

though we sometimes meet with individuals, who say very significantly, Teetotalism is not Christianity,—we cannot help thinking that they stand nearly related to each other—and that whilst we proceed in humble dependence upon God, to urge the Drunkard to sign the Pledge, and the Christian drinker to abstain for the benefit of his perishing brother, we are acting in perfect accordance with the spirit of the New Testament.—*English Temperance paper.*

Whisky in the Far West.

The following terrific picture of the "DOINGS OF STRONG DRINK" among the Red Indians is extracted from Morleigh's "Life in the Far West."

Mr. Morleigh, having heard that there was to be a meeting of Indians, to receive an annual payment from an agent of the United States' Government, determined to be present. He arrives at the establishment of a Monsieur Grignon, where he meets with a large party of Indians going to the "Payment," headed by Osh Cosh, chief of the Menomenees. Here a rude entertainment was given, which being over, Osh Cosh signified his intention of making a speech.

"Profound silence being observed, he stood up before the red embers of the fire, dropped his blanket from his shoulders round his loins, and raising his right hand spoke in a deep, yet clear and somewhat sonorous voice, without stopping, for at least half an hour, my friend, the bluff Frenchman, interpreting what he said to me from time to time. The speech, from first to last, was in the declamatory style, and against whisky. He said he had seen many barrels lying in the reeds, waiting to be broached when the payment was made; but he would set his face against any such underhand proceedings. Fire-water (iscodiywab) was the secret poison—the knife with which the Shemookmen (the American, or long knife) destroyed his young men. He would set his face against this fire-water: he would tell the agent (or money-carrier) that he would rather see all his money thrown into the river than lose a single warrior by drunkenness and brawling. He then reverted to what occurred at the last payment: 'a man, goaded to madness with fire-water, killed two women, and fired at a man; the band to which the women belonged rose to a man, and rushed upon the drunken madman; what they did you all witnessed, and, I shame to say, I witnessed also,' said the chief. 'They threw him on the great council fire, and he was burnt. The white men fled—the pale faces were filled with fear; it is not right they should bring away such evil reports. I am resolved to preserve order in the camp, and set my face against the whisky-traders.'

The speech of Osh Cosh met with a loud and approving grunt; but we shall see how his tee-total principles were acted upon. Paddling in canoes up Wolf River, the party including our voyager, reaches the place of assemblage. The first thing that occurs is a meeting of all the traders in front of a large round wigwam, styled the Council Lodge, and here "one and all signed a paper, of mutual agreement, not to sell whisky to the Indians till the payment has been made, and then they may all start fair. Osh Cosh and the Grignon are the prime movers of this good measure and the better to carry it into effect, all the whisky barrels are to be stored in the bush at the other-side of the river, and every drop seized on this, or the Indian side, is to be thrown into the river."

Several days were spent in preliminary business, such as taking down names, settling qualifications, and other matters, while hunting and gambling go on among the more unconcerned spectators. Osh Cosh's excise laws are, till this stage of affairs, pretty rigorously enforced. "A negro barber from the bay has been detected selling whisky to the Indians; in his lodge he had several barrels of whisky concealed, and the appointed mixed force of traders and sage Indians, who have endeavoured most laudably to keep the peace and prevent the sale of whisky, have seized upon this nigger's illicit store of the baneful fire-water, and the barrels having been rolled up in front of the Council Lodge, the agent and Osh Cosh are called on to decide as to its fate. Meantime the nigger goes about exciting the pestilent half-breeds and profligate Indians to rescue his whisky, using the most abusive language, saying he will get up a big fight for his whisky, wishing he had his bowie knife, and, in short, provoking some hardy pioneer to thrash him."

