

come unprepared to make a lengthy speech, he would make way for Mr. Man-with-the-long-head, to whose remarks he felt sure they would all listen with great attention." Not being able to understand the language used by the learned speakers, I am unable to state positively that these were the exact words used, but, from my experience at other public meetings, I think that they were.

Interspersed between the speeches were exhibitions of the Indian's interpretation of musical art. As the only sources from which he obtains melody—I won't say harmony—are from his own leathery lungs and a sort of deer-skin drum, his repertoire is rather limited, in fact it is confined to those selections with which the spectators of a pow-wow are entertained. The proceedings begin by the drum being placed on the ground, when around it squat a number of individuals who may, perhaps, have a local reputation as talented artists in their particular line. The whole aim of the "musicians" seems to be to pound out a continuous succession of beats on the drum, with no particular idea of producing anything except noise, to which accompaniment each one commences a monotonous, wailing, dirge-like chant, the burden of which to the uninitiated is the constant repetition of the sounds "Hi, yah! hi, yah!" *ad infinitum*. Each of the ornamented braves then commences to dance in a circle around the group at the drum. In his course around he throws himself into a number of contortions and positions, which, for all I know, may demonstrate to the other natives the degree of terpsichorean grace to which

he has attained; or, perhaps, he is going through a series of *tableaux vivants* illustrative of his valourous doings in the days of yore. The white spectator is unable to determine exactly what the performance is intended to represent, and is at liberty to form his own opinion. The next part of the programme, however, he quite comprehends, and if the weirdness of the previous scene has, for the time being, carried him away from all thoughts of civilization, he is quickly brought back again by observing an ancient aborigine doing that office essentially peculiar to civilization—passing round the hat. He stops in front of each white man, and generally succeeds in getting a respectable collection. It is not stated to the charitably-inclined that the proceeds are to be devoted to some humane object or anything of that sort, but as some of the recipients of the fund are subsequently seen to be in that condition which is not produced by drinking tea, it can easily be surmised that the money was well spent in infusing new spirits into the too stolid red man.

Through an interpreter, I requested the pleasure of being allowed to perpetuate to posterity the exceedingly fantastic appearance of the decorated braves. After thoroughly discussing the matter, they informed me that they were prepared to be photographed if I would pay them fifty cents apiece. They were willing to assume all the risk there might be connected with the operation for that consideration. They objected, though, to the drum being included in the arrangement; possibly

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