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Vol. I. AUGUST, 1891. No. 11.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN

EDITORS

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

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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 in the month of September, 1891, of which due notice will be given in these pages.

THE
CANADIAN INDIAN.

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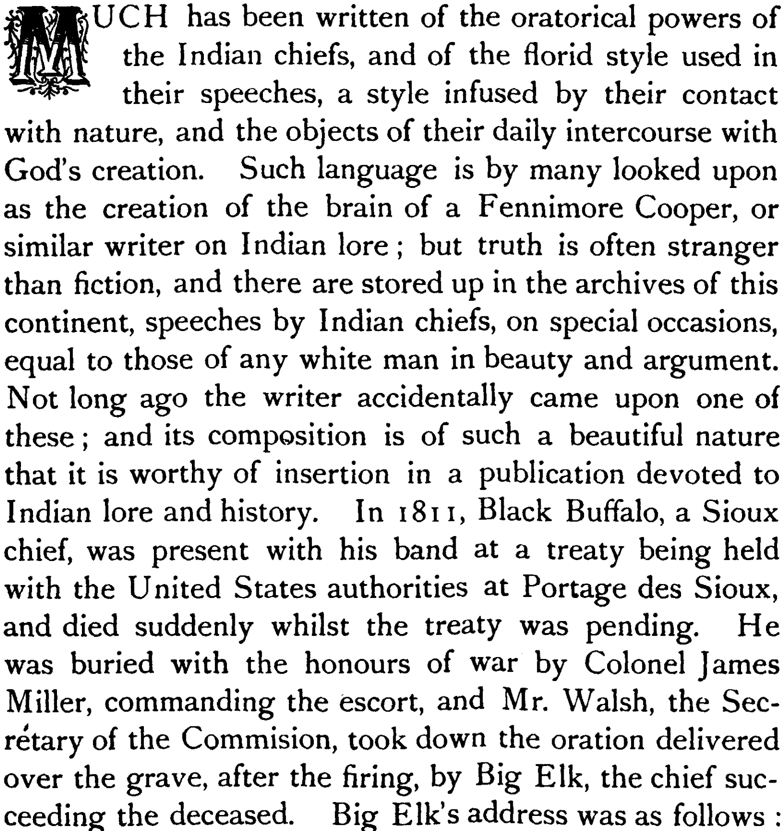

MUCH has been written of the oratorical powers of the Indian chiefs, and of the florid style used in their speeches, a style infused by their contact with nature, and the objects of their daily intercourse with God's creation. Such language is by many looked upon as the creation of the brain of a Fennimore Cooper, or similar writer on Indian lore; but truth is often stranger than fiction, and there are stored up in the archives of this continent, speeches by Indian chiefs, on special occasions, equal to those of any white man in beauty and argument. Not long ago the writer accidentally came upon one of these; and its composition is of such a beautiful nature that it is worthy of insertion in a publication devoted to Indian lore and history. In 1811, Black Buffalo, a Sioux chief, was present with his band at a treaty being held with the United States authorities at Portage des Sioux, and died suddenly whilst the treaty was pending. He was buried with the honours of war by Colonel James Miller, commanding the escort, and Mr. Walsh, the Secretary of the Commision, took down the oration delivered over the grave, after the firing, by Big Elk, the chief succeeding the deceased. Big Elk's address was as follows:

"Do not grieve; misfortunes happen to the best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged that in visiting your father (the Commissioner) you have lost

your chief. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow everywhere; and what a misfortune that I could not have died this day instead of the chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death would have been doubly paid for by the honours of my burial. They would have wiped off everything like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, at the Omaha village on the Missouri, instead of a noble grave and a grand procession, the rolling music and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving at my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, an old robe perhaps, and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown down to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones to be rattled on the plains by the wild beasts. Chief of the warriors! your labours have not been in vain; your attention to our dead chief shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that is paid over the dead. When I return to my people, I will echo the sound of your guns."

THE great attention which has of late been given to the native tribes of the Pacific coast is traceable to the ethnological research and special investigation undertaken by a committee of the British Association for the advancement of Science, under a grant of money made for that purpose. The philological and mythological part of the work has been commenced by Dr. W. T. Tolmie and Professor George Dawson, in connection with the geological and natural history survey of Canada. Dr. Franz Boas is conducting the work for the committee, among the tribes; and in United States Territory and

Alaska the investigation is being carried on by the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Early European voyagers to the Pacific coast have given, in their narratives, varied accounts of the habits, customs and actual condition of the natives in those days. In 1741, Bering came down from the north on that coast; and in 1774-5, two Spanish navigators, Juan Perez and La Bodega T. Quadra, sailing up from the south, explored the coast. In 1778, Captain Cook, with Vancouver as a midshipman, visited the coast; and they were followed by several expeditions anxious to establish trading posts. In 1789, the Queen Charlotte Islands were explored by Captain Gray; and in 1792-4, Vancouver, who had attained the rank of captain, made a thorough exploration of the coast in search of a north-west passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. His name has been well preserved in the island, now the oldest-settled part of British Columbia; and the new city springing up on the mainland, destined to be a second San Francisco, has rightly been called after him also. In 1800, a fortified post was established at Sitka, by Baranoff, from which date the natives may be said to have entered on a new phase of civilization, due to contact with the white man. A great massacre took place soon after this by the Tlingits; but the post was re-occupied and fortified by Baranoff again in 1805, and trade with the natives was thoroughly established, the Russian, American and Hudson Bay Companies being the great commercial factors of the whole of that part of the north-west coast. The region is very humid owing to a warm Japanese current sweeping the coast, and which, meeting the colder waters of the north, gives rise to fogs very similar to those met with off the Newfoundland shores. Rains and fogs are almost continuous during the summer, the annual rainfall being from sixty to ninety-five inches. Travel is entirely carried on

