

Vol. III, No. 7.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, OCTOBER, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 5. ♦♦

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 7.]

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Indian Tribes—Paper No. 5.

THE DELAWARE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



At the time of their first discovery by the white people, the Delawares were living on the banks of the river Delaware, which divides Pennsylvania from New Jersey and New York. Their original name was Lenni Lenape, meaning "the original people." They were also called by the western tribes "Wapenachki," "the people of the rising sun." When the name "Delawares" was given to the tribe by the whites, they at first resented it; but being told that they, and also their chief river, were thus named after a great English warrior—Lord De la Warre—they were satisfied, and willingly adopted the name. Their lands, at that time stretched from the Hudson River to the Potamac. There is an ancient tradition among these people that they and the great nation of the Iroquois, came from the far west, crossed the Mississippi together, expelled the mound-builders east of it, and so won to themselves their ancient possessions. At that time, they say, there was a tribe called the Allegewi or Allegans, occupying the eastern portion of the Ohio valley. With the aid of the Iroquois, they succeeded in driving the Allegans out of the Ohio valley to the Southward. It has been suspected that these Allegans were the Cherokees, those people having a tradition among themselves that they once occupied the Ohio valley. When Hendrik Hudson anchored his ship, the *Half Moon*, off New York Island, in 1609, the Delawares stood in great numbers on the shore, to receive him, exclaiming in their innocence, "Behold the gods have come to visit us." More than a hundred years later, the traditions of this event were still current in the tribe. The Rev. Albert Anthony (a Delaware) speaking at a public meeting in 1884, said, "Our traditions affirm that at the period of the discovery of America our nation resided on the island of New York; we

called that island Man-a-ha-touh, a place to procure wood for our bows and arrows. At the lower end of the island was a grove of hickory trees, the wood of which our fathers used for their bows and war clubs. When we were driven back by the whites, we became divided into two bands, one was termed "*Minsi*" (Muncey), meaning "a great stone," the other was called *We-naw-mien*, "down the river." We called the Alleghany mountains *Allick-e-wa-ny*, meaning "he is leaving us, and may never return," the reference being to departing hunters and warriors.

The Delawares were a noble-spirited and powerful people, it is estimated that formerly they must have been about 15,000 in number; they belonged to the great Algonkin stock, and so were related to the Ojebways, Abenakis, Pottawatamies, Blackfeet, Crees, Micmacs, Cheyennes, and other branches of that very numerous family. No tribe has been more celebrated in song and story—it has been the stock subject of border romances. The very sound of their name used to carry terror wherever heard in the Indian wilderness. Little parties of eight or ten would visit some remote tribe, perhaps a thousand miles distant, bring away eight or ten scalps, and have their way home again through a hostile country.

But not withstanding their ancient grandeur, no tribe has perhaps suffered greater reverses than have the Delawares; they have been driven and jostled about from place to place; they have been devastated by wars, wasted away by removals, decimated by small-pox and whiskey, massacred in cold blood by heartless invaders. Their history, if fully written, would indeed be a sad one. A small remnant of the tribe only now remains, and, as though to hide the shame of their humiliation, their name has, in most instances, been changed. There are 780 of them now living in the Indian Territory, in the country of the Cherokees; these have been adopted into that nation, and bear their name. And in Canada there are "the Moravians of the Thames," 288 in number; these are Delawares; and the "Munsees of the Thames," numbering 131, who are of the same stock and speak the same language. The only Delaware Indians mentioned in Indian Department Reports under their own name are 79 in-

dividuals living in the Kiowa Agency, Indian Territory. Thus there would appear to be about 1280 of the Delaware Nation still in existence.

We have spoken of their first introduction to the white people, in the year 1609. In 1616 the Dutch began trading with them, maintaining friendly relations most of the time, and buying so much of their land that they had to move inland for game and furs.



PENN'S TREATY.

In 1682 William Penn arrived, and made with these people his famous Treaty. This was the first instance on record of substantial recognition by the white man of the rights of the Indians on this continent; and all subsequent treaties which aimed at justice to the Indians, have kept in view as a precedent this famous and equitable treaty of William Penn.

There is an amusing anecdote of Charles II and William Penn, which we clip from E. M. Haines' book;—The king enquired of Penn whether he did not feel some uneasiness for his safety in going upon the wild lands granted to him in America; to which Penn responded that he intended to cultivate amicable relations with the Indians, and as he intended to buy their lands from them he did not think he would be molested. "Buy their lands!" said the king, "why, is not the whole land mine?" "No, your Majesty," said Penn, "we have no right to their lands; they are the original occupants of the soil." "What?" continued King Charles, "have I not the right of discovery?" "Well," said Penn, "just suppose that a canoe full of savages should, by some accident, discover Great Britain, would you vacate or sell?"

The Indians say of William Penn's Treaty that it was the only Treaty that was never sworn to and never broken.

During William Penn's humane administration of the affairs of Pennsylvania, the Delaware Indians were his devoted friends, and they called him "Mignon," elder brother. Unpleasantly in contrast with the Pitt Treaty was that of their first treaty with the United States, which was made at Fort Pitt, in 1778. The promises of that treaty were profuse, and its terms liberal; but it never probably was intended to be kept by the Americans, and certainly it never was kept.

It provided that the Delawares should hold their ancient possessions for all time; that they should invite other Indian tribes to join with them in a great confederacy, of which they should be the head, that they should thus form a State and send a delegate to Congress. Their great Chief, at that time, was Captain White Eyes, who had always been friendly to the Americans, and inclined to side with them against the British, although his people were all loyal to England. When it came to the point of his going with his warriors against the Americans, or remaining at home in his

wigwam, he spoke as follows: "If you insist on fighting the Americans, go—and I will go with you. I will not be like the bear-hunter, who sets his dogs on a wild animal while he remains at a safe distance. No; I will lead you on; I will place myself in the front; I will fall with the first of you. Do as you choose. But as for me, I will not survive my nation."

Just a year after the making of the above named treaty with the United States, occurred the terrible "Guadenhutzen Massacre,"—not a massacre of white people by wild infuriated Indians, but a massacre of innocent unoffending Christian Indians, by brutal devil-hearted white people. First of all these poor people were driven away from their humble homes, their little farms and holdings, their school, and their church on the Muskingum River—driven away 125 miles to the north, and left there in the wilderness to shift for themselves. Then, when a party of 100 returned secretly in the Spring, to their old haunts, to try and secure the corn which still stood ungathered in their fields, and to carry it to their starving families, a party of Americans surrounded them, enticed them into two buildings that were near, and then fell upon them, one by one, and slaughtered them like cattle. Ninety-six Christian Indians, members of the Moravian Church, magnified the

name of the Lord at that time, by patiently meeting a cruel death. They were struck down with clubs and then scalped by these brutal wretches professing to belong to a Christian nation. Two young boys, each about 14 years of age, were the only ones that escaped to tell the terrible tale.

