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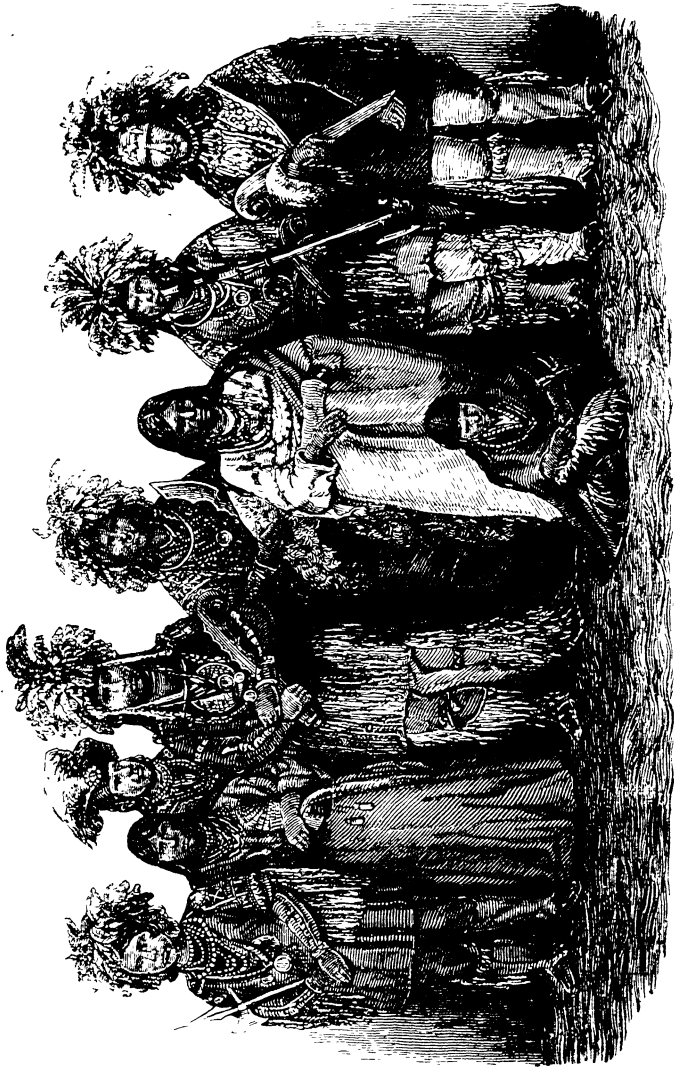
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A SHORT HISTORY

AND

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

OJIBBEWAY INDIANS

NOW ON

A Visit to England.

WITH CORRECT LIKENESSES,

ENGRAVED FROM DAGUERRETYPE PLATES, TAKEN BY M. CLAUDET.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON.

MDCCCXLIV.

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND Co.

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS, PETERBOROUGH COURT,

135 FLEET STREET.

THE
OJIBBEWAY INDIANS

NOW ON

A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE visit to England of nine of the aborigines of North America affords an opportunity, never before presented to the British public, of obtaining a personal acquaintance with the appearance, habits, manners, and customs of these curious and fast-fading tribes. Naturally remarkable and politically important, they have been rendered additionally interesting by the poet and the novelist. Chateaubriand, in Europe, and Fenimore Cooper, in America, have surrounded the red man with a halo of romance. Their courage, their fortitude, their lofty, yet peculiar, notions of honour and duty, are familiar to all who have mourned over the pages of Attila, or followed Leather-Stocking through the Prairie. In the endurance of pain they have been held up as savage heroes, manifesting the calm courage of the olden martyrs; whilst in the numerous campaigns where their services have been called in, their fidelity to the cause they espoused has never been known to fail. In fine, the North American Indian has been, with justice, regarded as the noblest of savage nations.

The party now in our country consists of Two Chiefs; Four Young Men, Warriors; Two Women; and a little Girl, ten years old; all dressed in the curious and picturesque costumes of their country.

Their appearance affords the visiter a correct impression of these people as they are to be met with in their native prairies. They are all full-bloods, with the exception of the Interpreter, who is a half-caste. The circumstance of so large a number of these interesting people, furnishing specimens of both sexes and all ages, all of them, too, belonging to a numerous and powerful tribe, which has ever been devotedly attached to the British Government, being together in England, is an occurrence which has not previously happened, nor is likely to occur again during the present generation.

Before going further into detail, it will be well to give

THE NAMES OF THE INDIANS.

AH-QUE-WE-ZANTZ, The Boy-Chief. Aged 75 years.

PA-TAU-NA-QUET-A-WEE-BE, The Driving Cloud.—War-Chief.
Aged 51 years.

WE-NISH-KA-WEE-BE, Flying Gull.

GISH-E-GOSH-E-GHEE, The Moonlight Night.

SAH-MA, Tobacco.

NOT-EEN-A-AUM, The Strong Wind. (The Interpreter.)

WOS-SEE-AB-E-NUAH-QUA, Woman. (The Squaw of the Moonlight Night.)

NIB-NAB-E-QUAH, Girl. (The Daughter of the Moonlight Night.)

NE-BET-NUAH-QUA, Woman. (The Squaw of Tobacco.)

