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# THE CANADIAN INDIAN



EDITORS  
 REV. E. F. WILSON  
 H. B. SMALL.

Published under the Auspices of  
 THE CANADIAN INDIAN RESEARCH  
 AND AID SOCIETY.

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To promote the welfare of the INDIANS ; to guard their interests ; to preserve their history, traditions and folk-lore, and to diffuse information with a view to creating more general interest in both their spiritual and temporal progress.

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The next meeting of the Society will be held in Toronto on the Second Thursday in May, 1891.

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*THE Editor particularly requests correspondence on any Ethnological Subject, or on any other point connected with Indian History. Due prominence will be given to such correspondence, and it would materially enhance the value of this publication, to readers.*

*All such correspondence to be addressed to H. B. SMALL, Ottawa.*

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## INDIAN LANGUAGES.

HE subject of collecting all the folk-lore and traditions of the Indians left amongst us, while yet there is time to do so, before they disappear or merge into the general community, is one that should ever be instilled into the minds of all those who are in any way brought into contact with them; and the language of the various tribes is also one of the most important links in the chain of history of the native tribes, that may in the future help to solve many questions which up to the present baffle the ethnologist. Sir Daniel Wilson, commenting on this, remarks that the language or dialect spoken by many native Indian tribes has undoubtedly perished with the races to which they pertain; but the numerous Huron-Iroquois dialects still existing, afford valuable materials for ethnical study. Of nearly all the nations of the North American continent, their languages are the only surviving memorials of the race. The Ethnographic Bureau of the United States is securing research in this line, with the promise of valuable results. In our own North-west and in British Columbia, languages are disappearing, and races becoming

extinct. Mr. Horatio Hale mentions a remarkable case, when he contributed to the American Philosophical Society a monogram on the Tutelo tribe and language, derived mainly from the last full-blooded Tutelo, who had married a Cayuga woman, and lived among the people of her tribe, near Brantford, on the Grand River. Mr. Hale mentioned the fact that no vocabulary of the language was known, and that which he had now obtained showed beyond question that the language was totally distinct from the Huron-Iroquois, and was closely allied to the Dakota family. But for this timely exertion of a philosophical student, this link in the history of the Huron-Iroquois relations with affiliated tribes would have been lost. The conservative power of language is indisputable, and the evidence of the origin of the affiliation of races which it supplies, surpasses all other kinds of proof. We must be content at the present stage to accumulate the needful materials to master the history of the races of our own Dominion; and to determine, as far as possible, their affinities to each other, and to the typical stocks of this northern continent. When this has been accomplished, we shall still have to await the careful inductions of philological science before we can hope for any trustworthy solution of the problems, of which philology undoubtedly offers the most hopeful key.

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#### INDIAN MOUNDS.

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**T**HROUGHOUT a large portion of the Dominion, several varieties of workings upon and beneath the surface of the earth are found, although fast passing away with the cultivation of the soil, which were made by the people existing at the time of European occupation, and preceding it. Several of these—some apparently for defensive purposes, some ruins of village sites, some burial mounds—give evidence of the numbers, distinction, habits and stage of culture, of their builders. But the mounds raised for burial purposes are the most important of all. The nearly universal custom of depositing with the dead, articles that belonged to the deceased, and objects of ceremonial relation, now enables us to gather therefrom a life history of the persons buried, and of those who paid to

them the funeral rites. The gifts to, and the property of, the dead, illustrate their arts and customs, and tend to throw some light on their daily life; whilst the evidences of their modes of burial afford glimpses of religious beliefs and superstitions. They give also undoubted evidences of tribal distinctions, and enable us to determine, in a general way, the respective areas occupied by the different tribes, during the age they represent. Distinction must be made in investigations of this nature, to distinguish between the burial mound proper, and the ossuary; the former affording more historical data from its contents than the latter. These seem to have been erected solely for the purpose of covering a confused mass of human bones, gathered together after the flesh had disappeared. Speaking of these Mr. Armstrong says, in the Smithsonian Report of 1879, that "the dry bones were gathered together there in the large mounds first, and those in the smaller mounds afterwards, and placed in loose piles on the ground, and the earth heaped over them until the mounds were formed." There is no doubt that the bones were gathered together from other temporary burial places, and at a given time the ceremony of a general burial was held. Dr. Lapham, an eminent authority on this point, says that the earliest mounds are attributable to the Indian race before European occupation—the tribes to which they belonged migrating on being driven off by other tribes. But he maintains that the subsequent tribes, or those found occupying the country at the advent of the white race, "continued the practice of mound building, so far as to erect a tumulus over their dead." And he adds, this practice appears to be a remnant of ancient customs that connects the mound-builders with the present tribes. That works of different tribes or nations may frequently be found intermingled on areas over which successive waves of population have passed, is admitted; but that one part of what is clearly a system is to be attributed to one people, and the other part to another people, is very doubtful. Investigation into the mounds and earthworks in various parts of the country is strongly invited.

## THE INDIAN OF TO-DAY.

THE Indian of to-day is changing with the changing times. He is commencing to appreciate the fact that he must become civilized, must learn the white man's way, or perish from the face of the earth. He cannot sweep back with a broom the flowing tide. The forests, where he was wont to echo forth his war-whoop, have been felled; the game on which he lived has disappeared; the war path has been obliterated, and he is hemmed in on all sides by the white population. He no longer possesses the opportunities to display his nobler traits. On the war-path, and in the chase he was heroic, all activity, patient of hunger and fatigue, cool headed. But, says a well-known writer, "when the chase was over, when the war was done, and the peace pipes smoked out, he abandoned himself to debauchery and idleness. To sleep all day in a wigwam of painted skins, blackened with smoke, adorned with scalps and hung with tomahawks, to dance in the shine of the new moon to music made from the skins of snakes, to tell stories of the Great Spirit, to gamble, jest, and boast of his achievements in war, to sit at the council fire, constituted his most serious employment. His squaw was his slave. With no more affection than a coyotte feels for its mate, he brought her to his wigwam to minister to his wants. She brought the wood for his fire, the water for his drink, plowed the field and sowed the maize." These were the conditions of the Indian's existence in the past; but the tables are turned. Bravery and endurance, on the war path or in the chase, are things of the past. He must now be educated to labor. Idleness and debauchery belong to the days gone by. He does not need the higher education that the white is striving for, but he does need the virtue of industry and the ability of the skilful hand. All the schools for the Indian race should give instruction in the use of agricultural implements, the saw and the plane, the trowel, the needle and the awl. And not only should he be taught to work, but that it is his duty to work; that labor is necessary to his well-being. Personal independence should be inculcated, and delight in individual effort fostered. Let him be imbued with the idea that he contributes to the general welfare; that he is no longer a dependent on, but a part

of the community. Let him forget his past, and look only to his present condition; make him feel that he has a position to maintain in order to keep up a reformed memorial of his race, and that he can still look back on his progenitors as the original owners of this vast transcontinental domain, of which he, their civilized descendent, now shares its benefits equally with the white man who taught him his place in the world's advance, and snatched him from annihilation and extinction.

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### INDIAN TRAINING.

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IN considering the subject of Indian education, it is apparent, to anyone giving attention to it, that industrial training should be the principal feature in its course; and by "industrial training," is not meant the mere teaching of the trades and arts. The Indian child must be taught many things which came to the white child without the schoolmaster's aid. From the day of its birth, the child of civilized parents is constantly in contact with civilized modes of life, of action, thought, speech, dress; and is surrounded by a thousand beneficent influences that never operate upon the child of savage parentage, who, even in his birth-home, is encompassed by a degrading atmosphere of superstition and barbarism. He must be led out from the conditions of his birth, in his early years, into the environments of civilized domestic life; and he must be thus led by his teacher. It is only by such a plan that the future of the Indian race can be lifted out of darkness and superstition into the light of Christian civilization. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the United States, says: "The cost of education is immeasurably less than the cost of war; the cost of educating the Indian for self support is less than one-tenth the cost of keeping him in pauperism."

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### THE OKA INDIANS.