Several other seizures are made in gallant style; but the regulators of morals are not proof against the temptation of so much liquor. "In the midst of their seizures they could not help *tasting*, and from *tasting* went on to *swigging*, from *swigging* to *tippling*, and at last they cut a most ludicrous figure, march-

ing about from lodge to lodge, and from tent to tent, in quest of whisky, inveighing against the fire-water, while they were hardly able to stand; indeed the major who commanded seemed to think he commanded a regiment, instead of a dozen boys-traders in red and gray night-caps, and some half-dozen old Indians in blankets; he carried his cudgel like a pike; 'It looks well, at least said my uncle Toby.' Frequently halting his men in front of the Council Lodge, he would inspect them with great severity, give them speeches upon military discipline, read what he called the order of the day, which was the old declaration of independence; then putting himself at their head, march round the whisky barrels as if they were the trophies or spoils of war, followed by a mob of drunken half-breeds and whooping Indians. But at last the whisky was given up, and I saw the poor major flat as a flounder, his occupation gone, his band dispersed, and in a hoarse voice he exclaimed against the ingratitude of the traders, who had not rewarded him for his zeal even with a letter of thanks."

Next morning was pay-day. "The whole village was up and stirring; flags and streamers were hoisted in front of the traders' lodges. While the Indians and their squaws surrounded the Council Lodge in groups, the squaws for once dressed in all their finery, and the young men vying with each other who could show most vermilion, yellow ochre and indigo on their cheeks, and feathers—red, horse, and moose hair—on their heads, wampum and beads, bracelets and gorgets, round their arms and necks. The sun shone out gloriously, and the *coup d'œil* was most enlivening; several Indians had brought up their horses, and rode about at a break-neck rate over the stumps and logs. The Council Lodge had been metamorphosed into a pay-office; a door opened on each side, through which the Indians were to pass, and receive their pay from the agents at a long counter, upon which the contents of the money-box, some twenty-seven thousand dollars, were shoved up in goodly rows. Some of the traders, especially the Grignons, beset the door of egress, and as every Indian passed out, received the amount he owed for goods received on time. Thus it frequently happened that an Indian came away from the lodge as empty handed as he entered it, the squaws alone hesitating, and frequently refusing to part with the dollars at once.

The moment the last dollar was paid, down went the American flag, and the agent and his men rushed to their boat, plied their oars, and plied off from the scene of action. Then the whisky sellers took the field. The young Indians clubbed together, and bought barrels of fire-water, knocked in their heads with their clubs and tomahawks, and helped their friends all round to bowls and cups of the spirit, above proof real fire-water.

The result may be anticipated; the whole village became a scene of riot and debauchery. I retreated to my friendly trader's lodge, and found him expostulating with a few young Indians upon the folly and wickedness of getting drunk. Indeed, this good man's words and example seemed to have considerable effect on his hearers; he begged of them to quit the village, bag and baggage, now they were paid. Several followed his advice at once, and others began to remove the mats, &c., from their lodges; while the Indians who lived in his vicinity lodged their money for safe keeping in his hands. One old trapper actually deposited forty dollars with him, but would not go home—no, he preferred plunging in the midst of the riot and revelry. Next morning I hardly knew him, as he sneaked up, all covered with dirt and blood, to ask for his bundle.

That evening the rain came down in torrents. My host stood at the door of his lodge, and endeavoured to prevail on the Indians to pass on, and go home, but their drunken friends soon found them out. They came with kettles and cans full of whisky, which they insisted we should taste. My host obstinately refused, and the result was that a good deal of whisky was spilt, the Indians forcing cans of it against our lips, while we evaded the torrent; this was the most disagreeable part of the entertainment.

At night we barricaded the door with empty barrels and logs, but the Indians still came begging for money to buy more whisky, and the rain entered the roof and sides of our lodge. My blanket was saturated; and at midnight I sat up, finding it impossible to close an eye amidst the wild howling, terrific shouts, screams, love and war songs, of the drunken savages without. As my host observed, it was worse than bedlam brook loose—it was like hell upon earth. Crowds of unhappy children crawled round our own lodge, crying bitterly; some of them contrived to creep into the empty barrels at our door, and that barrier was broken down before morning with a loud crash.

The grey morning dawned heavily upon the Wolf River. As I went forth and looked around, not a third of the tents, lodges,