by water, the villages all being situated on water margins; and as a consequence the canoe has reached a very high development. It is to these Indians what the camel is to the desert; and they may be divided into four classes, —hunting, family transport, voyaging and war—the two latter being practically the same in size with certain differences in style. The hunting canoe carries only three or four occupants, whilst the family canoe will carry as many as fifteen, and two tons weight of supplies. The voyaging canoes, often of five tons capacity, are hewn from a single log, elaborately carved with totemic patterns, and will carry thirty persons or more. The war canoes are a thing of the past, but were in their day elaborately painted and decorated. Projecting prows, high spur-shaped sterns, flaring gunwales, mark the northern canoes; while those of the south have a blunt straight stern, a gracefully curving bow and a flat bottom, being not so swift but less cranky than the former. Among the Haida Indians of to-day, the building and sale of canoes is one of the chief sources of revenue, Fort Simpson being the trading post for these wares. The post of honour in their canoe is in the stern, where the steering is accomplished by a few adroit side strokes interjected into the regular paddling.

The primitive tools used in canoe-making are very simple, the adze being the main instrument. The yellow cedar is the tree generally chosen from which to fashion the canoe, the log being trimmed where felled to rough dimensions, and the finishing work is done during the winter. The tree is felled with an adze, formerly stone ones were used; wedges and sledges are used for trimming, and the adze completes the rough work. The canoe is then widened in beam by steaming it with water and hot stones placed in its bottom, stretchers of gradually increasing size being forced down as the wood expands. The smoothing work on the outside is helped by

sandstone and shark's skin, supplying the place of a file. Carving and painting for decoration is lavishly bestowed; and the artistic abilities of the natives are alluded to by Dixon, who says: "Many of the carvings are well proportioned, and executed with a degree of ingenuity which appears extraordinary amongst a people so remote from civilized refinement." The key to all their carvings is found in their legends; but until a general collection of the latter has been made, it is difficult to arrive at their significance. Individual eccentricity may lead an Indian to make a carving of which he alone knows the meaning; and often only the older Indians are well informed enough to tell off-hand the significance of a carving. These causes, combined with the indifference of the younger generation and the extreme sensitiveness and reticence of the older, make it very difficult to arrive at the meaning of these carvings. The canoes, when of a large size and intelligently handled, make remarkably good sea boats, trips being made in them to Victoria, and to the islands far out in search of birds' eggs. When the sea otter was abundant, these animals were hunted far out at sea, the Haida Indians being especially venturesome and successful. Since the otter has become comparatively rare, fishing has taken the place of that article of the chase, and is one of their principal sources of income and subsistence. They have their own peculiar methods of catching fish, ignoring the white man's hook, and adhering to their own workmanship, which, however, produces a sort of hook very killing in their hands, but which to a white man seems clumsy and awkward.

It is the purpose of the writer to give a series of articles in the CANADIAN INDIAN, on the habits and modes of living of this peculiar race of our Indian population, and to dwell in each on some peculiarity of interest, but as yet very little written about. A field of research has been opened out by the committee now investigating the Pacific

coast, and a flood of light may be thrown on the ethnology of this region by the continued efforts of the scientific men engaged in the work. There is much to be done in this connection with regard to the traditions, religious be-lief and practices, folk-lore, myths, totems, and local and tribal variations.

H. B. SMALL.

GEORGE CATLIN, whose name was associated so closely with Indian research in the years 1830 to 1838, has an article in his work entitled "Review of the Buffalo and Buffalo Country." In this, he says, "the strip of country which extends from the Province of Mexico to Lake Winnipeg on the north is almost an entire plain of grass which is and ever must be useless to cultivating man," and he anticipated a period not far distant when the last of these noble animals (the buffalo) at the hands of white and red men will fall victims to their improvident rapacity, leaving that green plain a vast and idle waste unstocked and unpeopled for ages to come, until the bones of one and the traditions of the other will have vanished." How well has one part of his prediction been verified; but how far astray he was as to an "idle waste," the smiling farms of the western States and our own Manitoba to-day prove by their existence. Another remarkable suggestion, since carried out by the Yellowstone and Banff parks was where he proposed to preserve these animals in their pristine beauty in a magnificent park —a nation's park—containing man and beast in all the wildness and freshness of their nature's beauty, and he adds, he seeks no other monument to his memory, nor any enrollment of his name amongst the famous dead than the reputation of having been the founder of such an institution. He then goes on to describe the variety of uses to which the buffalo was put by the Indians of his day.

Every part of their flesh was converted into food. The robes were worn instead of blankets, the skins, when tanned, were coverings for their lodges and their beds; untanned, they were used for constructing canoes, for saddles, bridles, lariats, and thongs. The horns were shaped into ladles and spoons; the brains were used for dressing the skins; the bones for saddle-trees, for war-clubs, for scrapers for dressing the skins; the sinews were used as strings and backs to their bows, for thread to string their beads, and for sewing; the feet and hoofs were boiled for glue with which to fasten their arrow points; the hair was used braided for halters, and the tail for a fly brush. Catlin then descants on the destruction of the buffalo for their robes for white man's use, at a season when the meat is not cured or preserved, but left to be devoured by wolves. On this trade, he says 300,000 Indians depended for their existence; but how much more advantageously, he says, would such a capital be employed if invested in machines for the manufacture of woollen robes of equal value and beauty, thus encouraging the woollen industry rather than to cultivate a taste for robes which is just to be acquired and then from necessity to be dispensed with when a few years shall have destroyed the last of these animals producing them.

