

## AMBLESIDE.

Oh sweet and fairest in the Lake Land thou,  
Blessed Ambleside, that liest like a child  
In twining arms between the circling hills  
That look into the skies that fold thee in.  
While still above the swift light, robed in mist,  
Flash, faint and fade in rainbow-tinted lines,  
Like spirits journeying to another world.  
Oh what a blessed home could here be found  
For hearts grown weary with the pain and strife  
Of hostile world and love's dark jealousies;  
Here might the toil-worn soul renew her strength  
And lose her sins by contact with thy hills;  
Here resting dream in happy anchorage,  
Nursing sweet love and tender memories,  
And so pass on to God's eternity.

D. F. T.

## THE KWA-GUTL INDIANS.

WHILE Canada has for many long years been working out the issues of the Indian problem wisely, justly, mercifully as a whole, with occasional injustice quickly punished, blundering by neglect at times, or pauperizing her Indian children through inexperience, her record is one in which there is little evil and much good. But sometimes in self-laudation and in a sense of duty done we overlook evils that had never escaped us while on the watch. So has Canada gone on with a comfortable sense that all is well upon the Pacific Coast. But all is not well.

These Indians are somewhat numerous. In the north the Tsimpsheans proper, Nisgars, Giatkshians, Hydahs and some smaller communities aggregate perhaps 7,800, for the most part heathen. In the south the Kwā-gutls, West Coast (Vancouver Island) and Cowitchan number 6,910, nearly all heathen, and, being much in contact with the whites, infinitely more degraded. In physical structure, language, traditions, and attainments, the Coast Indians differ utterly from the Red Indians proper. They show very evident traces of recent Asiatic origin and look more like Tartars than Americans. While the perceptive qualities are marvellously developed in the Red Indian, a sensitive, high thinking elegantly shaped race, the Coast Indian is heavily built, mentally and bodily, his reflective and executive qualities conspicuously present, and sensitiveness altogether absent. Thus the fine-natured Red Indian is pauperized or dies when deprived of the chase, the Coast Indian, coarse natured, fat and enduring, adapts himself to the white man and delights in getting ahead of him whether in shrewdness or in vice. He certainly succeeds both ways. With the resources of his country actually improved by the white man's presence, and his labour in strong demand, the simple aborigine of the Pacific Seaboard contrives to have plenty to eat all the time, and a full pocket besides. If he were content with this and the alternate patronage of rival missions, it would be well with him; but being the slave of the abominable "pot-latch" system, his obligations compel him to give feasts so big that with years of rigid economy they can only be paid by the prostitution of his wife and daughters. Of this the women are dying with frightful rapidity wherever they can come in contact with the white men, and so with a few exceptions the tribes of the coast are vanishing from the face of the earth.

But bad as is the general condition of these practical money-grabbing Indians, there is one nation whose condition is so transcendently horrible that it is necessary to adopt for it entirely different measures to those usually pursued in British Columbia. It has been the custom to send missionaries, and medicine, and if the evil devices of the natives amounted to a massacre of white men a gun-boat was sent also to explain the views of the government by wiping out the offensive village, and to report the same to the Department. Thus last summer some constables went up the Skeena and shot an Indian who had killed a doctor and declared war against Her Majesty's Government; while a gun-boat exhibited search-light and rockets on the coast which made a profound impression. As a general rule, however, the tribes of these regions regard the Government as a fussy old woman who can be defied with impunity. Their acumen is really wonderful.

The Kwā-gutls inhabit fourteen villages and extend from the middle to the north end of Vancouver's Island, and from the island watershed to the head of Knight Inlet, about 150 miles each way. An agent is stationed at Alert Bay who has an allowance of \$400 a year for visiting every part of the agency, that is, about 500 miles of mainland fords, and a dense and bewildering archipelago of many times that extent, full of dangerous tide rips and local winds that for weeks at a time drive the travellers to despair. At a cost of \$5 a day for canoe and complement the agent is able by incessant travelling to get a day in each village annually, during which day one tribe behaves itself; and, the remaining three hundred and sixty-four, every man follows the evil bent of his own heart, the law being, as he touchingly describes it, "as weak as a baby."

