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VOL. IV., No. 2.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, MAY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 12.

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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. 2.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, MAY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 12.

## Missionary Experiences.

 NE bitterly cold night in the late autumn, I remember passing in a little boarded shanty at Kettle Point. I was nearly perished in the morning, and was glad to get inside David Sabpah's comfortable log house; a huge fire was blazing on the hearth, and the Indian women all busy, some with their pots and frying-pans, boiling potatoes and baking cakes, others dressing and cleaning the children. Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnugwod gave me a chair, and down I sat by the blazing fire, and gazed with a feeling of happy contentment into the yellow flames. The scene was certainly a novel one. In a dark corner by the chimney sat a dirty old couple on the couch where they had been passing the night; they were visitors from Muncy Town, and were staying a few nights only at Kettle Point. The old woman lighted up her pipe, and whiffed away with her eyes half shut; after enjoying it for about twenty minutes or so, her old husband thought she had had enough, and taking it from her put it into his own mouth and had his whiff. When he had done, he restored it again to his wife. Underneath another old bedstead were a couple of large dogs, which occasionally let their voices be heard in a dispute; some of the stones on one side of the fireplace had broken away, making a little window through which the dogs could reach the fire, and it was amusing to see how they put their noses and paws through the opening and warmed themselves just like human beings. Down in another corner sat an antiquated old woman enveloped in a blanket, and in vain endeavoring to comfort a little fat boy of about ten months old, who was crying. Finding that she could not content him, she at length got up, and taking off her blanket, put one end of it around the baby's shoulders, tucked the ends under its arms, and then, with one sweep placed baby and blanket together on her back, and with one or two pulls once more got the blanket wrapped completely round her, and the little fat boy snugly ensconced between her shoulders; then she marched off to give him an airing.


The bigger children were set to clean themselves, a



MORNING ABLUTIONS.

tin bowl of water being given them in turns. I was wondering whether my turn would come, when Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnugwod, having once more filled the bowl, addressed me with the words, "Maund, uhpee," which, in polite English, would mean, "Here you are!" "Ah meegwach ahpeche"—"thank you kindly,"—said I, and forthwith began my ablutions, while the children stood around me in wonderment.

## Letter to the Sunday Schools.

 Y DEAR CHILDREN,—I want to try and make this letter rather more interesting to the boys than the last, which had certainly more about girls in it than anything else. I can hardly do better than tell you something about our "Onward and Upward Club," as nothing much has ever been said about it in this magazine. The club was first started in March, 1887; when Mr. Wilson returned from a visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., where a similar club was in existence. The pupils took great interest in it, and Mr. Wilson thought it would be very nice to have one for the pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, and any white persons who cared to join it. There are 105 members' names on the books, but of course, many of these have left the place, and there are not more than 65 members really attending the meetings. Mr. Wilson is the president; all the other officers are elected every seventh week,—very often some Indian boy that writes a nice clear hand is elected as secretary, and with a little help generally does very nicely. The weekly meetings are held every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in the dining hall; they generally last about an hour and a half. Of course, all the business has to be got through with first,

—reading of minutes, correspondence, new motions, etc., and then comes the programme for the evening, which generally consists of a song, reading, recitation, dialogue, lecture, and so on. Of course, the great object is to teach the boys how to speak in public, and it certainly is very good practice for them. When the programme is ended, the critic is called upon for his criticism of the evening's performance; and he gives the members, the boys especially, many a valuable hint. There are three grades in the club,—the members of the first wear red badges, the second red and blue, the third red, blue and white;—all have O. U. C. worked on in gold letters. Those who have joined the third grade have a framed certificate given them, and are members for life. About twice in the year the O. U. C. gives an entertainment, open to the public, consisting of music, readings, dialogues, etc. The proceeds either go into the funds of the club, or are used for some special object. Last winter (aided by a collection taken up for the purpose by a friend) they bought the instruments for the Shingwauk brass band, which is a source of great delight to the boys. Many funny little incidents occur during the course of the meetings. Some time ago there was a boy in the Home of the most melancholy disposition possible. He always looked unhappy, no matter what was going on. At one of the meetings, a boy was reciting a piece of poetry, in every verse of which was the line, "There's a good time coming, boys." He got on swimmingly for some time, then he faltered, got red, blurted out "There's a good time coming, boys," and stopped short. But the melancholy boy was equal to the occasion, and amid the profound silence, remarked in his usual doleful tone, "He tell lie, that fellow."

I must not forget to answer Bessie H—'s question, "Are the boys fond of flowers?" Well, it looked very like it the Saturday before Easter Sunday. Of course, the snow was still deep on the ground, and there was not even a green leaf to be found anywhere, but some one at the Home sent away for a few hot-house flowers to sell again to the boys, if they cared to buy them. Little fear of their not buying them. Up the stairs they crowded, all eager to get a look and a sniff at the exquisite roses, lilies, carnations and hyacinths, lying upon their bed of green. Many of the boys had never seen anything like them before, and nearly all had saved their pocket money, so as to be able to buy one. On Easter Sunday there was hardly a person who had not a little bouquet, and they helped to make the chapel look bright and pretty in spite of the lack of more ex-

tensive decorations, which it was quite impossible to get at this time of year.

Please address any communications or questions to be answered in my next letter, to

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

#### Chief Crowfoot.



CHIEF CROWFOOT is a grand old man, one of the finest-looking and most intelligent Indians now living in Canada. He is the head Chief over the Blackfoot nation, and lives in the far west on the prairies, just within sight of the Rocky Mountains.

On account of his behaving well during the rebellion of 1885, the C. P. R. authorities presented him with a framed railway ticket, by wearing which on his breast he would have the right to travel East and West over their line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In acknowledgement of this courtesy, Chief Crowfoot sent the following reply. It was written in the Blackfoot language, but this is the translation:—



CHIEF CROWFOOT.

FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

*Great Chief of the Railway:*

I salute you O chief, O great. I am pleased with railway key, opening road free to me. The chains and

rich covering of your name writing, its wonderful power to open the road show the greatness of your chieftainship. I have done.

His  
CROW X FOOT.  
mark.

The Rev. J. W. Tims, living at Gleichen, in Alberta, is missionary to the Blackfoot Indians. He has just returned from England, where he has been attending to the printing of the first grammar and dictionary published in the Blackfoot language.

—◆—  
**Letter from David Minominee.**

(FORMER PUPIL OF SHINGWAUK.)

HENVEY INLET, April 19th.

*Rev. E. F. Wilson, Shingwauk Home :*

DEAR SIR,—Thank you very much for your Summer number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN. I think it is a very interesting one to study about the Indians. They are not paupers and beggars only, but they have an ability to learn and to work. Just give them a chance to learn and work.

David Osahgee is getting on well. I feel quite proud of him getting on so well among his white friends. I hope he will keep it up, and be an example to the Red men in Canada.

I will let you know and tell you about my work here. I have twenty-six pupils' names on the roll at present. There are three divisions in the school—the second class, the B class, Pt. II., and the A class, Pt. I.—number of each class as following: The second class, two boys and four girls; the B class, four boys and four girls; the A class, seven boys and five girls. The second class were reading the second part last fall, the B class were reading the first part last fall, the others A B C, &c., now in words. All of them are anxious to get on well in every way they can.

The former teacher didn't do much what he was appointed to do, during the time he was here. If he had payed attention to his duty, the pupils would be little better than they are now. I am working hard, both in teaching school and my daily studies. I like to get the pupils to learn fast. They can make short sentences in English; Indian into English, or English into Indian.