The Ojibbeways belong to one of the most powerful tribes of North America, and have been uniform in their loyalty to the British throne. In the long war which the people of America waged against England, and which ultimately resulted in the declaration of the independence of the United States, this tribe fought in favour of the "old country;" whilst in the subsequent war of 1812, between the English and the Yankees, the Ojibbeways again did good service. By this attachment to the cause of England, they lost a large range of territory, which, upon the conclusion of the

struggle, was settled as being within the boundary of the States; but they still own large tracts of land, chiefly upon the banks of Lakes Huron and Superior, and there they live, not by cultivating the soil, but in their primitive mode—by fishing and hunting. They now number between twelve and fifteen thousand, but, year by year, their ranks become thinner as civilisation trenches upon their boundaries, and before many years the pure-blooded Indian will, no doubt, be extinct. This rapid decrease in their numbers is generally attributed to the use of spirituous liquors; but, although this has, no doubt, acted very fatally, yet another and more wholesale cause operates for their destruction. It is the course pursued by the United States, in gradually banishing them from their native tracts. The form of a treaty is gone through, the propositions of the Yankees being backed by a military force. They are compelled to sell; they dare not resist; the hunting-grounds of their forefathers are surrendered to the pale faces, and the red man is ousted, nominally by treaty, but really by the bayonet, to the west of the Mississippi. The scenes which ensue are heart-rending. Mr. Rankin relates an instance in which he witnessed between seven and eight hundred at Maumee, being thus driven from their lands to a place upwards of fifteen hundred miles away, where other Indians were congregated by the same system. Tribes naturally enemies, and speaking different languages, are thus thrown in contact. Fighting ensues, and those who escape slaughter are mowed down by the climate. This is the great secret of the rapid decrease of the North American aborigines. Those Indians who are fortunate enough to be within the British territories receive much better treatment, and the paternal consideration of our Government has led to a strong feeling of attachment on the part of these primitive people towards their "Great Mother," as the Queen of England is called by them. This friend-

ship has been fostered by annual presents from our Government of blankets, powder, shot, cooking utensils, and other useful articles.

The visit of the nine Ojibbeways to this country was induced by a desire, on the part of the Old Chief and his followers, to see the country of the English, and "~~to look upon the face~~" of their Great Mother." This feeling had been cherished for some time, when it was mentioned, during a hunting excursion, to Mr. Rankin, who is their companion and friend here. This gentleman is by birth a Canadian, and had been known to the Old Chief from the days of his infancy. Being brought up on the borders of the Ojibbeways' country, he early became attached to the wild life they led, learned their language, and, as he states, spent some of the happiest days of his life hunting and fishing with these rude and simple people. He has often, for weeks together, been out shooting with them, and when food has been scarce, he tells, with feelings of grateful recollection, how they kindly denied themselves their share of the scanty meal, that the pale face, who was less able to bear short rations, might not faint from hunger. With them he spent the summer months upon the shores of the lakes, and in winter, moved to their lodges—a habitation made or taken down in twenty minutes—more inland, from whence they started on their hunting the deer over the surface of the snow. On the outbreak of the late rebellion in Canada, Mr. Rankin immediately volunteered his services to the loyalists, and for six years had the honour of bearing her Majesty's commission. During this period he was in several actions; and at the battle of Windsor, on the 4th of December, 1838, took a stand of colours. His services had the compliment paid them of being mentioned by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords. But the stirring business of campaigning over, he found himself once more in the hunting-grounds of the Ojibbeways. In a conversation with the Indians, it

was suggested by them that a party should go "across the great salt lake," to the land of the pale faces, and Mr. Rankin entertaining the idea, some difficulty arose as to which individuals should be selected to form the party, since such was their confidence and curiosity that nearly the whole tribe were ready to volunteer upon the expedition. Eventually the individuals whose names have been given, reached Liverpool.

DESCRIPTION OF THE INDIANS.

THE OLD CHIEF — AH-QUE-WE-ZANTZ, whose Indian cognomen means *The Boy-Chief*, is nearly eighty years of age, and has been a remarkable man. He is the hereditary chief of the party, and has seen much service, fighting for this country. He recollects the declaration of the independence of the United States, and was present at the contests at River Rasen, Detroit, and acted a conspicuous part at the battle of the Thames. He was the friend and companion-in-arms of the most remarkable Indian warrior of whom we have any record, Tecumseh, who, by his extraordinary talents, succeeded in uniting six tribes to act against the Yankees. This extraordinary man, after performing many startling feats of valour, was killed, fighting with Ah-que-we-zantz, at the battle of the Thames. The old man, when he does make a speech, generally refers to this celebrated companion of his warlike adventures. He has seventeen children, and, speaking of his descendants, says, "We are now sixty-two, and I hope by the time I return there will be five or six more of us."

THE WAR-CHIEF — PA-TAU-NA-QUET-A-WEE-BE, whose name has been rendered *The Driving Cloud*, is a chieftain, not by hereditary right, but from services done in action. The war-chiefs are regarded with even more consideration than those who have their station by

right of birth. He is about fifty years old, has been in campaigns with the Old Chief, and has received many wounds in the service of this country, the scars of which he sometimes displays and speaks of. He has two wives, who are now in the back-woods of Canada.

WE-NISH-KA-WEE-BE, or *Flying Gull*, is an hereditary chief.

GISH-E-GOSH-E-GHEE, or *The Moonlight Night*, has suffered much from illness, which has at times prevented his presence at the public exhibitions; and, on such occasions, his wife, WOS-SEE-AB-E-NUAH-QUA, is always absent too, attending her sick husband. She is, like all Indian women, most patient and unremitting in her attentions to her husband, never murmuring however severe the drudgery she may have to perform.

SAH-MA, or *Tobacco*, is the Adonis of the party; fond of admiration, and with a great opinion of his own appearance. He is a very pleasant, happy-tempered fellow; very exemplary in his conduct, and husband of the youngest squaw—NE-BET-NUAH-QUA.

NOT-EEN-A-AUM, or *The Strong Wind*, is the Interpreter, and a half-blood, his father being a French Canadian, and his mother a squaw. His father, Cadot, for thirty years faithfully served the British Government as interpreter, and now lives upon a pension, awarded for long services, on the banks of the St. Clair. During the late rebellion *The Strong Wind* was a volunteer in the English ranks, and fought at the battle of Windsor. He speaks English and French, and has a perfect acquaintance with the language of the Indians, their feelings, habits, and customs. He sometimes joins them in their war-dances and sports.

NIB-NAB-E-QUAH, is the name of the little girl, daughter of Moonlight Night. Her parents have several other children, and one, the youngest, was brought by the mother three hundred miles on their way to the banks of the St. Clair, where a sister

persuaded her to leave the child behind. Since they have reached this country, the little girl, Nib-nab-e-quah, has received more presents than any other person of the party; and the mother bitterly regrets not having brought her other children, that they might have shared the kindness of the "pale faces."

