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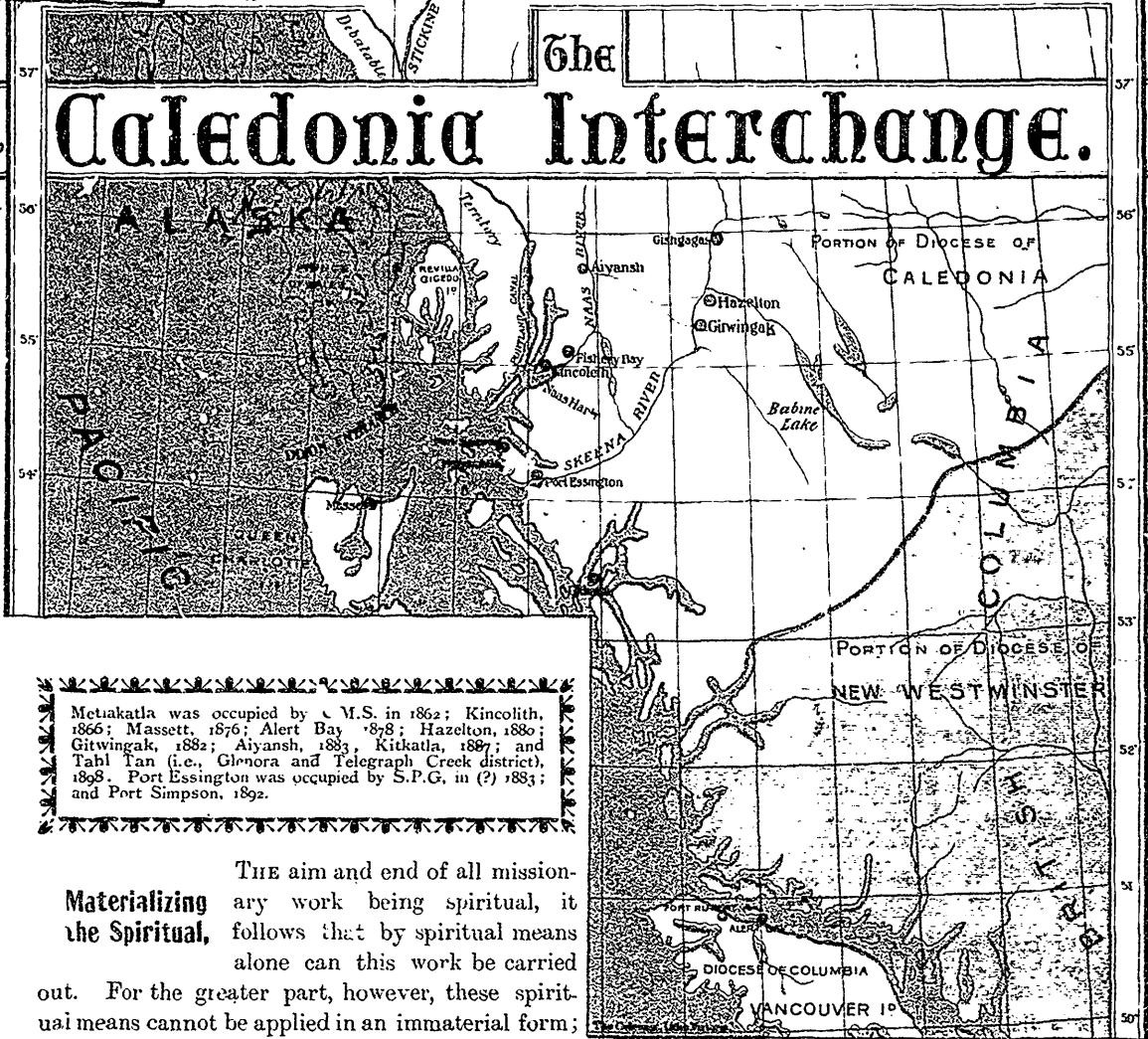
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The Caledonia Interchange.



Metiakla was occupied by C.M.S. in 1862; Kincolith, 1866; Massett, 1876; Alert Bay 1878; Hazelton, 1880; Gitwingak, 1882; Aiyansh, 1883; Kitkatla, 1887; and Tabl Tan (i.e., Glenora and Telegraph Creek district), 1898. Port Essington was occupied by S.P.G. in (?) 1883; and Port Simpson, 1892.

Materializing the Spiritual,

THE aim and end of all missionary work being spiritual, it follows that by spiritual means alone can this work be carried out. For the greater part, however, these spiritual means cannot be applied in an immaterial form; they must be materialized in the sphere of action according to the necessities of the people among whom we labour. But, no matter what practical shape they take, it is necessary for us always to keep in mind the fact that they are spiritual.

Educational and Industrial training institutions constitute a sphere of very material daily toil and even drudgery, but can spiritual means be more sublimely materialized? The plastic intellects of children being actually placed in our hands for moulding into a spiritually-minded form!

Then how oftentimes a day does it become necessary for us to materialize our spiritual means into medical aid and a hundred other forms, wherein we find it frequently difficult to retain our grasp of the spiritual!

Again we sometimes find ourselves called upon to materialize very practically our spiritual means for the betterment of native races or the civilization of savage tribes, for we cannot expect to accomplish much among a people fettered with opium or deluged with drink, or shut up in the iron cage of savagery and barbarism; but whatever we do in this regard it is essential that it must be a true materialization of our spiritual means.

Spiritualizing the Material.

How great the need therefore for us, spiritual agents engaged in a spiritual work which can only be accomplished by spiritual means, to maintain our own spiritual minded-

ness! It is a grand thing to be able—to have the desire to spiritualize “the trivial round and common task” —the monotonous routine of work at an isolated mission-station, whether in the house or out; to see each uneventful and commonplace duty done stand out in relation to its end surrounded by a halo of glory.

Material labours materially regarded are subject to the law of matter, and lie heavily and with an earthly dullness upon the heart, but let them be once spiritualized and they rise bouyant as things of air, becoming, like the clouds in the western sky at evening time, glorious in our eyes.

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THE *Industrial Missionary Record* (London, England) for July contains the following sympathetic paragraph on the Aiyansh Settlement Scheme:—

“By the courtesy of the Rev. J. D. Mullins we have received a copy of the *Caledonia Interchange*, issued by the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, of the C.M.S. Mission, Aiyansh, Naas River, British Columbia.

“We perused the twenty pages of this very readable paper with much pleasure. It is additionally interesting from the fact that, with the exception of the coloured map on the front page, the magazine has been set up and printed by Mr. McCullagh’s Indian boys, and it certainly reflects great credit upon those who have trained them so well.

“Mr. McCullagh has already proved the practicability and value of associating industrial work with ordinary missionary operations, and we heartily wish him every blessing in his labour of love.

“His Settlement Scheme by which is it proposed to allot to each man 10 acres of land with a view to his cultivating it, and rearing livestock thereon, within a period of 5 years, is one which we should think would commend itself to all interested in Foreign Missions. The people among whom Mr. McCullagh labours claim the prayerful sympathy and help of every Christian, and we see far-reaching possibilities for good in the effort he is making, not only to perpetuate the race, but also to Christianize and elevate them in their social position.”

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I REGRET to say that Dr. W. T. Rush, of the Methodist Mission on the Naas, has found it necessary to resign his post. A most devoted missionary he did not give—at least, the natives

did not allow him to give himself a chance to make a long term of service. I do not believe the string was once taken off the bow day or night during the whole two years of his residence on this river. He did a grand work under great difficulties, and it will be very hard to fill his place.

The following extract from his parting letter shows what he thought of our Settlement and Industrial Scheme:—

“It has been evident for some time that I could not continue to do good work in my present state of health, and we were thinking of making a change in the fall, but circumstances have developed at home which call us away earlier.

“We regret very much leaving the Naas, and, had I the strength, I would ask for no better sphere than that of gathering the children into a home, and endeavouring to develop manhood and womanhood along lines of Christian industry and thrift. You are on the right track with your settlement and industrial scheme, and you have our very best wishes for success in the undertaking.

“During our two years’ stay on the Naas nothing but kindness has been shown us from the white people on the river, and none have been kinder or more brotherly than our C.M.S. brethren, and it is with sincere regret that we say good-bye.”

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It goes without saying that I am glad to be able (*pour encourager les autres!*) to give the following extract from a letter recently received:—

“The other day Mrs. ——— and I had the privilege and pleasure of sending £50 to C.M.S. to aid in your Homestead or Settlement Scheme, or any other way, you think best, for practical Christianity.

“Some years ago, the Zambesi Industrial Mission was started in South Africa, which I believe has been very successful in coffee plantations, while teaching the natives the Gospel story. The coffee from these plantations has brought the *top price* in the London market, and the income over expenditure is now between two and three thousand pounds per annum, which is spent in perfecting the work and also in extending into other districts. Being on the side of practical, common-sense Christianity—‘when praying to pray, and sing with our understanding’—I was interested in the few details I have seen here and there of your work. But I know little or nothing of the work or plan in particular, and the circumstances under which you are placed are so different to the confined and unlike conditions under which we are accustomed to live my ideas would not likely be of the least use to you, but our principles and aims are much the same.”

The Annual Conference.

THE Conference this year was again held at Metlakatla on 16th May and three following days. The Bishop, who had been one of the delegates to the Ecumenical Conference, New York, was able to be back in time to preside. There were not many men missionaries present, but the ladies being in force made up the deficiency.

Archdeacon Collison and I went down from Nass in the *Mocking Bird*—that is the name of our new steamer, but it is to be changed, when she is registered, to *The Shamrock*—and found going to Conference by steam a very different experience to going by canoe.

As usual the Bishop's address was very much appreciated, and with his lordship's kind permission appears in this issue of the *Interchange*.

Very interesting papers were read by the Archdeacon and Rev. J. H. Keen, while the addresses delivered morning and evening at the daily devotional meetings were excellent in tone and exceedingly helpful.

One personal pleasure I had more than anybody else, and that was in being able to take Miss Tyte's school out for an excursion on the steamer in the morning and Miss West's in the afternoon on the Saturday. The children enjoyed it immensely, and the ladies were delighted. Mr. Scott with characteristic kindness gave us all the fuel necessary to make the two trips.

I noticed with interest that two Indians at Metlakatla have started a little local industry, a clam cannery, on their own account. They kindly made us a present of a few sample cans, which provided us with some excellent clam chowder on our return trip. May this and all other efforts to promote native industry in the country meet with the success they deserve.

An Address

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF CALEDONIA
TO THE ANNUAL C.M.S. CONFERENCE,
HELD AT METLAKATLA, B.C.,
MAY 16—20, 1900.

FROM purely secular persons a certificate of sanity and respectability is now freely given to those without. the agencies of missions. Such mean to be fair and do not grudge a sort of honour to our enterprises. We rather like it and moved by such congratulations consent to be patronized. We are included among the many agencies that

enlarge knowledge; serve the interest of current literature; open up new linguistic fields; reveal hitherto unknown mythologies; circulate folklore; fill up the few remaining blanks in the world's map; and suggest new trade routes as pioneers of commerce.