Missions have been tried here as elsewhere. The Jesuits, who so rarely fail, had two missions in the agency for many years. I heard from a half-breed pretty narratives of one of these, now a bishop I believe, whose single-hearted devotion, hardy life, and utter purity had touched his heart when still a little child. He told me that both missions were given up in despair, having no converts. The Church of England was successful to a certain extent at Fort Rupert, but was removed to Alert Bay, and came

in contact with an atrocious secular influence which has so far nearly neutralized it. A trader exerts his influence with the avowed intention of driving away the incumbent and governing the village himself. A new mission is to be started this year in an utterly savage village of 350 people. Anyone who wishes to help this unhappy race may address contributions for the Kwā-gutls to the Bishop of Caledonia, Metla-cahtla, N.W. Coast. There is a grand chance here to do good. The Methodists are hoping to start work in the southern parts of the agency and certainly have a big field before them in which to carry on the work of rescue.

I spent a month travelling by canoe among the intricate channels of this region for the sole purpose of studying the Indians, and their condition horrified me. Both in Alaska and the northern interior of the Province I had seen tribes in a pitiful condition, but nowhere so utterly degraded. Even the ordinary human emotions of respect for the dead, love for the children, and gratitude for kindness and help seem here unknown. Interments often take place immediately after apparent death, and I learn on good authority that if the coffin will not fit, the corpse is modified until it does. While saving for the infamous "potlatch," women let their children be cold and hungry, and the condition of the aged is such that a man must be callous if he can look at them without feeling sick. I saw numbers of the houses in ruins, and those that stand and are used are hardly fit for cattle, nor would they be used by a good farmer for any purpose. Yet it must be remembered that there is no poverty among these people.

In 1853 there were about 7,000 Indians in the Kwā-gutl agency, and there are now 1,898. In one village, Fort Rupert, of 143 persons, there are ten children and no marriageable women. They are all dead of prostitution among the white people. If nothing else is done, let there at least be a law that any Indian woman found among white men without an Indian agent's pass shall be given a term of imprisonment.

The facts cited in this paper show the urgent necessity of some special action being taken to save these people, who without practical restraint are destroying themselves with such blind recklessness that very soon there will be none left. Within the limits accorded to me I will lay before you their social customs and the methods of rescue still open to us.

H. R. A. Pocock.

## VAUQUELAIN—THE HERO OF POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.

THERE are men whose lives are clad with great deeds as with a royal garment, and when the hour comes that they pass through the dark portal, it seems as though a king had gone out from among us. Their strife is over, the world has profited by it, may we not still derive benefit from the record of their heroism?

A veritable child of the sea, the descendant of a hardy and intrepid race, Jean Vauquelin was born at Dieppe in 1729. With the strong salt winds he inhaled courage, vigour and energy. The atmosphere of Dieppe is impregnated by the traditions, influences and associations of the ocean, and from his earliest years the boy imbibed that love of the mighty deep which in some hearts assumes the proportions of a genuine passion. His father was captain of a brig, which, while ostensibly engaged in legitimate trade, did not disdain to serve as a privateer when the occasion presented itself. At twelve years of age Jean went on board his father's vessel, and was trained by the proud old man, who exulted in his lad's fearless boldness. For six years father and son made voyages to and from the Antilles. In 1745, near the Island of Martinique, their ship was attacked by an English frigate. The English possessed the advantage in speed, in guns and the number of men; but the elder Vauquelin was an old sea lion to whom the din of combat and the rushing of the waters were as the breath of life. An ancient chronicle of the period says: "This merchant captain knew how to fight. Absorbed though he was in the conflict in which he had only thirty-six men and twelve cannon to oppose a frigate carrying twenty guns and eighty men he never forgot to notice his son's conduct. He was prouder of the coolness and courage of the youth of eighteen than of the glory of forcing his opponents to retire."

For five years longer the youth led this existence of freedom, excitement and infinite variety; fighting, negotiations, intrepid exertions and daring adventures, one succeeded another, and through all success accompanied the Dieppoise vessel. When peace was declared between France and England, Jean Vauquelin had attained his twenty-third year. He was now considered capable of commanding on long voyages. An important business firm sold him a brig, and in 1756 we find him engaged in the spice trade with America.

That same year war was again declared. Orders were given intendants of the marine and commissioners of ports to send to the minister lists of captains whose nautical skill would render them useful for the king's service. Vauquelin's was the first name mentioned. At twenty-nine he was placed in command of a frigate. His instructions directed him "to sail about the English coasts, to watch the movements of the enemy's fleet, to carry despatches between the places indicated." Only a sailor could form any tangible idea of the difficulties and dangers attending so hazardous an enterprise. Long black nights, heavy fogs, storms driving wildly over the sea are the best aids to a commander in such a position, nature helping him to defy the foe, to glide within their lines, to steal

away unperceived. Vauquelin possessed all the qualities necessary to success in such a mission, qualities upon which the fate of a fleet, or even that of a country might depend. He executed his commission with hardihood and energy; no danger daunted, no difficulty deterred.