With all the party, the kindness of their reception has been the subject of surprise and congratulation, and in all the speeches they make their gratitude is never lost sight of. The chief personages of the realm, including her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, and very many members of the nobility, have been numbered in the list of those who have given a warm greeting to these children of "the lake, the forest, and the prairie," whilst the many thousands who have visited them, have obtained as perfect a notion of this aboriginal race, as could have been gained by a journey of five thousand miles.

VISIT OF THE INDIANS TO HER MAJESTY.

It was in December last that, by her Majesty Queen Victoria's desire, they were conducted to Windsor Castle, where they were received into the presence of her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the royal household.

After his Royal Highness had shaken hands with the chiefs and warriors, the oldest chief advanced, and addressed her Majesty in the following words, as translated by their interpreter:—

"Great Mother—I have been very sorrowful since I left my home; but the Great Spirit has brought us safe over the great waters, and my heart will now be glad that we can see your face: we are now happy.

"These are all the words I have to say. My words are few, for I am not well to-day. The other chief will tell you what I intended to say."

The war-chief then rose, and, in a very energetic manner, made the following speech, which was immediately interpreted to her Majesty.

“ Great Mother—the Great Spirit has been kind to us, your children, in protecting us on our long journey here; and we are now happy that we are allowed to see your face. It makes our hearts glad to see the faces of so many Saganashes (English) in this country, and all wearing such pleasant looks. We think the people here must be very happy.

“ Mother—we have been often told that there was a great fire in this country; that its light shone across the great water: and we see now where it arises; and we believe that it shines from this great wigwam over all the world.

“ Mother—we have seen many strange things since we came to this country. We see that your wigwams are large; and the light that is in them is bright. Our wigwams are small, and our light is not strong. We are not rich, but yet we have plenty of food to eat.

“ Mother—myself and my friends here are your friends, your children. We have used our weapons against your enemies; and for many years we have received liberal presents from this country, which have made us happy and comfortable in our wigwams.

“ Mother—the chief who has just spoken and myself have fought and bled by the side of the greatest warrior who ever lived—Tecumseh.

“ Mother—our hearts are glad at what we have this day seen—that we have been allowed to see your face. And, when we get home, our words will be listened to in the council of our nation. This is all I have to say.”

After this, the war-chief took into his hand his drum, or tambour, on which he commenced beating and singing at the same time, which called his warriors to their feet; and they then performed in succession, with all their wild and startling effect, the Medicine Dance,

the Pipe Dance, and the War Dance, much to the apparent surprise, as well as amazement, of her Majesty : after which, through the Honourable Mr. Murray, Prince Albert "assured the chiefs of her Majesty's friendship for the Indians, and her desire that they may have a safe and pleasant journey home to their native land—to their families and friends."

The party afterwards partook of the refreshments prepared in an adjoining apartment, and returned in good cheer to London.

THEIR VISIT TO THE ARCHERY CLUB.

Amongst other visits, the Ojibbeway Indians paid one to the members of the St. George's Archery Club, at their ground near the Regent's Park, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen, partial to the pastime of archery, had assembled to meet them, as it was understood that these children of the prairie would exhibit their skill in shooting with the bow. The Ojibbeways were not prepared with their own bows and quivers, and appeared much surprised at the length of the English bows compared with the Indian bow, which is very short and stiff. Their mode of shooting is also different: the English archer, when aiming at the target, shoots at an elevation; while the Indian takes a direct aim at the object, as if firing with a rifle. They soon, however, made themselves acquainted with the power and use of the bows of the club; and the St. George's archers, in order to excite competition among their guests, the rude and wild denizens of the Indian forests, offered, as a premium for the best shots, a splendid gold and some silver medals. The Indians having taken their stations opposite the target, at a distance of sixty yards, were each provided with three arrows. To shew the extraordinary dexterity they possess with the bow, and their unerring aim, Sah-ma (Tobacco), at the first shot, drove an arrow through

the centre of the bull's-eye, and was subsequently awarded the gold medal, and Gish-e-gosh-e-ghee (the Moonlight Night) a silver one, as the second best shot. The party were also presented with a set of Chinese bells, a tenor drum, a tambourine, and a triangle. An elegant *déjeuner à la fourchette* had been prepared for the ladies and gentlemen, friends of the archers, to which the Indians were invited, and which they partook of with great *gout*: their knowledge of the *etiquette* of the table was surprising, and was a source of infinite amusement to the toxopholites and their guests. The healths of the Indians having been proposed and drunk, with the customary honours, the old chief, Ah-que-we-zants (the Boy-Chief), formerly a warrior, but now the civil chief, or legislative head, of the party, returned thanks in his own peculiar style, and in a strain similar to that in which he addressed her Majesty. Mistaking the archers for warriors, he said: "My eyes are bright with seeing so many braves of the Great Mother: my affections are revived: I look on the Englishmen as brothers, and shall tell my friends so on my return. My hair is grey, and this hand is weak, that formerly took the scalps of the enemies of the Great King. I shall tell the Great Spirit, when I return, what the Englishmen have done for me and my people." They joined in the first toast, "Queen Victoria," with all the loyalty of British subjects—which they are; for most useful allies did they prove themselves during the Canadian outbreak, and subsequently. The party then made their *congé*, and departed.

THEIR VISIT TO THE THAMES TUNNEL.