I am very fond of studying now,—sometimes from morning till one or two o'clock at night,—this is the only way to get on.

The Indians like me very much, both the Protestants and the Catholics,—some of them wishing me to live

with them all the time; but I am sorry to say that I must go as soon as the summer vacation begins, on account of wanting to go on my studies. I made up my mind to try and pass the High School Entrance Examination next December, or year from next July.

I certainly hope that the Almighty God will open the way for me to do some good in the world, to raise the poor and tell about the Saviour, who died for all. I humbly asking Him in my prayers to have mercy on me, to give me wisdom and knowledge.

I often thought of you,—your great desire is to raise and teach the Indian. May God help you to do this great and noble work for God and man. Don't mind what the other people saying about you,—spending money, many thousands annually, saying that the Indians are not worth to be cared for. The foolish people can say that; but the wise will not, but "have faith in God." This is your duty to do, to raise the God's poor towards in civilizing, educating and Christianizing them.

There are some boys and girls would like to go up to the Shingwauk and Wawanosh. The trouble is, that the Indian parents would not let them go away from their homes, they want to stay with them all the time. If they only know how good it is to get their children school while they are young, they would let them go at once.

I have to enclose to you thirty-five cents worth of stamps for the "Summer number" of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, and a four pages "O. F. C."

Yours truly,

D. MONOMINEE.

—◆—

PLANS are being prepared for some additional buildings at the Shingwauk Home; but their erection must depend on whether the asked-for grant from Government is forthcoming.

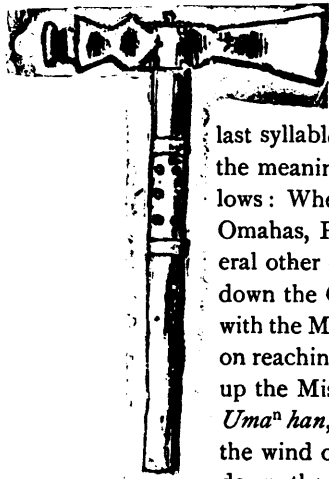
THE Lenten self-denial contributions at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, amounted to \$65. Some of this is sent to Jerusalem, some to the London poor, some to Medicine Hat, and some to Japan. The pupils vote how to dispose of it.

MR. WILSON is at present travelling in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with two little Indian boys—Willie Soney, a Pottawatami, from Walpole Island, and Zosie Dosum, an Ojebway, from north of Lake Superior; they are attending meetings nearly every night. The boys sing hymns, recite a dialogue, and dress up in the costume of wild Indians.

## Indian Tribes—Paper No. 12.

THE OMAHA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



THE real name of the Omahas is *Uma<sup>n</sup> han<sup>n</sup>*, with the accent on the last syllable. The tradition as to the meaning of the word is as follows: When the ancestors of the Omahas, Poncas, Osages, and several other cognate tribes travelled down the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi, they separated on reaching that river. Some went up the Mississippi and were called *Uma<sup>n</sup> han*, meaning, "to go against the wind or stream;" the rest went down the river, and were called

*Kwapa*, meaning, "to float down the stream." This is said to be the origin of the Omaha (or Omahaw) and Kwapa (or Quapaw) Indians.

The tribes that went up the Mississippi were the Omahas, Poncas, Osages and Kaws. Some of the Omahas remember a tradition that their ancestors once dwelt at the place where St. Louis now stands; and the Osages and Kaws say that they used to be all one people, inhabiting an extensive peninsula on the Missouri river.

After a time the Omahas and Poncas separated from the other tribes, crossed the Missouri, and, accompanied by the Iowas, proceeded by degrees through the States of Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, till they reached the neighborhood of the famous Red pipe stone quarry. This must have taken many years, as their course was marked by a succession of villages, consisting of earth lodges. Here, in the southern part of Minnesota, they appear to have remained, hunting along the course of the Des Moines and Blue Earth rivers. There is a large battle mound near the Pipe Stone, where it is said the Iowas and Omahas fought a century or more ago.

The Omahas were noticed by Marquette so long ago as 1673, and by Carver in 1766. At that time they were divided into two bands, lived in villages, and cultivated Indian corn, melons and beans. In 1802, from a tribe numbering about 3,500, they were reduced to less than a tenth of that number by small-pox, when they burned their village and became wanderers, pur-

sued by their relentless enemies, the Sioux. In 1843 they returned to their village between the Elkhorn and Missouri rivers, and since then have devoted themselves mainly to agriculture, first under the fostering care of the Friends, and more lately under the teaching of the Presbyterian church. In 1875 they numbered 1,005. In 1888 their numbers had increased to 1,135. They are regarded now as one of the most advanced and civilized tribes, and since 1884 have held their land in severalty, each family having a forty-acre allotment and a respectable dwelling house. Their present reservation is in Eastern Nebraska, on the west side of the Missouri river, above Omaha and below Sioux City, directly west from Chicago. The soil is of excellent quality, nearly every acre being fit for cultivation; the people are moderately well supplied with stock, waggons, ploughs and other necessary farming implements, and they have good mills, shops and schoolhouses; and have generally been very successful in their farming operations.

The Omahas belong to the great Siouan stock, to which pertain also the Quapaws, Poncas, Osages, Kaws, Otoes, Dakotas, Mandans, Winnebagoes, &c.

They have been described as a steady, sober, industrious and progressive people, whose greatest desire was to secure permanent homes for themselves and their posterity. Their present prosperity has been due in great measure to the exertions and example of their late chief, Joseph LaFlesche, who died in September, 1888. Joseph LaFlesche was descended on his father's side from an old French family; his mother was a Ponca woman, related to the Omaha chief "Big Elk." Upon the death of Big Elk, in 1853, Joseph LaFlesche succeeded to the chieftainship, and at once inaugurated a well-thought-out system of reform. By the year 1859 the old village of sod lodges, erected in the ancient form of a circle, was well nigh deserted and a new village, built on the American plan, had been established. LaFlesche built for himself a large frame house, fenced in a garden, planted an orchard and cultivated a farm. The other men built houses, erected bridges and took up farms. By the settlers around they were derisively called "the make-believe White men;" but they soon taught the settlers there was not much "make believe" about them, but that they could be as industrious and hard working as any of their white neighbors. The Indian name of LaFlesche was *In-sta-ma-zoe*, meaning "Iron Eye." A son and a daughter of his were educated at the Carlisle and Hampton Indian Schools. The son is now employed

in the Indian office at Washington, on a salary of \$1200 per annum, and the daughter is now Dr. Susan LaFlesche, practising medicine at Bancroft, Nebraska.

A very different chief to LaFlesche, was his prede-



BIG ELK.

cessor, *Om-pah-tó'n-ga*, the "Big Elk." This man was a great warrior and a great orator. He became chief in the year 1800, and died in 1846. About the year 1824 he, in company with other chiefs, visited "the great Father" at Washington. In the course of his speech before the President, he said, "The Great Spirit made my skin red, and He made us to live as we do now. We love our country, we love our customs and habits, we wish permission to enjoy them as long as we live. When we become hungry and naked, when the game is exhausted, when misery comes to us, then, and not till then, do we want white teachers to come among us."

