

anything more, he would be considered very mean and ridiculed accordingly. He may get his wife to cook something for him after the guests have left, but not before, and it may be some time before they do leave, especially if there be anything to talk about, for after they have all eaten and drank, the host is obliged by rule to cut up tobacco and fill every pipe. The wife cuts the wood and cooks and collects all the pans. During the repast she sits at the door, if she can find room, and outside if not, to hand to her husband whatever he may ask for.

This apparent abnegation of self is perceptible through all their regulations. For instance, unless he is alone a hunter cannot take and appropriate the meat of the animal he kills. Should he do so he would be considered mean. And this feeling is so strong that I could not induce them to abolish the custom during the long time I remained among them, so much do they dread the idea of being thought mean with regard to anything eatable. When two *good* hunters go together, good and well—the one has as good a chance of getting meat as the other; but when one is a bad hunter and the other a good one the former gets all the meat and the real hunter has nothing, and loses his ammunition into the bargain.

Although hospitable to a certain extent as far as food is concerned, their natural character is selfish. (But where will you find an Indian who is not?) They would not part with half a dozen common beads for nought, and are keenly alive to the ridicule attached to a bad bargainer. They will harangue and protest for days against what they consider (all honor and honesty apart, of course) an inadequate payment for what they give. They will have recourse to every subterfuge, even intimidation, to have the best of a bargain, and will do all in their power to fleece their opponent, and boast about it afterwards.

The wife is expected to furnish the skins required for the clothing of the whole family, either by dressing the skins of the animals killed by her husband, or by purchase from others with *her own beads*—that is, her marriage portion, or what she may have had on her person or dress when she was married, and what she may have received from time to time from her husband for good conduct, or, probably, when he happened to be in an unusually good and generous humor. She supplies all the beads or wampum required for ornamenting the dresses of all the family, including her own and even her husband's. *His* beads are the family fortune, the capital which cannot be touched except for purposes of traffic or for payment of *doctor's bills*, &c.—that is, paying the medicine-man in time of sickness and for producing wind and favorable weather in times of scarcity. The first time a Loucheux saw a blacksmith's bellows he, of course, reported to his friends all particulars regarding the ironmaker's blowing machine. Some time after a medicine-man came to me secretly to inquire the truth, whether it would be possible for him to purchase, and the price of this wonderful wind-producing machine of the ironmaker's, and whether it could be turned to account in making wind for hunting moose in cold weather, for, being a medicine-man, he was expected to make wind when it was required, and if he could only get this wonderful wind-maker, which he had heard so much about, his reputation would be at its height, and his fortune made.

The Loucheux have a number of legendary stories, but generally of such an obscene character as not to merit mention here. Even the story regarding caste, or the regulation which divides mankind (the people, Loucheux) into three different grades, is of a filthy character. They believe the heavens to be a walled canopy encircling the world. There are people above this canopy who in former times used to visit the earth, and on several occasions carried off women with them to the celestial regions. The women, however, it seems, did not find this paradise such a place of bliss as to wish to remain there. They regretted the pleasures of this lower world of ours, and after a time hit upon the expedient of boring the heavenly canopy. Then secretly collecting all the cords