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# THE CANADIAN INDIAN



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# Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society

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The next meeting of the Society will be held in Toronto in the month of September, 1891, of which due notice will be given in these pages.

# THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

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## THE FUTURE OF OUR INDIANS.

(PAPER NO. 3).

**C**AN a people be happy and prosperous, so long as all national feeling is smothered and kept down within them? How is it with ourselves? Is it not the traditions of the past, the history of by-gone days, that stirs our young men to press on towards the goal of success, and to do honor to their country? You say of the Indian—why can he not give up his own language, and adopt that of the country, as do the Germans, and the Swedes, and the French, and the Italians, that come as settlers to our shores? I wonder how many of these French and Swedes, and others, talk the English language in their own homes! Is it not the tendency with these foreigners to form little settlements and communities of their own people? Are not their songs, when they gather round the hearth-stone at night, all of the Fatherland? Do not they pride themselves on the old home which they have left across the seas? Does not their heart beat quickly at the sound of their old country music, or a sight of the old flag? Why should we expect that Indians alone, of all people, should be ready quietly to give up all old customs and traditions and language, and adopt those of the aggressor upon their soil? The change which we expect the Indian to make, and to make so quickly, is a far greater one than is required of any of those nations above enumerated, who have left the shores of one civil-

ized country to come to those of another. With the Indian, the change is a radical one—a change of dress, a change of dwelling, a change in mode of gaining livelihood, a social change, a religious change, an educational change, a *totum in toto* change. And this—not so much for his own benefit, as for our own convenience. We want the land. We cannot have Indian hunters annoying our farmers and settlers. If the Indian is to remain, he must learn to be a decent neighbor; and to be a decent neighbor, we expect him to accept our religion, our education, our laws, and our customs. We allow him no choice, and we allow him no time. It is very pleasant, no doubt, to pride ourselves on the kindness that we Canadians have always shown to the Indians; it is pleasant to compare ourselves with our neighbors across the border, and to congratulate ourselves that while the Americans are killing their Indians off, and are saying that “the only good Indian is the dead Indian,” we Canadians are feeding the hungry, teaching the adults to farm, and training the young in our schools. But with all our goodness and kindness, I fear, if the truth were told, it would be found that there is at least one point in which we have failed—and that is—*We have not considered his feelings*; we have not given him sufficient credit for intelligence; we have not sufficiently considered that the love of fatherland, the love of the old traditions of the past, the love of the old language, and the old stories and songs, is as strong in the Indian as in any Englishman or Frenchman or Italian. A highly-educated Mohawk Indian said to me only the other day—and I must confess I was *surprised* to hear him say it—“the last thing I would wish to give up is our language.”

Now, if it be the case that these patriotic—or whatever name you like to call them—feelings are so strong in the Indian, may not that be the great reason why he seems to be so slow to adopt our civilization, and to make good

friends with us ; why he seems to prefer—as I have little doubt he does—to live in a community of his own people rather than to intermingle with, and intermarry with the whites? And again, if these patriotic feelings be so strong in him, is it not foolish for us on our part to think that a few years' schooling of his children will knock all the Indian out of him, and fit him for accepting and adopting all the ins and outs of our advanced civilization. "You may take your horse to water, but cannot make him drink."

The Indian, I believe, *must have time*. These changes that *we* think so good for him, must not be forced upon him too suddenly. Surely, if we would be successful in our dealings with these aboriginal people, we must lead them on slowly and kindly to see that these great and radical changes, which civilization necessarily brings in its train, are really for their good. We must give them time to take, taste, try and prove, these various measures which we are taking for their benefit. And if they take them and use them in their way, rather than in our way, what reason can we have for being surprised? They, as a people, are so differently constituted to ourselves, that it seems scarcely to be expected that they should accept our laws and customs, and do everything just in the way that we do. If it is our great aim and object to make them self-supporting and self-dependent, then it would seem to be only wise and politic on the part of our rulers, to offer to them a *modus vivendi* that will please them. In order to become an industrious and prosperous people, they must become first a contented people. They can never become prosperous while feeling discontented and aggrieved. How can we expect them to be happy and contented, so long as measure after measure is forced upon them, without any reference to their own desires or their own feelings? Surely it were wiser now that a large proportion of our Indians, especially those living in Ontario, are comparatively civilized and educated, and able to con-

verse in English, to take them into our counsels, and learn from their own lips their own Indian views as to their present position in this country, and their prospects for the future. Do they wish this present Indian Reserve system to be continued? Do they wish to dwell for ever as separate communities? Do they wish to retain for ever their own language?

When trouble arises, when Indians threaten war and put on their war paint, the white man is ready enough to consider their grievances, and listen to their complaints. But why should we wait for war and trouble? Were it not better and nobler now while the poor Indian is at peace with us, to take him into our counsel, and endeavor to devise a way by which he may rise from his present despised and degraded condition, and become a worthy and industrious part of our great and growing nation? I believe if steps were taken to ascertain the real feelings of the Indians, as regards amalgamation with our white population, it would be found that they were almost unanimously against it. My impression is that they do not wish to become Canadians. They wish to adopt our laws and customs up to a certain point; they are ready to throw over their heathenism, with all its dark superstition, and to accept in its stead the light of Christian teaching; they are ready to acknowledge the benefit of education, and wish to have their children educated,—but—they still cling to the old saying of their ancestors, “the earth is our mother, and cannot be divided;” “earth, water and air, are the free gifts of the Great Spirit to his children, and cannot be owned by individuals.” These and other kindred sentiments, I believe, are strong—very strong; strongly rooted in the Indian breast from Mexico to Hudson Bay, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And it is these and other such-like inbred sentiments, that seem to preclude, at any rate for many long years to come, any kind of amalgamation between them and the white race.

They prefer, I believe, to live in separate communities, and to hold their land in common, as their forefathers have done before them for ages immemorial.