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IT would be out of place to discuss, in the pages of a magazine like this, the merits, or otherwise, of the long-protracted case of the Oka Indians, and the Government's action in regard to them; but the following

statement of the proceedings of the Methodist Conference in Montreal, on October 1st, gives evidence of a dignified view of the case, and shows that a powerful body of representative men, such as were present at the conference, are not easily swayed by loud denunciation, but reserve their course of action for sober counsel and deliberation :

“At the closing meeting of the Methodist Conference, the report of the civil and religious liberty committee was read with silent approval until the section respecting the Oka Indians was reached. It is there stated that the lands claimed by the Protestant Indians were originally given to the seminary in trust for the Indians ; that the conference repudiates and condemns the action of a minister of the crown in the matter ; and pledges the conference to employ every reasonable means to defend the Indians against the wrongs and cruel persecution to which they are being subjected on account of their religious belief.”

Rev. Dr. Shaw proposed as an amendment the following : “Resolved, that without pronouncing upon the legal questions involved in the claims of the Indians at Oka, we deeply regret the continuance among them of a state of agitation and dissatisfaction most prejudicial to their temporal and religious interests ; and that we refrain from giving any further deliverance from this General Conference on the subject, except that we counsel the Indians to give fair and intelligent consideration to such offers of settlement of existing difficulties as may be made.”

Dr. Sutherland spoke against the amendment, and Rev. Messrs Jackson, Williams and Antliff in favor of it.

Finally the amendment was lost on a division, and the report was adopted, with an addition expressing regret that in the annual distribution of gifts the government had discriminated against those Indians at Oka who had become Protestants.”

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#### OKA SETTLEMENT.

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THE “*Canadian Advance*,” published in Toronto, gives a very accurate history of Oka, and its Indian settlement ; and the following, gathered from its columns, may prove of interest to those who are not acquainted with the details there given. Oka, or Lake of the Two Mountains, is an Indian reserve fifteen miles square, facing the Ottawa River, some thirty-six miles north-west of Montreal. This settlement at present consists of three tribes—the Nipinguins, the Algonquins and the Iroquois. Here they came in 1718, having yielded their earlier home to the Crown of France, which made them this grant. Here they settled, with the understanding that no one was to dispossess or disturb them. The king of France, in

granting this reserve, made the order of Sulpicians their trustees, and they were to educate and protect them. They carry on many little industries, which they sell to the white man ; but dissensions crept in ; they were refused permission to cut wood, forbidden to listen to or embrace any other faith than that of Rome, and those who did so suffered great persecutions. Tired of this, a few years ago a number of them moved to the township of Gibson, in Muskoka, whither strong persuasion has been used to make all those Indians go, who are Protestants ; but they refuse to leave their homestead to which they are attached, and where they desire to be buried with their fathers. As a last endeavor to move them, the letter from the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, which has been so much commented on, was written to them, followed by a second, stating, "the Government cannot assist or protect these Indians who persist in remaining on land which does not belong to them, and over which the Government has no control."

Now, we find in history, that the relations between the discovering nations and the natives were matters of regulation ; but it became the universal rule that where the lands were in the possession of the Indians, the ultimate fee should be in the discovering sovereign and its successors. They accordingly made grants of land occupied by Indians, conveying a title to the grantees, subject to the Indian right of occupancy. The grant did not annul the rights of the Indians, or stop them from claiming the same ; but by its terms expressly preserved their rights. In 1888, a case similar to that of Oka came before the Supreme Court of the State of California, *Byrne vs. Alas and others*, which fully confirmed the position taken by the Indian counsel, that grants of lands are subject to the rights of the Indian occupants, and that such occupants cannot legally be ejected. This decision was looked upon at Washington as having a very important bearing on the welfare and rights of Indians ; and is the most valuable thing which has been definitely secured for them since public attention has been turned to their sufferings and wrongs ; and the Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1888, says : "Had that decision been rendered several years ago, it would have prevented no small part of the

“hardship, cruelty, and flagrant injustice, of which the “Mission Indians have been conspicuous victims.” It is to be hoped our Dominion Government will render full justice to the Oka Indians; and that the troubles which have now so long agitated that reserve may be amicably settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

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#### THE HALF-BREEDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

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OUTSIDE of the Province of Manitoba and the Canadian North-west, very little is known of the Metis and their history—the French half-breeds—a people who have played a prominent part in the history of the country, and who are likely in a few generations to succumb to the superiority of the white settler, and, like the Indians, to pass away into obscurity. Always the friends of the Indians, the early French explorers, traders, and voyageurs, often became identified with their interests and fortunes, and freely intermarried with them. Their mixed-blood descendents retain to this day the instincts of the Indian, blended with and modified by many of the moral and mental traits of the white. It is not the writer's intention here to contrast the French and English colonists in their relations with the Indians. The English, independent of the latter, from whose intercourse they could derive no benefit, regarded them simply as an obstacle to their progress, a natural foe, against which they waged a war of extermination. The French, from the first, recognized in the red man a fellow-being, and as such, entitled to consideration. They treated him with firmness, tempered with justice. Of a more sympathetic nature, the French felt kindly disposed towards the natives, and had less repugnance in associating with them. Their religion, also, as exemplified in the unselfish lives of the early missionaries, must have taught them impressive lessons of tolerance and Christian charity. As a result of their intercourse with the natives, there was not in New France a single tribe whose alliance and friendship they did not win and retain, even long after their power passed away. Having neglected agriculture for barter and trade, the Indians became necessary auxiliaries. Through them furs were obtained, which constituted the trade of the early

colony, and only with their help could France extend its westward march of power, and check the encroachments of the Dutch and English colonies. The cultivation of their friendship was thus earnestly enjoined upon all the officials of New France, on political and commercial grounds, while the missionary preached forbearance and the cause of humanity. The Indian tribes of Canada and of the Illinois country, all belonging to the great Algonquin family, were most subjected to this influence. With them the *couriers des bois* roved; with their guidance the North-west was explored; and from them the majority of the Metis derive their Indian blood.

The caste of Indian-mixed blood is never well defined, but tends to approximate to one or other of the types of its progenitors. If a district inhabited by half-breeds, becomes settled by whites, the reversion naturally will be toward the white race, and the red blood becomes so diluted as to scarcely give trace of its presence, either in complexion or intellectual acquirements. Such must be the eventual destiny, in Manitoba, of the Metis. Such is already the case in Illinois and Missouri. Again, if half-breeds live exclusively among Indians, the reversion will be towards the Indian type, so that it is impossible at a certain point to discriminate between mixed and a pure-blood native. Such cases of individuals are found in the North-west. But between these extremes is a large middle ground, occupied by intermarried mixed-bloods, found principally along the Red River and the Winnipeg Basin. The French mixed-bloods of the North-west are known as half-breeds, metis, and bois-brules. Metis is said to be derived from the Spanish word *mestizo*, traceable in its turn to the Latin, *mixtus*. Bois-brules is explained by referring to the maternal dialect of a large proportion of half-breeds. In the Chippewa tongue they are "men partly burned," *i.e.* tinged with Indian blood, but not quite burned into the coppery complexion. The usual name, half-breeds, pre-supposes blood from the paternal and maternal ancestors in equal proportion; but this is seldom so. The mixture is shown in many of the half-breed names, such as Grant, Sutherland, Grey, &c., of Scotch and Indian parentage, and Lambert, Parisien, &c., of French and Indian blood.

It has been asserted that north of the fortieth parallel, from Quebec to Vancouver, there is scarcely a native tribe from the Sioux to the Esquimaux, that has not been tintured with French blood. The Cree Indians were always held in high esteem by the early French; and as the Cree women were superior to those of other tribes in moral and mental qualities, they were generally preferred by white traders. The majority of the Metis of Manitoba are of Cree, and the balance of Chippewa-Salteaux

blood; whilst the Assinaboines have also representatives in southern Manitoba. The mothers are prolific, thus controverting the statement often made that hybrid races are sterile.

