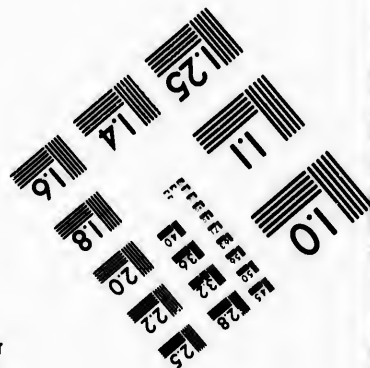
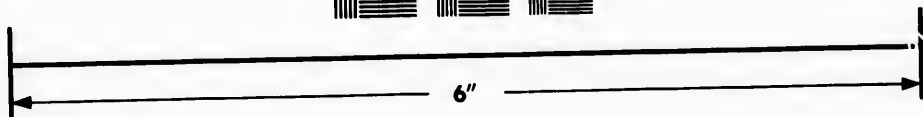
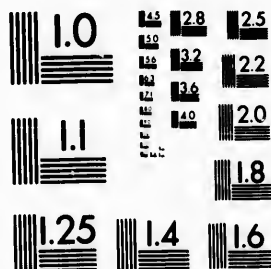


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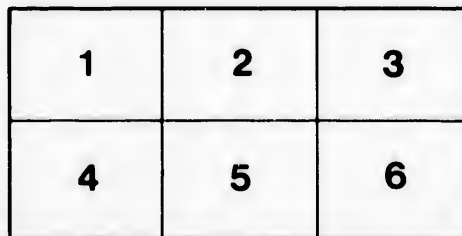
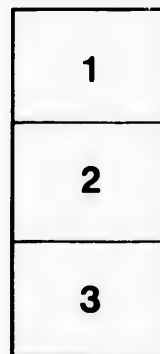
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JULY, 1887.

No. 3.

METLAKAHTLA.

BY Z. L. WHITE.

FORT SIMPSON was established as a trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company about 1821. It was planted with fear and trembling, about five hundred miles north of the station on Vancouver's Island, near the boundary of Russian America, and in the midst of the worst Indians on the northwest coast. The natives, who were divided into different tribes or bands, lived in separate villages built along the beach near the fort, just above high-water mark; their dwellings being rude huts, each with its totem pole in front and its canoe hauled up on the sand when not in use. The white men, who were there for the purpose of buying furs of the Indians, shut themselves up in their stockade at night, and never ventured out singly in the daytime. Once a year one of the company's vessels visited the place, bringing the mail and a stock of provisions sufficient to last twelve months, and took away the furs that had accumulated.

For a full third of a century no steps whatever were taken to civilize these Indians or to ameliorate in any measure their physical, intellectual or moral condition. At their interior trading-posts the Hudson's Bay Company did contribute something towards the support of missionaries, its appropriation in 1854 for eighteen Protestant missions and one school being about \$5,000. The Roman

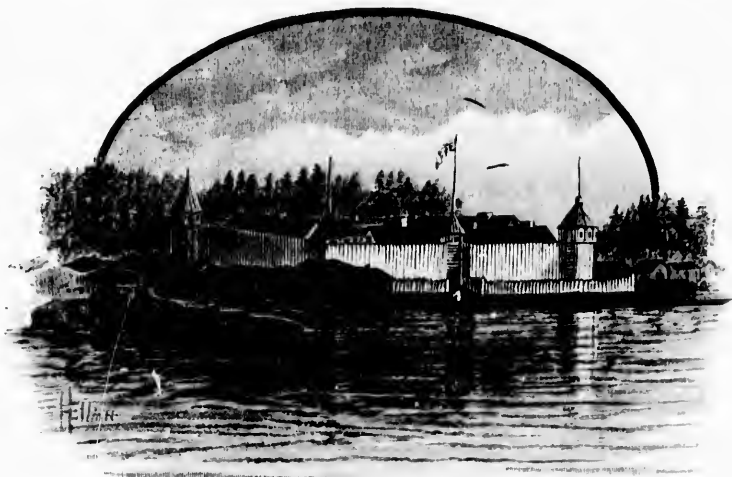
Catholic missions received, perhaps, one-half as much. There was at that time no Protestant missionary on the northwest coast, and the nearest Roman Catholic one to Fort Simpson was at Victoria. In these thirty years the Indians became more degraded, more superstitious and more bloodthirsty than before. The Hudson's Bay Company did not sell intoxicating liquors to them, but others did, and in their contact with the traders, a majority of whom, says a resident in the North Pacific country, writing about fifteen years ago, "have a lower status than the veriest unconverted savage," the natives learned none of the virtues of civilization while they became imbued with many of its worst vices.

In 1853 the attention of the Church Missionary Society, of London, was first directed to the deplorable condition of the Indians on the Pacific coast of British America, and three years later a series of meetings was held for the purpose of arousing an interest concerning them in the Church. At one of these gatherings, the evening being very stormy, only nine persons attended. Among those present was a young mercantile clerk, William Duncan, who became greatly interested in the proposed work. From his childhood he had cherished an ambition to be a missionary in a heathen land, and

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he was at that time thinking of going to South America as soon as he should have accumulated sufficient

toria was then a village of about two hundred people, whose principal business was trading with Indians for furs.



FORT SIMPSON.

funds. For he believed that such a mission as he would establish ought to be self-supporting, and that he could accomplish far better results if he entered the field relying solely upon his own efforts, than if he was allied with any missionary society. But the appeal made that stormy night, and the arguments subsequently used, induced him to join the Church Missionary Society, and he went to Highbury College, London, for some instruction in his work.

That same year (1856) the United States and England agreed to send a joint commission to Vancouver's Island to adjust the San Juan boundary dispute, and Captain (now Admiral) James C. Prevost, of the Royal Navy, was appointed to represent Great Britain on that commission. He went out in the war steamer "Satellite," and offered Mr. Duncan a free passage. They sailed in December, and arrived in the harbor of Esquimaux, the port of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, June 12th, 1857. Vic-

While there, Mr. Duncan was strongly advised not to go to Fort Simpson, which he had already determined upon as his destination. He was warned that he would certainly be killed by the Indians, and he was cordially invited by the Governor to establish his station in or near Victoria. But he was not to be turned aside from his settled purpose. He said to the Governor: "You have a stockade up there for the protection of the people who buy furs. If you will permit me to live in that stockade until I can speak the Indian language, I will take the risk." The permission was reluctantly given.

