

"the Forks of the Red Deer" River, "tepee," are already ours from across that border. "Métis" (half-breed), "Nichi" (Indian), and, I think, "couleé" are peculiar, I believe, to our own West.

The French language, owing to its identification with a tenacious difference of religion, and to the operations of the Jesuit body, will stamp the Province of Quebec for at least a century. But with the introduction of common-school education, the inevitable advance of liberal ideas, and later on an influx of English-speaking adventurers when the openings shall have become occupied in the West, the French-Canadian finally, as the histories of the Welsh, the Erse, the Gael, the Breton, the Provençal, the Swede of New Sweden, the Knickerbocker of New Holland, and presently the Spaniard of Arizona, and the Louisiana Creole prove, must take to himself the necessary linguistic implement of success on this continent and go the road of so many other colonial peoples not of English race. Their old speech will not disappear without leaving traces. As its existence is to-day the striking problem in our general dialect, so in the future its remains may be the extensive and distinctive.

W. DOUW LIGHTHALL.

## ENGLAND.

THE Lark at dawn, the Nightingale at eve  
Conspire to make it beautiful. I had dreamed  
Of some such Beauty—lo! it rose around me  
More exquisite than any dream, more fair  
Than even the favourite dreams of cherished children,  
And what those are—how strange, how sweet, how rare,  
We all remember—when a touch, a sound,  
Startles us, and we look  
Backwards—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years.  
Yet fairer even than those  
Cloud-visions capped with rose  
My England—with her Abbeys framed in green,  
Gray Tintern set not too far from the sea  
By subtle monks, safe in its rim of hills,  
And gayer Furness, clad in mellow reds  
That glimmer warm through many an ivy-mat,  
And tall Cathedrals tipped with shimmering spires,  
That hang over hut and Hall,  
And satin poppies, scarlet, wild,  
Clasped in the hands of the labourer's child,  
And tangled cottage garden gaudily drest  
In all their rustic Sunday summer best.  
O blame them not who evermore  
Upon a cold colonial shore  
Feel their hearts burn within them at the thought  
Of all that Beauty! Let it be said of such—  
Not that they loved their Canada the less  
But only—England—the more. Let it be said  
Of them, that nature did so feed their souls  
With all that was grand, illimitable, potent, fresh,  
That poesy failed them. Nature was all in all;  
Too self-sufficing, strong, relentless, masterful,  
To aid the human spirit. Then there stole  
From England valleys, leafy lanes, high hills.  
From sloping uplands, farms and lichened towers,  
From roofless ruins gracious in decay—  
Something—a sentiment, aspiration, wish—  
That soothed, inspired at once, that gave for wild  
Dissatisfaction, peace. Dear England! I—  
I have not—yet I would have been—thy child!

SERANUS.

## THE KWA-GUTL INDIANS.—II.

AT some length I have endeavoured to show that the Indian problem still awaits solution among the Kwä-gutl and other nations on our Pacific sea-board. I will now lay before you the evils that exist unchecked at the present time among them, and endeavour to prescribe such a method of treatment as would remove them, and so rescue a race dying at our hands and at our own charges. Any way of escaping such a responsibility should be welcome.

Against pestilence such as filth nourishes and neglect makes terrible, the Indians bring to bear a poor sorcery, an exorcism with voice and rattle to scare away the evil spirits that possess the sick. Notwithstanding which, small-pox came among them some years ago, and there were not enough well to nurse those that were stricken. Many tribes were almost extinguished; and so fearful the horror of unburied dead that the survivors fled into the woods and left their camping places strewn with corpses. Only half the nation survived the pestilence; such a pestilence as may come again at any time that the sickness happens to be present in our towns. Vaccination is difficult, for the people are so impregnated with scrofula that the incisions often result in sores which take weeks to cure.

Sailing boats are constantly sneaking about the channels, and from these supplies of gin are had that are indeed terrible in their results. An eye-witness told me of a whiskey feast on Knight Inlet. He saw the liquor served in vessels like beer "schooners," which vessels were emptied in one or two draughts, until the whole company of men and women had fallen on the floor. Whiskey-runners elsewhere have told me that they can well afford an occasional seizure by way of license. There is no adequate check under existing laws. Four years ago the Salmon River people massacred the crew of an American schooner to get liquor. In neighbouring agencies massacres of white men have taken place, as in 1864 fourteen were slaughtered at Waddington Harbour, Bute Inlet,

and, I think in 1869, other fourteen, the crew of the British barque *John Bright*, were slaughtered and mutilated on the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