And does it not seem a little strange, and a little out of place, that we white people should be forcing upon these free children of the forest and prairie the various peculiar religious tenets which we have brought with us across the Atlantic Ocean? Were it not better that these Indians should be free to have their own form and style of worship if they elect to do so? What know these simple people of all our various *isms*? How are they to judge between the merits of one religious body and another? The Indian agent on the Grand River Reserve, reports that among his 4,000 Six Nation Indians, 1,032 are Church of England, 611 Baptists, 314 Methodists, 72 Salvation Army, 90 Brethren, 25 Roman Catholics, 4 Universalists, 9 Free Church, 9 Presbyterians, 684 Pagans, 534 religion unknown. Does this list commend itself to any reader of the CANADIAN INDIAN? Does it commend itself to any Christian in Canada? Is it our object, as Christian people, to perpetrate our religious differences among these poor Indians? We talk about the desirability of union among ourselves. We pray that Almighty God will heal our differences and make us united, and yet we are working to perpetrate these differences among these poor Indians, so recently converted from heathenism. Should it not rather be our aim to promote the establishment of a native church—a self-supporting native church—a church that would have life in itself, and would be the means of extending Christian teaching to distant points among its own heathen. This again is a matter that has, I think, been too much overlooked or lost sight of in our dealings with the Indians—the natural fitness of young Indians to endure the fatigue and the hardships attaching to a missionary's life. They may not perhaps make just the sort of missionaries that young white men would make. Mould



them on the white man's pattern, and probably they will turn out failures. But stir up among the young men in an Indian community a true missionary spirit, and encourage them to go out and preach the Gospel in their own way, to their own heathen—supported by their own people—and it seems to me that no better missionaries would be found. An Indian, better than any white man, knows how to bear cold and fasting and shipwreck and peril, and all that long category of suffering which St. Paul underwent patiently and stoically; and surely in this way he is well fitted for the fatigues and trials of missionary work. If only the Indian spirit could be stirred to work and to deny itself for the spread of the true Messiah's kingdom, as it was stirred up lately in the States over a false Messiah, we might surely look for Christianity to make great and rapid strides in their midst. The Indians, as I have noted in a former paper, are naturally a religious people; they will give freely even of their poverty to the support of Christian Missions. If they were to carry on their own mission work, there might indeed be some lack of organization, and possibly a lower standard of morals than we white people would require; but on the other hand the feeling of self-dependence, and freedom from the shackles of nineteenth-century churchism, would, I believe, bear its fruits in a wider extension of the truth, and a more universal acceptance, on their part, of Christianity.

DURING the summer of 1889, Mr. Duncan Milligan, F.R.A.S., accompanied by Mr. Laut Carpenter, and two other well-known gentlemen from England, spent several months amongst our Indians, so as to acquaint themselves, by personal observation, with the actual state of the aborigines of Canada. As a result of their observations, Mr. Milligan now writes, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a description of the flourishing condition of the Six Nations Indians, whose reserves are a picture of neatness, and who have become industrious, self-respecting citizens of the Dominion. We quote as follows:—

“The 3,384 persons in the Six Nation confederacy now fully cultivate 19,000 acres of land, from which they raise 122,000 bushels of various crops every year. There are at least half a dozen churches on the reserve, and fourteen schools, to which the Indians gladly send their children. Some of the descendants of the six seceding tribes have taken University honours, and have become clergymen, missionaries, Government clerks, and what not; and, to say the least, the remainder are industrious farmers, who live in comfortable, not to say luxurious houses. While visiting these Indians I was repeatedly asked to remember them individually to their Great Mother—Queen Victoria—and they spoke to me gratefully, both on behalf of themselves and their forefathers, of the good faith shown towards them by the Dominion Government. The Oneidas, too, who left the United States some years ago, are now successful Canadian farmers, and fairly well off. I also visited the Ojibbeways, who used to be as savage as the Sioux are now. They too have become good agriculturists. I was quite surprised by the elegance of some of their surroundings, and what I saw made it difficult to realize that only half a century ago their forefathers were living in wigwams and clothed in skins and blankets. The Indian has, in fact, a special facility for becoming civilized; and the Indian has become merged into the white man in that way.”

AN article of considerable length and interest might be written on the different forms of cradles, or contrivances for holding infants, for carrying them, and for keeping them warm and out of harm's way ; and when we read of the many accidents that befall the young children of white parents, from falls or from pulling over heavy articles or scalding fluids, one is tempted to think a useful lesson might be learned from the simple contrivances of the red mother for the safety and comfort of her little one. Amongst the Esquimaux, carrying the children in large hoods against the mother's back is a common custom, and this is supposed to account for so many of these people having their legs "bowed," a form aggravated in after years by the cramped position in which they sit on a ledge in their huts. Amongst the Indians of the Upper Yukon, whose life is not nomadic, the children, says Dr. Dall, are lashed to a kind of coal-scuttle-shaped cradle all day, and at night sleep in a hammock. Amongst the Western Esquimaux, a trough-shaped cradle is made of birch bark, stitched together with pine root fibre, and stiffened with strips of osiers, a hood of the same being constructed by a flap of bark, kept off the head by osier bands, and allowing netting in summer to be placed over it to keep off the mosquitoes. These troughs are partially filled with dry rotten wood, dust or moss, and furs are added in winter, principally hare skins.

Sir A. Mackenzie speaks of the "swaddling board," used by the mothers on the Mackenzie River, which was a board two feet long, covered with a bed of moss, to which the child was fastened with bandages ; and Fitzwilliam, another explorer, found these boards with two side-flaps of skin, which lace up in the centre, the child's arms being laced firmly down by its sides, and only the head at liberty. This is slung on the mother's back when travelling, or reared against a tree when resting in camp, the child being only occasionally released from bondage

for a few minutes. He adds, "the little prisoners are remarkably good; no squalling disturbs an Indian camp." Turner says this practice is adopted to make them grow straight and afford the mothers convenience when handling them on a journey, or to prevent them rolling about the tent or into the fire. The bandages are removed once a day, and clean moss supplied. Most of these cradles have a strap, that passes over the woman's forehead whilst the cradle rides upon her back; and should the child die, this cradle becomes its coffin. Governor Stevens says the Blackfeet women carry their children in their arms, or in a robe behind their backs; and when travelling they are placed in sacks of skin on the tent poles. Adair, an old writer on Indian customs, says, "the children are very warm in their cradles and very easy, for besides furs, they put much down, taken from the bulrush, which they stuff in, or the pounded bark of the *peruche* (birch?), with which the women scour their hair to invigorate its growth. During its first years, the child is kept naked in the cabin, to keep its body from being injured by the air. When larger, they carry wood and water, which they regard as sport, and they are brought up like Spartans. The mothers suckle their young as long as they are able, and only wean them from necessity." He says, "I have seen children three and four years old at the breasts." Amongst the Flat-head Indians, it is in the cradle that the flattening process is made use of. The process is thus described by Swan, in his "Indians of Cape Flattery:" "The infant is lashed to a board by thongs, in a position from which it cannot escape, and the back of the head supported by a sort of pillow made of moss or rabbit-skins, with an inclined piece resting on the forehead, which is every day drawn down a little tighter, by means of a cord holding it in its place, until it at length touches the nose, thus forming a straight line from the crown of the head to the end of the nose. This process, though apparently cruel, does

not seem to cause any pain, as it is done in earliest infancy, while the bones are soft and easily depressed, by forcing the occipital up and the frontal down. By this operation the brain is singularly changed from its natural shape, but apparently not injured in its natural functions, these Indians at maturity being in no way inferior in intellectual powers to those whose heads are in their natural shape."

There is a collection of Indian cradles in the National Museum, at Washington, from all parts of the continent; and the Smithsonian Institute is now collecting the superstitions, formularies, rites and customs, hovering around the first years of the Indian child's life in savagery, before these superstitions have passed away.

