

and cut it up, and cook it, and wait upon the hunter. She makes his clothes, and the clothes for their children. She chops wood and draws water; in fine, does all but provide the food. Indeed, the woman would despise her husband if he interfered with such domestic and inferior employments. The man does nothing but smoke and enjoy himself till the food is gone—he does not go away until the last meal is devoured. They have no prudence, no foresight, and never go forth in search of more whilst a morsel remains in the lodge. Hence they are liable to privations, which ordinary constitutions could not bear up against; and it is, indeed, in this power of sustaining themselves without food that they alone show a superiority over the white man, since their bodily strength is certainly not superior. An European can beat them at hard work. If, when they start again upon the chase, they chance to be unsuccessful and return without food, they are at once destitute, and continue in this condition frequently for days. When they do at length kill a deer, they again enjoy themselves until all is gone, and thus go on through their lives, alternating between plenty and privation.

The Young Child cannot fail to be noticed as an interesting member of the party, and her presence suggests a few words as to the Indian mode of nursing. Soon after the child is born, a cradle is made for it, from a flat piece of bark from a tree. To this it is lashed, in a standing position, a swathe going round and round body and cradle. A thong passes through the top of the board, by which the mother slings the child behind her, with its face looking, not towards her shoulders, but from her,—the mother being back to back with the child, and the thong slinging the infant to her head. In this way the mother goes about on her journeys or her work; and when busy in the lodges *hangs up her child to the branch of a tree*, high above danger. There it swings, and cries itself to sleep, for no Indian regards