The "Pictorial Times" of March the 17th says—"Yesterday a curious display took place at the Thames Tunnel, which afforded a striking instance of the meeting of extremes—it was a procession of aboriginal men through a work which attests the highest grade of civi-

lisation—a group of savages gazing with wonder upon the latest triumph of engineering skill. About noon, an omnibus drove up to the entrance of the Tunnel laden with the Red Men of the West, now sojourning for a time amongst us—the Ojibbeway Indians. The appearance of feathered heads, painted faces, bear-skin garments, and mocassined legs, in the classic locality of 'Wapping Old Stairs,' created a general hubbub. Shops were deserted, tools and needles were thrown down, and a general rush attested that curiosity was in nowise wanting amongst the amphibious denizens of this aquatic neighbourhood. From the statement of the gentleman who accompanied them, Mr. Rankin, it appears that these Canadian subjects of Queen Victoria had long expressed a strong wish to see this effort of the skill of the 'pale faces'—a desire he was anxious to satisfy. The Indians passed into the shaft, and looked curiously over the balustrade of the winding stair. They were five in number, with two squaws and a child. Upon reaching the level of the double archway, which forms a safe path across but beneath the river, their expressions of surprise were strikingly characteristic—guttural 'ugh! ughs!' attesting their satisfaction. They evidently regarded it as more wonderful than many of the more showy and glittering spectacles which their visit to the 'old country' has offered for their admiration. With stately tread they marched through the arched avenue, the crowd pressing almost rudely upon them. When half-way through they halted at a stall, where bright medallions, bearing the likeness of Mr. Brunel, were offered for sale, when the owner, Mr. Griffin, liberally gave each of these novel visitors specimens of the showy memorials. As the Old Chief of the party looked at the portrait of the engineer, the picture suggested the wide difference between man in the savage and in the civilised states. When the party reached the Surrey side, they proceeded a short way up

the staircase, and one of the 'braves' having received a duplicate medal, took it into his head to acknowledge the boisterous attention of the crowd below by throwing down in the midst the superfluous memento. A scramble ensued, which so much amused the whole party, that the first Indian's example was followed by all; and Mr. Griffin coming forward with a copious supply of the shiny pieces of metal, a metallic shower ensued, which emulated the one told of in Danae's story. The humorous scene which then took place defies description. The scrambling among the dense crowd, some fifty or sixty of whom were seen in every variety of attitude, from the tiptoe of expectative position to the various phases of the tumble and somerset, the shouting and hurraing, with some attempts at imitation of the cries of delight of the savages, formed an animated tableau, in which it would be difficult to distinguish who were most delighted, the Indians, the crowd, or the more respectable portion of the spectators, including the ladies, several of whom (not the least pretty) pressed forward and shook hands very cordially with the Red-skins."

HABITS OF THE OJIBBEWAYS.—CONDITION OF THE INDIAN WOMEN.

The manner of living adoped by the Ojibbeways in this country, is as like their native modes as circumstances will admit. They all live in one house, sitting, eating, and lying upon the floor. Chairs and tables are irksome rather than otherwise, and they only partially avail themselves of the use of knives and forks. The women are the patient and industrious companions of their husbands. They are seldom idle, employing themselves in making clothes for their families and themselves. They are very fond of beads for the purposes of ornament, and the squaws sit for hours together busily embroidering the sides and hems of their gowns.

They also have circular decorations of beads over each breast, and in various other ways employ these small glass ornaments in the embellishment of their attire. When the present party was forming in Canada, and Mr. Rankin proposed that two squaws should be selected, the chiefs said, "Why take women? Nobody looks at women." They imagined, from the condition of females in their own land, that Europeans regarded women as creatures of inferior importance to men. Indeed, nothing astonished the Indians more than the consideration shown their squaws in this country. In their own land they are mere drudges, yet, although they have a desponding, timid look, they are in reality contented and happy. They are also virtuous and modest, and strong in their affection for their husbands and children. The tartan plaid given to them by the Queen is a great source of gratification to them, and they are very fond of wearing it before the public. But, although the Ojibbeways allow themselves more than one wife, and pay them none of those "delicate attentions" so highly prized in civilised society, the husbands in reality act towards their squaws with real, steady, consistent kindness. The Old Chief has two wives, and they labour equally as hard as the squaws of the young men of the tribe. This arises from the strong and general feeling in every Indian breast *against hiring themselves to work for another. There is no servitude amongst them.* The chief is head of the party, by hereditary descent or by general opinion for his valour in war, but the rest of the tribe are his warriors and his children, *not his servants.* Hence the wives of the chieftains are compelled to wait upon their families in exactly the same manner as the squaw of the youngest warrior. The men go out to the chase, and having secured a deer or some fish, they throw it down at the door of the lodge and conceive their labour over. They do no more. The woman has to skin the deer

and cut it up, and cook it, and wait upon the hunter. She makes his clothes, and the clothes for their children. She chops wood and draws water; in fine, does all but provide the food. Indeed, the woman would despise her husband if he interfered with such domestic and inferior employments. The man does nothing but smoke and enjoy himself till the food is gone—he does not go away until the last meal is devoured. They have no prudence, no foresight, and never go forth in search of more whilst a morsel remains in the lodge. Hence they are liable to privations, which ordinary constitutions could not bear up against; and it is, indeed, in this power of sustaining themselves without food that they alone show a superiority over the white man, since their bodily strength is certainly not superior. An European can beat them at hard work. If, when they start again upon the chase, they chance to be unsuccessful and return without food, they are at once destitute, and continue in this condition frequently for days. When they do at length kill a deer, they again enjoy themselves until all is gone, and thus go on through their lives, alternating between plenty and privation.

The Young Child cannot fail to be noticed as an interesting member of the party, and her presence suggests a few words as to the Indian mode of nursing. Soon after the child is born, a cradle is made for it, from a flat piece of bark from a tree. To this it is lashed, in a standing position, a swathe going round and round body and cradle. A thong passes through the top of the board, by which the mother slings the child behind her, with its face looking, not towards her shoulders, but from her,—the mother being back to back with the child, and the thong slinging the infant to her head. In this way the mother goes about on her journeys or her work; and when busy in the lodges *hangs up her child to the branch of a tree*, high above danger. There it swings, and cries itself to sleep, for no Indian regards

the first cries of a child. They pay no attention to it, and by the time the young creature is a few months old it cries no more—it has been taught the uselessness of such exhibitions of feeling, and never recurs to them in after years; yet the young Indian child is as happy as the “coddled baby” of civilised life. Perhaps this early custom of the parents has some influence in giving the race that fortitude in the endurance of suffering, which has so often displayed itself in acts of decided heroism.

