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Vol. IV., No. 3.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JUNE, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 13.

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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.

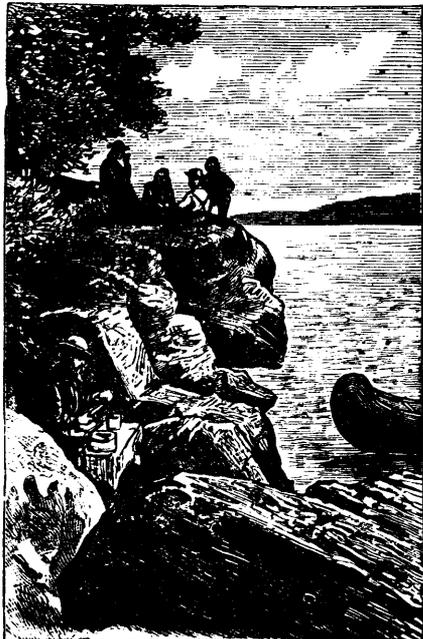
VOL. IV., No. 3.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JUNE, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 13.

A Night on the Rocks.

BY 8.15 a.m. we were fairly out on the bay. I steered and the boys rowed till the wind being favorable we hoisted our sails and made a good start, winding our way for some miles among islands,



LUNCH ON AN ISLAND.

and then coming out on the open lake. The wind fell, and the last part of the way we had to row, so we were late in getting to Pic Island—a hard matter, indeed, it was to get in. In the dim twilight we could see nothing but high, forbidding rocks, with the dark rippling waves lapping their sides. Being on the side of the island exposed to the lake, we could not think of attempting to land until we should find a secure harbor for our boat, for a sudden storm rising in the night would knock her to pieces on such a coast. At length, groping about among the rocks, we espied a crevice into which it appeared “The Missionary” would just fit. But, oh! what a place for the night! High, slippery rocks, piled about us by some giant hand, no wood for a fire, no grass, no place for a camp—nothing but sharp ledges and points of rocks. The boys clambered about with their shoeless feet like cats, and we heard them shouting—“This is where I am going to sleep! This is where I shall sleep!” The Bishop

groaned and said, “I shall remain on the boat.” I, for my part, followed the boys, and presently found a sort of small cavern under a ledge of rock, into which I had my camp bed carried, and having lighted a candle, sent Esquimau to bring the Bishop. It was really most comfortable, and, moreover, in the corner of the cavern we found a dry log, probably washed there by the waves in a storm; and with this log we lighted a fire and made some tea, and so—after all—we had quite a cosy time of it.

We all slept sweetly till about 5 a.m., when I think we awoke simultaneously; at any rate we were all on the stir soon after that hour. And now we were hungry, and there was no bread, no fire and no wood, and fourteen miles to get to the mainland, and a head wind. What was to be done? By the kindly light of day we discovered that our position was not so distressing as we had at first imagined. A little way over the rocks was a shore with driftwood lying on it, our cook was despatched with the frying-pan and his bag of flour, and after all we did famously. Before starting off we joined in repeating the morning Psalms. We had a hard pull against a steady head wind, and could only make two miles an hour, so that it was a little after three when we reached Pic River; and having run the boat on to a sandy shore, carried up our things and prepared our camp.—*Extract from Missionary Life among the Objibway Indians.*



A NIGHT ON THE ROCKS.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am going to give you some extracts from a very interesting letter which came from the Indian Homes at Elkhorn not long ago. In speaking of the examinations it says: "The children all did fairly well; it is hard to bring them on as well as we should like, on account of their not understanding English. * * I took Mary and Agnes down to V—the other day; as the former has not been very well for some time we thought it best for her to see a doctor. The children attracted a good deal of attention; we had tea at the hotel and they behaved so nicely at the table I felt quite proud of my charges. * * Whenever there is any extra work or cleaning being done, the children always want to know if "Mr. Wilson is coming." In explaining to the children what a king was, I told them that he was the white man's chief. To-night I told Flossie that I was writing to Mr. Wilson, and asked her if she would not like to send a message to him; she said, 'which one—Mr. A——(whose surname is Wilson) or king?' I said, to king, so she said to tell you: 'Me like it here, no whip me, nice school.' A little later she was doing something naughty, so I said, 'now Flossie, I will not kiss you to-night, for doing that.' Says Flossie: 'When you go to bed, me come down, take key, go into your room, take very much kisses.' We could not help laughing at her last Sunday. We were in Sunday School and were all sitting around the table. I was trying to explain to them about Satan, when she, in the quietest and coolest way, informed them in Indian that the Devil was under the table; the look on their faces and the way they pushed back their chairs showed how frightened they were." What a little monkey Flossie must be, she seems to keep the whole school going.

George W—— wants to know if the boys ever play games like white boys do, and what game they like best. Well, last summer base ball was all the rage; a large piece of ground in front of the Home had been levelled and made a capital ground for playing on, and there every spare moment seemed to be spent both by master and boys. Last winter the "Buckskin Base Ball Club" (belonging to the Home) gave an entertainment in the town, the proceeds of which were used for the purchase of suits for the team, so they will turn out very grandly this summer. Mary F—— asks if the girls are like white girls in the way of copying their teacher, etc. I remember not so very long ago happening to

have done my hair up a little differently one Sunday. The next saw at least five out of my class of ten with their hair done in exactly the same manner. I suppose the moral to that is "set a good example." Please remember that all communications for my next letter must reach me not later than the tenth of the preceding month. Address,

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,

(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

A Peep at the Pagans.



ISHOP SULLIVAN, accompanied by Mr. Renison, during the summer of 1889, made a flying visit to the north shore of Lake Nepigon. Three days of hard work, owing to bad weather and head winds, landed the party on the south shore, but some sixty miles of comparatively open water still stretched before them. The

first day no less than forty-five miles were traversed—a strong south wind filling the blanket sails. Next day was wild and rough, and it was not till 9 o'clock at night that the voyage was re-commenced. The wind had gone down, but a heavy sea still rolled in from the east. The moon came out from the clouds, and lying low against the horizon the land looked like a gigantic serpent resting on the waves. As we drew near the trading-post, the hundreds of dogs belonging to the Indians began to howl, and a more melancholy, mournful sound was never heard. It had grown quite dark, and the noise seemed to come from some invisible pandemonium, and I think all were heartily glad when Mr. Botsford, the trader, gave us a very warm welcome to his lonely habitation. Next day, Sunday, dawned bright and clear. The Bishop spent the day in visiting the Pagans and extending invitations to a grand feast to be given on a little island on Monday. It came off next day, and I should think it was a feast! Pork, flour and tea comprised the bill of fare, and though it was the first time that many of them had ever tasted such delicacies, yet some of them actually grumbled owing to the absence of sugar. Some Indians are unsophisticated, and some are not. A large fire was lighted and the two dusky cooks began to turn out so-called pancakes, which looked the very incarnation of the spirit of indigestion, but then an Indian has

no digestion. Tea was boiled and also pork; but some young men were two hungry to wait, so getting a large flat stone, proceeded to make a horrible-looking paste of flour and water, which they literally absorbed, scooping it up with their fingers. The Bishop and Mr. Renison occupied the centre of the circle, the former looking a little un-episcopal, going his rounds with one of the aforesaid pancakes in one hand and a lump of pork on a two-pronged fork in the other. However, hungry Indians have no ears, and missionary work in Algoma is not confined to preaching and teaching. When all were satisfied (it took 150 pounds of flour to do it) the fragments were distributed and all gathered to hear the Bishop speak, Mr. Renison interpreting. He spoke simple words and plain, which were not new to some, and which all understood. At the end of his address a hymn was sung and baptism was administered to twenty-five adults. Some of these poor creatures journey two and three hundred miles to receive their government grant of four dollars each. Their sole possessions consist of a roll of birch-bark, a canoe, a crooked knife and a net. Fire is procured from the dry fibres on the inside of the beech tree. Theirs is a pitiable life indeed. Some of them seem but little removed from the animal. However, we have our duty toward them; and in Algoma, as elsewhere, there are earnest laborers in the good work.

