl left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the woods. They immediately paddled to shore, anxious to secure this easily acquired slave. The little boy had, however, received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, in apparent fright, he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and, accordingly, hastily leaving their canoes on the beach they pursued him into the woods; but the boy was too swift-footed for them. Returning to the beach they were horrified to find themselves unarmed and defenceless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors; and it is said all of them were either killed or

taken prisoners.

A score of such tales of treachery and bloodshed could be given. Even when two tribes make peace, the peace is often only a design to treacherously take advantage of each other. These same Stekin Indians were long at war with the Kaloch tribe at Sitka; the one tribe continually molesting the other, and in the intervals of regular warfare cutting off all stragglers in their power. The Stekins, anxious to make peace, invited their enemies to a feast, which they accepted, and all went off well. But the Kalochs not to be behindhand, invited them in return. So the Stekins putting on their cloaks of marten skins, went off and were received with great rejoicing. But in the midst of the merriment the Kalochs rose like one man and slaughtered their unsuspecting guests; literally cutting them to pieces and burning the bodies. These same Kalochs have ever been noted as a very fierce set and gave the Russians much trouble, and have continued to shew their character to the Americans since Sitka was ceded to the United States.

## Runaway Boys.

ONE day three boys were missing, nobody could tell what had become of them, the Bush was scoured, the roads searched and messengers despatched to the Sault to try and gain some clue to their whereabouts. After a little it was discovered that some bread and other things were missing, and it became clear that they had decamped. Their home was 300 miles away, and the idea was that they had probably gone to Garden River, about ten miles below us, with the intention of getting on board the first steamboat that might pass, and so get home; so we made up a crew, and late the same evening despatched the schoolmaster and a posse of boys in the *Missionary* to Garden River. They arrived back the next day, bringing word that a boat had been stolen from one of the Indians there during the night, and that, moreover, an Institution button, with Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste Marie imprinted on it, had been picked up in the sand near the place from which the boat was taken.

Nothing more was heard of these boys for ten days, except that one of the steamboats brought a report that they had seen three boys in an open boat near Bruce

Mines, and that they had been hailed by them and asked for bread. Ten or eleven days after these boys decamped we were preparing to start on an expedition up Lake Superior to Batchewanning; our four sailor boys were ready, dressed in their new blue serge suits and straw hats from England, the *Missionary* was well loaded with camp-kettles, tent and provisions. We got as far as the Sault when the wind which had been favorable suddenly veered round and blew a heavy gale in our faces accompanied by thunder and heavy rain. As it was already between 3 and 4 p.m., it was plain we could not start that day, and just at the critical moment came word that those three runaway boys were on an island forty miles below. Our informant was Shabahgeezhik, a Garden River Indian. The boys, he said, had turned adrift the boat they escaped in, which was a small one, and had taken a larger one belonging to a Sugar Island Indian. This Indian, finding his boat gone, pursued the boys in his canoe, overtook them, took his boat away from them and left them alone to their fate on an island. Shabahgeezhik did not think the boys would be in distress as there

were a few settlers on the Island who would feed them if they worked for their board. As soon as we heard this news, we immediately decided to head our boat round and run before the wind down to this island and catch our boys. We just stopped for ten minutes at the Shingwauk in passing to get a dry coat or two and tell of the change in our plans and then off we started. It was 5 p. m. and we thought we could make the island that night. Shabahgezhik went with us as pilot, as we did not know the way. We ran along at good speed, through Hay Lake, across the American channel, in and out among islands. We were soon wet and cold and it became very dark. Shabahgezhik steered, and seemed to know well what he was about, but we had some narrow shaves of running into islands it was so dark. Once or twice we were close upon rocks but just saved ourselves. We passed through the "Devil's Gap," about as narrow as one of the canal locks, and soon came in sight of the dark line of the Bruce Mines Shore. We had run well, it was only ten o'clock and we were nearly there. Once or twice we saw a fire on the lonely uninhabited shore, where fishing or exploring parties were camping, it looked cheerful but we did not stop. Now at length we reached our island, and drew along shore to grope for the dock. There were lights shining from two dwellings one near the shore, the other upon the hill. We passed the dock without seeing it, but pulled back and found it. Securing our boat we landed and tried to find our way to the shanty on the shore; but there was such a mass of thick tangled underwood and roots that we could not get along, and it was too dark to find a track, so we went back to the boat and pulled along the shore till we got opposite the light. Then we saw the outline of a log hut, and, getting ashore we went up to it. A half-breed woman appeared at the door when we knocked, but she seemed scared when she found there were so many of us. We wanted to find Mr. Marks' house, as he being the principal settler on the island would probably be able to tell us of our boys' whereabouts. The woman gave us some hurried general directions and then shut and locked the door. We then started in search of Mr. Marks' house, which it would seem was up the hill, about a mile distant. After scouring round a little to find the road, we at length hit on a cattle-track which seemed to go in the right direction. But what a