Upon arriving at Fort Simpson in October, 1857, Mr. Duncan landed and walked up to the stockade to see the officer in command. In passing along the beach he came to a place where the remains of a number of human beings were scattered about, and was told that there had been a fight between two bands of Indians a few days before, and that

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the bodies he saw had been hacked to pieces and thrown upon the sand. Such a ghastly sight as this, when he first set his foot upon shore, must have made a horrible impression upon the young man who had come to make his home among those people. There were then living in the stockade twenty-two white men, whose principal duty was to protect the property there. The gates were carefully watched in the daytime, only a few Indians being allowed to enter at once, and at night they were closed and strongly barred.

"About the second day after my arrival," says Mr. Duncan, "we were alarmed by hearing that an Indian had been killed close to the stockade. We hurried up to the gallery, and, looking over the pickets, we saw an Indian lying on the ground dying. We did not dare to do anything for him; we should probably have been fired upon if we had interfered. While we stood there, two Indians came out of a house not far off, and both of them fired at the poor man as he lay there dying. Then we saw the canoe of a friendly chief and party come across the bay. They proceeded to wrap the body in a mat, and took it over the bay, and burned it to ashes. I saw the smoke ascending from the fire that was consuming the body."

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This was only a sample of many horrible scenes which Mr. Duncan witnessed during the first winter he spent at Fort Simpson. One day he was told that there was to be a sacrifice of a slave woman in the camp. Two or three reasons were assigned for it. One was that it was to take away disgrace from the daughter of the old chief, who had been suffering some time from a bullet wound in her arm. Another was that he did not expect his daughter to recover, and so killed his slave in order that she might prepare for the coming of his daughter into the unseen world. A third was that it was to celebrate the conferring of some high rank upon his daughter. Mr. Duncan did not see the murder, and had no opportunity to remonstrate or prevent it, but I will repeat his account of what he did see, in his own words:

"We heard a noise in the camp," he says, "and upon going up to the gallery and looking over the stockade, we

saw two bands of men leaving different portions of the camp, each band headed by a naked man who was tossing himself around and assuming the most fiendish attitudes. The people living in the houses near where the corpse had been flung into the water had already run out and formed themselves into groups a good distance away. Each band also made peculiar noises with instruments which they carried, until they came to the body. Then they surrounded it so that I could not see what was going on; but after a while the two bands again divided, and I saw each of the two naked cannibals with half the body in his hands, walking away, followed by his party. The two cannibals sat down about a hundred yards apart, and the body was devoured, or at any rate disappeared."

The two bands of savages mentioned in this narrative were the "medicine-men." There were three ranks: those who tore with their teeth, or ate, human bodies, the dog-eaters, and those who had no custom of the kind. The initiation of pupils into the mysteries of the medicine-men was the most important ceremony of the Indians. During Mr. Duncan's first winter at Fort Simpson, there were eight or ten of these initiations, each party rarely instructing more than one pupil at a time. Mr. Duncan's description of this ceremony, so far as he was permitted to see it, is as follows:

"Early in the morning the pupils would be out on the beach, or on the rocks, in a state of nudity. Each had a place in front of his own tribe; nor did intense cold interfere in the slightest degree. After the poor creature had crept about, jerking his head and screaming for some time, a party of men would rush out, and, surrounding him, would begin singing. The dog-eating party occasionally carried a dead dog to their pupil, who forthwith began to tear it in the most dog-like manner. The party of attendants kept up a low, growling noise, or a whoop, which was seconded by a screeching noise made from an instrument which they believe to be the abode of a spirit.

"In a little time the naked youth would start up again, and proceed a few yards in a crouching posture, with his

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arm pushed out behind him, and tossing his flowing black hair. All the while he is earnestly watched by the group around him, and when he pleases to sit down they again surround him and begin singing. This kind of thing goes on, with several little additions, for some time. Before the novice finally retires he takes a run into every house belonging to his tribe, and is followed by his train. When this is done, in some cases, he has a ramble on the tops of the same houses, during which he is anxiously watched by his attendants, as if they expected his flight. By-and-by he condescends to come down, and they then follow him to his den, which is signified by a rope made of red bark being hung over the doorway, so as to prevent any person from ignorantly violating its precincts. None are allowed to enter the house but those connected with the art; all I know, therefore, of their further proceedings is, that they keep up a furious hammering, singing and screeching for hours during the day.

"Of all these parties, none are so much dreaded as the cannibals. One morning I was called to witness a stir in the camp which had been caused by this set. When I reached the gallery, I saw hundreds of Tchimseans sitting in their canoes, which they had just pushed away from the beach. I was told that the cannibal party were in search of a body to devour, and if they failed to find a dead one, it was probable they would seize the first living one that came in their way; so that all the people living near to the cannibal's house had taken to their canoes to escape being torn to pieces. It is the custom among these Indians to burn their dead; but I suppose for such occasions they take care to deposit a corpse somewhere, in order to satisfy the inhuman wretches.

"These, then, are some of the things and scenes which occur in the day during the winter months, while the nights are taken up with amusements—singing and dancing. Occasionally the medicine parties invite people to their several houses, and exhibit tricks before them of various kinds. Some of the actors appear as bears, while others wear masks, the parts of which are moved by strings. The great feature of their proceedings is to pretend to murder and then to restore

to life. The cannibal, on such occasions, is generally supplied with two, three or four human bodies, which he tears to pieces before his audience. Several persons, either from bravado or as a charm, present their arms for him to bite. I have seen several whom he has thus bitten, and I hear that two have died from the effects.

