

and fasting for four days. If he holds out so long, the mother is moved by his perseverance, offers him a mat to sit on, and by and by a meal is cooked, a portion of which is sent to the young man's people to let them know that his suit has prospered. Then the chief of the respective *Gentes* is informed of what has taken place, and a great feast follows. As usual, the intrusion of strangers both modifies tribal usages and causes admixture of blood. But as yet British Columbia is new enough in the ways of civilization to afford opportunities of studying aboriginal manners, which are yearly becoming more and more rare on this continent.

STEAM FREIGHT SCOW ON THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.—Our readers have here a specimen of a somewhat primitive contrivance, which has done and still does good service on the Fraser river. The boat is what is well known as a scow, and upon it is mounted a traction engine, which is connected with the paddle-wheels by means of a belt. The *modus operandi* will be easily understood by a close inspection of the illustration.

THE FERRY STEAMER K. DE K. BETWEEN NEW WESTMINSTER AND THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE FRASER.—This engraving shows the oldest steam ferry on the Fraser, since replaced by a vessel of more modern build. In the distance is seen the city of New Westminster, with some of whose many attractions our readers have already been made acquainted in the pages of this journal.

INDIAN BERRY-PICKERS, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—In this engraving our readers have a group of Ojibways—an important branch of the far-spreading Algonquin family. In the introduction to the second edition of Bishop Baraga's Grammar and Dictionary of the Ojibwe language, Father Lacombe, O.M.I., says that the "Sautaux, Ojibwe or Ojibway language, is actually in use all around Lake Superior, in the Territories of Kiwatin and Dakota, in the State of Minnesota, at Red Lake, along the Mississippi and Red Rivers, at Lake Manitoba and on the shores of the great Saskatchewan." Of course, in so vast an extent of territory, one will meet with variations of dialect and differences of pronunciation, but any one speaking the Ojibway tongue will be able to make himself understood from the Sault to the Saskatchewan. The bands of Ojibways to which the group here depicted belong have their hunting-grounds on the Big Pic and Black rivers. During the season they make good wages by picking berries in the interior, where they abound, and disposing of them to dealers, who ship them to the centres of trade. It is a group of Indians, of both sexes and all ages, engaged in this thrifty occupation that our readers are here asked to contemplate. They are evidently a healthy, industrious, fairly intelligent little community, and some of them are not lacking in good looks. Those who are concerned in the study of aboriginal ethnology will be interested in comparing the three groups in the present issue, comprising Salish Indians of the southern mainland of British Columbia, Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and Ojibways of Lake Superior.

INDIANS OF MASSET INLET, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.—In this engraving our readers have an example of the most westerly of the Indian tribes under the British Crown the Haidas. A most instructive and entertaining account of them was contributed by Dr. G. M. Dawson to Report of the Geological Survey for the year 1878-79. He considers them one of the best defined groups of the tribes of the North-West Coast. Though the several bands present some points of difference in their social customs and in their dialects, the latter are all so evidently branches of the same language, and the physical characteristics so clearly indicate a common origin, that Dr. Dawson has no hesitation in pronouncing the bands homogeneous. The islands, which received their present name (Queen Charlotte Islands) from Captain Dixon in 1787, were called by the natives *Haida kwai*. The Indians known as Haidas also occupy a portion of the southern archipelago of Alaska (Prince of Wales)—the dwellers there being called *Kaigani*. The Haidas are fairer skinned than the coast tribes and have finer features, though the mouth is generally coarse, the cheek bones are wide and prominent, and the head is sometimes disproportionately large. In recent years they have mostly dressed, when their means enabled them, like the whites. Their original dress (as described by Dixon) was of sea otter skin. They were also said to have worn an armour of sea lion's hide. Their turbans were of twisted cedar, and for ornaments they used feathers, buttons, beads, the lovely pearl shell of the halibut and the bill of the puffin. They also applied pigments to their skins, like other Indians—vermilion chiefly, but also blue and black—and wore bracelets and bangles. Tattooing was also practised until a few years ago, the patterns (of which the designs were traditional) being symmetrically drawn. For food they had all kinds of fish, as well as eggs and the grease of the oolachen or candlefish. Though not famous as hunters, they killed black bears and other game. The account of their several organizations is most interesting. The carved posts which stand in front of the houses, are the most remarkable feature of their architecture. A mysterious import is doubtless associated with them in the native mind, and they certainly devote much time and pains to the sculpture. They hold their land as personal property. They have permanent villages for the winter, but erect temporary dwellings when away on their fishing excursions. The chiefs, who are hereditary, exercise limited power. On a chieftain's death, the succession passes to his next eldest brother, or to his nephew, and in rare cases to a sister or niece. Offences may be compensated by fines