It is to be regretted that the last of the native buffaloes of Manitoba, the herd owned by Capt. Bedson, of Stoney Mountain, were allowed to be sold to parties outside of Canada. Had they been purchased by the Canadian Government and placed in the new National Park at Banff, they could have formed the nucleus of a new herd that might have graced that project which has carried out Catlin's ideas to a certain extent. With the exception of the Woodland buffalo, in the northern parts of Assiniboia or Saskatchewan, there is now probably not a native wild buffalo of the plains to be found; and in a few more years there is every likelihood of these following the fate of the

Dodo and the Great Auk. The Government subsidy is a fair substitute to the Indian of the plains for the noble game he once pursued, and although something may be found to supply the place of buffalo robes, nothing will ever equal that article in daily use in the North-west. In the transactions of the Royal Society for 1890, may be found probably the most exhaustive and interesting article written on the buffalo, from the pen of Mr. Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, and its perusal will well repay even those who think they know something respecting that animal and its habits. H. B. SMALL.

MY name is Crow Shoe. The late chief Northaxe was my half-brother, and he wished me to succeed him as chief. I was at Northaxe's deathbed, and he told the Indian agent that he wished me to be the chief, and in presence of the agent and two other chiefs, he gave me his two official coats. He also, at the same time, gave me his six medals. One was the chieftainship medal, and the others were smaller medals. All the Piegan Indians wished me to be chief. They all loved Northaxe, and respected his word. The Bloods, the Blackfeet, and the Sarcees were also all of one mind in the matter—they all wished me to be chief.

About three months after Northaxe's death the big white chief came. About ten Indians went with him to the agent's office. Northaxe's brother "Kidney" and myself were among the number. "Running Wolf" told the big white chief that the medals had been given to me and that I was expected to be chief. The Indian agent brought "Crow Eagle" forward and said, "This is the man we want for chief." The Indians did not want Crow Eagle to be chief, They respected Northaxe's word, and wished me to be their chief. Three of the Indians present spoke on my behalf, and all the Indians present said that

as I had the medals I ought to be chief. The big white chief then said he would settle the matter; he said he would shut his eyes and write, and whatever name he wrote that man would be the chief. Then he shut his eyes, turned away his head, and wrote the name "Crow Eagle." This is how Crow Eagle became chief instead of myself. He was then made chief in the dark. There was no election. If there had been an election, I would have been satisfied. The big white chief sent orders for me to give up the chieftainship medal to Crow Eagle, but I refused to do so. The agent sent two of the police and an Interpreter to make me give up the medal, but I would not. I asked the missionary what to do about it, and at his advice I took the medal to the chief of police for him to keep till the question of chieftainship should be settled.

The chief of police gave the medal to the agent, and the agent gave it to Crow Eagle, so we heard, but no one saw him give it to him, it was done in the dark. The agent had also sent Northaxe's brother at the time of Northaxe's funeral to take the two official coats out of my house and put them in Northaxe's grave, and they were buried with him. I told him not to take the coats. That is all I have to say."

On making inquiry from other parties it was found that both the Indian Commission and the Indian Agent considered that Crow Eagle, being a more active man, and more inclined to farm, etc., was a better person than Crow Shoe for the position of chief, and that this was the reason for acting as they did. Still, it seems to us that a good deal of the dissatisfaction and grumbling among the Indians is owing to their being treated too much like children, as though they had no sense of their own; and, if the rule is now that the chiefs are to be elected, surely there ought to have been an election held at this time, and the Indians have been left free to vote as they felt disposed.

[COM.

AMONG the many schemes submitted to the World's Fair managers is the proposition to aid the North American Indians in making an exhibit of their own status. Of course the opposition that might fairly be urged against a separate American negro exhibit cannot hold good in the case of the North American Indian. The American people treat the Indian tribes as foreign nations—not as a component part of the nation, although the nation's wards. They are entitled, therefore, even more than the several American States to distinct representation in a world's fair. Doubtless a properly arranged and properly managed exhibit of the existing North American Indian tribes could be made a very valuable factor in the solution of the Indian problem. Interesting and valuable as are the relics of prehistoric Indian rule over this continent, and of the Indian civilization which went down before the onward march of intelligence, the life of the present Indian and its results and products are of far more interest and importance to an Exposition designed to show the progress of the world since the opening of the Indian's primitive home down to Caucasian enterprise and progress. The former are part of the national scientific collections, which will be included in a Government exhibit. Canada might well supplement this exhibit by a contribution of Canadian Indian relics, and the totem poles and wonderful carvings of the Haidas, and the implements of other Indians of our Pacific Coast, would materially add to this exhibit and prove very interesting.

H. B. SMALL.

THERE are proofs that very dwarfish people have lived and do live, in different places. Some years ago on the banks of the river Merrimac, 20 miles from the Isle of St. Louis, a number of stone tombs were found arranged in symmetrical order; none of them were more than four feet long, and the

human skeletons within them only measured three feet, though the teeth showed that they were adults; the skulls were out of proportion with the rest of the body.

DEATH OF A PIEGAN INDIAN.

IT was a brother-in-law of Northaxe's that had died. Usually the Indians bury on the very day of the death, but this time the body was left locked up in the dwelling in which the man had died for three days. Mr. B. came to the house with two squaws. They were not wives or relatives—simply friends. Neither of them would go into the house first, so Mr. B. went in. The body was lying on its back in the middle of the bed, all wrapped up in blankets and cloth. Beside the body was a tray with a tin teapot and tea in it, a cup and saucer and a piece of bread. When the women followed Mr. B., he noticed that they came in at the same moment side by side, keeping step, and each introducing first her right foot and then her left. They were both wailing piteously and calling on the dead man to rise—"akau′-i-sina, akau′isina, nipu-at!" (many cayotes, many cayotes, get up!) This cry was heard through the camp day and night for many days together. It is the women only that wail usually, not the men, and the men do not generally go to a funeral. After Mr. B. had waited a little, the dead man's wife came in, and other women, all wailing terribly and crying to 'many cayotes' to get up. Then two young men came in, brought a rough box or coffin, lifted the corpse into it, put in all its belongings—two or three blankets, a coat, pillow, etc., fastened the coffin down, and carried it outside; then they stripped from the walls the cotton lining of the dwelling, and wound it round and round the coffin. Then they took the coffin to the brow of the hill and buried it — the women all following and rending the air with their piteous cries.