In the year 1793 a great council was held, to which came the Chiefs and headmen of the Delawares, and representatives of 12 other tribes, to meet the Commissioners of the United States. The records of this Council are profoundly touching. The Indians reiterated over and over the provisions of the old Treaties which had established the Ohio River as one of their boundaries, they calmly insisted on their rights; but the days went on, the Commissioners would not yield; the Indian speeches grew sadder and sadder; finally they proposed to the Commissioners that all the money which the United States offered to pay them for their lands be paid to the white settlers to induce them to move away and leave them at peace. But it was of no use. The Indians must go and the white people must stay. And the Indians had to go. Of the ancient records of this interesting tribe very few now remain, most that we know of them is simply tradition handed down from generation to generation. There is said to have been an ancient art practiced among them, called the "Ola Wampum"; it appears to have been a sort of chart to assist the memory, when recording their traditions. Schoolcraft mentions the discovery of an ancient map drawn on stone, with intermixed devices, on one of the tributaries of the Susquehanna River, in the area occupied by the Delawares. The "Walum-Olum" or Bark record is also spoken of as a means made use of by the Delawares for preserving their traditions. The Delaware Indians at one time had a village in the northern part of Green Township, Asland County, Ohio; it was still occupied by them when the first white settlers arrived in 1809. An examination of ancient graves, in that neighborhood, brought to light the fact that in some cases the dead were buried in stone cists; in others, small, round, drift boulders were placed around the skeletons.

Among Chiefs of distinction may be mentioned Non-on-daa-gon, who lived about 60 years ago, and whose portrait was painted by George Cattin. He wore a silver ring in his nose; his dress was made of material of civilized manufacture, and on his head he wore a turban of vari-colored handkerchiefs ornamented with feathers. Another great Chief was Captain Pipe, who fought under the British flag against the Americans,



CHIEF NONONDAGON.

in the year 1801. In a memorable speech, delivered before the British Commander and the assembled troops, he denounced the white people in general for driving the Indians into their wars, for their own selfish purposes. "The cause," he said, "is yours, and not ours. It is your concern to fight the *Long Knives* (Americans); you have raised a quarrel amongst yourselves, and you ought to fight it out; you should not compel your children, the Indians, to expose themselves to danger for your sakes." Another prominent Chief was Captain White Eyes, who has been already mentioned. A descendant of this Chief is at present a pupil at the Shingwauk Home.

The following remarks by John Bartram, who visited a camp of the Delawares in 1743, will give some little insight into the habits of those people, when in their primitive condition: "As soon as we alighted," he says, "they showed us where to lay our luggage, and then brought us a bowl of boiled squashes, cold; this seemed but poor fare, but it showed the kind feelings of the people, and later on they set before us bread and flesh. This form of hospitality seemed to be in marked accordance with the simplicity of ancient times: the weary traveller is offered whatever is ready to hand immediately on his entrance within the dwelling, and later on is provided with a more substantial repast."

That the Delawares were a people of superior intelligence, may be judged by the code of laws which they adopted, when, after having been driven from place to place, they at length became settled on a Reserve in 1866. These laws provided for the punishment of horse-stealers; for fining or otherwise punishing those who should take and ride a horse without consent of owner; for building or keeping up fences to a proper height; for branding cattle; for returning lost articles or strayed cattle, for preventing the sale of liquor, for the making and carrying into effect of a person's will, for paying a man's debts after his death; the laws also dealt with offences against the person, such as assault, murder, and adultery, and defined the punishment of a miscreant who should wilfully set fire to a house.

The Delawares are now, as a people, almost without exception, in an advanced stage of civilization; they nearly all speak English, have comfortable frame houses and well cultivated farms. Those living among the Cherokees in Indian Territory have adopted the laws of that nation and become one people with them. Those living in Canada for the most part till the soil; they have churches, and missionaries living among them; one of their own number, the Rev. A. Anthony, is a clergyman of the Church of England; their children attend the day schools on the Reserve, and some go to the High school in a neighboring village; they have also an agricultural show every year, which is usually very successful.

GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

The grammatical structure, as far as we can ascertain, appears to be in the main similar to Ojebway, Ottawa, and other dialects of the Algonkin stock. The same rules that were laid down for the Ottawa language in the June No. of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" will probably apply in most points to the language of the Delawares. From the foregoing vocabulary it will be seen that there are reflexive and reciprocal forms of the verb. The interrogative particles appear to be 'mat' or 'mata' prefixed and 'we' suffixed, and the interrogative particle 'ha' suffixed. The personal pronoun, both nominative and objective, is evidently incorporated in the verb; this is the case in almost all American Indian languages.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ë*, as in they, met; *i*, *ï*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ö*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ä*, *ü*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in (Fr.) jamais; *â*, as in law; *h*, as in German *ich*.

man, lí'n noh.	thou walkest, k'püm se.
woman, oh kwe.	he walks, püm'iso.
boy, ska' hens zo.	we walk, kilo'n püm s'ina.
house, wikwa ^m .	they walk, püm'isowäk.
boat, a'muh hol.	I see him, ni né wau.
river, si poh.	thou seest him, kik néwau.
water, beh.	he sees him, ené wa'u wäl.
fire, tin de.	he sees it, ené amin.
tree, mi tukh.	thou seest me, ki häk inéwe.
horse, nä nai yu'n gés.	I see thee, ni ki né a wil.
dog, mwa'kane ^o .	he sees me, nekä néwök.
fish, namez ^a .	I see myself, niné wän ha'kai.
town, ote'nä	we see each other, ki né-
kettle, tí hōz.	watí' ina.
knife, püh ksh'ikän.	do you see him? ki hä'ki-
tobacco, kusha'te.	ne'wa?

day, kiskwig.	he is asleep, ga'wiyu.
night, piske' ^o .	is he asleep? ga'wiyu ha?
yes, a.	axe, tima' he'kän.
no, ma'tä.	little axe, tcängi timahe'-
I, ni.	kanish.
thou, ki.	bad axe, matci timahe'kän.
he, nän.	big axe, hw'atci timahe'kän.
my father, no'h wa.	big tree, hwa'tci mitukh.
it is good, kela'u lit.	black kettle, sikki tehoz.
red, ma'h ke ^o .	money, shil päl.
white, wa' pe ^o .	bird, awilé'shush.
black, zik ke ^o .	snake, ah'kuk.
one, gütte.	don't be afraid, tcíwi'sha
two, nish ^a .	se'wi.
three, n'ha	give it to me, yulin'ni.
four, né'wä.	I am hungry, 'ngüt to'p wē.
five, na'län	are you sick? kihäk kw'ina
six, gu'ttash.	mälsé.
seven, nishash.	he is very sick, a'howi'nä
eight, ha'ash.	mälso.
nine, noli.	it is cold, kilët ha'kame.
ten, wimbüt.	I sleep, nin gä'wi.
twenty, nishanik.	I slept, gawí' hümp.
hundred, gu'ta p'ohk ^a .	he does not sleep, m'ata
come here, yo ha'l.	gaw'iyu we.
be quick, aka' we ä il.	do not sleep, tc'igaw'iyu we.
to-day, kwai kishkwig.	it is not cold, mata tah
to-morrow, wa pängi.	kame'we.
good morning, sègo.	God, Pa'tamowas.
Indian, linapé.	Devil, Mata'nito.
call themselves, leni lenape.	white man, shwä nak ^o .
my hand, ni nahk.	two men, nijowäg linnowäg.
your hand, kik'nahk.	three dogs, n'ha mwa'kané-
John's hand, John o nahk.	wäg.
my knife, n'bühkski'kän.	four knives, nëwanol püh-
I walk, n'bü'm se.	ksh'ikänol.
did John see the horse? John ha néwawol nänaiyu'nges.	
I will see you to-morrow, wa'päng getskane'wol.	
What is your name? kwe'ka kti shin zi?	
Where are you going? tä kita'?	
I do not see you, ma'ta kine'wullo'we.	
John saw a big canoe, John membwa'tci amuhol.	
I shall not go if I see him, newaketc ma'ha'ta dá'we.	
If he goes he will see you, nahatc ate kine'wokwi'tc.	