But sorcery, drunkenness and murder are innocent recreations compared to Indian prostitution. So long as the infamous potlatch is allowed, and so long as the labour of Indian women is permitted to the capitalists of the Province, the Indians will most assuredly continue to die, and their blood will be upon our heads, for it is by contact with us that they perish. The potlatch is nominally forbidden, but I found one at Mā-mā-lilla-cullah in full swing. Three thousand blankets, the earnings of shame, were piled up in a house for distribution, and that in direct defiance of the law. The Indian agent is not to blame, for when he tries to do his duty he is not countenanced by the Department. He manfully attempted to obey his orders and stop prostitution this summer by stopping women from going on the steamers to Victoria for infamous purposes. It is notorious that on complaint of the steamboat company he was officially rebuked. The law is therefore incompetent to check potlatching, and its main prop and stay, prostitution.

Gambling exists everywhere in open day, the law being incompetent to stop it, because the law is only in one of fourteen villages at a time.

In old times, under a binding law of purchase, women gave to the men who purchased them, and for better or worse were faithful until death, poor, naked, trembling, reeking with vermin as they were. But now a woman counts its slavery to stay with one husband for a whole fishing season, and a lady told me that she is known among Indian women as the white man's slave because she does not go on the warpath to Victoria. Now that the young women are nearly all dead the men can get no wives, or else are speedily deserted when they have purchased one. We have come to teach them better things. Hence the change.

The potlatch is a feast given upon any public occasion, and they are of two kinds, the winter and the summer, among these tribes. Such a feast is not the exercise of hospitality, but a payment of social obligations and a striving for supremacy in importance. The intense rivalries caused in this used in older times to lead to war, but now at times to secret assassinations, when heart burnings get beyond control. And yet the Indians say they would rather die than give up their ancient customs.

It is by no means certain that slavery has altogether ceased among these people. It certainly existed within the last decade.

Yet there is one last horror, worse than mutilation in burial, worse than all the infamies that I have recounted. It is the devouring of human bodies, and biting of living men out of bravado. It is notorious that these tribes killed slaves in times gone by, to be eaten in public by members of a secret guild called Hā-mad-tsi; that also, on emerging from months of supposed nakedness in the forest, they bit all comers, sometimes even women, not only on the arms but often in the face; and that self-torture from bravado, dragging from ropes bound to the lacerated flesh, was customary and held in honour. But although these rites are generally thought to be extinct, I have by careful investigation become convinced that they exist at the present time modified. Modified—yes, modified in as much as, not daring to kill slaves, they steal and devour human corpses. I can produce four eye-witnesses, if compelled to disclose names, and of these three bear a good reputation. My interpreter, a half-breed and a very fine man, had become sceptical of the whole thing on account of the incredulity of the white men and the shams that have replaced the actual practice where there is fear of the law intervening; but on returning from the investigation he was quite convinced of the present existence of the customs.

To cite plain facts, there are three Hā-mad-tsīs at Alert Bay, five at Mā-mā-lilla-cullah, five at Knight Inlet, all boys, twenty at Kingcombe Inlet, and so on with the rest of the villages. A Hā-mad-tsi feast was held at Alert Bay eighteen months ago (all sham, however), and at Klawatis, the same winter, when two bodies were eaten, at Mā-mā-lilla-cullah, three and a half years ago, when a woman's body was eaten, at Knight Inlet eight years ago, when one body was eaten. Now I do not know to what extent deer or bear meat was eaten from the bones of a human corpse, or what other shams entered into the feasts in question; but I do know that every one of the many hundreds of persons present fully believes that he saw in actual fact human flesh eaten by members of the Hā-mad-tsi order. No possible doubt can exist that at least the pretence is made; and every probability points to the fact of actual cannibalism in some at least of these instances.

And now that these people may be rescued from such horrors as have perhaps rarely been equalled, it is imperative that they should be isolated in some one or two places, where they may be fully and rigidly governed, as the plains Indians have been; and, the men being free to go where they please for work and to earn their living, the women may also be permitted to gather the natural products of the country so long as they keep away from white communities. Thus only can they be saved.

H. R. A. POCKOCK.

THE Colonies and India says:—Dr. Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, who is filling his brother Canon Carmichael's pulpit in Dublin just now, is drawing very large congregations, and is said to be the most impressive preacher heard there for many years.