Before "Big Elk," was another great Chief named *Wa-shin-ga-sah-ba*, the "Blackbird." This chief was buried seated erect on his live war-horse. It was a beautiful white horse; the dead chief was placed astride with his bow in his hand, his shield and quiver slung, his pipe and his medicine bag, his tobacco pouch well filled, and a good supply of dried meat; his flint and steel and tinder ready for lighting his pipe, the scalps of his enemies hanging to his horse's bridle, a beautiful head-dress of war-eagle plumes on his head and streaming down his back. Every warrior of his band was

present, and each one painted the palm of his hand vermilion and imprinted it on the white sides of the doomed horse. Then they brought turfs and placed them around the poor creature's feet and legs—kept building him up in his living tomb—a thick wall of turf and lumps of clay around him, under him, up his sides, over his back and withers, enclosing both him and his dead master together, up his neck, over his snorting nostrils, over the crest of his mane, then up his master's shoulders—up—up—till the last proud eagle feather was covered up within that great earthen mound, and it stood forth a proud and terrible beacon on the high bluff overhanging the Missouri river.



BLACKBIRD'S BURIAL.

Blackbird, before his death, had expressed his wish to be buried in this manner and on this spot, where, as he said, his spirit would see the White men passing to and fro in their boats.

The Omahas, like most of the Indian tribes in the bygone days, used to be horse stealers; most of the petty wars with other neighboring tribes originated in this way. Two young men would agree that they would go on a horse-stealing expedition. The first step would be to send a messenger secretly to the various lodges in the camp to tell of the intended expedition and to seek recruits; they took care not to let the chief know, as the chief might stop them; then the party, being thus secretly organized, stole away during the night and approached the village which they intended to attack. They would arrange to reach the camp of the enemy just before dawn; then with the first streaks of daylight, the captain of the party would shoot an arrow, wave his medicine bag and give the war cry. All the party would then give the "scalp yell" and commence

shooting at the lodges. The fight would be short and quick and soon over; and then, if successful, they would return home with their booty and the scalps of their enemies. There were certain recognized signals which as they approached their own camp would be understood by their friends. Firing their guns meant that foes had been killed. If horses had been captured, they set the prairie on fire and threw horse-hair upon it and the color of the smoke conveyed the news.

The Omahas had a regular system of government. There were two head chiefs, one to govern each of the two principal bands or gentes. One of these bands was called the "Ishtasunda," the other the "Hanga-shenu." Whenever they camped they pitched their tents, or teepees, in a circle, the trail along which they passed dividing the circle into two equal parts. The Ishtasunda people always camped on the right side, and



SACRED PIPE.

the Hangashenus on the left. Within the circle were three sacred tents. The two sacred pipes belonging to the tribe and other mystic articles were kept in the sacred tents. Each of the two principal gentes was divided into five minor ones, and little children would

MODE OF DRESSING  
HAIR.

Among the Omahas a child would belong to the same gens as his father; with other tribes it was generally the mother.

These people never did anything in hap-hazard way. When they started on a buffalo hunt certain rules were always strictly observed. The attacking party was always led by two men, one bearing the sacred pipe, the other the sacred standard; they marched abreast, and behind them came two young men who had been appointed to collect the hearts and tongues for an offering to the deity; then came the hunters, each going as he pleased. When the two leaders were a proper distance from the herd they separated, one going to the right, the other to the left, each shaping his course to a semi-circle and followed by half the men. Thus the herd would be gradually surrounded, the leaders going on till they met and passed each other. Then the hunt began. The two young men who were to get the hearts and tongues had to be constantly on the alert, rushing up to each buffalo as it fell, cutting into the side of its throat, and drawing out the tongue backward through the hole, and then the heart. On the return trip these two young men kept in advance of the hunters and presented the tongues and hearts to the keeper of the sacred tents. Every part of the dead buffalo was made use of; the brains were used for dressing the hides; the meat was cut into thin slices and dried in the sun or before a slow fire on scaffolds; the marrow was roasted in the bones and eaten; the tongue and the hump were considered the choicest parts; the dried intestines were woven in the form of mats and kept for use or eating as need might require. The Omahas had two modes of fishing; one was by spearing the fish with long wooden darts, the other by shooting them with their bows and arrows; they never used nets or lines until taught to do so by the White people.

The dwellings of the Omahas resembled those of the Mandans (described in November No. O.F.C.), in shape like an inverted sugar kettle, made of posts and sticks and covered over with earth, with a hole at the side for entrance and another hole at the top for the smoke to escape. Some of the Omahas were still occupying these earth lodges so lately as 1888. For dress, the people in former days wore the skins of the deer, antelope and buffalo. No special distinction was made between the dress of a chief and the dress of an ordinary person. Little boys, up to four years of age, would in warm weather run about naked, but little girls were always clothed. Little girls at four or five years of age would be taught by their mothers to carry wood; at eight years old they would learn to make up and carry a pack. Boys were allowed their liberty, and at



an early age were furnished with bows and blunt arrows and taught to shoot at a mark. Boys and girls never played together. When a boy was seven or eight years old he was expected to undergo a fast for a single day. He had to ascend a bluff, and remain there crying to Wakanda (the Great Spirit) to pity him and make him a great man. At sixteen years old the boy would fast in a similar manner for two days; and when nineteen or twenty years of age, for four days.

These people used to gain their living by hunting, trapping, fishing, and the cultivation of the ground. Indian corn and buffalo meat were their main food. They regarded corn as their "mother," and the buffalo as their "grandfather." It was the custom at harvest time for one of the keepers of the sacred tents to select a number of ears of red corn and lay them by for the next planting season. All these ears had to be perfect ones. They were regarded as sacred, and were given out in the Spring to mix with the ordinary seed corn of each household.

The Omahas had strict marriage laws. No man was allowed to marry within his gens, or within his father's or mother's gens. A man would not usually marry until he was between twenty-five and thirty, and a girl when between sixteen and twenty. Parents did not sell their daughters (as some tribes do), or compel them to marry against their will. Mutual presents were generally made by both sides. No man would have more than three wives, and he would not take a second without consulting his first wife. The first wife always retained the right to manage household affairs. Etiquette required that a man should never speak to his wife's mother or grandmother, and a woman should never pass in front of her daughter's husband, if possible to avoid it. A widow was obliged to wait from four to seven years after the death of her husband before marrying again. Miss Fletcher one day came upon a little group of Omaha girls laughing and chattering away together, and all looking at each other's fingernails. She wondered what they could be doing, and was told by an Indian woman standing by that they were seeing if there were any white spots on them. "What would that mean?" she asked. "That summer is coming," was the reply. Another day she saw a young man signalling with a small mirror to his sweetheart, then he played a few notes on a flute, and in a few moments the girl came in sight. In common with other tribes of the Dakota stock, the Omahas give the children "birth names." These names show not only to what gens they belong, but also the place they hold

in the family; thus, the name "Four horns" is given to the fourth boy in a family of the Elk gens, the name "Bad arrow," to the third boy of the *Hanga* gens, and so on. The Omahas are not an uncleanly people; they generally bathe every day in warm weather, early in the morning and at night; in winter they will heat water in a kettle and wash themselves; they have been known also to rub the whole body over with snow. When buffalo was abundant they used to be great eaters; the average amount of meat at a meal for an adult was two pounds, but some ate three pounds or even four. Their tobacco, before the coming of the white man, was a narcotic plant called *nini*, with bluish-colored leaves; it is not planted now. They used to mix with it the inner bark of the red willow dried over the fire. When so mixed it was called *killickinnick*.