THE following books have been referred to in the above account of the Delaware Indians: The Century Dishonor, by H.H.; Smithsonian Report; Catlin; Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Indian Department Report

(Ottawa); The American Indian (Haines); History of the Indians (Boston); Geological Survey Report (Washington); Races of Mankind; The vocabulary was procured mainly from Absalom Fox, a pupil of the Shingwauk Home.

Indian Syllabics.

THE Rev. E. R. Young, for twenty years missionary to the Cree Indians north of Lake Winnipeg, at a recent meeting in England, spoke of the advantage of the "Syllabic system" in teaching Indians to read. He said, "I will give you an instance showing how easily the system is acquired. It has been my practice to go among the tribes to teach them to read the Word of God by that means. I would go down, say to Nelson River, or to some place in the interior, where a missionary had never gone. There we built a school-house, and lived entirely on the game of the district. This having been done, I took a burnt stick, and on the side of a rock marked out the syllabic characters, "Ma ne too," and so on. I got together a band of Indians, from the old man of eighty down to the little child of from six to eight, and we gradually got over those characters, just as a little child in this country would get over the alphabet. I would go through those characters with the Indians while they smoked their pipes on the grass. After a little while they would get impatient, but they would put down their pipes and repeat, all together, with me, watching the characters I had made,—“Ma-ne-too.” That was the name of the Great Spirit!—and it came upon them as a revelation. There it was on the rock—God, the name they were accustomed to revere, made with a burnt stick on the side of the granite rock. Oh, how interested they became then! And then I would go on to join together words in the open Bible, and in a few days they would be reading the Word of God.

One day I was sitting in my room, and on turning round I saw about ten or a dozen Indians. An Indian never knocks at the door. If he does not find the door of a dwelling open, he will put his fingers on the latch and go in without knocking, and if you don't get up early in the morning you may find him coming into your bed-room after you. On that occasion I rose up and shook hands with them, and said, "What cheer? what cheer? what do you want with me? I don't recognize you; what place do you come from?" They replied, "Very far away." I said, "How far?" and they replied, "Thirteen nights!" The Indians esti-

mate distance by the number of nights that they sleep away from their homes. These fellows had travelled all day and slept all night, and they had, it appeared, been travelling fourteen days. I said, "It must be something of great importance that has brought you so far?" They replied, "We have come for you." I looked at them, and they were such stalwart fellows that I thought within myself, "If you have come for me, I had better surrender," for I should have certainly had no chance in resisting them! I said, "Why have you come for me?" They said, "We have got a great book, but we don't know what it means; can you read the book?" I replied, "Oh, yes;" and I took down my Indian Bible. I was incredulous when they told me where they lived, for I felt pretty certain that no missionary had ever gone to that land. I opened my Indian Bible, and I read, "Jesus said I am the way, the truth, and the life," and I found that they had heard of this before. I was amazed, and said, "Why, you have had a missionary down in your land." They replied, "You are the first missionary that we ever saw." I said, "You have had a teacher." They replied, "We never saw a teacher—what is a teacher?" I got interested at hearing these people reading the Word of God and at their telling me their story, and I asked, "How did this happen?" They said, "A hunter came down to our country to hunt for marten, beaver, and other animals, and we used to go to him and talk with him. We found that he had with him a great book, and as we lay round the camp we listened to what he read, and the words were very sweet. We went to him one day when he was not hunting, and he read to us from the book." On hearing this I said, "Would you like to read the Bible for yourselves?" and they replied "Yes." I then got some burnt bark, and taught them to read "ma," "ne," "too"—God—and before they left us they could read pretty well.—*Bible Society Reporter.*

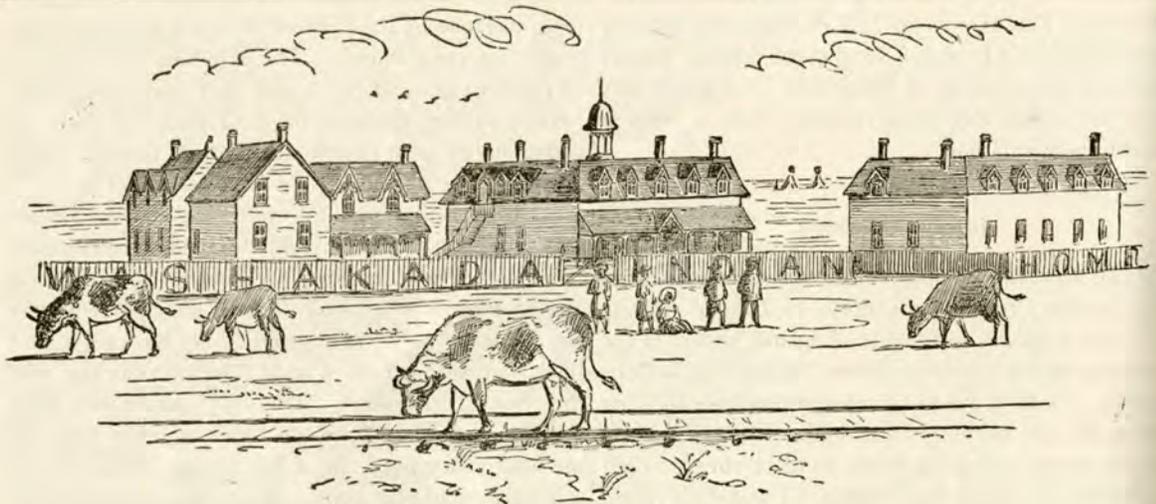
Dora's Letter.

WAWANOSH HOME, SAULT STE. MARIE,

MR. WILSON—As my father wrote to me to ask you please could you pull my tooth out, it is growing over another one, so my father said if I did not get it out he would take me to the doctor when I go home, and I thought that you would not hurt me, so I ask you, please, Mr. Wilson.

I am, DORA JACOBS.

Send in your Subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.



WASHAKADA HOME.

The Washakada Home.

THE Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba, the opening of which was described in last month's issue, is built on two acres of land, close to the C. P. R. railway track, and quite near to the village. This is an advantage for several reasons,—the stores are close at hand for procuring goods; the church is near for the children to attend; a boot-maker has his shop in the Institution and teaches the boys his trade without any expense being incurred; other trades will by-and-by be started in the same way,—and, apart from these and other such advantages, we believe it best for the Indian children to be brought into actual contact with the white people, to have white people around them and with them every day. Prejudices will, we believe, be broken down in this way on both sides, and the children will be more readily weaned from the old life than they would be if the Institution had been built in some sequestered spot. The worst place for an Indian Institution, we believe, is on an Indian Reserve; the next worst place is near to a Reserve; the next worst place is some isolated position away from any town or village; and the best place, we believe, is in the immediate neighborhood of some town or city, where active work is going on all around. Our Elkhorn Buildings are three in number. They consist of the Washakada Home for girls, the Central Buildings where both girls and boys meet for school above and meals below, and the Kasota Home for boys. This, we believe, is the best arrangement possible for an Indian Institution. If we succeed in establishing another Institution at Medicine Hat, we shall erect our buildings

in the same way. And indeed we purpose to do the same thing with our Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, so soon as funds will admit of it—make the present Shingwauk Home simply a boarding-house for boys, erect a new Central building to the east of it; sell our present Wawanosh, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, and put up a new Wawanash Home to the east of the Central.