Our patrons are not quite disinterested. These services have a real market value, but though they allow our motives to smack of disinterested virtue, they are pitifully slow to materially help us. Now and then their approbation almost touches a sympathetic chord in their hearts and seems to so stimulate their defective imaginations that we are fain at last to hope for their cooperation and support.

We feel flattered by such attentions and like them. They remember as we do that what they called the dream of visionaries a few decades since is being realized. So they chime in with cheap favour and predict for us posthumous renown. They really mean it in the saying such smooth things, but, after the manner of the times, it has no serious meaning. At the most this may amount to a gentle pressure that promotes opening of gates, not the stooping down to gather out stones from the fields to be cultivated. That which wins approbation are the mere accidents—the by-products of our toil. It manifests no self-sacrificing care for souls, no reverence for the world's Redeemer, no thought of a better world to come.

We cannot fail to see the material results of extending the Kingdom of God upon earth *but our joy is over vastly greater things than these.*

We are not ambitious to be Levites to the high-priests of materialism; but to be employed as servants of the Most High God in taking the bread and wine of the Gospel from His table for the endless life and joy of fellow sinners among the world's waste places.

We who are engaged in this enterprise have entered into a binding treaty with God. We have promised to go wherever He sends us; He to go with and never forsake us; we to do his bidding, He to enable us; we to follow, He to guide us; we to trust Him, He to be faithful; and both parties to the treaty to love without a rival.

Frailties and supposed failures do not break the covenant, if in the main we keep our hand on the head of the Lamb slain for us.

We are the apostles of the Church, chosen and sent forth, yet directly responsible to the Lord.

We have dedicated ourselves to service in the outer courts and highways of God's estate. What manner of persons we ought to be! How transfused with the Spirit of Christ! How fraternally consistent towards each other and before all men! How mindful of the solemn responsibility lovingly laid upon us, and how filled with self-sacrificing

compassion for the lost! Unless we keep such thought fresh in our minds we may imperil sincerity by a slow process of inconsistency; we may become possessed with a spirit contrary to the Gospel we propagate; we may become soulless machines—dynamos working in the dark to provide light only for others; pose as physicians and infect our patients with new diseases, such as the eruption of inflamed partyism; of the itch of skin-deep novelties that give no rest for the healthy growth of true knowledge; and even of a professionalism that deadens the functions of the soul, so as to make it fester with corruption in the sight of God.

This is to proclaim salvation and neglect it. What then? What!

A very dreadful thing once happened. It was during physical weakness and consequent despondency, which God forbids to prevail, and therefore it vanished as swiftly, even more swiftly than it came:—"What if the heathen whom we prepare for heaven search for us hereafter to acknowledge their debt to us; look for us there and never find us, because the door is shut and we outside—cast-aways!" Was that a morbid idea? Yes, I hope it was. But the very flashing of such possibilities across the mind should be startling.

We stand before God. Precious souls trust to us. Eternity will witness against all worldliness, selfishness and levity in the fulfillment of our ministry and service. It is a solemn undertaking to maintain due respect for the wonderful capacity of immortal souls, even for our own, as we call it, though we are not our own, and we are entrusted with both theirs and ours.

But if this responsibility be great and the labour toilsome, thank God, every part of both may be a means of grace to us all. This is God's gracious compensation for us. If we miss much that others count essential to their souls' development we receive something instead measured out by love divine in a cup large enough to satisfy us.

We have to strive to so use God's special mercies as to become more fruitful in service. As lilies among thorns—the more for being bruised—we must pour fragrance out for those who would tread us down but for the protecting thorns. Trials shelter as well as overshadow the soul.

God has given us gems to polish, not to call our own yet we may wear awhile, as the mark of our calling, the crystal dust ground off by our labours. The workmen may now sparkle with the atoms cut from the golden vessels, entrusted to us by their owner and our Master to cover with the bright designs of Redemption. Perhaps our present labours may be worked into the many crowns on the head of the King of glory. O splendid ambition to let our loving service shine from His head!

Woe be to him who sets no value on Christ's purchases. What if at first they are rough and rude. Let pity grow. A walk through a ruined town must make men sad: who would not compassionate a ruined soul, a lost world? Then comes the joy of restoration and its great reward.

I have lately sailed on a ship with **With us but thirty-two** other delegates to the New York Missionary Conference. Eight men were Churchmen, the rest from various denominations of Christians. Prayer united us, and we soon forgot our differences, which yet remained, and must remain I fear. What I felt was that it was a duty to avoid exaggerating the differences, and to fix the heart on the unity pervading the diversity. If jarings arise in our work, as they will, because of the diversity, we must see they do not overcome the real unity. Let us ever try to honestly avoid collision.

We are citizens of the world as well as of heaven and have our mutual duties arising from relationships. Compromise is a naked shivering wretch we need not give the best lodgings to, but his whispers about giving and taking deserve some hospitality. We cannot always choose what materials we build with, but whatever it be we have to stoop to lift it to its place in the building. This means humility as well as thankfulness. As we uplift souls we also rise, and they are seen to be precious stones—some clear, some flawed, but no two alike. Perhaps the temple will be more beautiful for the varying hues built in.

Remember God *builds* in his builders and their work. Their diversity may not mar His complete work; but if we cannot see it now we may not cease building on that account. We shall have better sight and more refined taste when we have seen the topmost stone laid amid the praises of eternity. *Then* the light will be virgin whiteness *now* our joy must find beauty in the prismatic hues.

Glorious things are spoken of our **Missions and Jerusalem**. What we look forward to **Ourselves**, is not the extension of Christendom as the end of heathendom, and then the making of Church history like the past, and so go on for ever. The future is with God and it will be worthy of Him. The climax will be the complete triumph of the coming King, not the dead level of the half reclaimed wilderness of the common Christianity we are familiar with.

Our ambition is resolved on preparing for the splendour of our King. We are weaving souls into the fringe of the Bride's apparel all glorious within.

We may have long to labour outside the walls, to weep over our Jerusalem, but not over its ruins;

to agonize in our Gethsemane, but not to flee and leave our Saviour in fetters; to suffer for Him and leave the old Adam transfixed while the new goes on with joy to Olivet in sight of Calvary, from strength to strength.

If we keep that in view as the hill that bringeth salvation we cannot be slothful or intermittent in service, nor sink into a passionless quietism such as I have seen among a few folk at home in England. I mean those who luxuriate in their idle dreams and make for themselves a cloister amid a busy world full of a dreadful pessimism.

Let us imitate the holy angels who serve while they worship, and keep humble in the loftiest ministries.

As we stretch out our hands in pity and love we will lift them up in prayer and in waiting for its answer. "Stand still," said Moses to the people, "and see the salvation of God," as He said to Moses, "Why cry to me? Go forward!"

We have to remember always that true success hinges upon Christ the pillar of truth. Noise and excitement are foreign to it. The sound of the hammer in His temple must jar on God's ear. Ostentatious bustle does not become the good workman who aims at perfection. He looks up to his model, but stoops over his work in humility.

The giant sins we grapple with are no phantoms, yet they need not excite us to close with them with sounds of fury. We shall conquer in the sign of the cross from which breathed out prayer and pity.

Nothing meretricious advances our object. The world is perishing: we proclaim a Saviour's mighty love. Mix up with it much of the world, and our work comes to nought.

We learn as we go if we walk with God. The science of missions must be discovered on the spot. The Holy Spirit is there the Teacher. But we must be teachable and practical.

The doctrinaire is worth attention. His theories worked out in the class-room keep this great subject before the Church at home in Europe, so that an ever increasing number of minds is drawn to it. We learn afresh the great dignity of our work, and obtaining glimpses of its many-sidedness, are drawn into sympathy with others; but we often smile to hear grave and reverend authorities of the Church urging on us some ideas new to them that may have leaked into their minds from some forgotten conversation with an honoured missionary.

It has never been my privilege to profit much from these studies, but I owe much to veterans past and present. A Pfander, a Robert Clark, a Morrison, a French or Stuart have been working out those ideas during the last fifty years. The present results had grown out of those ideas before they crept into the brains of new friends at home,

and then proceeded out of their mouths as a revelation or a natural development of ideas in the process of pure thought.

The phraseology is modernized but the methods of missionary enterprise have been evolved in the field and not in the university. We provide the data, others generalize, and often discover progress unnoticed by the worker himself. In this way we are debtors, and derive encouragement from the keener minds coming fresh to the subject.

Many of us entered on this work when young and have never had opportunities of comparing our work with that of others. Some from inexperience of work among the masses at home, and much less among the highly cultured, are easily led to undervalue the results around them, and to depreciate the qualities spiritual and social of their converts. Such do themselves and their flock injustice.

I am in a position to see this, because in God's providence I have had a very varied experience.

The tendency among us is to expect too much from the inferior races when Christianized.

The distance between what we were before we tasted the sweets of forgiveness through the atonement and what we are as accepted children of our heavenly Father is much less than between the Indian Pagan and the Christian Indian. Our native brethren have made greater progress than we their teachers have. The effects of faith are more obvious among them than among the ruling races. If one of us were to bemoan the remains of the old nature in our flocks surely there is greater reason for grieving over our own poor standard of spiritual life compared with that pictured of us in the imaginations of our sympathizers at home, and what we ought to be. Do not we reproach ourselves and feel ashamed in the sight of our gracious Master? I sometimes feel that some of our people live nearer to God than does this sinner loaded with special privileges—a godly parentage, a Christian education, training in a Christian society, elevating studies, splendid examples and wide knowledge. God sees souls in true perspective. Let us strive to obtain a view approximating to His. Then shall we be thankful and humble.

Brethren, I commend you all to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that great Shepherd of the sheep.

More and more do I see that it is life that tells, not words. A holy man cannot help being a true missionary. One breathing Christ's spirit must love souls, he cannot help it, and this is a necessary preliminary to success. Without this a man's work, if such it can be called, must be a failure because he himself is a failure.

But let no one so regard himself if he has been unsparing of himself in his work. Not one prayer or act of service offered to God is rejected, but the true whole of a loving life though imperfect, very imperfect, is pleasing to Him who knows our hearts.

I thank God for the grace given to you and the labours that grace has produced in your lives.

This is the secret of growth. Brethren grow in grace. This is a divine precept and therefore a practical duty. Press on in life and labour, and God will crown both with blessing in excess of all our poor deservings.



An Indian Industry.

(JANE W. GUTHRIE IN THE PURITAN, APRIL, 1899.)

“**T**HOSE who work among Indians, just emerging from barbarism, are little inclined to the enthusiasm of the philanthropist whose optimistic dreams reveal the red man of a generation ago transformed into a citizen of the United States of today, clothed in the garb of civilization and the mental attributes necessary to the enjoyment of his privileges; but they see him as he is, a child needing careful training, just treatment, and occupation on the reservation after his course at the government school.