Shingwauk Boys' Letters.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

April 3rd, 1890.

We have got new teacher. The other one we had before went home last Saturday. We play marbles every day. I work at shoemaking half of the time and go to school the other half. The other day I got upon the cow's back instead of on the poney's, but I make a mistake for the cow did not like it much and she begin to kick and jump around, so I fell off and hurt myself, and I was in the hospital the whole day. And you do not know how kind Miss Pigot is. She tried all she could to make me happy.

Yours respectfully,

FRANK A. MAGGRAH.

My Dear Friends:

I am glad to say that the snow is leaving. I expect the river will soon be open again. I see a team going across the river this morning; I don't know if they got across safely. Our teacher left us last Saturday. We all liked him very much. And we have a new teacher; very nice gentleman indeed. I think all

the boys like him. There are 63 boys now at Shingwauk, 26 girls at Wawanosh and 36 pupils at Elkhorn—125 pupils altogether. I am glad to say that I am trying to learn my lessons and doing all that I can do, and I think I am doing great deal better this year with my school work. I remain yours respectfully,

SYLVESTER F. KEESHIG.

My Dear Friends:

I wish to tell you that we have a nice school here and I learn more since I came here. I am now working at carpenter. It is a very nice trade. We have now a nice factory, which was built last summer. We work there all winter and have done lots of work. We have made all kinds of toys and articles. I am now also learning telegraph, and I can send messages and receive it, and there is one telegraph in the factory and I always receive messages every day from Shingwauk, and I hope I shall get along. I expect the sap will soon be running now and the Indians will bring some maple sugar; and I am keeping all the money I can get to buy some when they come.

Yours respectfully,

ALEXANDER ASSANCE.

My Dear Friends:

I am very glad to say that the Shingwauk Home is getting along very well. Some boys are learning trades. There are six boys in the bootmakers' shop, and two in weavers', and five in carpenters'; and one is learning to be an engineer. I am learning weaving. Our teacher left the Shingwauk last Saturday. We were very sorry to lose him; but we have another teacher came from England. He is very smart and he has very sharp eyes; he says he can see what the boys are doing behind him.

I remain yours respectfully,

JOHN W. MONAGUE.

PRELIMINARY steps are being taken in Halifax, Nova Scotia, towards forming a branch of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

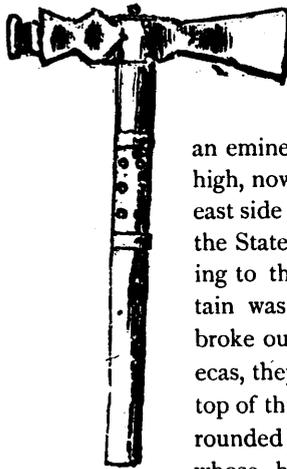
REV. E. F. WILSON expects to be in England with his two little Indian boys, Willie Soney and Zosie Dosum, from May 31st to June 24th, and to be back at Sault Ste. Marie by July 8th.

SINCE Mr. McNicol has left, his work of weaving has been carried on by Johnny Monague, who has become quite proficient in the art. This is only another proof that when Indian boys *will*, they *can*.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 13.

THE SENECA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



HE Senecas call themselves *Nun-da-wa-o-no*, which signifies "the great hill people," from an eminence some 800 to 1000 ft. high, now called Bare Hill, on the east side of Canandaigua Lake, in the State of New York. According to their tradition, this mountain was their mother and they broke out of its side. The Senecas, they say, were in a fort at the top of this hill, which became surrounded by an immense serpent, whose head and tail came to-

gether. In attempting to make their escape they walked down its throat. Two orphan children alone escaped, and they killed the snake with poisoned arrows prepared for the purpose. The great snake when pierced by the arrows became sick, straightened itself out, and rolled down the hill, sweeping away all the trees in its passage and disgorging all the skulls of the people it had swallowed. The skulls became petrified and rolled down the hill into the lake where they may still be seen.

As for the name *Seneca*—after fluctuating about like most other Indian names and words in various shapes, as *Seneka*, *Senaque*, *Siniker*, and so forth, it finally took the same spelling as that of the great Roman philosopher, and suitably so too, for was it not he who prophesied so strangely in his tragedy of *Medea*, that late in time an age would come when ocean would unchain the barriers of nature and a vast land would come into view—a new world be unveiled—and Thule would no longer be the ultimate end of the earth? *Sen-agaë* is said to have been the appellation given to this tribe by others of the Iroquois confederacy, and to mean "the furthestmost people." When first known to the civilized world, the Senecas numbered 8,000 or 10,000, and from their position in the centre of the State of New York, held an important place in history.

About the middle of the fifteenth century the great Iroquois confederacy was formed, consisting of five noted tribes, all belonging to one linguistic stock, viz.: the Mohawks, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, the Cayugas and the Senecas; and later on these were joined by

the Tuscaroras, thus forming the great confederacy of "the Six Nation Indians." The confederate council was attended by delegates, as follows: nine from the Mohawks, nine from the Oneidas, fourteen from the Onondagas, ten from the Cayugas, and eight from the Senecas. Two Seneca chiefs held the title of "Door-keepers to the Long House," the "Long House" being their council chamber. The Six Nations are now dispersed, a large number of them having removed to Canada. Of those remaining in New York State, the Senecas are at present the most numerous, living in the neighborhood of Buffalo and Niagara Falls. There is also another small remnant of the tribe in Indian Territory. So far as can be ascertained the population of the Seneca nation is now as follows: On the Grand River, near Brantford, in Canada, 500 (?); in New York State, on the Alleghany Reserve, 806; on the Cattaraugus Reserve, 1288; on the Tonowanda Reserve, 545; in Indian Territory, 248—total 3387. They are engaged now mostly in farming, both in Canada and in the United States; most of them are professed Christians, and all wear white man's clothing. It is complained, however, that those in the State of New York are not making as much progress as could be desired. The last Annual Report of the Indian Orphan Asylum, on the Cattaraugus Reserve, says of these people:—

"Their slow progress is due not to their tribal relations, customs or superstitions, nor is it to be traced primarily to any peculiarity of race or hereditary traits, for they are a quick-witted and intellectual race; the trouble is simply the frail and anomalous tenure by which they hold their lands." It then goes on to show that a rich and powerful organization known as the Ogden Land Company owns or claims to own a superior title to the lands of the poor Senecas, and that they are only there as it were on sufferance, hence all their efforts to fructify and improve their lands are paralyzed, as they know not at what moment they may be turned adrift. "Unless this Land Company incubus," continues the Report, "be speedily removed, the popular prediction, which points to the extinction of this interesting member of the historic league of the Iroquois will soon be verified." The old system of government by chiefs, has, among the Senecas, given way to a system more in consonance with that of the United States. The Senecas in New York State elect annually a president, clerk, treasurer, and eight councillors upon each reservation.

Canadesaga or *Ga-nun-da-sa-ga*, meaning "new settlement village," used to be the capital of the Senecas;

it was situated nearly two miles west of the present town of Geneva, N. Y., and a little north-west of Seneca Lake. In 1756, Sir William Johnson surrounded the village with a palisade fortification and block houses, so as to prevent the French from mingling with and gaining influence among the people. The town was destroyed by Sullivan's army in 1779, and the locality was afterwards designated and known as the Old Castle.



CORN-PLANTER.