The capacity of the half-breeds for work and industry is great, but about one-fourth or one-fifth on the Saskatchewan lead a semi-nomadic life—hunters and trappers, and fishing for a livelihood. Some give to agriculture their exclusive attention, and depend on the produce of their land. In the Provincial Legislature of the North-west they also take a position as representatives. At the posts of the Hudson Bay Company they act as guides, interpreters, and are hardy and sagacious voyageurs, either with ox-cart, dog-sleigh, or canoe. At the Roman Catholic missions of St. Anne and St. Albert, many till the soil and are doing fairly well. The character of the Metis is a guileless nature, easily swayed; a clear but not strong moral sense; good purpose, but weak will. Fickle and impulsive, they are free from greed and egotism, and are incapable of deliberate, calculating fraud. They are kind-hearted, genial and sympathetic, and abound in hospitality, sharing cheerfully all they have with friends or strangers alike; but whenever destitute, they ask from their neighbors as freely as they give themselves. They resent an injury quickly, but are as quick in pardon, and they do not treasure up animosity. With a quick innateness of perception, they can reach any objective point, through forests or over virgin prairies, noticing on the way, minutely, all the details of the landscape, which remain indelibly printed on their memory. Their cottages, along the Red River, are mostly without lock and key, and are under the sole safeguard of mutual honesty. Like the Indian, they are fond of "fire-water," when procurable; and fond of pleasure, the great drawback to steady industry. Submissive to their spiritual teachers, they become better Christians than the white frontiersmen. Their innate love of roving freedom indisposes them greatly to the restraint and confinement of school education; and wherever schools have been opened among them, attendance is irregular and never of long duration. The ministrations of Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, and his band of missionaries, have done much to keep them in the Christian faith, and under a certain amount of moral restraint.

The vehicles used by the half-breeds are peculiar and deserve a passing notice. The description given by Dr. Woodruff, of the U.S. army, probably is the best in print. He says: "Composed entirely of wood, they consist of two wheels, nearly six feet in diameter, with very broad tires, and a small body resting on the axle and shafts. The harness is made of rawhide. They carry from 600 to 800 pounds; and one man drives five or six of them in a train. No grease is used, and the creaking of the wheels on the prairie is indescribable. The broad felloes of the wheels prevent their sinking in the soft ground. When progress is interrupted by a swollen stream, the cart could be taken to pieces and

floated across." Steam navigation and communication is now rapidly causing these carts to be a thing of the past. In winter, dogs-sleds or *tobawgas* (toboggans) are used, and the author of "The Great Lone Land," Major Butler, graphically alludes to their usefulness. Independent of roads, the driver selects his course over the boundless expanse of snow, as does the mariner at sea.

The French language is understood by all the Canadian half-breeds, but amongst themselves an Indian jargon prevails, Cree predominating. They avoid grammatical difficulties in the use of verbs and pronouns, by using as few tenses as possible, and these preferably in the third person singular. Their pronunciation of French, although defective, is not as bad as some of the patois of France. Many of their words in common use are obsolete French, and savor of Normandy and Picardy, the home of the early pioneer.

With the advent of the White settlements, the Metis are going further away, and the day is not far distant when they will become, in the North-west generally, and more especially in Manitoba, as scattered as the Indians in Ontario; and like the buffalo and the prairie fowl, the natives of the soil will give way to civilization and settlement. Their history has marked an eventful period in that of the annals of the Dominion; and their record should be preserved, as far as possible, before it is too late, to save their tale of life, in the formation of the new North-west.

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## THE COMANCHE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



COMANCHE was the name applied to this tribe by the early Spanish explorers; they call themselves *Na-uni*, "life people." Only a few years ago they were one of the wildest and most untameable of the Indian tribes, and were constantly on the war-path, making raids on other Indian camps and resisting every effort on the part of the United States Government to confine them to a reserve. Of all North American Indians the Comanches were probably

the most skilful riders. Young children, almost infants, would be tied by their mothers to half-wild, bare-backed mustangs, and would soon learn to look upon the horse's back as their home. The women are not far behind the men as riders; they sit astride, guide the horses with the knee, like the men, and catch and break wild colts. In fighting, the Comanches throw the body on one side of the horse, hang on by the heel, and shoot with great precision and rapidity. To enable them to main-

tain their position while so engaged, a short hair halter is tightly braided into the horse's mane near the withers, which forms a loop, and hangs under the neck against the animal's breast; into this loop the rider passes his fore arm as he suddenly and fearlessly throws himself over the horse's side, and thus hangs with his heel hooked to the horse's back, his body entirely sheltered from the arrows of the enemy. Before horses were known, these Indians, in common with many other tribes, used to transport their household goods on the backs of dogs, or on poles resting on dogs' shoulders, the ends trailing on the ground. At the time of Coronado's expedition in 1540, the Comanches possessed great numbers of dogs, and used them for transporting their buffalo skin tents and household utensils in the manner described. In stature the Comanches are rather short, and when on foot are heavy and ungraceful in their movements; but the moment one of them mounts his horse he is at once metamorphosed and flies gracefully away over the prairie, an entirely different being.

This tribe was formerly large and powerful. In Catlin's time, fifty years ago, they were estimated to number from 25,000 to 30,000; he describes them as "wanderers, hunters and warriors, with large herds of horses." They were then inhabiting the western part of Texas and the Mexican Provinces, and the south-western part of the territory of the United States, near to the Rocky Mountains. The Comanches belong to the Shoshonee stock, and are related to the Shoshonees, Utes, Mokis, Chemehuevis, Snakes, Bannocks, and Diggers. They are divided into a number of minor tribes or families. Those living in north and north-western Texas were (thirty years ago) the *Pe-na-doiz-ka*, "eaters of bees' honey;" the *Da-ne-me*, "prayers;" the *Hu-i*, "woodmen;" those living north of Texas were the *Ya-pa-res-ka*, "eaters of sweet potatoes;" the *Mutsha*, "big noses;" the *Gu-sho-doiz-ka*, "eaters of buffalo;" the *Gui-yus*, "awls;" the *Gua-ge-hoi-ke*, "shade of the back;" those living north and north-west of New Mexico were the *Tres-qui-ta*, "spare evacuators;" the *Po-ho*, "dumb people." All these sub-tribes spoke the same language. Where the Comanches originally came from cannot now be determined, but, like most of the prairie Indians, they trace their origin from the west. What remains of this great tribe is now located in the south-western part of Indian Territory, north of Red River. At the present time they number 1560 souls. Their agent reports that they are making very fair progress in agriculture, and are sending their children to school. Twelve years ago, he says, these Indians were the terror of the plains and frontier settlements from Nebraska to the Gulf, and from Arkansas River to the Rio Grande; but now all is changed, and any person can travel alone anywhere on this reserve in safety. Not only are these Indians now peaceable and friendly, but the majority of them are making earnest and encouraging efforts to learn and follow industrial pursuits, educate their

children, and build homes for themselves and their families like white men. Notwithstanding these improvements, in dress, habits and civilization, it does not however appear that any of them have as yet become Christians.

The Comanches are remarkable for their temperance, or rather, abhorrence for intoxicating drink. In this they stand alone; the other tribes of the same family being very much addicted to the use of spirits, and in some cases making their own liquor from Indian corn. When smoking, a Comanche Indian will direct the first two puffs, with much ceremony and muttering, to the sun, and the third puff, with a like demonstration, towards the earth. When short of tobacco they make use of the dried leaves of the sumach, of willow bark, or other plants.

The Comanche observes laws of hospitality as strictly as the Arab. When a visitor enters his dwelling, the master of the house points to him a seat and how to reach it, and the host is greatly offended if his directions are not strictly followed. Meeting on the prairie, friends as well as enemies put their horses at full speed. To ascertain the disposition of an advancing horseman, the right hand is raised with the palm in front, and pushed forward and back several times; this is a command to halt, and if the intention is not hostile it will be obeyed. After the rider has stopped, the right hand is raised again as before, and slowly moved to the right and left, which signifies, I do not know you, Who are you? This enquiry will be answered by giving the signal of the tribe.

The Comanches are very dignified in their deportment, and maintain a grave stoicism in the presence of strangers. Among themselves they are extremely clanish in their social relations. Quarrels among relatives and friends are unheard of among them.

Like most of the prairie Indians, these people live in teepees, conical-shaped, skin-covered lodges, made of poles and buffalo skins, fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter on the ground, a fire in the centre, and the smoke escaping through the aperture at the apex. Catlin speaks of a large Comanche village, which he visited, containing 600 or 800 of these skin-covered lodges. "These people," he says, "living in a country where buffaloes are abundant, make their wigwams more easily of their skins than of anything else; and when they move camp they pack them up and place them on poles, attached to their horses, which drag behind them on the ground."