“The old Apache, Geronimo, voiced, not long since, the uselessness of the modern manner of educating the Indian. To give him a trade, teach him certain things indispensable for civilized life, and then turn him loose on the reservation, where opportunity to practise the arts learned never reached him, seemed, in his opinion, to be the true source of much trouble and discontent, and neutralized the benefits of the education. Perhaps the real solution of the Indian problem will come in the results obtained from the philanthropic work that is being done at the present time among the women of the Indian tribes. It is the first step in the right direction, and the way was pointed out by Miss Sibyl Carter, whose labor has been carried on so quietly that the world knows nothing of it.

“The story of Miss Carter’s work is a most interesting one. It is said that while passing an alley in one of the large Eastern cities she heard the feeble wails of a baby. These were so distressing that she stopped to investigate, and following the sound, she found herself in a cellar. The baby lay on the floor and the mother was too weak from starvation to move or pick it up. The father was dead, and the young mother, who

proved to be a German lace maker, could neither speak English nor sell her lace. Miss Carter cared for her until health returned, and during this period learned lace making from the grateful little German, and induced many of her friends to follow her example, thus providing means to send the wanderer back to her home.

“Later, while traveling in Japan, she saw the native women at work making lace. Not long after her return home she listened to an eloquent sermon by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who, moved by the destitute condition of the Indians under his fatherly care, said that it was impossible to elevate them morally or physically as long as they were kept without suitable employment. The idea of teaching them lace making came like an inspiration, and she was allowed to begin work, as an experiment, on the White Earth reservation in Minnesota, in a small log hut.

“At first she had difficulty in coaxing the women to come and see the work, but once drawn in they proved marvelously quick in acquiring the knowledge, and anxious to perfect themselves. In the beginning only the simplest mode of lace making was attempted, the pillow or bobbin lace, but after a while the needle point was taken up and with a rapturous idealization intensely appealing to the teachers. At first only shiftless, half hearted, contemptuous labor was expended upon the materials, but steady, persistent effort on the part of the teachers and an eager set of women came begging each day for work, until now there is neither room nor accommodation for all who seek.

“From this simple beginning in 1890 schools have sprung up all over the reservations. Perhaps the most successful is the one at Leech, on the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name. Many of the Indians there are educated, and most all of them wear civilized garb, with perhaps the exception of the Pillager tribe, who have never cared for the delights civilization offers, and who still retain the coverings of savagery.

“The mission here has always been considered a successful one. It was established by the Rev. Lloyd Breck, and is now in charge of the Rev. Charles Wright, a full blooded Chippewa. The squaws turn many an honest penny in the sale of their lacework, for, through Miss Carter’s efforts it is sold in all the large stores in the Eastern cities. The needle point lace is known as the Honiton, Princess, and Battenberg; the heavy braids and coarse patterns are Battenberg, and the various designs are known as Russian and Belgian. Some of the most beautiful Battenberg lace I ever saw came from the hands of these women, and found a ready sale at somewhat high prices. Twelve dollars is not an unusual price

for a center piece, and the small doilies readily bring one dollar. Handkerchiefs are from three to twelve dollars.

"While the women make the lace they perform all the other tasks. They till their little patches of potatoes, set nets for the fish, build the wigwams which shelter them in winter, carry all the burdens, and bear, it would seem, innumerable children. The Indian woman is not lacking in those characteristics common to her sex. Her love of dress is exemplified in the most feminine way. She is exceedingly clever in copying the design of a fashion plate, or cutting by eye after the manner of Miss Jany Wren; and will spend all of her energies and substance on some gorgeous garment, perhaps a red plush gown, trimmed with quantities of broad orange satin ribbon. The men always dress well when wearing 'clothes,' and the source of revenue for this would seem a mystery if one did not take into account the labors of the women at lace making.

"At first the workers met in the mission houses, where they were given white aprons and taught to keep themselves and their work clean. Being observant, they soon found that the clean work sold more readily than that which was soiled, and the stimulus of competition taught them habits of cleanliness as nothing else could. Now they provide their own aprons, keep themselves and their work scrupulously clean, and are allowed to take their work home when the rooms are crowded. Those who have young children also take the work home and return it when finished. They are paid at the rate of ten cents an hour, and frequently make a dollar a day. There is a great demand for the work put out by the women, and the guarantee of its excellence is the price it brings. When one realizes that the time formerly spent upon bead and porcupine work for personal adornment is now put upon labor which is remunerative, which appeals to the latent artistic sense, which rouses healthy, moral aspirations, the ethical force of the cultivation of these attributes cannot to be overestimated.

"No one who lives with the Indian indulges in highly optimistic dreams of his possibilities, but viewed from the standpoint of the influence of this work upon the women and its resultant effects, pessimistic predictions seem out of place. Above all, from the ethical point of view, the help offered by woman to woman suggests a step onward which is of inestimable value. The Indian woman must find, as has her foreign sister, inspiration in the exquisite art of lace making. The filmy, lacy, cobweb-like substance forming under her hands satisfies an inherent love of the beautiful which has heretofore found form in the barbaric blanket and bead, porcupine, and feather work.

"The dignity of labor has yet to be taught to the red man; but the lace makers have discovered its charms, and the steady, persistent effort, of these women goes far toward counteracting the influence of the indolence of the male members of the tribes. The assertion that this is woman's century finds its confirmation in the progress of the American peoples, where woman has ever been a dominant force. Learning under favorable circumstances to walk in the paths of progress, she reaches out to show others less fortunate the way. Surely, in the spirit of this work among the Indians there is some measure of compensation for the wrongs the red man has suffered at the hands of his white brother, and a force which is pressing him toward that period of evolution we call civilization."

The Indian of Nova Scotia.

"THE degenerate Indians of Nova Scotia furnish good material for study to a visitor. The aboriginal inhabitant has lost his savage instinct to a very great extent, but he has taken no lessons in thrift from his white neighbor. In winter he comes as near to starvation as it is possible to go and at the same time sustain life. In summer he lives in the open air, so far as the rather cool climate will permit of his doing so.

"The Indian is also a fisherman. He makes a specialty of his game, however, and devotes most of his fishing time to the capture of the porpoise. Why he does so is not very clear, unless, perhaps, it is the case that the returns from the catch of the porpoise are more immediate than those from the sale of other species of fish. It may be, too, that the red-skinned fisherman has an aversion to remaining at sea. He knows little of sailing craft. Who ever saw an American Indian who was a good sailor? His acquaintance even with rowboats is limited, but he is a past master of the art of handling a birch-bark canoe. It is in the navigation of this nervous sort of craft that the Nova Scotia Indian exhibits his greatest display of energy. The boatman who can ground a light canoe must shake off his lethargy and bid farewell to all feelings of squeamishness, for not only is there difficulty in the accomplishment of the task, but considerable danger as well. It is a feat, however, that the Indian has learned from his progenitors, and he accomplishes it with a display of skill that is little short of marvellous.

"The Indian lives, as a rule, in a hut of the rudest description, located as near as possible to the haunt of the porpoise. He wishes to waste

no energy even in seeking the game that brings him in a living. That living is sometimes good, more often uncertain. In good weather the porpoise hunt is a paying business. In bad weather the hunter stays at home and takes as little care for the weather as it is possible to show. If the porpoise is elusive and does not show a disposition to be captured, the Indian is fully as well satisfied to remain in his hut and play cards. Should the pangs of hunger gnaw with more than ordinary rapacity, he works at odd hours on lobster baskets, which he sells to the white fishermen.

"The Indian's home is a rude tent. It serves to keep out the weather. His wife and children are plainly enough of the same easy-going character as the male head of the house. They know nothing and they thirst not for knowledge, whether it be of easy acquirement or difficult of attainment. If porpoise hunting is profitable, the Indian is 'flush' and no mining camp profligate is more lavish in his expenditures. He hoards up no store of provision against the approach of a rainy day, but makes glad the heart of the small shop-keeper through his extravagant purchases of sweets, canned luxuries, and rum of a decidedly strong character. In the latter failing he is an easy match for his petroleum drinking cousin on the reservations in the States. Tobacco is a weakness with him also, and his supplies of the filling for the peaceful pipe are never forgotten. He is more than a savage in that he cares more for his stomach than he does for the gay trappings that come from the hands of the dealer in ready-made clothing.

"Of intelligence, beyond that of the kind that tells him how to earn a living with the most economical expenditure of energy, this aboriginal inhabitant has little. In this line of thought, however, he is without a peer."

—SIDNEY MORAN.
In the *Metropolitan Magazine*
August, 1899.

Opening of Kincolith Church.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

SUNDAY, September 30th, proved an eventful day at Kincolith, for not only was the new church opened in the morning but also a large number of the people were confirmed in the evening by the Bishop.

The "Mocking Bird" arrived early on Saturday morning from Aiyansh bringing Mr. McCullagh with a number of the people and the Aiyansh

Brass Band.

We were well favoured by the weather, Sunday being a clear, bright day. In the morning at half past seven a prayer meeting was held by the Archdeacon for confirmation candidates.

With the sound of the first bell for Service the chiefs, choir, and people generally began to assemble at the mission-house to form the procession which later on left for the church. At the second bell the procession—formed of the Aiyansh Brass Band, the Choir and Clergy, the Church Army, chiefs, and congregation—marched up the village to the Church Army Hall where a halt was made while Mr. McCullagh took one or two photographs. Then, to the singing of "Onward Christian Soldiers," the procession moved on to the church. At the bottom of the steps another halt was made while the choir sang the anthem, "Open ye the Gates." A petition signed by the chiefs was then read by an Indian to the Bishop, after which the doors were thrown open by the church wardens, and the procession marched in, singing, "All people that on earth do dwell." This was followed by the Consecration Service, after which the anthem "I was glad" was sung by the choir, a short address being given by the Bishop. During the Service a collection was taken at, which the sum of \$130 was realized.

In the afternoon there was a Church Army meeting which commanded a large attendance; and in the evening we had a united gathering of Kincolith, Greenville and Aiyansh people at the Confirmation Service when fifty-five candidates were presented to the Bishop for confirmation, the Revd. J. B. McCullagh preaching the confirmation sermon in Nishga. Some of the white men from the neighbouring canneries were also present for the occasion.

On Monday morning at half past nine Holy Communion was administered in the church to about seventy-one persons.

A Thanksgiving Service in the afternoon enabled us to show our gratitude to God for all His mercies, the people bringing thank-offerings of fruit, flowers &c.

The same afternoon, there being a favourable wind, the Bishop left us for Metlakatla.