The love of the mothers for their offspring is very great, and Mr. Rankin relates one instance which came within his own knowledge, of a squaw who lost, by death, her only child. She made no noisy demonstration of grief, but formed a resolution to follow it to the land of spirits. No persuasion, no suffering, could change her purpose. She refused all sustenance, and self-starvation slowly released the spirit of the parent to seek, in another world, that of her departed child.

The Indians very seldom quarrel either with their squaws, or with one another. They have now been living many months as one family, yet never has the least ill-feeling prevailed, nor one angry look been seen. No people can appear more happy than they have done, and no disappointments appear to ruffle their evenness of temper. Their feeling of gratitude is very strong for any kindness rendered them, and an instance is sometimes mentioned by Mr. Rankin. Next door to their abode in London is living an old English gentleman, named Saunders, who on several occasions invited them to his house, and sought means of amusing and making them happy. They were not unmindful of this, and formed a strong friendship for him. On a late occasion, after a repast, the Old Chief was noticed to be in close conversation with his followers, and at length made an harangue after his usual mode, and to this effect:—He had a favour to ask. His brother (Mr. Saunders) had shown great kindness to his people. They loved him, and

when they were again in their own land it would be pleasant to see him still. They wished to have his face (meaning a portrait). They would then be able to show to their tribe the man who had been a father to them! The old gentleman kindly complied with the request, and the Ojibbeways, at their own expense, procured a Daguerreotype likeness, which will, doubtless, for many years hereafter, be handed down as a heirloom in the forests of the far West.

THE DANCES.

The dances are very curious, and include the War Dance, the Medicine Dance, and the Pipe Dance.

These are given to strange, yet not unmusical chaunts, mingled with a sort of screeching shout. As the dances go on they become more and more energetic, then impetuous, until at last they are perfectly horrific. The yells, the war-whoop (which is the screech, with the fingers moved over the mouth), the stamping, the rude music of the drum, the jingling of the small bells with which they cluster themselves, makes up altogether a sight and sound as strange, wild, and savage as the dearest lover of the terrible could desire.

The War Dance is in several parts, during which they change their attire; appearing, during the latter portion of it, in their "war paint," with the body half-naked. The Ojibbeway flag is a kind of staff, decorated with feathers. It forms the sign of peace, as opposed to the spear—decked with eagles' feathers, the sign of war.

In their ball game they display a degree of dexterity which would put our best racket-players to the blush. This sport is seen to disadvantage in a room; its proper place being a prairie, with fifty or sixty young warriors engaged in it.

The often-mentioned Calumet, or Pipe of Peace, is

also curious. It is of Indian make, and formed of a very hard, heavy stone. It holds but a very small quantity of tobacco.

[The WRITER of the foregoing pages thinks he cannot do better than append to his description of the Ojibbeway Indians the following narrative. It was sent to him from Bath, where the writer of it—a retired officer—now lives. Upon perusing it, the defects which here and there mark the style were not unnoticed; but the general air of truthfulness which pervades the narrative, determined him not to change a life. The reader will not regret this publication of the narrative in full, since it gives so simple, yet so striking an illustration of slavery in America, and at the same time affords another most interesting episode to be added to the many which have before been recorded in the pages of the Romance of Real Life]

AN ADVENTURE IN CANADA.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

THE following narrative relates, in his own words, with a few verbal alterations, the adventures of a young British officer, of the Upper Canadian Incorporated Militia, in 1837.

His name is ARTHUR RANKIN, the same who is now in this country with a party of Ojibbeway Indians. He had obtained a short furlough from his station, New Windsor, in Upper Canada, for the purpose of visiting his mother, in Toronto. He was buoyant with the first maturity of early manhood; he detested the slave system of the United States, which he had explored. His character was deliberate and decided. His habitual temper was generous and mild.

Bathwick Lodge, Bath.

C. STUART.

“ On the 10th of August, 1837, at six o'clock in the evening, Arthur Rankin, a young officer, in the Incorporated Canadian Militia, embarked on board of the steamer James Munro, at Toledo, in the state of Ohio, bound for Buffalo. Shortly after leaving the wharf, he observed a black man standing on the upper deck with his hands tied behind his back, and apparently in the custody of two persons calling themselves constables. On inquiring from one of them why the man was thus tied, he was informed that the negro was a slave who had escaped from his master in Kentucky, and had taken refuge in Canada upwards of twelve months before, but as he was a smart young ‘nigger,’ and a good mechanic, his master had offered a large reward for his recovery. In view of this,’ continued the informer, ‘ I and my friend have

succeeded in tracing him to his place of residence, at Windsor, in Upper Canada, opposite Detroit, where we kidnapped him last night, and are now taking him back to Kentucky. We intend,' added he, 'to land at Cleveland, and to proceed from thence to the south by the canal.'

"Lieutenant Rankin was thoroughly disgusted with the ruffian's statement and manner (for he spoke in a tone of triumph), and remonstrated with him on his cruelty in keeping his prisoner's hands tied, when there was no longer a possibility of his escaping—the steamer being by this time in the open lake, and several miles from land; but he laughed the young officer to scorn, and guessed that he must be an Abolitionist, adding that it only served the nigger right, for he had no business to run away. Rankin saw that remonstrance was vain, and leaving him, walked up and down the deck, in company with an American gentleman with whom he was slightly acquainted, and to whom he expressed his feelings very freely, telling him, that he was determined to attempt the rescue of the slave, even if it should cost him his life in doing so. The American kindly tried to dissuade him from his purpose, declaring that it would be perfect madness to think of such a thing: that when at Cleveland, he would be upwards of one hundred and twenty miles from the nearest part of Canada, surrounded by enemies, with nobody to assist him; and that he would certainly be murdered, as no one would dare to offer him shelter or protection. But he had made up his mind, and was not to be deterred, for he felt, that if he did lose his life, it would be in a good cause; and that it would be as easy for the Almighty to rescue by means of one man, as by a hundred; and that without his blessing it never could be done. He retired to bed at a late hour, but not to sleep, for his mind was busy all night, in devising how to rescue the slave. He rose early in the morning, and when he went on deck, he heard with delight, that the boat had touched at a small village in the night, for the purpose of taking in wood, and that the slave had there effected his escape; but long and fruitless search was made, until at length a reward of about 2*l.*, offered by his kidnappers, tempted one of the crew to betray the poor fugitive, who, half-smothered, and shuddering, and aghast, was dragged out of his hiding-place, amidst the taunts and insults of almost every one on board,—and there must have been upwards of two hundred passengers beside the crew. A more miserable object has probably never been seen; his face, which was naturally jet black, turned ashy pale, and he looked the picture of despair; indeed, his appearance had such an effect upon Lieutenant Rankin, that, losing all control of his feelings, he upbraided the persecutors of the slave in most unmea-