## MONTREAL LETTER.

BY contract with the Royal Electric Light Company the city is lighted from end to end by electricity. Super-human (no, only super-Montreal) exertions have been made, crowned in part with success, and the inhabitants were on the alert for the 1st of August, to be ready with their stones to throw if the company was not up to date. Up to date it has been, but the heat through which it came in on the home stretch absorbed so much of its vitality that somewhere on the track it must have tossed its lights. From every corner came the sid stones helter-skelter. Aldermen were being buttonholed on the streets. But the company, knowing our weakness, draws a breath, and calls our attention away from the lights we expected and fixes it upon the course over which it came near strangling itself in its haste. Six thousand poles we have got, and two hundred and twenty-five miles of wire! Also we have to our credit an accumulation of 2,379 gas lamps, unnecessary and useless to be sure, but, according to the balance of trade theory, something to be proud of. Then there are about 700 coal oil lamps and posts to the good, and, in presence of such profits, who could bother about the trifling detail of the lighting. The coal oil lamp contractor has sent in to us his claim for prospective damages—a claim amounting to more than the contract for the year. The Gas Company has for so long a period been the lord of all it could survey in monopoly and dividend that this adversity has left to it only the power to groan. We have not yet received its prospective damages. But so soon as the first smart of the blow softens, that will be in order, or that celebrated corporation must be losing its cunning. I should advise both the petroleum and gas contractors to abide in patience, keep their lamps trimmed, and be on hand when our endurance is goaded into revolt. Already 1,500 of us have private electric lights, and the company puts a premium on their own incapacity by offering us the inducement to increase them at 1½ cents per hour.

The city surveyor has returned from a three months' tour in Europe, during which his mission was two-fold—to improve his own health in his absence, and ours on his return. The first comfort which greets him on his arrival is a list of one hundred claims for damages from citizens for injuries through overflowing sewers in our recent rainy weather. But, as he has decided that the city is not responsible when the sewer is *insufficient*, and only when it is *inefficient* a grave fear haunts us that possibly the first part of his mission has not been too successful; and if a hundred of us may endure poisoning because while we prove the sewer to be too small he proves it to be not choked, our fears regarding the second part of his mission are evidently beneath consideration. Nevertheless that worthy official commands our deepest sympathy. Hampered by numerous committees who seem to be playing a sort of municipal lawn tennis, met by an empty treasury, surrounded by ratepayers in the pet, and fired by the new life and light he has met abroad, well may he wring his despairing hands! He reports that in England and France the edges of the country of country roads are better paved than our daintiest carriage drive; that wooden pavements prevail, with grouting instead of tar as a filling; that for broad streets wood is best in dry weather, but gets greasy in the fogs of London; that in narrow streets asphalt is preferred, the wood becoming, in course of time, offensive through want of sunshine; that where traffic is very heavy block stone is used, its cleanliness counterbalancing its noise; that the large cities of Europe lay their pavements not by contract, but by day's work, and recommends that we should follow their example in this respect. Mr. St. George brings us no suggestion about our sewers. He says they are good enough. What we need is a system which will drain into the sewers instead of draining elsewhere. What a revelation I make in these words! And as far as laying our pavements, and performing other public work by day instead of by contract, the effect on the Provincial census is too dreadful to contemplate. As things are, the hundreds of octogenarians which our corporation employs do not quite smoke themselves to death. All that is needed, however, is the last straw—day's work.

Any day in the week you will see "fat sleek-headed men, such as sleeps o' nights" in municipal blue and gold, with white hats and many-knobbed canes, taking an airing, in the sun in winter, in the shade in summer, and looking well about them to keep the street arabs off their polished boots. These are our city assessors, the men who tell us the worth of our belongings, and the taxes on them. Last month, while too-well remembering their shoe-polish, they forgot their arithmetic in so many instances and in such glaring degree that a hornet's nest must have come about their innocent heads in shape of letters from incensed householders.

So many fatal accidents have occurred recently through careless construction and management that the Building Inspector is urging the Council to frame a by-law enforcing a periodical official inspection and making it a criminal offence to leave the door of your elevator open when the car is not on the same landing. All doubts as to the power of the city to enter private buildings in this manner are set at rest, and the sooner these precautions are taken the better. Of course we shall require a second official to see that number one makes his inspection, and a third to look after his suggestions on the part of proprietors. What we need in Montreal is not a Solon to make our laws, but a Zeno with a little bit of his Stoicism—ever such a little bit—to make us obey them. The Recorder filed a man the other day