The visitors in the village were feasted throughout by the Volunteers and Firemen in their respective halls. On Monday the mission-house party received invitations to a six-o'clock supper in the Firemen's hall. One might almost have imagined oneself in an English restaurant to see the waiters in their white coats, and the many small tables at which the guests were seated. During the meal we were entertained by songs from the waiters, also by a funny Indian who, dressed as a

Chinamen, acted his part splendidly, and added greatly to the amusement of all by joining in the songs, and giving his own squeaky solos from time to time,

The church thus completed and consecrated is a fine building, eighty feet in length by forty in breadth, the tower and spire rising to about one hundred feet in height. It stands on nearly the same site as the former building which was destroyed by fire in 1893. It is flanked by a vestry on the north west of the chancel, and the entire building has been erected by the Indians themselves under the direction and according to plans prepared by the Archdeacon. The pulpit forms a special feature of the furnishing of the interior. The body is formed by open panel work with double Gothic arches in each, and would not discredit a London manufactory.

WINTER MAILS

For the INTERIOR.

Arrangements have been made by H. B. Co. for two mails to be despatched to the interior during the coming winter.

The first mail will leave Essington on or about 10th December, and should reach Naas Harbour on 15th, where it will be received by couriers and taken via Aiyansh direct to Hazelton.

The second mail is expected to reach Naas Harbour about 10th February.

The couriers on each return trip will bring out mails from the interior and deliver the same at Naas Harbour.

Aiyansh Settlement Schema.

NOTE. Through the generosity of a friend of practical effort we have been enabled this Fall to (a) assist some of our Indians in cutting, and partly levelling about two miles of waggon road through the reserve, on either side of which we hope soon to see ten-acre locations laid off by government surveyor; and also (b) to place on this road for the use of those taking up locations, a British Columbia farm truck-wagon with team harness complete. This is the sort of help that helps us onward.

J. B. McC

The Indian Potlatch.

SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ BEFORE C.M.S. ANNUAL CONFERENCE, AT METLAKATLA, B.C., 1890,

BY THE REV. J. B. MCCULLAGH.

WHEN this paper was read at our Annual Conference a resolution was passed asking me to have it published. I now, in a way, comply with that request by printing it in the *Interchange* together with other matter tending to throw light upon the subject.

—Ed.

THE Indian Potlatch presents a most difficult problem, not only to solve for the betterment of the race, but even to understand. Indeed no one who has not been born and reared as an Indian among Indians practising it can rightly comprehend what it all means. Though I cannot lay claim to this privilege (!), yet I have had the Potlatch under close observation for sixteen years, and have studied it on the spot both in theory and practice as far as one may do so without actually making one.

But while considering myself thus qualified to speak on the subject, I cannot say that I have completely exhausted it, for there are ramifications connected with it which, I must confess, seem to baffle all effort at investigation.

I think it important, however, to lay before you as much as I know concerning this custom, for it seems to me that upon the thorough eradication of its principles from the Indian mind depends, humanly speaking, the permanency of the results of our work. This I hope to make evident as I proceed.

I would first of all say what the potlatch is not. It is generally described as a custom, but it is not a custom in the ordinary sense of the word, it is much more; we cannot label it as a habit or usage, it is something quite different; it is very far from being a festival, although to the outsider it may appear as such; it is not a religious rite or ceremony, even though there may seem to be a strain of ancestral worship in it; it is neither an amusement nor an entertainment, however much those who practise it may seek to represent it in that light.

Now, if it may not be classed as a custom, practice or habit; if it may not be regarded as a festival, religious rite or ceremony; if it be neither an amusement nor an entertainment, what is it? I reply it is a systematized form of tribal government based upon the united suffrages of the clans.

Potlatch is not merely the making of a feast where a dance is given and presents made to those attending, if that were all it would be harmless enough, but that is only the outward expression of it. The potlatch is political as far as this life and this world concern the Indian, and the event seen by the public is in reality an election.

The articles distributed with so much display as free gifts (with the exception of blankets and calico torn up into small strips) are all returnable within a year or two. They are not gifts, as many people imagine, but vote-acknowledgements—a public recognition of the rank or social status of the voter (who records his vote by his presence) by the Potlatcher who is a candidate for some position, favour or honour in his clan.

But before proceeding further it is necessary to offer some information as to the constitution of Indian society. You are all aware that it consists of three classes—the nobility, gentry, and common people. These are organized into families (or houses), clan-sections, clans, tribes (communities or villages), and confederacies.

A *family* or *house* is a portion or branch of a clan-section. It has its own crest and sub-chief, subordinate to the clan totem and clan-sectional chief, and of itself or in combination with other kindred families forms a complete clan-section.

A *clan-section* is a company of one or more families having the same totem and totemic name, and forming one division of a tribe.

A *clan* is the aggregate of kindred clan-sections having the same totem and totemic name.

A *tribe* is a community of two or more different clan-sections residing in one place, bearing a common territorial name, and governed by the chiefs of the clan-sections in council assembled.

A *confederacy* is an alliance of several tribes for offensive and defensive purposes, and is governed by the united suffrages of the clans in public assembled.

The principal clans of the Nishga Confederacy are the Lak-Gibu (*Lupians*), the Ganhada (*Ranians*), the the Lak-Shkik (*Aquilians*), and the Gishgahas (*Cannabians*).

Each tribe on the Naas is composed of a clan-section from each of the above-named clans, so that for the transaction of business (which is chiefly dynastic) in any tribe on the river, it is necessary to summon the other tribes and thus bring together all the clan-sections of each clan in public assembly. And this is the *raison d'etre* of the Potlatch.

Indian affairs are, as I have said, principally dynastic, that is they have to do with hereditary rights and titles, successions to chieftainships among the chiefs, to a higher social standing among the gentry, and to the "going up one" in the family circle among the common people, for everyone is somebody's junior, and wants to become somebody's senior.

These successions often carry with them substantial emoluments in the way of hunting and fishing rights over certain lands and streams, and are not infrequently a bone of serious contention, sometimes ending in bloodshed.

Then in each clan-section there are many vacant places, filled by men of renown in the good old times when the Indians were numerous, but now retaining only the name. To fill these vacant places and revive the old names is the one ambition of the surviving members of clan-section families, and this, like other successions, can only be accomplished by obtaining the united assent of the clans.

Thus there is only one topic of interest in life to these people, only one object for which to live and only one scope for their natural activity, viz.: the glorification of self. In each Indian town you will find the clan-sections living together on apparently very good terms, but, in reality holding each other down or staving each other off with all the cunning imaginable. Jealousy of one another is the characteristic feature of Indian life, and so socialistic are their ideas that no individual dare improve his condition above the general average, while at the same time each clan-section is consumed with a burning desire to make a better show than any other.

You are all of course aware that members of the same clan may not intermarry. Such a thing, according to Indian ideas, would be an abomination. But it may not have become evident to all of you that notwithstanding this law the majority of Indian marriages are very close as to family affinity. In most families I find it has been the custom of the men for generations to select their wives from one particular clan-section of another but still the same clan, because of equality in rank or from other social considerations. And this may be one reason why the Indians do not increase.

Marriage never unites the man and the woman; from first to last the parties belong to different clans, and maintain respectively their own social positions. Children are counted in on the mother's side as her elder brother's family, belonging, of course, to her clan. And all rights, titles, and property descend from uncle to nephew or niece, and not from father to son. The idea of a widow laying claim to her late husband's property or a son to his father's, would be absurd to the Indian mind. But it is very hard to suppress nature, especially when it is human; for, in spite of all, the paternal or filial instinct crops out at times and sets up serious complications in this social machinery.

No better description could be given of the Indian people than that supplied by the name they give themselves—*Alu-gigiat*. Truly they are a *Public-people*, for they have no private business, no private rights, and no domestic privacy. Every right is *holden* (that is the meaning of the work Yuqu, which the White-man, judging from outward appearance, calls Potlatch, i.e., *giving*) and every matter regulated by a public manifestation of assent on the part of the united clans. And this public expression of assent, made by the clans and acknowledged by the individual, is what we call potlatch. Even babies are legitimized, so to speak, in this way, the naming of children recorded, and their admission to tribal privileges signalized by the same means.

You will observe therefore, that according to the constitution of the tribes and the distribution of clans, Potlatch, or a system analogous to it, is a necessity, from an Indian point of view, in order to preserve the unity, distinctions, and traditions of the race; for one clan-section may not assent to an act except in concert with the other sections; if it do, the act in question is only recognized within that section. And if an individual assumes any right to which he may be entitled, without a public manifestation of assent on the part of the clans, he finds himself in the position of a miner who stakes off a claim without recording it: the next individual in the line of succession may, by going through the usual formalities, jump the other's claim. Sometimes the rightful claimant of a privilege is too poor to call the clans together for their assent, in which case some one else of kin who is better off asserts a counter claim, sends out a runner, calls the clans, and so takes the other's place. When you hear of Indians killing each other, or attempting to do so, it is because of some such reason as this. There lies extant in this system an unlimited possibility of serious trouble, but it is not to be found in the mere giving of a feast or dance, nor even in the distribution and destruction of property, no, nor in the eating of dog or human flesh; the evil and the roots lie deeper and quite apart from these things.

You will further notice that, although not an idol itself, the Potlatch puts all the idols of heathendom in the shade, for not only does it swallow up the sustenance of an entire community but the community itself, and only says "Shimoigt" (Hail, chief!) in return. It consumes five clear months out of every twelvemonth in simply gorging, sleeping and dancing; the most that any of its votaries can earn is all too little for it; the money that ought to be spent upon the necessities of life is squandered on this idol, which is feted and glutted to its heart's content, while the poor, the aged, the feeble and the sick lie in poverty, filth, and rags—dying for want of a little nourishment.

It is a pitiable sight to behold sick folk, invalids, delicate children and babies travelling to and fro over fifty miles of waste ice and snow, the thermometer

perhaps below zero at the time, for the sole purpose of paying and receiving homage before this idol. I have seen dying persons and children suffering from measles hauled about the country in mid winter on sleds, camping out in the snow at night, in order to be present, or that those on whose tender mercies they were dependent might be present at Potlatch; and I have seen them taken back from Potlatch in their coffins.