The Senecas have had several very noted chiefs; among them we may mention "Old Smoke," "Corn-planter," and "Red Jacket." Of these, "Red Jacket" is the one of whom most has been said and written. He seems to have been in every way an extraordinary and highly gifted man. He was born in the year 1758, "When Fort Niagara was captured from the French by the British my mother has told me I was just able to crawl around the floor," he said—this is how the date of his birth has been arrived at. He died of cholera in January, 1830. The name "Red Jacket" originated with a British officer presenting him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket in the time of the Revolutionary war. His real name was Sa-go'-ye-wàt-ha. This title was conferred upon him, according to Iroquois custom, when he became a chief. The custom of these people was for the members of the clan to meet and select a name for a child while still in infancy, and then publicly announce it in Council in connection with the

name and clan of its father and mother; then, if the child was subsequently raised up to become a sachem or chief his original name was taken away and a new one conferred upon him by the council of the nation or of the league. "Red Jacket" was a member of the Wolf clan, and the first name given to him by the members of that clan was *O-te-ti-an-i*, meaning "always ready;" but when he became chief he was named *Sa-go'-ye-wàt-ha*, which meant "keeper awake,"—he being such a great orator no one ever slept while he was speaking. "Red Jacket" was a perfect Indian in every respect—in costume, in his contempt for the dress and language of white men; in his opposition to education and the Christian religion, and in his attachment to and veneration for the ancient customs and traditions of his tribe. He was perhaps the finest specimen of the Indian character that ever existed, and as an orator he was unequalled. His language was beautiful and figurative, and his words were delivered with the greatest ease and fluency. When approached once by a missionary on the subject of religion, he responded "We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children; it teaches us to be thankful for our mercies and to live in love; we never quarrel about religion. The Great Spirit made all—both red and white people; he has given us different customs and a different religion. The Great Spirit knows what is best for his children." On another occasion an officer of the army asked him why he was so much opposed to the missionaries, and he replied: "The missionaries do us no good; we do not understand their religion; when they read their book to us, they make it talk to suit themselves; if we had no money, no land, and no country to be cheated out of, these black-coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. These black-coats ask the Great Spirit to send the light to us, but they are blind themselves, for they quarrel about the light which guides them. The red men knew nothing of trouble until the white men came. As soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to teach us how to quarrel about their religion." On one occasion, "Red Jacket" was called to the witness stand at the trial of another Indian—one of his tribe, who had murdered a supposed witch. When asked if he believed in future rewards and punishments, and the existence of a God, he replied, with a piercing look and no little indignation of expression, "Yes! much more than the white men, if we are to judge by their actions." In the course of the trial,

finding that witchcraft was being made the subject of ridicule, he exclaimed, "What! do you denounce us as fools for believing what you yourselves believed two



RED JACKET.

centuries ago? Will you punish my unfortunate brother for adhering to the faith of his fathers and yours! What has he committed, by executing, in a summary way, the laws of his country, and the command of the Great Spirit?" The appearance of "Red Jacket" when uttering these words, was noted at the time as remarkable, even for him. When fired with indignation, or burning for revenge, the expression of his eye was terrible; and when he chose to display his powers of irony, the aspect of his keen, sarcastic glance was irresistible. A rather amusing anecdote is told of him on one occasion when invited to dine at a hotel. Opposite to him at the table sat a white man who used some mustard on his beef and then pushed it over to the Indians. Red Jacket had never seen mustard before, but he took a good half-spoonful with a piece of meat into his mouth and forthwith began to weep. "What makes you cry?" asked another Indian beside him. "I was thinking of a poor old friend of mine who died the other day," he said. His companion then also took a spoonful of mustard, and began to weep. "And what makes you cry, my friend?" demanded Red Jacket. "Oh," replied the other, "I was just feeling sorry that you did not die when your friend did." The outline sketch herewith given, of Red Jacket, is from a life-size oil-color painting, now in possession of Mr. Fred H. Furniss, of Waterloo, N.Y. The original was done by the noted artist, Weir, in 1828. With all his intellectual ability and power to sway minds of others by his elo-

quence, Red Jacket was humble, and impressed with the feebleness of man in the hands of the Great Spirit. He foresaw the extermination of his race, and mourned their decay. Although he lived the life of a Pagan, there were evidences of a change of views during his later days; his remains, by his own wish, were carried to the church in which the Christian son-in-law of his wife worshipped, and were interred in a Christian burying ground. On the 9th October, 1884, Red Jacket's remains, having been disinterred, were brought to the city of Buffalo, and buried again with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of numerous Indian delegates both from the States and from Canada, in Forest Lawn Cemetery, and a handsome monument has since been erected over his grave. In Barbara Hawes' "Tales of the North American Indians," (1844), is a story of the "Prophet of the Alleghany," in which the Seneca chief, Red Jacket, also figures; but it gives him a different character to that which has already been depicted, and represents him rather as the friend of the missionaries and their religion. The Alleghany Prophet was a tall, powerful Indian, with a deer-skin over his shoulders and a glittering tomahawk in his hand, who believed he had a divine mission imparted to him by dreams to oppose the advance of the white man's civilization and religion, and to lead the Indians back to their old way of living. Red Jacket is represented in this story as taking the part of the missionaries against the Prophet, and inducing his people to accept the white man's teaching; whereupon the Prophet of the Alleghany became enraged, denounced the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon the assembly, and, plunging into the thickness of the forest, was no more seen.

In the records of Pennsylvania history, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be found mention of the *Conestoga Indians*, being representatives of two nations—the Senecas and the Shawanees. In 1721, the British made a treaty with these Indians, and a coronation medal was conferred upon their chief. Conestoga, where they dwelt, was a village, lying about seventy miles west of Philadelphia. But a sad time arrived for these quiet, peaceful Indians. White settlers crowded in around them—bad people, who made every excuse they could for creating a quarrel. At length two Indians were killed by the whites. The murderers were arrested, and the Indians summoned by the governor to council to decide what should be done to them. They showed great forbearance. "One life is enough to be lost," said their chief; "they shall not die." This

was in 1722. In 1763 there were only twenty of these Conestoga Indians left; they were still living in their village, but owing to the encroachments of the white people had become miserably poor—they earned their living by making baskets and wooden bowls. Upon this little community, a band of white men known as the Paxon Brothers, descended suddenly at day-break, and stabbed, fired upon, or killed with hatchets, and then scalped every one of them—men, women, and little children, and burned their huts with fire.

The dwellings of the Senecas in the olden time were similar to those of the Mohawks and others of the Iroquois Confederacy, made somewhat in "house-shape," with upright walls of sticks covered with elm bark, and gable or rounded roofs covered also with bark. Some of these lodges were of considerable length and accommodated several families, each family having its own fire. The wigwam in which Red Jacket was born was a dwelling of this construction; it stood directly under a sycamore tree and was sheltered by the tendrils of a wild grape vine. A description of the dress of this noted chief will give an idea as to how these people in by-gone days used to attire themselves. It consisted of a smoke-tanned deer-skin coat, a wampum or beaded sash round his waist; deer-skin leggings, fringed and ornamented with white beads; plain, unbeaded moccasins on his feet; a Washington medal on his breast, and a tomahawk pipe usually in his hand.

The Senecas still keep up some of their ancient customs and dances. Their principal dances occur four times in the year, and are called "the dog dance," "the strawberry dance," "the green corn dance," and "the bread dance;" each dance lasts from a week to ten days. The dog dance occurs in January, and is the grandest dance of the year. A white dog is fattened and offered as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. The dog is adorned with gaudy ribbons, and, after being killed, a fire is built over it, and when the fire dies down the people all come up and snuff the smoke from the ashes in order to enjoy, as they think, future prosperity.

The Senecas always buried their dead in the ground, generally in a round hole in which the body sat upright on its haunches, and a round mound was raised over the grave. The "dance for the dead" was performed by women only—it was called the *O-he'-wa*; the music was entirely vocal, and it took place in the night. The "Legend of the white canoe," taken from a late copy of the *Southern Workman*, is a Seneca story.

"In days of old, it was the custom of the Indian warriors to assemble at the *Great Cataract* and offer a

human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. The offering consisted of a *white canoe* full of ripe fruit, which was then paddled over the terrible cliff by the *fairest girl* of the tribe. It was counted an honor by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the costly sacrifice; and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment. The only daughter of a chief of the *Seneca* Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara.