The Omahas believed in a Great Spirit, whom they called *Wakanda*. They held that all their laws for fasting, dancing, consecrating the hearts and tongues of buffaloes, planting corn, anointing the sacred pole, &c., were received by their ancestors from *Wakanda*. They believed that *Wakanda* would punish them if they did wrong. They have a curious myth to account for the origin of vegetation. A mythical being, *Esh-tenekay*, they say, created fruits and vegetables out of parts of himself. Three degrees of power, they say, come to a man through visions: (1) If the vision takes the form of an animal, which addresses the man, he will have success in life; (2) If the vision appears like a cloud, and a voice addresses him, he will be able to foretell events; (3) If the vision is without any semblance, and a voice only is heard, he will be able to foresee the coming of death. When an Omaha dies, the relatives strip off their ornaments and cut their hair, scattering the locks about the fireplace; the older women pull off their leggings and moccasins and gash their legs, all the while wailing and calling upon the dead. With every new arrival the wailing starts afresh, and by the time they are ready for burial the relatives are so exhausted that they can scarcely speak above a whisper. Soon after death the corpse is placed in a sitting position facing east and dressed in gala costume and the face painted vermilion, a black line is drawn with charcoal and grease across the forehead, lines down each cheek and another across the chin, forming a square. Then the funeral song is sung. Gifts are presented to the dead. A grave is dug four feet deep and the body is placed within in a sitting position. If a man, his weapons are laid beside him; if a woman, her sewing bag, awls, quills, &c.; if a child, his play-

things. Then the favorite horse, painted and decorated, is brought forward; two men draw the opposite ends of a raw-hide rope, which is round its throat, and it falls dead on its master's grave. As soon as the grave is covered up the wailing ceases, and the gifts which have been collected are divided among the poor. For four successive nights after the burial, the loving mother or other near female relative carries wood and kindles a fire near the mound to light the dear departed one to the land of happiness. This service has to be done without weeping lest it should distress the spirit on its travels.

No grammar or vocabulary of the Omaha language has as yet been published.

## GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The Omaha language has the *th* sound as in the and the *th* sound as in think; also a sound between *th* and *r*, formed by placing the tongue at the roots of the front teeth.

The letters *т, κ, н*, are sometimes explosive, *i.e.*, they are spoken with a click or sudden expulsion of breath.

*e*, prefixed to a verb, denotes that the action expressed was performed by the preceding noun.

The mode of expressing ideas in Omaha may be gathered from two or three illustrations, thus:—

*They are milking the cows*—Te (buffalo) thka (white) ma-dhe-ni (breast-water) rēdhni (they are there) edēa ma ha (taking).

*He was driving the cattle out of the field*,—Tethkama (cattle) uwekedīta (field in) gashēbe (out) re warāeha (go them he made).

*I saw them going to Sioux city*,—Shā'a (Sioux) tawan-gra (town) nata (at) areama (they going) watambe (them I saw).

The personal pronoun, as with most Indian languages, is incorporated in the verb, thus: He sees me, an-tam-be.

There is a dual form of the verb, as, We two sleep, angu' aja'ha.

There are causative, reflective and reciprocal forms of the verb.

Certain particles prefixed to the verb indicate the mode in which the action is done, *e.g.*, *ba*, pushing or pressing; *ga*, shaking; *ma*, cutting with a knife; *na*, with the foot; *re*, with the hand; *ra*, with the mouth.

## VOCABULARY.

Pronounce a, as in father; e, ē, as in they, met; i, ī, as in pique, pick; o, ō, as in note, not; u, as in rule; ä, ū, as in but; ai, as in aisle; au, as in bough, now;

tc, as in church; dj, as in judge; j, as in *Jamais* (Fr.), pleasure; â, as in law; ā, as in fan; ü, as in *tu* (Fr.), *h*, as in *ich* (German); ñ, as in sing; dh, as in that; th, as in thin; ĝ, a guttural ghr sound.

man, nu.

woman, wa-ä.

boy, no'-shingä.

house, ti.

boat, mande.

river, ni' tang ga.

water, ni.

fire, pede.

tree, ĝa'be.

horse, sha'nge.

dog, shi'nindä.

fish, huhu.

town, ta' wangidä.

kettle, neh' he.

knife, ma'hi.

tobacco, ninni.

day, a'mba.

night, han̄.

yes, a.

no, a'n käje.

I, wi.

thou, dhi.

he, e.

my father, 'nda'di.

it is good, e'uda'.

red, jide.

white, thka.

black, the'we.

one, we'a tci.

two, namba.

three, dha'bri.

four, du' ba.

five, sa' ta.

six, sha'pe.

seven, pe'nām ba.

eight, pe'ra' bri.

nine, sha'nka.

ten, ĝe'ba.

twenty, ĝeba na'mba.

hundred, ĝeba he'wi.

come here, gigseha.

be quick, wana'ringä.

to-day, a'mbare.

to-morrow, gāssa'ni.

good morning, a'mboda.

Indian, n'ik shu kāri.

white man, wāhe.

God, Wa-ka'n-da.

Devil, Wana'he pe a'jini.

heaven, aru' mashi atanihe.

the, aka.

a hand, nambe.

my hand, nambe wiw'ikta.

your hand, nambe diri'kta.

John's hand, J. nambeekta'.

my knife, mahi wiw'ik ta.

axe, ma'n-the-pe.

littleaxe, manthepe shinga.

bad axe, manthepe piaji.

big axe, manthepe tanga.

big tree, ĝa' be tanga.

black kettle, ne'he the'we.

money, ma'-the-thka.

bird, wajinga.

snake, we' tha.

I walk, wi mambri.

thou walkest, dhi mani.

he walks, eman'i.

we walk, āngu mani.

they walk, emani.

he is asleep, jañ-ke-ha.

is he asleep? ja'a.

if I sleep, ajañ ke.

I sleep, aja'.

I slept, aja' breshta.

I shall sleep, aja' tamenñ  
ke hä.

he does not sleep, ja' ajia.

we two sleep, angu' aja'ha.

we sleep (excl.), angu' shna

ajaha.

we sleep (incl.), angu' aja'  
eha.

do not sleep, ja a'jiga.

don't be afraid, n'ōmpa  
shigä.

give it to me, a-i'ga.

I am hungry, nöm pa' he. I see thee, wi tambe.  
 are you sick? wari' kaga. he sees me, änta'mbe.  
 he is very sick, wake' gah ti. I see myself, äki' ta'mbe.  
 it is cold, osni. we see each other, ängu  
 it is not cold, osni äji. ki' tambe.  
 he is a man, e-nu-ha. dö you sae him? shtäm-  
 it is a house, ti-ha. be-a?  
 I see him, ta'mbe. I do not see you, wi-tam-  
 thou seest him, sh-tambe. be ma' ji.  
 he sees him, tamba. two men, nu namba.  
 he sees it, ta'mba. threedogs, shinnindalabri.  
 if I see him, tambe ki'. four knives, ma' hin du'ba.  
 thou seest me, äsh tambe.

Did John see the horse? John shänga dam be a.  
 I will see you to-morrow, gas-a'niha witambe taminkeha.  
 John saw a big canoe, John mande tänga dambeha.  
 I shall not go if I see him, tambeki bra maji-ta-men-  
 keha.  
 If he goes he will see you, dhecki dhedambetateha.  
 What is your name? ijaje eda'da-a-shnia?  
 Where are you going? awade shnea?