In person, this son of the sea is described as handsome, with frank, quick eyes and a bright smile. Of a vehement, hot-blooded temperament, his manners were simple and open. His dominant personality seems to have impressed itself upon all those who were brought in contact with him. To a patriotism absolutely free from egotism, he joined indomitable courage and a chivalrous generosity.

On his return from one of these perilous expeditions, the brave sailor took command of the frigate, *Aréthuse*, a vessel of thirty guns. It was a commission and not a brevet that had been accorded him; a considerable difference exists between the two, the former being merely a permission accorded to fight the enemy, while the latter conferred a regular and permanent rank, rendering its possessor eligible for promotion in either army or navy. The *Aréthuse* was attached to the fleet sent to defend Louisbourg, the bulwark of New France, then threatened by invasion, and the 9th of June, 1758, she cast anchor before the town. The frigate glided in unperceived by Admiral Boscawen, who, since the 2nd of June, had been cruising about the entrance of the harbour. To rightly estimate this achievement, it must be remembered that the harbour winds inland to a distance of six miles from its mouth. It has a width at the narrowest part of about half a mile. Across its mouth there stretches, from the shore on the left of the entrance towards that on the right, a belt of low, rocky islets protecting the harbour from the waters of the Atlantic. This belt extends to the high and rugged coast on the right. The only ship entrance is between the furthest islet of this belt and the shore on the right.

For a century before this period, Nova Scotia had been the border land between the French and English on the Atlantic coast. The province was alternately French and English as the fortune of war determined. The possession of Nova Scotia by the English was to the Provincials a vital point. Every time it had been wrested from France, the conquest had been the work of the Provincials. Now, as the circle of fire narrowed closer around it, Louisbourg was abandoned to its own feeble resources. The present was beset with troubles, the future was dark with storms. During many days and many nights no sound was heard but the prolonged booming of the cannon, the echoes of the heavy fire returned from the fleet to the fort. Four frigates and two vessels of the line had been stationed by the Governor, the Chevalier de Drucourt, near the entrance of the harbour to defend the inlet. It was a sore and sorrowful time for those who loved their country. A bomb fell into the gun room of the *Entreprenant*, a vessel of seventy-four guns, which exploded, setting fire to the *Célèbre* and the *Capricieuse* whose loaded batteries riddled both the town and the English fleet with shell. One night a bomb destroyed the government buildings; the next day a red hot shell set the church on fire immediately after the Queen's barracks were consumed. Bulwarks, fortifications, dwellings, everything was crushed and shattered by the hail of shot, which fell so heavily that even to this day quantities of bullets and grape shot are to be found all about the forsaken town. During these terrible hours, as the prospect became more blank and appalling, the courage of the French troops never seems to have faltered. Many a life of honour was crowned by a soldier's death. With the high-hearted courage which has characterized women of her nation, every day Madame de Drucourt appeared on the ramparts in which gaps had already been torn, and with her own hands fired four cannon balls against the foe.

Vauquelin's professional skill and daring immediately became conspicuous. An old chronicle, "Mémoire pour Servire à l'Histoire de la Navigation Française," speaking of those days of pain and horror is most eloquent in its military brevity. "The English besieged Louisbourg both by land and water. Vauquelin knew that his best method of harassing the enemy was by remaining in a bay whose length the besiegers were obliged to run in order to provide themselves with ammunition. The judgment of the young captain was correct, his guns, stationed at a quarter of a mile from the shore, impeded the enemy's movements and killed many of their men. The English then directed a battery against Vauquelin's boat, and during the fifteen days that she remained in this dangerous position, she was three times manned by a fresh crew. When his rigging was entirely shattered, he was obliged to seek shelter in the town in order to repair damages. We fired grape shot and made as much noise as possible. M. Vauquelin employed every moment in such a fashion as should have consoled us for this forced delay."

Famine and disease made withering havoc with the troops and when de Drucourt could no longer withstand the cruelty of circumstances, he determined to send tidings of his sore straits to France. *L'Aréthuse*, a splendid sailor, was chosen to carry the dispatches. It was necessary to wait for a fog to escape under its friendly shelter. Through the heavy mist which scarcely permitted the eye to penetrate a yard before it, a strange weird form, in the prevailing obscurity scarcely to be distinguished from the deeper shadow amidst which it moved, the vessel glided swiftly and cautiously between wrecks capsized at anchor, avoiding the heavy fire of artillery which in the dusky gloom was aimed at random by friend and foe alike and made its way through the English squadron. When the fog dispersed, suddenly as it usually does in Cape Breton,