Her father was the bravest among the warriors, and his stern brow seldom relaxed save to his blooming child. When the lot fell on his child, *no symptom of pity* crossed his countenance; the day arrived for the sacrifice; it faded into night as the savage festivities proceeded: then the moon arose and silvered the cloud of mist that arose from out the turmoil of Niagara; and now the white canoe, laden with its precious freight, glided from the bank and swept out into the dread rapid. The young girl did not hesitate, but calmly steered her bark towards the centre of the stream, while frantic yells arose from the spectators. *Suddenly, another canoe* shot forth into the stream, and under the powerful impulse of the Seneca chief flew to destruction.

It overtook the first; the eyes of *father and child* met in one last gaze of love, and then they plunged together over the thundering cataract into eternity!

VOCABULARY.

man, hungwe.	no, tãñ.
woman, yagongwe.	I, i.
boy, haxa'a.	thou, ish.
house, kãnusa.	my father, ha'hni.
boat,	one, 's ka'te.
river, ken hate.	two, te'keni.
water, nekãnùsh.	three, sã.
fire, odjistã.	four, ke'i.
tree, karun'dã.	five, wis.
horse, 'gu sa'dãs.	six, hie'.
dog, shu'wash.	seven, tca'dak.
knife, kai'natca.	eight, te'krõn.
tobacco, wi yãn'kwa.	nine, ki yu'tõn.
yes, hõw.	ten, wa's he.

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Seneca Indians:—Catlin; Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Mortuary Customs of North American Indians (Yarrow); the American Indian (Haines); Races of Mankind; the Red Man; The Indian; The Pipe of Peace; The Indian's Friend; Indian Department Report (Ottawa); The Iroquois Confederation (Hale); Pamphlet by Geo. S. Conover; Rites of Adoption, by the Seneca Indians; Century of Dishonor; North American Indians.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

MEMBERS who have paid their subscriptions to this society will for the present receive a copy of *OUR FOREST CHILDREN*. It must necessarily be some little time before the journal of the Society, "The Canadian Indian," can be published. The first issue will appear, if possible, the first of October, and it will take the place of *OUR FOREST CHILDREN*. The price of the new journal will be a dollar a year, but subscribers to *OUR FOREST CHILDREN* will receive the new publication until their paid-up subscription (50 cents) runs out, without any extra charge. The editors of the "Canadian Indian" are Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, and Mr. H. B. Small, President of the Historical and Literary Society, Ottawa. The magazine will be octavo irsize, about twenty pages in length, illustrated much as *OUR FOREST CHILDREN* is at present, and will be issued monthly. It will give general information of mission and educational work among the Indians (irrespective of denomination), besides having papers of an ethnological, philological and archaeological character. Members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, who have paid up their subscription of \$2, will receive one copy each month of the journal free.

The following names have been added to the membership list of the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society" since our last issue:—W. H. Parker, W. D. Lighthall, Rev. G. O. Troop, Rev. Dr. Norton, the Dean of Montreal, W. W. L. Chipman, Watson Griffin, John Reade, R. W. Heneker, Rev. Geo. Thornloe, Alex. Winter, Rev. Principal Adams, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Rev. Canon DeVeber, Rev. R. Simonds, G. F. Matthews, T. B. Robinson, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Mrs. Almon, Rev. W. W. Campbell, Nehemiah Marks, John L. Harris, R. J. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Maury, Rev. F. W. Vroom, Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Rev. Arnoldus Miller.

The number of members is at present 101. Any persons wishing to become members of the Society will please send their names and addresses, with subscription (\$2) enclosed, either to the Secretary, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or to the Treasurer, W. L. Marler, Merchants' Bank, Ottawa.

WE are sorry to have to record the departure to their homes of several of our pupils on account of ill-health, and there are still two in the hospital who are too ill to be removed.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

IT was a good-sized low-ceiled room, about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, and had one small window. The walls were plastered smooth and had their upper part whitewashed and their lower part brown-washed, giving the appearance of wainscoting four feet or so high all the way round; the ceiling showed the horizontal cedar beams on which rested sticks supporting a foot or so of adobe soil; the floor was clay, as hard as asphalt and quite clean; a low adobe wall on our right as we entered formed a sort of porch and kept the draught of the door from entering the room. In the angle formed by this low partition and the front wall of the house was the fire-place—very neatly constructed—and a bright fire burning. The Pueblo fire-places are always in a corner, the wood is stood upright, and a chimney carries off the smoke. On the other side of the room was a small table covered with American oil-cloth, and there were two chairs; the cooking utensils, with the exception of a frying pan, seemed to be all of home manufacture, for these people are skilled in the art of pottery, and can make any vessel from a small cup or vase up to a ten-gallon jar. A large black clay globular-shaped pot, full of water for drinking, stood in one corner of the room, and another pot with hot water in it was standing in the fire-place. Around the room were shelves and hooks on which were articles of dress, and homemade blankets of close texture and many various colors. There were also several pictures and a metal cross on the wall. The only inmates of this dwelling when we entered it, were an old man about ninety years of age lying on the floor near the fire, and a young Indian woman, who, as we came in, withdrew to an adjoining room. Who the old man was we could not tell, but we did not think it was the governor; he understood Mexican, and told us in that language, interspersed with a word or two of English, that he was sick—very sick. In a few minutes another man came in; he had long black hair flowing loose over his shoulders, had leggings and moccasins, and was wrapped in a dark blue blanket with black stripes; he shook hands with us and then seated himself on the floor with his back to the wall. This was the governor. He did not understand English, but seemed affable and desirous of making friends with us. I showed him

my photographs of the Shingwauk Home, and said "mi casa," which he understood, and asked if it was "escuela." We made him understand that we wanted an interpreter, and he sent for a young fellow named Santiago, a Santa Clara Indian who had been eight months at the Ramona school, and during that time had learned how to write and to speak a little English; he had not, however, become Americanized either in dress or manner, for his costume was thoroughly Indian—he had bright yellow buckskin leggings and beaded moccasins, wore a red bandana handkerchief round his temples, confining his long black unclipt locks, and had a blanket over his shoulders. Santiago was very communicative and very anxious to display his little stock of English, and so proved a ready, if not a very correct, interpreter. He had never heard of England or English; his only ideas of distinction of race were "Americano," Mexicano and Indio; so he explained to the chief that I was an Americano from a long way off up north and had been twenty years among the Indians.

The evening was now drawing in fast and the room in which we sat was darkening. What was to be done? It seemed unsatisfactory to pay so short a visit. I had had no time to sketch and no time to collect any Tesuque words. I bade Santiago ask the governor if he would have any objection to my remaining for the night, giving my reasons for wishing to do so. The friendly governor was quite agreeable to the proposal, and Santiago said he would lend me a burro to go back to Santa Fé on in the morning, so I said good-bye to Mr. Fenning and he started off on his return journey to Santa Fé, leaving me alone with the Pueblo Indians. Santiago also went back to his own house.

I thought I would make the most of the waning daylight, so I asked the governor for a cup of water, making signs with my hand on my sketch book that I wanted to paint. The governor seemed quite to understand, and after fumbling a little while in a box, produced an *ink bottle*. No, I said, not that—and looking round I found and took up a cup and got some water from the big black jar in the corner. A number of Indians stood around me while I sketched and seemed amused to watch the progress of the picture, especially when a burro and an old man carrying a baby appeared on the paper. I had only just time to paint in quickly the lights and shadows of my sketch, and then it was dark, and I had to shut my book and climb up the ladder again to the governor's house.

CHAPTER XVI.—A NIGHT IN A PUEBLO.

I WONDERED what the governor was going to give me for supper. I had nothing whatever with me except my painting materials and a note book.

