OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

Vol. III, No. 8.] SHINGWAUK HOME, NOVEMBER, 1889. [New Series, No. 6.

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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. 8.] SHINGWAUK HOME, NOVEMBER, 1889. [NEW SERIES, No. 6.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 6.

THE MANDAN INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

BEING a small tribe and unable to contend on the wide prairies with the Sioux and other roaming tribes, who are ten times more numerous, the Mandans have very judiciously located themselves in permanent villages, which are strongly fortified, and insure their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in the arts of manufacture; have supplied their lodges more abundantly with the comforts and even luxuries of life than any Indian nation that I know of. The consequence of this is, that this tribe has taken many steps ahead of other tribes in manners and refinements, and are therefore familiarly and correctly denominated by the traders and others who have been amongst them, "the polite and friendly Mandans." So speaks George Catlin, of the Mandan tribe, in his interesting history of the North American Indians, written fifty years ago. At that time, he tells us, they were a small tribe of 2,000 souls, living in two permanent villages on the river Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi, and they occupied dome-shaped, earth-covered lodges; their villages being surrounded by a fence of strong pickets eighteen feet high, and a ditch. From some of their old men Catlin gained the information that formerly they lived fifteen or twenty miles further down the river, in ten contiguous villages, the marks or ruins of which were yet to be plainly seen, and that at that time they numbered about 15,000. Lewis and Clarke, who visited them in 1804, say that forty years before that time, viz., in 1764, the Mandans were occupying nine villages, eighty miles below their present site—seven on the west and two on the east side of the Missouri. Catlin attempts to trace their original haunts back to the Ohio and Muskingum rivers. Mr. Catlin also suggests the novel and curious idea that these Mandans are a mixed race, having Welsh blood in their veins; he believes them to be the remains of a *Welsh Colony*, the followers of Prince Madoc, who, history tells us, sailed, in the early part of the fourteenth century, in ten ships, from North Wales, to colonize a country in the Western Ocean, and never returned. This Welsh expedition, it is believed, landed somewhere near the mouth of the Mississippi, and Catlin suggests that they ascended that river, formed a colony, somewhere near the junction with the Ohio, intermingled and intermarried with the Mandan Indians then occupying those regions, and taught them the art of fortifying their villages, and several other civilized customs. In support of his theory he adduces the following: (1) That the Mandan Indians differ very materially from other Indian tribes in their complexion and the color of their hair and eyes; a large proportion of them, he says, had light-colored, grey, and even white hair, while still young, and numbers of them had grey and blue eyes; (2) They dwelt in settled villages instead of roaming about the country like other Indians; (3) Their canoes were almost an exact imitation of the Welsh coracle, and were propelled in the same way, by dipping the paddle forward and drawing it in towards the paddler; (4) The name Mandan corresponds with the Welsh word Mandon, a species of madder used as a red dye; or it might be a corruption of the Welsh word Madawgwys, meaning a follower of Madoc; at any rate, Mandan is not an Indian word; (5) The fortifications, the ruins of which still exist on the banks of the Ohio River, could never have been the work of a wholly savage people; (6) Several words in Welsh correspond with those used in the Mandan language, *e.g.*, head: Mandan, ***pan***, Welsh, ***pen***; the Great Spirit—Mandan, ***Maho peneta***, Welsh, ***Mawr penaethir.*** It is also asserted that when, in the year 1781, Captain Lord was in command of the troops at Detroit, some Mandan Indians who visited the post were able to converse intelligently with his Welsh soldiers.

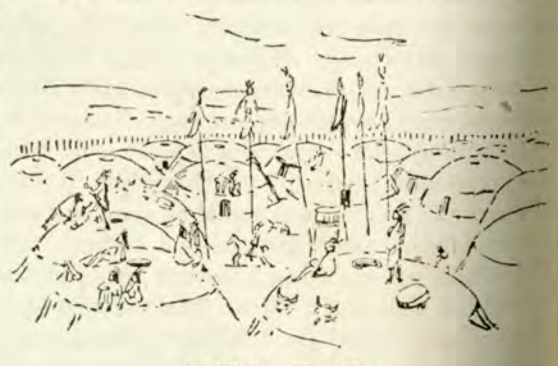
These people, whose history seems so curious, call themselves *See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee*, meaning "the people of the pheasants." This seems a strange name for them, as there are no pheasants to be found in their present haunts, or indeed, anywhere within hundreds of miles either to the east or the west of them. Their origin is involved in mystery. According to their own tradition they were the first people created in the world, and the lived originally inside the earth in a great cave. They have the story of a vine which grew in their cave up through a hole in the earth overhead, that a number of them climbed up this vine and so were introduced to the surface of the earth; then the vine broke and the rest of their Nation were left below. They say that they can still hear their people talking under the earth at certain times and places; and on important occasions they consult with them for their opinions and advice.

The Mandans are a branch of the great Siouan Stock, to which belong the Dakotas, the Omahas, the Poncas, the Osages, the Crows, the Assiniboines, the Kaws, the Otoes, and several other tribes. Their numbers are now very greatly reduced. This was brought about mainly by the small-pox, which visited their two villages on the Missouri River, in 1838, and left scarcely a soul remaining. In 1884 they numbered 311; in 1885, 410; in 1887, 286. They are still living in the same neighborhood as formerly, on the west bank of the Missouri, near Fort Berthold, in Dakota Territory. It was some time before the American Government could induce them to give up their village life, and to adopt agriculture as a mode of gaining their livelihood; now, however, many of them have their own farms and comfortable frame houses to live in, and quite a number of their children attend the Fort Stevenson Industrial School, which is seventeen miles distant from their Reservation. Their immediate neighbors are the Arickaree and Gros Ventres Indians, tribes of a different language to themselves.

In former days, these people lived mainly by hunting buffaloes; buffalo meat and berries was at that time their main food; they also cultivated the ground to some extent, and grew maize, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco; they also ate a species of wild turnip found on the prairies.

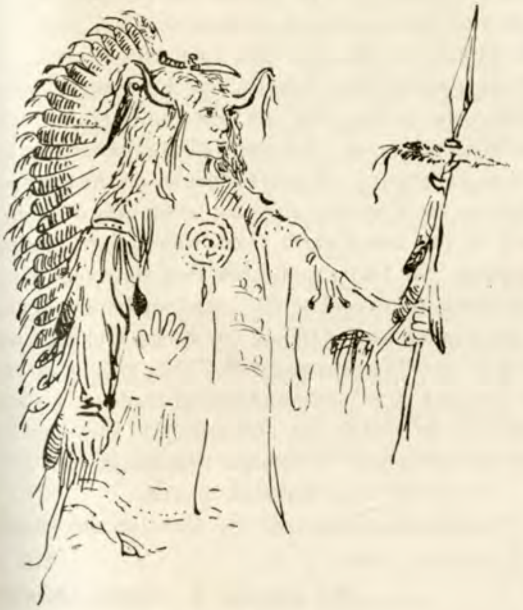
In stature, the men were rather below the average standard, but they were well-proportioned and graceful in their movements; the men banged their hair on the forehead and wore it long on the sides; the women parted the hair in the middle and rubbed the parting, as do many Indian tribes, with vermillion. Their dresses were made of skins; their leggings and moccassins embroidered with colored porcupine quills and fringed with scalp locks; their head dresses were ornamented with the tail feathers of the war eagle—two horses would be the price asked for a handsome headdress. They would also ornament the head with a mat of ermine skins and tails, the tails and strips of skin falling as a thick fringe, like the mane of a buffalo, about their face and shoulders. As a people, the Mandans have always been friendly to the whites; they were never of a warlike disposition, and are very hospitable to strangers; the pot in the lodge is always kept boiling, and food is kept ready to place before the visitor. The women are spoken of as particularly modest and chaste in their behaviour.

