

they are made fast, probably half stupefied by the pressure. The intellect of the Flathead Indians is not below that of their round-headed neighbours. They are in fact strong enough to hold neighbouring tribes in subjection, to make slaves from among them, and to regard the flat head as a mark of aristocracy which they concede to none born, even by one parent only, of inferior race. The white men suffer in their estimation because they are round heads, for they associate closely the ideas of a round head and a slave. They make slaves, treat them cruelly, and exercise over them full powers of life and death.

Flathead Indians live on the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth for about one hundred and fifty miles along its course. They extend for thirty or forty miles up the mouth of Walhamette River, and are in the country between that river and Fort Astoria, now called Fort George. They extend along the Cowlitz River, and are between that river and Paget's Sound. They occupy about two-thirds of Vancouver's Island, and are to be found also along the coasts of Paget's Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca. There are several tribes of them differing more or less in language and in customs. Among them, as among all Indians, consumption is a disease as common as in England. Even the lungs of the savage cannot bear unwholesome exposure to vicissitudes of weather, and a Flathead Indian thinks as little as an English lady of fashion about the use of dress as a protection to the body. About Fort Vancouver the Flathead tribe is that of the Chinooks, whose language Mr. Kane describes as a "horrible harsh spluttering sound which proceeds from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip. None but those born among them can acquire their speech, but they have picked up a half-intelligible patois from the English and French traders, carefully saluting any European with the exclamation, Clak-hoh-ab-yah, originating from their having heard, in the early days of the fur trade, a Mr. Clark frequently saluted by his friends with 'Clark, how are you?' It is a remarkable fact that there are no oaths in the Indian language, and when the Indian learns to swear, he uses European phrases picked up from his teacher. Also these languages are destitute of words conveying the idea of gratitude or thanks."

All Indians, we have said, are dirty. The Chinooks are proud of carrying preserves of vermin in their hands, from which their friends can pick and eat. One of these Indians being asked why he ate such things, replied that they bit him, and he had his revenge by biting them in turn. The Chinooks have no furs, but abundant fish, on which they live with little demand on their industry. They weave closely of roots or grass the baskets in which they boil their

fish, by help of hot stones thrown into the water. They dig for food the bulbous roots of camas and wappatoo, which are somewhat like potatoes to the taste, and which grow in such profusion that the neighbourhood of Fort Vancouver, in the spring, becomes one sheet of bright ultramarine blue by reason of the camas blossoms. The great delicacy of the Chinooks could not be mentioned if it were not too characteristic of the degradation of their taste to be left out of sight. It consists of acorns which have been deposited for five months at the bottom of a common urinal.

In sketching the portraits of the Indians, who regarded Mr. Kane as a great medicine-man, and greatly misdoubted the result to themselves of suffering a double of their features to fall into the magician's power, the artist often found it best to enter a hut, begin sketching without saying a word, finish, and walk away. If the sitter objected, he rose, also without speaking, and walked away. Sometimes persuasion was effectual, sometimes chiefs very willing to be painted gossipped freely as they sat, told of the enemies they had slain; one told how he had killed his mother, at her own request, when she was weary of life, and distressed by the toil of a long journey. A girl of whom a sketch had been taken on the way out was found, on the way home, to have died very shortly afterwards. The death was ascribed to the white medicine-man who took her picture, and Mr. Kane had to make an escape by night to the next fort, or put his life into the utmost peril.

Close neighbours to Victoria on Vancouver's Island are the Clabum Indians, a Flathead tribe who have a village on the opposite side of the harbour. They have a peculiar breed of small dogs with long hair. The dogs are bred for the sake of this hair, which is shorn, beaten with goosedown and white earth, twisted by rubbing into threads, and woven upon a rude handloom into blankets. The artist sketched Cheaclach, the chief, of whose inauguration he had this account. When Cheaclach's father was too old to govern, the son was dismissed for thirty days—fasting and dreaming in the mountains. At the end of the thirty days a feast was made by the villagers, into the midst of which the new chief rushed from his fasting, wild with spiritual exultation. He seized a small dog and began devouring it alive, that being the customary first act of the coronation ceremony. The tribe then collected about him, singing and dancing in the wildest manner, and while they danced he rushed at those whom he loved best, and bit their bare shoulders and arms. To be thus bitten was regarded as a high mark of distinction, especially by those from whom there was a piece of the flesh bitten out and swallowed.

These Indians, among other superstitions,