sured terms, and was supported in his censures by three other passengers; one of them an English gentleman, and the others two Americans. At this time the party was standing near the bow of the boat on the upper deck, and, as one of the kidnapper-constables was in the act of again tying the slave's hands, which it appeared had been loosened during the night, the young officer interfered, with the view of trying to prevent his doing so. While thus engaged, the other constable, a tall Kentuckian, drew a dirk and threatened to stab him to the heart if he persisted in interfering with them, in what *he* called the discharge of their duty; accompanying his threats with the most horrible oaths and abuse; but Rankin saw the description of man he had to deal with, and assured the Kentuckian, that if he did not immediately sheath his dirk, he would knock him overboard, beneath the wheels of the steamer. The ruffian was cowed, and immediately sheathed his weapon; so true is it, that the most unfeeling tyrants are generally the greatest cowards. They were now within sight of Cleveland, and Rankin felt even more firmly resolved to attempt the rescue, although he had as yet formed no plan of procedure. However, he consulted with the Englishman and the two Americans before-mentioned, and they promised to assist him. He also ascertained, that the slave had been concealed the night before by two coloured men belonging to the crew. He immediately went in search of them, and informed them of his intention; they at first seemed incredulous; but, on his assuring them that he was in earnest, and that his mind was made up, they seemed overcome with joy,—one of them actually shed tears; and they both said they would assist him to the utmost, even if they died for it.

“Lieutenant Rankin then asked if either of them could furnish him with a pair of pistols, and found that they could not; but one of them told him that as soon as the boat touched the wharf, he could get a pair from a friend of his who kept a barber's shop near the landing-place. The rescuing force, thus pledged, amounted to no less than six, viz., one Englishman, two white Americans, two black Americans, and the young Canadian himself. He was so much emboldened by this augmentation that, on returning to the deck, he could not forbear telling the Kentuckians that they were a couple of cowardly villains; and although they might think they had performed a great feat, by kidnapping an unfortunate *helpless slave* in the dead of night from Her Majesty's dominions, he was determined they should never enjoy the reward of their villainy; for he would take the slave back, in spite of them, and of the whole population of Cleveland. They were by this time within ten miles of Cleveland, and Rankin went down in the cabin and made a hearty breakfast, knowing it

was quite uncertain how long it would be before he should get his next meal. On again coming on deck he found they were entering the harbour, and not more than half a mile from where they were to land: so he thought it time to collect his forces, which he had no difficulty in doing. Their plan of attack was as follows. Immediately on the boat touching the wharf, the black hand was to spring on shore, and run to his friend's for the pistols, and get him also to come to aid. As soon as the boat was secured, the party was to land in a body, and directly the slave was brought on shore, Rankin was to cut the cord which bound his hands, and rush with him through the crowd; the others offering every impediment in their power to those who might be disposed to pursue. Accordingly, as the steamer was coming alongside of a schooner, and before she had reached the wharf, the black man jumped on board the schooner, and thus got on shore in time to have both his friend and the pistols on the wharf by the time the party landed. Rankin immediately seized the pistols and prepared for action, having first seen that they were properly primed and loaded. They then quietly awaited the approach of the enemy, and it was not till the greater part of the passengers had landed that the slave and his captors made their appearance. As soon as they had landed, the Lieutenant, as previously arranged, advanced with a knife in his hand, for the purpose of cutting the cord which bound the slave's hands, but one of the constables seeing his object seized him by the arm, and drawing a small dagger from his bosom, threatened him with instant death if he dared to persist in his object; but Rankin was more than a match for him, and producing one of his pocket-pistols, cocked it, seizing him by the collar, presented it at his head, and declared he would blow his brains out, if he did not immediately drop his dirk; this he *accordingly* did without further hesitation, but at the same time called upon his friend to run to a magistrate for a warrant to arrest him. As his companion was in the act of doing so, Rankin gave him a blow under the chin which knocked him over, and as one of the party had in the meantime picked up the dirk, and cut the prisoner loose, while the others kept the crowd from pressing too closely upon them, Rankin saw there was no time to be lost, and, with a cocked pistol in each hand, rushed through the crowd, threatening to shoot any one who dared to interfere with them. They then proceeded, as hard as they could run, closely followed by their friends, and a motley crowd of men, women, and children some encouraging and others hooting, to an adjoining wharf, where a steamer, bound for Detroit, the "Daniel Webster," was there, taking in wood; but the people on board, having seen all that had occurred, refused to allow the fugitives to come on board. They

were afraid of consequences. Rankin was then compelled to take possession of a small boat, belonging to a schooner lying at the same wharf, and jumping into it, followed by the Englishman, the slave, and their friend the barber, they pulled directly across the river, in the midst of the threats of the people on board of the schooner, to shoot them if they did not return.