"One very dark night I was told there was a moon to see on the beach. On going to see, there was an illuminated disc, with the figure of a man upon it. The water was then very low, and one of the conjuring parties had lit up this disc at the water's edge. They made it increase, and presently it was a full moon. It was an imposing sight. Nothing could be seen around it; but the Indians suppose that the medicine party are then holding converse with the man in the moon. Indeed, there is no cause for wonder that the poor creatures are deluded, for the peculiar noises that were made while all around was perfectly still, and the good imitation of the moon while all around was enveloped in darkness, seemed just calculated to create weird and superstitious notions. After a short time the moon waned away, and the conjuring party returned, whooping, to their house."

When Mr. Duncan first arrived at Fort Simpson he could not speak a word of the Indian language, and there was no one who would teach him. The traders used the "Chinook jargon," a mixture of English, French and Indian words, very limited in its vocabulary, containing no terms for the spiritual emotions, and wholly unfitted for teaching religion or industry. The task of learning the language was a very difficult one. Of course, there were no books to aid him; there was no white man who knew the tongue, and no Indian who spoke English. His method was to take an Indian to his room and communicate ideas to him by pantomime, requiring him to speak the words or sentences representing his action in the Indian language. These words, being many times repeated, were written down. In this way detached sentences were obtained. From these the language was dissected and its structure learned, and then progress was comparatively rapid.

At the end of eight months devoted to

unremitting study of this kind, Mr. Duncan had acquired enough of the language to write and speak it to some extent. He found it a very copious and beautiful tongue, full of imagery, and capable of great delicacy of expression. It is not difficult to pronounce, although not easy to remember. He can speak it now more fluently than English.

To illustrate the delicate shades of meaning which the Indian language is capable of expressing, Mr. Duncan relates the following: One Sunday morning one of the cannibals, whom he had seen tearing the woman, came to his service and sat apart from the others upon the right of the speaker. During the sermon he saw all the congregation turn their faces towards the cannibal and look alarmed. He turned and saw the cannibal with his hands over his eyes as if he was hiding them, but nothing more happened. This movement was repeated twice during the discourse, and at its close Mr. Duncan asked one of the congregation why they all looked at the cannibal.

"Why, sir," he replied, "you made a mistake; it is a wonder that he did not get up and bite you, or somebody. The fact is, if *we* had said what you did to-day, he would certainly have bitten somebody."

"What did I say that was wrong?" asked Mr. Duncan.

"You said the word 'ghost,'" was the reply.

Mr. Duncan supposed he had used the word that was the equivalent of "spirit" in English, and did not then know that they made the same distinction between "spirit" and "ghost" that we do. The word "ghost" was not to be spoken in the presence of the cannibal, lest he should bite the one who utters it, or some one near him.

Having acquired the language, Mr.

Duncan was able to learn something of the mental habits of the Indians, their superstitions and beliefs, and to understand the meaning of their ceremonies. He found them the slaves of the worst



WILLIAM DUNCAN, THE MISSIONARY.

superstitions. They believed that sickness arises from two causes. Slight indisposition they supposed to be due to wandering of the soul from the body. At the first departure they said the body begins to sicken, and if the soul is not captured, brought back and redeposited, the body will die. It was the business of the medicine-man to catch straying souls and bring them back. He carried on his person a hollow bone, carved in a peculiar way, in which he was supposed to deposit the souls when captured. He was believed also to know



MASS-ET.

METLAKAHITLA.

whose soul he had caught, and he at once announced to the soulless body what he had done. He was immediately sent for in case of illness, and upon his arrival he seated the sick man or woman upon a mat and began his incantations, shaking his rattle. When he had re-deposited the captured soul in the head of its owner, he was well paid for his services.

More serious illness, the Indians thought, might be the result of the spite of evil-disposed persons. They said that some individuals had the supernatural power of conveying a poisonous substance into the body—in fact, they simply believed in witchcraft. It was therefore dangerous to give medicine, food or drink to an Indian, lest a subsequent sickness or other calamity should be attributed to it, and the benefactor pay for his kindness with his life.

The power of the medicine-men over their deluded followers was absolute and despotic, and was constantly exercised for their own aggrandizement and profit. Mr. Duncan relates the following inci-

dent to illustrate this: During one of his journeys he visited a distant tribe and preached to them. Great interest was manifested in his teaching, and the medicine-men were alarmed lest their power and authority should be destroyed. The next morning Mr. Duncan was called to witness a strange scene. Out upon the beach was a row of Indians vomiting as though

they would throw out their internal organs.

Mr. Duncan inquired of some of his Indian friends as to the cause of this epidemic sickness, and was told that the medicine-men had reasserted their authority and had assured their dupes that some great sickness or other calamity would certainly come upon them as a result of listening to Mr. Duncan's words, and that the only way of escape would be by vomiting out what they had absorbed. So the greater part of the tribe had taken an emetic and gone out upon the beach to spew the missionary's words out of their mouths.

The wild Indians of the Northwest had some beliefs that paved the way for the reception of Christianity. In their legends they made frequent mention of the "Son of God," and he was always spoken of as a benefactor. They had also many remarkable legends about Satan, and his name in their language means "The Father of Liars." They believed him to be an avaricious being, always prowling around seeking some-

thing to satisfy his appetite, and full of deceit.

They had a firm belief in a future existence. The Indian word for "death" does not convey the same idea as it does in English. It is the equivalent of "separated," or parted into two, as a rope that has been broken by being subjected to too much strain. They said of an Indian who had just died that he "had parted," "had separated." They had a tradition, also, that earth and heaven were once in close proximity to each other, so that everything that was said in heaven could be heard upon the earth, and all the noises of the earth were distinctly heard in heaven. Finally the children of men on earth became so turbulent and caused such a racket that the chief in heaven could not sleep, and so he just took the earth and pitched it as far as it now is from heaven.

The Indians had some very remarkable traditions about the creation. The (Yale) crow, they said, was the only living thing in the country, which was a sunless, chaotic waste, covered with water. That he might have rest for the sole of his foot, he bade the waters recede and summoned the sun from his hiding-place. Out on the mist that arose from the contact of the sun's rays with the moist earth, the crow created salmon, and placed them in the lakes and rivers. Beasts and birds were also made, and each placed in its proper habitat. But the racoon was dissatisfied with the arrangement of the world; he was lazy, had food enough for a long winter, and demanded that that season should be five months long. The crow, out of consideration for the deer and mountain sheep, refused to lengthen the winter beyond four months. Seizing one of the racoon's claws, he twisted it off, and said, "the four that remain shall be a sign to you forever, that from the period when the sun leaves a certain point in the heavens till he returns, there shall be four months of snow, four of rain, and four of summer weather."