MISSION NOTES.

IT is expected that Bishop Bompas, of the Mackenzie River Diocese, will undertake the work of the newly-formed Diocese of Selkirk, north of British Columbia; and that Archdeacon Reeve, of Fort Chippewyan, will become Bishop of Mackenzie River.

THE Bishop of Qu'Appelle, in a recent letter to the Toronto church papers, strongly urges that the Anglican Missionary Society of Canada, at present called "The Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions," should assume a more popular title, and should make its object twofold: (1) to Christianize and educate the Indians of the Dominion; (2) to care for the Spiritual needs of the backwoods' settlers.

THE Church of England Indians, at Frenchman's Head, are preparing to build a church, and Mr. G. Prewer, now a student of St. John's College, Winnipeg, will spend his vacation in helping on this good work.

THE Rupert's Land Indian School, near Winnipeg, and the Indian Schools at Elkhorn, in Western Manitoba, continue to make satisfactory progress. At the former farm buildings and a printing shop are being erected; and at the latter a Government grant of $2,500 is being expended in the erection of a farm house, barns, purchase of stock, &c.

THERE are fifty boys and twenty-five girls at present at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, Sault Ste. Marie.

THE Indians on St. Peter's Reserve, Manitoba, have this spring evidenced their gratitude for the Christian teaching they have received by turning out in large numbers to prepare and haul the material for a new parsonage for their missionary. A company, consisting of eleven teams, with a number of men, went to a spot four miles distant and cut and brought back logs sufficient for a dwelling 33 x 26 feet.

THE new large Government institution for Indian children, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, at Regina, is now in operation, and has opened with twenty-nine pupils. Mr. C. D. Mackenzie, formerly superintendent of the schools at Elkhorn, is on the Regina staff.

THE Methodist Church is erecting an Indian Institution at Red Deer, north from Calgary, and is taking steps, also, to found another one in the neighborhood of Winnipeg.

THE Presbyterian Church has eleven Indian Missions under its care, and employs six ordained missionaries. They have also seven Industrial Boarding Schools, including the Government one at Regina, with 247 children enrolled, and an average attendance of 171.

INDIANS AND STRONG DRINK.

BY ROBIN RUSTLER.

MINEGESHING, the Christian chief of the Chippewa Indians, visited some of the cities of the Eastern States a few years ago, and upon his return, the minor chiefs of the tribe gathered around him and said: "Tell us what of all you saw was most wonderful." Deeply he meditated and then said; "When I was in the great church and heard the great organ, and all the pale-faces stood up and said "The Lord is in His Holy Temple; Let all the earth keep silent," I thought; "The pale-faces have had this religion all these four hundred years and did not give it to us, and now it is late. That is the most wonderful thing I saw." The chiefs looked upon him and said; "That is, indeed, most wonderful! Now, it is late. It is indeed noon." The red men hate the double-tongued Indian, and when they have been taught the holier principles and nobler virtues of the Book of God as possessed by the white man, they fail to understand the non-agreement of his principles with his practice. We do not find in all the native literature of the Indian tribes any Bacchanalian odes and songs in praise of intoxicating drinks. I have listened to Blackfoot songs of love and war, but never have my ears been filled with the maudlin strains of drunken ditties, although many have spoken in its favor and drunk freely of the deadly potion. The Indians were indebted to the white man for the rum, brandy, whiskey and gin, whose poisonous vapors and death-dealing properties have slain, upon their native soil, countless thousands of the aborigines of our land. The drinking public called it *Aqua vitae*, the water of life, but it was named by Act of Parliament, *Aqua mortis*, the water of death. The Indians did not look so kindly upon it, as they spake of it as *Fire water*, the white man's drink, and in a few instances it has been called *New milk*. In the Archives of the Seminary of Quebec there is a letter on the liquor question, probably the oldest document relating to that question as it affected Canada. It was written by a French Roman Catholic Missionary about 1705, and gave the history of French brandy in Canada. In the early history, during Bishop Laval's time and subsequent to that period, there were two parties in the Dominion on this question, the liquor party and the prohibition party. The liquor party consisted of the fur traders who were supported by the French governors; and the prohibition party comprised the missionaries, who were sustained by the Church. Thus was Church and State arrayed against each other. The importers at Quebec sold the stuff to the small fur traders. The Missionary who makes these statements says that the importers adulterated it by putting in salt and water. Modern arguments were in use in those early times for the continuance of the traffic. The whiskey traders said that the brandy traffic was beneficial to the State, inasmuch as it collected the import duty. Brandy was

good for the Indians as it protected them from the cold, and as the Dutch and English traders in New York dealt in whisky so the French fur traders must deal in brandy or lose the fur trade, which would be taken up by these foreigners. When the French Missionaries were laboring among the Indians the Canadian red men argued with them in favor of using liquor. They said: "You say, God made everything; if he did, then he made brandy; you say also that everything he made, he made for man's use, hence he intended that man should drink brandy; how, then dare you prohibit brandy." The Philadelphia *Record* exhumed an old petition, presented by the Indians to Penn's first Governor, (Markham) in 1681. It is as follows: Whereas the selling of strong liquors was prohibited in Pennsylvania and not in New Castle, we find it a greater inconvenience than before, our Indians going down to New Castle and there buying rum and making them more debauched than before, in spite of prohibition; therefore, we whose names are hereunder written, do desire that prohibition may be taken off and rum and strong liquors may be sold (in aforesaid province) as formerly until it be prohibited in New Castle, and in that government of Delaware.

PESINK, his X mark. JOON GORAS, his X mark.
NAMA SEKA, his X mark. ESPRA APE, his X mark.
KEKA KAPPAN, his X mark.