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Omaha Indians:—Catlin; Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); History of the Indians; the "Red man;" "Word Carrier;" "Morning Star;" Journal of American Folk-lore; J. B. Harrison's Report; "Indians' Friend." Special thanks are due to the bureau of Ethnology, Washington, for the loan of several important manuscripts bearing on the language. Also to Levi Levering, of the Carlisle Indian school, for a partial vocabulary, and to Rev. W. Hamilton, Decatur, Nebraska, for vocabulary and grammatical notes.

**Medloine Hat.**

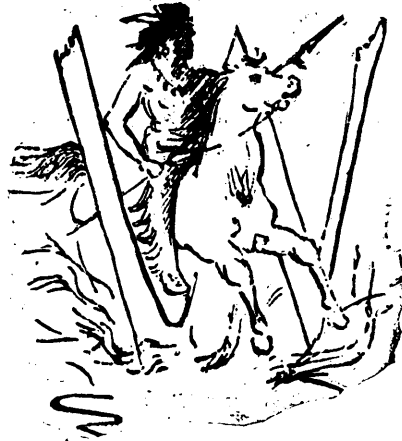
REV. W. G. LYON received a letter from Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, last week, requesting him to obtain a preliminary estimate of the cost of construction of the main building of the proposed industrial school; also to let contracts for the delivery of stone and sand required for the foundation. On Friday, Messrs. Lyon and Drinnan circulated the local subscription list, and succeeded in raising the \$400 asked from the town by Mr. Wilson. The list was mailed to Mr. Wilson on Saturday. He will use it in bringing pressure to bear on the Government, when asking them for a \$12,000 grant towards the

erection of the school. As before stated in these columns, the site is purchased and paid for. Mr. Cochran had the deeds signed on Monday.—*Medicine Hat Times, March 27.*

**Elkhorn.**

THERE are thirty-six pupils now at the Elkhorn Institution. The Colonial & Continental Church Society, England, in response to Mr. Wilson's application, has made a grant of £40 per annum towards the support of the Institution, to be paid through the Bishop of Rupert's Land. It was hoped that the Farm in connection with the Elkhorn schools might be got partly under cultivation this spring; but an application to Government for a grant towards erection of farm buildings and purchase of stock, having failed, we are afraid little can be done, unless our friends from outside will come to our help. Over and above the Government grant very little, thus far, has been contributed towards the support of the Elkhorn Institution, and want of funds is sadly keeping back the work.

**Shingwauk Chips.**



WE have been greatly favored at both the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, in having escaped any serious attack of "La Grippe." Very few of our pupils suffered with it, and there were no serious cases.

The Shingwauk boot shop has received an order from the Indian Department, Ottawa, to make 240 pairs of boots for one of the Government schools,—so our foreman and boys are busy.

The click of the loom has been constantly heard in our weaving shop during the past month. One of the apprentices, John Monague, is becoming quite an adept at weaving. Dark blue cloth, for the boys' uniforms, is being made, and we have also received several orders for rag carpets.

As a result of the recent concert given in the Sault,

our Buckskin Base Ball Club is now supplied with base ball flannel suits.


Our carpenters are having a busy time at our furniture factory, making fancy articles—wall pockets, childrens' toys, fancy tables, &c. All the things we make for sale will be so contrived that they can be put into a small compass, and will be boxed ready for travel, so that visitors to the Institution can take away their purchases without inconvenience.

### MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

#### CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

 N reaching the School and ringing the entrance door, I was told that Mr. Fenning, the Superintendent, was busy with some of his boys putting up a coal shed in the rear; so I walked round to the back, and found him there busy at work. He received me very cordially, and said he had been looking forward to my arrival ever since he had heard from me some weeks back. The boys who were working with him, at first looked at me curiously; but as soon as they knew that I had been living twenty years among the Indians and had looked at some of my photographs of Indian pupils, their faces lighted up and they very quickly made friends with me. They were all of them Apaches—the wildest and most untameable tribe still living in the States. They reminded me very much of the Blackfeet Indians in the North-west,—bright-faced, sociable and affectionate,—and yet, like the Blackfeet, of a wild, roving nature and opposed as a people to both Christianity and education. Mr. Fenning took me inside the building and introduced me to the school-room. Miss G——, the school-teacher, was engaged with a class of some twenty children, boys and girls, and I heard them read and spell, very nicely and clearly. Then I asked if I might make a sketch, and having been supplied with a glass of water, I got out my paints and brushes and sketched the children standing in class,—Miss G—— kindly prolonging the lesson a little so as to give me time to get them all in. The picture caused considerable merriment afterwards among the pupils when the time for recess came, and they pressed around me to see their likenesses and to look at my other sketches and photographs. The Ramona School was only started about four years ago, and the present building, which cost

\$8,000, was completed and occupied just a year ago. The pupils were all Apaches, and at the time of my visit numbered about thirty. Government was giving \$125 a head towards the support of the children; teachers were appointed by the American Missionary Society, and received salaries to the amount of \$2,500 per annum from that source. There was no farm attached, but the buildings stood on about five acres of ground. The children all seemed very happy and attached to their teachers, and the Superintendent seemed to be thoroughly devoted to his work. This school is only the beginning of what is to be. Plans have already been got out for a Memorial School to cost \$50,000, and to have accommodation for 150 pupils. I paid another visit to the Ramona School before leaving Santa Fé. A boy named Grover Cleveland gave me a list of Apache words and sentences; and in the evening I addressed the scholars and shewed them my pictures. I also exchanged my name with a little Apache boy. He gave me his name "Gultklidè" to add to my other Indian names, and I gave him my name "Wilson."

The day following my arrival at Santa Fé, Mr. Fenning very kindly offered to drive me out to an Indian pueblo village, called Tesuque, about eight miles distant from the town. We drove in a light buggy drawn by a chestnut pony. The pony had been bought by Mr. Fenning from a Navajo Indian, and cost \$45. The road was rather heavy, and travelling slow; our course lay through the sandy beds of several "aroyos" or dried up beds of streams, which only fill temporarily after heavy storms. Mr. Fenning said that he had sometimes seen the bed of the Santa Fé river, which as a rule has a mere trickling stream running through its centre, become a perfect torrent in the course of a few hours, the water coming down the valley in a solid body the whole width of the river bed and more than a foot high,—and then, in a few hours more, it would be all over, and nothing left but the usual little trickling stream. The hills on either side of our road were dry and arid, perfectly grassless, the only signs of vegetation being the dull grey sapless-looking sage brush, eighteen or twenty inches high, and the dark scrubby cedars and piñon. The cedars and piñon seem to have a great affinity one for the other; they are of just the same height and of nearly the same shade of brown green; they grow in little clumps, one, two or three stems in a clump, sometimes piñon or cedar separately, sometimes the two intertwined and looking like one tree, the branches of both spreading outward from