When the winter came the crow himself was in trouble, for he had no shelter, and no store-house for his salmon. So he created two men out of a shower of rain, and taught them how to build a

house, to make rope from the bark of trees, and to dry salmon.

Perhaps the most curious of their legends was that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, on account of the scarcity of water, refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to hunt for the water-butt, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.

These Indians were very proud and treacherous. Death alone could wipe out an insult, and they lived in constant fear lest their character or reputation should be in the slightest degree tainted. Mr. Duncan relates a story illustrative of this, which he heard from some of his Indian friends. A woman was insulted by some two or three passing Indians, who used her name in an indecent way. She told her brother, who was a chief. He kept the matter secret for awhile, brooded over it, and then called his young men, and without stating what he intended to do, ordered them to get him a quantity of fire-wood. They obeyed, and a large fire was made in the house. He had the door watched, so that no one should come near the place. The insulted sister of the chief then seated herself upon a board, and was dressed in her best robes and trinkets. When the fire was burning very fiercely she was lifted with the board upon its top, and there, in the presence of all her people, was consumed. This was done with her own consent.

Then the brother plotted to destroy the principal men of the tribe to which those belonged who had insulted his sister. Inside the house, near the door, he caused a pit to be dug. The doorway was low, and there was a high step

at the entrance. He invited the tribe to a feast, and as they came in, one by one, stepping high and bending low, they put themselves singly into the hands of the assassin inside, who, with a club, struck each one on the back of the head and pitched him into the pit that was ready to receive him. If it had not been for the desire of the chief to save one man, an old friend, he probably would have accomplished his purpose and destroyed the whole tribe. When he saw that man coming, he beckoned him to enter the house by the back door and help them sing. He had the drum beating and the women singing and clapping their hands to drown the noises made by the dying people. The withdrawal of this one man excited the suspicions of those who were following, and the next one succeeded in getting a peep of what was going on, gave a warning to the others, and they escaped.

The Indians also carried the doctrine of retaliation to the utmost extreme. If an Indian was killed, their customs required that his slayer, and perhaps his family should pay for the murder with their lives. Then the executioner must be killed by the friends of his victim, and so on, *ad infinitum*. These personal feuds led to almost continuous fighting. They had no tomahawks, but used a sharpened bone with which they could split open a man's head. They also had stone weapons, made so as to be grasped easily in the hand. When they went into battle they protected their heads and chests by pieces of stiffly cured hide.

From this brief description of the Tchimpsan Indians when Mr. Duncan first went among them, it is evident that no missionary ever entered a less promising field. Other men, laboring among similar tribes on the Northwest coast, became discouraged. When Mr. Duncan arrived at Victoria, in June, 1857, he found the Roman Catholic missionaries already established there. In 1865, Macfie, an English resident in Victoria, wrote: "So hopeless does the moral and religious improvement of the aborigines in the environs of Victoria appear to the Catholic missionaries, that the good bishop of that faith in Vancouver's Island assured me he felt compelled to give them

up to their reprobate courses. These self-denying men have toiled longer and more assiduously than the agents of any other creed for the amelioration of the Indians' condition, and are reluctant to abandon the field of missionary operations while the least prospect of success remains.

"The bishop of the English Church some years ago, erected a school to instruct, reclaim, and elevate the natives; an able and zealous clergyman was appointed as superintendent of the mission. But, as might be expected, the return for these well-intentioned appliances has been so grievously disproportioned as to be quite inappreciable."

Mr. Duncan himself was in Victoria in October, 1886, and told me that the improvement had been very slight in the last third of a century among the Indians there, with whom he was invited to begin his labors thirty years ago, because they then were better than those at Fort Simpson, and the prospect of substantial results was greater.

Of those who live immediately north of Mr. Duncan's field of operations, Mr. Henry W. Elliott, who has published by far the best book on Alaska that has yet appeared, writing only last year, says: "Contemplating this Indian church at Sitka, which has stood here for nearly three-quarters of a century, and then glancing over it and into the savage settlement that nestles in its shadow, it is impossible to refrain from expressing a few thoughts which arise to my mind over the subject of the Indian in regard to his conversion to the faith and practices of our higher civilization. Nearly a whole century has been expended here of unflagging endeavor to better and to change the inherent nature of these Indians—its full result is before our eyes. Go down with me through the smoky, reeking, filthy rancheries and note carefully the attitude and occupations of these savages, and contrast your observation with that so vividly recorded of them by Cook, Vancouver, Portlock and Dixon, and many other early travelers, and tell me in what manner have they advanced one step higher than when first seen by white men full a hundred years ago. You cannot escape the conclusion, with this tangible evidence in your

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grasp, that in attempting to civilize the Alaskan Indian, the result is much more like extermination, or lingering, deeper

looms up above the smaller buildings, the most prominent object in the place.

If the steamer comes to anchor, a canoe



THE "MUMFORD" CLIMBING A RIFFLE ON STICKEEN RIVER.

degradation to him, than that which you so earnestly desire."

The history of the Indians on the Northwest Coast, on both sides of Fort Simpson, for the last thirty years, is too truly given by Catlin's formula: "White men — whiskey — tomahawks—scalping-knives—guns, powder and ball—small-pox—debauchery—extermination."

