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H. Beaugrand

Fleur Sauvage

in

Canadian Folk Lore

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

JEANNE LA FILEUSE—Episode de l'Emigration Franco-Canadienne aux Etats-Unis—Première édition 1878—Deuxième édition—Montréal, 1888.

LE VIEUX MONTREAL, 1611-1803—Album historique, chronologique et topographique de la ville de Montréal depuis sa fondation —13 planches en couleurs—Dessins de P. L. Morin—Montréal, 1884.

MÉLANGES—Trois Conférences—Montréal, 1888.

LETTRES DE VOYAGE—France—Italie—Sicile—Malte —Tunisie—Algérie—Espagne—Montréal, 1889.

SIX MOIS DANS LES MONTAGNES ROCHEUSES—*Colorado—Utah — Nouveau-Mexique*—Edition illustrée Montréal, 1890.

LA CHASSE-GALERIE ET AUTRES LEGENDES—Montréal, 1900—*Edition de Luxe*, en Français.

LA CHASSE-GALERIE AND OTHER TALES—Montreal 1900—*Edition de Luxe*, en Anglais.

H. BEAUGRAND

NEW STUDIES
OF
CANADIAN FOLK LORE

E. M. RENOUF
Publisher
MONTREAL

Contents.

Illustrations.

Foreword

Mr. Beaugrand has taken from the celebrated French tale-writer, Charles Nodier, the beautiful epigraph which he has placed upon this, his new volume of Canadian Folk Lore : "Let us hasten to relate the tales of the people before they are forgotten." None was ever more saturated with the spirit of Nodier's words than Honoré Beaugrand. He more vividly than any other writer has preserved the exact atmosphere of the disappearing legends of French Canada.

It would be superfluous for this preface to assume to introduce Mr. Beaugrand.

His career in the world of letters in Canada, in France and in the United States is too well known to call for anything more than a passing notice. His first novel was issued in 1878, and his labors on the daily press and in the Canadian, American, and French magazines and reviews constitute a continuous series of articles on a wide range of topics, from the legendary lore of his native country to the more serious themes of political economy. His maps of old Montreal—*Le Vieux Montréal*—published in 1884, form a precious contribution to the history of the city, over which he presided, as mayor, for two terms of office, to the satisfaction of everybody, during a difficult period. His letters of travel in Europe, the United States, Mexico, Japan, China, India

and the northern part of Africa were perused with interest by a large circle of readers. But his researches in Canadian Folk Lore form, after all, the most delightful and characteristic product of his pen. From infancy he has been thoroughly familiar with all the quaint legends and superstitions of the Province of Quebec, and he relates the stories that he has heard at the firesides of his native village, the charming country side of Lanoraie, retaining, with inborn genius and love of his subject, their savoury simplicity and picturesque grouping. *La Chasse-Galerie* and *The Were-Wolves*, first published in the *Century Magazine* of New York, *La quête de l'Enfant Jésus*, *La bête à grand'queue* are typical legends of popular superstition. *Macloune* is an idyl of misfortune and pathos, the simplicity and originality of which, its surpassing sweetness and melancholy, strike deep in the sympathetic heart and deserve a place in the world's literature. It has been compared by a well-known Parisian critic to the tender pages of Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*. His researches on *Indian Picture and Symbol Writing* denote both patient and intelligent developments on a subject removed from the beaten paths of popular study.

The illustrations which go so far to illuminate the text are worthy of more than passing notice for the reader who is at all familiar with

the inhabitants of *La Nouvelle France*. It is safe to say that no such close transcripts of French Canadian life were ever drawn as the scenes by Julien and Barré. *The Legend of the North Pacific* is a dissertation on the origin of the Aborigines of North America. The volume forms the most imporant addition ever issued and perhaps that may ever be issued, to the history of Canadian Folk Lore. It may not be considered out of place to draw the attention of the reader to the work of the printer, the binder and engraver. Montreal has every reason to be proud of such meritorious efforts in the direction of *editions de luxe*.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Chateauclair, Westmount.

Montreal, Otocber 20, 1904.


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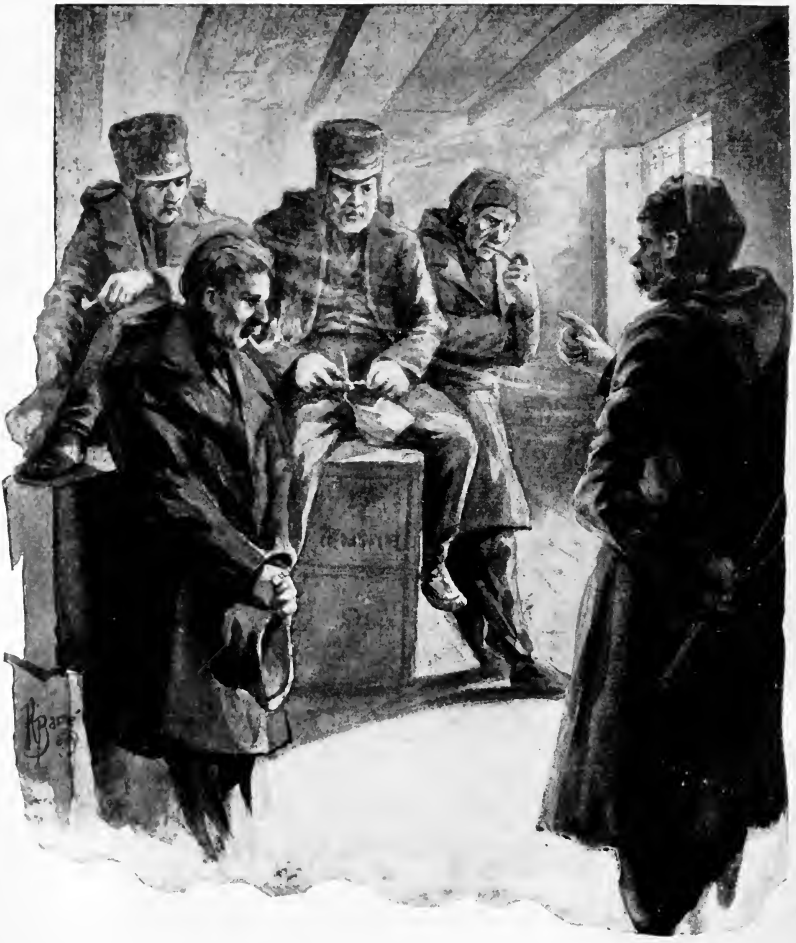

Telling Goblin Stories.

The Goblin Lore of French Canada

Hâtons-nous de raconter les histoires du peuple avant qu'il ne les oublie.

CHARLES NODIER

THE LORE of the Werwolves has been the subject of a study published some years ago by the writer, and the Goblin Lore is among the most popular and the best known among the Canadian population of French origin. Some typical drawings from nature have been secured by the artist and accompany the following sketch. The readers who are familiar with peasant life in the Province of Quebec can testify to their picturesque accuracy.

It is evident that the Goblin Lore of Canada was imported from France, and that very few changes have even taken place in the primitive form,

except, perhaps, in things connected with the difference in climatic or geological surroundings. The French etymology of the world itself is rather obscure, while some lexicologists even pretend that its origin is unknown. The *Dictionnaire de L'Académie Française* makes the word come from the old Norman lutine, which means a ghost, a white lady, or from the Walloon luton or nuton. The most ancient form in French is luiton. Frisch ascribes to it a German origin, and makes it come from laut, sound, noise, while Grimm gives it a Latin derivation, and says it might possibly come from lutus, morning. Grandmadge takes it from the Saxon lytel, which has formed the modern English little. There seems to be something serious in this last etymology, inasmuch as the Goblin lore is of Saxon origin, and particularly as the most distinguishing characteristic of the lutin is its diminutive size. Be that as it may, authors seem to be divided on the origin of the word, but all agree that the superstition obtains, under different

The Village Doctor.

Two well-to-do Habitants.

forms, in all countries of Europe, of Scandinavian, Saxon, Celtic and Latin traditions. In the French-speaking parishes of the Province of Quebec the lutins are considered as mischievous, fun-loving little spirits, which may be protecting or annoying household gods or demons, according to the treatment that they receive from the inmates of the house where they have chosen to dwell. It generally takes the form of a domestic pet, such as a dog, a cat, a bird, a rabbit, or even a reptile of the inoffensive species, or, again, rats and mice that have learned to become familiar with the members of the household.

Black cats always had a rather suspicious reputation as associates of sorceresses and witches, but it is singular that among our peasants they are regarded as protecting goblins, and that no one would think of parting with them, chasing them away or ill-treating them in any manner. Lucky is the man whose house, or barn, or stable, have been chosen as a home by a large family of

black cats. White cats (they must be of spotless white) are also considered as lutins, but I do not think that their protective abilities are as highly appreciated as those of their brothers of sombre hue. The same may be said of rabbits, birds or dogs, which have never attained the popularity of the cats, but who occupy sometimes the popular position of household spirits, but rather in a lesser degree. I have known an old farmer, in the parish where I was born, to get in a great excitement and give a good thrashing to a boy who had innocently killed a small yellow snake which he had seen crawling along the grass in front of his house. The old man said that he would have preferred losing his best horse rather than see that snake killed. It had been living in his cellar for some years past, and he considered it as a good lutin bringing him luck and prosperity. I have said that lutins could be protective or annoying, according to the treatment that they received. The most fantastic powers are attributed to the good lutins, and there is

An old "Patriote" of '37.

hardly any good action or any favorable intervention of which they are not capable. They will procure good weather for the crops, they will watch over favorite animals, they will intercede for the recovery of the sick members of the household, and I have heard of an enterprising lutin who would, during the night, shave the face of his master and black his boots for Sunday morning.

So much for the good lutins, who are treated in a proper and affectionate manner, but woe to the wicked or unhappy man who willingly or unluckily offends his household spirit, be it under the form of a black cat, white dog or yellow snake. Life for him will become a burden, and his days, and especially his nights, will become a pretext for a long series of annoyances and persecutions of all kinds. On rising in the morning he will find his boots filled with peas or with pebbles ; his pantaloons will be sewed up at the knee ; he will find salt in his porridge and pepper in his tea, and the meat in his soup-kettle shall be turned

into pieces of stone. If he goes cutting hay or grain, he cannot get his scythe or his sickle to cut properly ; in winter time the water will freeze in his well and his wife never can cook a good tourtière—meat pie, without burning the crust into a crisp. These are only a few of the ills that await the poor man at his house or in his field ; but the stable is the favorite place where the lutin will make his power felt. He loves to take his revenge on the favorite horse of his offender. He will nightly, during months and months, braid or entangle the hair of the tail and mane of the animal, and when the farmer comes in the morning to groom his roadster he will find it in a terrible plight, all covered with thistles or burrs. The lutins will even go further than that when they have been gravely insulted. They will find their way into the stable during the night, mount the horse, and ride it at the highest speed until the wee hours of the morning, returning it to its stall completely tired out, broken down and all in a lather of sweat. And what

The Village Driver.

is the farmer to do to cope with its ghostly enemy and to prevent his carrying out his system of persecution? He will sprinkle with salt the path that leads to the stable, and he will place a bag of salt against the door at the interior of the stable, so that the salt will be spilt when the lutin tries to enter. It would seem that lutins have a holy horror for salt, and that they cannot pass where that condiment has been strewn in their way. But lutins will even evade the salt and enter the building to play their ghostly tricks. Then, there is only one way of putting a stop to their annoyances. The peasant will have to kill one black and one white cat, and, with the strips of raw hides resulting from that double murder, he will make lattice screen doors and windows for his stable, and the lutin never was known that could crawl through an aperture so protected against his wiles. Friendly lutins will attach themselves to favorite children and guide them safely through the infantine maladies of their tender years. They

will befriend sweet and comely maidens, and favor them in subjugation of a recalcitrant sweetheart, but they must be treated in a just, proper and affectionate manner, because they seem to ignore the doctrine of forgiveness, and, come what may, they are bound to get even with those who have had the bad luck to incur their ill will or their anger. Such is the lore of the lutins of French Canada.

Macloune and Marichette.

Macloune.

The Author has translated his own story into English from the French, and has attempted to follow almost word for word the phraseology of the original. This will explain a few Gallicisms and the turn of certain phrases. The story has been taken from life and is true in almost every detail.

I.

ALTHOUGH they had given him at baptism the surname of Maxime, everyone in the village called him Macloune. And that, because his mother, Marie Gallien, had a defect of articulation which hindered her from pronouncing distinctly his name. She said Macloune in the place of Maxime, and the villagers called him likewise.