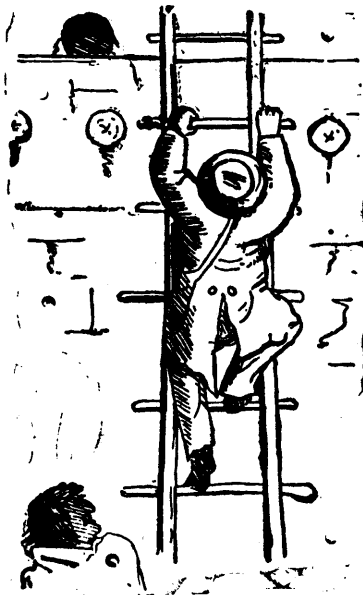
within a foot or so of the ground. The Mexican Indians cut down these little trees and use the twisted irregular stems to form the corrals for their cattle. For fuel, they go farther up in the mountains and get pine or pinon of larger growth. We met a number of Mexicans driving their burros into Santa Fè, most of them loaded with wood, cut and split into sticks about two feet long, and tied in a great semi-circular bundle over their backs and sides; others had sacks on their backs, filled with Indian corn or meal, and wild turkeys or deer meat hanging to their sides; the burros had Mexican saddles on them, but no bridles. A Mexican riding a burro or a pony, drove them along,—generally there were eight or ten of them in a drove—once I counted as many as thirteen. There were also flocks of horned sheep and flocks of goats,—brown, brown and white, black, and black and white,—passing along the road. The first part of our trip was mainly up hill, then we reached the “divide” and our track wound downwards, and a grand distant view of valleys and hills and snow-capped mountains lay spread before us. It was half-past one when we left the School; we had travelled slowly, for it was nearly half-past three, and we had not yet reached Tesuque: I feared that there would be but little time before dark to make sketches and to visit the Indian houses. It was half-past four when we at length crossed the dried-up bed and the little narrow stream of the Tesuque river, plodded up the sandy bank on the further side, passed an orchard and several cattle corrals, and at length found ourselves in the court-yard of the Tesuque Indian village.

I remained on my seat in the buggy and gazed around. At length, I was actually in a Pueblo village. I had seen photographs of them, I had examined models of them, I had pictured in my imagination what they would be like,—and here I was now actually in the midst of one of them. A pueblo village is a thing unique of its kind. I suppose there is nothing in any other part of the world like one. It is a curious mixture of the Eastern and Western. The flat-roofed houses, the women carrying their water-pots on their heads, the bright-colored dresses—stripes of dark and light colors generally alternating—would almost give one the idea of an Eastern village—a village from Syria or Palestine, transplanted to this Western hemisphere; and yet there is a barbarism about it all that would scarcely be connected with such a scene in the East. The people that I see stalking about or looking at me from the upper parapets or flat roofs of their houses,

are Indians—unmistakeable Indians;—their skins are dark, their hair long and black and falling over their shoulders, they have blankets wrapped about their persons, they have buckskin leggings covering their legs and moccasins on their feet. Their gait when they walk is not that of Eastern nations,—they tread like Indians, they have all the movements, all the gestures of Indians. It is a curious place, a very curious place. We have stopped in the middle of a spacious court-yard, a hundred yards or so square. Mr. Fenning has got down, and is tying the horse to a sort of manger made of a hollow log stuck on two posts, near the centre of the court; a number of burros—black, dark grey, and light grey, are snuffing about; several dogs are looking at us and murmuring low growls; in front of us is a long row of reddish-grey adobe houses, with little square windows pierced in their walls, and an irregular row of cedar beams protruding in a horizontal line ten feet or so above the ground. There are scarcely any doors in this lower storey, not more than one or two the whole length of the court. Then above is an upper row of houses of the same reddish-grey adobe, and setting a little back so as to leave space for a sort of terrace in front of them on the flat roofs of the lower set. This upper storey is reached by ladders—rough ladders made of two side sticks and smaller sticks for rungs put loosely in, which bend and rattle under the feet as one ascends. On the tops of the houses are the chimneys and the bake-ovens,—the chimneys, gaunt clay figures like the snow men which boys delight to make when the snow is soft and bindable,—and the bake ovens little domes of adobe, 3 feet or so high and about 4 feet in diameter at the base. They have a little bunghole near the top for the smoke to escape, and a larger hole on the side through which the things to be baked are placed. The oven is filled with combustible material and heated, then the ashes are drawn out, the things to be baked put in, and the apertures closed. Such was the sight that presented itself before me while the horse was being tied—this double tier of adobe houses, with the bake ovens and clay chimneys on the top, and women and children looking at me from the parapets. On my right hand was another double terrace of the same construction, but not joining the first one at the corner; and on my left was a third double terrace, joining the first one at the corner and making with it an L shaped collection of buildings, all two storeys high. In the court around me were burros—burros without number, and dogs, and children, and a curious old two-wheeled

cart of the old type, each wheel made out of a round block of wood.

And now, at Mr. Fenning's suggestion, having made my observations, I descended from my seat, and we proceeded together to investigate. We left the horse and buggy standing, and walked back towards the entrance to the court by which we had just driven in. To our right was an adobe building standing alone, its front whitewashed very white, and a bell-tower above with a bell. This was the Roman Catholic church. Many of the Pueblo Indians are professedly Roman Catholics, and a priest visits them once a month. Near the church a blanketed man was standing, and we went to him to enquire the whereabouts of the Governor's house,—for these Pueblo Indians have Governors,—not Chiefs, but Governors. Each Pueblo is a community ruled over by a Governor. There are 10,000 of these Pueblo Indians altogether, they live in nineteen Pueblo villages, scattered over New Mexico and Arizona, and they speak six or seven distinct languages. Mr. Fenning knew nothing whatever of the language of Tesuque, and very little Mexican, but he managed to make himself understood. Just the words "*maistro*," master, and "*casa*," house, were sufficient for the purpose, and the Indian whom we had accosted pointed us to an upper-storey dwelling close to the church,



VISITING A PUEBLO.

(To be continued.)

with a small flag-staff over it, and little green shutters attached to the diminutive windows. We climbed up the rickety ladder, the rungs wide apart and turning under one's feet in their loose dry sockets, crossed the clay paved terrace and knocked at the little low door. A voice from within said, "*entrè*," so we went in.

Letter from John A. Maggrah.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Winnipeg, Man.,  
January 26th, 1890.

DEAR MR. WILSON,—You will remember asking me to tell you all about my college life, shortly after I came here. I can now perhaps answer you better. I never before felt so lonely as I did when I first came here last fall; but now I am feeling quite at home, and am free with every one in the College.

At the Xmas Exam. I took 2nd class in Greek and Euclid, 3rd class in Latin, Algebra, and Arithmetic—a special one for myself.

My daily life here is as follows: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, rise at 6.30, study till 8, then go over to the College School for breakfast (students, professors and boys all have meals in one room); at 9 attend prayers in the school; after prayers, go to class with the 3rd form boys, for Greek; 10.30 come over to the college and study till 12.30; then go over again to school for dinner; at 1.30, go to class with 4th and 5th form boys, for mathematics, come out at 3; then I have Latin with one boy, who, like myself, just started last fall; at 3.30, come over to the college and study for an hour; then I go out for a game of football, or walk till tea time (5.45); after tea, I go into one or two of the students' rooms for a half-hour, and then go into my room and study; at 10, go to prayers (short), after prayers go back to my books, and study till 11; then retire for the night. Wednesday morning is similar to Monday, Tuesday, &c., but the afternoon is not;—go to class like other times till 3; after class I will likely attend the Dean's lectures for divinity students, at which the students will preach and conduct the services alternately—private; at 7.30 p.m., I attend service, which is for the outsiders as well as for students. On Saturday, I do little study, and go to shops or to city library. On Sundays, I read from after breakfast till service time;—go to 8 a.m. communion every third Sunday; service is at 11. After dinner, I write letters or read till 4 o'clock; when I go for a walk till tea time; service at 7; after service I read little and then retire. Such is my life in this college.