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**A** FEW years ago Mr. H. Gillman, in a paper read before the American Association for the advancement of Science, on "The ancient men of the Great Lakes," referred to artificially-perforated skulls, the perforation, according to his idea, being made after death, and seeming to betoken a practice connected with the burial ceremonies of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, of which, he says, he could find nothing on record, notwithstanding the remarkable nature of the custom and the indubitable marks which remain to testify in instances where it had been adhered to. The circular aperture varies in size from one-third to one-half and three-quarters of an inch or more, and bevelled at the surface. The two largest collections in Ethnology in America, the Smithsonian Institution and the Peabody Museum, contain no evidence on the subject, and Prof. Joseph Henry states the only information he had procured in connection with perforated skulls, was from Prof. Mason, of Columbian College, Washington, who says, "It is an interesting coincidence that the head-hunting Dyaks, of Borneo, have a house in the centre of their village, in which they keep

the heads they capture suspended by a string which passes through a perforation in the top of the skull." Mr. Gillman adds that he had learned from an Indian, who remembered hearing his father say it, that formerly the heads of distinguished men and chiefs were honoured by this mark after death. In Harper's Magazine, for 1875, there is a note of "a communication by Dr. Prunieres, before the French Association for the advancement of Science, on the curious artificial perforations common among the Neolithic skulls of the Lozere. The men of the stone age practised trepanning, for if some of the skulls appear to have been perforated after death, others were treated during life, and the patients had lived for years afterward. The motive was either medical or superstitious. They probably attributed disease (as do the Indians of the present day) to supernatural agencies, the evil spirit escaping by the opening made by the sorcerer." Dr. Chil, from the Canary Islands, says that perforated skulls had been found in the ancient burial-places of his country. The same have been found in the Grotto de Lorde, and a similar one was found by Mr. E. G. Squier, among some ancient Peruvian crania collected by him. In the latter case the excision having been made during lifetime was very evident. Mr. Gillman thinks that the superstition of the Indians, in regard to there being two souls, one of which visits the body after death, may be of illuminative tendency in regard to this peculiarity. The roof-like coverings of their graves, made of wood or bark, always have a perforation at one extremity for the supposed entrance and egress of the soul. But the question arises, why is not the skull perforation more general or more frequent in the burial mounds. Considering the rude implements at their disposal, these perforations were remarkably well executed. It may have been, judging from various specimens, performed in some cases during life, and in others after death, for the purpose of suspending the skulls on

strings ; and in the vast number of specimens procured at Rouge River, Michigan, the constantly recurring central location of the hole would apparently imply that the suspension of the skull was one of the objects sought ; the even balance of the head when thus treated being, of course, most desirable. In the grand mound at Rouge River, when opened, eight skulls were found all treated in a similar manner, and exactly at the same point of the skull, the latter being heaped in a mass, and not in the usual manner of burial, seeming to imply that they had been interred subsequently to being denuded of flesh.

Attention is called to this peculiarity, in hopes of elucidating further explanations of this custom ; and we hope that any further information on this point will find its way into the pages of the CANADIAN INDIAN.

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THE discovery from time to time of graves, or places of sepulture, in various parts of the country, excites the attention of the archæologist, and calls forth more or less comment ; the style of burial, the configuration of the skull, and many other points of interest, bearing on the ancient inhabitants of the soil, each tend to throw light on the history of the past race. The discovery in Victoria, B.C., recently of Indian graves is thus described by the *Colonist* :—

“The graves are very numerous about Macaulay Point, but they are also to be found at Cadboro’ Bay, while there are perhaps half a dozen on Beacon Hill itself. On digging into the little mounds, a big flat stone will invariably be found covering the roughly constructed little box-grave of stones. The body in each case is found in the same position—doubled up, chin and knees together, and laid on the right side, with the head to the south. The method of doubling up the body for burial is adopted by all Indians of the coast to-day, but they are never known to place

their dead under the ground ; they even prefer to place them in a tree-top.

“ The skeleton now in the possession of Mr. Hastings is that of a very small human being, having some of the peculiarities of the Siwash or the Chinese. It is also argued, by those who claim that the Mongolian tribes of Northern China and the Indian races of the coast are the same family, that in the existence of these graves is found another proof of their theory. To this day the Llamas of Manchuria and Mongolia continue the custom of burying their dead in a kneeling posture, often cross-legged, after the Buddhistic style. The moment life has fled, the body is made to take this position, and in this posture is committed to the earth.

“ It is thought that the stone graves in and about this city bear the heavy slab covering they do to protect the bodies placed therein from the wild beasts. The graves themselves are in good preservation, and in a few have been found arrow-heads, but no other implements or utensils. The race thus buried were evidently a race of dwarfs ; but the skull is of better shape than that of the present generation of Coast Indians. Signs of rude entrenchments or fortifications, supposed to have been thrown up by the same race, have also been discovered near this city ; and a paper upon them and the supposed builders, will very shortly be published.”

The disposing of their dead is one of the peculiarities for tracing and distinguishing the races, and more even than that, it affords a clue to the origin of the race or tribe, inasmuch as the form of burial is, as it were, one of the connecting links in the chain of customs traceable to the original stock ; and as in the case above mentioned, a similarity with natives of Manchuria and Mongolia is pointed out, and an approach to the Buddhist style of sepulture. It is very essential to the student of Indian antiquities, that records of discoveries now made be carefully kept,



and every detail, however minute, be noted, for it is often by little points that a decision may be arrived at ; and with the spread of civilization and cultivation of the soil, these Indian relics will soon be obliterated altogether.

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DR. SCHWEINFURTH remarks in his "Heart of Africa," that a people, as long as they are on the lowest step of their development, are far better characterized by their industrial products than they are either by their habits, which may be purely local, or by their own representations, which, rendered in their rude and unformed language, are often incorrectly interpreted by ourselves. If we possessed more of these tokens we should be in a position to comprehend, better than we do, the primitive condition of many a nation that has now reached a high degree of civilization. There are many little things that have not been subject to the modification of time or intercourse, but co-exist with an art or a contrivance. Differences that have become functional in the arts, have come down from an early period ; when they can be found, they are of the greatest value as aids in Ethnology. If we trace back many of our greatest so-called inventions, which have become actually necessary to man's advanced position, we shall find their origin, in a crude form, amongst some of the aborigines of our own or of other lands ; but which by a slight change here, an improvement there, and an adaptation to some local requirement elsewhere, no more resemble the original idea, than a caterpillar does a butterfly. The National Museum at Washington has, in the last few years, adopted a systematic plan of collecting the various industrial products, manufactures, and home accessories, of its native tribes, from all parts of the land ; and by comparison, and the connecting links of manufacture, is drawing inferences which are of material avail to the ethnologist. Pottery, as a ceramic art, matting, cloth and fabrics, as a textile art, weapons, as the artificer's art, together with many other appendages of Indian life, habits and customs, are classified, compared and debated on, with the result that, as Mr. Hough remarks, "close attention to the minor acts and arts will reveal much more than the nice measurements of man's practically unmodified skeleton." The Indian, a child of nature, took from the natural forces his earliest ideas, as did primitive men in the Old World, and adapted them to his necessities. Ignorant of the cause, he looked only to the effect of these forces, and how they could best be brought to serve his daily needs. We, of the present day, who have and utilize the effect, are more prone to trace the cause, and have to do this often link by link in the great chain of nature's handiwork. We have so surrounded ourselves with the "applied arts and sciences," and modern improvements, that we are apt to forget that