At the time when Catlin visited them in 1832, he found them living, as has been said, in two large villages on the banks of the Missouri; the appearance of these villages he thus describes. "The groups of lodges around me present a very curious and pleasing appearance, resembling in shape, so many potash kettles inverted. On the tops of these are to be seen groups of people standing and reclining, whose wild and picturesque appearance it would be difficult to describe. In the centre of the village is an open space or public area 150 feet in diameter, and circular in form, which is used for public games and festivals; and in the middle of the circle is an object in the form of a large hogshead eight or ten feet high, made of planks and hoops, containing their medicines or mysteries, and called by them their "big canoe." They hold this object in the highest reverence, and once every year they have a high festival in commemoration of the flood."



MANDAN VILLAGE.

The dome-shaped houses in which these people used to live were from forty to fifty feet in diameter, sunk two feet in the ground, and about fifteen feet high in the centre. The outside circular wall was formed of upright posts about six feet high, and on the tops of these rested the butt ends of long poles all sloping towards one common centre, where a hole was left for sky-light and chimney; the roof was supported by beams and five or six large posts inside the building, and was covered completely with a thick mat of willow boughs and prairie grass, then two or three feet of earth, giving it the dome like shape, and then clay which became hard and made the dwelling waterproof; the door was on the side, and was protected by a short passage in the manner of the snow houses of the Eskimos. The houses were so closely grouped together that there was barely room to walk or ride between them, and above them rose a bristling array of spears and scalp poles. The Mandans were still living in these dome-shaped houses so lately as the year 1877.



MAH-TO-TOH-PA.

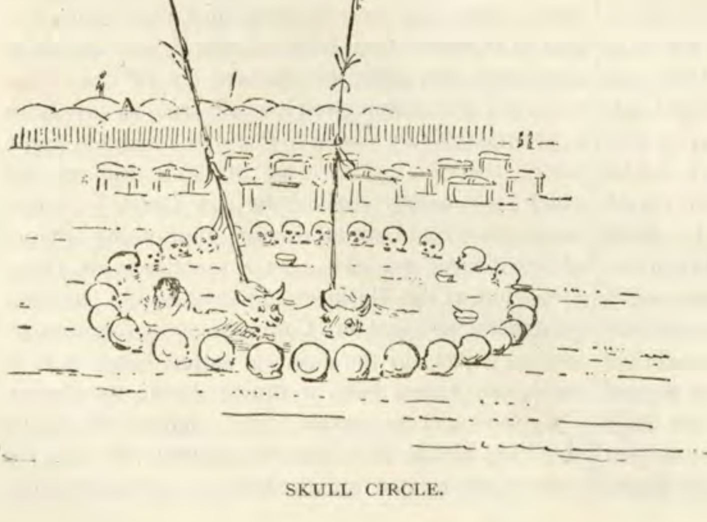
A great chief among the Mandans was Mah-to-toh-pa. Mr. Catlin took his portrait in 1832. The following story is related of his fighting a duel with a Cheyenne chief. Armed with their guns the two chiefs rode furiously at one another firing at each other as they passed. Mahtotohpa's powder-horn was struck and his powder spilled, so he threw his gun away, and his adversary did the same. Then each balanced his shield on his arm, drew his bow from the quiver, and an arrow, and came on again to the fray; like two great eagles in the air they made circuits round and twanged their bows as they rushed past each other and screamed their war-whoop. Mahtotohpa's horse fell to the ground with an arrow in its heart. Both warriors, already badly wounded, then dismounted and approached one another with drawn knives; one of the knives was dropped; a deadly struggle ensued for the other one, and finally Mahtotohpa wrested it from his enemy and plunged it to his heart. Mr. Catlin dined with the great chief in his lodge, and saw a rude picture of the fray, which Mahtotohpa had drawn on a buffalo robe; the chief also shewed him the scars on his hands, caused by the knife when trying to wrench it from his foe. Mahtotohpa died of small-pox in 1838. He sat in his lodge and watched his family die one by one; then he walked around the village weeping at the destruction of his tribe; then, drawing his robe around him, he went away to a little hill some distance off, and despite the solicitations of the traders, literally starved himself to death.

Mr. Catlin gives an amusing account of the arrival of the first steamboat among this people. It so happened that there had been a long drought, and a noted medicine man named "White buffalo's hair," was on the roof of one of their houses, trying by his incantations and by shooting arrows at the sky to bring the rain. Instead of the rain he brought the steamboat, and the same evening there came a thunder shower, and so "White buffalo's hair" became a great man among his people. Mr. Catlin relates also the great cruelties which these people inflicted upon themselves at their annual feasts and dances. As many as forty or forty-five young men underwent torture at those times. First, they had to fast for four days; then they were laid on the ground and slits made with a knife in their breasts or backs through which wooden skewers were forced, and to the skewers were tied ropes, and the ropes were drawn upward to the ceiling of the great medicine lodge until the feet of the victims were dangling in the air ten or twelve feet from the ground; then after a time they were lowered and were obliged to wrench themselves free from the rope by jumping backward until they tore the skewers out of their flesh. From the description given it would seem to have been a performance very similar to that which is still in vogue among the Sioux, Cree and Blackfeet Indians, and which is generally called "the Sun Dance." These people also would cut off the first joint of one or more of their fingers and offer it as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, just as the Blackfeet Indians do still. In their great medicine lodge, Mr. Catlin says, were four strange-looking objects in the form of turtles lying on their backs, which they beat as drums during the dances. They were said to contain water; and on Mr. Catlin enquiring about them, he was gravely told that the water in them came from the four quarters of the globe, and that it had been in those bags ever since the settling down of the waters after the flood. Their time for holding the great dance is when the willow leaves are in full leaf, for they say that their fathers came to this country in a large canoe, and after having been many days on the water, a bird flew out to them with a willow branch having fresh leaves on it.

Another of their annual celebrations is the buffalo dance. To perform this, a number of men wear buffalo hides and buffalo heads, and go through the motions of a herd of buffaloes. It is supposed to have the effect of making them successful in the chase.

The Mandans believe, like most other Indians, in a Great, Good Spirit and a Great Bad Spirit; but they say that the Bad Spirit was in existence long before the Good Spirit, and is far more powerful; they believe that people will be rewarded or punished in a future state, but their idea of hell is that of a region in the far north, where the unfortunate victims are all perished with cold.

They bury their dead always above ground, on scaffolds seven or eight feet high. Their cemetery, Catlin tells us, was only a short distance from their village on the open prairie; when a person died they would dress the body in its best attire, soak some robes in water until they were elastic, and then wind them and tie them tightly around the corpse, and place the corpse on the scaffold with its feet towards the rising sun. When the scaffold's decayed and fell to the ground, the relatives would collect the bleached bones and bury them—except the skulls; these they would preserve, and place them in large rings on the prairie, the faces all turned inwards, and a medicine pole twenty feet high and two buffalo skulls in the centre. Each living person would remember his own dead relative, and attend to the preservation of the skull; and often, women might be seen sitting by the skull of a husband or child, talking to it, offering it food, or placing some fresh, sweet-scented sage-grass beneath it.



SKULL CIRCLE.

We must not omit to add that these curious and interesting people were acquainted with the art of making pottery. Nearly all the utensils used for cooking, fetching water, &c., Mr. Catlin tells us, were made by themselves. The Rev. C. L. Hall, of Fort Berthold, says that they used hand-moulded, earthenware pots, and made "bull-boats" of hide stretched upon willow frames. He affirms also that they believed in the existence of two Gods—one on one side, the other on the other side of the Missouri River; that they believe the earth to have had no beginning, but that the things on the earth were made by the Creator; also that when they die they go back to the lower earth from which they originally emerged. Mr. Hall says further, that the people gamble with plum-stones and cards; that they believe thunder to be a great bird flapping its wings, and that when there is an eclipse the sun dies. They grind their corn, he says, in a large pestle-and-mortar made of elm-wood, cook it in an earthen pot, and serve it in a wooden bowl with a horn spoon. Everyone who comes in is fed.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The following letters of the alphabet are wanting: *c, f, g, j, l, q, r, x.*

The language is guttural, like others of the Siouan stock, and has many sybilant terminals.

The personal pronouns are incorporated in the verb, as *makaska*, he binds me.