“ Having landed in Ohio city, a small town belonging to the United States, directly opposite to Cleveland, they made for the woods as fast as they could, their friend the Englishman going about a quarter of a mile, and then returned. The fugitives continued to run till they got clear of the town, when they slackened their pace, and consulted each other as to what was best to be done next; but as they all agreed that they had no time to lose, they again took to their heels, and made for the woods as fast as they could; nor did they again stop, until, having crossed a deep ravine and ascended the opposite bank, they obtained a full view of the road leading from Cleveland, without danger of being seen. There they sat down and rested; and, after a little consultation, it was agreed that they should remain where they were till the evening, when the barber, who had accompanied them thus far, and who now returned to Cleveland, should come to them with food, and advice as to the best course to be next adopted. After he had left them, the negro was posted in such a manner as gave him a full view of the road for some distance, and telling him to keep a bright look-out, and give notice the moment he saw anybody approaching, Rankin threw himself down under the shade of a tree, and then perceived, for the first time, that, in the scuffle at Cleveland, he had dislocated his right thumb, which was now very painful, and greatly swollen. After having been here about twenty minutes, they observed a man dressed in black, walking at a very rapid rate towards them, but it did not give them much alarm, as he was quite alone, and apparently unarmed: however, as he drew near, they were surprised to see him strike off the road into the woods, and come straight towards them; but as there was nothing formidable in his looks, they quietly awaited his approach, and even advanced to meet him: he proved, as was hoped from his appearance, to be a friend, and had been directed to the spot where the fugitives were concealed by the barber, whom he had met at the entrance to the town. He came to offer them every assistance in his power, and very generously told Rankin that his purse was at their service; but he advised them strongly not to remain any longer where they were, but to plunge deeper into the forest, telling them that there was a small village about twenty miles further to the west, at a place called Black River, where they would be able to get on board of a steamer, and proceed to

Detroit: he then shook them cordially by the hand, and, wishing them God speed, returned to the town, while they struck into the midst of the wilderness, and continued to march in what they supposed to be a westerly direction for several hours, when they suddenly came upon an opening in the woods, which proved to be a settlement: when within five hundred yards of one of the houses, they halted, and, after concealing the negro in a thicket, Rankin walked up to the house—a small log building—for the purpose of making inquiries, and of obtaining useful information, if possible. On entering, he found it occupied by an old man and two women. He asked one of them for a drink of water, which was given in a very surly manner; but he was not easily discouraged, and, after thanking them for the water, he very coolly took a chair, and sitting down without waiting for an invitation, attempted to enter into conversation with the old man; but he found it no easy matter to do so, as he gave very short answers, and began to put several questions which were rather embarrassing; so he wished them good morning, and took his departure: but, as he was turning the corner of the house (the windows being open), he heard the old man remark, 'I guess that ere chap aint after no good—he aint no better than he should be, I calculate—if it was n't for my sore foot, I guess I would follow him, and see what he is about;' to which one of the women replied, she 'dare say he had some nigger hid in the bush:' this remark Rankin supposed was called forth by his having asked the old man whether he was an Abolitionist. He, however, got the drink of cold water, which refreshed him very much, ascertained that it was two o'clock, that the road beside which the house was built was the main road leading from Cleveland to Black River, and that it was more or less settled all the way.

"On returning to the place where the negro was concealed, he found him anxiously looking out for him; and not thinking it safe to remain so near the clearing, they again struck into the woods, and continued to walk for a couple of hours, as nearly as they could guess, in a westerly direction, taking care always to keep out of the range of the settlements, till they came to a deep ravine, with a beautiful little stream winding through it. They descended and refreshed themselves with a drink of delightfully cold water, after which they climbed up the opposite bank and lay down in the shade of the surrounding trees. They had several times, within the last hour, heard shots in different directions around them, but supposed them to proceed from sportsmen, and, as they were at a considerable distance, took very little notice of them, particularly as they had seen several flocks of pigeons during the day; but after having remained here about twenty

minutes, they were alarmed at hearing the shots repeated much nearer and more frequently, as if closing upon them. Still Rankin would not have suspected anything, had it not been for the slave, who now seemed perfectly terrified, and declared he was convinced it was an armed party in pursuit of them: there was now but one course left, which was to proceed as fast as they could in the only direction where they had not heard shots; this they did, and, after walking about a couple of miles, came to a clearing. Rankin ventured out first, and after looking carefully about him, and seeing nobody, he beckoned the slave to follow, and struck boldly through a field which led them to the high road; this they crossed, and after going through a field of Indian corn, which providentially was high enough to conceal them from view, they passed within three hundred yards of a brick house, and continued on a short distance further, till they again came to the woods; but after walking a short distance, they perceived by the clear appearance through the trees, that they were drawing near the lake, and in a few minutes they arrived at its banks, which were very high and steep, and, from where they stood, commanded a full view of the town of Cleveland, which, to their great mortification, did not appear to be more than four or five miles distant. From hence they proceeded slowly along the banks till they came to a deserted old mill, where they rested themselves a short time, and then continued on a short distance further, when they came upon a large corn field, in the midst of which was a log hut; and as they saw some black children playing about the door, they thought they might venture to show themselves. As they approached, they saw a black man at work at a short distance from the house; they went up to him, and asked him if he could get them something to eat and drink, as they were by this time both very tired, and almost faint with hunger and thirst; but he was unable to supply them, as he said he was only a hired man, and his master (another coloured man) was not at home, and the door was locked. Rankin then asked him if there were any Abolitionists in the neighbourhood, and was told that there was a person of that character, who kept a public-house on the main road, about two miles from where they were; and, on being promised a reward, he consented to guide them to this place after he had finished his day's work. It was now past six o'clock, and after waiting in the woods a short distance off for nearly an hour, their guide made his appearance, and said he was ready to show them the way.

