

stand still, meanwhile, as the scenes of his western wanderings have seemed to do. "On my return to Canada," says he, "from the continent of Europe, where I had passed nearly four years in studying my profession as a painter, I determined to devote whatever talents and proficiency I possessed to the painting of a series of pictures illustrative of the North American Indians and scenery. The subject was one in which I felt a deep interest in my boyhood. I had been accustomed to see hundreds of Indians about my native village, then Little York, muddy and dirty, just struggling into existence, now the City of Toronto, bursting forth in all its energy and commercial strength. But the face of the red man is now no longer seen. All traces of his footsteps are fast being obliterated from his once favourite haunts, and those who would see the Aborigines of this country in their original state, or seek to study their native manners and customs, must travel far through the pathless forest to find them." Travel far, accordingly, he did, and the long interval since his return has been spent in completing a series of paintings in oil, including portraits of chiefs, warriors, and celebrated medicine men, as well as of Indian beauties; pictures of dances, hunts, and other characteristic scenes illustrative of Indian life, along with landscapes depicting the strange scenery of the unexplored West. Some of the illustrations given in the present volume, such as the Chimney Rock, present its striking geological features, others cannot fail to interest the ethnologist, and this the accompanying narrative tends to increase.

The portrait of Mancemuckt, for example, the Chief of the Skene tribe on the Columbia River, is full of ethnic character, and no less so is that of Ogemawwah-Chack, "The Spirit Chief," an Esquimaux from the Hudson's Bay, who, according to received opinion, was 110 years old at the time his portrait was taken: and Mr. Kane adds, "The events which he related as having witnessed seemed to warrant the belief. He had an only son, whom I often met, quite elderly in appearance. The mother of this boy had died very shortly after his birth, and there being no woman giving suck near at the time, the father, to soothe the cries of the starving infant, placed the child's mouth to his own breast, and finding that the child derived some benefit from it, he continued the practice for some days, and, strange to say, milk flowed from his nipples, and he brought up the child without the assistance of any woman."