The Alaska tourist, steaming along the coast of British Columbia this summer, about seventeen miles south of Fort Simpson, may, if the weather is clear, perceive upon a beautiful peninsula what appears to be a thriving New England village. Unlike the Indian settlements he has seen, which are strung along the beach with no attempt at regularity of arrangement, the neat frame houses are built upon regular streets. A large salmon cannery stands upon the shore, and a church, of imposing architecture,

will probably soon put off to it, but while the occupants give evidence by their dusky faces and well-marked features that they are full-blooded Indians, the blanket has given place to a European costume; their hair is cut short, the paint and savage ornaments have disappeared, and they will probably hail the captain in good English, instead of in the Chinook jargon. If the tourist goes ashore, he will see on every side evidences of thrift, industry, and a high state of civilization. The houses are neat, give evidence of having been constructed by expert mechanics, and each has its little garden attached, in which vegetables for family use are raised. These dwellings are comfortably furnished, and supplied with the conveniences of civilization. Photographs, chromos and ornaments of home manufacture adorn the walls.

The lumber from which the village has been constructed is supplied by a saw-mill situated a few miles out in the country, and connected with the village by a telephone line. In a blacksmith shop the iron implements used in the village are made; a brick-yard supplies an excellent building material, and a planing-mill and sash-and-door factory furnish finished lumber, doors and sashes ready for glazing. The cannery has a capacity of 10,000 cases a year, and is marketing about 6,000 cases of salmon, beside that which is salted. The fish are caught in the Stickeen river, where they are found in inexhaustible abundance. A steam-launch is used for communication between the village and the fishing-grounds. The cans used are made, filled, soldered, varnished, labeled and packed in the village, and the barrels in which the salt-fish is marketed are also made there.

Skins are tanned into leather, and that is made into boots and shoes. Ropes and many other articles are also manufactured. The women spin and weave the fleece of the mountain goat into shawls, blankets and heavy cloths, for which there is a ready market among the surrounding tribes of Indians. There is a co-operative store in which all kinds of groceries, dry-goods, etc., are sold at a slight advance above cost. A small vessel takes the produce of the village—salmon, oil, furs and manufactured goods, to Victoria, and returns with such articles as are needed. Regular dividends are declared from the profits of these voyages. On one occasion when the vessel returned from Victoria they termed her "*Ahah*" (the slave), signifying that she did the work, and the owners reaped the benefit. There is no liquor saloon in the village and no whiskey is sold or drunk there.

The church, which will seat one thousand people, is the largest and best in British Columbia. It was built by the people of the village, entirely from materials of domestic production, except the glass in the windows, and it cost \$12,000. The church is paid for, and the society is not in debt. It is well filled every Sunday, all labor being suspended and the Sabbath being most religiously observed. Near the church is a large guest-house. Entering, the

visitor finds himself in a spacious room in the centre of which is a place for a fire, with a hole above for the smoke to escape, Indian fashion. Opening out of this central hall are four lodging-rooms, supplied with beds and furniture, which visitors are invited to occupy free of cost. The school-house is a commodious building, comfortably furnished, and supplied with the necessary books and apparatus. Competent teachers are employed; the attendance in the summer is two hundred and fifty; in the winter it is greater. A jail is provided, and other public buildings such as would be found in any thriving, civilized village.

The young men of the village are formed into a fire company, uniformed in red shirts and appropriate hats, and armed with patent fire extinguishers. The older men constitute a town council, and administer the public affairs of the village. On holidays they wear green sashes as badges of their office. A brass band of fifteen or twenty pieces has been instructed by a teacher brought from Victoria for that purpose, and they make very creditable music. The laws are executed by a magistrate and police constabulary, and there has never been a murder in the village since its foundation twenty-five years ago.

The village I have described is Metlakahltla; its population is about eleven hundred, and the people are full-blooded Indians—the once degraded savages that Mr. Duncan found at Fort Simpson in 1857. They have had no assistance from outside except a little voluntary aid, which, in the aggregate, would not pay the cost of their church. The only white men living among them during the greater part of the time have been Mr. Duncan and the assistants who were occasionally sent out to aid him. For six years he has not received even the small pittance of a missionary's salary, and he has been obliged to depend for his support upon the industries which he has taught his people to establish. Metlakahltla to-day is the product of a quarter of a century's unselfish, devoted, well-directed labor by one man for the civilization and christianization of a tribe of the most unpromising savages that dwelt on this continent.

How has it been done?

As soon as Mr. Duncan had made sufficient progress with the language, eight months after his arrival, he wrote out a sermon in the Indian tongue. In the meantime a report had been circulated widely among the tribes that he had brought them a letter or paper which was from God. They have no word for "book." They were anxious, therefore, to know what he had to say to them. He went the first day to nine different camps or tribes, for they were all so hostile and jealous of each other that he could induce no two tribes to come to the same meeting. The Indians showed great interest—perhaps as much in Mr. Duncan's clothing, his buttons and his hair as in what he had to say, and were very attentive.

After he was able to talk to them, Mr. Duncan very soon gained the confidence of some of the Indians. His whole manner was calculated to win their love. His face alone, as a visitor to Metlakahla wrote not long ago, is a passport for piety, goodness and benevolence anywhere, and his honest blue eyes, his kindly smile and cheery manner, go straight to the heart of the most savage Indian. But his work was by no means free from obstacles. One of these arose from the selfishness of the Indians. They desired to be paid for attending his services, after the novelty of his preaching had a little worn off. It took time, of course, to convince them that they had nothing of that kind to expect.

Although very few went regularly to church, and some would not go at all, Mr. Duncan always found them ready, with few exceptions, to listen to him in their own homes. In fact, he was a welcome guest, and when he entered they would place a box for him to sit upon and a mat for his feet, stir up the fire so as to make a blaze, and sometimes they would light a candle (which was often a fish), and show him anything he wished to look at. He was not formal in his talks with them around their firesides. When he was in a house the news would very soon spread abroad, and in other houses in close proximity there would be silence, so that the inmates of the other houses on each side

could also hear through the chinks in the wall. In this way he was able to address from twenty to forty people at once.

Of course the medicine-men who profited by their heathenish customs did not like to see their people become interested in Mr. Duncan's teaching, and they sometimes managed to stir up trouble, but he never received bodily harm at their hands. For example: He was addressing a gathering of Indians one dark night, while the cannibal party outside were yelling and biting and tearing. The people in the house were very much alarmed, not so much for their own safety as for Mr. Duncan's, and they offered him a mat with which to cover himself. They said that one of the cannibals would be sure to come in and bite anybody he could get hold of, if not covered up. The other inmates of the house took their mats and covered themselves. Mr. Duncan did not care to do that, and said he would go out. They warned him not to do so. But he took his walking stick and went out to go home. When he approached the party there was sufficient light to see the figures moving about. The noise of his feet was heard because he had shoes while the Indians wore none. Immediately the word was passed among them that the white man was there, and they stopped their noise and allowed him to pass unmolested.