The personal pronoun is inseparable from the noun in terms of relationship, as *mats*, my father; *dats*, your father; *kots*, his father.

There are two first persons plural; (1) exclusive of the party addressed, as *undéhos*, we go; (2) inclusive, as *unnahenis tos*, we go.

There are dubitative, causative, and reflexive forms of the verb.

The plural ending of the noun is *edes*, or *kedes*.

Certain particles, prefixed to the verb, indicate the mode in which the thing is done.

Sosh at the end of a noun signifies that the object is past, dead, or out of date.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* , as in father ; *e*, ĕ, as in they, met ; *i*, ĭ, as in pique, pick ; *o*, ŏ, as in note, not ; *u*, as in rule ; ă, ŭ, 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 ; *ḥ*, as in German *ich* ; *g*, a guttural *ghr* sound.

man, numak'.
woman, mi'he.
boy, suk numak'
house, ti'i.
boat (or canoe), minâki.
river, pat sak.
water, mini.
fire, ma'dade.
tree, ma'na.
horse, mini'se.
dog, miniswe'dute.
fish, po.
town, miti'na.
kettle, medehe.
knife, ma'hi.
tobacco, mana'she.
day, hanpe.
night, ishtunhe.
yes, hun
no, mikosh'.
I, mii.
thou, ni.
he, e.
my father, tate'.
it is good, shish.
red, shesh.
white, shotush.
black, psish.
one, ma'ḥana.
two, nup.
three, na'mini.
four, top.
five, kiḥūn'.
six, ki'ma.
seven, ku'pash.
eight, te'to kish.
nine, maḥ pe.

thou seest him, dahe'ish.
he sees him, he'ish.
he sees it, he'ish.
if I see him, mahe'kin.
thou seest me, ma'nahesh.
I see thee, mini he'ish.
he sees me, mahe'ish.
I see myself, mi'ki hesh.
we see each other, no'kikihesh.
do you see him? da he'isha?
he is asleep, ha'nadosh.
is he asleep? ha'nadosha?
axe, o'manate,
little axe, o'manat ḥa'ma.
bad axe, o'manat ḥi'kos.
big axe, o'manat eḥte.
big tree, manaḥ te'na.
black kettle, me'deḥ psi.
money, ma'tashe.
bird, ma'dek sūk.
snake, maki du'h ka.
don't be afraid, maka da'niḥ ta.
give it to me, maku'ta.
I am hungry, mamadu'tesh.
are you sick? nakena'dosha?
he is very sick, akena'mi'kash.
it is cold, shi'niosh.
a hand, ma un'kena.
a father,
a son,
the, hank.
I sleep, maha'nadosh.
I slept, maha'nasosh.
I shall sleep, maha'nahtos.

ten, pi'da kosh.
twenty, nopa pidak.
hundred, suk ma'ḥa.
come here, u'ta.
be quick, dit sa'ta.
to-day, maha'pauk.
to-morrow, mat'ki.
good morning, mapsitashish.
Indian, a'ki nu'makaki.
call themselves, natseka'da tos.
my hand, mun'ke
your hand, nun'ke.
John's hand, John un'ke.
my knife, pta ma'hi.
I walk, mani nosh.
thou walkest, dani nosh.
he walks, di dosh.
we walk, no di'dosh.
they walk, ni'ke desh.
I see him, mahe'ish.

he does not sleep, mahaṇa ni'ḥisha.
we two will sleep, nunha'naktos.
we sleep (excl.) nuhaṇado'ḥe desh.
we sleep (incl.) nuha'naktos.
do not sleep, kadeha'nata.
it is not cold, ma'shini niḥosh.
he is a man, numakosh'.
it is a house, ti'ish.
God, Maḥo pinite'.
Devil, maḥo piniḥīks.
heaven, ha'de.
white man, mashi'.
two men, nu'make nup.
three dogs, miniswe'dute na'mini.
four knives, ma'hin top.

Did John see the horse? John m'inishe dahe'sha?
I will see you to-morrow, Matki minihe' ktosh.
What is your name? Dida'tse matewe hedo'sha?
Where are you going? Tewe'ta dade'hosha?
I do not see you, Ma'mini ha'ḥīsh.
John saw a big canoe, John minakiḥte'ra heish.
I shall not go if I see him, Mahe'kin maomda'hiniḥosh.
If he goes he will see you, De'kin o'ni ḥe ish.

The following books and papers have been referred to in the above account of the Mandan Indians:—Catlin's Works; *The Morning Star;* Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Geological Survey Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); History of the Indians; Study of the Mortuary Customs of N. A. Indians (Dr. Yarrow); The American Indian (Haines). For the vocabulary I am entirely indebted to the kindness of the Rev. C. L. Hall, Fort Berthold, Dakota.

◆

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, an Apache Carlisle pupil, graduated this year from the Chicago Medical College, and has opened up a physician's office in that city.

THE harness-makers this week completed the order for one hundred and fifty-four sets of harness, which will be sent to the Crows, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres Assinaboines and Sioux.

Our Elkhorn Homes.

VICE-REGAL VISIT.

THE following is clipped from the Manitoba *Free Press* of October 2nd:—

ELKHORN, Oct. 1.—The Governor-General's train arrived at 10 a.m: On the platform a number of citizens were assembled to meet the party. Dr. Rolston was interviewed, and asked His Excellency to visit the Indian homes near the station. His Excellency kindly consented. Mr. Mackenzie, superintendent, and Rev. R. Stevenson, chaplain, were then introduced. The Governor-General and suite walked over and were conducted by the superintendent over the school buildings and the Kasota Home. The Washakada Girls' Home was visited, where Mrs. Vidal, lady superintendent, and Miss Vidal, teacher, were introduced. His Excellency was very much pleased with the excellent furnishing and arrangements of the dormitories, school rooms, dining and other departments. He conversed freely with the different officers; was pleased with the progress the children had made, and expressed the hope that the homes would soon be filled with pupils. His Excellency spoke to the boys and girls, and asked the superintendent to give them a holiday, with which request he cheerfully complied, to the great delight of the children. The Homes were beautifully decorated with flags. A large national ensign was flying from the flag-pole on the grounds. The visitors' book was signed by His Excellency and suite, and W. Whyte, C.-P. R. superintendent. His Excellency then returned to the station and as the train moved off three cheers were given for the Governor-General, who acknowledged the salute.

Mr. Mackenzie, our Local Superintendent at Elkhorn, adds:—

"The following names were entered on our visitors' book: Stanley of Preston, C. H. McMahor, Edward Stanley, Frederic Villiers, J. A. Grant, Colonel Villiers, W. Whyte. We ran up the large Union Jack on a scantling pole, and put the smaller flags along the verandah, etc. Mr. Whyte drew attention to our workshops, and the fact that trades were to be taught. His Excellency asked a number of questions about the children and their progress, etc."

THE Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania teaches its pupils to make tinware, harness, shoes, waggons, &c., which are distributed afterwards by the government to the various Indian agencies, to be used by their parents.

Chief Brant at the Shingwauk Home.

CHIEF Brant writing to the *Tribune*, Kingston, says:—

"Where is the Shingwauk Home? is a question which has been repeatedly asked me since my recent visit to that place. The Shingwauk Home, an industrial school for Indian Boys, is situated in a beautiful pine grove on the shore, one mile east of the town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. In July, 1871, Chief Little Pine, of Garden River, accompanied Rev. E. F. Wilson to Toronto and other places, and addressed the white people, asking that a teaching wigwam might be built for his people. This was the beginning of the Shingwauk Home. In 1872 Chief Buhkwujjevene, an Ojibway, accompanied Rev. E. F. Wilson to England to plead the cause of his people, when about £800 was collected, and with this sum the first Shingwauk Home was erected. On Sept. 22nd, 1873, the first Shingwauk Home was opened with fifteen pupils, boys and girls. On Sept. 28th, 1873, the first Shingwauk Home was burned to the ground—six days after the opening. On July 30th, 1874, the foundation stone of the new Shingwauk Home was laid by his excellency, Lord Dufferin, Governor-general of Canada. On August 2nd, 1875, the present Shingwauk Home was publicly opened by their lordships, Bishop Hellmuth and Fauquier; and since that time the Wawanosh Home, with twenty-six girls, was opened, in 1879, two miles from the Shingwauk Home. The Washakada Home was opened in 1888, for forty girls, at Elkhorn, Manitoba. The Kasota Home, for forty boys, was opened this year. The Manager of all these schools is Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. These Homes are all for Indian children, and are supported by voluntary contributions, supplemented by government grants. Some of the children are provided for by weekly collections made in Canadian Sunday schools. It is the intention to extend the Shingwauk Home so that it may receive two hundred pupils. They are now building a new factory, 60 × 40 feet, which will also have in connection a blacksmith shop. They have already work-shops, a farm cottage, shoe shop, etc. Last year they turned out one hundred pairs of boots and shoes for the Indian homes in Manitoba. The boys remain in school for half the day, and learn their trades during the other half. They are paid for their work, and one half of the wages is deposited in the savings bank to their credit. They have a fine new brass band and a handsome band-stand in front of the Home.