Presently a squaw came in with something in a saucer and placed it on the table. There were two squaws, both young bright-looking women, and I understood they were both wives of the governor; they wore their hair "banged" in front and cut somewhat short all round; their dress seemed to consist of some sort of print jacket, with wide loose arms, and a small colored homemade blanket wrapped around the lower part of the body, in the place of a skirt, and secured by a sash or strap round the waist. Below this short skirt appeared their white leather leggings and moccasins. The women seemed bright and cheerful and moved about with alacrity. In a few moments the other squaw mentioned came in with a cup and a tin coffee pot and deposited them on the table. Then the first one came in again with what looked like a half ream of yellow paper, foolscap size, and laid it on the table. Then they motioned to me that supper was ready. I commenced my meal with perfect composure. The only thing that seemed to me to be still needed was a knife. I had just learned the word "knife" from Santiago, so asked for a "tsiyo." The squaws laughed to each other and seemed to wonder whatever in the world I could want a knife for, but they brought me one, a big butcher knife, probably the only one in the house. I found out afterwards that I had made a mistake in asking for a knife. The Tesuque Indians use a knife for cutting strips of meat off the carcass of a dead



HAVING SUPPER.

sheep or goat, and they use a knife for cutting these strips into little chunks about the size of one's thumbnail, but they do not use a knife at meals, they use

their fingers. The stuff in the saucer which was first brought in I found was little cubes of mutton or goat meat broiled with onions. The half ream of foolscap proved to be "*waiwa*," the native bread, made of Indian corn; it is as thin as paper and the sheets are laid together in packets and pressed; when you break off a piece it all goes to shivers. So I began my meal. First I took up the half ream of paper in my left hand and tried to pinch off a corner of it with the fingers and thumb of my right; after a good deal of wrenching and twisting I succeeded in breaking a piece off, but it went to shivers when I laid it on the table. Then I drew the saucer of meat to me, and using the fingers of my left hand for a fork and the butcher knife in my right hand, I succeeded in detaching a few choice pieces of meat from the adjoining gristle and conveyed them to my mouth. Then I put some paper in and chewed it. Then I poured myself out a cup of coffee and put some sugar in and drank. It would take quite a little time to get so used to a Tesuque supper as to enjoy it, nevertheless it was very kind and hospitable of the governor to treat me so well. As soon as I had finished, the Indians had their supper on the floor. The bill of fare was the same as that provided me, and I was gratified to notice that they broke the paper bread and ate it much in the same way as I had done. I was a little mortified, however, to find how mistaken I had been in asking for a knife; the little cubes of mutton were just the right size to go into an average-sized mouth, and of course I ought to have taken them up with my fingers. After supper was cleared away, Santiago came in again, and I took down from him a good list of Tesuque words. Then he asked if I would like to go round and visit the people, and I said "yes," and followed him.

A clear, bright, starlight night. For a moment I stand on the parapet outside the governor's house, grasping the top of the rude ladder which leads to the court below, and gaze around. There are the dark shadows of the terraces all around the court, faint lights gleaming from the little eighteen-inch square windows of the Indians' houses, and above are the dome-shaped ovens and the tall, gaunt, weird-looking chimneys and the tops of ladders, some short, some long, bristling up among them. In the court below can be dimly seen the dark forms of burros moving about, and a blanketed Indian here and there crossing from one house to another or climbing a ladder. The stillness of the night is broken by the monotonous tum, tum, tum of an Indian drum, accompanied by the Hekh!

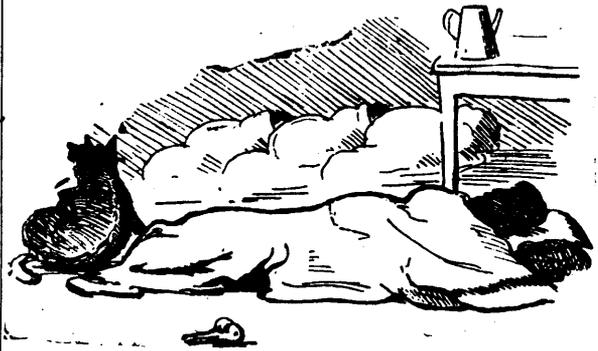
he-e-e, Hekh! hai-ai-ai-oi, which seems always to be the principal part of an Indian song, whether for war or peace. "You want see 'm dance?" Santiago asks me. "Yes," I reply. "Come this way then, up ladder." So we climb a ladder to an upper terrace, and arrive at the door whence the sound of the drumming is proceeding. Santiago opens it unceremoniously, and we enter. By the dim light of the fire I see several persons moving about, and a tall Indian in a blanket rocking a baby very vigorously in a hammock swinging from the rafters. We cross this room and enter another. Down by the fire a young woman is beating a barrel-shaped Indian drum. She stops and laughs as we enter, and then shyly withdraws. Santiago immediately takes her place, sits on his heels, and drums away vigorously, accompanying his drumming with his voice. It appears to have the same effect on the Indian as a fiddle on the white man; a squaw with a baby on her back starts to dance, and then a man joins in, and then a girl—all dancing separately, but keeping time to the music. In a corner of the same room is a young Indian woman grinding corn; neither the sound of the music nor the presence of a white man seems to distract her; she is bound to get that corn pulverized, and works away at it like a laundress at her wash tub. The simile is by no means out of place. The mills used by the Pueblo Indians are strong wooden troughs set on the floor. The trough is perhaps eight feet long, two and a half feet wide and fifteen inches deep, and is divided into three compartments. Each compartment is provided with a sloping slab of stone like a washboard. Another slab of stone about twenty inches long, four inches wide and an inch and a half thick, like a large whet stone, is held horizontally with both hands and rubbed up and down the large slab by a woman kneeling at the trough, just for all the world like washing clothes; the grain, it is scarcely necessary to add, is put between the two stones a little at a time. The stones in the three troughs are of varying coarseness, and the meal is passed from one trough to another until it is reduced to the required fineness. The woman whom I am watching works away with great dexterity. You can scarcely see her lifting the corn a few grains at a time from her side and slipping it between the stones, so quick are her movements. The meal slips down the sloping stone slab to the side of the trough opposite to her and from there it will be removed to the adjoining compartment for another grinding.

Santiago has finished his drumming and we are about

to leave, when the tall Indian swinging the baby bids us be seated. So we squat down on our heels near the fire. No sooner have we done this than a squaw comes forward with a saucer full of mutton cubes and puts it on the floor before us, and then a half-ream of paper and two things that looked like large apple puffs, also two cups and a pot of coffee. It is very kind. I would not on any account offend these good simple-hearted people by refusing their hospitality, so I take up one of the things that looks like an apple puff, and I find that it is an apple puff, or at any rate it is a fruit puff of some kind, it may be apple, it may be peach, it may be quince—for they grow all these—but probably it is a mixture of all three. Santiago also takes a puff. We each eat a little and drink a little of the coffee. The room is lighted only by the flickering flames of the fire, it appears to be clean and of about the same size as the governor's. The baby is still swinging—swinging very high—he goes within two inches of the rafters every time the tall Indian sways the hammock. Were it a white nurse, I should tremble for the child's safety, but in the hands of an Indian I know he is safe. After a time baby seems to have got to sleep, so the tall Indian ceases that amusement and resorts to another: a little girl about four years old is toddling about the room; in another moment she is lassoed and struggling with a fine horse-hair line tight round her neck. The tall Indian laughingly draws the child to him and frees her, and the little creature seems to enjoy the joke quite as well as her father. Having concluded our second supper, we now say good night, pass out of the door and climb down the ladder. As we cross the court the moon is just rising. We try the door of another house. It appears to be locked, but a movement is heard within, and in another minute it is opened by a man. He appears to be naked, but, seeing visitors, withdraws and gets his blanket, and then invites us in. Two women are wrapped up in blankets on the floor, one here, another over there. The room is nearly dark, but our host puts wood on the fire and makes a blaze, and we squat down and warm ourselves. In the conversation that follows, the women from their beds join in and often laugh heartily, but do not shew their faces. I feel a little afraid every now and then that they are going to get up and give us another feed of mutton and brown paper; happily, however, they lie still. It is now 9 o'clock, and seems to me about time for bed. Santiago interprets my thoughts, and says: "You go sleep?" "Yes," I respond. So we cross the court again and climb the

ladder to the governor's house. Santiago pushes open the door, and I follow him in. The family appears to have pretty generally retired to rest. Five or six lumps, covered up with blankets, occupy various parts of the floor. The only sounds that greet us are somnolent sighs and a few snores. The fire is still flickering on the hearth. Near it is a small mattress, unoccupied, a small white bolster at the head, and a Navajo blanket cast down at the foot. "That's you bed I guess," says Santiago. I tell him I am very much obliged. Santiago says he is going back to the dance, but will come and see me again in the morning.