The Rev. Pere Maillard states that when he arrived at a post the trader adulterated the liquor which had previously been adulterated by the importer. He steeped tobacco in it, and then gave to the Indians a tin cup full each. As soon as this flew to their heads they demanded more. Then they had to pay for it in furs. When their furs were gone they received liquor on credit and became bondsmen to the traders, and had to pay them after the next fall hunt. These traders charged extortionate prices for the liquor, and the Indians, being crazed with drink, would pay any sum. This missionary knew a trader at Three Rivers who obtained fifty bear skins for sufficient liquor to make him drunk for one evening. Pledges of clothes were taken from the Indians for brandy. One trader who took the blankets and clothes of the Indians for debts incurred in drinking, was accustomed to make net profits above expenses of five hundred francs per month. Blankets were sold by the traders for four beaver skins each, and on the day following that on which they were sold they were bought back for a pint of adulterated brandy. When they had no more furs, and could not get any more liquor on credit, they hired out their wives and daughters to the French soldiers and settlers for immoral purposes. The missionary states that they did not take the liquor because they liked it, but they wished to get drunk. They would fast in order to get the full strength of the strong drink upon an empty stomach. When going to fight they would drink in order to become courageous.

Terrible scenes were to be witnessed in the camps amid these drunken orgies. Intoxicated Indians ran naked, stabbing and shooting each other, cutting themselves and killing their wives and children. When Bishop Laval arrived in the country in 1659, the Algonkins could muster 2,000 warriors; and in 1705, chiefly through the use of brandy, they could not mnster 200 fighting men.

In the early history of the Canadian North-West, liquor was used by the native population to a great extent, resulting in debauchery and crime. Henry's Journal, as published by C. N. Bell, says: "A common dram shop in a civilized country is a Paradise in comparison to the Indian trade when two or more interests were engaged." Drinking matches were frequently held by the natives, during which serious fights took place and some of the Indians were killed. Henry says that during the winter of 1801–2, stabbing affrays resulting from drinking matches were of frequent occurrence. Again it is said: An Indian arrived with his family in a small canoe, in fifteen days, from Leech Lake (now in Minnesota), and brings intelligence from that place of several Salteaux having murdered each other in a drinking match a few days before he left. This caused a terrible uproar in the camp here, the murdered persons being near relatives of some here. There were also persons related to the murderers. The former would insist upon retaliating, and it was with the greatest trouble that we prevented them by taking away their arms. They were all drunk, and kept up a most terrible crying, screaming, howling and lamenting the death of their relatives. The liquor only tended to augment their false grief.

Even in the lodges of the dead, liquor was used to assuage grief. In this they are not alone, for in some parts of England, Ireland and Scotland, at the present day, strong drink is used at every domestic festival. Births, marriages and deaths are occasions upon which the visitors are treated to wine, whiskey and other liquors. We read in Henry's Journal, "Bea's Courts daughter (a Salteaux girl) died, aged nine years. Great lamentations, and they must have a keg of whiskey to wash away the grief from their hearts, and a fathom of cloth to cover the body and a quarter of a pound of vermillion to paint the same." The writer has been compelled to say with reluctance that a white settlement in the vicinity of an Indian reserve or mission is a curse to the natives, and greater prosperity will attend the ministrations of the teachers of Christian truth, upon missions far distant from the homes of the civilized pale-faces. As in our day, so also did Henry observe nearly a hundred years ago. The Columbia River Indians, and the tribes in the interior parts of the country, were not addicted to vice as were the eastern tribes. The less the Indians came in contact with the white people, the more highly were they esteemed for their morality. The chief cause of their depravity was the liquor, which was furnished them by the white people, and the example shown them by the vaunted

civilization of the pale-faces, led them on to destruction. Some of the Indian tribes, as the Hydas of British Columbia, have manufactured a native intoxicating drink, from the use of which there has arisen evil consequences. The literature relating to the Indian tribes of Canada and the United States reveals a sad state of degeneracy from intemperance. Invariably the strong drink has been introduced by white people, and the Indians, isolated and passionate, have drunk to excess. Crime has been increased at a rapid rate, and the tribes have decreased in number. In times of sobriety some of the chiefs have used their influence, and the people, by force of native law and example, have been saved from the curse. The strongest force brought to bear upon the red men has been the teachings of Christianity. The religion of the Christ has taught them principles which have liberated them from the thraldom of strong drink. Never since Peter Jones remonstrated with the Indians at one of the annual treaty payments, has the Government of Canada given, through its agents, liquor to the natives. Liquor was first given to the natives through Government officials, and not until the missionaries of the Cross remonstrated faithfully with the people, were prohibitory measures adopted. So soon as the Indians become Christianized there is hope for them being advocates of temperance, and not before. In these later days, the Caughnawaga Indians, having a population of more than one thousand, have held their Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition with the total exclusion of intoxicating drink. Some of the red men at Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, have asked the agent to post notices offering fifty dollars reward for evidence by which any person is convicted of furnishing liquor to Indians under the law; and these savages of the west will reap the reward. In the Indian Territory, Mrs. Martha J. Tunstall, a Cherokee lady, was President of the Indian Territory Women's Christian Temperance Union, and during her presidency she organized several local Unions, consisting of both white and red people. In the American Indian newspaper, *Our Brother in Red*, a temperance column is maintained in the interests of the White Ribbon movement. But a short time ago, a temperance jubilee was held by the Oneida Indians, on their reservation near Fort Howard, Wisconsin. Prohibitory measures are the only kind that can justly be applied to the red men, in temperance matters; and when these people have become citizens, and are no longer wards of the nation, they will be better prepared for a permit system or license.—*Moose Jaw Times.*

THE word canoe is one coming from the language of the Carribbees, a native people, found by Columbus, inhabiting the eastern portion of the West Indies. They called themselves, in their own language, Carinago, Calliponan, Calinago, and, abbreviated, Calina, signifying, it is said, a brave and valiant man. The original word for canoe in the language of this people was Canaoa. HAINES.