The Elkhorn Buildings are all very nicely finished; Mr. Broadley, the contractor, so far from shirking any part of his work, has put almost more in than we had expected of him, and has tried in every way to give satisfaction. Very little paint has been used in the inside finishing; the wainscoting and ceilings are for the most part pine, oiled and varnished, and this, with the clean, white, smoothly-plastered walls, gives a very cleanly, fresh-looking appearance to the inside of the buildings. In connection with the Institution, a farm of 640 acres of prairie land has been secured. This was a free grant from the Government, and cost us nothing; but we shall want about \$2,000 for putting up the necessary buildings and the purchase of stock. The farm is four miles distant from the Institution, and this we consider an advantage. Our idea is to build a comfortable farm house, with accommodation for a farmer and his wife, who will board about 6 of our boys at a time, and employ them in the farm work. The boys will take turns going out to the farm, and it will be a nice change for them.

We trust that our friends, now that we have these Elkhorn Homes actually in operation, will come to our aid, and do what they can to help us. Beyond the kind help offered by the Womens' Auxiliary of

Montreal, very little really is at present being done in Canada towards the support of the Washakada Home, and nothing whatever has been guaranteed from England. The Government grant being only "per capita," it makes it very difficult to make "both ends meet," especially just now at the beginning, when a good deal of money has to be expended in going round picking up pupils; and often when we get to a distant Reserve, we find no parents willing to part with their pupils, so that we have had the journey for nothing. Any Sunday schools that are willing to help, can have an Indian protegee allotted to them for their support at \$50 per annum; or if they cannot manage \$50, they can have half a pupil at \$25; or if they are too poor for that, we will be glad of whatever they can give us.

Ancient America and Ancient Egypt.

IN the *Weekly Times* (English) of July 26th, was an interesting article headed "Mr. Petrie in the Fayum." We make the following short extracts:—"The second block being extracted, there appeared a bed of mixed sand and stone flakes, about a foot in depth, and below this again a mass of smashed pottery, four pavis of sandstone corn rubbers, eight bronze knives, &c." A little further on,—“Here we have the constant element of the corn-rubbers.” In the next column,—“Flint-flakes; curious pottery, with incised patterns of basket work, of a style hitherto unknown, . . . the stocks of two bow drills, one with the socket head.” Again in the fourth column of the page,—“The pottery of the Illahun settlement, as already stated, is *sui generis*, and decorated with patterns imitating basket work. . . The characters incised upon them are neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic: in a word, they are not Egyptian.” In the Autumn of 1888, the editor of this magazine visited some ancient ruins in New Mexico, and among other things brought away with him five stone axe heads, such as the Indians formerly used; about three-parts of a broken "sandstone corn-rubber;" and a quantity of broken pieces of pottery—a good proportion of it being of "basket work pattern." Indians in New Mexico and Arizona still make pottery quite extensively, and decorate it with black and red paint on a white ground, but the "incised basket work pattern" is of ancient date, and no longer employed by modern Indians; "corn-rubbers," for grinding the Indian corn, are still extensively used by the Pueblo Indians; the rubber is a sort of large whet stone, about 18 inches long, by 5 inches wide, and from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. The grains of corn are put

on a sloping slab of sandstone in a square wooden trough or box, and are ground to flour by being rubbed up and down between the sloping slab and the corn-rubber; the Indian woman kneels to her work, grasping the corn rubber in a horizontal position, with both hands, and her action while grinding is like a laundress with a wash-board. It would be interesting to know whether these ancient "corn-rubbers" discovered in Egyptian ruins in any way resemble those above described, or were used in the same way. It would also be interesting to know whether the "basket work pottery" of Egypt in any way resembles the ancient basket-work pottery of America.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

MY wife pictured to herself her dear husband returning to the depôt in search of her and finding that she was not. And then the supper. Her husband, she knew, would never eat his supper alone. What should she do? What should she do? It seemed there was only one thing she could do, and that was to get out of the Pullman as quickly as possible; and this she did. But oh! whither should she fly? It was an enormous station, thousands of people thronging and crowding in



MY WIFE BEHIND BARS.

every direction, whistles shrieking, steam hissing, bells clanging, station men shouting the departure of trains. A station guard saw her, went to her, enquired her errand. "It is my husband, she gasped," "I am in search of my husband, oh whither, whither shall

I go?" "Better stay here, ma'am, by the gate, is the only gate the gentleman can come in by," and aside, to a fellow-official, "Guess he went to get his own supper and left her in the train." It was a sad sight for me, when, at length, I did return. A station official touched my shoulder and said "Sir, a lady there is, I think, beckoning to you." Yes, it was too true, there, behind the iron bars was my wife, the loved figure of her whom I had promised to keep for better, for worse,—there she was—alone, unprotected,—and wanting her supper. So we went together to the Railway Restaurant and had an uncommonly good supper.

The following morning we reached St. Louis at 7 a.m. One of my wife's fondest ambitions was to go in a Mississippi steamboat, on the Mississippi River, and see cotton growing in the fields on either side, and alligators basking in the sunshine on the banks. These hopes, however, were doomed to be disappointed. It was not the time of year for excursion boats down the river, and only an occasional boat was running northward, and there would be no alligators or cotton-fields up north.

St. Louis is a large city of 350,522 inhabitants; it has manufacturing, mercantile, and commercial interests. It is the converging point of nearly 15,000 miles of steamboat navigation. The above was extracted from the Railway Guide, so cannot be vouched for. We can only vouch for what we saw, heard and smelt. We are not prepared to contest the assertion that the steamboats assembled at St. Louis docks represent a waterway



SMELLING THE MISSISSIPPI.

of 15,000 miles. It must require an area of about that distance in order to collect sufficient material to pro-

duce the soupy condition of the far-famed river. The Mississippi not only looks dirty, but it smells. I dipped my hand in the fluid and found that there was a decided odour about the water, and not a pleasant one. The river appeared to be about half a mile wide, and is crossed by an immense iron bridge of only three spans, through which rattle the trains, and over the top of which creep, like flies, the waggons, street cars, and other vehicles. The Mississippi rises and falls considerably in the course of the year. There was evidence of this in the long, sloping, paved embankment, which led from the line of houses to the water's edge, and the long, rusty, iron chains by which barges and floating landing-stages were moored to the bank. St. Louis is a fine city, but the streets are dirty, and there are bad smells. It is a great place for street cars. Street cars seemed thicker here than in New York. They are run by horse-power, mule-power, and by electricity. Those run by electricity are in pairs, two cars coupled together, one of these does the work, the other simply follows. We did not like St. Louis, so we left the same evening.