Mr. Duncan next opened a school in the house of a chief in June, 1858, with twenty-six children and fifteen adults, and in a few months he had in it one hundred and forty children and fifty adult pupils. By the time it was found desirable to build a schoolhouse, enough of the Indians were interested to supply the material. Some of them brought bark for the roof, others planks for the floors, and a few even took bark from the roofs of their own dwellings and the pieces that formed parts of their beds. A piece of steel was hung up to serve as a bell.

The most serious trouble that Mr. Duncan had at Fort Simpson was in connection with this school. About six months after it was opened, a principal chief of the Tchimpseans, Legiac, undertook to close it up. He sent a message to the missionary directing him to stop his work.

The chief said that his daughter was going to heaven, and that she would be there a month, and that when she came back Mr. Duncan might go on with his work.



KLAHOWIAH, A STICKEEN SQUAW.

After a Sketch by H. W. Elliott.

Mr. Duncan replied that he could not possibly stop his work.

Legiac then asked him to suspend for a fortnight, and when he would not agree to that, requested that he close up for a single day, and at last simply that he would not strike the bell of the schoolhouse when his daughter was coming back. Mr. Duncan refused to compromise even to that extent.

That afternoon about eight or ten of the Indians went to the schoolhouse upon the double-quick, rushed in, drove all the children out, and bade Mr. Duncan get out. Then the one who had killed the man at the fort gate, soon after Mr. Duncan's arrival, stood over him and said: "You leave this house; I have killed many a man, and I will kill you."

Mr. Duncan stood quietly and kept his eye upon him. He seemed to waver. Then another man shouted out: "Cut

his head off and give it to me, and I will kick it on the beach!"

That seemed to encourage him, and, foaming with rage, he dashed at the missionary, raising his hand with a murderous-looking knife. Just as he was approaching, instead of looking his intended victim in the face, his eye glanced past, and Mr. Duncan then thought that he was giving the sign to somebody to stab him from behind. He turned around and saw an Indian standing with a little cape over his shoulder, keeping his eyes fixed upon the man with the knife. Mr. Duncan did not know it at the time, but he afterwards learned that the man with the cape had a pistol, and that he had told the Indians that he would shoot the man who killed the white man. That Indian was the one whom Mr. Duncan had employed to assist him in acquiring the language. Legiac himself afterwards became a Christian and a very zealous preacher.

During the first year of his work at Fort Simpson, Mr. Duncan became convinced that satisfactory results could not be secured under such surroundings, although the effect of his teaching was already to be seen in a change and toning down of the performances of the medicine-men. Two things retarded his progress: first, contact with the white people was demoralizing; second, and worse, it was impossible for the Christian Indians, however much they might desire it, to change their mode of life and adopt the customs of civilization so long as they lived with the heathen bands and were daily subjected to the sight and influence of their ancient customs. "If you desire," says Mr. Duncan, "to train up your child to be a moral, refined, useful man or woman, you look very carefully after his associations in youth, while his habits and character are forming. You would not expect good results from your teaching if after giving him instruction you allowed him to spend

his days and nights in dens of infamy, the associate of criminals. The Indian in his savage state is a child. In the adult the degradation of his surroundings has already done its work; in the child it is sure to do it, unless he is removed from them." The general failure of missionary work among Indians Mr. Duncan attributes to the causes here indicated. The work of the church and school is neutralized by the home life of the savage.

In 1861 Mr. Duncan began to talk to the Indians about the establishment of a Christian village, and for a whole year improved every opportunity of preparing their minds for the change. He selected a site about fourteen miles from Fort Simpson, and in May, 1862, the first company departed for the future Metlakahla. Mr. Duncan did not require that those who accompanied him should be Christians; he only made them agree that they would drink no liquor, that there should be none of the performances of the medicine-men over the sick, or any of that heathen folly, and that they would not work on Sunday.

The following is Mr. Duncan's description of the removal: "The Indians came out of their lodges and sat around in a semi-circle, watching the proceedings. They knew something was going to happen, but they did not know what. When an Indian watches, he sits upon the ground, brings his knees up to his chin, wraps his mantle round him, puts his head down, and, mute and motionless, looks at a distance like a stone. Thus they were seated, and the question was: Will any one stand out in the midst of the scolding heathen and declare himself Christian? First there came two or three, trembling, and said they were willing to go anywhere, and to give up all for the blessed Savior's sake. Others were then encouraged; and that day they flocked forth, and gathered together such things as they needed, put them into their canoes, and away they went. On that day every tie was broken; children were separated from their parents, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters; houses, land and all things were left—such was the power at work in their minds. All that were ready to go with me occupied six canoes,

and we numbered about fifty souls,—men, women and children.

"Many Indians were seated on the beach watching our departure with solemn and anxious faces, and some promised to follow us in a few days. The party with me seemed filled with solemn joy as we pushed off, feeling that their long-looked-for flight had actually commenced. I felt that we were beginning an eventful page in the history of this poor people, and earnestly sighed to God for his help and blessing.