PEACE PRINCIPLES PUT TO THE PROOF.

IN 1873, James M. Haworth, a member of the Society of Friends, was appointed by the American Government to the charge of the Kiowas and Comanches, two wild and warlike tribes located near the northern line of Texas. To the inhabitants of that large cattle-raising State these Indians gave great trouble by their frequent raids. So irresistible was the temptation to cross the border and drive off the cattle, that Satanta, one of their chiefs, confessed his entire inability to control the young men, and told "the great Father at Washington" that the readiest way to save trouble would be "to move Texas farther off!" Satanta shortly succumbed to the temptation himself, and he and his companion, Big Tree, were for certain depredations and other misdeeds clearly proved against them, sent prisoners to Florida. The chiefs were powerful fellows, with much natural intelligence, and were popular with their tribe, and their release was clamorously demanded of the agent. The Government wishing to conciliate the Indians, gave them to expect that their desire should be granted, but difficulties were raised by the authorities in Texas, and the chiefs were still held prisoners.

While the Kiowas were still chafing under the disappointment, and galled at what seemed to them the broken faith of the Government, a report, which was wholly unauthorized, was brought to them that if they would go to the agency at a certain day, Satanta would be released. At the given time, almost the whole tribe came down, and the hundreds of "braves," mounted on their ponies, with faces painted, and decked out with feathers and other savage adornments, looked very imposing. James Haworth, the agent, met them in a friendly manner, and a council was arranged to be held next day. Meanwhile some inkling of the actual state of things reached them, and they sent to their council war-chiefs only, who came fully armed, and sat with their bows strung and their arrows in their hands.

It was a serious thing to have to meet such a company with intelligence that would exasperate them, but James Haworth made his statement with a straightforwardness that convinced them that he, at least, was not to blame; and Big-bow, the leader, advancing, embraced him and gave him his hand, saying, that while they had been deceived, and were disappointed, they believed the agent's heart was right, and brave, and true. The others then came forward and gave their hands, and so the council closed. The Kiowas now went up to the neighbouring military post, and while there met with some mischievous persons who told them that Haworth was trifling with and deceiving them, and showed them, in proof, an extract from a Texan paper, in which it was asserted that the chiefs would never be released, except on certain conditions, which were named, and which the Indians knew it would be out of their

power to ratify. This exasperated them exceedingly, and they returned to the agent in a rage. He found it hard to quiet them, and the next day, when the usual rations were being distributed, they again became fierce and made demands which his duty as a United States officer forbade him to comply with.

Upon this they grew so clamorous and threatening that the employés, believing that mischief was intended, begged him to send to the fort for a detachment of troops. This, however, he *refused to do*; he was among the Indians specially to represent the principles of peace, and to those principles he determined he would be true, and would commit his life to the protection of the Lord. He still steadily refused the demands of the Indians, and abashed by his courage, or restrained by a higher power, they became quieter, and shortly withdrew. That it was no imaginary danger in which he had been placed, was shown by the fact that an old Comanche chief, who was friendly to him, went of his own accord to the fort to beg the officer to come down with soldiers to protect him.

A few days after, information reached James Haworth that the Kiowas had held a council and decided to take him prisoner, and keep him as a hostage for the return of their chiefs. He was now again urged to seek the protection of the fort, but refused, and awaited the issue. The next evening White Horse and Fast Wolf, two of the worst of the Indians, with three others, made their appearance at the agency, armed, and with other indications suggestive of evil intent. James Haworth, however, met them cordially, gave them a good supper, had his usual family worship along with them, and prepared them beds for the night, not giving them the smallest indication that he knew the object of their vlsit. They returned in the morning, after receiving other kindnesses, and reported to their people in Indian *parlance* that "Simpoquodle's (this was their name for James Haworth; it signifies Red Beard) medicine was too strong for them."

There was a thrilling interest in this story as it was related to me on the spot by James Haworth himself, who, at the time, was just beginning to recover from a most serious illness that had brought him to the brink of the grave. In allusion to these and other circumstances he wrote to me some time afterwards:—"My heart is humbled with gratitude and thanksgiving to God when I review the many trying scenes through which I was safely covered by the shadow of His wings. He did so mercifully care for me, and the dear ones associated with me in that work, through the whole five years. His love and protecting care were ever near us, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms."—*Stanley Pumphrey's Note Book.*

PATHOS OF INDIAN CHILD LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY the last of December the Oahe boarding school was full to overflowing. But one day just before Christmas a fine looking Indian brought his little boy and asked if we would not take him in. The child was so tiny that Mr. Jacobsen hesitated at first. "He is little but he is wise," said the father entreatingly, and Mr. Jacobsen yielded. Never was a boy more supremely happy, and in twenty-four hours, Arthur, (for that was the English name we gave him) was the favorite of the whole school. His merry laugh rang everywhere and he jabbered a constant stream of Dakota. He was so small that as he sat on the stool at meal time his feet swung clear of the floor below, and above it seemed as if he could not properly reach his plate. He was the very picture of fat, healthy childhood. The first Saturday he was with us there was a good crust over the snow, and the older boys asked one of the teachers to take a sled ride with them. As they came up for her they seemed to be holding a grave consultation. When she came out one boy began eagerly: "Arthur, we want him to go. But little. He can not walk. You will let him sit behind you?" Of course she would, and with Arthur's arms tight around her neck as he kneeled behind her, off they started, merry as so many snow birds, Arthur happiest of them all.