He was a poor wretch who was born and who had grown up in the most profound and in the most respectable poverty.

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ne His father was a brave boatman who was drowned when Macloune was yet in the cradle ; and his mother had succeeded in going about, right and left, to drag out a laborious existence and to save the life of her child, who was born rickety, and who had lived and grown up in spite of all the predictions and the gossips of the villagers.

The boy was a monster of ugliness. Ill made to the extreme, he had a body to which was attached long arms and long, lanky legs, which terminated by feet and hands that had hardly human semblance. He was bandy, cripple, hunchback, and the unfortunate boy looked like an ape escaped from a travelling menagerie. Nature had forgotten to endow him with a chin, and two long yellowish teeth stood out from a little hole which served him as a mouth. He could not masticate his aliments, and it was a curiosity to see him eat.

His language was composed of phrases incoherent and of sounds inarticulate,
 which he accompanied with a pantomime

absolutely comical. He managed well enough to make himself understood, even by those who heard him for the first time. Macloune

In spite of this ugliness truly repulsive and of this difficulty of language, Macloune was adored by his mother and loved by all the villagers.

It is true that he was as good as he was ugly, and he had two great blue eyes that were fixed on you as if to say :

" It is true I am very horrible to see, but such as you see me I am the only support of my old mother, and as miserable as I am it is necessary for me to work to give her bread.

And not a gamin, even among the most wicked, would have dared to mock his ugliness or to abuse his feebleness.

And besides, they took him in pity because they said at the village that an old squaw had thrown a spell on Marie Gallien several months before the birth of Macloune. This savagess was a maker of baskets and drank bad whisky as soon as she had been able to gather together enough pennies to buy a bottle, and it

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was then an orgy which remained forever graven in the memory of those who were witnesses of her pranks. The miserable creature roamed about the streets screaming cries of wild beasts and in tearing her hair. One must see the savage under the influence of alcohol to form an idea of these scenes. It is in one of these occasions that the savagess had tried to force the door of the little house of Marie Gallien, and she had cursed the poor woman who was half dead with fear and who had refused to allow her to enter her house. And they believed generally at the village it was the malediction of the savagess that was the cause of the ugliness of poor Macloune. They said also, but without confirming it categorically, that a beggar of St. Michel d'Yamaska, who had the reputation to be something of a sorcerer, had thrown another spell on Marie Gallien because that poor woman had not been able to give him alms when that she was herself in the most abject poverty during her convalescence, after the birth of her infant.

II.

Macloune had grown up by working and making himself useful when he was able, and he was always ready to render a service, to do an errand, or to lend a hand when occasion presented itself. He had never been to school, and it is only very late, at the age of thirteen or fourteen years, that the *curé* of the village had permitted him to make his first communion. Although he was not what one calls a simpleton, his intelligence was not very active and had never been cultivated. Since the age of ten years he aided his mother to help to boil the pot and to gather the firewood for the winter. It was generally on the beach of the St. Lawrence that he passed long hours gathering the floating branches that had come down with the current and were stranded on the shore.

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Macloune had developed early a leaning for barter, and it was a great day when he could go to Montreal to buy some articles of easy sale, like thread, needles, buttons, which he peddled afterwards in a basket along with fruits and candies.

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There was no more misery in the little family to date from this epoch; but the poor boy had counted without the malady which commenced to attack his poor worn body already so feeble and so cruelly tried.

But Macloune was brave, and there was rarely times when they missed him on the wharf, at the landing place of the market boat, or before and after high mass every Sunday and holiday of the year. During the long evenings of summer he went fishing in the waters of the great river, and he had become very clever in managing a small boat either with the oar or with the sail when the winds were favorable. During the great breezes of the northeast they often perceived Macloune alone in his boat, hairs to the wind, beating down the river or heading away towards the Isles de Contrecœur.

During the season of strawberries, raspberries and of blueberries, he had organized a little commerce which brought him some very good profits. He bought these fruits of
30 the villagers to resell them on the markets

of Montreal. It is about at that time that he made the acquaintance of a poor girl, who had brought her blueberries from the shore opposite where she lived in the concession of La Petite Misère.

III.

The meeting of this poor girl was a revolution in the existence of Macloune. For the first time he had dared to raise his eyes on a woman, and he became violently in love. The young girl, who was called Marie Joyelle, was neither rich nor beautiful. She was an orphan, thin, sickly, wasted by work, that an uncle had taken in charity; and he made her labor like a slave in exchange for a meagre pittance and for vestments of refuse which sufficed hardly to cover her decently. The poor little thing had never worn stockings in all her life, and a little shawl, black with red checks, served to cover her head and shoulders.

The first evidence of affection that Macloune gave her was a pair of store shoes and a flowered dress, which he

brought to her one day from Montreal, and which he offered timidly, saying in his particular language:

"Dress, mam'selle? Shoes, mam'selle? Macloune buy these for you. You take, hey?"

And Marie Joyelle had accepted simply before the look of inexpressible affection with which Macloune offered his gift.

It was the first time that the poor Marichette, as they called her always, was the object of an offering which did not issue from a sentiment of pity. She had comprehended Macloune, and, without occupying herself with his ugliness and his jargon, her heart had been profoundly touched.

And dating from that moment Macloune and Marichette loved each other as one loves at eighteen, forgetting that nature had made them beings apart and that they must not even think of uniting by marriage. Macloune, in his candour and in his simplicity, related to his mother that which had come to pass, and old Marie Gallien found it quite natural that her son had chosen a *bonne amie* and that he had thought of marriage.

All the village was soon in the secret, for the Sunday following Macloune had set out early with his boat to betake himself to La Petite Misère with the object of praying Marichette to accompany him to the high mass, at Lanoraie. And she had agreed, finding the request absolutely natural since she had accepted Macloune as her cavalier by receiving his presents. Macloune

Marichette brought out her fine clothes for the occasion. She put on her flowered dress and her store shoes. She lacked nothing more than a hat with feathers, the same as worn by the girls of Lanoraie, to fancy herself a young lady of fashion. Her uncle, who had befriended her, was a poor devil who found himself at the head of a numerous family, and who asked nothing better than to get rid of her in marrying her to the first comer; and for him, Macloune was worth any other.

It must be acknowledged that they produced a certain sensation in the village when, on the tolling of the third bell for the high mass, Macloune appeared giving his arm to Marichette. Every one had

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too much affection for the poor boy to mock him openly, but they turned away their heads to hide the smiles they were not able to suppress entirely. The two lovers entered the church without appearing to busy themselves with those who stopped to watch them, and walked to the head of the great aisle on one of the benches of wood reserved for the poor of the parish.

And there, without turning their heads a single time and without taking notice of the effect which they produced, they heard the mass with the greatest piety.

They went out in the same manner that they entered, as if they might have been all alone in the world, and they betook themselves tranquilly, with steps measured, to Marie Gallien's, where awaited them the dinner of Sunday.

"Macloune has made a sweetheart! Macloune wants to get married! Macloune keeps company with La Marichette!"

And the commentaries went their way among the crowd which gathers always after high mass before the church of the

parish, to chat about the events of the week. Macloune

"He is a brave and honest boy," said every one, "but there was no sense for an ape like him to think of marriage."

This was the popular verdict!

The doctor, who was a bachelor and dined with the *curé* every Sunday, whispered a word of the matter during the repast, and it was agreed between them that it was necessary to prevent this marriage at any price. They thought that it would be a crime to permit Macloune, sick, infirm, rickety and deformed as he was, to become the father of a progeny which would be condemned in advance to a condition of intellectual inferiority and physical decrepitude. Nothing hurried in the meanwhile, and it would be always time to stop the marriage when they would come to place the banns at the church.

And then! this marriage: was it really serious after all?

IV.

Macloune who spoke rarely, only when he was forced to do so by his little business,

was ignorant of the conspiracies that they were hatching against his happiness. He attended to his occupations as usual, but each evening, by dusk, when all was tranquil in the village, he embarked in his boat and he crossed to La Petite Misère, to meet Marichette, who awaited him on the beach. As poor as he was, he found always means to bring a little present to his *bonne amie*—a bit of ribbon, a kerchief of cotton, a fruit, a bonbon—which had been given him and which he had preserved. Some wild flowers, which he had gathered in the fields or on the borders of the high road, he offered always with the same :

"Bojou, Maichette!" (Good day, Marichette !)

"Bon jour, Macloune!" (Good day, Macloune !)

And this was all their conversation. They seated themselves on the side of the skiff which Macloune had drawn up on the beach, and they waited there sometimes during an entire hour, until the moment when a voice from the house :

"Marichette! oh! Marichette!"

It was the aunt who proclaimed the hour of return to bed. The two lovers took each others hands, and looking at each other fixedly said:

"Bosoi, Maichette!" (Good-night, Marichette!)

"Bon soir, Macloune!" (Good-night, Macloune!)

And Marichette returned to the cabin and Macloune paddled back to Lanoraie.

Things went on thus for more than a month, when one evening Macloune returned more joyous than usual.

"Bojou, Maichette!"

"Bon jour, Macloune!"

And the cripple drew from his pocket a little box of white cardboard, from which he drew a ring of gold, very modest, and which he passed on the finger of the young girl.

"Us two, married at St. Michel, Hey Maichette!"

"Yes, Macloune, when thou shalt wish."

And the two outcasts, to each other

gave a kiss very chaste. And this was all.

The marriage being decided for Michaelmas, there was nothing more to do than to place the banns at the church. The parents consented to the marriage, and it was quite useless to see the notary for the marriage contract, for the two would commence life together in misery and in poverty. There could not be a question of heritage, of dower, or of separation of community of wealth.

The next day, at four in the afternoon, Macloune put on his Sunday clothes and wended his way towards the presbytery, where he found the curé, who was promenading in the walks of his garden, reciting his breviary.

"Bon jour, Maxime!"

The curé alone in the village called him by his real name.

"Bojou, Mosieu Curé (Good-day Mr. Curé!).

"I learn, Maxime, that thou hast the intention of marrying."

"Yes, Mosieu Curé."

"With Marichette Joyelle, of Contre-coeur?"

"Yes, Mosieu Curé."

"It must not be thought of, my poor Maxime. Thou hast not the means of keeping a wife. And thy poor mother, what would become of her without thee to give her bread?"

Macloune, who had never thought that there could be any impediments to his marriage, regarded the curé with an hopeless air, and disheartened, and with the resignation of a dog that sees himself cruelly struck by his master, without comprehending why they maltreated him so.

"Ah, no! my poor Maxime, it must not be thought of. Thou art feeble, sickly. It is necessary to postpone that when thou shalt be of age."

Macloune, stricken, was not able to answer. The respect which he had for the curé would have prevented him, if a sob, which he could not control and which choked him, had not placed him in the impossibility of pronouncing a single word.

All that which he understood was that

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they were going to hinder him from marrying Marichette, and in his simple credulity he construed the words of the curé as fatal. He gave a long look of reproach to him who thus sacrificed his happiness, and without thinking to question the judgment that struck him so cruelly, he set off running towards the beach, which he followed, to return to his own home, in order to escape from the curiosity of the villagers who would have seen him weeping. He threw himself in the arms of his mother, who comprehended nothing of his trouble. The unhappy cripple sobbed thus during an hour, and to the questions reiterated by his mother could only respond :

"Mosieu Curé will not let me marry Maichette ; me die, mamam."

And it is in vain that the poor woman, in her language uncouth, tried to console him. She would go herself to see the curé and to him explain the situation. She saw not why they wished to prevent her Macloune from marrying her whom he loved.

But Macloune was inconsolable. He would not eat at the repast of the evening, and as soon as the obscurity came he took his paddle and wended his way to the beach with the evident intention of crossing over to La Petite Misère for there to see Marichette. His mother tried to dissuade him, for the sky was heavy, the air was cold, and great clouds were rolling up on the horizon. They were going to have rain and perhaps high winds. But Macloune heard not or seemed not to understand the objections of his mother. He kissed her tenderly, straining her in his arms, and then leaping into his skiff, he disappeared into the sombre night.

Marichette was waiting for him on the shore at the usual place. The darkness hindered her from remarking the haggard face of her lover, and she advanced towards him with the usual salutation :

" Bon jour, Macloune ! "

" Bojou, Maichette ! "

And taking her frantically in his arms he drew her tightly to his breast, stammering phrases incoherent, broken with sobs heartrending.

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"Thou knowest, Maichette, Mosieu Curé wishes not us to marry—too poor, us—too ugly, me—too ugly—too ugly to marry thee — me wish not to live — me want to die."