or gifts, the refusal of which lays the evil-doer liable to reprisals. They had (even before the advent of missionaries) some idea of a supreme being. Mr. Collison, who laboured among the Masset bands, says they called their deity *Suniatlaidus* or *Shouungitlagidas*. There is also in their mythology an evil power, which they call *Haidelana*. They believe in a vague metempsychosis. The priest or medicine man (*skaga*) is chosen or accepted. He wears his hair long and unkempt, and is venerated after death as well as in life. The *potlatch*, or distribution of property (called in Haida *kie-es-il*), which is common to all the tribes, is practised on several important occasions, as the tattooing of a child, and is also resorted to by ambitious chiefs and others to show disregard of wealth, or is a vent for grief or anger. There is a large number of dances of various significance. Gambling is common. The courting and marriage ceremonies, the feasts, the cures, the funeral rites, the mode of burial, the trade and currency, the industrial arts, the utensils and furniture, and the traditions and folklore of the Haidas have all peculiarities that mark them off from the other Indians of the West. Of the villages, those at the entrance of Masset Inlet are among the most important, and the Masset Indians among the most intelligent and skilful, in the islands. Those who would learn more about this remarkable people we would respectfully advise to consult Dr. Dawson's Report, which is made more valuable by a number of illustrations. Numbers of Haida Indians annually make their way to the Fraser river to engage in the salmon fishing, at which their employers find them intelligent and industrious. They are bold sailors, venturing out leagues from land in huge canoes constructed out of single logs of Douglas fir. In the management of these craft, which would be unwieldy in alien hands, they show extraordinary skill. They even use them for whale fishing, and have been known to weather some formidable storms with comparative ease. Though tractable while under strict supervision, the Haidas cannot always be trusted when left to the control of their own passions or greed. Some years ago a party of them murdered the crew of a trading sloop which had sought the hospitality of the islands. Possibly, as in other instances of Indian crime, there had been previous provocation.

SCENES ON LAKE ST. JOHN.—The two scenes to be found on another page are intended to give some idea of the fertility of the Lake St. John region and the industry of the settlers. St. Felicien and St. Prime are two of the most flourishing spots on its shores, and the evidences of abundance, from photographs taken last fall, indicate the prosperous future that awaits this new north of our ancient province.

### Bird Life--A Day Dream.

The following word-chromo, from the author of "The Birds of Canada," which has for leading figure one of the brightest of our Montreal visitors, is sure to be prized by the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

It was once my good fortune, at the spring migration of birds, to meet in our green woods a most gorgeously habited specimen of the Scarlet Tanager (*Le Roi des Oiseaux*) fresh from the magnolia bowers and orange groves of the South. His bright red tunic, sable wings and tail, enabled me at once to recognize the gaudy stranger as that rare but welcome straggler in our northern climes. The beautiful bird, I knew, trusted more to his showy livery than to "what he had to say" in order to woo and win the demure, sombre-plumaged little lady awaiting his advances. Right well was I also aware of the change in costume a few months were sure to bring around, ere he returned in autumn to his tropical home in a plain traveling suit of Lincoln green.

Unquestionably, the scarlet tanager, at the nuptial season of June, is a beau of first order—to his loving mate a vision of beauty, if not of song.

Memory can recall, after a long lapse of years, the first time when I saw this prince of the feathered tribe—not inaptly styled by the admiring French peasantry *Un Roi*, a king among birds.

The auspicious meeting took place at St. Thomas, P.Q., years ago, in the rosy days—vanished, alas! forever—of my boyhood, when, with the return of the leafy months, I strolled early and late round the fields, singing waterfalls and bosky glens of the picturesque Patton seigniorial manor, eagerly noting the first appearance of every spring migrant.

