

advent of the tribes or races under consideration, some of these older bands being mound-builders; but so far nothing tangible regarding their history has been developed. Much active inter-tribal intercourse existed amongst the B.C. Indians before the white man discovered the country. Pee-la-ku-mu-la-uh, a Spokane chief who guided the two Canadian hunters, Finnan McDonald and Pierre Lagacé from Hell's Gate in Masoula to Colvile, about the beginning of this century, was known from Masoula, in Montana, to Lillooet, in B.C. He was slain at the latter place by an Indian from Anderson Lake. Marine shells are found in old Indian graves as far into the interior as Kamloops. The native intercourse between the tribes on the east coast of Asia and those about the mouth of the Yukon by way of St. Lawrence Island still continues, parkies (leather shirts) made of the skin of the tame reindeer being found amongst the Indians of the Yukon Valley to this day.

The changes in habits and ideas developed amongst the Indians consequent on the influx of civilized people are truly remarkable. Previous to that period the B.C. Indian on the Coast wore little clothing, went bare-footed, lived in dirty, smoky, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated dwellings, and any Indian outside of his band might be his enemy and might at any time kill him or sell him into slavery. He was imposed upon by the so-called medicine men, who in their turn were liable to prompt execution if an influential patient died whilst under their treatment. He was haunted by a constant dread of evil spirits and was frequently afflicted by epidemics, under which diseases hundreds died. Now he and his family are well clothed and well fed. Many of our Indians today are well-to-do farmers. Schools are established for the education of their children. They have learned to cultivate the soil with great success where the land is fertile; they own cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry. Their wives dress in imported fabrics made into garments by themselves on sewing machines. Many of them live in frame built houses, well warmed, well lighted and well ventilated. They travel on the public roads in spring waggons, and in

many respects exist under better conditions than do the poorer people in older civilized countries. Their circumstances have in every respect been vastly improved under the beneficent system organized for their care and advantage by the Government, and in some districts their numbers are steadily increasing.

The interior Indians, who in early days lived or more correctly, starved during the winter in filthy underground dwellings, wearing the scantiest clothing, and often having little else besides frozen cactus and inferior species of fish for their sustenance, are now owners of large herds of horses and cattle, cultivate extensive fields and live in the style of the prosperous and civilized white man.

The Indians did not quietly acquiesce in the appropriation of their unoccupied lands by the Government and at first showed ill-will on the slightest provocation. Such as lived near the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts had by frequent intercourse with the traders learned to regard the whites as their superiors in every way and their best friends, but in the outlying districts considerable friction at times prevailed between them and the incoming settlers. In the winter of 1852-3 two young Indians, a Cowichan and a Nanaimo, wantonly shot and killed a Scotch shepherd, Peter Brown, at Lake Hill. They were captured with the assistance of a detachment of marines and blue jackets from H.M.S. Thetis and were hanged on the south point of Protection Island opposite to the present town of Nanaimo. Much difficulty was experienced in arresting the young Nanaimo Indian, but he was hounded out of the Nanaimo village by constant raids being made thereon by his pursuers, and took to the woods. A few inches of snow had fallen and his footprints being traced to where he had descended to Chase River to allay his thirst at the stream, his trail was followed to a heap of driftwood which crossed the bed of the little river. Here the scout Basil Bottineau, who was on the Indian's track, found himself at fault, and as it was after sunset and getting dark would have abandoned the search had not the Indian, who was in hiding under the driftwood, snapped his revolver at him.