there was a time when only the crudest forms of these necessities of to-day existed; and it is well that we should have them, in their crude state, brought before our eyes. A rude specimen of early Indian workmanship may appear to the many only as a curiosity, a something to place in a museum as a relic of a by-gone time. But the value of such a specimen, in the light in which it is viewed by the ethnologist, is far greater than in the eyes of the simple collector. It is a something which may throw light on a point in art undecided, a basis from which has sprung a great necessity to the present race of humanity. This is one of the great objects why specimens of Indian workmanship should be carefully secured and placed where they will do the most good. The Canadian Institute, of Toronto, has largely contributed to the attainment of this; and we heartily commend to all who may possess or become the recipients of Indian relics, to donate them to that Institute, and so make them objects of public benefit, rather than store them away in private collections, whence, from various causes, they may ultimately be scattered and lost to the world of enquiry.

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#### THE ABORIGINES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE following interesting account of an early tribe of Newfoundland Indians, which has entirely disappeared, is from the pen of Mr. F. G. I. Lloyd, of Charlottetown, P. E. Island; and was published in the *Toronto Week*, of 30th January, 1891:—

“A very melancholy interest attaches to the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland, of whom, though once a numerous and powerful race, not a single individual remains to tell the sad tale of departed glory and the manner and circumstances of the passing of his progenitors into the happy hunting grounds.

“It is known that they called themselves Beoths; but, from their habit of painting their bodies with red ochre, they were called Red Indians by the early pale-face invaders of their territory.

“For a long time their origin and relation, if any, to other Indian tribes were doubtful, some authorities supposing them to have been related to the Mic-Macs, and others to the Eskimos. But the recent discovery of certain Beothic relics, in a small island off the north-west coast of Newfoundland, prove beyond doubt that they were a branch of the great family of North American Indians, Latham deciding in favour of their being a branch of the Algonkin tribe.

“A tradition still lingers with the settlers of northern Newfoundland, that the last of the Beoths, a mere handful, passed across the Strait of Belle Isle in two canoes, early in the present century, and landing on the

south-eastern coast of Labrador, in the neighbourhood of Battle Harbour, disappeared. This tradition seems to derive some colourable support from the testimony of the late Dr. Mullock, of St. John's, Newfoundland. He says: 'I have slight reason to think that a remnant of these people survive in the interior of Labrador. A person told me there some time ago that a party of Montaquais Indians saw at some distance (about fifty miles from the sea coast), a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes or cassocks of skins, who fled from them. They lost sight of them in a little time, but on coming up to their tracks they were surprised to see the length of their strides, which proved them to be of a large race, and neither Mic-Mac, Montaquais nor Eskimos.' From this incident, he concludes: 'I believe that these were the remains of the Beoths nation'; and, as they never saw either a white or red man but as enemies, it is not to be wondered at that they fled. Such is the only trace I can find of the Beoths.'

"Mention is made of them by Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland, and also by Jacques Cartier, in the fifteenth century, and by a Florentine writer in the sixteenth century. They tell us that the Beoths wore the skins of wild beasts for clothing, and that the 'women went straighter than the men,' (whatever that may mean) with their waists girded. That they tied their hair on the top of their head like a wreath of hay, and put a wooden pin, or any other thing instead of a nail, and with them they bound birds' feathers. A much fuller account is given of these interesting people by a certain Captain Richard Whitbourne, who visited Newfoundland in the seventeenth century. He says: 'The natural inhabitants of the country, as they were but few in number, so are they something of a rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners, they resemble the Canadian Indians, as they constructed canoes with the bark of birch trees, which they sew very artificially and close together, and overlay every seam with turpentine. They sew the rinds of spruce trees, round and deep in proportion, like a brass kettle, to boil their meat in.'

"Like most other Indian tribes, the Beothics seem to have spent all their time in hunting and fishing; and we may well believe, judging from the quantity of fish and game it possesses at the present time, Newfoundland must have been a paradise to the rude red men.

"Early in the present century, but a short time before their extinction, a few individuals of the Beothic tribe were captured by explorers in the interior and taken to the capital. But, after spending a brief time there, they either returned to their tribe, or, as was most generally the case, succumbed to the ravages of consumption. About that time, too, but when too late, several proclamations were issued by the British Govern-

ment to restrain the barbarities of the settlers. The earliest official notice of the aborigines is in the form of a proclamation by the Governor, bearing date of 1760. This proclamation seems to have been repeated on the accession of each new Governor. The document sets forth that His Majesty had been informed that his subjects in Newfoundland 'do treat the savages with the greatest inhumanity, and frequently destroy them without the least provocation or remorse. In order, therefore, to put a stop to such inhuman barbarity, and that the perpetration of such atrocious crimes might be brought to due punishment, His Majesty enjoined and required all his subjects to live in unity and brotherly-kindness with the native savages,' and further enjoined all magistrates to 'apprehend persons guilty of murdering the native Indians, and send them to England for trial.' Owing to the scattered nature of the settlements, and the lawless habits of the early trappers and fishermen, these proclamations were vain. But a short time afterwards the only traces that were visible of the unfortunate Beoths were a few grassy mounds, decaying deer-fences and ruined wigwams.

"An interesting feature in the Beothic character was their great reverence for their dead. Cormack, the earliest explorer of the interior of Newfoundland, tells us that there were among them four modes of burial, which varied with the rank of the deceased.

"Their wigwams were well and firmly built. They were generally conical, framed with poles and covered with birch rind, which was overlaid in the manner of tiles, and firmly secured in its place by means of external poles. They were quickly erected, but, albeit, with such care and thoroughness that they have been known to stand for thirty years.

"The Beoths are said to have been about five feet ten inches in height, with black coarse hair and a complexion somewhat lighter than that of the North American Indians generally. There is nothing to prove that they possessed any form of religious worship, if we except a few carved wooden images which were discovered in a tomb by Mr. Cormack; but these may have been mere representations or memorials of the persons interred within the tombs. The Florentine writer, before mentioned, states plainly that they worshipped the heavenly bodies.