A writer in *The Red Man*, describes a visit which he paid to a Comanche village, in 1874. "The house I entered," he says, "consisted of buffalo-skins, stretched

tightly over 17 poles, erected in a conical form. A hollow in the earth, in the centre of the floor, served for a fireplace; an arrangement of sticks and robes, on three sides, served the double purposes of seats and beds. Near the doorway lay a pile of dried meat, and rawhide bags containing what provisions the family had on hand. The furniture consisted of an old brass kettle, a few knives, and some old battered tin cups. A few forked sticks, set up in different places, served as rests for saddles, bridles, bows, pistol-belts, hats, &c. Running around the camp, and getting in when they could, were hosts of wolfish-looking dogs. Supper time came, and our hostess took some beef from the corner of the lodge. I thought she was going to cleanse it, but not so; she put it into the old brass kettle and boiled it, then set out portions in small pans for each guest, and poured some of the liquor in which it was boiled over it. Some rather unpleasant coffee and some bread, from the Agency, completed the meal. We retired early, but did not get much sleep, as the tom-toms kept beating until the early morning hours."

The same writer describes a Comanche chief, named "Otter Belt."



EESHAKO'NEE (COMANCHE CHIEF.)

"Looking at this chief," he says, "I considered I beheld the most perfect specimen of a wild Indian I had ever seen—tall, well proportioned, with handsome, pleasant features, dignified in speech and action, no wonder that he was treated with so much deference by other chiefs, although his seniors. He knew that a part of our mission was to make enquiries about horse stealing; and he also knew that he was himself one of the chief offenders. After

a little desultory conversation, he leaned over to where a litter of young puppies lay within reach, and taking them one by one, laid them at our feet, saying, 'Take them to your agent, and say these are the horses that Otter Belt stole.' All was done pleasantly and good-humoredly, but was a plain intimation to us that we need not push the horse matter any further—neither, indeed, were we disposed to do so."

In the year 1835, Colonel Dodge of the U.S. army, was on the march through Indian country, when he came suddenly upon a war party of Comanches. As the soldiers approached, the Indians decamped and disappeared over the hill, but were soon seen again on another mound

further off. In this manner they kept on retreating before the troops. At length Col. Dodge ordered a halt, and riding forward with a few of his staff displayed a white flag. At this, one of the Indians galloped out in advance of the war party on a milk-white horse, carrying a piece of white buffalo skin on the point of his lance. It was a thrilling and beautiful sight; the young Indian came prancing and leaping along on his mettlesome steed till he met the flag of the regiment, when he laid his spear against it, looking the bearer full in the face, then wheeled his horse and dashed up to Col. Dodge with his extended hand, which was instantly grasped and shaken. Seeing this, the rest of the party, who were on the brow of the hill half-a-mile distant, started under full whip in a direct line towards the regiment, and in a moment had gathered like a black cloud around the soldiers. A general hand-shake then ensued, and the Indians were allowed to go away again unharmed.

The Comanches from early youth are taught the art of war, and are not allowed a seat in the council until their name is garnished with some heroic deed. They invariably fight on horseback with the bow and arrow, spear (fourteen feet in length), and a skin-covered shield stuffed with hair. They scalp the dead, kill male captives, reserve women for their wives, and adopt the children. These people have no idea of government. Born and bred with the idea of perfect personal freedom, any kind of restraint is to them unendurable. Very little authority is vested in the chief, and he is liable at any time to be deposed.

It is related of the Comanches that they at one time extracted silver from some mines near San Saba, from which they manufactured ornaments for themselves and for their saddles and bridles. These people use no boats, but they make wooden rafts or bundles of rushes fastened tightly together with willow twigs, and propel them with poles. For their maintenance they used to depend mainly upon their horses. A Comanche Indian hunter, it is said, will capture and break in a wild horse in the space of an hour, and, mounting his animal, will pursue the chase for other horses from the same herd. In pursuit of a wild horse he rides at full gallop in among the herd, selects his animal, throws his lasso with unerring skill, dismounts, runs on foot letting out the lasso to its full length, then chokes his victim, and soon has him struggling at his feet; approaching cautiously, he puts hobbles on the animal's fore feet and breathes into its nostrils. The Indians claim that doing this acts as a charm upon the animal and he becomes henceforth a willing servant.

The Comanches never used to cultivate the soil, but subsisted entirely by the chase. Buffalo was their main food, the only addition to it being a few wild plants and roots. Both meat and entrails were eaten either raw or roasted. They would make a fire in a hole, plant a number of sticks round it meeting at the top, and on this lay the meat to be cooked.

The liver was esteemed a favorite morsel and was eaten raw, and they would sometimes drink the warm blood. The skins of the buffaloes they used as robes, or to cover their shields or their tents, and they displayed considerable taste in painting them.

The Comanches of both sexes tattoo the face and body, generally on the breast. The men do not cut the hair, but gather it into tufts or plaits, to which they attach round pieces of silver graduated in size from top to bottom. Much time is spent in painting and adorning the person, red being a favorite color; feathers also form a necessary adjunct to their toilet. The men generally have no covering on the upper part of the body, being dressed merely in breech-cloth, made of dressed skin ornamented with shells, and leggings and moccasins of similar material. For warmth they draw a buffalo robe or blanket over the naked shoulders. The women dress decently in a deerskin gown or slip which reaches from the chin to the ankles; the gown is drawn in at the waist with a belt, and is often fringed and decorated with rows of elks' teeth.

Courtship among these people is usually simple and brief. The wooer pays for his bride and takes her home. Every man may have all the wives he can buy. Sometimes a feast of horse-flesh celebrates a marriage. The husband may leave his wife, or the wife leave her husband, at will. In the latter case, however, the husband must wipe out his disgrace by killing some one—anybody whom he may chance to meet. The following story is told of how a young Pawnee brave, at the risk of his own life, wooed and won a Comanche maiden. The young Pawnee, with several companions, was on a horse-stealing expedition, and had approached a Comanche camp at the midnight hour with that intent. Stealing up to a tent, he was just in the act of cutting the ropes of two spotted horses when he heard a movement within, and looking in through a small opening, saw a fire burning and a young girl combing her hair; he at once became enamoured and remained the greater part of the night watching her and taking note of all the things about the lodge; then, just before morning dawned, the party rode away with their stolen prizes. The young Pawnee said nothing to his comrades, but he was determined to see the Comanche maiden again, and having spent several months collecting a large supply of trinkets and ornaments, he persuaded his friends to go again on a horse-stealing expedition, his object being, as he said, to collect as many as possible "spotted horses." They visited a number of camps night after night, and travelled great distances, but the young Pawnee could not find the "spotted horses" of which he was in quest. At length, after a long time, he struck the right camp, told his companions he had seen the horses he wanted, and bid them wait in a secluded place while he stole into the camp to get them. The young Pawnee found the tent where the girl was, and, peeping in, discovered that the inmates were all sound asleep. Creeping stealthily in, he hung

up all his presents beside the sleeping girl, spread a blanket he had brought with him over her, and, wrapping another blanket around him, laid himself down near the fire as though to sleep. In a little time the girl awoke, saw the presents hanging over her and a stranger lying by the fire. Indian-like she was self-possessed, spoke in low tones to the intruder, and asked him whence he came and who he was, but his language was a different one so that he could not answer and remained as though sleeping. Then the girl awoke her father. The old man got up, lighted his pipe and began smoking. The old man was the head chief of the Comanches. The mother was now awake, and all three sat by the fire, while the intruding Pawnee lay still in his blanket as though asleep. After the old chief had got through with his pipe he sent for the other chiefs to come to his tent. They knew that the young man was a Pawnee by the way his hair was cut, and the Pawnees were their sworn enemies. What was to be done with the intruder. The assembled chiefs passed the pipe from one to another, but no one would pass sentence on their bold enemy. At last one of them bade the young man sit up and answer for himself, and he then told them the circumstances, how on his first visit he had stolen two horses from the door of the chief's lodge, had seen and become enamoured of the chief's daughter, and was now come again to the camp in the full determination either to take her away as his wife or to die for her. While the chiefs were still deliberating, a noise was heard outside the tent and in shuffled the girl's grandfather. He had been listening outside. "Give me the pipe," he said, "if you men cannot decide, let me do it; I do not wish to condemn to death the man whose blanket my granddaughter is wearing. I have heard that there is a tribe up north that is raising from the ground something that is long and white, and something that is round, and that these things are good to eat. Now before I die I want to eat of these things, and I want my granddaughter to go and take her seat by this man. Since I was young we have been enemies, but now I want the two tribes to join hands and be friends. The young Pawnee then, at a motion from one of the chiefs, got up and put a trinket or an ornament on the breast of each one of the assembled braves, and thus the matter was happily settled, and he was allowed to take away his wife.