The bedroom accommodation is about what I had expected, but I rather wish there were not quite so many people in the room. The air is close, and I fear will get worse before morning. I wind my watch, remove my coat and waistcoat, put my overcoat over the bolster as a precaution and lie down. I sleep fairly.



IN BED.

Every time I wake I hear the tum-tum-tum of the drum across the court and inwardly wish that the evil spirit, which these Indians think to keep away by their drumming, could be disposed of in some less noisy manner. The dog at my feet sits up and scratches himself several times during the night. The old man who is sick groans and sighs a good deal. The little children whimper a little now and then, and are soothed and comforted by their respective mothers. Several of the party require to clear their throats frequently.

(To be continued.)

MRS. HALSON having been obliged through ill health to give up her post as Hon.-Sec. to the Wawanosh Home, her place will be supplied for the present by MISS BATTY, Ye Gabled House, The Parks, Oxford, Eng., who has kindly agreed to receive subscriptions for the Girls' Home.

W. L. WILSON.

The Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.



It was a happy coincidence that the Indian School at Carlisle should be established in the State named after a man who always dealt honorably with the Indians. It is a happier coincidence that the school is controlled by a humane and religious policy which would most surely have met the cordial approbation of William Penn. Here, on ground once owned by him; the deed for which was given by his heirs, stands the oldest and most prosperous of our government Indian Industrial Schools. It is in the line of restitution to some extent that the school is conducted in buildings once occupied by men whose business it was to fight the Indians. The Carlisle barracks were established in 1757 as an outpost against the Indians. The old stone guard-house, regarded with interest by all visitors, and used to-day in the discipline of recalcitrant Indian boys, was built by the Hessians during the Revolutionary war. The barracks were used for a time by Washington and his troops during the whiskey insurrection. The twenty-seven acres of land occupied by the post were not actually purchased from the Penns until in 1801, and Captain Pratt has in his possession the original deed, making the sale for \$600. It would hardly be possible to find a better location for an Indian School than here; in the heart of the beautiful Cumberland Valley, midway between the North and South Mountains, a healthy region, in a highly cultivated agricultural country, abounding in the fruits of religion and civilization, and where the farmers freely offer homes for the Indians, cordially co-operating with Capt. Pratt in his administration of the school. In fact, there is nothing here to remind the Indian of his aboriginal condition, except the Indian trail from Gettysburg Junction—across the green, through two brick-yards, over fences, across a field, through mud, shoe deep the day I walked it—up to the gate where hangs the suggestive sign, “No admittance on Sunday.” Then there bursts upon the view the commodious buildings, arranged around a lovely lawn, the trees, the flowers, everything to make a school attractive.

This school was started by Capt. R. H. Pratt, Sept. 6th, 1879, by order of the War and Interior Departments, and its decennial was observed two weeks ago with enthusiastic and appropriate exercises. But it is a humiliating fact that our Government has been engaged in killing Indians one hundred years, and in this school work only ten. It is estimated that the average

cost of every Indian killed in the last twenty years has been \$100,000, and Capt. Pratt declares that “during this period there has been enough spent in Indian wars to have paid for the education and civilization of the Indians twice over.” The Government appropriation for the education of an Indian is \$167 a year, but through the advantage of the system and economy of administration, it costs only \$140 a year at Carlisle, and Capt. Pratt says: “On the annual appropriation of \$100,000 I will undertake to educate 1000 children annually.”

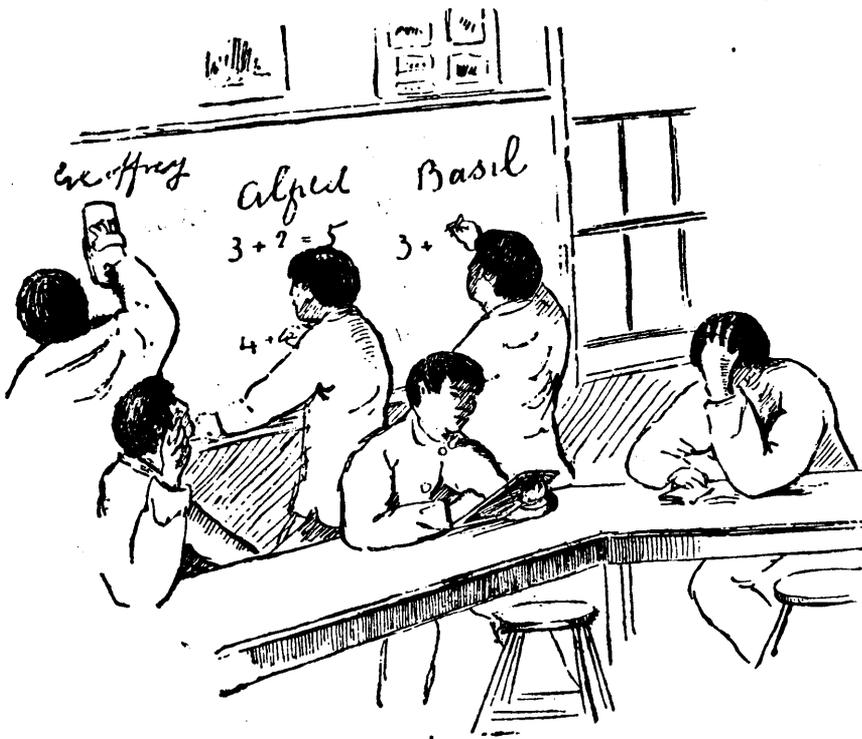
The school started ten years ago with an attendance of one hundred and forty pupils, which has steadily increased till now there are six hundred and eighty-five, more than one-half of whom are boys. Over sixteen hundred Indians have already received instruction in this school. There were thirty-four new arrivals the day before my visit, and I was assured that even twenty-four hours made a difference in their appearance—the change effected by new scenes, soap and water and different dress. One thing to be broken up is the tribal feeling, akin to that of caste. The Sioux regard themselves as the “big Indians” of all, and are aristocratic, over-bearing and disposed to be tyrannical. But they are coupled with the Indians from other tribes at the table and in the dormitory, and are soon taught that they are no better than the rest. The Apaches are generally regarded as the most intractable of all the tribes, but Capt. Pratt and the teachers testify that the boys and girls from this tribe, more than one hundred of whom were present, are among the best students in the school and the best hands on the farm. The morning of my departure ten Indian boys were leaving to pass the winter on farms, and in bidding them all good-bye, in his parting words of advice, Capt. Pratt urged the Sioux boys “to be as good as the Apaches.” Part of the very practical system of the school is to put as many of the boys as possible out with the farmers, who receive them into their families, pay them well for their work and send them to common schools in the winter. The demand is always large—all through Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware—in the best of homes, and thus the boys are trained to the occupation they must mostly pursue, in the midst of the best influences of civilized life. About three hundred of the boys are now thus out. It is Capt. Pratt’s idea, as he well expressed it to the Indians in my presence; “Boys, you must learn to work. If you can only have a little learning or a knowledge of work, take the work every time, and on a farm. That is the way the most of you

must make a living. If I had my way, I would distribute the whole 250,000 of you all over the United States; not allow a single Indian on a Reservation; not allow two of you to be together until you were civilized; keep you among our people until you became good, industrious citizens. On a farm every one of you has a good teacher all to himself." This is only a sample of the good, practical sense exhibited by Capt. Pratt in his administration of the school. It was a delightful surprise to see the skill of the Indian boys in the carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, harness, tin, and paint shops; and of the girls in the laundry and sewing rooms. It is a capital combination of study and work; half a day in the school-room and half a day in the

during the evening study-hour, assembled in their several grades, in the fourteen recitation rooms, as handsome as those of any college—electric light, folding seats, black boards, sand beds to teach geography, all the conveniences and appurtenances of the modern school, and, best of all, the living, loving teacher, bending with affectionate enthusiasm over her wards. It is Christianity in action. * * *