And the poor Marichette, comprehending the terrible misfortune which had stricken them, mingled her tears with the lamentations and with the sobs of the unhappy Macloune.

And they both wept in the dark night, without heeding the rain which commenced to fall in torrents and the cold wind of the north, which moaned in the tall poplars that bordered the bank.

Hours went by. The rain fell in torrents. The great river, torn by the tempest, was covered with foam, and the waves rolled far up on the beach; from time to time, coming to cover the feet of the lovers, who wept and stammered plaintive lamentations, locked in a close embrace. The poor children were soaked by the rain, but they forgot all in their despair. They had neither the intelligence to discuss the

 situation nor the courage to shake off the

torpor which had taken possession of them. Ma-

Thus they passed the night, and it is clou-
only at the first glimmering of the dawn ne
that they separated with a last convulsive embrace. They shivered, for the thin rags which covered them protected them very little against the wind of the north which blew now in a tempest.

Was it by presentiment or simply by despair that they to each other said :

" Adieu, Macloune ! "

" Adieu, Maichette ! "

And the poor little girl, soaked and benumbed to the marrow, her teeth chattering, returned to her uncle's, where they had not perceived her absence, whilst Macloune launched his skiff in the surf and directed it towards Lanoraie. He had a head wind, and it was necessary to use his skillfulness to prevent the frail boat from being submerged in the great waves. He had two hours of work incessant before reaching the shore opposite.

The mother had passed the night while waiting in a mortal inquietude. Macloune threw himself on the bed all exhausted,

shivering, his face lit up by fever, and all that which poor Marie Gallien could do to warm him was useless.

The doctor called about nine in the morning, declared that he was suffering from an inflammation of the lungs and that it was necessary to seek the priest at once.

The good curé brought the sacrament to the dying boy, who moaned in his delirium and stammered words incomprehensible. Macloune recognized at times the priest who prayed by his side; and he expired, in casting on him a look of gentle reproach and of inexpressible hopelessness murmuring the name of Marichette.

VI.

A month later, at Michaelmas, the hearse of the paupers carried to the cemetery of Contrecœur Marichette Joyelle, dead of quick consumption, at her uncle's, of La Petite Misère.

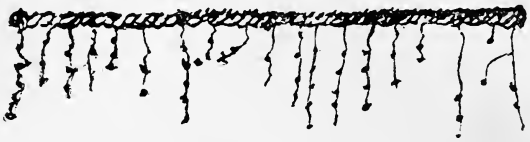
These poor outcasts from life, from happiness, and from love, had even not had the mournful privilege of being united in death under the same mound, in a corner

obscure of the same churchyard.

Indian Picture and Symbol Writing

PICTURE and symbol writing among the Aborigènes of North America never reached a very high degree of perfection, if we except the hieroglyphic and symbolical system of the Aztecs. The Indians of South America knew still less; and even with its comparative state of civilization, Peru did not possess anything approaching a code of writing for the transmission or preservation of speech or fixing the history of current events. However, a most mysterious and curious science called the *Quipus* supplied the Peruvians with the means of communicating their ideas to one another, but it was not in the form of writing or engraving. Garcilassio, the Inca historian of Peru, Cieza de Leon, in the second part of his

Chronicles of Peru, and Ondegardo in his official *Relaciones*, explain the system as far as it can be subject of explanation without practical demonstration.



Prescott in the "Civilization of the Incas" says that: "The *Quipus*" was a cord about two feet long composed of different colored threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe. The threads were of different colors, and were tied into knots. The colors denoted sensible objects; as for instance, *white* represented *silver* and *yellow*, *gold*. They sometimes also stood for abstract ideas. Thus white could signify peace, and red, war. But the *Quipus* was chiefly used for arithmetical purposes. The knots served instead of cyphers and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required. By means of

these, the Peruvians went through their calculations with great rapidity, and the Spaniards who first visited Peru bear testimony to their accuracy. It is claimed that the Peruvian shepherds of the present day resort to a somewhat similar system of calculation, to keep a singularly correct account of their almost numberless flocks grazing on the upper plateaux of the Andes.

"But although the *Quipus*," adds Prescott, "sufficed for all purposes of arithmetical computations demanded by the Peruvians, they were incompetent to represent the manifold ideas and images which are expressed by writing. Even here, however, the invention was not without its use, for independently of the direct representation of simple objects, and even of abstract ideas, to a very limited extent, as above noticed, it afforded great help to the memory by way of associations. The peculiar knot or color, in this way, suggested what it could not venture to represent; in the manner, to borrow the homely illustration of an old

writer, that the number of the commandment calls to mind the commandment itself. The *Quipus* thus used might be regarded as the Peruvians' system of mnemonics.

The ancient Mexicans had become adepts at picture writing, and in the use of hieroglyphics; and we will only explain the elements of their system of chronology and give a few specimens of their picture writing before we come to the simple and not altogether uninteresting attempts of the North American Indians in conveying their ideas on the bark of trees by certain conventional signs. While noting the works and researches of Humboldt, Kingsborough, Bourbourg and Charnay on the countries now known under the general name of Central America, and commencing on the southern frontier of Mexico, by Guatemala, and spreading south as far as the new Republic of Panama, it would be impossible to do more than make a passing reference to the ruins of *Mitla*, *Palenque*, *Casas Grandes*, and to the numerous

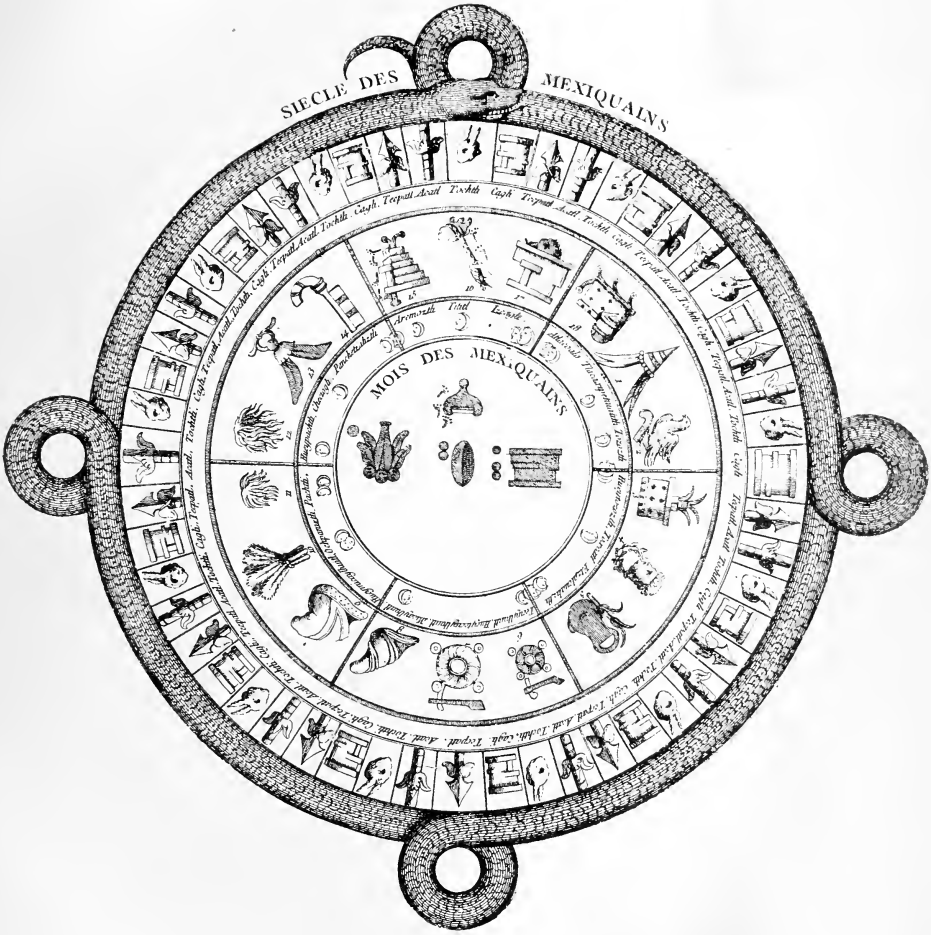
pyramids and teocalis that cover the countries inhabited by the Toltecs and their successors the Aztecs. There is no room in this paper for archeology.

Indian Picture Writing

At the time of the conquest by Cortez and his companions, the native races possessed more than ordinary knowledge of astronomy and chronology and their system of writing was absolutely remarkable.

The Aztecs were acquainted with the cause of eclipses and they recognized some of the most important constellations. They adjusted the time of their festivals by the movements of the planets and fixed the true length of the tropical year with great precision. They settled the hours of the day with great care, also the periods of the solstices and equinoxes, and the transit of the sun across the Zenith. Their months were composed of twenty days, and of these, eighteen months formed a year of three hundred and sixty days; to which they added five days forming altogether the same number of days as the Gregorian Calendar. But as the year is composed of nearly six hours more than three hundred

and sixty-five days, they added twelve and a half days of special festivities at the end of every cycle of fifty-two years, which completed the century of their system. The epoch from which they reckoned corresponded with the year one thousand and one of our era. They threw the years, as already noticed, into great cycles of fifty-two each, which they called sheafs or bundles; so that a sheaf in the accompanying wheel, surrounded by a serpent, denotes all the divisions, holidays and religious festivals contained in their cycle of fifty-two years. Their mode of counting was curious. (See engraving page 55). They adopted numerical dots. The first five had specific names; after which they were represented by combining the fifth with one of the four preceding; as five and one for six, five and two for seven, and so on. Ten and fifteen each had a separate name, which was also combined with the first four, going as far as nineteen, when twenty was represented by a flag and in writing, by repeating the number of flags to attain the desired num-


SIECLE DES MEXIQUAINS
MOIS DES MEXIQUAINS

ber. The square of twenty, four hundred, had a separate sign, that of a plume, and so had the cube of twenty, eight thousand, which was denoted by a purse or sack. They adopted two series of signs, one with dots up to thirteen for the days and the other hieroglyphics : a rabbit, a reed, a flint head, and a house for the years.

Indian Picture Writing

So much for the Aztec system of arithmetic and chronology which we have attempted to make as clear as possible in the few preceding words ; because it would take a volume to enter into any details on a subject which has been studied and treated by authors of acknowledged authority and who can be consulted in almost all libraries, public or private.

Their system of picture painting can be illustrated to a certain extent by reproducing two manuscripts, which we find in an old history of Mexico published by Purchas and Thevenet in their " Annals of travels. " It is not without much difficulty, says Thevenet, that the governor of a Mexican province obtained them from the Aztecs with a Spanish translation. The

ship which was taking them to Spain was captured by a French corsair and the manuscripts found their way into the hands of Thévet, and were afterwards sold to Hakluyt, who was chaplain to the British ambassador to France. This eminent compiler of *Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques of the English nation; London,* 1599, had it translated into English by order of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Henry Spellman obliged Purchas, also an English divine, to have the originals engraved, so that they were rescued from oblivion. We have, first: the tax roll or tribute paid to the emperor by a Mexican City. Second: the symbolical description of the marriage ceremony of the Aztecs. Reading the first one, the tax roll, from right to left and following the engraving, page 59, A.B. C. D. E. F., representing six times four hundred. A plume representing four hundred—two thousand four hundred handfuls of choice feathers of different colors, which were painted accordingly in the original. G. L., one hundred and sixty dead birds; M. H., eight hundred handfuls

First Indiction.			Second Indiction.		
Year of the Cycle.			Year of the Cycle.		
1.	·		14.	·	
2.	· ·		15.	· ·	
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12.	· · · · · ·		25.	· · · · · ·	
13.	· · · · · ·		26.	· · · · · ·	

of choice feathers; I. N., eight hundred handfuls of choice broad yellow feathers. K. C., two *bécotes* of amber and gold; P. R., two hundred loads of cacao; W. X., two pieces, the size of a brick, of clear amber. All this was painted in colors which rendered the meaning more precise and more intelligible.

The second manuscript represents the marriage ceremony. (See engraving p. 63.)