Having travelled all night, we reached Monett at the hour of 7:15 a.m., Nov. 5th. Monett is a place of no consequence. It was merely the stopping place for breakfast. That breakfast forever deserves to be placed. The people at Monett evidently had the idea that people coming from the East were great eaters. Myself and wife had enjoyed liberal breakfasts before, but never one equal to the breakfast at Monett. We were not asked what we would have, but the things were simply put down before us, and when the space before each of us was literally covered with dishes, so that not a speck of the tablecloth could be seen, other dishes were put on the top of the first lot; there was enough there to last two ordinary mortals for a week, and all of it well-cooked tempting-looking food. We would not like to have our word doubted, therefore we give herewith in detail the various viands with which we were each personally served at that breakfast at Monett. We each had put before us a large white bowl full of stewed oysters; and a cup of coffee—very good and fragrant; and a fat, chunky-headed, veal cutlet; and two limbs of a tender chicken; and a mutton chop; and a juicy piece of beefsteak—size 3 by 3½ inches surface measure, and ½ an inch thick; and a dish of fried potatoes; and a dish containing two fresh tempting looking poached eggs; and a plate of bread; and a plate of buckwheat pancakes,—each of these things here enumerated was set down before my wife, and

each of these here enumerated was set down before me, and each of these things here enumerated was set down before a man on my right hand, and each of these things here enumerated was set down before a married lady on my wife's left hand; and each of these things here enumerated was set down—we think, but are not quite sure—before a baby in the married lady's arms. Besides these things, there were also on the table, glass dishes full of oranges, glass bowls full of celery, and other tempting things, and on a side table were two immense glass jugs full of delicious looking yellow custard. We were afraid there was another course coming on, so we paid our money and left.

CHAPTER VII.—INDIAN TERRITORY.

That same day, at 10:30 a.m., we entered Indian Territory.

Indian Territory is, as its name implies, the land of the Indians. It is about 350 miles long, from east to west, and about 200 miles wide, from north to south; having the State of Kansas as its northern border, and Texas as its southern. Within the Territory are congregated 76,000 out of the 248,000 souls which forms the Indian population of the United States. They are divided into many tribes, and speak a number of different languages; Chief among them are the Cherokee Nation, numbering 22,000 persons; the Creeks numbering 14,000; the Choctaws numbering 16,000; and the Chickasaws numbering 6,000; these tribes are in a civilized condition, and occupy the eastern part of the Territory. In the centre part are the Kaws, Osages, Tonkawas, Poncas, Otoes, Missouries, Pawnees, Sac and Fox, Iowas, Kickapoos, Seminoles, and Pottawatomies; and in the western portion are the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Wichitas, Kiowas, and Comanches.

There is no mistake about Indian land. The change is noticeable directly a stranger enters it. The train goes rattling along as before,—but there is a quiet, a peace, a calm, an absence of rush and bustle,—the prairie rolls away to the horizon, without a village, a house, or even a hut in sight; the soil is unbroken, it is one great unfenced field, a few trees here and there, a solitary rider perhaps cantering along in a quiet satisfied manner on his pony, a few cattle grazing on the prairie and a boy watching them. We had entered the Territory from the east, so we were now in the land of the Cherokees, and our destination was Vinita, their principal commercial town.

We were curious to see Vinita. We had heard that it was a civilized Indian town; that it had hotels, and

stores, and insurance offices, and telegraph offices, and newspaper offices, all kept and managed by Indians. We had seen, indeed, a Vinita newspaper; owned, as we had been led to suppose, by an Indian proprietor, and edited by an Indian editor; and in this newspaper we had seen advertisements of lawyers and doctors and dentists and butchers and milliners and hotel-keepers—all Cherokees;—yes—here is an example or two of the advertisements in the *Vinita Chieftain*:

Peoples' Cheap Harness Shop.—Don't want to be pitched about—will endeavour to build upon a square foundation—Would save the country if I could; can't be done with leather, but will do your *Boot and Shoe repairing*, neatly and substantially.  A share of your patronage solicited. Special attention given to *Cow-boy Saddles, Hides &c.* T.W.M., Manager. East of track.

Here is another: 'To the Public.'—*G. W. Green, the well-known merchant*, wishes to make the following announcement, and the people are requested to verify the same:—I have a better line of goods than were ever before brought here. Customers who are difficult to please and hard to fit are my delight; I want them to call on me. My dry goods stock is worthy of especial words of praise. My boot and shoe stock is a monster and no mistake—complete in every particular. *Come while the stock is full.*

In the 'Personal' column we read the following:

T. A. Camp, who accidentally broke some of his ribs a short time ago, has recovered.

Miss Kinnison, after a week's visit with her aunt, Mrs. H. Smith, went home last Thursday.

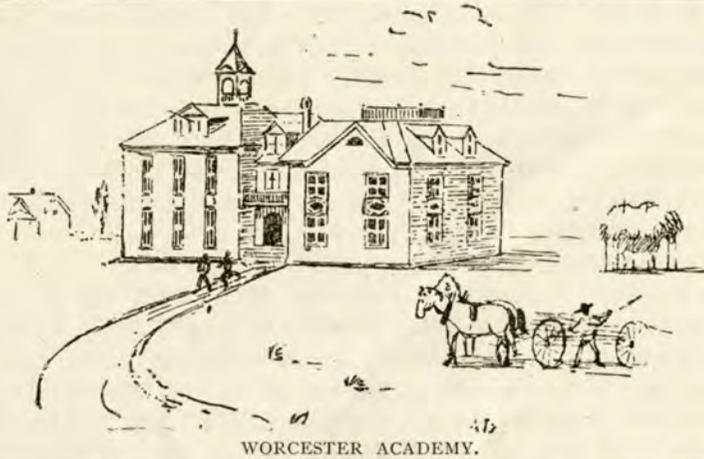
Moses Keokuk of Sac and Fox, passed through Tuesday; he was suffering from rheumatism.

Frank Hubbard, the popular editor of the *Muskogee Phoenix*, was in the city Monday.

All the above items of interest, and the foregoing advertisements, we read in the *Vinita Indian Chieftain*, of November 1st. We were looking over the paper in the train, and wondering what the place would be like, when we reached it. The advertisements and other notices seemed to us to smack so very much of the American,—indeed it was a marvel to us—knowing as we did so well the Indian character—that Indians of whatever tribe could have been led so far to forget their ancient traditions as to adopt not only the dress and the language, but also the swagger and the greed of the white race. At length we reached Vinita.

Now we would see for ourselves what it all meant.

The people at the station seemed to be white people.



WORCESTER ACADEMY.

But then the railway was, of course, owned by an American Company, and employed American officials, so that was all right. The Worcester Academy, where we were to stay, was quite close, so we walked to it. A boy just inside the entrance door, seemed to be a white boy, and spoke good English. He had light hair and grey eyes. We asked him for the Principal, Professor Jones, and he showed us into the professor's room. Professor Jones soon came in. He did not seem to have much of the Indian about him. Indeed he said he had none. He came from somewhere in the Eastern States. At dinner time we met all the other teachers and employees; they were all, or nearly all, white people. The pupils had, all of them, far more white blood in their veins than Indian blood. A large proportion of them seemed to be entirely white, and shewed their white character by their behavior; some few were partly Cherokee; of full blood Cherokees there were none.



I MAKE A SKETCH.