"The only Indians now to be found in Newfoundland are the Mic-Mac, who have formed a colony on the west coast, whence they prosecute their hunting and fishing. They are much sought as guides, by sportsmen and naturalists who visit Newfoundland during the months of summer and the early autumn. They came originally from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are a fine race, of noble presence, many of them, specially the women, being handsome. They have been civilized and Christianized by missionaries of the Roman Church. They own large flocks of sheep, which find congenial pasturage on the fertile banks of the river. In nearly all other respects they live as do their British neighbours."

## THE MOUND BUILDERS.

A LOST RACE DESCRIBED BY DR. BRYCE, PRESIDENT OF THE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

OUR historic era saw the expiring blaze of this tremendous conflagration just as the French arrived in Canada. Cartier saw a race in 1535, in Hochelaga, who are believed to have had Brachycephalic crania, who were agriculturists, used at least implements of metal, dwelt in large houses, made pottery and were constructive in tendency. In 1608, when Champlain visited the same spot, there were none of the Hochelagans remaining. This remnant of the Toltecs had been swept out of existence, between the Algonquin wave from the east and the Iroquois from the south-west. The French heard of a similar race called the Eries, and of another, the Neutrals, who had the same habits and customs as the vanished Hochelagans, but who had been visited by the scourge of the Iroquois on the Ohio, as they ascended it, and had perished. Thus from the twelfth century, the time set for the irruption of the savage tribes from New Mexico, two or three centuries would probably suffice to sweep away the last even of the farthest north Takawgamis. This, say the fifteenth century, would agree very well, not only with time estimated by the early French explorers, but also with the traditions of the Crees, who claim that for three or four centuries they have lived sole possessors upon the borders of Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, and Lake Winnipeg. Our theory then is that the mound-builders occupied the region of Rainy and Red Rivers from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. Their works remain. How old then are the mounds? If our conclusions are correct, the oldest mound in our region cannot exceed 800 years, and most recent must have been completed upwards of 400 years ago. Look at further considerations, which lead to these conclusions. We learn that 200 years ago, viz.: in 1683, the "Clistinos" and "Assinipouals" (Crees and Assiniboines), were in their present country. The Crees were at that time in the habit of visiting both Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, for the purpose of trade. They were then extensive nations, and no trace of a nation which preceded them was got from them. The fallen tree on the top of the grand mound, judging by the concentric rings of its trunk, is 150 or 200 years old, and yet its stump stands in a foot or more of mould that must have taken longer than that time to form. Even among savage nations, it would take upwards of half a dozen generations of men to lose the memory of so great a catastrophe as the destruction of a former populous race. Then, some 400 years ago would agree with the time of extermination of the Hochelagans, or with the destruction of the Eries, who, according to Labontan, were blotted out before the French came to the continent. The Hochelagans, Eries, and Takawgamis, being

northern in their habitat, I take it, were among the last of the Toltecs who survived. The white man but arrived upon the scene to succeed the farmer, the metal worker and the potter, who had passed away so disastrously, and to be the avenger of the lost race, in driving before him the savage red man.

I believe our grand mound to be the earliest in the region of the Takawamis. It is the largest in the region. I arrive at its age in the following way: Where it now stands, so striking an object, it is about one-third of a mile above the point where the Bowstring River enters the Rainy River. If, however, from the top of the mound you look southward through the trees, a view may be got of the silver stream of the Bowstring, coming as if directly toward the mound. Originally, no doubt, this tributary flowed close by the mound, for the mound would undoubtedly be built on the extreme point; but as from year to year the Bowstring River deposited the detritus carried down by it, it formed a bank or bar, and was gradually diverted from its course, until now the peninsula, some hundreds of yards across its base, has become upwards of a third of a mile long. I infer that this peninsula, which I should say contains some seventy acres, has been formed since the mound—which from its position seems for observation as well as for sepulture—was begun. Some 200 yards down the point from the grand mound occurs another small mound. This is some eight or ten feet high, and fifty or sixty feet across. Along the point, and close past this small mound, runs an old watercourse, now a treeless hay meadow. At high water in spring, as I ascertained, the river still sends its surplus water by this old channel. My position is that the 200 yards of earth, between the site of the grand mound and that of the small mound, was deposited after the grand mound was begun, and before the commencement of the small mound. Undoubtedly this small mound, as well as a similar one not far up the river from the grand mound, were begun on account of the laborious work of carrying bones and earth to such a height; and on account of the numerous interments, which have left the surface of the grand mound a bone pile. This is shown by the small mound being on a site more recent than that of the large mound. Suppose a hundred years to have sufficed to raise the small mound to its height, when the devastating ruin of the Sioux slaughtered the last mound-builder and checked the mound. From our previous position, this would represent a point some 500 years ago. But during this 500 years, according to our hypothesis, all of the point of land below the small mound, that is to say about 300 yards in length, has been formed. The question then is, how long, at the same rate, must it have taken the 200 yards between the two mounds to form? This brings us then to a point say 300 years before the time of beginning of the small mound. We thus arrive at about 800 years ago, as the time when the

grand mound was begun. It will thus be seen that we have reached back to the eleventh century, the time previously deduced from historic date for the arrival of the Toltecs on the Rainy River.

Our investigation has now come to an end. I have led you to examine the few fragments of a civilization which it would be absurd to declare to have been of the very highest type, but yet of a character much above that of the wandering tribes, which, with their well-known thirst for blood, destroyed the very arts and useful habits which might have bettered their condition. The whirlwind of barbarian fury is ever one which fills peaceful nations with terror. We may remember how near in the "Agony of Canada," the French power was to being swept out of existence by the fierce fury of the Iroquois—up to that time always victorious. We may remember how civilization in Minnesota was thrown back by the Sioux massacre of 1861. It is only now by persistent and unwearied efforts that we can hope to conquer the Indian by the arts of peace, and by inducing him to take the hoe, in place of the tomahawk, to meet nature's obstacles. Who can fail to heave a sigh for our northern mound-builders : and to lament the destruction of so vast and civilized a race as the peaceful Toltecs of Mexico, of the Mississippi, and of the Ohio, to which our Takawamis belonged? After all, their life must in the main, ever remain a mystery.

THE END.

## HOW A SHREWD SCOTCHMAN PREVENTED AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

(From the Illustrated Buffalo Express.)

**L**AKE TEMISCAMINGUE, ONT.—I was one of ten, five boys and five girls. My father, a clergyman of the English Church, was grateful to Providence for having filled his quiver with ten, but I think that in reality he was more grateful that they were not eleven. The problem of his life, the worry of attempting to solve, which helped to bring him to his grave, was how to provide a living for us all. As he died before a single one of us was provided for, he might have saved himself much anxiety.