The Comanches stand in great dread of evil spirits, which they attempt to conciliate by fasting and abstinence. They have yearly gatherings to light the sacred fires, on which occasions they build numerous huts and sit huddled about them, taking medicine for purification, and fasting for seven days. Those who can endure to keep the fast unbroken become sacred in the eyes of the others. These people acknowledge, more or less vaguely, a Supreme Spirit, but seem to use the sun and earth as mediators with, and, in some sort as embodiments of Him. They have

a recognized body of sorcerers called *puyacantes*, and various religious ceremonies and chants, in all of which the sun and the earth seem to play a principal part. Their dead, they say, go to the happy prairies in the far west where the sun sets, and have glorious times buffalo-hunting and horse-stealing. Souls revisit the earth at night, but are obliged to return before break of day. When a Comanche warrior dies, his best robe is wrapped about him, and he is buried on the summit of a hill in a sitting posture with his face to the east. Frequently they build a heap of stones over the grave and erect a pole with a pair of moccasins suspended. Then there are dances and songs round a fire, and, as further sign of grief, they cut off the manes and tails of their horses, crop their own hair and lacerate their bodies. The women give vent to their grief by howling. When "Otter Belt" died in 1887, his five wives slashed their faces and limbs with butcher knives, smeared themselves over with blood, and tore their hair; they also burned everything they had and killed ten horses.

## GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

No books have as yet been printed in the Comanche language, and but for the kindness of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, in lending several incomplete manuscript vocabularies, it would have been difficult to have furnished even a list of words. No grammatical notes, therefore, can be furnished.

## VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ě*, as in they, met; *i*, *ĩ*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *õ*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *š*, *š̃*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in jamais (Fr.), pleasure; *â*, as in law; *h*, as in German *ich*; *g*, a guttural *ghr* sound.

man, te-nah-pă.	night, tu'kan.
woman, hwai-pă.	yes, hañ.
boy, tu-i-nah-pă.	no, ke.
house, kah-nĩ.	I, nětza.
boat, pa-wo'-i-pog.	thou, ün'ni.
river, honop-i.	he, ordtza.
water, pah.	my father, ath-pa.
fire, kun.	it is good, tcat.
tree, hu'-ipi.	red, etca'pit.
horse, ta'-ha-i.	white, to'sapit.
dog, sah-ri.	black, to'hubit.
fish, pek-w.	one, sãmis.
town, kahnik.	two, wa'hat.
kettle, wista ah.	three, pa'hit.
knife, wi'h.	four, hai-u'-lu kwit.
tobacco, pũm.	five, mo'habit.
day, ta'ben.	six, na'-ba-it.

seven, ta'hi tcu-it  
 eight, na'miwa tcu-it.  
 nine, wah'mi nat.  
 ten, se'man.  
 twenty, wah'imün.  
 hundred, se'must.  
 come here, kīm.  
 be quick, na'm sho.  
 to-day, ta'ben.  
 to-morrow, perch ko.  
 good morning, mā-néwh.  
 Indian, ni-a-pa-rik.  
 hand, o-math'pan.  
 my hand, ni-math'pan.  
 he is asleep, erth-puh-it.  
 axe, tsh-he'h.  
 little axe, tsh-heh tes-tes-tih.

bad axe, tsh heh tes chet.  
 big axe, tsh heh pi-up.  
 bird, hust-tso.  
 snake, nu'yi.  
 don't be afraid, kète-tériet.  
 give it to me, nǎ-u't.  
 friend, haitz.  
 sun, tahb.  
 earth, sokovist.  
 sky, tomovist.  
 it is cold, uh tcait.  
 I am hungry, nǎ tcā tcí'ai-i-lai.  
 are you sick? an-nu'-wǎn-  
 mina'kh.  
 he is very sick, ta'wite i-wan-  
 minakh.

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Comanche Indians: Bancroft; Bureau of Ethnology Report, Washington; Century of Dishonor; Catlin; Races of Mankind; the '*Red Man*'; Indian Bureau Report, Washington; Haines. Special thanks are due to the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, for the loan of several manuscripts bearing on the language. Also to Eustace Esapoyhet, of the Carlisle Indian School, for a partial vocabulary and notes.

NOTE.—Mr. Wilson has already written sixteen short histories of separate Indian Tribes, with grammatical notes and vocabularies. Back numbers of "*Our Forest Children*," containing these histories, can be had on application; the full set of 16 for 75 cents.

## DAVENPORT PRACTICES.

**A**MONG the Cree Indians of Moose Mountain, in the Province of Assiniboia, N.W.T., there exists a custom strangely resembling the performances of the Davenport Brothers. It was witnessed in the spring of 1889, by Mr. Campbell, the Indian agent at that place. An Indian named *Ee-tan* (dead mouth) was sick, and the Medicine man, *Ka-pe-che-gah-bowh*, at that time nearly eighty years of age, undertook to ascertain from the Great Spirit whether the patient would die or live. When Mr. Campbell arrived at the sick man's teepee about nine o'clock in the evening he found it crowded with Indians, and, in the centre, were four upright stakes, planted firmly in the ground in the form of a square, about two and a-half feet apart. Round this framework were wrapped prepared skins, dry, and without any hair on them, to about six feet from the ground. *Kapechegahbowh* then appeared on the scene, divested of all

clothing with the exception of his breech-clout, and after lighting the sacred pipe at a fire in the teepee and presenting it to the four points of the compass, and offering a prayer which lasted ten minutes, he went outside and called loudly on the Great Spirit to come down to converse with him. Then, at a given sign, Kapechegahbowh was taken and bound hand and foot by several young men in attendance; first his hands and fingers were secured with sinews, then his feet; then his arms were bound behind his back with half-inch ropes well knotted; his knees and ankles were bound in the same manner; then, with other ropes, he was drawn and held together in a squatting position, his knees drawn up to his breast. In this utterly helpless condition he was then placed inside the narrow chimney-like enclosure in the centre of the teepee, the lower skin covering being telescoped upward to allow for his entrance; there was only just room for him to squat inside. The skin covering was then drawn down, the fire in the teepee was put out, all smoking was forbidden, silence was enjoined, the tom-tom-ing on the drums was kept up at intervals. In the centre of the narrow enclosure where Kapechegahbowh was confined the sacred medicine stone—a smooth, oval-shaped stone about eight inches long—had been already deposited, and the bound man had a bone whistle placed in his mouth. He kept alternately blowing on this whistle and calling on the Great Spirit to come down to him, and in a very few minutes after he had been shut up there commenced a rapid scrabbling up and down upon the inside of the skin walls of the little prison, accompanied by a sharp barking sort of noise, and, in another moment one of the ropes was thrown over the top of the enclosure, then another rope, then another, and the old man was heard calling loudly first for the Great Spirit, then for the spirit of the sick man to come to him. His prayers, it appeared, were answered, for shortly after he was heard talking and expostulating with the Great Spirit, and then the spirit of the sick man started up a lively conversation with the Great Spirit, and the end of it was that the Great Spirit consented to remove the sickness from the sick man, and that he should get well. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before the performance was over, and there being no fire allowed, the white persons who had been privileged to be present were getting very stiff and cold and were glad to get back to the comfort of their own homes.

Mr. Campbell, on enquiry, found that this custom had been in vogue among these Indians for many generations back. A pioneer Jesuit priest mentions having seen the same performances a great many years ago.—

*E. F. W.*

**V**ERY few private collections of Indian relics in Canada can surpass the very fine collection that has been gathered together by Dr. J. B. Tweedale, St. Thomas, Ont.