A sport-loving brother, by many years my senior, had allowed me—as a signal favour—to help carry his outfit on a fishing excursion he had planned to the pools of a winsome rivulet, whose source lies hidden deep, very deep in the mountains; the *Rivière des Perdrix*, which marries its crystal waters to the dark eddies of the *Bras St. Nicholas*, a tributary of the roaring *Rivière du Sud*, at St. Thomas. Many miles of dusty road we had walked, bearing gun, rod and creel, under the warm rays of a June sun ere we reached the edge of the forest. Soon had we constructed a snug arbour of spruce boughs, a screen against the noonday heat and to receive our camp equipment. My brother then started with rod and line to whip the rapids and shady pools of the whimpering burnie, and soon filled our creel with tiny, speckled beauties, occasionally venturing knee-deep in the pellucid waters. I took post with rod and line under a large beech, whose tangled roots hung over a brisk rapid, where I had noticed some larger trout rising to snap up the insects floating over its wavelets, and was soon detailed to light the camp fire and broil trout for our midday meal. Never did I enjoy a more sumptuous repast, my appetite having been sharpened by our long dusty trudge

over hill and dale. The spot selected for our camp, with its sylvan surroundings was one of rare beauty.

Facing it across the stream was a hoary hemlock denuded of foliage by the snows and storms of many winters. A red-headed woodpecker, whose nest it perhaps held, was hammering away at its mossy trunk for larvæ while a sprightly brown squirrel stood on its loftiest branch chattering. A robin-redbreast had built close by its clay-cemented alcove. Reclining on my soft, scented couch of fir boughs, I was listening attentively to the heavenly carol—tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!—of a hermit thrush perched on a neighbouring sugar maple, when a magnificent ruffed grouse flew past, apparently scared by the yelping of a fox in an adjoining ravine. Waiting to catch its shrill bark, my brother sallied forth with his gun in quest of Reynard. I was left alone to my pleasant reveries, with no other noise but the soft, ceaseless murmur of the brook over the pebbles. This unvarying, all-pervading sound seemed to have over the senses a mysterious, soothing, irresistible influence. I gradually dropped to sleep, unconsciously my imagination wandered in the land of Nod. I slept—how long I could not say. Sweet images floated before my eyes. I dreamt I was strolling round an enchanted garden on a distant isle, wading knee-deep amidst parterres of exquisite flowers and tropical shrubs, some bending to the ground under the weight of gold fruit. I felt myself drawn toward a neighbouring fountain, where a Triton was spouting from his nostrils perfumed water in a gleaming white marble reservoir. A dazzling rainbow played overhead; a stately tree lent a grateful shade. On its summit rested a nimbus of silver. The air was soft, dreamy, overpowering. I tarried there in wrapt silence, when a gigantic bird, radiant in colour, and which till then I had not noticed, seemed at first as poised, motionless amid air. Soon he appeared to be descending to the earth in graceful spirals; nearer and nearer he came, softly circling to where I stood, the buzzing of his gossamer wings gradually increasing until his velvety pinions actually rustled on my cheek. Shuddering, I awoke; the brook was murmuring as before, and lo! and behold, on the opposite shore, flapping his dark wings amid a shower of pearls caused by the spray in the golden sunshine, there rested on the brink a superb red-bird taking his daily bath! I had seen *un roi*, that gorgeous but rare summer visitor, the scarlet tanager!

Quebec.

J. M. LEMOINE.

### Return.

When the Summer fades away,  
Steals the night upon the day,  
And the soul is free from toil,  
Gathered is the precious spoil.

When the birds away do fly,  
Gloomy in the northern sky,  
And the waters sluggish flow  
Embers bright and sparkling glow.

When the leaves are withered sere,  
Everything to thee seems drear;  
And the Autumn breezes blow  
Foretaste of the coming snow.

When all nature seems to frown  
And the soul's itself cast down,  
When my face in dreams you see  
Dearest, oh! I come to thee.

### The Mudfish.

Africa is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature than the mudfish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, it lurks at the muddy bottom of these rivers. At present, however, it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by any one who has the time in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens. At the first sight there is, perhaps, nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish, except for its curious, long, slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body, and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with immunity the complete drying up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish, it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish.—*Leisure Hour*.