In the school room there was no class in which he could be put. So we gave him a slate and pencil and kindergarten blocks and left him to amuse himself. In the intervals between other classes we would give him lessons from the chart primer, or sketch a wonderful horse for him to copy. It was his greatest pleasure to go to and from the school house with one of the teachers, and at such times his tongue went faster than his feet. He picked up English rapidly, and made an odd mixture that was as pretty as it was untranslatable. But a change began to creep over him. He lost his appetite, dark circles came under his eyes, he was fretful at times. It was pitiful to have him slip his hot little hand into yours, and with a sigh lean his head against your arm. The doctor said it was brain trouble and we had better send him home, for the excitements of school life were too great for him. He did not want to go home, and when his father came for him he clung to the matron, begging her with sobs not to send him away. So we let him stay. We wondered greatly that he did not want to go home, for the other children always cried to go, if they were tired or sick. At last one of the boys told us the story, alas! too common in Dakota home life. His mother had deserted his father when Arthur was a baby and his step-mother beat and scolded the poor little fellow till home was the last place where he wished to be. There was nothing for us to do but to keep him. He grew worse daily. He was very patient, and took the medicine like a man, though he hated

it. He declared with sobs and torrents of Dakota that he was not sick at all when anyone asked him where he felt badly, and gradually we ceased to question him. We did all we could to save him. The larger boys of their own accord carried him up and down stairs, the girls petted him tenderly, and the matron saved choice bits from the teachers' table to tempt his appetite. With the first bright warm days of spring he seemed to rally, but he had too little strength to stand fresh air. Again Mr. Jacobsen wrote to his father and we sent Arthur to Pierre for a few days hoping that a little change might rouse him. But there was no hope. It was only a matter of days the doctor said. Then Arthur's grandmother came, an old woman, but through the wrinkled, painted, dirty face shone a world of love as she drew the little fellow to her and rocked him back and forth, crooning an Indian lullaby. She started home with him on her back, but the journey was too hard and the next day he died. There was a hush over all the school when we heard of his death. We had all loved him, and his influence had been stronger than we knew. The boys, rough as a rule, had always guarded him chivalrously, and the older girls had cared for him with a womanliness that was touching. Truly he had not lived in vain. A. M. W.

SHINGWAUK CHIPS.

OUR school has been honored by a visit from Chief Brant, a lineal descendant of the famous Captain Joseph Brant who fought under the British flag in 1776, and to whose memory a momument has been erected in the city of Brantford. Chief Brant has a little son nine years old in our school, by name Burget Sebastian Brant; he came to see his little son and also brought half a dozen more young Mohawks as pupils. The Chief seemed very pleased with all he saw, both at the Shingwuak and Wawanosh Homes; and in an address which he delivered in our school-room he urged upon our scholars to make the most of their opportunities, and learn all they could. He brought a magic lantern with him which he exhibited, and he also wore his Indian dress, and the silver medals which he had inherited from his father.

Our Indian puplils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes recently sent $30 to the Uganda mission in Africa.

A week or two ago we were favored by a visit from Mr. A. J. Standing, Captain Pratt's assistant superintendent at the great Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania. Mr. Standing was on a tour through the State of Michigan in search of pupils, and had already sent down a batch.

COMMUNICATION FROM ELKHORN.

MR. WILSON has handed us a very interesting letter from Elkhorn, in which is described the visit of some of the Indian girls to Brandon, and their kind reception there. They visited the English schools, and sang some hymns for the pupils in the Indian language. Afterwards, on their return home, they were visited at Elkhorn by Lady Katharine Duncombe, Miss Duncombe and the Rev. W. H. Rednap of Ryde, Isle of Wight. They expressed themselves as delighted with the home, and promised to remember it on their return to England. We are glad also to hear that Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, the superintendent at Elkhorn, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly improving.

To those of our Indians who are interested in the Indian races of North-West America, we can most heartily recommend the *Canadian Indian*, edited by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of the Shingwauk Industrial Home. The magazine is the organ of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, which has been formed to promote the welfare of the Indian races, and to collect, ere it be too late, all possible information as to the history, manners and customs, and folklore of the various Indian tribes. Membership of the Society, which covers the supply of the magazine monthly, is two dollars per annum. Subscriptions will be gladly received and forwarded by the Secretary.—*Missionary Leaves (England).*

CATCHING YOUNG MOOSE.

THE moose is the largest and most interesting wild animal now found in this country, and still exists in considerable numbers in the forests that clothe the long range of mountains north of the Assiniboine river and about the head waters of the rivers that flow north of Lake Winnipegosis. A full grown moose will weigh eight hundred or a thousand pounds. The color, in fall and winter, is a very dark gray, almost black. The antlers are large and flat with many prongs, set along the hedges of the flat portion. There is also a long round prong extending from each antler near the head of the beast. Many gentlemen from England, officers of the army and some noblemen, every season visit the vast solitudes in the northern portion of Manitoba in search of moose, and usually take in the scenery of the Rocky Mountains before they return to England.

The Indians, who have their reserve north of Birtle, near the spruce forests inhabited by moose, make a business of capturing the fawns. As

the young animals are much valued by showmen and others, a good price is paid. The Indian takes a pony and cart as far as he can go into the woods, having a cow, that gives milk, tied behind the cart. When the way is no longer passable for a cart it is left, and the moose hunter mounts his horse and rides until he sees traces of an old female moose and her fawns. When the proper place has been reached the utmost quietness is kept; the cow and horse are permitted to feed, but there must be no speaking or shouting, no sound of an axe and no shots fired. As is customary with other deer, the old moose hides her young during the day, and in the evening the mother, which may have been wandering at a distance, will be heard calling her young, and it is then that the position is more closely marked, and the thicket in which the fawn lies concealed will be discovered. In the early dawn, before the old deer leaves, an attempt will be made to capture one or both of the young, and one at least is generally secured. The little beast is easily tamed, and is soon taught to suck the cow that has been provided. When the fawn has recovered from the excitement connected with its capture, the little prisoner, which much resembles a calf, is taken to the cart and rests on a bed of soft hay, secured only by a strap around the neck. The young moose soon becomes tame enough to be permitted to go at large with the cattle.—"*The Western World.*"

SCALPING.

