

the first cries of a child. They pay no attention to it, and by the time the young creature is a few months old it cries no more—it has been taught the uselessness of such exhibitions of feeling, and never recurs to them in after years; yet the young Indian child is as happy as the “coddled baby” of civilised life. Perhaps this early custom of the parents has some influence in giving the race that fortitude in the endurance of suffering, which has so often displayed itself in acts of decided heroism.

The love of the mothers for their offspring is very great, and Mr. Rankin relates one instance which came within his own knowledge, of a squaw who lost, by death, her only child. She made no noisy demonstration of grief, but formed a resolution to follow it to the land of spirits. No persuasion, no suffering, could change her purpose. She refused all sustenance, and self-starvation slowly released the spirit of the parent to seek, in another world, that of her departed child.

The Indians very seldom quarrel either with their squaws, or with one another. They have now been living many months as one family, yet never has the least ill-feeling prevailed, nor one angry look been seen. No people can appear more happy than they have done, and no disappointments appear to ruffle their evenness of temper. Their feeling of gratitude is very strong for any kindness rendered them, and an instance is sometimes mentioned by Mr. Rankin. Next door to their abode in London is living an old English gentleman, named Saunders, who on several occasions invited them to his house, and sought means of amusing and making them happy. They were not unmindful of this, and formed a strong friendship for him. On a late occasion, after a repast, the Old Chief was noticed to be in close conversation with his followers, and at length made an harangue after his usual mode, and to this effect:—He had a favour to ask. His brother (Mr. Saunders) had shown great kindness to his people. They loved him, and