I was not the oldest of the family, but the second son. I was intended for the Indian civil service, possibly the Viceroyship ; but the examiners at Burlington House failed to recognize my fitness for such great possibilities ; therefore I determined to emigrate, and a friend of my mother's hearing of my determination, secured for me, by personal interest, a berth in the Hudson's Bay Company. I was duly engaged, and signed a document as long as a deed of transfer, by which I bound myself to serve the

Company, even to the extent of defending their property with my life.

I sailed to Montreal, and presenting my credentials there, was soon informed that my services would be required at a post in the far north, in charge of one John McIvor. There was also entrusted to my care a pair of fowls, Plymouth Rocks, with the request that I would deliver them safely into the hands of Mr. McIvor. I mention this fact, seeing that these fowls played an important part in the events which I am about to relate.

On my arrival at my destination, after sleeping about forty nights under canvas, I was glad of the comfort which reigned at Fort Trial, due chiefly to the domestic energy of Mrs. McIvor, a bright, pleasant little woman, who seemed out of place in the heart of this "great lone land."

Mr. McIvor was Scotch, as his name would imply, a rough and ready man, with a heart of steel, but which on occasion could be as soft as a woman's. After reading the dispatches which I handed him, he said :

"Weel, young mon, I dinna see what the likes o' you can do in a country like this. Had na ye better gae back before it is too late?"

"I won't go back, sir, unless you send me back," I answered.

"Ah, weel, boy, stay where you are. It's no always the coarsest twine that stands the biggest strain."

So I entered into my duties without another discouraging word from Mr. McIvor, who, though a perfect martinet in the matter of duty, was kindness itself in the privacy of his own house. There were two other clerks beside myself, who stayed there only during the summer ; but who in the fall took charge of small trading establishments, outposts as they are called, returning to Fort Trial after the winter's hunt was over.

Like most young Englishmen, I had formed my ideas of Indians on a Fenimore Cooper basis, but the noble red man fell far short of my ideal. Mr. McIvor had the most supreme contempt for them, a contempt which he never tried to hide. He used to say :

"They are cowards, arrant cowards, and are afraid o' you, e'en like a dog."

It was not long after my arrival that I had a sort of adventure which gave great sport to the other clerks, and even Mr. McIvor himself would occasionally make joking allusions to it.

There was a river running about one hundred yards from the store ; it was deep and fairly swift. One day as I was working in the store, I heard a scream which appeared to come from the river. I ran out and down to the bank, from where I saw an old woman struggling in the water ; she had been fishing and her canoe had upset. There were about a dozen Indians looking on, but they only laughed and made not the slightest movement towards helping her. Indians, as a rule, are cruel to the old. They look upon them as incumbrances, from which they are



not sorry if an accident relieves them. I saw that this poor old thing was in distress and likely to be drowned, so I jumped into the river and swam out to her assistance, not before, however, relieving my mind by abusing soundly the men who would cheerfully have let her sink before their eyes. It was no difficult task to bring the poor old thing ashore, and when I had done so the poor old creature followed me as I walked towards the house, crying in earnest tones :



A SQUAW'S GRATITUDE.

“Meegwitch! meegwitch!” meaning “Thank you, thank you.” But I found this very annoying, for the Indians all laughed at me in my wet clothes, and at the old woman, whose clothes were also wet and very thin, as she clung to me, with her incessant “Meegwitch, meegwitch.”

The chaff that I suffered from my companions was merciless. I was dubbed “The Knight Errant,” “The Heroic Preserver,” etc., until I grew sick of it; but to have lost my temper would only have made it worse, so I suffered in silence; and to aggravate my suffering, the old woman thought it her duty to present me with every extra large fish that she caught; or if her son-in-law threw her a beaver tail or a moose nose, or any other delicacy especially prized by Indians, they were sure to find their way to my room; and each demonstration of the kind only added to the fun. After a time I began to pick up the Indian language, and as I always had a sneaking regard for the old woman, I often made use of her assistance in acquiring it. In fact we became fast friends, I cementing the friendship by gifts of a little flour, sugar and tea.

I received less chaffing in the winter, for the other clerks had long since taken their departure for their respective outposts, and I was left sole occupant of the clerks' quarters, or “clerks' house,” as it was called.

It was coming on to the end of March, when an event occurred which made me glad that I had pulled the old woman out of the river, and treated her with some consideration, if not kindness. The two fowls which I had brought safely to their destination, had fairly survived the rigor of the winter. In fact, Mrs. McIvor announced one day at dinner,

that she had found one egg which the hen had laid. But shortly afterwards there was consternation in that household. The two fowls had been found dead, and an Indian dog was quietly making a meal off one of them. The hole whereby he had effected an entrance was stopped up before he could escape, and Mr. McIvor, using his revolver, had the satisfaction of shooting the brute, and pitching his body down on the frozen river.

Now it happened that this dog belonged to Match-ee-ninie, an old Indian claiming to be chief of the band; and who had the reputation of being a conjuror and a cannibal; in consequence of which the Indians all feared him, and obeyed him.

He came into the store that evening and spoke to Mr. McIvor thus:



WHO KILLED THE DOG?

“You pay me for my dog.”

“How much?” asked Mr. McIvor.

“Twenty weeg.” The Hudson’s Bay Co. use, at inland posts, a standard for value, the name differing in different localities. A weeg equals about fifty cents.

“All right,” said McIvor, “I will pay you for your dog if you pay me for my fowls.”

“How much?”

“Twenty weeg.”

The Indian saw that he was caught, and walked out with a muttered “Kish,” meaning, “Hold on, we shall see.” Next evening he again came to the store, and said: “There are bad people about; I have seen a wendigo. You pay me for my dog. [Wendigo: a spirit, a ghost, giant, something uncanny.]

“Get the wendigo to pay you,” said Mr. McIvor, laughing, and again the man slunk off. Mr. McIvor knew the Indian nature well, and he said to me:

“That old fellow is up to some devilment. That’s what they always do when they want to do an evil trick themselves; pretend that someone else is going to do it. We had better keep a watch on the place; he might set fire to it.”

*(To be continued.)*

## ANNUAL MEETING AND INDIAN CONFERENCE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, which was to have taken place in Toronto on the 14th of May, and to have been followed the day following by an "Indian Conference," has been put off until the month of September.

The local committee of arrangements, which had undertaken to arrange date and place of meeting, met in Toronto on March 30th, Rev. Dr. Sutherland in the chair, and Rev. Dr. Sweeny acting as Secretary. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and it was thought the month of September, being exhibition month, and travelling rates being consequently at that time more reasonable, and Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time of year, would be a more suitable time both for the Annual Meeting of the Society and for the Conference. It was therefore moved by Mr. Bain, seconded by Rev. Dr. Mockridge, and carried, "That the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society be deferred until the month of September, the date to be named by the Secretary."

Due notice of the September meetings will be given at a later date.

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 HOW THE WILD INDIANS ARE FED.