The hospital is in charge of Miss Pigott, (service voluntary); Mr. Dowler, asst-supt., and Mr. McCallum, teacher. All are well liked by the pupils. Their aim is to make the Shingwauk Home happy and homelike. The Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel is a beautiful edifice, built of red and white stones, and it is attached to the Shingwauk Home. The Wawanosh Home for girls, north of the Shingwauk Home, is a large stone building, and I found everything clean as a new pin. Some of the girls are very small, but all seem to be contented and happy. The big girls are taught to sew, cook, wash and iron, and do other domestic duties, so that in after life they may get along in the world. Mrs. Seale, the matron, takes great pains in teaching the girls how to work. These homes are not merely schools but Christian homes for the Indian children, and are in every respect deserving of support. They have already educated school teachers, mechanics, &c., and one former pupil is in the office of the Indian department at Ottawa. The Shingwauk Home is now the key to education among the Northwestern Indians. The Indians in Ontario, who are now enlightened and many of whom are well to do, should aid our brethren in the northwest by their donations, and should thank the Almighty God that the Christian people and the governments of Canada and the United States are now extending the work of civilization and education among the uncivilized tribes of America. According to the report of 1886 there were 66 Indian tribes, having a population of 66,668, who are still without missionaries."

Five Great Linguistic Groups.

E. M. Haines, in the *North American Indian*, says: "The Indians of North America, exclusive of the Esquimaux, are usually classified into five great original stocks or groups. These five linguistic groups are the Algonquins, Iroquois, Appalachians, Dakotas and Shoshonees.

The most numerous of these groups was that composed of the people who became known as the Algonquins, whose country extended from the Roanoke river on the south, to Hudson's Bay on the north, and westward from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river, with the exception of a limited portion of country on the north and south of Lake Ontario, which was inhabited by a people who became known as the Iroquois, known also as the Five Nations, and after the addition of the Tuscaroras, as the Six Nations.

On the south of the Algonquins, and east of the Mississippi river, was a people which have been called the Appalachians. On the west of the Algonquins were the Dakotas, or the Sioux nation, so called by the French. To the westward of them were a stock of people covering a wide extent of country, classed, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, as the Shoshonee group.

These are the five linguistic or generic groups who were found at the invasion of the white man, inhabiting what is now comprised within the territory of the United States. Some have extended the classification of these groups to seven in number, some contend for a still larger number, whilst others insist that the classification may properly be comprised in three generic, linguistic groups, the Algonquins, the Iroquois and the Dakotas. In this last threefold classification, the Appalachians would be assigned to the Iroquois, and the Shoshonees to the Dakotas.

Significaton of Names.

THE tribe first known to the French as the Algonquins, was called by the Mohawks, *Adirondacks*, meaning "bark eaters," from the circumstance, it is said, of their eating the bark of the trees, supposed to be the bark of the slippery elm.

The *Mohegans*, an Algonquin word, pronounced also Mohicans and Mohingans, meaning "wolves," was a name given them, it is supposed, by some other tribe of the Algonquin stock, as descriptive of their savage nature.

Ojibway, or Chippeway, as commonly spoken, was a name given this people by some neighboring tribe, meaning "puckered shoes," or "people who wear puckered shoes or moccasins gathered about the instep."

Ottawa is a name given by some other tribe, signifying "traders."

Menominee, also a tribe of the Algonquin group, and a name given by some neighboring tribe, signifies "people who eat wild rice,"

Winnebago or Winnebeego, the name of a tribe of the Dakota stock, is a word in the Algonquin language, given by some neighboring tribe, signifying "people of the dirty waters."—*The American Indian.*

Send in your subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued.*

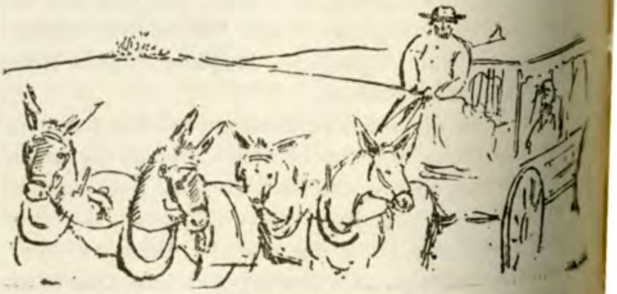
THIS seemed to clear up the mystery. But it did not seem a very satisfactory clearing up. It would have been more satisfactory to have found a veritable Indian community, unmixed with white blood, casting off, voluntarily and determinately, the old Indian way of living, and adopting the customs and the mode of living of white men.

Prof. Jones laughed at the idea of *Indians* ever becoming so civilized as to live like white people. "*There* are the Indians," he said contemptuously pointing to a waggon load of those individuals, just come in from the country. Yes, there they were,—blankets over their shoulders, long black straggling or plaited hair, moccassins on their feet.—Yes, those were Indians, they were full-bloods unmistakably. "But those are not Cherokees," said Prof. Jones, "those are Pawnees or Poncas, come in for marketing. The Cherokees are nearly all civilized, and have nearly all more or less intermarried with white people. There are said to be about 22,000 of them altogether; and they own 2 million acres of land. If you want to see how they manage things, you should pay a visit to their capital—Tahlequah—where the Governor lives. Their parliament, I understand, opens to-morrow."

So I settled I would go to Tahlequah. One little incident I must mention here, which happened to my wife, one time when she was left alone with a family while I was engaged elsewhere. The family belonged, I think, to the Methodist persuasion My wife, although accustomed to read the bible and talk with her own children, had hitherto had no experience of what is called in other denominations a "prayer-meeting." Her hostess informed her that there was to be a "women's prayer-meeting" in her parlor in the afternoon, and hoped that she would "give her experiences." This put my wife into a state of trepidation, and she protested to her hostess that she had never spoken before strangers, and would be unable to take any part. Now, we have no desire to depreciate any of the means resorted to for the advancement of religious life by others of the brethren who differ from us on some matters, but we think it was a little hard for a lady, who, from her childhood had been brought up in the Church of England, to be asked to take part in devotions to which she was unaccustomed. When the appointed hour arrived our hostess entered the room with bible and commentary, and took her seat. The first visitor to arrive was a buxom lady, in a green dress, and an expression on her face which did not give one the idea of inward peace; next came a pleasant-faced young mother, with a wakeful baby; the others who were expected did not put in an appearance. "I think we will not wait any longer," said our hostess, "something, I think, must have detained our other friends,—Mrs. W. will you lead?" Mrs. W. was not quite prepared to lead, and asked to be excused. "Then will Mrs. X. lead," said our hostess, applying to the lady with the baby. (The latter was just at this time very wakeful). "Oh, my," was that lady's response, "my baby would not let me read if I took the book in my hand." "Then will Mrs. Z. here lead us," said our hostess, applying to the lady in the green dress. "Oh, no indeed," said that lady, "I never did such a thing in my life." My wife then suggested that it might be convenient and suitable if their hostess wonld herself lead,—and she was rather surprised to hear that lady exclaim, "Oh, no, I have never led, I couldn't lead, I have never done that." The lady with the baby then rose to leave; the baby had become uproarious and required fresh air, so the mother said good afternoon, and departed. The other three ladies looked at each other. My wife then said—"Although I have never taken part in any public exercises, nor would wish to do so, I shall nevertheless be glad, if you so please, to show you some photographs, and tell you a little about our work." All present entered readily into the proposal, and thus the meeting ended quite pleasantly.

