

grasp, that in attempting to civilize the Alaskan Indian, the result is much more like extermination, or lingering, deeper

looms up above the smaller buildings, the most prominent object in the place.

If the steamer comes to anchor, a canoe



THE "MUMFORD" CLIMBING A RIFFLE ON STICKEEN RIVER.

degradation to him, than that which you so earnestly desire."

The history of the Indians on the Northwest Coast, on both sides of Fort Simpson, for the last thirty years, is too truly given by Catlin's formula: "White men — whiskey — tomahawks—scalping-knives—guns, powder and ball—small-pox—debauchery—extermination."

The Alaska tourist, steaming along the coast of British Columbia this summer, about seventeen miles south of Fort Simpson, may, if the weather is clear, perceive upon a beautiful peninsula what appears to be a thriving New England village. Unlike the Indian settlements he has seen, which are strung along the beach with no attempt at regularity of arrangement, the neat frame houses are built upon regular streets. A large salmon cannery stands upon the shore, and a church, of imposing architecture,

will probably soon put off to it, but while the occupants give evidence by their dusky faces and well-marked features that they are full-blooded Indians, the blanket has given place to a European costume; their hair is cut short, the paint and savage ornaments have disappeared, and they will probably hail the captain in good English, instead of in the Chinook jargon. If the tourist goes ashore, he will see on every side evidences of thrift, industry, and a high state of civilization. The houses are neat, give evidence of having been constructed by expert mechanics, and each has its little garden attached, in which vegetables for family use are raised. These dwellings are comfortably furnished, and supplied with the conveniences of civilization. Photographs, chromos and ornaments of home manufacture adorn the walls.