"IT is a beautiful morning; let us go out and kill something. Oh, it's going to be a lovely day for the beef issue. I'm so glad," said a young lady at the breakfast table of an Indian Agent somewhere down south. Every one is animated and expectant.

As we look about us after breakfast we see the Indian women and girls harnessing their horses. Carriages are brought to the door for guests, and we are soon all on our way to the Government corral. The Indians never look well on horseback, but they manage to stay on. Their ponies are slight and ugly-looking, but tough and enduring.

The corral is a large stockade in the middle of a plain, which slopes upward to low hills all around. Here are many hundreds of cattle awaiting slaughter to furnish rations for the noble red men, their wives and children, "the wards of the nation." There are about two thousand Indians present. A large proportion of the men are armed with carbines or improved rifles. There is an army officer here from the nearest fort, to represent the Government on the occasion. A brass band has come out from some railroad town to compliment the ladies and frighten the already distracted cattle with the blare of their music.

A tall Indian, with a voice like that of an exhorter at an Arkansas camp meeting, climbs up to the top of the gate and shouts the names of

the men who are to receive the cattle, as, one after another, they are released to their doom. The gate opens, and a gigantic steer leaps out, frightened and wild-eyed. He trots uncertainly down the lane of horsemen. The dogs fly at him, and he sets off in a gallop. Two Indians



SHOOTING BEEF.

gallop after him, and everybody looks that way. But by this time another is out, and soon half a dozen are racing away in different directions, each closely followed by two or three mounted Indians. Soon a shot is heard, and then another,

and the ladies strain their eyes to see; but the steer gallops on. The ladies look a little disappointed. "They are going out of sight. Is this all it's going to be?" But wait; more shots, and more; and now they come faster, like the ominous, irregular, but increasing skirmish-firing before a battle. Five or six of the cattle go off together, with a dozen men pressing behind and at the side of the fleeing group.

A large cow, shot through and through, comes staggering up to the very walls of the "grand stand." The Indians try to drive her away, but she no longer heeds their yells and blows. She reels, braces herself, turns her great beseeching eyes up to the women above her, and falls at their very feet. The Indian butcher appears, throws off his leggings, and bestrides her with naked brown legs and thighs. He opens her throat with a short knife, and cuts out the tongue. He pierces no artery or large vein, and the poor tongueless beast dies slowly. She lifts up her head, stares around again, and tosses about wearily in mute agony. The half-naked slaughterer goes on with his work; and the cow is partly skinned some time before she dies. It is all so near that the ladies have an excellent opportunity to see every step of the process.—HARRISON.

**NOTE.**—It is satisfactory to know that an order has recently been issued from headquarters, for cattle to be slaughtered for the Indians in future only in pens prepared for the purpose, and in as speedy and painless a way as possible; it is also forbidden for the Indians to take away the offal.

AN entertainment was given at the new Shingwauk Hall, Sault Ste. Marie, on Easter Tuesday, in aid of the proposed memorial to Chief Augustin, Shingwauk. About \$70 has been raised thus far towards this object.

## JOTTINGS.

**T**HE new Chief at Garden River (near Sault Ste. Marie), in the place of the late Augustin Shingwauk, is Buh-kwuj-je-ne-ne. He is a younger brother of Augustin, has been in England, and is now nearly 70 years of age.

**MEDICINE HAT.**—Mr. Wm. Rainsford, of Fort Erie, has offered \$50 towards the erection of the new Medicine Hat Home, provided eighteen others will join, so as to make up, with Rev. J. Davenport's offer, \$1,000. Will not others join, and so have the schools in operation this summer? Address Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

A VAST fortune has just been devoted to a new religious order. The "Sisters of the Most Holy Sacrament" is the name chosen for the new religious order founded by Miss Kate Drexel, otherwise known as Sister Catherine. Miss Drexel was to make her final vows in February, and the ceremony to take place in the Chapel of Mercy Convent, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, when she would formally renounce her immense fortune, estimated at £1,600,000. This sum she gives to the new order, making it, possibly, the wealthiest religious order in the world, excepting that of the Jesuits. The special objects of the Order will be to ameliorate the condition of the North-American Indians and negroes.

**MANKIND'S DEBT TO THE REDSKIN FARMER.**—It is more considerable than might be supposed. Long before the first white foot made its impress on the shores of the new world, the American Indians, especially in the eastern parts of what are now the United States, in Mexico, and in many parts of South and Central America, had made progress in the art of agriculture. Maize, or Indian corn, is the Redskin's gift to civilization. But it is not his only gift. It was he who taught the rest of mankind to cultivate the potato; and he was the discoverer of that other agricultural product, tobacco.

**ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE RED INDIAN.**—And let it be to say that he is less a savage than he is supposed to be, and much less than novelists and others are wont to represent him as being. We referred, the other day, to the excellent discourse on the American Indians, which Mr. Henshaw has been delivering in the National Museum at Washington. He refutes as false, "the commonly presented picture of the Indians as they appeared at the time of their discovery by Columbus, as that of a horde of wandering savages, half or wholly naked, living on roots or herbs, or existing by the capture of wild animals scarcely more savage than themselves; and the chief object of whose existence was to enslave, to torture, and to kill each other." The truth is, the Indian "had progressed far beyond and above the lowest state in which man is known to live." In short, he had learned to till the soil, as we have seen; and he

was not dressed wholly in skins, but knew how to spin, to weave, and to dye fabrics. The European could not beat him at basket-making, and his skill in the potter's art was by no means slight. While some built houses of mud, others built them of hewn timber and also of hewn stone. They had trained the dog and the llama to carry and draw for them. They had implements of copper; and the Mexicans had invented letters.  
—*Newcastle (Eng.) Daily Chronicle.*

GIVE everyone a cheer who is trying the least bit to do right. Never mind if they have not got very far on the road. It is very easy to go about the world shaking your head over your neighbour's faults, but an ounce of encouragement is worth a pound of fault-finding.

CAPTAIN PRATT, the founder and manager of the great Carlisle Indian School, with 600 pupils, in Pennsylvania, is thus described by a visitor to the school:—"Captain Pratt is a man six feet in height, and every inch a soldier. His great, well-balanced head, dauntless profile, and kindly smile, predict the qualities of a born leader. A native of New York State, reared in Logansport, Indiana, of Methodist parentage and training, but a Presbyterian by reason of his wife's preference, he has the root of the matter in him, as a muscular Christian of the nineteenth century."

THE following incident occurred in a school in the North West. It being the custom to cut the hair of the boys as soon as they entered school from camp, one of the little fellows remonstrated, but not until a few days after his locks had disappeared. In the meantime the boy had been looking over a picture book containing illustrations from the Bible in which the patriarchs were represented, as they always are, with long hair. "Me no like this," he said to his teacher, at the same time passing his hand over his shorn head. "Why not?" asked the teacher, a little surprised at his not objecting before. "Just like Devil." And then it was recalled that His Satanic Majesty was always represented with short hair.

