

away; but if I asked them to sit they most frequently refused, supposing that it would have some injurious effect upon themselves."

The incidents connected with some of Mr. Kane's attempts to secure a "sitting," furnish curious and amusing illustrations of Indian manners, and along with other portions of his lively and spirited narrative, open up exceedingly picturesque glimpses of Indian life. But before noticing one or two of them, let us follow him on the way to one of his pictorial experiences. Proceeding to Vancouver's Island on one occasion, he thus describes the navigation of an arm of the Pacific under native pilotage:—

"At 8 o'clock, A. M., we embarked and proceeded to make a traverse of thirty-two miles in an open sea. When we had been out for about a couple of hours the wind increased to a perfect gale, and blowing against an ebb tide caused a heavy swell. We were obliged to keep one man constantly bailing to prevent our being swamped. The Indians on board now commenced one of their wild chants, which increased to a perfect yell whenever a wave larger than the rest approached; this was accompanied with blowing and spitting against the wind as if they were in angry contention with the evil spirit of the storm. It was altogether a scene of the most wild and intense excitement; the mountainous waves roaming round our little canoe as if to engulf us every moment, the wind howling over our heads, and the yelling Indians, made it actually terrific. I was surprised at the dexterity with which they managed the canoe, all putting out their paddles on the windward side whenever a wave broke, thus breaking its force and guiding the spray over our heads to the other side of the boat.

"It was with the greatest anxiety that I watched each coming wave as it came thundering down, and I must confess that I felt considerable fear as to the event. However, we arrived safely at Fort Victoria, at 2 P. M., without further damage than what we suffered from intense fatigue, as might be expected from eleven hours' hard work, thoroughly soaked, and without food. One of the Indians told me he had no fear during the storm, except on my account, as his brethren could easily reach the shore by swimming, even should the distance have been ten miles."

Once safely ashore, our artist-traveller employs himself busily on Indian portraiture. While taking the likeness of one Indian he unceremoniously ejects all others, and among the rest one is summarily turned out of doors who struck him only as being of a very plain and unprepossessing appearance. Half an hour after he learns that he has abruptly ordered out of doors Yellow-cum, the head chief of the Macaws, a warrior feared and detested by his enemies the Clallum Indians, and whose fame had led Mr. Kane to project a journey of sixty miles to see him. Yellow-cum proved placable, on receiving the explanations and flatteries of the courtly painter and