THIS is a custom practised by nearly all the North American Indians, and is done when an enemy is killed in battle, by grasping the left hand into the hair on the crown of the head and passing the knife around it through the skin, tearing off a piece of the skin with the hair as large as the palm of the hand, or larger, which is dried, and often curiously ornamented and preserved, and highly valued as a trophy. The scalping is an operation not calculated of itself to take life, as it only removes the skin without injuring the bone of the head; and necessarily, to be a genuine scalp, must contain and show the crown or centre of the head, that part of the skin which lies directly over what the phrenologists call "self-esteem," where the hair divides and radiates from the centre, of which they all profess to be strict judges, and able to decide whether an effort has been made to produce two or more scalps from one head. Besides taking the scalp, the victor generally, if he has time to do it without endangering his own scalp, cuts off and brings home the rest of the hair, which his wife will divide into a great many small locks, and with them fringe off the seams of his shirt and his leggings; they are also worn as trophies and ornaments to the dress, and then are familiarly called "scalp-locks."—*Catlin.*

A LITTLE PEOPLE OF A PAST AGE.

AFTER some delay we obtained a canoe to take us to the eastern coast of Yucatan, only six miles distant. Our object was to examine some ancient structures at a place called Meco, where pilgrims used to worship every year when on their way to Mugeres and Cozumel, whither they went as Mahometans journey to Mecca.

After the bush was cut down we succeeded in measuring a temple: it was ten feet in height, built on the summit of an artificial mound forty feet high, with stone steps on the east side. In the base of the mound there were very small rooms, in which we were just able to stand upright.

Surrounding the courtyard, where the temple was, there were other apartments of the same size, that may have served as lodgings for pilgrims; only people under three heet high could be comfortable in them. As we stooped to crawl in and out, we conjured up visions of diminutive individuals going back and forth, and up and down the almost perpendicular stairs, in quaint and scanty attire, bearing offerings to propitiate the dear gods of the sea. All the other buildings at Meco were equally small; and the natives affirm, as a matter of course, that they were built and inhabited by dwarfs. There is another of these strange cities further down the coast, called Nizucte; and though exposed to a visit from hostile Indians, we found there three men, one accompanied by his wife and a pretty daughter of eighteen summers. They were from the village of Dolores, and having put up a thatched roof intended to remain at Nizucte a few days, working hard at scraping a wooly substance from the trunk of a fan-palm called in Spanish "guano." We asked how much they could earn at that work, and were informed that one aroba (twenty-five pounds) is worth $2.50; three people working together obtained that amount in two days. The stuff is used to make cushions and pillows, being as soft as feathers, but firmer. The leaf of the guano is baked underground, and made into very long ropes that serve the fishermen in their boats; the canoe we engaged had no other rope in it. The fresh leaves make excellent fans, that retain a bright green color for eight or ten days. They were put into our hands to keep off mosquitos when we were invited to be seated under the thatched roof. The pretty girl offered us cigarettes; she was astonished when we declined. Not smoke! It was such a consolation! Would we not try just a very little one? She seemed to regard me as an object of pity because I had never used tobacco, and my husband as a very peculiar being for having given up the use of the weed.

These people informed us that "the queer old houses" were close by. The largest building proved to be a diminutive temple, at the entrance of which were two enormous snake heads made of concrete; they were embraced and encircled by gnarled roots that looked like dark-skinned serpents entwining the mineral representations of the same reptiles. Near

by we found two large human legs, also concrete, and a square pedestal one foot high, on which was a symbol of the Phallic worship, two lobsters and a small turtle, all made of concrete. The doorway of the temple was three feet high and one and a-half wide. The structure consisted of large, well-hewn stones, and the ceiling formed a triangular arch with capping stones, though outside the building was square.—*Here and There in Yucatan.*

WHEN a Hidatsa dies his shade is said to linger four nights around the camp or village in which he died, and then it goes to the lodge of his departed kindred in the "village of the dead." When he has arrived he is rewarded for his valor, self-denial and ambition on earth by receiving the same regard in one place as in the other, for there as here the brave man is honored and the coward despised. Some say that the ghosts of those that commit suicide occupy a separate part of the village, but that their condition differs in no wise from that of the others. In the next world human shades hunt and live on the shades of buffalo and other animals that have here died. There, too, there are four seasons, but they come in an inverse order to the terrestrial seasons. During the four nights that the ghost is supposed to linger near his former dwelling, those who disliked or feared the deceased, and who do not wish a visit from the shade, scorch with red coals a pair of moccasins which they leave at the door of the lodge. The smell of the burning leather they claim keeps the ghost out; but the true friends of the dead man take no such precautions.—*Dr. H. C. Yarrow.*

THE Assineboins, somewhat like the Crows, cultivate their hair to a very great length, in many instances reaching down nearly to the ground; but in most instances of this kind the great length is produced by splicing or adding on several lengths, which are fastened very ingeniously by means of glue, and the joints obscured by a sort of paste of red earth and glue, with which the hair is at intervals of every two or three inches filled, and divided into locks and slabs of an inch or so in breadth, and falling straight down over the back to the heels.—*Catlin.*

COLUMBUS, speaking of the North American Indians, said:—"I swear to your Majesties that there is not a better people in the world; they love their neighbours as themselves; their language is the sweetest, softest, and most cheerful, for they always speak smiling; and, although they go naked, let your Majesties believe me, their customs are very becoming; and their king, who is served with great majesty, has such engaging manners that it gives great pleasure to see him; and also to consider the great retentive faculty of that people, and their desire of knowledge, which incites them to ask the causes and effects of things."