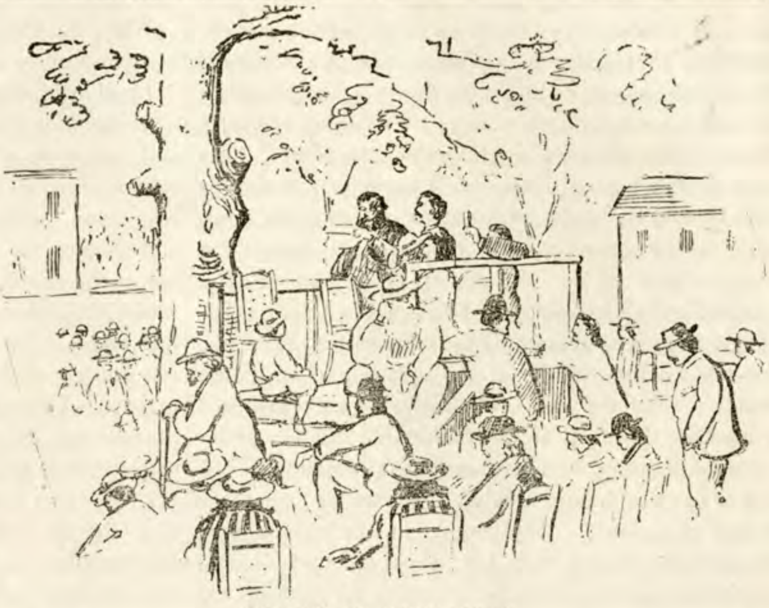
CHAPTER VIII.—CIVILIZED INDIANS.

To get to Tahlequah (Tally Kwah) I had to rise at the uncomfortable and inconvenient hour of 3:30 a.m., and it was a quarter to one in the afternoon before I



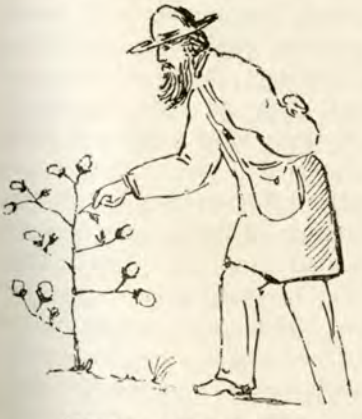
STAGE TO TAHLEQUAH.

got there. This fact alone shows that the Cherokee Territory is extensive. I travelled first by rail to a place called 'Waggoner;' then by rail again on a branch line to Fort Gibson; and from Fort Gibson I took the stage 22 miles to the Capital of the Cherokee nation, Tahlequah.



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The ride was interesting. It was a new country to me, and I looked about me and listened to the conversation of my fellow-passengers. The country through which we drove was, for the first ten miles or so, open prairie. Then we got into the woods,—not large trees, but scrub oaks, with stems eight or ten inches in diameter. There were also a few cherry and a few walnut trees. The oaks, as we neared Tahlequah, were larger, and many of them were adorned with large bunches of mistletoe. The country was, for the most part, wild and uncultivated, but we passed here and there a Cherokee farm, with Indian corn standing in the field in shocks; we also passed several cotton plantations, with the white cotton full ready for harvesting. Near the station at Fort Gibson I picked several cotton pods in a field, I saw a negro shovelling cotton seed in a storehouse. He could not tell me what the cotton seed was going to be used for, but supposed it was for something.



PICKING COTTON PODS.

My fellow-passengers in the stage were a Cherokee lady, who had been absent from home about a year, and was now returning; and a Cherokee boy, of 16 or so, going to attend the Seminary at Tahlequah. The Cherokee lady had a good deal to say to the Cherokee driver of the stage. She appeared to be well versed in Cherokee politics. The Cherokees not only have their own Governor and their own parliament, but they have also their own political parties; and they fully understand and appreciate the difference between being "in power" and being "out in the cold." The two great parties in the Cherokee nation are the "Nationalists," who are similar to the American Republicans, and the "Downings," who answer to the American Democrats. The Nationalists had been in power for some time past, but at a recent election they had been defeated, and now the Downings were at the top of the tree, and their favored candidate, Mr. Mayes, was now the Governor. The next day was to be the opening of Parliament, and the newly elected Governor would deliver his message. All this I learned from the Cherokee lady in her conversation with the Cherokee driver. I learned, moreover, that potatoes and fruit were cheap in the Territory; but that everything else was unusually dear. "My," said the Cherokee lady, "but 15 cents for eggs is a price! and turkeys, they tell me, are worth $1 apiece, and chickens 40 cents a couple!"

I ventured to moot the question,—what proportion of the Cherokee nation might be full-blood? The opinions expressed by the passengers and driver were a little varied. One-sixth of the whole population is full-blood, said one; about thirty per cent., said another.

We reached Tahlequah, as I have said, at a quarter to one. There were two hotels at Tahlequah. Prof. Jones had given me a letter of introduction to Senator Foot; so I asked the driver at which hotel Senator Foot boarded, and finding it was the 'National,' I went there in preference to the 'Bate's House.' I had dinner. It was not very cleanly or nicely served, and the bedroom they gave me up-stairs was of a decidedly third class character; they said, however, that the place was overcrowded on account of the opening of Parliament. After dinner I sought out Senator Foot. They said he was having a nap, so I thought I would see him by and by, and I went out to see what was going on. In the square, near to the hotel and opposite to the entrance of the Parliament House, was a large gathering of Cherokees, and I dropped in among them. There were several large locust trees with overhanging branches in the middle of the square, and under this shade a platform had been erected,—and, just as I joined the throng, a stout comfortable-looking gentleman, of about 60 summers, mounted the platform, followed by three or four satellites. This was a signal for a round of applause. The gentleman who had mounted the platform was the Hon. J.B. Mayes, the newly-elected Governor, and his object in mounting the platform was to deliver his message to the assembled Senators, Councillors, and general public. The Governor was not very much Cherokee. I was told that his mother was half Cherokee and his father was a full-blooded Irishman.

The election of Governor, it appears, takes place every fourth year. In the upper house are 18 Senators, and in the lower house are 38 Councillors; all are elected every second year. The Territory is divided into 9 electoral districts. Each district is entitled to be represented by two Senators, and by from three to eight Councillors. Laws are read three times in the lower house and three times in the upper house, and then have to be approved and signed by the principal Chief or Governor. The executive Council consists of the Governor and three Councillors; they hold office for four years. It costs about $150,000 a year to run the Government.

I took a good look at the motley throng assembled under the trees. I was glad to see so many dark faces, and so much of the pure Indian element among them. True, there were a good many American-looking beards and American-looking eyes and noses, but the great bulk of the assembled throng was Indian, or at least half-breed; a goodly proportion might even have passed for full-bloods. The Chief read his message in English and the interpreter translated it sentence by sentence into Indian. The subjects dealt with were: "Our financial affairs," the leasing of "the Cherokee strip" to American cattle-men, the judiciary, education, orphan asylum, &c.

While the Chief was speaking I drew out my sketch book and made a sketch of the assemblage.