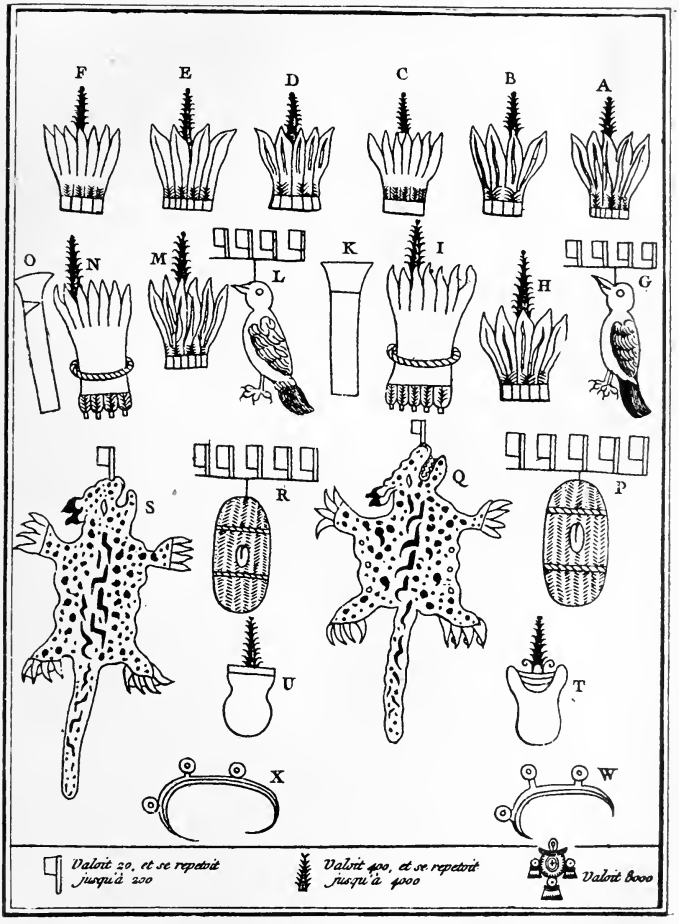
The father *A.*, must place his son *B.*, as soon as he reaches the age of fifteen, under the tutelage of Tlamacaczqui, grand-priest of the temple of Camelcac *C.*, where he will be educated in the duties of priesthood.—*D. E. F. G. H.*

When a young maiden gets married, the marriage broker, *J.*, takes her on his back to the house of the young man who will become her husband, *W.* Four women, *X. Z.*, with blazing torches, light the way. The bride and groom, *O.*, sit down on a mat. The whole marriage ceremony consists in tying one of the corners of the mantle of the young man, *L.*, to the garment of the bride *M.*

They then make offerings of copal incense to the deity. Two old men and two old women, *I. R. N. V.*, bear witness to the ceremony. *K. P.* represented the meats and both lovers pledge their vows in a cup of pulque, *S.*

Acosta bears testimony to the fact that he has seen the *Pater Noster*, the *Ave Maria*, the *Credo* and the *Confiteor* written with their symbols in such a way as to be perfectly intelligible at first sight. They would also write their confessions and bring them to the priests under the form of a list of the ten commandments, with the number of sins that they had committed opposite each commandment.

An immense disk or dial of stone was discovered in the City of Mexico in seventeen hundred and ninety, in making excavations in front of the Cathedral, where was situated, before the conquest, the famous sacrificial temple. See engraving page 67. Signs, symbols and hieroglyphics are deeply graven in the stone and could not be interpreted by the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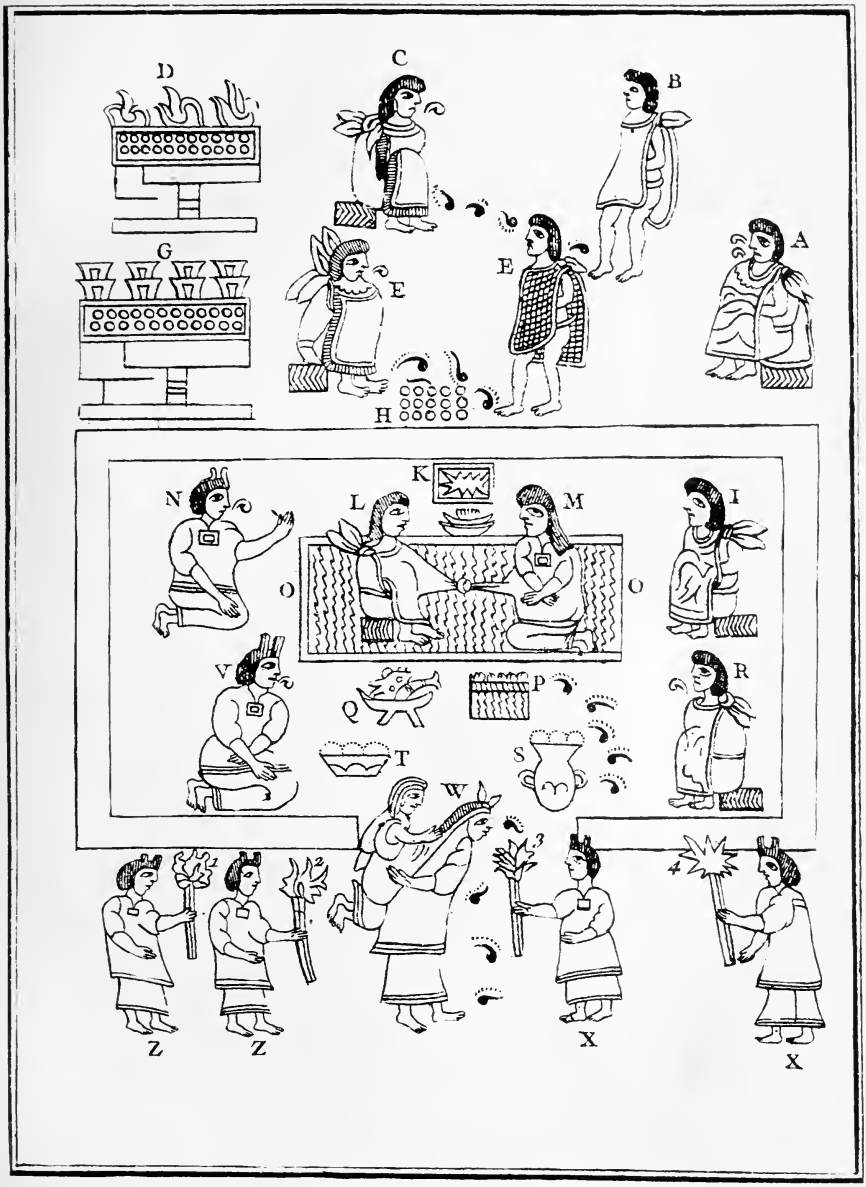
Valoit 20. et se repetoit jusqu'à 200
Valoit 400. et se repetoit jusqu'à 4000
Valoit 8000

ordinary rules of ancient Aztec writings. Quite a controversy took place on the subject, and the real translation has never yet been satisfactorily settled. Some scholars look upon the disk as a symbolical calendar used by the priests to inscribe the dates and rites of their festivals and human sacrifices and the numbers of victims needed to appease the wrath of the sanguinary idols. Others, while also considering the disk as a calendar, look upon it as a commercial memorandum to fix the dates of ordinary local market days, which took place every fifth day, and the monthly fairs that were interprovincial and that recurred every twenty days. The Mexicans were a commercial people and the exchange of commodities in a business way was both regular and remarkable. Rules of the most stringent nature governed their trading ventures and their government gave the greatest care to the protection and the safety of highways within the empire. The famous calendar is now deposited in the National Museum

of the City of Mexico. While visiting the capital, some twenty years ago, the writer obtained a reduced plaster cast of the celebrated stone and presented it to the Museum of McGill University, where it is now. Sir William Dawson took great interest in the matter, but would not risk an opinion on the exact meaning of the Calendar, whether it was religious or commercial. The aspect of the head in the centre was anything but reassuring and the fatidical number five smacked of human sacrifices that were a part of all Mexican festivities. The similarity of signs and divisions with the chronological wheel already explained is remarkable. Those groups of fine dots that surround the central figures with those large tents at every division of twenty and of smaller tents at every division of ten evidently concur with the monthly ceremonies whether religious or commercial. The disk which had been buried by the Mexicans was unknown to the early Spanish writers.

It is sorrowful to think that the early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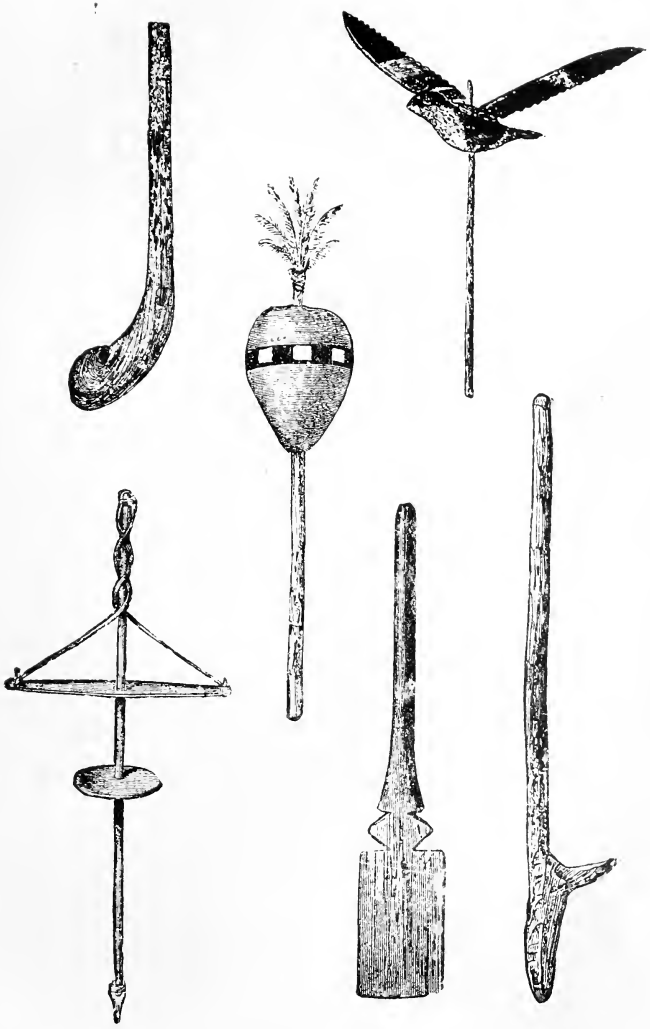
manuscripts painted on cotton cloth were largely destroyed by the early discoverers under the pretext that they were works of the devil. The specimens now existing in the great libraries of Paris, Vienna, Madrid, London and Leipsick were obtained during the first years of the conquest, but it is now impossible to obtain one in the whole country of their origin.

THE PUEBLOS.

We will now advance farther north to the countries which are known to-day as New Mexico and Arizona and which are inhabited, in part, by a curious people known by the general name of *Pueblos*. They are also called Moquis and Zunis, and they really form the connecting link between the redskins of Canada and the United States and their brethren of Mexico and Central America. Their form of tribe government differ absolutely from that of the northern Indians, and they live in houses built of sunburnt bricks or adobes. They at first welcomed the Spaniards, who immediately proceeded to place them in servitude and to use them as beasts of

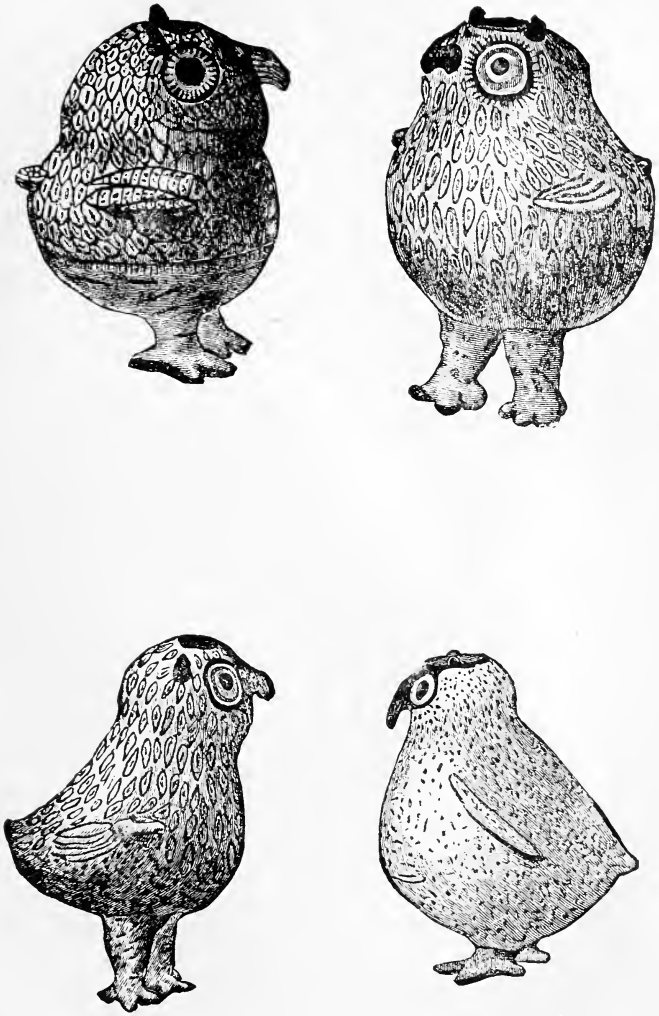
Indian Picture Writing

burden, to work the mines of the newly discovered country. This did not last long, however, because the Indians rose against their oppressors and drove them away. When the Spaniards returned in force in 1592, to recapture the province of *New Grenada*, the Indians made their conditions and they have ever since lived as their Aztec ancestors lived before them, under the form of a municipal government of their own. They occupy nineteen villages or communes independent of each other, and each *pueblo* is governed by a cacique, who is at the same time high priest of the worship of Montezuma and general director of both the temporal and spiritual affairs of the inhabitants. This cacique is aided by a *gubernador*, three *principales*, an *alguazil*, a *fiscal mayor* and a *capitan de la guerra*. The *principales* are always chosen from passed high priests, and the *alguazil* is a kind of high sheriff who executes the laws. The *fiscal mayor* presides at religious ceremonies and the *capitan de la guerra* has the command of warlike expeditions. What distinguishes