The teachers never forget the importance of heart education; and when they do, Capt. Pratt thinks the Government might as well close the school. The churches of Carlisle are open for the children, who fill the Sabbath schools and attend the services, and many of them make profession of religion. In brief, if any

denominational mission-school is doing more for the religious interest of the Indians, it should be known. The great idea, well attained, is to turn out Christian citizens. When I put the question to a bright young Indian "Do many fall back to their old habits when they return to their tribes?" he promptly answered: "Of course some do, just as our boys at Yale and Harvard—I say OUR, for I am an American—and it would not be right to expect more of the Indians than of the whites." The same young man went on to say: "I am a student in Dickinson college, and in three years more I will be a classical scholar; that is to say, I will receive the degree of B.A.; I will support myself, as I do



APACHE BOYS AT SCHOOL.

work-shop, with plenty of time between for play. Many have the idea that the Indians are stolid and rarely laugh, but that impression is dissipated by the sight of the children enjoying themselves in romp and play on the lawn and in the gymnasium just as do white children, excepting that they are less boisterous. The teacher in the sewing room told me "the fifty or sixty girls in this department talk, laugh and gossip just as much as white girls."

It was an impressive sight to see these children

now, by working on a salary. After I graduate I shall take a course in engineering in Lehigh University, and then pursue that profession." Another young Indian left the day I did, to enter Rutgers college, intending to study law and practice among his own people—the Pueblos—who have nineteen villages in New Mexico, having old Spanish grants which it is necessary to protect, "and," said Capt. Pratt, "in putting this young man through such a course, for such a purpose, I think I am doing Christian work." Last May the

school graduated its first class, (fourteen—seven boys and seven girls—from ten tribes), and several of them have entered higher institutions of learning. The pupils are allowed to remain at Carlisle only five years—surely a short time in which to expect to accomplish much with an Indian boy from a wild tribe of the plains; and no wonder Capt. Pratt earnestly advocates making it ten years.

The discipline of the school is military, but just as it would be for the white pupils. It is largely self-discipline; the same method Capt. Pratt practised with Indian prisoners in Florida. In case of an offence an order is issued, a court martial detailed from the boys themselves, the trial held, the verdict given, and the only interference of Capt. Pratt is to occasionally tone down the severity of the sentence. The use of the Indian language and tobacco are strictly prohibited; and the boys are called upon to report for themselves whether they have used either, and if they have, they are punished by fine. They acquire the English tongue quite rapidly, and it is considered very important to break up the barbarous Indian dialects, no two of which are alike, in order to more speedily civilize and Christianize the Indians. These Indians are from more than forty tribes, including about one hundred from each, the Apache, the Oneida, Pueblo and Sioux tribes; a considerable number from the Cheyenne, Comanche, Pawnee and Winnebago tribes, and even the Alaskan Indians. It is a good place to study the Indian question. Any one in doubt upon the subject, and open to conviction, should visit Carlisle. As I looked at these Indians on the lawn, in the work-shop, in the reading-room, in the dormitory, in the dining-room, in the school-room, in the gymnasium, at their work and at their study, I felt I had seen a wonder of Nature at Niagara, a wonder of war at Gettysburg, and a wonder of peace here at Carlisle.

S. S. GILSON,

—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Carlisle, Pa.

Jottings.

AN extract from a letter just received, says: "The 'Forest Children' was very interesting; your Uncle Charles said he should read some of it to the congregation, for here we so seldom hear of the doings of the Indians in Canada."

A LETTER has just arrived stating that Zosie, one of the little Indian boys who is accompanying Mr. Wilson on his tour through N.S. and N.B., has caught the measles.

CROWFOOT, Chief of the Blackfeet Indians in the North-west Territories, was buried at Gleichen recently. About 800 Indians attended his funeral.

ACCORDING to our usual custom, all the boys worked out of doors during the first week of May—some gardening, some repairing fences, building stone walls and giving the Homes their much-needed spring cleaning.

THE carpenter and his gang of boys have been busy repainting all the outbuildings, making them look like new. In fact, signs of their industry and skill are everywhere visible. This is principally due to the care and oversight of our popular mechanical superintendent, Mr. J. W. Madden.

FOR the last two weeks little Asa has hung between life and death, tended by the loving care and watchfulness of Miss Pigot. He suffered much, but all was ended on Tuesday, the 6th. It was due to inflammation of the lungs, a disease which causes much mortality among the Indians. To attempt to describe Miss Pigot's devotion would be vain. Suffice it to say that no nurse was ever more patient, unselfish and long suffering. We cannot thank her; she finds her thanks in her work.

Ante-Mortem Preparations

THE natives of Southeastern Alaska, when one of their number becomes very sick, conclude that he must necessarily die, and at once set about making all needful preparations.

Not long since, some men called at the Sitka Mission to arrange with the missionary for the funeral of a friend. Inquiring when the man died, the missionary was informed that he was not dead yet, but soon would be.

Upon going to the sick man's house he was found still alive, but dressed up in his best clothes ready for the burial. He had been made to think that he would shortly die, and he did a few hours afterwards.

Some weeks ago, a mother inquired anxiously concerning lumber for a coffin for her sick boy. The boy is still alive and bids fair to live months yet.

Mr. McCulloch, of Aiyansh, gives the following incident in the same line:

One day, while passing through the village of Gitlakdamuke, I was accosted by a repulsive-looking individual—a medicine-man.

"I was just coming down to see you, Shimoigat," he explained; "it is not often that I ask you for anything, but I want a little black paint now."

"What do you want black paint for?" I inquired, thinking, perhaps, that he had added something new to his materia medica.

"Oh," said he, "I have just made the coffin for Laubagan's wife, and I want to paint the railings around her grave."

"And when did she die?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "she is not dead yet, but," in quite a matter-of-fact tone, "she soon will die!"

"I will see her then," said I, turning into the house. Here I found Laubagan supporting his wife in his arms, while she was struggling and gasping in the relentless grip of a ruthless cough. Having observed her for a little, I concluded that, if left as she was, she would soon indeed fulfil the medicine-man's prophecy, but that with a little stimulant and nourishment she might be sustained and brought under the healing power of some proper medicine. She was just like a mummy, save of a lighter complexion. Wrapped up in some blankets, and placed in a canoe, she was soon comfortably accommodated at Aiyansh. Just as I expected, she soon began to improve, slowly but surely, and, much to the astonishment of every one, two months later she resumed her accustomed household duties, while the medicine-man's own wife died and filled her coffin."—*The Sitka North Star*.

What Next for the Indian?

THIS conundrum is more than three hundred years old. It faced the first settlers. They met it bravely and earnestly; at times with gunpowder and ball, at times with Bible and missionary work. Some of the early settlers were as earnest in seeking education for the Indian as any of their descendants could be. The Bible translated by John Eliot into the Indian language lies open in one of the book-cases of Harvard College Library. There is no longer an Indian to read it, but it is something more than a literary curiosity. It remains a memorial of the unselfish effort which was put forth in the very first settlement of New England to Christianize the Indian. The records of Harvard College contain the names of more than one Indian who was ushered into this temple of learning by the early fathers. The work of Jonathan Edwards among the Stockbridge Indians has left its impress upon that tribe, though far removed from their early home.