I had just finished and was walking back to the hotel, when Senator Foot, who had awakened from his nap and had come to hear the tail end of the Governor's speech, accosted me. He was a fat, comfortable-looking, easy-going half-breed. He took me under his wing and showed me round, and introduced me to a number of the people. Among those I was introduced to was a Mr. Baker, the interpreter. Mr. Baker had grey hair and a white beard, and, as he himself admitted, was entirely destitute of Cherokee blood, but he had married a Cherokee wife, and was thus a member of the nation. Mr. Baker invited me to tea, and had some of his friends to meet me. I had the honor of sitting between two Cherokee judges—Judge K. and Judge S. The Cherokee authorities have full power over their own people. A Cherokee judge can condemn a Cherokee, or other Indian offender, to any term of imprisonment in the Cherokee penitentiary, or he may condemn him to be hung. The Cherokee penitentiary, at Tahlequah, has at present 34 inmates, serving terms of from three months to ten years. Later in the evening I went to visit the penitentiary. Senator Foot gave me an order on the Sheriff. It was against rules for visitors to go in the evenings, but the Sheriff seemed quite willing to make an exception in my case, and he showed me every part, even his own bedroom. The Cherokees do not believe in treating their prisoners with unnecessary severity; they give them good food, plenty of meat, and let them eat all they want; the men sleep together in one large dormitory, in the basement, instead of in separate cells,—their friends bring them pipes and tobacco, and they are allowed to smoke; they are also permitted to enliven the dull hours of captivity by playing the fiddle and dancing. There were two negroes in confinement besides the Indians, and they were funny fellows,—they said the Cherokee prison was much better than a U.S. prison. All the convicts were in prison dress,—striped black and yellow. By day they are employed out in gangs, doing road work and other public improvements. The gaol is in charge of the Sheriff, who is a half-breed; and a turnkey, who appeared to be nearly a full-blood. There are also ten guards, who act both as wardens and as constables. Indian prisoners are easily kept. It is said that even if the door is left open they will not run away.

After the Sheriff had shown me everything, he asked me if I had yet been introduced to the Governor, and on hearing that I had not yet had that honor, he offered to go with me to his house and introduce me. So we arrived at the Governor's residence. The Sheriff, being an Indian, and also a relative of the Governor's, did not knock at the door, but went right in, and, not finding the Governor in the down-stairs rooms, he bade me follow him up-stairs, and we poked into several bedrooms, but could not find him. The Sheriff said he thought the Governor must have gone over to the Council House; so we went over in search of him. We found the Governor there, holding a caucus of his close friends and adherents. I had the honor to be admitted into the august assemblage, and was allowed to say a few words, explaining the object of my visit. They treated me very civilly and courteously. Afterwards I saw the Gov rnor privately, and in the course of conversation he told me that the Cherokee people were quite satisfied with their present condition, and desired no change; they did not desire to hold their land in severalty; they had adopted white man's methods up to a certain point, but beyond that point they did not wish to go.

The next morning, before the stage started for the return trip to Fort Gibson, I visited the newspaper office, ordered the "*Telephone*" to be sent to me for three months; and also went to see the new Female Seminary, which is at present in process of erection. This latter is a fine imposing structure, such as any city in the country would feel proud of. It is being built at a cost of $63,000,—and by the time it is completed and furnished they say it will cost $100,000. It is all paid for with Cherokee money. The Cherokees, in addition to their immense estate and an invested capital of between three and four million dollars, have a block of five million acres in the west, which is called the "Cherokee Strip." The Cherokee Strip is all valuable grazing land, and is rented to American ranch men, at 2 cents an acre per annum. This brings them in an income of $100,000 a year. So it can be seen that there was no great difficulty in getting an appropriation set apart for the building of their Female Seminary. The building was of red brick, had a frontage of 226 feet, and a wing running back 146 feet. Eighty-two windows were visible in the front, and two high turrets, one of them 96 feet high, gave an imposing appearance to the structure. It was expected there would be accommodation for two hundred pupils and their teachers.

The Male Seminary I caught just a glimpse of, on my way out in the stage. It was about a mile from town, and would accommodate 150 young men and boys. There were forty-five windows and sixteen chimneys in sight, as we drove past, and a colonade of eight pillars on one side, and eleven pillars on another side at right angles, which gave it a fine appearance. About one-third of the students, I was told, were full-bloods, the rest half-breeds, and no whites. In their studies they were taken as high as geometry. There was no consumption or scrofula among them, but a good deal of ague and chill fever.

At 9 a. m. I took the stage back to Fort Gibson; thence train to Vinita; and at 10:30 p. m., that same night, my wife and I were crawling along in a slow train, northward to Chetopa.

CHAPTER IX.—UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES.

My wife and I had passed a very bad night. We expected to change cars at 11:37 p. m., but just before getting to that place, the engine broke down; which detained the train an hour and a half; so that it was 1 a. m. when we reached the station. The train, into which we were to transfer ourselves, was also late, and would not be in until 3:10 a. m. It was cold, blowing a hurricane, and drenching wet. The station—or 'depot,' as it is called in the States, was not a nice one. The waiting-room was not nice,—it was nasty. It was crowded with men, smoking, chewing, and spitting. The few seats on the sides were mostly occupied by worn-looking mothers, of the emigrant type, and dirty little children. My wife gathered her skirts around her, drew close her mousey-brown cloak, and sat in one of those seats—the picture of desolation. The stove in the middle of the room was red hot, the atmosphere stifling; the odours mixed; the spitting incessant; the conversation not choice. My wife felt unwell. I took my umbrella, and went out on the soaking platform, to see if there was any place of a more desirable kind, to which I might convey my wife. Across the track, some distance off, I could see a dim light in a window. I thought I would make tracks for this house, but was prevented; three or four steps, ankle deep in mud, convinced me that to convey my wife to that house, where I saw the light in the window, was not practicable. I saw another dim light;—this time it proceeded from one of the wooden buildings, attached to the station. I pressed the latch of a door, and pushed it open. The sight inside was cheering;—a bright little coal fire in an egg-shaped stove, a number of boxes and things piled up, and a lantern hanging from the roof. A man roused himself from a temporary bed, among the boxes, as I looked in. This was the "Express office," and the man was the Express man. "Would you mind my bringing a lady in for a little time, till the train comes? She feels quite sick in the waiting-room, where the men are smoking." "Oh, certainly," said the Express man, "the lady is quite welcome in here." So I went back to the waiting-room for my wife; a child, on the next seat, was kicking its legs on her lap, and she was very nearly gone; I bundled her up as quickly as I could, and led her out into the fresh air, and along the dripping platform to the express office. The express man did all that he could in a very civil, gentlemanly way, to provide for her comforts; and my wife recovered. At length the cars arrived. But there was no sleeping-car; so we had to sit up for the remainder of the night. At 7 a. m. we were roused from a drowsy stupor, by the voice of the conductor saying, "Thirty minutes here for breakfast,—any who wish breakfast, this way at once, please!" I persuaded my wife that it was very desirable to have breakfast; although she, poor, tired out woman, was very averse to going to it. I had got my boots off, and was obliged to pull them on again; and when we arrived outside on the station platforn, a 'bus was just driving off. "Are you for breakfast?" asked the black porter,—"Heigh! heigh!—hold on there; here's two more,"—and so we were shuffled into the 'bus, and the black driver whipped up his horses, and the 'bus went rattling and swaying along over the dripping streets. "Whither, oh, whither are we going?" was the thought in both our minds; for we were scarcely yet roused from our drowsiness. Before we could, either of us, arrive at any conclusion on the matter, the 'bus backed up to the sidewalk, with an appetising thump, and we, with its other occupants, were hustled into the dining-room of a hotel. The breakfast was not a bad one,—but neither of us had an appetite, and before we could do much more than look at the food provided, the 'bus was round again, and we were flying, once more, back to the depot.

At 10:40 a. m. we reached Arkansas City, on the southern border of Kansas. From here we were to dip once more into the Indian Territory, and visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wild Indian Tribes.

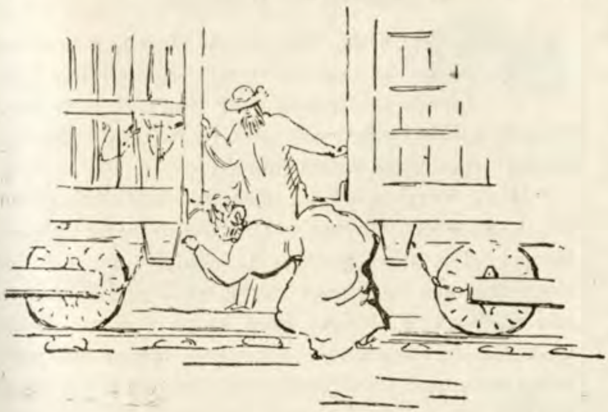
I was a little doubtful about taking my wife, again, into Indian Territory, and I advised her to remain at Arkansas City, where there was a comfortable hotel, "the Gladstone," until my return.