After dinner I made a sketch of the school, and then I sketched the town. Then I went for a walk with Prof Jones, to see the place. We looked inside several of the stores; they were all kept by white men. The hotel was kept by a white man; the telegraph, and other offices, were all in the hands of white men. The doctor was a white man. The newspaper was owned by a man who had one-fourth

part Cherokee blood in him, but it was edited by a white man. They said there was a full-blood Cherokee dentist; but we did not see him. I asked of Prof. Jones an explanation: I had been told, I said, that Vinita was a Cherokee town, belonging to the Cherokee Nation, and that no white man was permitted to hold property or to remain within the Territory, and yet I saw white men in all the stores and offices; and white men seemed to have all the business of the place in their own hands. Prof. Jones replied as follows:—"What you were told in regard to Vinita is true. All the land on which

town is built is Indian property; it belongs to the the Cherokee Nation, and no alien is permitted to build or to hold property in it.—BUT—there is nothing to prevent a white man from marrying a Cherokee squaw, if he and she be willing; and there is nothing to prevent their children from marrying again into white families; and there is nothing to prevent the children of their children, and their childrens' children, from continuing to intermarry with white people. And all these cases of intermarriage are recognized by law as an introduction of the adventurous individual into the Cherokee Nation. All these grey-eyed, brown-bearded, red-bearded, sandy-bearded men; and all these blue-eyed, golden-haired children, which you see about are, in fact, Cherokees, members of the great Cherokee Nation; entitled to hold Cherokee property, and to have a vote in the Cherokee elections,—not because they have Cherokee blood, but because they have been united in marriage with some one having a slight taint of Cherokee, or the offspring of such marriage.

(To be Continued).

Shingwauk Boys' Letters.

To a friend, from one of the new boys, just arrived:

I WRITE you to inform you that about telling you that it is a very pleasant so far when I came here I am very much plesure to say that about that matter, very beautiful place here and happy ground, the boys here give all free privileges, all everything free, and I believe all this boys here be very good education, and very good kind people.

PETER MEGIS.

From an old boy, to his friend:

I NOW write you a letter so as to tell you all I know about Shingwauk Home. During last summer

vacation some of the boys stayed at Shingwauk, but some of us went home. When the school was opened again, Chief Brant, of the Mohawks, gave us a speech the day after we arrived at the Shingwauk. He said that we are having a splendid opportunity to get a good education. It is a very pleasant place up here. We have now a nice level ground for playing base ball and some other games. Some boys have started playing the brass instruments. They are getting along nicely. There are about sixty boys here at present. Some are learning trades, such as farmer, carpenter, shoe-maker, tailor, engineer, telegraphing, and also to be school teachers. We have a very good teacher. Mr. Wilson is very kind to us. He gave us clothing and everything that we need. I am now in Fourth Class, studying to be a school teacher.

ARTHUR MISKOKOMON.

My dear Father and Mother:

I am writing to you this morning to tell you that I am quite well and I hope you are the same, all of you. Shingwauk Home is a nice place and everything around it is looking nice and there are lots of cattle and lots of hens and I am learning carpenter here now; I work in the afternoon at the carpenter and go to school in the morning, and I also learn telegraph I learn that in the evening, and we have now a nice brass band and they play band every evening and they are learning very well. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your son.

ALEXANDER ASSANCE

By a little Mohawk boy, 9 years old.

DEAR SIR; I am writing to you to tell you that I am getting along very well. It is a very good place here. We have a base ball ground here now. We are going to have a match on Saturday. Also we have a brass band. The boys are learning to play well. We all like going to school here and we want to get good education. Very respectfully,

BURGET SEBASTIAN BRANT.

From a 12 year old Ojebway:

My dear mother, I am well at present hoping you are the same. I am third base in the base ball club. I can swim good now. I made Santa Claws yesterday and scared all the boys. We have a good brass band here but I don't play in it. I enjoy playing marbles and jumping. I am sorry to say we have one boy in our jail, but I never go yet. We have a good teacher here now. I had a good time in the holidays here at Shingwauk, and I made a little pocket money. I also

went out picking blue berries; once I caught a young rabbit, and I was on the raft and I fell in the water. Love to all. From your loving son. LOUIS ISSAC.

From a 12 year old Pottawatami.

My dear friend, once more I write thanking you for your support, I will try my best I can to write this very few little letter. They was a very few boys last winter, but this time there are 60 boys in the Shingwauk Home. They have playing ball. We have now a very level ground for playing base ball. We are getting better now playing base ball. I dont thank I will tell anything alas.

ANANIAS SAMPSON.

From a 17 year old Ojebway, in his 5th year.

My dear friends: We had a pleasant time during the summer holidays here at Shingwauk. We had nearly 2 months of holiday. The school re-commenced three weeks ago. There are 54 boys in school now, and more are coming. The boys are getting along well with their studies. We have a base ball team. The name of our club is "Buckskin." Our base ball ground is nice and tidy. We are building a sash and door factory. Everything around the Shingwauk is getting on well and looking nicer as time goes on. I thank you very much for paying for my education.

Very respectfully. WILLIAM J. RILEY.

Indian Girls' Letters.

WAWANOSH HOME, August 22nd, 1889.

DEAR FATHER,—We are all very happy here. It is almost like home. Our teacher and our matron are both very kind to us and helps us to get on in our lessons and also to learn to be neat and tidy in doing house work and other things. My brother Isaiah was glad when I saw him on Sunday. We all want you to send us some apples, one barrel. Caroline says for you to ask her uncle to send her some money of her own, what the Agent gives her to pay for the apples to come here, for they have hardly tasted an apple all summer. The apples what I was going to give my sister Lizzie got bad before I got here so she did not have any. I got here on Sunday morning last week all right, the lake was not very rough except on the night when we left you. I was sea sick, but I just got up and walked about and I was all right soon after. I remain your daughter,

DORA JACOBS.

WAWANOSH HOME, August 20th, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am glad to hear from you a

week ago, and I like to stay here. They are twenty-six girls and we have kind teacher, and Mr. Wilson comes and hears us our Bible class. Please will you send me one dollar to spend in the winter, and sometimes I am quite lonesome, and Jenny is getting along very nicely. Our matron likes her very much because she is very good girl. And I am trying to be good girl too. And I enjoy myself in the holidays. We began school on August 19th. If you send me some money I will take my picture send you. So I think this is all for this time. Tell my mother that I send my best kisses to her and my sisters. I am your loving daughter.

MARY TURKEY.

THE Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, of White Earth, Minnesota, writes :

August 29th, 1889.

DEAR MR. WILSON,—I enclose this letter, it is from Jacob Hudson ; an Indian young man 18 years of age, of one of our Indian schools. It is his own composition, without any prompting ; the first letter he ever wrote. He forgot to put his name to it, but that does not matter :

LEECH LAKE, MINN., CASS COUNTY, August 10th, 1889.

THE old Indians life away. They use to live on wagwams they live on houses and they move round every afew days. Chief the name, brave men and young men. The time they fight to Souix they cut head of them, after that have war dance. And the Indians they worship everything, Rocke, trees and Lake, everything we could see on earth.

When churches came, they were change they mind, now they worship but nothing God. They sent children to school. The church works here and getting along nicely, the Indian people here they likes to go to church. The Government school his been started to long ago. Contract school who is started Mr. Gilfillan the children he was eighty-two in this school boys and girls too and he had a shoe-maker.

Leech Lake is on the State of Minnesota.

Notice.

"OUR FOREST CHILDREN" is a monthly perodical published by Rev. E. F. Wilson at the Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, for the futherance of education among the Indians. It is in quarto and contains illustrations, some of a burlesque kink. It is edited on sound principles, as it introduces the readers into the real conditions 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. Instead of this we find in most of the "Indian journals" political leaders, official figures, temperance and total abstinence twaddle, devotional splurges and baby-talk. Mr. Wilson presents to his readers travels among the Indians, ethnographic and even linguistic articles, interesting correspondence and other *sound* reading matter. An article on p 8, entitled *The Races*, reminded us very much of the definition given to us by a Comanche Indian about the "civilized" and the wild Indians ; the former, said he, have *heap sense* and the latter *no sense*. He could have established a third class, to which most of all men, whether black, yellow, red or white, belong to ; we mean those who have *horse-sense*.—*American Antiquarian*.