I will now give you a brief list of the various functions whereat the presence of the clans is considered necessary:

1. On the birth of a child, except the parents choose to have it regarded as illegitimate, so to speak, the sections of both clans—the father's and the mother's—must be assembled, feted and presented with suitable acknowledgements of their rank &c.
2. The naming of a child is another public function. If a boy, his ears are pierced; and if a girl her under lip. But this piercing is dying out. The ceremony cannot be performed privately, nor yet within the family circle of one clan section, but must take place at some public gathering of importance, and the social status of each person present must be recognized in a suitable manner.
3. When the child has reached the age of seven or eight years it must be signalized or distinguished according to its ancestry, and introduced to the public wearing some particularly prized headdress, an heirloom if possible; a number of blankets and a quantity of print calico are then torn up and distributed, the pieces varying in size according to the rank of the recipient. This is called "Si Halaid."
4. When the child is 10 or 12 years of age it is again brought forth for public recognition. A feast is made on a small scale and a dance given, and again property is distributed. The child is presented arrayed in tribal regalia, and publicly assumes the charge of some family emblem in the shape of a toy of the monkey²—on-the-stick order, which is called a "Naknoḡ." This function is therefore known as "Naknoḡs."
5. Girls on attaining the age of puberty are set apart to fast four days. The first food they are allowed to taste after this fast is at a feast where all the clan sections of the village are represented. After the feast the attendance of the clans is duly acknowledged by a distribution of gifts. This formality is termed "Ginētqu," i.e., *an arising*, after which the girl is considered marriageable.
6. Most Indians are distinguished by tattoo markings on their bodies, the imprinting of which is a great event. These markings generally represent some bird, animal or reptile connected with the totem of clan or crest of the family, and on the occasion of the tattooing it is usual to take up some further articles of ancestral regalia and another "naknoḡ," besides the assumption of a large amount of self-importance, while a distribution of property is made on a larger scale than hitherto. Only adults are permitted to go through this ceremony as it leads to a position of some dignity in the public estimation. The custom is called "DUMYE", i.e., *a starting out*. A year afterwards a feast is given when the marks are publicly shown and declared "gwalgwa", i.e., *dried or heated*.
7. In a few years time the person, if sufficiently well off to do so, goes through a similar ceremony called "Osk," probably meaning, *Motion onward*, at which what the white man would call "a big potlatch" is made. The right to wear some important crest is established on this occasion with a further addition of regalia and, perhaps, more tattoo markings.
8. After an Indian has performed "Osk he may have to work hard for several years in order to be able to

take the next step which is called, "Oiaḡ," i.e., *an arriving*, meaning, I suppose, an arriving at the position of full membership in the clan. It is much the same as Dumyē and Osk, but on a larger scale as to the acknowledgements made to those assembled. Further clanship privileges and dignity are conferred or assumed, and the individual emerges a duly enfranchised member of the Confederacy,

As such he is now free to take special degrees of honour such as Mitlā, Lū'lim, Ulalā, and Unanā.

The Mitlā is a very simple dance affair containing nothing objectionable from a moral point of view.

The Lū'lim is a dog-eating degree, when the candidate having made himself sufficiently mad in the woods—naked and fasting for several days, joins the ceremonial dance and tears a dog to pieces with his teeth before the assembled company, after which he distributes as much property as he is able.

The Ulalā is a cannibal degree, that is to say, the eating of human flesh is its leading feature. It is not so bad as it used to be when slaves were killed, I am told, and dead bodies exhumed for the purpose. The modern method is to get together as much property as possible, fix the date for the dance, then disappear into the woods for a few days cloaked in a bearskin with a bellows-whistle under each arm, and then when the dance is on turn up in a fine frenzy and start in biting those present. On some the biter only leaves the marks of his teeth, from others he will draw blood, while perhaps from others, if he can afford it, he will tear a piece of flesh away. After this beastly fit of voluntary insanity (the highest ambition of the young men!) he will distribute his property among those he has bitten according to the nature of the bite inflicted. It is now two years since the last Ulalā dance was held on this reservation. Let us hope it may never be revived.

The Unanā is a crockery-breaking honour. The candidate having been artistically painted, kilted and feathered, is armed with a club, works himself up into a towering rage, and then proceeds on his mission of destruction, stepping like a high mettled charger. Entering into each house he goes foaming around breaking basins, plates, lamps or anything he sees, and having completed his tour makes a grand display of recompensing the owners. Men who have gone through these degrees are not to be lightly esteemed, they are generally very proud and puffed up with the glory they have acquired.

9. Another legal formality of importance is the Llin. If from any cause an Indian has not been able to go through the various formalities already enumerated he is not considered a member of Indian society proper, and as he cannot go back to childhood and take them *serialim* he is allowed to present himself *in toto* by means of this provisional statute called Llin, which consists in obtaining the united assent of the clans in the usual way. Many Indians have renounced Christianity and civilization by this means. If a man puts away his wife or a woman leaves her husband the divorce is completed by either or both parties going through the Llin, after which they are at liberty to marry whom they please. And here I might observe that if our civil law recognizes the validity of Indian marriages contracted according to Indian custom I do not see how it can ignore the validity of this custom. I mention this as against, not in favour of such recognition. Even an Indian who has been married according to English law may put away his wife, go back to the heathen community, perform the Llin, take another wife and go about freely without any fear of our law interfering with his liberty. This is one reason why the civilized

Indians wish to see the Potlatch abolished.

10. And now we come to what is generally known as the Potlatch, but which is no more potlatch than any one of those functions I have already mentioned. The Nishga term is Yuqu, i.e., a *holding*, and the ceremony is performed in connection with the death of a chief or other individual of rank for the purpose of continuing his name and position in the clan by his heir. It differs in no way from Oisk or Oiaq—a feast and distribution of property, after which the defunct chief's nephew is acknowledged as chief. It is also considered necessary for a chief to present himself every four or five years in this manner in order to continue the holding of his chieftainship by a renewal of the public expression of assent.

The building or rebuilding of a house is also considered a necessary occasion for making a potlatch, because it entails the holding of a public position. There is no such thing as giving a potlatch, as a white man gives a dinner or a ball just because he wishes to be sociable. A potlatch must be for a purpose, and if there be no legal reason (according to Indian law) for giving it it cannot be given. Only as a candidate for some public position can an Indian appear before the electorate of the Confederacy by making a potlatch.

11. There is another formality connected with the Yuqu called Hōōks. A chief usually gives a Hōōks a year before his potlatch comes off, but as far as I can see it has no special significance except, perhaps, that of putting the electorate in a good humour. There is generally a good deal of folly indulged in at a Hōōks. There is also liable to be considerable wanton (from our point of view) destruction of property if the friends of the chief giving the Hōōks take it into their heads to do him honour. This they do by making him presents of articles of clothing &c., but instead of putting them in his hand they put them in the fire where they are quickly consumed. The chief then and there makes return presents also putting them in the fire amid rounds of applause. To the Indian mind this is all *comme il faut*.

Having thus touched upon the various ins and outs of the Potlatch system let us consider its influence upon the Indians.

Among those who practise it its influence is baneful in the last degree; it puffs up while exhausting, and its victims while being destroyed think they are being established: it presents an outward altruistic appearance, but is essentially egotistic; those who practise it think they are the pick of benevolence whereas in reality they are most selfish; it is fatal to all idea of thrift and comfort in family life—to be thrifty is to be bad, to be economical is criminal; it is destructive of individual liberty and, consequently, of the development of the race; it is inimical to all social progress and education; although not a religious system it is intensely repugnant to religion, and the civilization of the Indian is an abomination to it; it produces such a strange condition of society that if we can get in five years' work among the people in twenty years we may claim to do well; it places our best actions in a false light—while we think we are showing kindness and charity to the poor and needy we are in reality paying homage to exalted personages: our greetings, salutations and smiles very often appear in the same light; our efforts for the salvation of souls are nothing less than a hunt for men of title with which to adorn our missions while everything containing the element of a free gift—and much of our work is of that nature—is liable to appear in the light of a "bid" for favour.

To a people socially organized on potlatch principles

it would seem that everything should be presented upside down from our point of view in order to appear right side up to them—refuse a thing, and it at once becomes an object of desire, offer it freely and it is worthless. or you have an ulterior motive in offering it.

As to the Nishgas themselves, divest their minds of this way of thinking and you have really the nicest and best natured people imaginable.

I must now say a few words about the effect of the potlatch system upon those Indians who have come out on the side of religion and civilization.

If after an Indian leaves the Confederacy to join a mission the potlatch would let him alone all would be well. But it does no such thing. If the man be a chief the potlatch immediately usurps his chieftainship, promotes another chief in his place, takes away his name and title, and ignores him. This is very hard for some men to bear, not so much because of the humiliation as because of the injustice.

If when a Christian Indian dies the potlatch would leave the matter alone much heart-burning would be avoided. But it does no such thing. If the deceased has been a person of any social position some heathen clansman is sure to make a potlatch for the corpse in order to take that position, thus raising trouble among the Christian relatives.

If the potlatch would leave their young men alone the Christian Indians would not be very much opposed to it. But it will not leave them alone; it inveigles them back into heathenism, helps them to go through with the Halaïd or Llin, and ties them up to debts from which they may not be able to get free for years.

The civilized Indian occupies a strange position. As far as his affairs are concerned the white men—missionaries, Government officials and others think of him and act towards him as being one with them in their laws and in the rights emanating from those laws (c.f. The Indian Act), but with the Indian himself it is different. He can only conceive of himself in his new estate according as he finds himself supported for or against what he considers to be his rights and wrongs. If when he is made to writhe under a sense of injustice, and complains to us only to be snubbed or to have his grievances made light of from our failure to comprehend them, is it to be wondered at that he feels we have no interest in his welfare? The civilized Indian finds himself in a majority of two to one on the Naas, and yet he cannot get a hearing. He has appealed vainly to the Authorities to be relieved from the tyranny of the potlatch, but he has not been understood, and it has not been thought advisable to give him relief, hence it is that the potlatch in a modernized, though no less injurious form is now becoming as it were a necessity among the civilized Nishgas.

I do not mean to say the Government has made no attempt to help in this matter: it has done so, but in the most deplorable manner possible. It has passed a law (49V., c.43, s.114.) prohibiting the Potlatch on pain of six months imprisonment, but this law has never been enforced, and this has had a very demoralizing effect upon the Indians both Christian and heathen. This is where my personal protest comes in.

As to the law in question forbidding Indians to tear up blankets and distribute property, it should never have been passed; first, because there is really no moral harm in tearing up a blanket; secondly, because tearing up blankets and giving away presents are not the disturbing factor of the potlatch; and thirdly, because tearing up blankets and distributing property

are not in themselves an obstacle to Christianity and civilization. The fact is, the law should not have been aimed *altogether* at the heathen Indians; it should have been partly in favour of, and partly in restraint of the civilized community on whose petition the legislation was made.

A chief wishing to become Christian and civilized should have his rights assured to him by law—the Potlatch should not be allowed to deprive him of his rights.

The Christian dead should be made sacred against all Potlatch interference.

An Indian having once left the Confederacy and taken up his position on the side of law, order, and civilization should not be allowed to publicly renounce, and so bring into contempt his profession of Christianity and civilization by means of the Potlatch.

No Indian married according to English law should be allowed to put away his wife and marry another woman according to Potlatch authority. The woman should be restrained in like manner.

These are the lines upon which the law against potlatching should have been framed, and on which it might, with great advantage to the cause of education and civilization, be amended.

It is the duty of everyone who has the welfare of the Indian at heart to protest against the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. If the existing law is to be retained, enforce it; if not, take it off the statute book. But if it may not be repealed, let it be amended; and if it be amended, let it be so amended that it shall touch the core of the evil and ensure relief where relief is wanted, and restraint where restraint is required.