We were all day in Arkansas City, as the train for the south did not leave until night,—and by 9:30 p.m. I had prevailed on my wife to do the wise thing, and had got her comfortably tucked up in bed, at the hotel. However, this little plan was defeated. Changes had been made in the trains, which would upset everything. The only way would be for my wife to go along with me; otherwise, we might get separated, and never find each other again. The very bare idea of such a collapse as this, made my wife skip out of bed, in double quick time; and just ten minutes before the advertised time for the train to leave, we were both down at the hotel office, baggage and all, ready to jump into the 'bus, and go to the station. Our hurry, however, was unnecessary. The train was two hours late. That night was another very bad night.

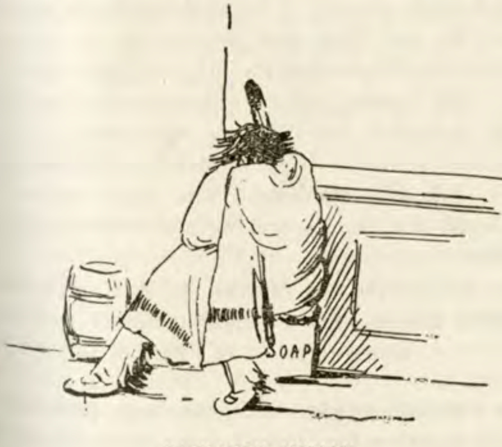
All the afternoon it had been raining,—raining hard; and the rain was succeeded by a tempestuous wind, and with the wind came a blizzard and a snow storm. Now, my wife and I had not come prepared for snow; we had come to bask in the sunny south; we expected the fields to be green, and birds to be warbling in the trees, and dust blowing in the streets;—the snow, therefore, took us by surprise. Our train arrived two and a half hours after time—namely, at one o'clock in the night. Alighting from the 'bus, we plodded through snow and slush to the ticket office, and procured our tickets. Then, leaving my wife sitting in the waiting-room, I went in search of our checked baggage, which had come in with us on the morning train, and had been left at the depot,—but I searched in vain. I had imagined, indeed had been told—wrongfully—that this was a union station, but it turned out not to be a union station, and my baggage, I was informed, was at another depot, about a mile away. As the hour was 1 a.m. and the train by which we were going was already at the station ready to start, it seemed impracticable to go in search of the missing baggage. The difficulty was solved, though not very satisfactorily, by giving my checks and a dollar to a hack-man, and asking him to get and send on the baggage to Oklahoma by the next train, which would be 24 hours after. My wife and I then got on board the train, just as it was moving off; and we were gratified to find that there was a 'sleeper' attached, where we could repose, for at any rate, a part of the night.

Happily the storm kept up, and the train went slowly. If the storm had not kept up, and the train had not gone slowly, we should have reached Oklahoma at the uncomfortable hour of 5 a. m. As it was, we reached Oklahoma at 7 a. m. Oklahoma is not a city in the proper sense of the word; neither is it a town; neither is it a village. Oklahoma consists of the railway depot and a shanty boarding-house, across the track, and two or three other small buildings, with wide stretches of muddy land between them.

It seemed desirable to get breakfast. The only place where breakfast could be procured was at the shanty across the track There was an inactive cattle-train, without an engine, blocking up the line; it was necessary to crawl either under, or through, or over this train, in order to get to the shanty. I left my wife in the little waiting-room, while I went to investigate. There was considerable mud and slush to be waded through, in order to reach the shanty. Entering it, I found a small room with a dirty floor; a hot stove in the centre; six or seven rough-looking men, standing round it smoking; and a Kickapoo Indian, crouching in the corner. On one side was a swing mosquito door, leading into another apartment. I entered this other apartment. It appeared to be a dining-room, for a table was spread with all manner of viands. An open door, on one side of this room, led into a lean-to cook-house, in which was a cook-stove, a shelf or two covered with dirty newspaper, some pots and pans, a cat, and two women, cooking. "Have you a room here where a lady could remain for the night?" I asked, "it is, I think, too stormy to go on to-day, by the stage to Darlington." "Yes," replied one of the women, "there is a room up-stairs." "Can you kindly show it to me?" The woman wiped her hands on her apron, shuffled past me up-stairs, and showed me the room. "Could you be so kind as to lend me a pair of overshoes?" I asked,—"our baggage is unfortunately left behind, and I fear the lady will get her feet very wet coming over here, as she did not keepout her overshoes."



UNDER A CATTLE-TRAIN.



KICKAPOO INDIAN.

(To be Continued).

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Gordon's Indian School.

THE Rev. Owen Owens, who has a school for children at a place called Kutawa, in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, writes:—

"I have, as you very likely know, a Boarding school for ten pupils, and Day school for about 30 more. So I find my hands full, and so does Mrs. Owens. While I am now writing, she has a class of girls knitting, 3 cooking, and 2 at house work. I find that there is no comparison at all between the Day school and the Boarding school. As our school is in its infancy, we do not yet teach trades to our boys. Wood-chopping, stable-work and gardening is the only out-of-school occupation possible. Seeing the probable—nay, I should say the *certain* advantage to the government of these schools, I think they should provide more liberally for them; and if the Indians are to become self-supporting within the next 20 or 25 years, they must see to it that Boarding schools are established and carried on on all Reserves. Then such schools as yours will find their proper work in caring for the homeless and friendless, and one of them might be made to give better education to promising cases, like David Osahgee, and others. But this is only a dream. Still who would have thought that so much would have been done by your individual efforts. Whatever some others may claim as the origin of these schools, you certainly have demonstrated their usefulness beyond doubt."

THE little boy who set fire to the Shingwauk Home, has been sent to the Reformatory at Penetanguishene for one year.

Shingwauk Chips.

THE Shingwauk Home was honored last month by a visit from four representatives of the New England Company, London, England, viz.: Mr. W. L. Carpenter, Mr. Duncan Milligan, Mr. Lister, and Mr. W. Marshall Venning. These gentlemen were on a tour of inspection, visiting the Missions and Indian schools supported by that company in Ontario and British Columbia, and they kindly called in to pay us a visit in passing. They expressed themselves very much pleased with the appearance of our boys, and especially so with their singing in the chapel.

DAVID OSAHGEE, writing from the Indian Department, Ottawa, says: "I will try and tell you what I do with myself day after day. I get up about 7 o'clock and dress myself, and then take up a book, such as 'English Literature,' 'Philosophy,' etc., and study till 8.30 and go to breakfast. After breakfast I work on Algebra or Arithmetic. About 9.30 I start to the office and work till 1 o'clock, and then go to lunch. At 1.30 I start to work again and stop at 4 o'clock. I then go out into Cartier Square and practice football till 5.30. Then I go home and have a bath, and to dinner. Dinner over, I take a walk around the city for a while, and then come in and read or study till 10 o'clock and then go to bed."

JOHN A. MAGGRAH, former pupil at the Shingwauk Home, and lately assistant teacher at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn, has entered as a student at St. Johns' College, Winnipeg. This advantage was secured for him by the Bishop of Rupert's Land, who kindly made application on his behalf to the Church Missionary Society, and it is hoped that he will at some future time become one of their missionaries.

WE have 646 subscribers at present to O.F.C. This number must be more than doubled before the Magazine will pay its own expenses. The expense is very great of providing fresh cuts for each issue. Will not some of our present subscribers try to help us by increasing our circulation among their friends. New subscribers should send for back copies, commencing with June, 1889.

THE Shingwauk furniture factory is now in operation.

THE new workshops at the Shingwauk Home are in course of erection, and will be completed by the first week in November; they are built like the hospital, of stone set in a framework of timber.