An Indian Girl's Funeral.



LAST night I witnessed for the first time the sad, but interesting, sight of an Indian girl's funeral. Mary —, who was about 16 years of age, died on Sunday, at the Wawanosh Home, of rapid consumption. She was a gentle good girl, and a great favorite with her young companions, and well spoken of by all who knew her. The hour for the funeral was fixed for 7 o'clock ; punctually at

that time the bell of the chapel began to toll, and in the distance one could see the procession approaching. Which consisted of two vehicles, in which were Rev. E. Wilson, the lady superintendent, matron, and some of the smallest girls from the Home ; these were followed by a waggon drawn by 2 horses, in which was the coffin, covered with a black cloth. The little chapel was lighted, and almost filled with the boys and girls from the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, looking very neat in their uniforms. As the coffin was carried in and laid on tressels in the chancel, every one seemed moved ; and Mr. Wilson told the girls, that if they wished, they might lay the flowers, which they all carried, on the coffin. One of his daughters left her seat and laid a lovely little wreath of white flowers and ferns on the coffin, which was polished black wood with silvered handles ; her example was soon followed by other members of Mr. Wilson's household, and all the Indian girls, until the lid was covered with lovely flowers.

The hymn, "Days and moments quickly flying," was then sung. After the first two verses were sung, Mr. Wilson gave a short address, and while they sang the last verses, 4 Indian boys with black scarves tied across their tunics, carried the coffin out of the chapel to the Cemetery. It being now almost dark, the road, which is exceedingly pretty, was lighted by torches, placed at regular intervals, and the long procession of boys and girls, winding their way through the trees, was a sight long to be remembered. After the funeral, girls and boys returned to the Home, but two little girls waited until the grave was filled in, that they might place flowers on the mound.

J. W.

Shingwauk Chips.

OUR school has been honored by a visit from Chief Brant, a lineal descendent of the famous Captain Joseph Brant, who fought under the British flag in 1776, and to whose memory a monument has been erected in the city of Brantford. Chief Brant has a little son, 9 years old, in our school, by name Burget Sebastian Brant; he came to see his little son, and also brought half a dozen more young Mohawks, as pupils. The Chief seemed very pleased with all he saw, both at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes; and in an address which he delivered in our schoolroom, he urged upon our scholars to make the most of their opportunities and learn all they could. He brought out a magic lantern with him, which he exhibited; and he also wore his Indian dress and the silver medals which he had inherited from his father.

OUR Indian pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes recently sent \$30 to the Uganda mission, in Africa.

A WEEK or two ago we were favored by a visit from Mr. A. J. Standing, Captain Pratt's assistant superintendent at the great Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania. Mr. Standing was on a tour through the State of Michigan, in search of pupils, and had already sent down a batch of 78. He was with us on Sunday, and in the evening addressed the pupils in our schoolroom; and exhibited a number of beautiful photographs, illustrating the work which is going on at Carlisle.

THE Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes are both full, and in a few days we expect to be over full, as 10 or 12 more pupils are expected. We are preparing for this, by the erection of a new stone building to correspond with our hospital. Eventually this building will be used for workshops, in which various trades will be taught; but at the present, it must be fitted with dormitories to take the overflow from the Shingwauk.

OUR furniture factory is approaching completion. Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, brother of the editor, a civil engineer, happily happens to be on a visit, and has been rendering valuable assistance in setting up the engine and boiler, and getting the machinery into place. Charles Gilbert, an Ojebway lad of 20, who has been learning blacksmithing the last three years, will be placed in charge of the engine, and will also do what blacksmithing may be required; a small portable forge having been erected. It is purposed to turn out a number of curious and attractive articles in the way of furniture and fancy work, of a distinctive "Shingwauk make," and we hope visitors will purchase.

WE regret very much to record the death of one of our Indian girls, Mary Kadah, of Sheshewaning; she died of consumption, at the early age of 16; Mary was one of the best girls at the Wawanosh Home, and last summer received the Bishop's prize for general good behaviour. She was very gentle and kind in her manner, and loved her bible.

WE heard recently from David O. Sahgee, that he is getting on well at Ottawa, in the Indian Department.

MISS PIGOT has returned from her trip to Lac Seul and the Neepigon, and is again in charge of our hospital.

OUR schools were visited by school Inspector McCaig, on Sept. 9th. He reports very favorably of the progress made by our pupils, at both schools; the only fault he has to find is that our buildings are becoming too crowded. Next summer we must build—build.

WE want to put up a ten thousand dollar "Central Building" next summer, to the east of the present Shingwauk.

NUMBERS of visitors keep coming to visit our Indian Homes; and all who come are pleased and say they will come again.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS ARE RECOMMENDED TO COMMENCE WITH THE JUNE NUMBER (1889). Arrangements will be made for indexing and binding the volumes at the end of the year.

Fire at the Shingwauk Home.

A FIRE broke out at the Shingwauk Home, at 7:30 a.m., Thursday, September 12th. In a few minutes the school master's bedroom, and the large front dormitory, were filled with a rolling cloud of thick smoke, and flames were seen bursting up through the floor. Buckets of water were quickly brought into play, and the Shingwauk fire brigade, employees and boys, all worked like Trojans, breaking up the floor and partitions with axes, and pouring in pails of water. Mr

Wilson despatched a boy on horseback to the Sault for the steam fire brigade, and then finding that the fire was gaining headway, all hands that could be spared were called on to move out the furniture and valuables from the building. A great many articles were carried over to the hospital, and others of less value were piled up on the grass away from the building. At length, happily, word was brought down that the fire was under control; and the work of carrying things out was stayed for the time being. Meantime inquiries were made as to the origin of the fire, and it became clear that it began at the lock-up, in which a refractory boy was at the time confined. A short examination proved conclusively that the fire was this boy's work. So another messenger was despatched to the Sault, to stop the fire engine and to bring out a constable. A considerable amount of damage altogether was done; the floor under the school master's bedroom, part of the dormitory floor, and the partition connecting with the lower storey, were completely gutted; it was a wonder indeed that the building was saved, and a cause for great thankfulness that the results were not more serious. The boys were given a holiday and a small gratuity each on account of having worked so well. The building is insured in the "Guardian Insurance Co." (England).

Other Indian Schools.



WHEN passing through Winnipeg, in July, we visited the "Ruperts' Land Indian School," now in course of erection; the walls were then up to the top of the second storey preparatory to placing the roof. It appeared to be a substantial structure, built of white brick, an arched door-way in centre; 18 windows in front—8 on the lower flat and 10 above. A covered passage at the back connects with a frame laundry, and beyond are stables and cow-house. The Institution is to be opened this fall, and then there will be accommodation for 80 pupils. The support will be furnished by the Indian Department

and the Church Missionary Society, supplemented by general contributions.

On reaching Regina, we visited the new Government Institution for Indian children, which is being built 4 miles west of the town. It is to be under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, and will probably be the finest and most expensive institution that has yet been built. The main building is 180 feet long by 37 feet wide, and a wing runs back 73 feet. The first floor will contain general assembly room, class rooms, officers' quarters and sewing room; and dining-room, kitchen and laundry in the wing. The upper floor will have dormitories, for both boys and girls. In the front there will be 3 doors and 20 windows to the lower floor, and 23 windows to the upper floor. It is expected that the building will be roofed-in this winter, and will be completed by September, 1890. The accommodation will be for 200 pupils.