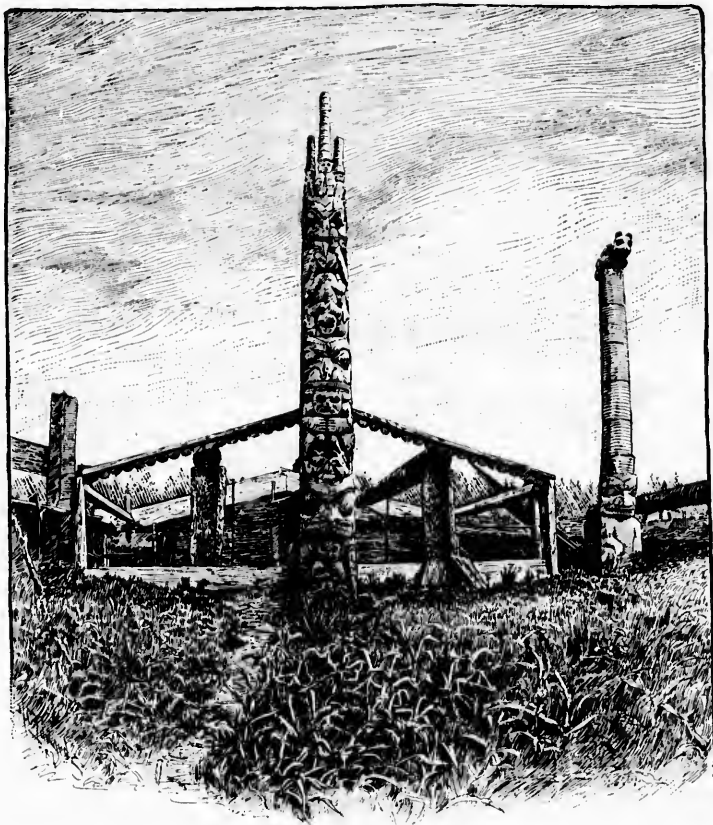
"The next day, the 28th of May, we arrived at our new home about two P. M. The Indians I had sent on before with the raft, I found hard at work, clearing ground and sawing plank. They had carried all the raft up the beach, excepting a few heavy beams, erected two temporary houses, and had planted about four bushels of potatoes for me. Every night we assembled, a happy family, for singing and prayer. I gave an address on each occasion from some portion of scriptural truth suggested to me by the events of the day.

"On the 6th of June a fleet of about thirty canoes arrived from Fort Simpson. They formed nearly the whole of one tribe, called Keetlahn, with two of



KOUTZ, A STICKEEN SHAMAN.

(After a Sketch by H. W. Elliott.)



TOTEM POLES IN FRONT OF CHIEF'S HOUSE, MASSET, Q. C. ISLAND.

their chiefs. We now numbered between three and four hundred souls, and our evening meetings became truly delightful."

They had to start at the very beginning. There was the forest to clear, houses, a church and a school to build, roads to lay out and industries to organize. It required a great deal of persuasion to induce the Indians to go back from the beach and build their houses in a row, leaving a roadway between. They liked to have their houses on piles, on the shore, partly to enable them to get

their luggage in and out of their canoes easily, and partly because they enjoyed the noise of the waves. The first church was built of logs, and would seat about six hundred people. It had a place in the middle for a fire, and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. There were no lamps. So impatient were the Indians to see and use it that, although it was not finished until eight o'clock in the evening, they insisted upon having a meeting there that night.

To pay the cost of public works, Mr. Dumeau instituted a system of taxation.

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He called the Indians together and explained to them its principles, and requested each man to contribute a blanket and each boy a shirt as his first tax. He did not tax the women. The product of the first levy was more than ninety blankets and a great number of shirts, deer-skins and furs, besides pocket-handkerchiefs and the like. These articles were paid out to those employed upon the public works.

The various industries that I have already mentioned as now being carried on at Metlakahtha were begun from time to time. Mr. Duncan himself gave the Indians instruction and was, and is, a partner in many of their enterprises. These have been profitable, but Mr. Duncan has invested his dividends, as fast as he has received them, in new ventures, and has made a will for the disposition of his interests, after his death, for the benefit of the community. His house is like the others and no better furnished, and when he is at home he is the busiest man in Metlakahtha.

One chief source of anxiety in the early days was the question of government. When the Indians left Fort Simpson to found, or to join their friends in the Christian village, all tribal relations were broken and the authority of the chiefs renounced. In fact they had really had no law but their own wills, and their violent passions were unrestrained. This could not be changed at once, and some of the best of them, in a fit of temper, were apt to seize a knife and attempt to take life. Mr. Duncan dreaded a murder above everything else, for he feared that it would be followed by others. He selected, therefore, some of the best men to act as a police-force, and when he procured them caps and belts, they were very proud of their distinction. He drilled them a little, occasionally. He himself was appointed a magistrate by the Governor of British Columbia, and he made his police the efficient instruments for the execution of the law. He impressed upon them the importance of doing their duty fearlessly and impartially—the necessity, when he put a warrant or a summons into their hands, of serving it upon the person named, even though he be a brother or a friend.

They soon became very efficient. He made the swearing-in of these constables an occasion of great public solemnity.

The suppression of the liquor traffic was the most difficult task of all, for, in spite of Mr. Duncan's endeavors, white men would occasionally smuggle whiskey in, and some of the weaker natives would drink it. And so determined was he to stop this, that his murder was confidently predicted, as the only magistrate in the country, stationed about two hundred miles south, had been killed by a whiskey seller. But he had the advantage of being surrounded by people who almost unanimously sympathized with him in his efforts to break up the traffic, and of having the assistance of a constabulary force that, when they swore to execute the law, believed it their duty to be true to their oaths, and in a few years there was not a vestige of the traffic left.

There was one Slavonian who for a long time managed to evade the law, but at last he was caught, and he was shown no mercy. His vessel was seized, and, after the nails and iron in it had been saved, it was burned. When the owner got back to Victoria he purchased a new vessel and threatened to make another voyage to Mr. Duncan's dominions, and, out of spite, named his ship "The Duncan." But he never appeared in the neighborhood of Metlakahtha again.

Although Mr. Duncan's whole course has been calculated to win the love and confidence of the Indians, his rule has been firm. One of the first public buildings erected was a jail, and the whipping post became an established institution for the punishment of those who threatened to take life. On one occasion it became necessary to whip a desperately bad man, and the constables were afraid that he would afterwards kill the one who applied the lash. Mr. Duncan told them to blindfold him so that he would not know who did the whipping. A handkerchief was tied about his eyes, and the constable took the piece of rope, but he was so nervous that he began to talk. Of course the man recognized his voice. Thereupon Mr. Duncan took the piece of rope from the constable, and going up to the

criminal said: "I will tell you who is going to whip you: I am going to do it myself; do you understand?" Then he whipped him. The culprit is now one of the best men in Metlakahtha.