“ On arriving within a short distance of the house, the young officer sent his guide forward to ask the landlord to come and meet him. After some hesitation the landlord very kindly did so,

and they then walked forward, and were shown into a small room adjoining the bar, and separated from it only by a thin board partition, and without any means of fastening the door inside. They had scarcely been there fifteen minutes, when a wagon drove up to the door, and two men with rifles in their hands alighted from it, and walked into the bar-room, and called for a glass of grog. Rankin now thought his race was run: the poor negro, overcome with fatigue, had thrown himself on the floor, and was already sound asleep, with his head under the table. Almost the first question put by the landlord to these persons was, 'Well, have you seen or heard anything of them?' to which they replied in the negative; but said it would be impossible for them to escape, as they had been already at Black River, and had left a description of them at that place, as well as at all the public-houses along the road; and beside, there had been a party of riflemen in pursuit of them through the woods all day, and it was quite probable they would find them safe in jail at Cleveland. One of them remarked, he cared very little about the nigger, but he would give a thousand dollars for a good shot at the Spaniard (meaning Rankin). This conversation, it may be supposed, intermingled as it was with the most frightful oaths, and as distinctly audible as if he had been in the same room, was not of the most agreeable nature to Rankin, particularly as he would have to contend with them alone, for he dared not arouse the negro for fear of attracting their attention by making the least noise; however, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and pulling out both his pistols, determined to have the first shot if they should attack him, thinking that if he could only floor one of them, he would be a match for the other; but, after a good deal more swearing, and threats of what they would do, if they could only get hold of the fugitive, they again got into their wagon and drove off.

"As soon as they had gone, the landlord came into the room, and congratulated them on their narrow escape, and told them the two men who had just gone had passed at ten o'clock that morning in pursuit of them; and that four other men, armed with rifles, had likewise been at his house during the day in search of them; but he assured them that they need be under no apprehension, as he would not betray them, and they would be perfectly safe in his house. Supper, which had been previously ordered, was now brought in, and they made a most hearty meal, having eaten nothing from eight o'clock in the morning till then (nine at night). After having finished their supper, they were conducted by the host up stairs, into a garret, where beds had been prepared for them. Rankin then asked him for his advice, as to what was

to be done next, and what he thought would be the best means for their escape. The landlord was of opinion, that they had better remain concealed in his house for two or three days, till the pursuit would be in some measure abandoned; "But," said he, "at all events, I am going to Cleveland in the morning, and when I return I will be better able to advise you;" and, wishing them good night, he left them. They now turned in, and in a few minutes were both sound asleep; nor did Rankin awake till he was called by his host in the morning to come down to breakfast, where he was introduced to the family. The wife, who was an agreeable and kind old woman, asked the young officer a number of questions, such as, how old he was, whether he had a mother, &c.; and remarked, how miserable she would be if she knew how he was then situated. After breakfast, the good man started for Cleveland (which was only seven miles distant), and assured them he would be back by four in the afternoon. In the meantime Rankin again returned to the garret, and throwing himself down on the bed, thus passed the day till the appointed hour for the host's return; but five, six, and seven o'clock passed without any sign of him, and it was not till shortly after seven that he arrived. Rankin could not help feeling uneasy at his long stay, particularly as he could distinctly hear, upon his entering the house, that there were other people with him. He now began to fear that they had been betrayed, and casting his eyes about the room, he saw an old axe lying on the floor. With this he armed the slave, and posted him at the head of the stairs, with orders, should they be attacked, to strike backwards the first man who should attempt to force his way up stairs; and it was nearly half an hour afterwards before the host made his appearance at the foot of the stairs, with a candle in his hand, during which time their feelings can be better imagined than described. However, seeing he was alone, they did not offer any resistance to his coming up. He told them he had been unavoidably detained longer than he expected; that he had heard a great deal of talk about them, and that printed descriptions of them, offering 500 dollars reward for their apprehension, were posted up all about the town, and concluded by proposing to them the following mode of escape. He said he had a cousin, a near neighbour of his, who, for a certain sum, would undertake to drive them that night to a small village, called Fairport, thirty-five miles east of Cleveland, and that they would arrive there early in the morning, in time for a steamer which would leave that place at eight o'clock for Buffalo. This struck Rankin as being so good a plan, that he adopted it without hesitation (particularly as he thought it probable there would be no look-out for them in that direction, because they were known to have fled to the west-

ward), and in another half-hour they were on the road, Rankin on a seat with the old farmer, and the slave in the bottom of the wagon, covered with straw. Providentially it was very dark, and rained steadily all night, and thus they passed through the town of Cleveland at eleven o'clock, without attracting any notice, their appearance being that of a couple of farmers jogging home from market. They arrived safely at Fairport at seven in the morning, and embarked on board the steamer, "General Porter," bound for Buffalo, where they arrived, without any accident, before sunrise on the following morning. They crossed the river at Black Rock in a small boat, and arrived at Fort Erie, in Canada, before anybody was up. Rankin left the slave there, and returned to Buffalo for his baggage; one of his friends on board of the "James Munro," having promised to see it safely deposited there for him, He found it readily, and going into the hotel to breakfast, was recognised by some of his fellow-passengers to Cleveland. They congratulated him cordially on his safety; assured him he was under no danger from them, but they told him that a large reward was advertised for his apprehension, and urged him to proceed to Canada immediately. He returned to Fort Erie for the fugitive, re-crossed the river to Black Rock with him, proceeded by the railroad to Lewistown, and, taking the Canadian steamer, was safe in his mother's arms in the evening in Toronto."

Travelling through the northern part of Ohio, in 1841, I seized the opportunity of visiting the scene of the above adventure. The name of Arthur Rankin's generous host is Kidney. I purposely lodged a night at his house, and heard from his own lips his share of the adventure. He showed me the rooms which Arthur Rankin and the poor fugitive had occupied. His wife appeared to be a feeling Christian woman, and his family serious and well-ordered. He himself was above disguise, and gave me full leave to record his name. Arthur Rankin is my eldest sister's youngest son. I have known him from his infancy; his character is well depicted by the above adventure—generous, daring, and determined—deliberate, yet unshrinking—an ardent lover of truth, of justice, and of lawful liberty—utterly detesting falsehood and oppression, yet, when not fired by wrong to resist or correct it, dutiful, affectionate, and mild.

C. STUART.

Bathwick Hill, Bath, March 25, 1844.