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NEWSPAPER NOTICE.—THE CANADIAN INDIAN, published by the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, is a neat magazine, ably edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson and H. B. Small. The work is a very interesting one, and can be had at \$2 a year, or twenty cents a single copy. Rev. E. F. Wilson, of the Canadian Soo, is the secretary of the Society. 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 more general interest in both their spiritual and temporal progress.—*Sault Ste. Marie News (Mich.)*

## RECEIPTS.

MEMBERS' FEES: (entitling them to the CANADIAN INDIAN)—Miss H. J. Anderson, \$2; Mrs. Foquett, \$2; J. A. Donaldson, \$2; Rev. F. Willis, \$2.

RECEIPTS—"CANADIAN INDIAN," (non-members)—Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert (for O. F.C.) \$1; Mrs. Young, \$2; Miss S. A. Smith, \$2; Alfred McCue, \$1; Miss H. Gaviller, \$2; Miss S. Murray, \$1; P. Roe, 20 cts.; Mrs. J. Hiscott, \$1; Miss A. E. Hearing, \$2; D. J. Brewster, 24 cts.; C. Montezuma, \$2; J. S. Stewart, \$1.

*AT a Council meeting of the C.I.R.A.S. held in Ottawa, February 21st, Sir James Grant in the chair, it was moved by Dr. Thorburn, seconded by H. B. Small, That in order to further the interests of the CANADIAN INDIAN Magazine, such subscribers as can conveniently pay their annual subscription for the next year, be requested to do so from the 1st of May, in order to facilitate the continuance of its publication.*

*ARTICLES and items on Ethnological Subjects should be sent to H. B. Small, Ottawa, Ont.*

*Articles and items on Educational or Missionary Work among the Indians, all Business Communications and Subscriptions, should be sent to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

*Two Dollars (\$2), if paid at once, will entitle the sender to membership, also to receive the CANADIAN INDIAN, for one year.*

## THE CANADIAN INDIAN RESEARCH AND AID SOCIETY.

## LIST OF MEMBERS.

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Prof. C. Carpmael, F.R.S.C	.....	.....	Royal Observatory, Toronto.
Rev. Dr. McLaren	.....	.....	Knox College, Toronto.
The Bishop of Toronto	.....	.....	.....
Prof. Galbraith	.....	.....	School of Practical Science, Toronto.
Dr. Ellis	.....	.....	" " "
David Boyle	.....	.....	Canadian Institute, Toronto.
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Rev. Dr. Body	.....	.....	Provost of Trinity College, Toronto.
Rev. Principal Grant	.....	.....	Queen's University, Kingston.
The Bishop of Rupert's Land	.....	.....	.....
The Bishop of Quebec	.....	.....	.....
The Bishop of Niagara	.....	.....	.....
The Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate	.....	.....	.....
Rev. J. McDougall.	.....	.....	Alberta, N. W. T.
Horatio Hale	.....	.....	Clinton, Ont.
Rev. Dr. Sutherland	.....	.....	Toronto.

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Rev. C. Bancroft	Sutton.
W. L. Marler	Merchants' Bank, Ottawa.
Rev. E. F. Wilson	Sault Ste. Marie.
Rev. William Jones	Dean Trinity College, Toronto.
A. F. Chamberlain	Canadian Institute, Toronto.
J. C. Hamilton, Barrister	Toronto.
The Bishop of Algoma	
The Bishop of Huron	
The Bishop of Ontario	
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Ven. Archdeacon Lindsay	Waterloo.
Chief J. B. Brant	Deseronto.
Chief Solomon Loft	Deseronto.
Andrew Maracle	Deseronto.
The Hon. E. Dewdney	Minister of the Interior, Ottawa.
Dr. G. M. Dawson	Geol. Survey Dept., Ottawa.
Dr. Thorburn	" " "
Philip Damoulin	Bank of Montreal, Toronto.
N. W. Hoyles, Barrister	Toronto.
Ojjatekha (Mohawk)	Toronto.
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The Bishop of Caledonia	
Hayter Reed	Indian Commissioner, Regina.
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Rev. Dr. Burman	Winnipeg.
Ven. Archdeacon Fortin	Winnipeg.
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Neil McLeod	Kingston, Ont.
Dr. C. K. Clarke, Supt. Rockwood Asylum	Kingston.
Dr. John Robinson,	Kingston.
Allan McLean,	Kingston.
Rev. J. H. Fletcher	Palermo, Ont.
W. G. Egar	Deseronto, Ont.
James Taylor	Winnipeg.
Dr. Millman	Toronto.
Thomas Dowler	Sault Ste. Marie.
J. W. Madden	" "
Prof. Campbell	Presbyterian Coll. Montreal.
Dr. Brinton	Philadelphia.
A. F. Hunter	Barrie, Ont.
H. B. Small	Pres. of Ottawa Literary Society.
Rev. Dr. Bryce	Manitoba College, Winnipeg.
Rev. John Jacobs (Ojibway)	Sarnia.
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Rev. S. Trivett	Blood Reserve, N. W. T.
Sandford Fleming	Ottawa.
Rev. H. Pollard	Ottawa.
Sir James Grant	Ottawa.
James Johnson	Comm. of Customs, Ottawa.
Sir William Dawson	Montreal.
W. H. Parker	Grand Piles, Co. Champlain, P. Q.
W. D. Lighthall, Barrister	Montreal.
Rev. G. Osborne Troop	Montreal.
Rev. Dr. Norton	Montreal.
The Very Rev. Dean Carmichael	Montreal.
W. W. L. Chipman	Ontario Bank, Montreal.
Watson Griffin	"Weekly Star," Montreal.
John Reade	Montreal.
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John L. Harris	Moncton, N.B.
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Lewis R. Marsh	London, Ont.
Col. Sumner	Carleton Place, Ont.
Capt. Pratt	Carlisle Indian School, Pa.
E. W. Boyd	Quebec Bank Chambers, Toronto.
J. C. Phipps	Indian Agent, Manitowaning, Ont.
Thomas V. Keam	Keam's Canyon, Arizona.
J. B. Lash	Indian Agent, Regina, Assa.
Adam Kiyoshk	Sarnia, Ont.
E. S. Busby	Owen Sound, Ont.
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G. W. Marsh	Beulah, Manitoba.
C. D. Mackenzie	Elkhorn, Manitoba.
J. A. Macrae	Indian Department, Regina, Assa.
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Alex. Muckle	Indian Agent, Clandeboye, Man.
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John R. Wells	Little Current, Manitoulin Island.
Abram Isaac	Indian Reserve, Sarnia.
Dr. McCullough	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Miss Alice Patterson	Tyrconnel, Ont.
Mrs. Lings	Sec. W.A.M.A., London, Ont.
Magnus Begg	Indian Agent, Gleichen, Alta.
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