The question to-day in regard to the Indian is in some respects the question of yesterday. It is, above all things, a question of education. It has been shown from the very beginning that individual Indians could

be taken from the woods, and, through Education in Christian homes, schools and colleges, be brought up to the average standard of modern civilization, and sometimes pass much beyond it. The trouble has come when we have tried to apply education to the whole tribe. We have never been able to lift a tribe entirely out of barbarism while it retained its tribal organization and heritage of language and custom. Sometimes, indeed, very marked gains have been made through the influence of missionaries who have lived for years among the Indians, and who have succeeded in infusing into them something of the spirit and method of American civilization. But, when we think of two centuries and a-half of effort in behalf of the Indian, as earnest and constant as any efforts made to destroy him, the results that we have to show are not very great. It is not hard to find the reason. We have pursued, for the most part, a wrong method. The idea has been to keep the Indian an Indian. What we need to do, on the contrary, is to have him cease to be an Indian as soon as possible. It may not involve always a change of skin, but it must involve a change of life and habit.

The error of herding the Indians together and turning them into paupers through a liberal distribution of Government rations has now been recognized. The Dawes bill of 1887 was a final blow at the reservation system. The Indians are now to take up land in severalty, and as soon as possible to be ushered into the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship.

ONE of the victories we claim for Carlisle, is that its students coming to us clad in rags and speaking no English, are sent home after five years, well clad and generally with trunks filled with clothing and other useful things, and money in their pockets. The party of one hundred and seventeen that left July 8th, required a large baggage car to carry their trunks and valises checked through, and they carried in their pockets, money of their own earnings amounting to over \$2,000. A hand-cart would probably have carried all their baggage when they first came to the school, and probably it would have been impossible to have found ten dollars in the whole party. Most of them came without English; they went away with the ability to speak and use the language intelligently.

THE Indians of Oregon make it a point to pay the debts of their dead relatives. A Portland merchant has been paid \$330 of a debt of \$345 due him from an Indian who died several years ago.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

APRIL—1890.

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

From W. G. Egar, Deseronto, a box of seeds, etc.

From a "Friend," towards screen in Bishop Fauquier's Memorial Chapel, \$4.00.

From Mr. W. Wilson, \$1, towards Organ Fund.

From St. James Church S.S., Ingersoll, for Bella Naudee, a box of most comfortable and useful clothing.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM APRIL 10TH TO MAY 5TH, 1890.

R. STARK, \$1; a Friend, per Mr. Boyd, \$6; G. W. Marsh, \$10; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Uxbridge S.S., \$9.42; Miss Barrett, \$2; York Mills S.S., \$3; All Saints S.S., Drummondville, Easter Offering, \$10; Mrs. Killaby, Easter Offering, \$5; Wingham S.S., Easter Offering, \$6; Mount Forest S.S., for boy, \$12.50; W. D. Worden, Toronto, Easter Offering, \$1; St. James S.S., Ormstown, Infant Class, \$3; Trinity S.S., Durham, \$18; St. Paul's S.S., London, for boy, \$15; St. Paul's S.S., London, for Building, Medicine Hat, \$50; St. James' S.S., Ingersoll, for girl, \$25; Christ Church S.S., Meaford, \$13; Grace Church S.S., Watertown, Easter Offering, \$4.50; The Misses Patterson, \$10; Arch. Duncan, Sunnyside Tyrconnel, \$5; St. John's S.S., Elora, \$9; Cookstown S.S., \$3.12; Parkdale Epiphany Boxes, \$9.79; All Saints' Collingwood, for boy, \$9.38; St. John's, Peterborough, for girl, \$12.50; Holy Trinity S.S., Yarmouth, N.S., for boy, \$6.25; Holy Trinity S.S., Yarmouth, N.S., for girl, \$10; Diocese of Montreal, per J. J. Mason, \$11; Christ Church S.S., Campbellford, \$5.55; Trinity S.S., Mitchell, for boy, \$1; A. H. Coleman, \$1; Pembroke, \$7.17; St. George's, Ottawa, \$50; St. George's Church Guild, Kingston, \$15; St. John's Church, Portsmouth, \$8; St. Charles' S.S., Dereham, \$4.76; R. B. Street, \$4; Trinity Church S.S., Liverpool, N.S., \$2; Grimsby S.S., \$10; Holy Trinity S.S., Toronto, for boy and girl, \$15.

Receipts—O.F.C.

APRIL 10TH, 1890.

MISS PIGOT, \$2; Rev. P. Roe, \$1; Rev. F. W. Dobbs, \$2; Mrs. Mansell, \$1; H. J. Mudge, \$1; J. C. Phipps, \$1; Mrs. Shepherd, 50c.; N. Moses, 50c.; D. C. McTavish \$1; G. H. Garden, \$1; Miss Boulton, 50c.; Miss C. Lawson, \$1; Miss Barlow, \$2; H. H. Thompson, 50c.; J. W. Hamly, 50c.; Miss Crawford, \$1; J. E. Baker, 20c.; E. B. Kenrick, \$1; Rev. A. H. Coleman, \$1; G. B. Kirkpatrick, \$2; Miss Fleet, \$1; Rev. M. Eells, 50c.; R. B. Street, \$1; A. Healy, 50c.; Mrs. Martin, 50c.; D. C. McTavish, \$1; T. Dowler, \$1.50; Col. Sumner, \$1; Rev. W. E. Graham, \$1; Mrs. Gault, 50c.

REV. E. F. WILSON desires to acknowledge with many thanks the following offerings to his work, received while travelling:—

Miss Johnson, for girl, \$3; Rev. J. C. Cox, \$2; Alex. Henderson, \$5; R. H. Buchanan, for girl, \$50; Collection, Synod Hall, Montreal, \$35.54; Rev. Canon Muloch, \$5; Sherbrooke Lenten Offerings, for Medicine Hat, \$22.20; Sherbrooke collection at meeting, \$33.11; Wilfred Whitcher, 50 cts.; Collection at Lennoxville, \$20.52; Mrs. Roe, for girl, \$25; Collection, St. Andrews', \$12; Miss E. J. Scammell, \$5; Mr. Lawrence, \$1; Rev. Canon DeVeber, \$20; Trinity Sunday School, St.

Stephen, N.B., \$10; The Most Rev. Bishop Medley, £5 (\$24.30); Collection, Truro, \$14.65; Girls' Auxiliary, Truro, for girl, \$14; Sunday School, Truro, \$3.16; J. N. Wilson, \$3; Collection, Dartmouth, \$13.23; J. J. Hunt, \$5; Mrs. J. J. Hunt, \$5; Miss Ratchford, \$2; Envelopes, St. George's, Halifax, \$3.75; Collection, St. Paul's Halifax, \$44.65; Collection, Windsor, N.S., \$19.31; Collection, St. Luke's, Annapolis, N.S., \$33.28.

NOTE.—The collections at Farsham, P.Q., St. John, N.B., and some few other places were remitted through the Diocesan Secretary, and will be acknowledged when received.

DURING Mr. Wilson's absence from home, contributions towards the support of his work should be sent as usual to Sault Ste. Marie, Mrs. Wilson having power of attorney to endorse cheques, &c.

Died.

At the Shingwauk Hospital, May 6th, ASA, aged 9 years.

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A. S. GATCHETT, in the *American Antiquarian*, says:—"OUR FOREST CHILDREN' is in quarto and contains illustrations, some of a burlesque kind. It is edited on sound principles, as it introduces the readers into the real condition and peculiarities of the Indians, which must be understood by the educators thoroughly before they can think of educating or improving their cinnamon-colored pupils. Mr. Wilson presents to his readers travels among the Indians, ethnographic and even linguistic articles, interesting correspondence and other sound reading matter."

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