49 VICT., C. 43, s. 114.

1. "Every Indian or person who engages in or assists in celebrating the Indian festival known as the 'Potlatch' or the Indian dance known as the 'Tamanawas, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months and not less than two months:

2. "Every Indian or person who encourages, either directly or indirectly, an Indian to get up such a festival or dance, or to celebrate the same, or who assists in the celebration of the same, is guilty of a like offence, and shall be liable to the same punishment." 47 V., c. 27, s. 3.

58-59 VICT., C. 35, s. 6

"Section one hundred and fourteen of *The Indian Act* is hereby repealed and the following substituted therefor:—

"Every Indian or other person who engages in, or assists in celebrating or encourages either directly or indirectly another to celebrate, any Indian festival, dance or other ceremony of which the giving away or paying or giving back of money, goods or articles of any sort forms a part, or is a feature, whether such gift of money, goods or articles takes place before, at, or after the celebration of the same, and every Indian or other person who engages or assists in any celebration or dance of which the wounding or mutilation of the dead or living body of any human being or animal forms a part or is a feature, is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months and not less than two months; but nothing in this section shall be construed to prevent the holding of any agricultural show or exhibition or the giving of prizes for exhibits thereat."

Side-light on the Potlatch.

I give below the fac-simile of a hand-bill—the advertisement of a party of Zimshan Indians who are giving theatrical exhibitions in Victoria of some of the Potlatch customs alluded to in my paper—as bearing witness indirectly to the accuracy of the

statements I have made.

EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Port Simpson Indian Band Concert

AND EXHIBITIONS OF WAR DANCES, SLEIGHT OF HAND PERFORMED AND EXPOSED, HYDAH DANCE, ETC.

THEATRE ROYAL

(LATE ALHAMBRA)

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, Sept. 10th & 11th

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Band will parade Saturday, Monday and Tuesday at 10 a. m. and 7 30 p. m.

Songs and Choruses by Full Band.

Solo by the Great Northwest Wizard.

- PROGRAMME. -

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Indian Chief Dance. | 8. Hydah Dance. |
| 2. Man Eater. | 9. Band Chorus. |
| 3. Dog Eater. | 10. Song and Chorus. |
| 4. Destroying Dance. | 11. Solo by Northwest Wizard. |
| 5. Wizard of the Northwest as Maā Man. | 12. Slight of Hand Performance by the Wizard. |
| 6. Indian War Dance. | 13. Band Chorus. |
| 7. Indian Sleight of Hand performed and exposed. | 13. God Save the Queen. |

RESERVED SEATS, 50c.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 25c.

FOR SALE AT 519 HASTING ST, ROOM 7, OR AT THEATRE.

I am informed on the authority of some who were present at this exhibition that "it was a most disgusting spectacle," and many of the audience got up and left the theatre. The items numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4 on the programme are no doubt identical with the Mit'la, Ulala, Lu'lim, and Unana dances referred to in my paper.

I am glad that the White people of Victoria and Vancouver have had an opportunity of seeing for themselves in semi reality a representation of the degrading customs of the Indians, customs the "right" to indulge in which, we are told, "must not be trampled upon" in the interest of the "welfare" of the Indian race!

I would put a question to our White Friends, speaking on behalf of the would-be-civilized Indian:—If it was disgusting only to witness such scenes for a brief hour, to what extent is it demoralizing for a whole community (men, women, and children) to be given up body and soul to the enacting of the same scenes for five months out of every year?

I put this question to British Columbians generally, because the "to-be or not-to-be" of this matter lies in their hands.

But perhaps it was mere "prejudice" that filled our friends with disgust and drove them from the theatre; anyhow, they have justified the anti-potlatch attitude of the missionaries by the very prompt manner in which they showed their disapprobation of the performance, although, to my mind, it would have been better to have remained and learned the real lesson of such a

demonstration of savage life—if such degradation can be called life, viz.—The utter darkness of mind and heart evidenced by such customs, and the bounden duty of every White man in British Columbia to do something (at present they do little or nothing) towards lightening this darkness.

—ED.

“Two Christian marriages took place last year, but the women were so taunted, and persuaded to leave their husbands that the two couples left their village rather than be subject to Indian law, one couple remaining north after the fishing and the other south.”

The Potlatch and Marriage.

FROM what I have seen of Dr. Webb I consider him to be a keen observer, a scientific thinker, and logical in arriving at a conclusion. When we last met in conference we differed entirely in our views of the Potlatch. I maintained the necessity for Government interference as in the case of intoxicating liquor, but the Doctor deprecated any action of the Authorities in the matter. Since then, however, Dr. Webb seems to have obtained a closer and truer view of Potlatch tyranny, and now wonders that the Government sees no need for interference.

The following is an extract from Dr. Webb's annual letter to the Church Missionary Society as published in the Annual Report, 1899—1900, page 490.

—ED.

“Another great hindrance to the conversion of these tribes is the absence of the family unit, and the existence of a system of community whose bondage is absolute. The young man is ready to marry; the young woman (fourteen years of age) is marriageable: what hinders? There is no home to build or furnish, there is abundant fish in the sea and berries in the woods for food; they want for nothing it would seem. But wait! This girl is a marketable article, she is worth so many blankets (their medium of barter); she must be bought; where does the young man get 500 to 1,000 blankets? He borrows ten here, ten there, and so on at 100 per cent. interest(!) and he is then bound hand and foot in one form of the *potlatch*, which means usury in its worst form. He will never be able to pay, unless the girl's father should have a better offer in a few months' time, when the girl is taken from her husband and sold a second time, sometimes a third or fourth. The father of the girl then pays the youth double the number of blankets, and trades away his daughter to the highest bidder. This is not an account of some few exceptional cases; this is the custom, the invariable regular system of marriage as it is and has been for years, and the Indian sees nothing disreputable in it, and the Government no need for interference!”

Another extract from a letter from a missionary's wife is worth quoting in this connection:—

“Four girls who had risen to Fifth Reader, and been in our Home two years, were taken out by their male relatives and will be sold to the highest bidder for the Potlatch, and this in a land over which ‘Victoria reigns.’

How Our Legislators

View the Potlatch.

A FEW years ago a motion was brought forward in the Provincial Legislature to advise the repeal of the law against potlatching. The discussion upon this motion and the views expressed by Members may be of some interest to readers of the *Interchange* as showing how our Legislators regard this custom.

The motion was brought forward (I quote from the *Times*, April 16 '98) by Mr. Helmecken who said:—

“.....every member was interested in the welfare of the Indians, and would therefore bear with him while he went rather fully into the subject.”

But the only argument I find adduced in support of the motion is that,

“White men would strongly object if a law were enforced prohibiting them from enjoying themselves on the 24th of May, 1st of July or any other holiday, and the Indians had the same right to object because a law was passed prohibiting them from enjoying an ancient and harmless custom.”

I repeat over to myself the words:—“*enjoying an ancient and harmless custom*,” and a cold shiver runs down my back. How many thousand dollars did this harmless custom cost the government in 1885 on the Skeena? Or does the government know that the murder which led to that expenditure was a potlatch affair? But I have told that story in another place.

“Hon. Mr. Turner said the house should carefully consider the matter before committing itself, as it was one of those things over which the Dominion government had full control. There were harmless amusements connected with potlatches, but he knew that often the Indians carried these orgies to such an extent as to be a serious menace to the community. The chief trouble arose from the indiscriminate and wholesale sale of liquor.”

It is a serious fact that, notwithstanding the laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to Indians, they can and do get as much liquor as they desire, and manufacture it as well—at least they do so on the Naas. Never at any time during the past twenty years has the sale of liquor had such a free

run among the Indians as at present.

"Mr. Booth could not see how the potlatch could be blamed for the sale of liquor. He could not sympathize with the acts of missionaries in connection with their efforts to prohibit potlatches."

True, the Potlatch may not be blamed for the sale of liquor to Indians, but it may well be blamed for the purchase of it, as it is certainly to be blamed in this district for the manufacture of it.

It is generally supposed that the missionaries are very keen upon suppressing the potlatch, but this is a great mistake. No doubt they would all like to see the end of it, but I do not think they would move for its suppression by law in the interest of religion. It is when a community of Indians begins to develop on the lines of civilization and progress under the missionary's fostering care that the potlatch begins to pinch them, and they cry out to be relieved socially and civilly by law, making of course, their representations through their missionary, consequently our legislators have fallen into the error of regarding it as a case of Missionary *versus* Potlatch in the interests of religious propaganda—an unworthy motive.

"Dr. Walkem said the Dominion government legislated as it did because of the representations made by missionaries that the potlatches retarded the work of Christianization. The thirst for potlatches was strong in every Indian and it was impossible to do anything with them. It was difficult for members to decide whether potlatches should be prevented or not. If the punishment were not so severe the object desired could be more easily reached. Potlatches could not be prohibited by force of law. The Indians would have to be educated up to the matter."

If the missionaries made any representations they did so as speaking for the civilized Indians. I think, (for I was not in the country at the time), that the civilized Indians petitioned the Government, and the missionaries endorsed and forwarded their petition.

With regard to "educating the Indians up to the matter," I would like to know how it is to be done. Indians who adhere to the potlatch will not be taught, nor allow their children to be taught. It is only after a man gives up the potlatch that he can be taught. I wonder if the Songhees of Victoria have been or are being educated up to the matter: time and opportunity have not been lacking in their case.

"Hon. Mr. Ebers said that potlatches were a serious menace to the province. They were demoralizing to the younger members of the tribes. He referred to the recent troubles at Salmon river, when Indians preparing to hold a large potlatch handled policemen rather roughly. If the law could be so amended that potlatches could be held under proper supervision good might result. The missionaries had done good work and their opinions in this matter should not be totally disregarded. If the potlatches were confined to a friendly gathering to settle accounts no great harm could be done in allowing the Indians to hold them."

A missionary's opinion, as such, is worth no more than that of any other man: neither is it worth less. It does not seek credibility as a favour on account of good works. Like the opinion of any other man, its worth depends upon the opportunities afforded and embraced for obtaining information on the subject concerning which the opinion is expressed. As regards the Potlatch the missionary's opinion is the only one of any value, because he is the only white man who lives on the inner side of Indian life and who really *does* anything for the "welfare" of the Indian.

Mr. Sword said the province would assume a great responsibility in asking for the repeal of the law. If any trouble resulted, the blame would rest with the province. He moved an amendment to the effect that the Dominion government be requested to inquire into the subject of potlatches with the view of securing a repeal of the law, providing the grievances were well founded.

Major Mutter said Mr. Sword's amendment might cause delay. He did not see why habits of the natives which were not criminal should be interfered with. The rights of the Indians as well as the prejudices of the missionaries should be considered."

Here again we have the old idea cropping out—Missionary prejudice *versus* Indian rights!

"Mr. Helmcken said that the legislature should not be afraid to take the responsibility of legislation. His resolution was drawn as it was that it might come before the premier of Canada, and from what he knew of that gentleman he was sure he would act in the best interests of all concerned.