Another man was just on the point of shooting one of the constables. Mr. Duncan tied him up in the middle of the public square and whipped him. That man is still alive, full of spirit, and one of the most useful citizens in the village. In a speech which he made to the Indians not long ago, he said: "I owe everything to Mr. Duncan's whipping. If he had not whipped me I would have been a dead man long ago, because I should have been sure to murder somebody, and then I myself should have been killed." In another instance, when Mr. Duncan had finished a flogging, the recipient of the lash turned around and said: "Thank you, sir!"

A more unique mode of punishment has been found to be very effective. An Indian was doing great harm by calling together secret meetings at night and trying to persuade the Indians to return to heathenism; exalting the ways of their fathers, telling them of the good old times, and so on. This was hardly a crime to be punished with the lash, and so Mr. Duncan hoisted a black flag upon the staff that stood in the square. As soon as it was seen a gloom appeared to spread over the entire place. Inquiries were at once made as to what was the matter and why that flag was there. The offender was pointed out, and so odious did he become that it was simply impossible for him to stay there. This was afterwards found to be a very convenient means for getting rid of persons whose presence was a disturbing element.

The respect of these Indians for the majesty of the law is well illustrated by the following incident: Not very long ago an Indian called at Mr. Duncan's house to make a complaint. The Indian's brother, who lives on Queen Charlotte Island, about eighty miles from Metlakahtha, had taken his blankets from him; and he requested the missionary to get them back. Mr. Duncan replied that if he sent a constable so far it would cost more than the blankets were worth. But he gave the Indian a paper and told him

to hand it to the captain of the first vessel that came to his village, thereby intending to call up the brother and cause justice to be done. About two weeks later the Indian returned and reported that he had recovered his blankets. Mr. Duncan asked him how he had done it, and he replied: "I showed the letter to my brother and he gave me the blankets."

The town council of Metlakahtha has already been mentioned. Its members are elected by ballot, and the care which the voters exercise might well be imitated in more advanced communities. Mr. Duncan relates this incident: A man who stood well in the village, and who had always borne an excellent character, was nominated for councilman. When the ballots were counted one negative vote was found. Mr. Duncan was surprised, and thought that this ballot might have been cast for spite. At any rate he thought it would be best not to declare the result of the election until the next day, and said that he would like to see the man who voted no.

The next morning, early, he saw a man watching for an opportunity to enter his house without being seen. Mr. Duncan asked him what he had against the candidate. He replied: "I was in his company in a shop, and in transacting business the shopman paid the candidate a dollar too much; he turned to me, showed me the money and said: 'Shall I keep it?' I replied, 'No; if you do I will tell the shopman.' Then the dollar was handed back. I don't think that any man is fit to be a councilman who has to ask whether he ought to be honest or not."

Slavery, polygamy, wife-beating, all of which were prevalent among the Indians, were abandoned at Metlakahtha and it would be difficult to find a more moral people than these Indians are.

The civilized Tchinupseans have developed great aptitude for preaching and teaching. A sentence or two from their sermons will give an idea of the rich imagery they employ. One of them said: "Brethren and sisters, we all know the ways of the eagle. The eagle flies high; he rests high; he always seeks the topmost branch of the highest tree. And why? Because he knows that there he is

safe from all his enemies. Brethren and sisters, Jesus is the topmost branch of the highest tree. Let us, like the eagle, rest upon the topmost branch of the highest tree—on Jesus; then we, like the eagle, can look with contempt upon all our enemies and all our troubles beneath us."

Another man who had been very vicious and high-tempered, reformed and became a preacher. Speaking of himself, one day, he said: "I will tell you what I feel myself to be. I am like a bundle of weeds floating down the stream. I was going down with all my sin, like the weeds covered with earth and filth; but I came to the rapids, when, lo! there was a pole stuck fast and firm in the rock, and I clutched at the pole, and there I am now. The stream is passing by and washing away my filth. Christ to me is the pole. I hold to Him, and am safe."

This is the story of Mr. Duncan's remarkable work of the last thirty years, largely drawn from his own lips, from his journals, and from the early reports he made to the Church Missionary Society, corroborated by the testimony of a score of visitors to the Northwest coast who have been to Metlakahla, or learned of it from those who have lived in its vicinity; by the reports of members of the expedition that undertook to lay the extension of the Western Union Telegraph line through British Columbia and Alaska to Behring Strait, in 1865 and 1866, and who employed some of the Metlakahla Indians; by officers of the Royal Navy and the Hudson's Bay Company, and by recent American tourists to Alaska, who have landed at this model Indian village. As an English author has said, the tale is stranger than fiction; but it is true, and is chiefly valuable for the suggestions it gives of methods to be adopted elsewhere for the civilization of the red man.

The tribal government is an instrument of savage, and not of civilized life; it is an obstacle to the advancement of the Indian. Shall we not break it up and bring the red man under a democratic form of government, such as exists in New England towns, in which all Indians, of whatever tribe, living in the same settlement, will be equals? Self-government is wonderfully effective in calling forth the manly qualities. It has solved the perplexing problem of college discipline, and, I believe, may be made to assist in the solution of the Indian question.

The separation of the Indians who are willing to adopt the ways of civilization from those who are not, has been demonstrated by Mr. Duncan's experience to be almost essential to the making of satisfactory progress. The three hundred men, women and children, who first went to Metlakahla with Mr. Duncan, got farther away from their savage life in five years than any of the Indians of Alaska who have been converted to Christianity have done in three-quarters of a century. As others joined the pioneers they fell into the ways of those among whom they lived as naturally as a European immigrant adopts American customs; but every Indian who left Metlakahla and returned to his tribe very soon lapsed back into savagery.

Finally, the Indians ought to be taught to be self-reliant. While it is the duty of the Government to see that the red men who are its wards shall not be left to starve, it is still more its duty to place them as soon as possible in conditions where they will be able and obliged to support themselves.

Unfortunately for the Indians of this country there are very few men capable of such self-sacrificing and wisely directed devotion as Mr. Duncan has displayed.