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It is earnestly hoped that all who have given their names as members of the Society, will at once pay up their first year's subscription, if they have not yet done so. About 400 subscriptions will be required in order to meet the first year's expenses of the Society, including publication of THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

## INDIAN NOTES AND CUSTOMS.



THE Eskimo Tribes, which fringe the Arctic coasts, are altogether a different race from any of the Indians. Instead of the sallow complexion of the latter, they have a skin as white as that of many Europeans. The men are many of them tall and muscular, though the women are much shorter. The men are disfigured by a cheek ornament or stud, for the insertion of which their cheeks are painfully bored in youth. The women, though free from this awkward custom, have the inconvenient one of wearing, in a pile on the crown of their heads, the whole of their shorn locks from youth to age.

MOST Indian tribes regard the American continent as an island. The Ojebways generally speak of it as keche-miniss, the big island. There seems to be a dim recollection, if not an old tradition, among many tribes, that their remote ancestors reached this country by water.

MOCASIN is an Ojebway word, the ordinary name of those people for a buckskin shoe; for correct pronunciation the accent should be put on the first syllable. It is derived from *mago*, to compress, and *sid*, the foot—*magosid*, "foot-compress."

IT is a matter of surprise to those who know little or nothing of the war customs of the Indians, that, despite the intelligence and activity of the white men, the native tribes are kept well informed of all those hostile to their interests. During the troubles in Colorado, between the American soldiers and the Indians, they were thoroughly conversant with the plans of the military; and wherever danger presented itself, they were able to keep several miles in advance of their foes. Such apparent activity and keen-sightedness was due to the telegraphic communication kept up between the tribes. The small looking-glass, invariably carried by the Indian in his native state, is held toward the sun, and the reflection of the sun's rays is directed toward the persons intended to receive the communication. By this means a message can be sent from bluff to bluff, and the sentinels placed there can converse with each other. I have been aroused from my writing-desk by the flash from a looking-glass carried by an Indian two miles distant. One day in camp, an Indian's presence was desired, but he was fully two miles away, riding on his horse. A man standing near took out his glass, and with a single movement of his hand, the rider suddenly turned on his horse, and after a moment's thought, rode towards us. By means of fires, lighted in prominent places, the light and also the smoke were used as means of signals, which could be seen at long distances.—*McLean*.

A BRAVE man is the Indian on approaching death. No craven fear possesses him when his enemies scoff at him, and exercise their ingenuity in torture. He gives scoff for scoff, and urges them to do their utmost to injure him. When death is inevitable, he sings his death-song, which Loskiel says is translated into these words: "I go to death, and shall suffer great torture; but I will endure the greatest torments inflicted by my enemies, with becoming courage. I will die like a valiant man, and go to those heroes who have died in the same manner."

MR. FRANK H. CUSHING, who was commissioned by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, to investigate the history of the Zuni Indians, and who spent five years among them, becoming so influential as to be made second chief of the tribe, said to a friend, "If you are told that any primitive people is ignorant of its history, don't believe it. They know all about it."

THE GHOST GAMBLE.—This curious custom among the Sioux Indians, is thus described by Dr. McChesney; it is played with wild plum stones, and its object is to decide on the possession of the deceased's property: After the death of a wealthy Indian, the near relatives take charge of the effects, and at a stated time they are divided into many small piles, so as to give all the Indians invited to play, an opportunity to win something. One Indian is selected to represent the ghost, and he plays against all the others, who are not required to stake anything on the result, but simply invited to take part in the ceremony, which is usually held in the lodge of the dead person, in which is contained a bundle inclosing a lock of his hair. In cases where the ghost himself is not wealthy, the stakes are furnished by his rich friends, should he have any. The players are called in one at a time, and play singly against the ghost's representative. If the invited player succeeds in beating the ghost, he takes one of the piles of goods and passes out, when another is invited to play, etc., until all the piles of goods are won. In cases of men, only the men play; and in cases of women, the women only take part in the ceremony.

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## MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

NOTE—This journey through Indian Territory, New Mexico, Colorado, and other parts, was undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in the autumn of 1888. The story began with the June number of "Our Forest Children," 1889. Back copies of that publication (to which the "Canadian Indian" succeeds) can be had by applying to the Rev. E. F. Wilson.

### CHAPTER XIX.—ZUNI—continued.

PEOPLE have said that the Pueblo Indians and Zunis are not Indians at all, that they are a distinct and superior race; but, after witnessing this scene and hearing their wild music, so wonderfully similar in its notes and rhythm to that which I have heard repeatedly among the wild tribes of the North-west, I could have no doubt at all but that the Zuni people are North American Indians, just as much as the Ojibways or the Blackfeet.

We stayed only a short time in this house, and then climbed the ladder and went to another. Seven new houses have been built in Zuni during the year, and these dances are held for the purpose of consecrating them. There is no fun or nonsense about these performances, and no laughing; they are religious dances, performed for a religious purpose. I had arrived just too late for the great dance of all when the *Shalako* is present. The *Shalako* is a gigantic figure, with a head and long beak like a bird. No one knows where he comes from, or where he goes to after the per-

formance is over. He left the day before I arrived, and went away across the river. At the next house we visited, two men only were dancing; they had evidently been at it a long time, and appeared to be nearly exhausted, the perspiration streaming down their necks and backs; they were naked, like the others, but each had the skin of a fawn wrapped round his waist, and the fawn's head dangling at his side. We waited till this dance was over. Then a couple of squaws brought in calabashes, filled with bread and preserved fruits, and laid them in a line along the centre of the floor—the bread and fruits alternately. First the principal men and the two dancers were summoned to partake; and we were beckoned also to seat ourselves. This seemed a very friendly act, and although I was not hungry, I sat down and ate a little—dipping a piece of bread into the bowl of fruit and scooping up a little, as I saw the Indians do. These Zuni Indians certainly seemed uncommonly friendly and hospitable. What more beautiful and graceful a way of receiving a stranger could be conceived than to take his hand, shake it kindly and smilingly, then lift the hand that has held the stranger's to the lips and draw in the breath. I noticed my new-found friends of Zuni doing this, so, of course, I did the same. I was struck, too, by the reverent way they approached, one by one, a heathen shrine which had been erected at the end of the room, muttered some words of prayer or address to their unseen God, then put out their hands, grasped the air in front of the shrine, raised their hands to their lips and drew in the breath. These people certainly seemed to be in earnest about their religion, worthless though it might be—far more in earnest than are the great majority of professed Christians.

We had rather an uncomfortable breakfast the next morning. There were two ladies in the party connected with the Hemenway exploration, and we all ate together in the adobe-walled chamber which served as a dining room. The uncomfortableness of the breakfast was owing to the fact that there was scarcely a dry spot on the floor; and the reason that there was scarcely a dry spot on the floor, was that the house was an adobe house with a flat roof, and the flat roof was covered with snow, and the warmth of the room was melting the snow; and large drops of water, charged with adobe soil, were dropping on nearly every part of the floor, and on nearly every part of the breakfast-table. The ladies sat with their petticoats drawn up around them, looking very uncomfortable; and first there came a big drop of water on somebody's beefsteak, then a large drop into somebody's coffee, and then a large drop down the neck of the person who was drinking the coffee. It is very uncomfortable to get a big drop of water down one's neck at any time, and especially so when one is drinking coffee. That breakfast was a shifting scene; and, towards the end of it, three of the party were sitting almost in the fire, and the others were huddled together at an opposite end of the table,

where the drops, it had been found by experience, were comparatively few and far between.

I wondered why people had their houses flat-roofed in New Mexico. At first I did not like to display my ignorance by asking; of course there was some good scientific reason, which I ought to know, which probably every educated person who had read books did know, except myself. I pondered and I thought, but I thought in vain. At length I blurted out, "Why do you have flat roofs?" I expected every one would look at me in disdain; and that the youngest of the party would reply in lofty manner, and set me down as an utter ignoramus. I was genuinely surprised to find that none of the party could give me any reason whatever for the roofs being flat, except that it was cheap.