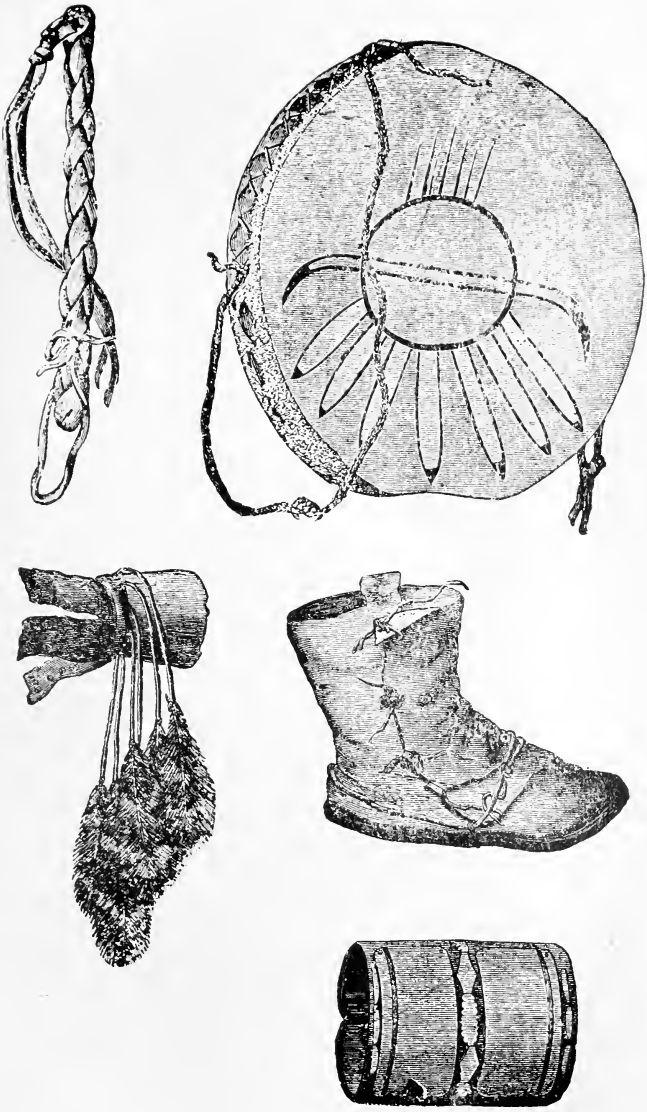
Tomahawk, ornaments and tools made by the Puebloanos.

Vases made by the Puebloanos.



Images and Statuettes of the Pueblos.

Articles of pottery made by the Puebloanos.



Whip, Tambourine and Ornaments of the Puebloanos.

them from ordinary cabinet ministers is the fact that they draw no salaries and that all are obliged to cultivate the land and to earn their bread at the sweat of their brows. Although they all nominally belong to the Roman Catholic faith, their religion remains a curious mixture of christian and pagan rites, and they worship at the same time Christ and the Sun, the virgin Mary and the Moon and the Saints and the stars. The rainbow is a special object of veneration. They keep a perpetual fire burning, awaiting the coming of their messiah, the great Montezuma. The women of the tribe only work in the houses, having charge of domestic arrangements, and the sick, wounded, cripples and very old people are taken care of by the whole community. We reproduce specimens of their handiwork in the shape of shoes, tools, vases and other implements, which at once establish their relationship to the tribes of Mexico and with the *Cliff Dwellers* who lived in caves and who have left traces of a high state of civilization in parts of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona.

Indian Picture Writing

Before proceeding northward to treat of the Redskins of the United States and Canada, and specially of Canada, it may not be uninteresting to mention briefly the fact that everywhere, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the plains and mountains of Colorado to the south, the French Canadian trapper, hunter and adventurer has left his imprint on the North American Continent. Mountains and valleys, rivers and streams, plains and forests were visited first by those hardy pioneers, and there is a mountain, in Colorado, called the *Mountain of the Holy Cross*, which will ever remain a monument to their faith as well as to their bravery. On the side of a high peak—14,176 feet above sea level—two deep ravines, crossing one another in the form of a cross, are filled with snow and ice and take the form of a dazzling cross of spotless white on the side of the dark pine-covered giant of the Rockies. It is seen, all around, from an enormous distance, and it has ever remained a land mark as well as an object of veneration for the traveller in

Mount of the Holy Cross in Rocky Mountains, Colorado.

those wild regions. The Utes, the Arraphaos, the Crows, the Blackfeet, the Sioux and other kindred tribes have learned to know and to respect the sacred symbol of the Christian faith, that nature itself has fashioned in such a grandiloquent manner.

We shall now speak of our Canadian Aboriginies and of their picture writings, if we can call them so. The idea of this paper was first conceived, some years ago, while the Montreal Folk Lore Society was in existence, but the text has been altered, revised, and new and important documents have been added in the shape of maps and treaties bearing the signatures of noted Indian chiefs who figure pre-eminently in almost every page of the History of Canada of the 17th and 18th centuries, under the French régime.

With these few words of explanation, we shall proceed to take the reader back to the days when the heroic redmen of Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reed, Gustave Aymard and Gabriel Ferry roamed at will, in the full enjoyment of primitive

liberty, over the limitless expanse of the North American continent.

Time and date: about the last half of the 17th century about 1675. Place: Ville Marie or Montreal.

A war party of French *Coureurs des bois* accompanied by their faithful allies, the Hurons or Wyandots, have planned an expedition against their enemies, the ferocious Iroquois. As the expedition progressed on its way towards the villages of the Five Nations, the Indian warriors, according to custom, have left on the trees bordering the rivers or the paths which they have followed, marks, signs and figures forming a faithful and intelligible record of their journey and of their adventures.

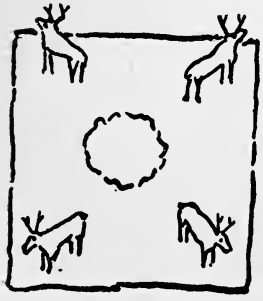
Each Indian nation, tribe or clan, had its emblem or coat of arms, consisting of the figure of some bird, beast or reptile, and was oftentimes distinguished by the name of the animal which it thus took as its device. Those emblems were known under the name of *Totems*, and those extra-

 ordinary figures are often seen appended

to Indian treaties. They were also used on warlike expeditions to mark the passage of the war parties; sometimes to guide other bands of warriors, but oftener as tokens of defiance and boastful arrogance against an enemy. The Indian was ever a braggart and a vain-glorious boaster of his undoubted valor and personal bravery.

Indian Picture Writing

We will treat only of those tribes which were more intimately known to the first settlers of New France and New England, and commence by making the reader acquainted with some of their totems or coats of arms. They are faithful reproductions of drawings made over two hundred and twenty-five years ago by old French travellers and chroniclers.



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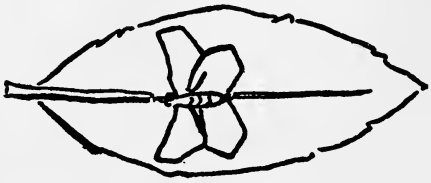
For Description see next page.

Indian Picture Writing

Here we have, first, the coat of arms, blazon or totem of the five clans composing the tribe of the Ottawas who inhabited the country watered by the Ottawa river—four elks cantonnés looking outwards, with a pile of gravel in the centre.

Next we have the coat of arms of the Great Huron or Wyandot tribe—a beaver sitting on his hut, in the middle of a pond.



Here is the coat of arms of the Illinois, a tribe which roamed in the belt of country situated between the Lake of the Illionois, now Lake Michigan and the Mississippi river. The totem is composed of a butterfly in the centre of a leaf of the beach tree.

 Then comes the coat of arms of the

great nation of the west, the Dacotahs, or as the French called them, the Nadouessis or Sioux. It seems a practical totem from the point of view of the ever famished redskin—a squirrel eating its way into the heart of a large pumpkin.

On the next group we find, first, the coat of arms of the Outagamis or Renards, the tribe of the Foxes who lived on

the shores of Green Bay, then called by the French the *Baie des Puants*.

The following totem is that of the Objibways, also called Sauteux or Jumpers, who roamed and still live in the country situated to the north of Lake Superior—an eagle perched on a high rock and devouring an owl.

The Pottawottamies would sign their treaties or make their national mark with a dog, a white dog couchant on a pile or bed of tree leaves.

That bear tearing the bark of a tree with its forepaws was the symbol of the tribe of the Oumanies, a warlike nation inhabiting the Illinois country and totally annihilated in battle by the Iroquois.

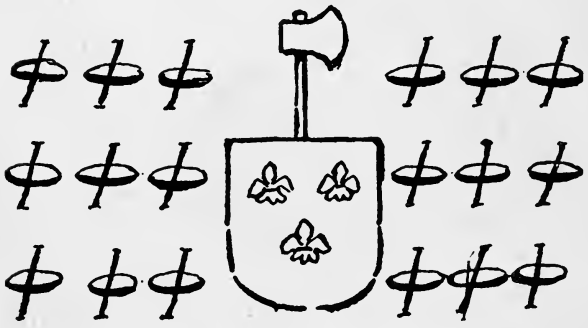
The symbol itself was adopted by the Mohawks as a token of the bravery of the people that they had defeated.

Without further preface, and without going any deeper in the heraldry of the races who have preceded us on this continent, we will, if the reader will kindly follow them, go and join the Indian warriors at their place of rendezvous at Montreal, and he will then accompany them on their journey, reading as he goes the narrative of their fatigues, their trials and exploits and their final victory.

Indian Picture Writing

At the very spot where Montreal stands to-day, and near the old fort erected at the foot of the mountain as a protection against the incursions of the Iroquois, and of which two towers remain, opposite the Montreal College, the Hurons have pitched their *cabanes* and are dancing the war dance preparatory to their joining their French allies on the morrow. An old and experienced medicine man has peeled the bark of a large spruce tree, and on the yellowish, slimy surface of the wood is tracing some characters with a sharp stick dipped in a black substance resembling the printing

ink of to-day and composed of powdered charcoal mixed with beaver grease. The reader will mingle with the crowd of dusky warriors and decipher with them what the medicine man has been writing on the tree. The figures are rudely executed and no attempt at fancy or finished drawing is made by the savage artist.



We will now take the first inscription : the reader will observe in the centre of these figures a shield roughly drawn and surmounted by a battle axe or tomahawk. These are the arms of France : the three golden lilies on a field of azure and the battle axe or tomahawk is the sign of war among all the Indian tribes. The six figures, on each side of the shield,

resembling somewhat, in form, spinning tops, represent each a group of ten warriors, so that twice nine, on each side of the shield, making eighteen, represent eighteen times ten or one hundred and eighty warriors of France who have dug up the axe of war, intent on starting on an expedition against their enemies.

We will pass to the other group of figures.

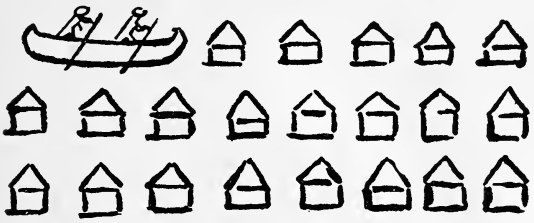
Here, in the centre of the shield are the arms of the Huron tribe—a beaver standing on his hut; above the arms, a tomahawk; on each side five figures representing five times ten warriors—all the signs together meaning that fifty warriors of the Huron tribe will join the French on their expedition.