J. A. MAGGRAH.

WE have 125 pupils now at our Indian Homes in Algoma and Manitoba, and the weekly cost to pay for everything is about \$300.

WE want forty more Sunday Schools to undertake the support of Indian pupils, at \$50 each per annum.

**Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.**

## INAUGURAL MEETING.

THE inaugural meeting of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society was held at the City Hall, Ottawa, on Friday, the 18th day of April, 1890, Sir James Grant in the chair.

The Secretary read the following letter from Captain Colville, His Excellency the Governor-General's private secretary :

17th April, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter respecting the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society," and to say that His Excellency has much pleasure, in response to your request, in accepting the office of Patron of the Society.

I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

CHARLES COLVILLE, *Captain,*  
Governor-General's Secretary.

The following officers were elected: *President*—Sir William Dawson; *Vice-Presidents*—the Bishop of Ontario, Hon. G. W. Allan, Sir James Grant and Rev. Dr. Bryce; *Secretary*—Rev. E. F. Wilson; *Treasurer*—W. L. Marler. *Members of Council*—The Bishop of Algoma; Principal Grant, Kingston; Dr. Dawson, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. H. B. Small, Rev. H. Pollard, Ottawa; the Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Toronto; Chief Brant, Deseronto; the Bishop of Caledonia, N. W. T.; Rev. J. McDougall, Alberta, N. W. T.; Dr. Bernard Gilpin, Halifax, N.S.; G. F. Matthew, St. John, N.B.; J. M. Lemoine, Quebec; G. M. Sproate, Nelson, B. C.; David Boyle, Toronto.

It was understood that any of the above-named members of the Council who were not present at the meeting, should be at liberty to withdraw their names if they wished to do so.

The meeting was largely attended, and quite an enthusiastic interest was taken in the proceedings. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Ontario, the Hon. G. W. Allan, the Bishop of Algoma, Mr. McLeod, Dr. G. M. Dawson, and Chief Brant. The Minister of the Interior would have been present, but was detained by a meeting of the Privy Council. He sent his secretary to represent him. Mr. Wilson was also called upon to give some account of his work among the Indians; and introduced his two little Indian boys, Soney and Zosie, who recited a dialogue and sang hymns. The proceedings were closed with the benediction, pronounced by the Bishop of Ontario, and "God Save the Queen."

NOTE.—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.

The next meeting of the Society will be held in Toronto on the second Thursday in May, 1891.

The Editors of the Journal will be Rev. E. F. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small.

Seventy-three persons have already enrolled their names as members of the Society.

The following letter was received from Capt. Colville, Secretary to His Excellency, the Governor-General :

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SIR,—I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th inst., and to say in reply, that he has much pleasure in extending his patronage to the meeting to be held on the 18th inst. in connection with the proposed Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

His Excellency requests me, however, to say that he cannot undertake to be present on the occasion.

I am, sir, Your obedt. servant,

CHARLES COLVILLE, *Captain,*  
Gov.-Gen'l's Secy.

To Rev. E. F. Wilson,  
Sault Ste. Marie.

IT is estimated that in 1870 there were about 18,000,000 buffaloes in North America; to-day there are less than 700 not in captivity. Our neighbors have long since realized their folly in permitting the virtual extermination of this valuable animal, and it is now suggested that Congress should take steps to preserve the species, by protecting the small herd in the Yellowstone Park, and also to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the elk, moose and caribou, which are also in danger of becoming extinct. The present prospect is that to the next generation these animals will be almost as great curiosities as the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus are to us.

THE *Barrie Examiner* says:—"We have received the January number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which is, we believe, the only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the education and Christian training of the Indians of North America. Its contents are of a most entertaining nature, consisting of interesting sketches of Indian life and character, illustrated by many instructive engravings. Should the merits of OUR FOREST CHILDREN as a treasury of valuable information on the Indian tribes, become more widely known, it will be sure to receive an extensive circulation in all parts of this continent. It is edited by the Rev. E. F.

Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., under whose able management it is not only a champion of the neglected Indian, but a most acceptable aid to the student of Indian life. It is published in the interests of the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and should therefore receive a hearty support at the hands of the Canadian people."

#### At the Other Schools.



LARGE delegation of Sioux chiefs has been visiting the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania.

At Carlisle, sets of harness are made in the harness shop on Government contract, and are supplied to the various Indian reserves. Some of the visiting Indians expressed a wish that the harness might be of somewhat heavier construction, as the horses they use now are larger than the ponies they formerly employed. Their wish will be attended to.

Rupert's Land Industrial School is now in full operation.

The new Presbyterian Government School for Indian children, near Regina, expects to open next fall.

Following are two Indian children's letters—one from Ramona, in New Mexico, the other from the McDougall Orphanage in Alberta:—

RAMONA INDIAN SCHOOL, SANTA FE, }  
New Mexico, March 29, 1889. }

DEAR CHILDREN,—I thought I would write to you this lovely morning. I want to tell you how I am getting along in my school. Our lesson in geography is about the New England States. In arithmetic we are working examples in addition, subtraction and multiplication. I am reading in a new Second Reader. We are all very well this winter. One little girl, Glenie, has gone home because she was sick. We have a half-holiday this afternoon. I don't know what we will do. The children are trying hard to talk English all the time. We are all writing letters this morning to our friends. I like to go to school here. Well, this is all I can think of this time. I hope I shall hear from you soon. Your friend,

MARY ARMSTRONG.

Rev. Mr. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to say a few words to you. I remember you showing us some pictures that were very good. I hope that your scholars are getting along very good with their work and whatever they do.

And now I will tell you what I have learned. I learn how to bake bread, and washing and knitting and

sewing. First thing I do in the morning I build a fire, and then put on the pot with water in it; and soon as the water boils, put the oatmeal in and stir it till it boils; then I put the pan over and let it stand till it is cooked enough, and put the pot on top of the stove and let it stand till the verses are recited, and then take up the porridge into the dishes. Some other girls set the tables and put the milk and the bread. We then sit down, sing grace and eat our breakfast.

My dear brothers and sisters at Shingwauk and Wawanosh, I hope you love your teacher as well as your parents. Good-bye, My name is

SUSAN EAR.

#### Life Among the Pueblos.

THE "Indian Helper," published at the Carlisle Indian School, Pennsylvania, has recently had an interesting story, supposed to be written by a Pueblo girl pupil after returning to her own home in New Mexico. We publish a few extracts from it:—

I put some water in a boiler over the fire to heat, for now was my chance to wash that pile of clay plates, iron pans, pots, tin spoons, cups and other eating utensils, stacked away in the corner of the floor.

One would naturally suppose that using the same dishes day after day without proper washing would cause a filthy accumulation of dried food around the edges and in the corners and crevices.

The facts are, the ordinary Pueblo family does not have food in such superabundance and variety that they can afford to leave much sticking around the edges. Should a vestige of anything "smellable" be accidentally overlooked, the family dog visits the corner into which the dishes are shoved, and "does up the work." I had seen our dogs do so more than once.

"Dogs up that ladder?" you say.

Yes, indeed. Some of the Pueblo dogs can climb ladders as well as people can. Our house was only on the top of ONE house, while some of them are piled up one on top of the other five or six rooms high. They don't look like the four and five-story houses we see in large cities, because the roof of each house makes the balcony for the one above it; so, you see, they look like adobé terraces, and it is pretty hard to climb up to the fifth house over the shaky ladders, with rounds so far apart that a child can hardly reach. But children and women and dogs and men go up and down without the least trouble, and as I said in the first part of my story, rarely ever fall.