After breakfast, I went with Mr. G. over to Zuni. It was daylight now; and I could see what the place was like. There was the muddy little stream, about ten inches deep, which they call the Zuni river, flowing, or rather muddling along, just below our camp ground; there was the string of waggons, by which we had crossed in the dark the night before; and there, up on the opposite bank, were the adobe walls of Zuni—five tiers of reddish-grey terraces, rising in irregular order one above another, and, bristling up towards the sky, were the upper ends of ladders, some short, some long, by which the Zunians mount from their squares and courts to their dwellings up above. I imagine the Tower of Babel must have been built something after this plan. Mr. G. and myself plodded through the snow and slush, crossed the waggon bridge, mounted the muddy bank, and entered the muddy town. The streets through which we wended our way, were narrow and intricate, and each one had its complement of children, burros, and dogs. The first person I was introduced to was the ex-Governor, Poli wat awa, who sheltered and befriended Mr. Cushing, when first he entered Zuni, some



ZUNI MUD.

six or seven years ago. Poli wat awa had a kind, pleasant face; he shook my hand warmly, then lifted his own to his lips and drew in his breath; and I did the same. Then we went to Graham's store. Mr. Graham is a white man, and has a store in Zuni—one of the adobe houses—for which he pays rent. At Graham's store I made a purchase. It was a raw goatskin, from a goat just killed. The skin was cut in two pieces and given to an Indian, and the Indian was instructed to make a pair of overshoes for me, such as the Indians wear in bad weather. Half the skin was to make the overshoes, and the other half was to be the Indian's

pay. The total cost was half a dollar. When they were made, an Indian adjusted them to my feet; they were just mere bags or pockets, into which I shoved my toes, boot and all; and then the Indian wound the remainder of the loose skin round my ankles, enclosing the ends of my trousers, and tied all up with string. The overshoes were very warm and comfortable and kept my feet dry, but they had rather a strong odor.

While the overshoes were being manufactured, I was busy with a young Indian, named 'Nick,' taking down Zuni words. Zuni is a language of itself. No other Indians on the continent speak the language. Following are a few examples:—

Man, tcawaki.

Dog, watcita.

Woman, okia.

Come here, kathlimani.

Boy, aktciki.

Be quick, heshina.

House, kiakwenini.

Good morning, konato anta wakia.

When we had finished with the words, I told Nick that I wanted to buy a Zuni blanket, so he took me a long trudge over housetops, and in and out among chimneys—a regular 'cat journey'—till we arrived at a little door about three and a-half feet high and about eighteen inches wide. If I had had my overcoat on I am sure I could never have got through it; but, as it was, I managed to effect an entrance; first one of my goat-skins went in over the doorstep, then I had to squeeze my body through, and then pull the other goat-skin in after me. Inside were a Zuni mother and three or four little children; the room was small and had but one little window. The woman had several new blankets, of home manufacture, hanging up on a horizontal stick suspended from the ceiling, all beautifully made; the large ones were \$25 each, and fully worth it, and the smallest from \$5 to \$6. I bought a small one. Then we went to a silversmith's to see some silver. Both the Pueblo Indians and the Navajoes are adepts at working in silver. You give a Pueblo or a Navajo Indian a silver dollar, and he will make almost any ornament you like out of it, but he will charge you another dollar for the making. A Navajo belt, worn round the waist, is a broad leathern strap adorned with from seven to ten large silver discs, each about four inches in diameter, and each worth about \$4; the belt, therefore, is worth from \$30 to \$40. But there is other jewelry, of much inferior appearance, which, to these New Mexican Indians, is of infinite more value—chains made of little discs of shell, a quarter of an inch in diameter, and drilled through the centre; they are said to be of fabulous age, made of shells that are not now to be found, and the people will refuse \$100 for a necklace. They also set a high value on turquoise. There is a turquoise mine twenty-five miles south of Santa Fe, which the Indians have worked for centuries; and it is said to be the only mine in the country. After lunch I made a sketch of Zuni from the roof of the new Hemenway

building, and then went alone to explore the town. I thought I would get a general idea of its topography, but I failed. I have no distinct idea at present as to how Zuni is laid out; but I know it is an excellent place in which to lose one's self. There are, I think, several large open squares with buildings all round them; but how many I cannot say; probably I got into the same one several times. There are also several tunnels, or subways, underneath the houses, and these tunnels lead out—I do not mean necessarily outside the town, but they lead out—somewhere. There is also an old Roman Catholic church, disused, and all falling to decay. While I wandered about I took several pencil sketches; I sketched the piled-up houses on one side of a square; and I sketched some women going through one of the tunnels, with waterpots on their heads; and I sketched a donkey putting his head into a bake oven. I also took several “instantaneous photographs”—that is, I took a good look at an individual, and then sketched him down before he knew it. I can manage to take down these Indians now pretty well, without their being aware of it. If they think they are being sketched, they cover their faces, turn their backs, and move off; but I always pretend to be sketching the sky, or some distant object, when my model turns a suspicious eye on me, and that reassures him, and enables me to get another look at him before he moves off. Among other things, I visited the Protestant school. This is not in Zuni, but just outside the town. I could not have got to it but for my goat-skins, for the travelling was awful. The school is kept by two ladies. They are spending their time at present moving their furniture and mopping up the floors. School will re-commence when the roof stops leaking.

*(To be continued.)*

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INDIANS AND CIRCUSES.—Much injury has been done to the Indians, as a people, by taking individuals away from their homes to be exhibited at “Wild West Shows” and circuses. Those that return from these shows are lazy good-for-nothing creatures, spending their time drinking and gambling, and have a very bad influence on those whom the missionary and the Indian agent are laboriously trying to train to a better way of living. The American Government, being convinced of the evil of the system, has now forbidden any Indian to leave his Reserve for such a purpose; the consequence of which is that the American circus agents are now seeking their game in Canada. A couple of months or so ago, the agent of Forepaugh's circus secured about fifty Indians, of the Blackfeet, Sioux, and Assiniboine tribes—men and women—from our North-west Territory; and took them off to Philadelphia. We hope our Canadian Government, if it has not already done so, will take steps to prevent any further deportation.

## THREE LITTLE SUN WORSHIPPERS.

A TRUE STORY, BY A HAMPTON GIRL.

INDIANS are naturally religious people, and whether their religion is a civilized or heathen one, they are very earnest in their belief.

I well remember being one of a party of three little girls between the ages of six and seven, who tried to follow the example of their elders in religious things.

The people of my tribe believed in worshipping the sun as a god. They thanked it for all that they received, for they thought the sun was the one who sent them all their blessings.

They even gave thanks to it for every morsel of food. No matter how small, or what time of day, they broke off the best part of the food set before them and offered it to the sun as a sign of thanks from a grateful heart.

One very warm day in July or August (I forget which), my two little friends and I went in for a swim in the clayey Missouri River. As people usually feel faint after they have been splashing about in the water for a long time, we were so.

We began to look about to see what there was for us to get to satisfy our hunger. The Indian village is situated on a high plateau overlooking the Missouri River. And on our way back we spied a watermelon patch right on our way. When we reached it we unconsciously came to a stand-still wondering if we had a right to help ourselves to what was not ours. We did not hesitate long, however, for our appetite got the better of our thoughtfulness for others, and the eldest one of the three picked the best looking melon she could find.



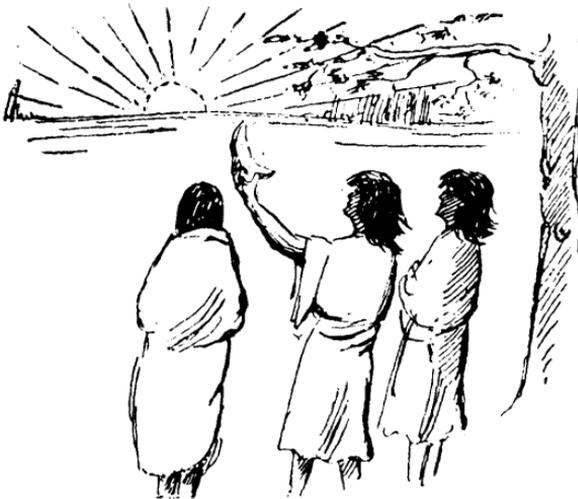
THREE LITTLE THIEVES.

How we managed to open the melon, I do not remember, for we had no knife.

The eldest, acting as the leader, divided the melon into three parts. For if we didn't know anything about "thirds" we could understand about "equal parts."

After the melon was divided and a piece placed in front of each, there came another pause, and any one looking on could have seen a very serious expression on each little face as we sat there squatted on the ground, looking so wistfully at the melon before us. In a moment the little leader broke the silence and said, "We must thank our God for giving us this, just as our fathers and mothers do."