"Hon. Mr. Martin, speaking from his experience in the interior, said he saw no harm result from potlatches there. The white men were here by might, and the rights of the Indians should not be trampled upon."

In considering the question of Indian rights one should remember that these "rights" are no longer altogether on the side of savagery with its paint and feathers. Those Indians who have come out on the side of civilization and progress have, in so doing, come into the inheritance of far more important rights than those of making dances and tearing up blankets. In the foregoing report such rights are conspicuous by the absence of all allusion to them, if indeed they had any place in the minds of the Honorable Members taking part in the discussion. And yet the motion was made in the interest of the *welfare* of the Indians! Let me refer my readers to page 18 of this number of the Interchange for an object lesson:—"you must give up Christianity and civilization, and come back to heathenism." This is the Potlatch demanding its rights—the rights that "must not be trampled upon;" asserting its right to trample upon the rights of freedom, religion and civilization!!!

"Mr. Sword's amendment was then carried on a vote of 14 to 13."

—J. B. McC.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF A POTLATCH.

THE following description of a potlatch made on the Songhees reservation at Victoria, B.C., is taken from the *Colonist*, May 25th. It is sad to find those Indians who for the past fifty years have been above all the tribes in the Province most closely in touch with our boasted civilization still in the rut of their old ways. Can we do nothing better for them than make interesting "copy" out of their folly? Is there no cause to plead on their behalf for their advancement? To talk about the chief "paying his debts" in this way is simply absurd on the face of it. Debts are not paid by an indiscriminate scramble of property.—ED.

"THERE was a potlatch on the Indian reservation during the early hours yesterday morning

"Willie, sub-chief of the Songhees, then paid some long-standing debts to his fellow-tribesmen and their dark-hued relations from Cowichan and other nearby rancheries. From the position of a well-to-do siwash—owner of a buggy, a sailboat, a war canoe and many, many blankets, to say nothing of a long list of 'other equally valuable and desirable effects,' which were the envy of his neighbors, Willie suddenly dropped to that of the average resident of the reservation. Affluence became sufficiency.

"In all over two hundred persons attended the potlatch. The gathering began in the wee small hours, when the railway bridge was not even outlined in the gloom. The guests had been summoned by Willie, and they congregated in front of the old square hut of roughly hewn slabs which fronts on the roadway to the Marine hospital at a distance of some fifty feet from the railway bridge. A drift wood fire was built in the centre of the roadway, and the assembled guests sat in a circle around this, their bronze faces gleaming in the reflection of the roaring flames, giving the tout ensemble of the scene a weirdly picturesque effect.

"The guests had hardly taken their seats when there was a demoniac yell from the blackness beyond the light of the fire. Then came a hurrying patter of bare feet, and a dancer, with a gaudy head dress of red flannel and heavily rouged brows and cheeks, and wearing the customary coat of feathers, broke into the circle. Then the dance began. One by one others took up the step, klootchmen as well as men, and soon a number were jumping up and down after the fashion of the conventional siwash dance, to the tune of a couple of tomtoms and the sing-songy chant of the onlookers. So the hours passed, with little intervals of feasting, until daylight—the hour of Willie's sacrifice of his property.

"Then, mounting on the roof of the square home of many families, Willie made his 'Wa-wa.' He

told of how glad he was to pay back his debts; of how great he was; and of innumerable other things which the translator dropped in the translation. His speech finished, the blankets were brought to him, together with shot-guns, silver dollars, carved planks and many other things on which the waiting siwashes looked with longing eyes. The klootchmen had retired to the background, and waiting beneath the rostrum of the giver of the potlatch, the bucks stood like a crowd of schoolboys below a window where another was scrambling apples.

"At last the signal was given, and Willie began to throw. A blanket was swung into the air, and as the wind caught it some hundreds of hands were stretched as high as the stature of the owners would permit. Down came the blanket, and it was in an instant clutched by at least a hunderd. Then the Indians swayed to and fro in a heap, the weaker ones being swept aside and the woolen covering wrested from them. Still crowds clung on, and then one man near the corner drew a knife and cut as big a piece as he held. Others cut out pieces held by them, and soon the blanket was divided in small bits which would hardly have made a doll's covering.

"Thus it was for some time. Blanket after blanket was struggled for. Some— but not a great proportion—being retained whole, those holding the larger areas bought out those with the lesser handfulls.

"At length the blankets were exhausted. Then shot-guns were thrown from the roof and struggled for, like long bones for which a number of dogs held claim, until at last all competitors having been either bought off, or wrenched free, the guns passed into the possession of a more fortunate one. Silver dollars were scrambled and other desirable effects made the bone of contention of the struggling horde. Carved boards, totems bearing some yet unwritten siwash story, fancifully decorated paddles, hats, etc.—all were scrambled for and the holdings auctioned off as in the matter of the blankets.

"Then came the potlatch of Willie's buggy. This up-to-date vehicle was standing on the road as the throne of an alligator-like totem, the mark of the family from which the sub-chief claims inheritance. After due obeisance and proper observance of the totem had been made, it was lifted out, and, at a given signal, the siwashes raced to the buggy. It was yanked about pulled up and down at the risk of tearing it apart until, like the other potlatched articles, the one who tugged for it more than his fellows bought out the others. The same procedure was carried on in the potlatching of a war-canoe, then of a sailboat. The clientele of some more prominent Indians fought,

struggled and hauled the canoe and boat about but there was always one or more of the stronger ones who could not be ousted, and until the price was paid, the struggle for possession continued.

"So it went on. Article after article went until when the workmen were hurrying to work soon after the breakfast hour yesterday, the greater portion of Willie's goods had been potlatched—his debt was paid.

"This has been a week of celebration on the Indian reservation. On Saturday a big dance was held—the dance of the maskers. A number of Indians took part, all wearing big wooden masks, many having beaks which opened and shut with the pulling of a string, and this morning, as the Colonist reaches its readers, another potlatch is being held."

In Defence of the Potlatch.

Audi alteram partem.

HAVING condemned the Potlatch unsparingly in the foregoing pages, let me now give my readers all that can be said in its defence by its supporters themselves. I must say, however, that to my mind, being behind the scenes this defence reads like a huge joke, being altogether constructed and argued out on the lines of the White-man's (mis)conception of the nature of the Potlatch.—ED

TEXT OF THE PETITION WHICH THE DELEGATION OF NAAS RIVER INDIANS ARE SENDING TO OTTAWA.

"Having interviewed the superintendent of Indian affairs, Mr. A. W. Vowell, and also consulted with a city lawyer in regard to their complaint, the delegates of the Naas river Indians—Amos Gosnell, William Jeffrey and "Billy" Williams—have forwarded to Mr. G. E. Corbould, M. P., at Ottawa, the following petition:

"The undersigned, delegation of Indian chiefs, in view of the hereditary right of our ancestry would respectfully represent: That we were at the Indian department in the city of Victoria this day at 11 o'clock. In an interview with Mr. Vowell, Indian commissioner, we were informed by an explanation of how that any person giving a potlatch would be imprisoned for six months. It is the desire of the Indian department to civilize us, which meets with our approbation; but we were born Indians, educated according to the laws of our ancestry, and, as nature dictates to us we enjoy their vested rights as an inheritance. We came to Victoria to obtain our natural rights.

"We see in this a contradictory state of affairs adorning your civilization. Churches are numerous;

theatres are located in the various sections of the town; and saloons multiply in numbers; all of which are in conformity with your laws, consequently we wish to know whether the ministers of the gospel have annihilated the rights of white men in these pleasures leading to heaven and hell exactly in different directions. They have kindly forced us out, as we are 'not in it.'

"In the difference of your wisdom have we committed any offence against the Almighty God or civilized humanity by bestowing on our poor Indian brethren the pleasure of our hearts by donation of charity in token of friendship. If it is a sin against nature, or a damage to government, society or otherwise, we will yield with the kindest feeling to your imperial mandate.

"You have your Christmas's, Fourth's of July and 24th's of May, all of which you celebrate without interference—*sine qua non*. Money is spent in squandrous profusion with no benefit to the poor of your race.

"We go to the entertainments of your theatres and you charge us money for the privilege. We give our dances at which our guests are welcomed by the testimonial of donations, according to our custom—the inheritance of our fathers.

"If we wish to perform an act moral in its nature, with no injury or damage, and pay for it, no law in equity can divest us of such right.

"We see the Salvation Army parade the streets of your city with music and drum, enchanting the town; leading wanderers, and helping the poor—by making him pay for all he gets.

"We are puzzled to know whether in the estimation of civilization we are human or fish on the tributaries of the Naas river, that the felicities of our ancestors should be denied us.

"Our lands and our fishing grounds are converted to other hands; licenses are imposed for fishing the waters of the White Crest mountains, which we pay with pleasure, for such is your law, and we only ask in connection that our potlatches may meet with your approbation.

"We see in your graveyards the white marble and granite monuments which cost you money in testimony of your grief for the dead. When our people die we erect a large pole, call our people together, distribute our personal property with them in payment for their sympathy and condolence; comfort to us in the sad hour of our affliction. This is what is called a potlach—the privilege denied us.

"It is a chimera that under the British flag slavery does not exist."

(Signed)

WISE-AS-YOU.

SIMH-SAM.

NAAS-QUAH-SO.

Delegation of Naas River tribes who claim for the injunction on three towns \$5,000 to each town, payable every twelve months.

How the Potlatch Works.

IN connection with the Indians' defence of the Potlatch I give below a verbatim report of a complaint made by W..... F....., a Christian Indian of L...-K..... It speaks for itself and shows why the Christian community is against the Potlatch. —E. D.

I COME before you to make a complaint, because I am being very much persecuted concerning the death of my uncle, G..... of Git.....

I really belong to the Git..... tribe of which my uncle was chief, but I have been living for some years at L...-K.... mission. My uncle's house was burned at Git..... two years ago, and I then invited him to come and live with me, to which he agreed. He then went up to Git..... to bring down his things, but the people there took him against his will and performed halaid upon him, so that he could not move after that for fear of breaking the Indian law which they put on him, thus my purpose concerning his welfare came to naught, because they tied him up hard and fast to their potlatch law. They then persuaded him to rebuild his house, and helped him by free labour. Two years after that, his canoe capsized on his way up the river, and both he and his wife were drowned. Immediately on hearing this I left L...-K.... and went up to Git..... where I organized a party to go out and search for the body. Chief W..... then called me into his house and made a speech to me, urging me to accept my late uncle's chieftainship and paper of authority—a piece of moose skin with my uncle's name on it. They then performed halaid upon me, and acknowledged me as rightful heir to my uncle's position in their village. The party I had sent out searched the river two days, and on the third day returned without having found anything. I then paid them all for their time, so much a day, spending altogether \$150.00. After that I remained in my uncle's house, and in a short time they called upon me to make a potlatch. They threatened to put me out and take the house from me if I refused. I replied that I would not potlatch, because the Agent had already proclaimed the law against it on the river. But I promised to respect my uncle's dignity, and said I would erect a marble monument to him in the village. But they rejected my proposal, because I would not potlatch. And now they have given me notice to quit But I

I do not intend leaving the house, for the potlatch has no longer a right to tyrannize over one's private family affairs. And now they have agreed to deprive me of my chieftainship by a general vote of the tribe, and offer it to my cousin who, they say, is willing to make potlatch. But I choose to stand upon my rights within the law, and I say that as government has seen fit to prohibit potlatch it should support me now in my position. I make this complaint so that if there be trouble about it on the river you may know how the case stands.

SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT made one month after the above (Decr. 1898).

ON Tuesday evening last I was in my house at Git..... when two men came for me to attend a council meeting of the chiefs. I accompanied them to W.....'s house. When I had entered and taken a seat W..... addressed me thus, "I spoke to you when you first came up in the autumn saying you are the rightful heir to your uncle's chieftainship. I say the same thing to you again now. But if you wish to take the title and position of your uncle you must give up Christianity and civilization, and come back to heathenism." Chief A..... also spoke to me, saying, "I say the same thing to you now, that you must give up religion and civilization and come back to be a heathen and make a potlatch." Chief M..... also said the same thing, and N.... and G.... A.. G.... then stood up and opened a paper from which he began to read or pretend to read, saying, "Any person coming to this village for the purpose of settling must do so by making a potlatch, and if he deceive the people of this place by not doing so he shall be cast out forthwith. And any person found causing excitement in this place shall be cast forth, thus saith the great lawyer's law and the government and the Queen. For we have heard that you, W.... F...., are going to place a teacher at this place to teach our children and thus cause trouble and excitement." To all this I tried to reply wisely. A..... again spoke, saying, "If you will give up Christianity and return to the potlatch we will fire off our cannon for four days and nights, and you shall be our king in this place. If you promise to do so it will be quite enough, we will do it merely on your promise." Then G...g... arose and said, "And after you shall have made your potlatch we will all arise like one man and become Christians." To this I also replied as wisely as I could, declining to have anything at all to do with breaking the law, for I know that although the government takes no notice of these people breaking the law, yet I do not think I should escape.

Mission Notes.

THE Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Price returned from England in June and resumed their work on the Skeena. I am gratified to learn that Mr. Price was able this year to secure the services of a Chinese native evangelist for work among the Chinese coolies at the canneries during the fishing season.

—0—

Miss Tyte, of the Indian Girls' Home at Metlakatla, left for England on furlough early in June, and Miss Carleton of Alert Bay was to have left for her vacation this month. I have not yet heard, however, whether she has realized her desire. The Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Hall were expected back from England in August, to resume charge of the work at Alert Bay.

—0—

THE Rev. W. E. and Miss Collison arrived at the mainland from Queen Charlotte Islands in May having made a very miserable voyage in a native schooner. The vessel leaked so badly that it kept them rather busy baling her out, the water sometimes reaching the bunks in the cabin. However, they managed eventually to make Port Simpson all right.

—0—

EARLY in June a happy event took place at Metlakatla, the Rev. W. E. Collison being united in marriage to Miss B. Davies of the White Home. The C.M.S. mission at Masset is thus now well provided for, and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Collison many happy years of fruitful labour in their new sphere.

—0—

Dr. and Mrs. Ardagh, who have been for many years in charge of the C.M.S. medical work on the coast, have been appointed to the Gishgagas mission on the upper Skeena which has become vacant by the resignation of Mr. E. Stephenson who has been labouring there for several years with signal success.

The next Annual Conference of the British Columbia C.M.S. Mission will be held, D.V., at Metlakatla on 22—25th May, 1901.

Aiyansh Notes.

I AM glad to say that on two occasions we have been able to navigate our steamer up the river as far as Gitwinksilqu. We dare not attempt the waters above the canyon while the steamer is unprovided with a steam winch and sufficient length of steel cable. No doubt we shall get all the appliances we need in due time, and until then we can afford to make the canyon our head of navigation. It is about 8 or 9 miles below Aiyansh.

—0—

CHIEF Dasqu has had indifferent luck with his sheep. Several died last winter, and the dogs have made havoc of a few more during the summer. There was a natural increase of five in the flock this year, but the last canine incursion placed the balance on the wrong side. Dasqu is, however, far from being disheartened, and has been busy making hay all the summer.

—0—

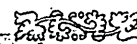
CHIEF Leug is, I have heard, going to bring up some calves on his return from the coast. He bought them from a settler on Queen Charlotte Island. Harry Guno, Dasqu's younger brother, has also made a like investment, so that little by little we are in a fair way to develop our scheme.

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THOSE of our women who have remained at home during the summer (quite a few) will be much better off than those who went looking for work at the canneries. As far as I have been able to ascertain, these women have now nearly made a hundred dollars each in drying and preserving fruit, while those who have gone to canneries will think themselves very fortunate if they make thirty dollars profit each.

—0—

CHIEF Ksdiyawug of Gitlakdamiks has placed his boy, Haldawis, in our school this year with the express wish that he be baptized and educated. He is a very willing boy and is doing pretty well. His Christian name is Basil. We have now eight boys in training, entirely dependent on us for clothing, and I hope friends will not forget this fact.





The Potlatch.

AS A

Thug.

MANY of our readers will remember the "scare" of an Indian uprising in 1885, originating in a murder committed by "Jim" of Gitwintgol, who was subsequently shot by one of the constables sent to arrest him, and which eventually necessitated the despatch of a military force to the Skeena district.

This murder arose entirely out of the Potlatch—rival claimants for a chief's position. "Jim's" wife had a half-breed son whom she induced to "jump" the claim of one Nizqu to a certain chieftainship according to Potlatch law, whereupon Nizqu declared his rival should not long enjoy his position.

Almost immediately after this the young fellow succumbed to an attack of measles, and Nizqu was "named" by the distracted mother as the cause (by witchcraft) of his death. So the mother loaded "Jim's" gun, handed it to him, and poor Nizqu was shot.

I give below a list of 40 such murders and attempted murders all arising out of the Potlatch, in the space of about 35 years and confined to a population of about 2,000.

1. *Ukaglegu* (girl), shot at *Gitwintgol* at *Sigwint's* potlatch.
2. *Kashukshin* (boy), shot at *Gitwintgol* at *Sigwint's* potlatch.
3. *Gitkon* (chief), shot by *Anda* because he wanted to put a relative into a certain seat, before a potlatch at *Gitwintgol*.
4. *Gandagest* (chief), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
5. *Kaligikak* (boy), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
6. *Ekatugwage* (chief), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
7. *Nishga'lot* (chief), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
8. *Goudek* (chief), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
9. *Gumwidenguk* (man), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
10. *Geimik* (man), shot by *Gitkon's* friends.
11. *Anda* (chief), shot by *Lau*.
12. *Sispagod* (chief), shot by *Leduk*, for having a totem pole made too long. This was done at *Sispagod's* potlatch.
13. *Giadaga* (chief), stabbed by *Leduk* in a dispute about seat at potlatch.
14. *N's Nionoutgu* (winn) shot by *Leduk* in connection with affair No 14.
15. *N's Anket* (winn) shot by *Leduk* in connection with affair No 14.
16. *Leduk* (chief), shot by *Giadaga*; also affr 14.
17. *Gagia'* (winn), shot by *Giadaga*; also affr 14.
18. *Zaltgu* (man), shot by *Giadaga*; also affr 14.
19. *N's Giadaga* (winn), shot by the *Lagibiu* clan in connection with affr 14.
20. *Sispagod* (chief) shot by his nephew, *Dagaswan*, because, being in possession of two chieftainships, he did not give one to him.
21. *Yel* (chief), stabbed by *Shaitlakhadans* at *Gukmet's* potlatch.
22. *Naquaon* (chief), shot by *Saitlakhadans* at *Alimlakha's* potlatch, (not so many years ago, for *Alimlakha* is still a young man).
23. *Laudiedaus* (man), shot by *Naquaon's* son at the same potlatch.
24. *Gali* (man), stabbed by *Lulak* at a potlatch made by *Shaitlakhadans* of *Gitwintgol*, 2 (died within a year).
25. *Nizqu* (chief), shot by *Gungaknuk muk* (*Jim*) at *Wigwag's* potlatch.
26. *Nishagawit* (chief), shot by *Dobesqu* at a potlatch at *Gitwintgol*.
27. *Dobesqu* (chief), shot by *Maulagan* at the same potlatch.

28. *Gungaknuk muk* (man), shot by one of the constables sent to arrest (see 20).
29. *Laknizik* (man), stabbed by *Gwiddidau* at *Gitwintgol*.
30. *N's Shaitwan* (winn), shot by *Shaitwan* at *Ligiap's* potlatch at *Gitwintgol*.
31. *Shaitwan* (chief), shot by *Kahigik* at the same potlatch—31.
32. *Zoimuk* (chief) clubbed with a gun by *Aziksh* at *Hagesqu's* potlatch.
33. *Nizit* (man), stabbed by *Dunnouuk* at *Tamanawas*, this and next 2 cases.
34. *Ditgu* (youth), thorax cleft open with a hatchet by *Negu*.
35. *Saganik* (man), shot by *Dumnonuk* in the affray.
36. *Dumnonuk* (chief), shot by *Negu* (?) in same affray.
37. *Lupiz* (chief), skull cleft with a hatchet by *Widak-hayazqu*, in dispute about seat at *Shoinuuk's* potlatch.
38. *Laklakshin* (chief), shot by *Gishwatqu* at *Widak-hayazqu's* potlatch.
39. *Gatim* (chief), shot by the *Hagwilgat* at *Gialugiut's* potlatch.

Recovered: some now living.
 Died on the spot.
 (a) The foregoing list is by no means exhaustive; there are many cases the details of which I have not been able to get.
 (b) These crimes are confined to a population of about 2,000.
 (c) Witnesses can be produced to give evidence in any one, or all, of the above cases.

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DATE	NO.	STEAMER.	SETTLEMENT.	INTERCHANGE.
13th May	1.	10 00	—	2 00
" "	2.	5 00	—	—
" "	3.	5 00	—	—
19th "	4.	5 00	—	—
22nd "	5.	5 00	—	—
21st "	6.	10 00	—	2 00
10th Sept.	7.	10 00	—	—
28th Oct.	8.	—	241	50
		50 00	241	50 4 00

NOTE. The Nos. are identical with the form of receipt sent to each contributor.

I desire to state that there are still remaining on hand a few back numbers of the *Interchange*, both of the edition issued Sept. 1899, containing an address by Bishop Ridley, and also of that issued last Easter, setting forth the particulars of the Aiyansh Settlement Scheme. I shall be happy therefore to mail copies to any friend making application for the same.

—ED.