We see by the *Battleford Herald*, that the Government Indian school (church of England), at Battleford, is being enlarged; a wing 40 by 42 feet being added on the east side. The ground floor of this addition will contain dining-room, and sewing-rooms for girls; and the upper floor, dormitories. There will also be bath-rooms and a kitchen attached, and a cellar 12 x 18 feet underneath. Stoves, throughout the building, are to be done away with, and the whole institution will be heated by a hot air furnace. There is also to be built a laundry, and reading and recreation rooms for the children. All the buildings are frame. As a means of fire protection a large tank is to be constructed in the attic, the water supply being raised by a wind-mill.

Another Government Institution, we hear, is to be built at Red Deer Lake, somewhere between Calgary and the Peace River, to be under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

Indian Remains.

ANCIENT FORT EXCAVATED BY CURATOR DAVID BOYLE
—SKELETONS AND RELICS FOUND.

MR. ARCIBALD BLUE, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who has been in the County of Kent investigating an outbreak of disease among hoes in that locality, has just returned. He was accompanied in this trip by Dr. Bryce, of the Provincial Board of Health. After attending to the object of their mission the two gentlemen visited the remains of an old Indian fort, which has long been known to exist in that part of the country. Many curiosity-seekers have found relics there, but the place was never thoroughly explored until it was visited

by Mr. David Boyle, curator of the Canadian Institute. He recently brought from there eight Indian skulls and a case filled with bone implements, broken pottery, pipes and other relics.

Mr. Blue made the following statement to a representative of the press, who called on him yesterday:—The fort is situated at the head waters of Clear creek, near Clearville, on the farms of Messrs. Bury and Ridley. The creek forms its northern and western boundaries, and a small ravine runs along the south. The site was very well chosen for purposes of defence, the creek supplying plenty of water, just outside the walls. The springs were at one time very strong, but are now nearly dried up. The walls are elliptical in form, and the circumference is about 400 yards.

"The country was occupied during the period of the Huron mission by the Attiwanderon or Neutral Indians, so-called because in the war between the Iroquois and Hurons they took neither side. They were, however, very warlike, and exterminated a tribe west of Lake Michigan. After the close of the Iroquois-Huron war they were in turn utterly destroyed by the Iroquois. This was about 1650. They occupied about forty towns.

"There are two parts to the fort, an upper and lower plateau. The latter is probably artificial, as Mr. Boyle found it to consist of earth and ashes. He dug down four or five feet. Nearly four feet down he found coarse old pottery and implements, and below this found a bed of ashes an inch thick. "When we arrived and found that Mr. Boyle had dug up the upper plateau," continued Mr. Blue, "we tackled the lower one. There is an artificial embankment on the north side of the fort, running southward from the wall 60 or 70 feet. Noticing a deep impression on the crown, where the grass appeared very green, we suspected that a body was interred beneath.

"We made an opening about one and a half feet deep, and struck a skeleton. After considerable more digging we unearthed two, lying side by side, about a foot apart, face upwards, but inclining eastward at an angle of 15 degrees from the perpendicular. The bodies lay very nearly north and south. We measured both, one being 5 feet 9 inches, and the other 5 feet 5 inches.

"They were apparently the skeletons of a male and a female. They were very perfect in their parts, but so brittle that, in spite of the most careful handling, they were more or less broken in the lifting. The skull of the male was long and narrow, but that of the female was finely shaped.

"We found the root of a walnut tree, two inches in

diameter, grown through the head of the male. The stump stood fifteen feet away. The root had penetrated the skull through the right ear, and passed out through the lower angle of the left jaw. The upper jaw was completely destroyed, but the lower was well preserved. The root passed under the cerebral vertebræ of the other skeleton, and down under the spine, leaving it in a much disturbed and decayed state.

"We measured the stump, finding it 4 feet 6 inches in the clear. Counting the concentric circles, we estimated the tree to have been 250 years old when it was cut down 40 years ago. It is almost certain that the tree began to grow subsequent to the interment of the bodies, and it is safe to say the skeletons are at least 300 years old. Mr. Boyle says they may be 500. We found a few pieces of broken pottery and a portion of a deer's antler fashioned into some sort of an implement."

An Indian Pot-latch.

AN election to chieftanship is purchased by a "pot-latch," or giving away of presents of goods and money. These are common to the native tribes on the Pacific coast from Puget Sound to Alaska.

An ambitious young man will work hard for years and save his earnings that he may make a pot-latch. If unable to accumulate a sufficient sum of himself, his relatives will add to his collection. When the time arrives the Indians are invited for hundreds of miles around. It is a season of dancing and other festivities, during which the entire accumulation of years is given away, and the giver impoverished.

He, however, secures position and renown, and soon recovers in the gifts of others more than he gave away.—*Sheldon Jackson.*

THE Plans and Specifications for the Shingwauk furniture factory were kindly furnished, free of expense, by Messrs Cozens & Bell, of Sault Ste. Marie.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, AUGUST, 1889.

FROM the G. F. S. and W. Auxiliary, St. Luke's Church, Waterloo, P. Q., per Rev. D. Lindsay, a nice box of clothing for the Boys' and Girls' Home; also a quilt.

From Captain Pratt, Carlisle, Penn., two photographs—one containing a collection of small photographs of all the Carlisle Indian School Buildings, and the other containing portraits of the graduating class of 1889—14 in number, and all Indians.

From the G. F. S. of St. Matthew's, Hamilton, per Miss K. Swansy, a parcel of clothing.

Receipts—Our Indian Homes.

FROM AUGUST 6TH TO SEPT. 8TH, 1889.

Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd, \$2; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Grace Church S.S., Brantford, for boy, \$18.75; Emmanuel Church, London Tp., \$4; Miss Thornton, for girl, \$75; St. Paul's S.S., Rothesay, \$2.50; Visitors \$1.50; Trinity S.S., Galt, for boy, \$75; Miss K. Swansy, \$5; Geo. H. Rowswell, for boy, \$18.75; St. John's S.S., Tilsonburg, \$8.85; St. Paul's S.S., London, for boy, \$60; St. James' S.S., Gravenhurst, \$3.35; St. George's S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$75; Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont, \$3; Memorial Church S.S., London, for boy, \$18.75; Church of Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Jehu Matthews, for girl, \$75; Per J. J. Mason, \$78.82; Holy Trinity S.S., Yarmouth, N. S., for boy and 1/2 girl, \$19.

Receipts—O.F.C.

AUGUST 10TH, 1889.

J. Munro, 50c.; T. A. Patterson, 50c.; General Tripe, \$1; E. H. Osler, 50c.; Magness Begg, \$1; Miss L. A. Brown, 50c.; Rev. R. C. Crockett, 50c.; Hill Gregory, 50c.; E. Kendrick, 50c.; Mrs. Febiger, 50c.; Miss M. Carrie, 50c.; Mrs. Hamwood, \$1; G. H. Hale, \$1; E. Broadbent, 50c.; Mrs. A. Kirkland, \$1; Miss T. Carruthers, 50c.; Mrs. Reed, 50c.; Miss McClaren, 50c.; J. A. Naftel, \$4.50; Miss E. Rogers, 50c.; E. A. Taylor, 50c.; Joseph E. Squireman, 50c.

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