

gathered most of my information. I found, however, that the Sarcees were not so ready to converse, or to tell either about their language or their history, as were the Blackfeet, whom I visited last summer. Tea and tobacco seemed to be with them the chief desiderata, and except with gifts of this kind it seemed almost impossible to gain anything from them. And after all, even when plied with these commodities, the information they gave was very meagre, and often far from satisfactory. From what little I saw of these people I should be inclined to say that they are of a lower order and inferior in mental capacity to the Blackfeet; I judge this chiefly by the style in which they told their stories and traditions, such as they were, and by their having no elaborated theories as to certain phenomena in nature, about which many other of the Indian tribes have always so much to say.

Chief 'Bull's Head,' in reply to my questions as to their early history, made a great show of oratory, both by voice and gesture, but much of what he said was very childish and confused, and seemed to be scarcely worth the trouble of putting down.

These people call the Blackfeet 'Katce,' the Crees 'Nishinna,' the Sioux 'Kaispa,' and themselves 'Soténnä.' The Indians of their own stock, as I understand, they call 'Tinnätte.' These two last names seem certainly to connect them with the great 'Tinneh' or Athabaskan nation. Sarcee (or rather Sarxi) is the name by which they are called by the Blackfeet.

WHENCE THESE PEOPLE CAME.

'Formerly,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'the Sarcee territory extended from the Rocky Mountains to the Big River (either the Saskatchewan or the Peace River). Our delight was to make corrals for the buffaloes, and to drive them over the cut bank and let them fall. Those were glorious days, when we could mount our swift-footed horses, and ride like the wind after the flying herd; but now the buffalo is gone we hang our heads, we are poor. And then, too, we used to fight those liars, the Crees: we engaged in many a bloody battle, and their bullets pierced our teepees. Thirty battles have I seen. When I was a child the Sarcees were in number like the grass; the Blackfeet and Bloods and Peigans were as nothing in comparison. Battles with the Crees and disease brought in among us by the white man have reduced us to our present pitiable state.'

Another Indian told us how the Sarcees were at one time one people with the Chipewyans, and gave us the myth which accounts for their separation. 'Formerly,' he said, 'we lived in the north country. We were many thousands in number. We were travelling south. It was winter, and we had to cross a big lake on the ice. There was an elk's horn sticking out of the ice. A squaw went and struck the horn with an axe. The elk raised himself from the ice and shook his head. The people were all frightened and ran away. Those that ran toward the north became the Chipewyans, and we who ran toward the south are the "Soténnä" or "Sarcees."'

'The Chipewyans,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'speak our language. It is twenty years since I saw a Chipewyan. We call them "Tcohtin." They live up north, beyond the Big River' (probably the Peace River).