track it was! Every step we took it became worse; it led along the side of the hill, through the bushes and tall grass, and underfoot slimy sticks and roots spread over a black swamp. For a few steps one would balance oneself, and then down one would go, knee deep in the mire. Always hoping that the road would soon be better we persevered for nearly half a mile. But it only got worse, and reluctantly we had to turn back, dripping wet, smeared with muck, and weary, we got back at length to our starting-point. Then Shabahgezhik took a run further up the hill to look for another road. In a few minutes he shouted for us to follow, which we did, and were glad enough to find a well beaten track, which, when we had followed it for some time, led us out just above Mr. Marks' house. It was nearly midnight, but the family had not retired. Mr. Marks' was standing outside. We told him who we were and what our errand, and he immediately gave the satisfactory information that the boys we wanted were with a half-breed in a shanty just below. He shewed us which way to go, and we descended the hill side in quest of them. Arriving at the shanty, we knocked at the door. A man answered in English and asked what we wanted. At length the door was cautiously opened. We said that Mr. Marks had told us to come here for three boys who had run away. Upon this the man opened the door and said yes, the boys were there and we could take them. A lamp was lighted, and we told the boys, who were lying on the floor and scarcely awake yet, to get up and come along, and then our sailor boys each took charge of one prisoner, and we marched them down to the boat. The boys got the tent up and went to bed with their prisoners, while we accepted the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Marks and slept in their house. It was 1 a. m. when we got to bed, and at 4 a. m. we were astir again and prepared for the start home. The wind was against us and we had to pull. At 7.30 we went ashore for breakfast. We were very chilly, our things still being wet, and we lighted a large fire and got everything dry. After breakfast we managed to sail a little, tacking against the wind, and by 12.30 p. m. we had made Sugar Island. Here was the American channel, and we resolved to get dinner and wait for a tow. In this we were very fortunate, for just as we were finishing dinner a propeller came along. We signalled to her and she very politely shut

off steam and gave us a line from her stern. A storm was getting up, rain beginning to fall and we had to cross Lake George, and had rather a rough time of it, the propeller dragging us forward mercilessly through the crested waves, the spray and foam dashing all over us, so that we shipped a good deal of water and had to bale. Arriving at length opposite the Shingwauk, we got our masts up, and, giving the propeller a wave of

hats and a cheer, the tow line was let go, up went our sails in a trice, and in a few moments more we had arrived at the shore. All the small boys were dancing on the dock, greatly edified, evidently, to see the return of the runaways. The sailor boys marched them up in order to the school-room. The bell rang, the boys assembled, and the three culprits received a thorough good flogging.

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### Jottings.

**OUR BISHOP.**—The Bishop of Algoma is expected at Sault Ste. Marie, about the middle of May. During the winter his lordship has been travelling in the south-eastern portion of his immense diocese, and during the last few weeks has been urging his missionary cause in the diocese of Huron.

**WAWANOSH HOME.**—The builders will commence almost immediately at the front part of this institution, the back wing being the only part that is yet finished; and it is hoped that the whole building will be completed and fit for occupation by the 1st. of October next. There will then be accommodation for from twenty-five to thirty girls. \$1300 is still required to make up the Building Fund to the requisite amount.

**THE PEACE PIPE.**—It is purposed to issue this paper in eight page form, in the Indian language; same size as the A. M. NEWS; on the 1st. of October next, provided not less than 300 sub-

scribers can be secured by that time, the price being 35c per annum to individuals, or if any Indian band will agree to take 50 copies they may have them for 25c. a copy; the sum of \$12.50 to be paid us in advance by the Indian Agent. Subjects:—Indian correspondence; a story from history; editorial; European news; American news; Extracts from Indian Acts and Reports; Advertisements of traders; Sunday-school questions; Bible translation; new hymns; extracts from Indian grammar.

**THE SHINGWAUK HYMN-BOOK.**—Consisting of about 100 of the most popular hymns is now ready for sale. It is prepared specially for Sunday Schools, the hymns selected being those chosen by the scholars of various schools. The price is 5c. per copy, and a specimen copy will be sent to any Sunday-school on application. Already have several large orders been received.

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