This was what each of the others had in her mind, and their little brown faces beamed with delight, and their black eyes sparkled with pleasure.



THREE LITTLE SUN-WORSHIPPERS.

Breaking off the best part of our melon, we, with our upstretched hands, offered it to the sun, each saying her own little grace out loud. The sun was then gazing down upon his worshippers from his lofty home with glaring eyes. After we had made this offering, as grace before eating in a civilized home, we ate our stolen melon with

all joy and pleasure, as if we had not broken one of the ten commandments.

I consider myself as having been especially fortunate in the opportunity which I've had to learn better and get rid of all superstitious ideas.

I only wish my other little friends might have learnt of the true God too.

I earnestly hope, when I return west, to be able to teach my people of the one God, in whom they will find all comfort and "a very present help in time of trouble."

SPAHANANADAKA.

*From Talks and Thoughts.*

**T**HE great chief, Crowfoot, of the Blackfoot Tribe, who died last spring, is succeeded in the chieftainship by his brother, "Three Bulls." Before dying, he recommended his people to adopt white men's ways, and till the soil.

THE Lake Mohonk Conference is an annual assemblage of friends of the Indians, held at Lake Mohonk, N.Y., their object being to protect the rights of the Indians, and to influence both the government and the people in favor of their advancement and education. General Fisk was for many years President of the Conference.

AN Indian is a silent reflective man—such are largely educated by the eye ; the environment is the great factor in his education. Therefore it should be in the midst of a healthy and fair type of Christian civilization, where, day by day, at his school and on his journeys and visits, he sees and hears the life he is expected to live.

THE first Grand Council of Ontario Indians, held under civilized auspices, was opened at Orillia, on Lake Simcoe, July 30th, 1846. There were present, George Vardon, Assistant Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, Captain Anderson, and Indian Chiefs representing the Ojebway, Mohawk, Mississauga, Ottawa and Pottawatami tribes.

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### A NEW CHRIST.

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THERE has been great excitement among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, ever since last spring, owing to the reported re-appearance of Christ in their midst. The story goes that he was discovered by two Indians, who, after following a light in the sky for eighteen days, found him in a lodge made of bulrushes. He showed them where the *White* men had driven nails in his hands and had pierced his side ; and said that since the White people had treated him so badly, and had crucified him, that now he was come to save the Indians, if they would believe on him. The two Indians were then borne up in a cloud, and in a very short time were set down at their home, where they related what they had seen. Three other Indians were then picked out and sent to substantiate the report. Whether or not they have done so is not said. The old Indians claim that Christ is going to wipe out the White people, bring dead Indians to life again, and restore the buffaloes to the prairies. Some even claim that he has given President Harrison two years' notice to remove all the White people across the salt water. The story is said to have originated at the Shoshonee Agency, Wyoming. Delegations from the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, Caddoes and Wichitas, of Indian Territory, have gone north to bring back reports to their people. It is expected that Christ will gather all the Indians together, into one place ; and that all their old customs will be restored to them.

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### INDIAN NAMES.

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AS is now well known, their, to us, peculiar surnames are generally the result of accident—the first object seen, or any one suggestive of some habit or peculiarity of the child, being adopted at once, and often with happy fitness. Pound Maker, the great Cree chief, was so named from his superior ability in forming the pounds or drives for trapping buffaloes ; while such as Star Blanket, Yellow Calf, and Big

Bear, are self-explanatory. In one case a little girl, not yet named, was at a trading post, with its parents and friends, when its mother bought a white collar for it and fastened it around the child's neck, when another woman, coming in, noticed the collar on the dark skin, and uttered the Chippewa name for the ring-necked plover, which name was at once given the girl, and she is known by it.—*Emigrant*.

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### THE BEEF ISSUE.

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IN the summer of 1889 I was visiting the Blackfeet Indians in Alberta, and saw the "beef issue." First two wild steers from the prairie—a red one and a red-and-white one—were driven up by two mounted cowboys, and, with the help of the Indians on their ponies, efforts were made, but unavailingly, to get them within the high fenced enclosure adjoining the slaughter-house. Then, as they were becoming savage and charging the riders, they were one after another shot dead and rolled over on the grass. After a time waggons were brought, and the meat, dressed and quartered, was conveyed to the ration house. Here behind a counter, the farm instructor, in a white but blood-stained apron, might be seen weighing out the meat and giving dippers full of flour to the expectant Indians. A little to one side of him, his assistant, a young Englishman in greasy overalls and an Indian jacket ornamented with feathers at the shoulders, was handling and dividing up the wreaking flesh which lay in piles and heaps all over the counter and all over the wooden floor. Standing in the midst of these piles of red meat was an almost naked Indian, a tall stalwart fellow, by name "Cross Eagle," jointing up the beef in Indian fashion with an axe and throwing the pieces together in a heap near the counter; he had a leathern strap round his waist from which hung a flour sack for an apron and a leathern knife-sheath studded with brass knobs. He had no other clothing and his long black hair hung in plaits on each side of his face over his greasy shoulders. Another half-naked Indian, named "Bad dried meat," was opening sacks of flour and pouring them out as needed into the flour bin at the farm instructor's elbow. The Indians, men, women, big boys, and young girls, all attired in the most fantastic costumes, their necks and ears and wrists loaded with strange ornaments, came hustling one another up to the counter, indulging in what appeared to be a good deal of good-natured badgering. Each individual as he came up produced a ticket with his number, name, and the number of individuals in his family, and was served accordingly, the farm instructor referring to the list hanging in front of him, and repeating aloud 3, 4, 6, or whatever the number in the family might be, and his

assistants deposited so many pounds of meat and so many dippers of flour in the bags or other receptacles which the Indians had brought. The tickets were most of them nailed to little slabs of wood with brass nails, and were thrown back into the flour bag with the flour when the customer was served. Sometimes special tit-bits, such as a piece of liver, a kidney, or a paunch were asked for, and were thrown in as extras. This "beef issue" takes place twice every week, and will have to be continued until these Indians learn to farm or otherwise provide for themselves.

E. F. W.

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### ANTHROPOLOGICAL NOTES.

**A** CANADIAN Indian Research and Aid Society has been founded in Ottawa, under the patronage of the Governor-General, with Sir William Dawson as president, and the Rev. E. F. Wilson (well known as the originator of several institutions for the training of Indian children) as secretary. The object of the society is to promote the welfare of the Indians, to guard their interests, to preserve their history, traditions, and folk-lore, and to diffuse information with a view to creating a more general interest in their progress. A monthly journal is to be published, containing papers of an ethnological, philological, and archæological character. The Mohawk chief, J. B. Brant, is a member of the council.—*London 'Athenæum.'*

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 *THE Editors wish to apologise for an error in the name of the Society, which appeared on the cover of the October issue. It has now been rectified. The Magazine, it is hoped, will be gradually improved and enlarged as the membership of the Society increases, and funds come in to meet expenses.*

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### RECEIPTS.

MEMBERS' FÆRES: (entitling them to CANADIAN INDIAN)—Rev. P. L. Spencer, \$2.00; D. McGregor, \$2.00; Wilberforce Eames, \$2.00; The Bishop of Niagara, \$2.00; H. Hale, \$2.00; Col. Sumner, \$2.00; Capt. Pratt, \$2.00; E. W. Boyd, \$2.00; J. C. Phipps, \$2.00; T. V. Keam, \$2.00; J. B. Lash, \$2.00; P. R. Peers, \$2.00; L. R. Marsh, \$2.00; Philip DuMoulin, \$2.00; Mrs. Almon, \$2.00; C. Gerrard, \$2.00; E. S. Busby, \$2.00; Adam Kiyoshk, \$2.00; Rev. J. W. Tims, \$2.00; G. W. Marsh, \$2.00; C. D. Mackenzie, \$2.00.

RECEIPTS—"CANADIAN INDIAN," (transferred from *Our Forest Children*)—Miss C. L. Goodeve, \$1; Miss E. Wilson, 20c.; Mrs. Bolton, \$2.00; Miss Bacon, \$2.00; Thos. Patton, \$3.00; G. H. Wheatly, 50c.; Mrs E. Bannister, \$5.00; M. A. Jagger, 50c.