I do not believe that the Pueblo Indians have as many dogs as some other tribes. Why, I heard my Pawnee friend, Minnie, say one day at school that their people have hundreds of dogs.

"Where do they stay all the time, and what do they eat?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "they stay in the tent with the rest of us, and eat the same that we eat. Indeed many an old Indian woman has gone hungry that the dogs might not starve. Don't your dogs stay in the tent with you?" she asked.

"We do not live in tents," I replied.

It seemed hard to make the girls understand what kind of queer houses some of the Pueblos do live in.

"Our dogs come into the houses, though," I said, "but the best place they like to get is in the outside oven where we bake bread."

I did not see anything so very funny about that remark, but Minnie laughed heartily.

"The very idea," she said, "of dogs being in a bake oven!"

"Yes," I continued, "the ovens are just like little houses with round roofs, and just the right size for five or six dogs. They look so comfortable in there, too, with their shaggy heads lying close to the little hole made to put the bread in. And they don't like to be disturbed, either, when the bread has to be baked."

But, as I was saying, there was not a great deal of hard dry waste on the pans and pots and dishes; I knew how unclean they must be, however, and while my mother slept was the chance for me to wash them.

But where should I get a dish-cloth? Not a rag about that I could use for that purpose. I could not do as the girls at school said their mammas did, wipe out the dishes with dry prairie grass, for not a blade of grass grew upon the rocks where our village was built. And they said, too, that when their mammas preferred a rag to grass, they tore a piece off of their skirt, the garment next the body being the one used to supply the family with rags and strings.

No, I could not do that, but what? That is the the question. "I know," said I to myself, a happy thought striking me. "There is that old calico dress in my trunk."

I was half angry with my school-mother as I stood by her side at Carlisle, while she was packing my trunk and filling in the chinks with old garments that I thought of no use; but they were clean, and had my name on, and now I know in the kindness of her heart she thought they might be of some use to me away

out here, and she would put them in instead of throwing them away.

How I did thank her as I took the old dress out of my trunk and tore it up into cloths, one for a towel to dry the dishes and one to wash them with!

#### Placing Indian Children Out.

GENERAL MORGAN, the United States Indian Commissioner, says in his Annual Report:

"I recently spent several days with Captain Pratt, visiting the pupils from Carlisle Industrial School, now scattered among the Pennsylvania farmers

"The system admits of large expansion and will be productive of the happiest results. These young Indians are brought into the most vital relationship with the highest type of American rural life. They acquire habits of neatness, industry, thrift and self-reliance. They acquire a good working knowledge of English, and a practical acquaintance with all kinds of domestic and farm work. They associate with the farmer's children, eat at the same table, attend the same church and Sunday School, and four months of each year attend the same day school. A better scheme for converting them into intelligent, honest American citizens, self-respectful and self-helpful, could scarcely be devised."

The *Red Man*, following up the same subject, says:

"This practice is so conducted as on the one hand to enable the scholars to earn money, which becomes their own; and on the other, to help many of them who are taken upon the rolls of the ordinary common schools to attend them along with the white children. Thus both at home and at school they profit by the civilization surrounding them. They are excluded from all Indian influence, the boys and girls being severally "homed" in different districts.

"Nearly four hundred of these Indian pupils were thus placed during the last fiscal year from Carlisle alone, and I am told by the superintendent the number could be increased to not less than a thousand if the proper means were furnished by Congress. The applications for such pupils are constant from all portions of the surrounding country. They are found apt to learn, industrious in service, and docile in character. Agents of the Carlisle school visit these pupils regularly, and both they and the persons with whom they are placed (farmers chiefly) report to the superintendent monthly upon their condition and progress."

[Why have we not the same system in Canada?—  
ED. O. F. C.]

### Remarks made by an Indian Boy at the Carlisle School.

It were well to build a mission  
For the far-off Japanese;  
It were well to read a Bible,  
To the patient, brown Chinese.

It were well to tell the story  
Of a Saviour good and true,  
To the Minnesota Indians  
And the wronged but noble Sioux.

But I tell you it were folly  
For these distant fields to care,  
When your own minds need a mission  
And your souls are cold and bare.

Turn and look within, a moment,  
Of your own life take a view;  
Do not fret about the heathen  
When you are a heathen, too.

Make yourself a Missionary  
To yourself in darkness bound:  
Where a man's own heart is dreary  
There his mission field is found.

### Jottings.

OUR Indian Home funds are very low, and we need all the help we can possibly get.

WILL our young friends try and get subscribers to OUR FOREST CHILDREN. We want about 600 more subscribers, before the Magazine can pay its own way.

BEAVER will gnaw through a tree 11 inches thick and fell them to fill water-ways for their own convenience.

LEPROSY is spreading in New Caledonia. Three thousand aborigines and many convicts have been attacked.—*Toronto Mail.*

"TEACHER, is Queen Victoria George Washington's sister?" was the thoughtful query of a little Indian girl in school the other day, after reciting her history lesson.

### Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MARCH.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing for the Indian Homes:

From St. George's, Clarksburg, a bale of girls' clothing and three small shirts.

### Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM MARCH 10TH TO APRIL 10TH, 1890.

J. WHITE, \$5; a Friend, Campbellford, for Shingwauk, \$11, for Wawanosh, \$11; Memorial Church S.S., London, for boy, \$18.75; G. T., \$20; Jos. De Lisle, for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. Wood, \$10; Miss Wood, \$5; Miss Beaumont, 50c.;

St John's S.S., Strathroy, for boy, \$6.25; St. John the Evangelist S.S., for boy, \$15; Ch. Ascension S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$40; H. Atkinson, \$9.50; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy, \$18.75, for girl, \$18.75; Christ Church, Deer Park, for girl, \$9.38; Rev. T. W. Patterson, \$5.12, St. John Baptist S.S., Lakefield, \$11; Boys' Branch, W.A., Montreal, for boy, \$25; per Mrs. Tippet, 30 cents.

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MARCH 10TH, 1890.

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## TESTIMONIALS:

*The Indian's Friend*, Philadelphia, says:—"During his late visit through the States, the Canadian editor of 'OUR FOREST CHILDREN' met Indians of more than forty different tribes, all speaking different languages, and, from notes obtained, he has made a comparative vocabulary, which, with added information, in pamphlet form, treats of the language and history of eighty tribes. The author, Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., will send this pamphlet to any one interested, and will be grateful for the loan of books bearing on Indian history or language. He was interested to find that the Apaches of the South-west were unmistakably related to the Sarcee Indians of the Canadian North-west. In his sketch of a visit to Tesuque, near Santa Fe, he says:—"This was the first time I had ever seen an Indian Pueblo, and it was very interesting. The houses, built of red adobe bricks, and arranged in terraces one above another, were reached by rude looking ladders, placed on the outside. I stayed all night at this Pueblo, being the 'guest of the Governor, whose name was Diego. I supped off goat-meat and paper bread, and slept on the floor.'"

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."

W. C. BRYANT, of the Historical Society, Buffalo, N.Y., writes:—"The articles in 'OUR FOREST CHILDREN' impress me with their delightful freshness and breeziness. If the merits of your periodical could be made known to the people at large, your subscription list would be swollen to thousands in this State alone."

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