Passing to the next inscription, we see that the expedition starts from Montreal. That flying bird on top of the two mountains explains this clearly, because Montreal was ever known to the Indians as the village of the two mountains on account of its situation at the foot of the Mount Royal hills. And the start takes place during the first quarter of the moon of July, because each moon, among the Indians, was known by a certain sign representing a bird, a fish, a plant or an animal and the moon of the deer corresponded exactly to our month of July. The month of March, for instance, was known as the month of worms and reptiles; the month of April, the moon of plants; May was the moon of swallows, June the moon of trees, July the moon of the deer,

 August the moon of the sturgeon, and a

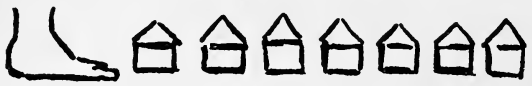
cob of green corn, which was a most important article of food for the savages, was their written sign for our month of September.

To resume the meaning of these signs —The French and Indian warriors started from Montreal on their expedition during the first quarter of the moon of July.

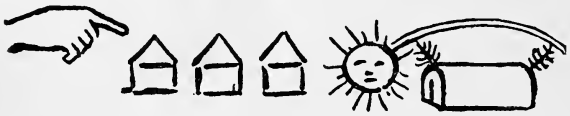


With the sixth inscription, we find that, immediately on starting, they embarked in canoes and travelled twenty-one days, represented rudely by the bark wigwams in which they camped at night. The Canadian Indians ignored the use of the tent and built their wigwams with the bark of the trees of the forest where they lived. The medicine man, each night, left a record of their passage, adding a wigwam as they went along for each day that they travelled by water, until they

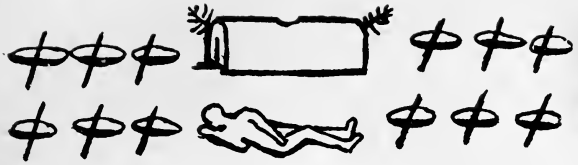
made a stop and hid their canoes carefully in the brush, because the next record that we find tells us plainly that they walked for seven days. Here it is written in plain figures :



That foot speaks for itself, does it not? and seven wigwams give us the length of their watchful and wearisome journey.



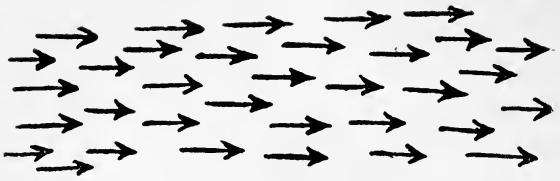
The eighth inscription informs us that they came within three days march of a village of the Iroquois and they approached it from the east. The hand and the three wigwams signifying their three days' march, the rising sun, on the left, the eastern approach to the village and the larger wigwam with two branches, one at each end, representing the coat of arms of the Iroquois nation.



We have now reached the enemy's country, and the next record tells us that one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve times ten warriors, one hundred and twenty warriors are surprised in the village and are found asleep, if you stretch your imagination into finding the image of a sleeping man in the figure below the Iroquois' coat of arms which bespeaks their nationality. And then there was a fiendish howl, an unexpected attack and a fight. We pass to the next :

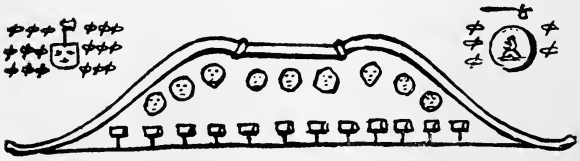
The arrows flying in opposite directions and towards one another tell us of the battle.

The next inscription informs us of the result of the battle. The arrows flying



all in the same direction tell us of the flight of the Iroquois and of the victory of the French and Huron warriors with the following results :

Twelve skulls represent so many victims who have fallen under the tomahawk, and the five figures standing on the spinning top like signs represent five times ten, or fifty prisoners who have fallen in the hands of the victors who are carrying them away. The next record is



a bow, with nine skulls and twelve figures resembling the letter T. The skulls represent the dead and the other figures the wounded. This one tells us that the French and the Hurons lost nine dead and twelve wounded during the expedition.

The last inscription speaks for itself and hardly needs an explanation. That

bird flying, this time in the direction of Montreal, tells us of the return of the expedition from whence it started.

To summarize, the twelve cartoons or groups of figures, signs or hieroglyphics, form the following narrative which appears plain enough after it has been deciphered and explained :

One hundred and eighty French soldiers, accompanied by fifty Huron

allies, left Montreal during the first quarter of the moon of July to go on a warlike expedition against the Iroquois. They first travelled twenty-one days by water, then marched for seven days when they came in sight of an Iroquois village, where they surprised one hundred and twenty warriors to whom they gave battle, killing twelve men and taking fifty prisoners. Their own loss was nine men killed and twelve wounded, the fight having been severe—after which they returned to Montreal.

Such is the written record of a warlike expedition against the Iroquois, and you will naturally ask the writer for authorities on the subject. He will cheerfully give them to you:

First :—Le Grand Voyage au Pays des Hurons, by Gabriel Sagard Théodat—Paris, 1632.

Second :—Mémoires et Voyages du Baron de Lahontan—Paris and Amsterdam, 1698.

Third :—Journal d'une expédition contre les Iroquois en 1687, par le Chevalier

de Baugy, aide-de-camp du Marquis de Denonville.

Fourth:—Mœurs des Sauvages Américains Compareés aux Mœurs des Premiers temps, par le Père Lafetan—Paris, 1724. But it is principally from the very interesting voyages and memoirs of the Baron de Lahontan, who was a captain in the French service, in Canada, that the writer has gathered the materials necessary to form an accurate and intelligible summary of these few pages of Indian writing and hieroglyphics.

No claim is made of the discovery of a new Rosetta Stone, nor has any one found the golden tablets of a new Book of Mormons with the divine inspiration and the stone spectacles of Joe Smith and Orson Pratt necessary to translate the text into the usual vernacular. The writer has simply consulted the ancient Chroniclers of New France and has only literally copied the figures, signs and marks which they saw on the trees of the forests, giving the explanation as he found it, in its primitive simplicity.

Indian Picture Writing

Without claiming for them the scientific value or the historical importance of manuscripts or inscriptions of some older civilizations, they, nevertheless, ought to form for us a precious and interesting memento of the races who have lived where we live to-day, and who are disappearing so quickly before what we are pleased to call the advance of modern civilization.

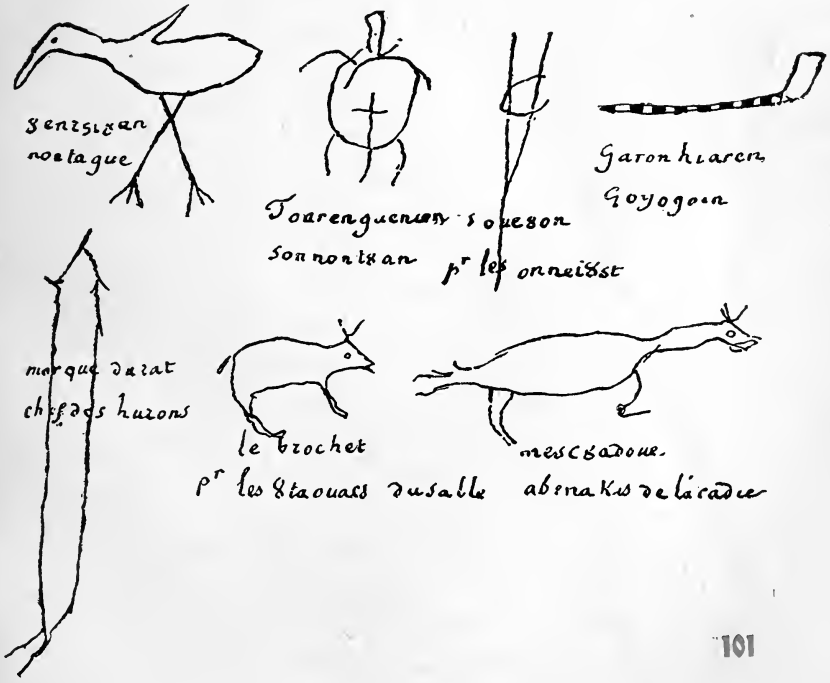
It has already been said that some interesting documents and maps, which naturally come within the scope of a paper of this kind, had been found. One of those documents, divided into three parts, or rather spread over three sheets of parchment, bear the signatures, or individual and tribal totems, of 38 Indian chiefs. They are the exact reproduction by photography of the treaty of peace signed and ratified at Montreal on the 4th of August, 1701. This treaty is part of the archives of the Ministry of Marine of France—Vol. 19 of the general correspondence with Canada. The reader will notice that the explanation or translation

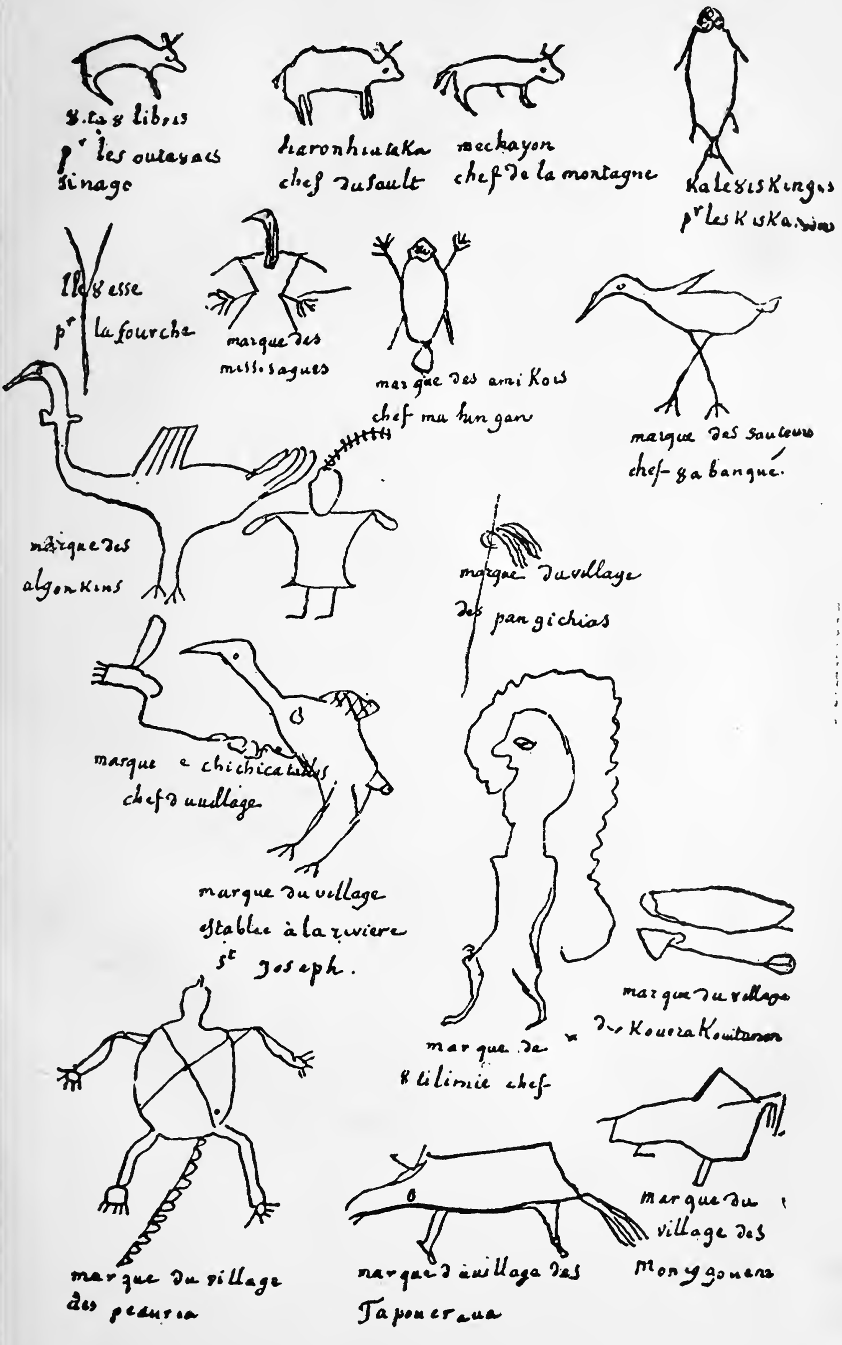
into French is found under every signature, and it requires no stretch of imagination to note the ingenuity, the finesse with which those sons of the

