

deter them from visiting their old haunts, and would probably be instrumental in producing much suffering if not actual want to many of the band.

Sacrifices and offerings are of very frequent occurrence among the Indians of the Saskatchewan Valley. The customary offerings consist of two, three and sometime five dogs. At the mouth of the Qu'apelle River, an Indian, in June last, set his nets and caught a large fish of a kind different to any with which he was familiar. He immediately pronounced it to be a Manitou, and, carefully restoring it to the water again, he at once sacrificed five valuable dogs to appease the anger of the supposed fairy. On approaching Long Lake, an arm of the Qu'apelle River Valley, the Crees warned us not to visit the Lake by night, as it was full of devils. They told me very extraordinary tales of the dimensions and power of these devils, and appeared to live in awe and terror of them. Like most heathen and barbarous races, the Indians suffer much from their superstitious fears. When the weather is fine and their tents are well supplied with provisions, they are an independent and joyous people. Full of frolic, and fond of relating anecdotes, they laugh immoderately at any trifling joke or absurdity, and seem thoroughly to enjoy existence. A ridiculous incident occurred in the tent belonging to the chief, Short-stick, in which I played a more prominent part than I should have selected had any choice been offered me. I heard of this incident again hundreds of miles from the spot where it occurred as we journeyed homewards from the Grand Forks.

It happened thus. I visited Short-stick in his tent after a long and tedious talk which lasted seven hours, relating to the object we had in view in visiting the country. Three of Short-stick's wives were visible with their children, forming altogether a party of eighteen or twenty. I rose from the buffalo robe where I was seated by the side of Short-stick to examine some arrows which one of his sons was making, and when my curiosity was satisfied, I sat down on what I thought to be a bundle of buffalo robes. I was a little astonished to feel the robes move beneath me, and before I could rise and look into the cause, I found myself projected into the middle of the tent among the embers, by means of some violent spasmodic action from beneath the supposed pile of robes. Short-stick and his three wives with the other inmates, shrieked with laughter, vociferating some words in Cree. Meanwhile, the buffalo robes were slowly thrown on one side, and, to my aston-