MRS. BLIGH leaves the Wawanosh Home November 1st, and Miss Champion takes her place as Lady Superintendent.

IT is earnestly hoped that more Sunday Schools will come forward to undertake the support of pupils at the Shingwauk, Wawanosh, and Washakada Homes. The work is increasing, and we want more help.

Appeal for Clothing.

MRS. WILSON, Shingwauk Home, is sending copies of the following letter to her lady friends in Canada and England, who have hitherto kindly helped our work by holding "working parties" during the winter months :—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am most anxious to enlist your help this winter, on behalf of our boys in the Shingwauk Home. The cold weather is coming on, and our clothing stores are *nearly empty*, we have between 50 and 60 boys of all ages from 21 to 7 years. Some kind friends, I know, are helping us, but we still need many more, and I will gladly write or give any particulars that are required to new helpers. For the boys, we want at once, trowsers, flannel shirts (for boys between 7 and 10), undervests and drawers, mufflers, socks, mitts, tuques, boots, everyday coats and waistcoats, and netted sashes. The girls are just now more in need of warm dresses, stockings, boots, blankets and mitts; their present supply of cotton underwear is fairly good. Printed directions are enclosed as a guide to any who will kindly work for us during the winter; but we shall be most thankful for any help before the severe weather sets in. I might also add that our two Homes in the North-west are equally in want of clothing—the Washakada for girls, and the Kasota for boys. Any clothing sent for either Home to my care, will be forwarded; but if friends prefer sending direct, the address would be: Care of Mrs. Vidal, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba. The same uniform is worn in all our Homes, and we are short of Summer uniforms for next year.

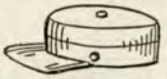
Any help, in the way of gifts for the Xmas trees of the three Homes, will be most thankfully received.

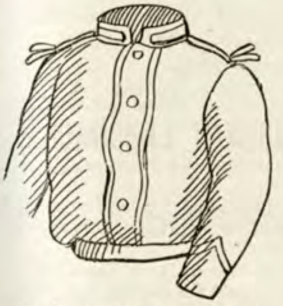
Yours truly, E. FRANCES WILSON."

SIX thousand articles of tin-ware were packed and sent this month to the Utes, Wichitas, Sioux, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Cheyenne and Arapahoes and Assinaboines. The balance of the tin-ware will be shipped this fall. The waggon shop has eight waggons ready to ship with the harness and tin-ware.

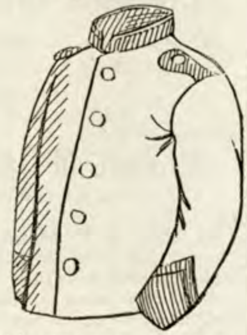
Directions for Providing Clothing.

Each Boy requires One Winter Uniform—Coat and Tuque, 2 pair of Pants (grey preferred), 3 Shirts, 2 Undervests and 2 pair Drawers for winter, 1 warm Muffler, 1 Winter Cap, 4 pair Socks, 1 pair of warm Mitts, 2 pair of strong Boots or Shoes, and a Coat or Jacket and Waistcoat of any style or pattern, for every day. In Summer the medium sized and small boys wear loose Garibaldi Jackets, of dark blue serge trimmed with scarlet braid, small brass buttons down the front and tight waist bands, and a scarlet netted sash is passed twice round the waist and then tied at the side. A dark felt hat is also worn. The big boys wear dark serge coats of the same pattern as in winter.





BOY'S SUMMER JACKET.



BOY'S WINTER UNIFORM.

MEASUREMENT.

Big Boys of from 15 to 17—Length of Coat 27 in., Sleeve 22 in., Waist 32 in.; Trowsers 39 in.; Cap about 7; Boots No. 6 or 7.

Medium Boys of 12 to 14—Length of Coat 25 in., Sleeve 20 in., Waist 28 in.; Trowsers 36 in.; Cap about 6½; Boots No. 4 or 5.

Small Boys of 8 to 10—Length of Coat 21 in., Sleeve 17 in., Waist 26 in.; Trowsers 32 in.; Cap about 6¼; Boots No. 2 or 3.

Each Girl requires per annum. 1 Uniform Dress, dark blue serge, trimmed with scarlet braid, and dark Straw Hat, trimmed with ribbon to match; 2 other Dresses of any pattern, 2 Petticoats, 1 warm Hood for winter, 2 pair boots, 4 pair Stockings, (2 cotton, 2 woollen), 3 Chemises, 2 Night Dresses, 1 Shawl, 2 Undervests, 4 pair Drawers, 4 Pocket Handkerchiefs, 1 Cloud, 1 pair Mitts, 2 Aprons or Pinafores, 1 outdoor Jacket.

MEASUREMENT.

Big Girls of 15 to 17—Skirt 37 in., Sleeve 22 in., Waist 27 in., Neck 16 in.

Medium Girls of 12 to 14—Skirt 32 in., Sleeve 20 in., Waist 24 in., Neck 14 in.

Little Girls of 8 to 10—Skirt 25 in., Sleeve 16 in., Waist 22 in., Neck 12 in.

N.B.—Cast-off Clothing, if in good condition, is acceptable, especially Boy's Trowers and Overcoats.

Send in boxes, bales, or barrels,—and please put a list of articles inside, and say from whence they come.

Address MRS. WILSON, Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

New Subscribers.

A GENTLEMAN, writing from Goderich, says: "I am glad to be able to send you the names of nine subscribers to O. F. C., which my wife has obtained for you, together with a P. O. D. for their subscriptions, $4.50.

A GENTLEMAN in Buffalo, N.Y., writes: "Please find enclosed $1, for two years subscription to OUR FOREST CHILDREN, commencing the present volume. Be so good, also, as to send a prospectus, or sample copy, to the Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society. I think we can easily obtain a score or two of subscribers in this city."

A. M. STEPHEN, writing from Apache Country, Arizona, says: "I receive OUR FOREST CHILDREN regularly, and esteem it a great treat."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Toronto, writes: "I beg to thank you for the specimen number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which you were kind enough to send me, and which is full of interest to one who like myself has devoted considerable attention to Indian Philology, Ethnology and Folk-lore. I shall gladly become a subscriber."

H. HALE, of Clinton, writes: "I am greatly pleased with OUR FOREST CHILDREN; your narrative of your Southern trip is very interesting. The illustrations are particularly good. I like your account of the Ottawas."

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, OCTOBER, 1889.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following articles of clothing:—

From the little "Gleaners" of St. Paul's Church, Innisfil, Diocese of Toronto, aprons, mitts, socks, stockings, girls' underwear and a jacket.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM SEPT. 8TH TO OCT. 5TH, 1889.

HOLY Trinity S.S. Toronto, for boy, $12.50, and for Wawanosh, $2.50; "Churchman," $5.00; Boys' Auxiliary No. 1, Montreal, for boy, $12.00; St. Stephen's S.S. Montreal, for boy, $25.00; Women's Auxiliary, Montreal, 3rd instalment, towards support of Elkhorn Homes, $44 50; Cathedral S.S., Kingston, for girl, $10.00; Trinity S.S., St. Stephen, for girl, $15.00; J. S. Fullerton, $4.50; Trinity S.S., St. Thomas, for boy, $12.50; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, $13.22; E. Lambert, $10.00; All Saints' S.S., Windsor, for boy, $12.00; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy, $18.75, for girl, $18.75; St. John's S.S., York, for boy, $75.00; St. John's Evangelist, London, for boy, $10.00.

CORRECTION.—Mr. N. W. Hoyles wishes us to note that the sum of $6.11, acknowledged under his name in August No. of O. F. C, was sent by his daughters Ethel and Jean, as the result of their own savings and collections. We thank our kind helpers very much and regret the mistake.

◆

Receipts—O.F.C.

SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1889.

MISS FRITH, 50c.; Miss Peebles, 50c.; Mrs. Walker, 50c.; Miss Champion, 50c.; H. C. Harris, $1; J. S. Fullerton, 50c.; Mrs. Osler, $1; Mrs. Lett, 50c.; W. C. Byrant, $1.

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By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauk Home.

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