Indian Picture Writing

FAC SIMILE des signatures des trente huit Chefs Indiens, ayant ratifié a Montreal, le 4 Aout 1701, le traite de Paix conclu l'année precédente avec les Iroquois par le Chevalier de Callieres, Gouverneur Géneral du Canada

(Archives du Ministère de la Marine et des Colonies)
Volume 19 de la Correspondance generale du Canada




8.ta8 libris
pr les outa8acs
sinago
haronhiataka
chef du sault
mechayon
chef de la montagne
Kale8isKinges
pr les KisKa...
Ile8esse
pr la fourche
marque des
missisagues
marque des amiKou
chef ma hun gan
marque des sauteurs
chef 8abangué
marque des
algonKins
marque du village
des pangichias
marque chichicatalos
chef du village
marque du village
establie à la riviere
st joseph.
marque du village
des KoueraKouitanon
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village des
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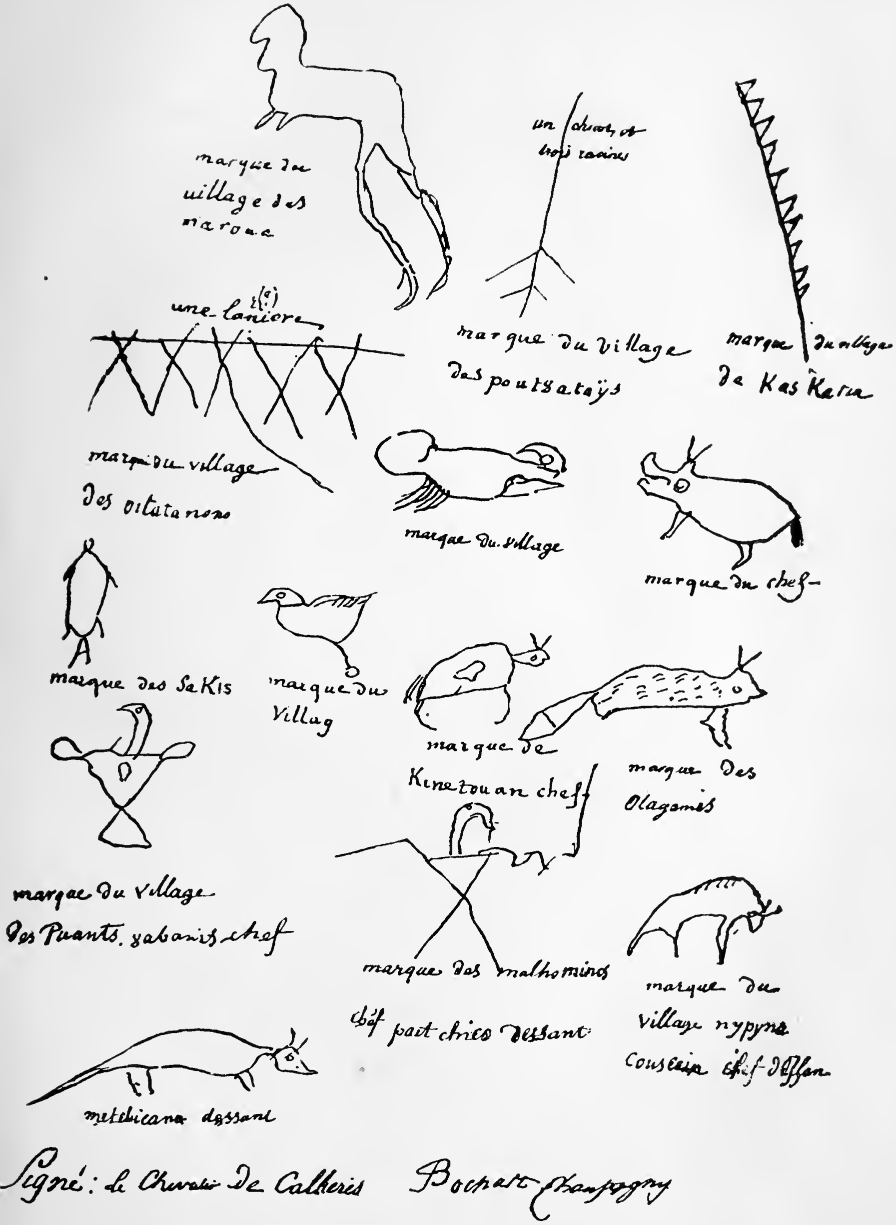
Tapoueraua



marque du village des maroua
un chicot et trois racines
marque du village des poutsatays
marque du village de Kaskarea
une laniere (?)
marque du village des outatanons
marque du village
marque du chef
marque des Sakis
marque du villag
marque de Kinetouan chef
marque des Outagamis
marque du village des Puants, yabanis chef
marque des malhominis chef paat chies dessant
marque du village nypyna cousseia chef dessan
metchicana dessant
Signé: le Chevalier de Callières Bochart Champigny

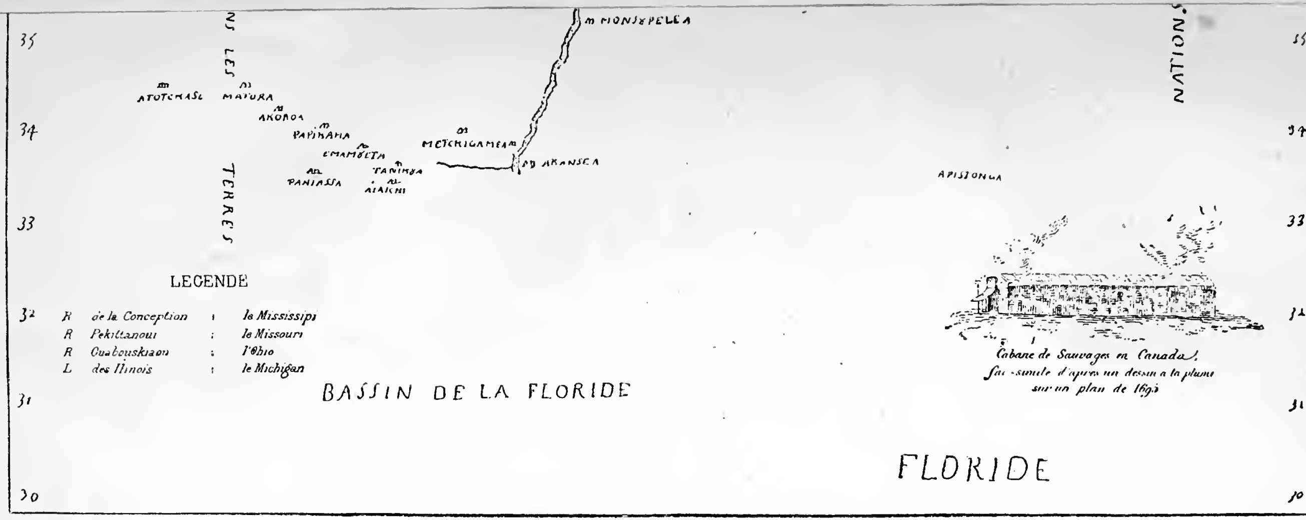
forest and the plains succeeded in tracing, crude and homely pictures it is true—but full of strong individuality. The reader will note at the foot of the last sheet the signatures of the Governor-General, Mr. de Callières and of the intendant Randot.

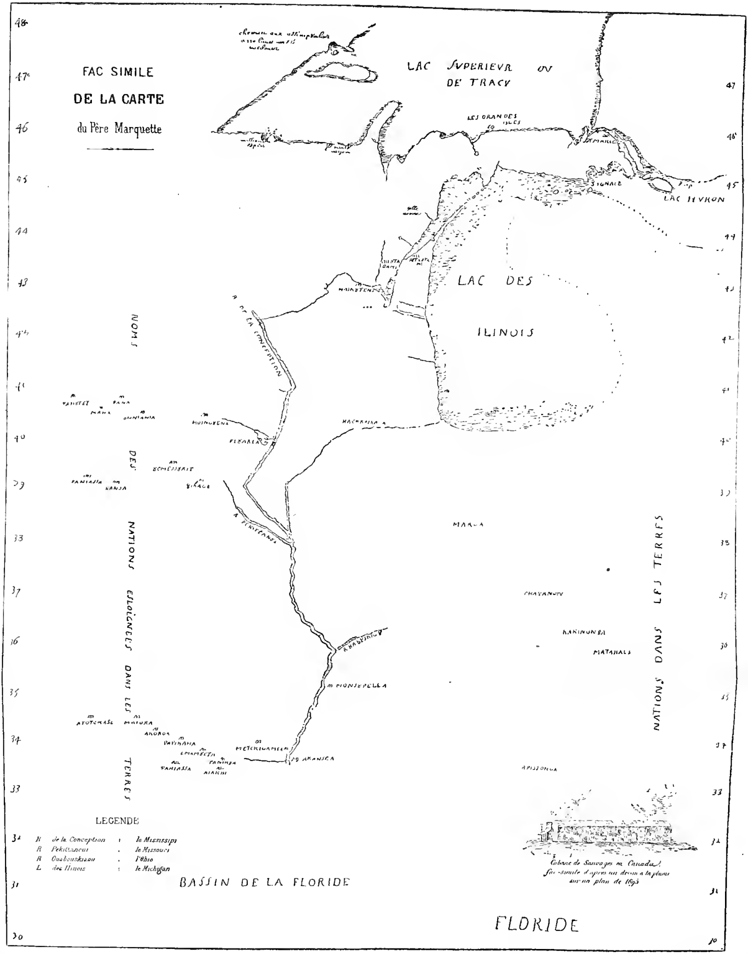
Indian Picture Writing

We will now draw attention to the reproduction of a map which will forever be celebrated in the annals of this continent. It is the map drawn by Father Marquette during his expedition, which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi, with Joliette, who was chief of the enterprise, in 1673, 231 years ago. We shall not treat of the voyage itself, which would form the subject of an important paper, and which has been so well told by Francis Parkman in his work on the discovery of the Mississippi, but this map, unpublished until 1854, has a romantic history connected with it that renders it particularly interesting to Canadians. Joliette, on his return from his expedition, was wrecked a few miles from Montreal, in the Lachine Rapids. It was

all he could do to save his own life, and his canoes, loaded with furs, documents, maps, papers and baggage of all kinds, were lost in the waters of the St. Lawrence. It was only later on that he completed his narrative for his report to the Canadian Viceroy, the famous Count of Frontenac. Meanwhile Father Marquette's relation was given to the Jesuits, and by them placed in the archives, of the Order at Quebec, where it remained until the year 1800, when the last of the old Jesuits, Father Cadot, before his death, placed the documents in the keeping of the ladies of the Hotel-Dieu.

When the Jesuit Order returned to Canada, in 1842, the map was returned to them and placed again in the archives of St. Mary's College in Montreal. Father Felix Martin, who was then superior general and rector of the College, placed it in the hands of the well-known publisher, John Gilmary Shea, of New York, who gave it for the first time to the public in 1854.


NATIONS
NS LES
TERRES
m MONSPELEA
ATOTCHASI
MATURA
AKOROA
PAPIKAHA
EMAMOETA
METCHIGAMEA
AKANSEA
TANIKOA
PANIASSA
AIAICHI
APISTONGA
LEGENDE
R de la Conception : le Mississipi
R Pekitanoui : le Missouri
R Ouabouskiaou : l'Ohio
L des Ilinois : le Michigan
BASSIN DE LA FLORIDE
Cabane de Sauvages en Canada,
fac-simile d'après un dessin à la plume
sur un plan de 1693
FLORIDE
35
34
33
32
31
30


FAC SIMILE
DE LA CARTE
du Père Marquette
LAC SVPERIEVR OV DE TRACY
LES GRANDES ISLES
LAC HVRON
LAC DES ILINOIS
NOMS DES NATIONS ESLOIGNEES DANS LES TERRES
NATIONS DANS LES TERRES
R DE LA CONCEPTION
R PEKITANOUI
MAHA
CHAVANON
KAKINONBA
MATAHALE
M MONSOPELEA
METCHIGAMEA
AKANSEA
APISTONGA
LEGENDE
R de la Conception : le Mississipi
R Pekitanoui : le Missouri
R Ouabouskiaou : l'Ohio
L des Ilinois : le Michigan
BASSIN DE LA FLORIDE
Cabane de Sauvages en Canada,
fac-simile d'après un dessin à la plume
sur un plan de 1693
FLORIDE

The reader will see on this map that the Mississippi is called *Rivière de la Conception.* The Missouri is known as *Pekittanoui,* and the Ohio river is inscribed under the euphonious Indian word of *Ouabouskaïon.* Lake Michigan is called the Lake of the Illinois, which really was its first name, and is so inscribed on the old maps.

Indian Picture Writing

The discovery goes as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas river, and it was left for La Salle to continue it shortly afterwards as far as the Gulf of Mexico.

The United States government has celebrated what is known as the Louisiana Purchase from France, of that immense track of territory west of the great river which had been discovered by Canadians: priests, missionaries, traders, fur hunters, coureurs des bois and adventurers, and the names of La Salle, Tonty, Marquette, Joliette, Bienville, du Luth and their brave companions, must of right and necessity be inscribed on the first pages of the golden book of North American discovery.

Indian Picture Writing

May we not, as Canadians, be proud of that record which Francis Parkman has so well and so impartially written, consecrating his whole life's work to the accomplishment of a self-imposed labor of love and cultured patriotism.

A Legend of the North Pacific

The following paper was read by the writer at a concert given on board the R. M. S. *Empress of China*, on the passage from Vancouver to Japan. It may be stated in explanation of the paper that the passage was very tempestuous and that Monday, the 26th September, was the day dropped from the calendar in crossing the 180th degree of Longitude from Greenwich.

THIS is just how it came to pass. It was on the calm, balmy, evening of Monday, the 26th September. Please note the day.

For the first time since leaving Vancouver, on the 18th instant, we had enjoyed a day of sunshine, of delightful weather, with a sea as calm, as transparent in its calmness, and as beautifully blue or green in its transparency—I do not remember which—as that promised by the extraordinary advertisements of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at all seasons of the year.

It had struck eight bells, and dinner was just over; a sumptuous, well-cooked, well-served dinner that would have honored the menus of Bignon, Voisin, Le Doyen in Paris, or Delmonico or the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

The commander of our good steamer had proven to the passengers, during the day, that she could make the 19 knots also advertised by the Canadian Pacific; and in the satisfaction of fulfilled promises, he walked the bridge, casting a fatherly glance of pride on the multicolored family of all nations over which he was called upon to preside, during a period of two weeks of cares and responsibilities of all kinds.

The junior officers of the ship, in the glory of gold lace and brass buttons, were casting furtive glances towards the more delicate members of the fair sex on board; ready then, as they always are, to offer a powerful arm and an admiring protection and to give assurance of the possibilities of a pleasant walk and agreeable chats over the spotless white boards of the deck promenade.

The children were jumping ropes, and their peals of laughter were repercuted under the awnings, replacing for a few short moments at least the last rays of the autumn sun that had just disappeared below the rippling waves, somewhere in the direction of the Kamchatka.

All the passengers will remember that truly delightful evening of Monday, the 26th of September. And its incidents must have been chronicled in many a long, interesting letter that has recrossed the Pacific Ocean on its way back to the loved ones at home, in America or Europe.

An event of unusual interest had taken place during the day among the less favored class of the Mongolian passengers in the steerage below. Some worthy missionaries who were going to the East on a soul-redeeming expedition had succeeded in opening visions of a purer, better and more profitable life, among a few Chinese, and a praise meeting was about to take place in the second-class saloon, to thank the Lord for having

blessed their labors at such an early stage of their voyage.

On the promenade deck above, in another part of the ship, popularly known as the Smoking-Room, where pipes, cigars and cigarettes are smoked, where cocktails are concocted and drunk and where some cards are played—oh! only innocent games of whist and solitaire—another meeting had been called by the profane element of the ship's passengers under the name of the "Society for the Advancement of Nautical Science," to hear a scientific dissertation by its worthy president, Major Hutchison, on the possibilities of making so many miles in 24 hours, by a ship of the tonnage and speed of the *Empress of China*, under certain conditions. The most difficult mathematical problems of Mercator's projections and nautical logarithms, of the height of the sun at noon, above the horizon, of the position of certain stars at night, of the number of revolutions of the twin screws of the steamer per minute, were thoroughly discussed and calculated with

the help of the first officer, Mr. Metcalfe, and the scientific enthusiasm of those present was raised to such a pitch that every one declared himself ready to back up his conviction with a bet of three, four or five dollars, that the ship's run would attain a total average of between 350 and 380 miles, up to noon, next day. The scientist coming nearest to the true state of affairs was to gather the total of the wagers, which was to be expended in Japan, in scientific researches of some description, at the caprice of the winner, in the full honesty of his love for science and modern progress.

Ever since our departure from Vancouver the writer had been suffering with an acute attack of bronchial asthma, and even his devotion to science would not permit him to breathe in the clouds of smoke that had been slowly accumulating in the room. A violent fit of coughing drove him out on deck in search of fresh air, and he went and sat in one of the ship's arm chairs, in a lonely corner, equally well protected against wind

and spray. He fell in a slumber at the murmuring sound of the splashing waves on the ship's side, now and then interrupted by the voice of the scientists in the smoking room :

"No. 357. How much I am offered for 357? $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $3.50 once, $3.50 twice, $3.50 three times! gone to Dr. Cummings for $3.50. Winning number, sure. All in the interest of science, gentlemen—No. 358."

And all became silent; and when the writer turned round in his chair in the hope of getting a little nap before retiring definitely for the night, he became aware that the seat next to his was occupied by a dark little man with long black hair and beard, and attired in Eastern costume.

He had squatted on his heels, Eastern fashion, and his shining black eyes were fixed intently on mine, in a friendly manner, inviting conversation.

As it is one of my ruling passions to engage in converse with strange and interesting people of all colors, origins,

nationalities or beliefs, I at once opened the dialogue, in French, with a sympathetic:

"Bon soir Monsieur! Un temps superbe, n'est ce pas?"

And to my stupefaction the little dark man answered in the same language, inquiring whether I was going to Japan, whether I would remain there any length of time and evidently seeking to learn how much I knew ot the history, past and present, of that wonderful country. I frankly acknowledged that I did not know much, but that it was for the very purpose of learning more that I was journeying towards the land of the Rising Sun. It was my turn to become inquisitive, and I asked him how long he had been in America, how he liked the country and what he thought of it? This brought a smile on his lips and he answered:

"My knowledge of America extends back to a time that the first white discoverers of the Columbian Continent would have called, in their days, prehistoric. You smile and look incredulous.

You may not continue to do so when I tell you who I am and how far my knowledge of your continent extends in the unfathomed and unexplored ocean of ages. My name does not appear on the ship's list, my face is unknown to every soul on board. I go and come as I please, as the bird that skims the ocean in the steamer's lee, appearing and disappearing at will answering only to the call of She who dwells in the depths of the Sacred Lake in the fastnesses of the Island of Yeso. I am a messenger of the Queen of the Ainos who first peopled and colonized Japan in what historians love to call the fabulous epoch of the history of our country. Mah-tu-anling, the Chinese historian, speaks of the existence of our race during the 34th Chinese Cycle, corresponding somewhere about to the year 1000 before the appearance of your Christ upon earth. Conquerors came from Corea and first established themselves in the Island of Kiusu, then continued on towards the north to Yeso; and then was it that our race was outnum-

 bered, overpowered and persecuted by

the Mongolians and that we sought refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Yeso, while others were driven from the land in boats and embarked upon the sea, going to the eastward, first to the Kurile Islands, whence they reached the first Islands of the Aleutian Group. The Islands were bare and unproductive, and only few among our people could eke out a living on any one of them. And on they went still farther to the eastward, occupying each island as they went, until they reached the easternmost, when their number was still so large that they decided to push on further to reach the western point of Alaska. There they found a continent large enough to sustain them all, and they lived and increased in numbers. Some of them choosing to inhabit the northern portion of the new continent became the ancestors of the Innuits or Eskimos, and they roam to this day, from the Straits of Behring to Greenland's icy mountains, forming the great Tinneh Family. Others looking for milder climes marched towards the south, spreading in their migrations

in numerous branches and forming the nations that you Christians have called the Iroquois, the Mohicans, Pequots, Algonquins, Abenakis, Ottawas, Illinois, Objibways, Blackfeet, Hurons, Utes, Sioux, Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles and others. Those who followed the shore of the Pacific Ocean found a more fertile and more beautiful country, and under more favorable influences became more numerous, more enterprising and more powerful; forming soon that terrible Toltec tribe that first inhabited Mexico and founded there the powerful empire that Cortez discovered and conquered. In their turn, the Toltecs had been crushed by the more powerful nation of the Aztecs, coming from the north, but they, too, fell before the incomparable valor of the Spanish chieftain and the undaunted bravery and energy of his iron-clad warriors. Need I tell you that thousands of years had come and passed during the progress of this transformation? The Aïnos had been driven from their homes and those who remained had became a conquered and downtrodden

people. Our Queen, in her water shrine of the Great Lake in the Mountains of Yeso, had been granted immortality as a reward for her many virtues, and I, her slave, from the date of the first migrations of our people to America, have been her faithful messenger, living on at her bidding, through continuous centuries, and visiting our brethren of America, every fifty years, to report on their condition to my sublime mistress and Sovereign.

"I was in America at the arrival of Columbus and of his companions, and I hastened to Yeso to report the important news. I watched from the tower of the Great Temple of the War-God, the flight of the Mexican Emperor Guatimozin and his capture by the Spaniards. In 1527 and 1542, I espied from the sacred watch tower of the Pueblo, of Santa Fe, the arrival of Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado, and the subsequent conquest of New Mexico then called Nueva Grenada. Then, on the shore of the St. Lawrence, arrived the expedition commanded by the French discoverer Jacques Cartier, and the subse-

quent occupation of Canada by the French. Again, in the spring of 1562, did I hear of the arrival in Florida of the French Huguenot Jean Ribault, of his settlement on the coast, of the butchery of the French Protestants by the Spanish Adelantado Menendez, and of the terrible revenge taken on the Spaniards by Dominique de Gourgues. With interest, I looked upon the coming, in 1585, of the first English settlers in North Carolina, and subsequently in Virginia and Maryland, and last, but not least, the arrival of Miles Standish and his companions at Plymouth in 1620. Ever since then have I been watching and reporting to my Sovereign the wonderful changes that have taken place in North America. The persecution and subsequent scattering of our brethren by all the whites, English, French or Spaniards, are for you matters of modern history. I will not, then, touch on those well-known topics. I will merely refer to two different nations among our American brethren, who have remained free from the contamination of what you are pleased to call

your western civilization. The Eskimos, in the North, have been protected by the terrible climate of their country, against the encroachments of the Caucasians, and, in spite of the expeditions of Cabot, Drake, Hudson, Baffin, Behring, Mackenzie, Vancouver, Ross, Parry, Sir John Franklin, Collinson, McClure, Nares, Kane, Hall, De Long, Greely, Peary and Schwatzka, those brave children of the Aïno race remain free and faithful to the allegiance of their ancestry.

The other brave band of our brethern, who still cling to the traditions of their race, are the Pueblos of New Mexico. They have preserved their creed, their form of municipal government, their language and their freedom. They live as their fathers lived a thousand years ago, and they keep burning night and day, in their Estufas, the sacred fire that must not be extinguished before the coming of Montezuma. They continue, in the present, the life of a long, faithful past with a fervent hope in the future. You may ask proofs of what I say, but I

will, if you do, demand of you explanations about the extensive group of ruins that were ruins when the Spaniards conquered Mexico and Central America. Yucatan is covered with them, and the remains at Palenque, Mitla and Uxmal can be compared with those of Thebes or ancient Egypt, but cannot be explained by your savants. Why should the pottery manufactured by the Pueblos of to-day at Zuni and Taos resemble so closely the pottery of ancient Japan? Tell me who built and who inhabited the cliff dwellings of Southern Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and who were the people who honeycombed the precipitous walls of the canyons of the Mancos, of the Colorado and of the Yucca rivers. Who built the mounds of the Mississippi valley? Tell me all that, and I will then answer your questions if you have any to propound."

I remained silent and the little black bearded Aïno waited a few moments and then jumped down from his seat evidently getting ready to go.

"And tell your wise men who call us barbarians, your missionaries who call us pagans, that our history can in many ways be compared with theirs. When we executed a few of your missionaries, at Nagasaki, about two hundred and fifty years ago, your people were burning witches in Salem, persecuting Quakers in Rhode Island, torturing Jews in Spain, murdering Huguenots in France and roasting Catholics in England; and all that in the name of a God of Holiness, of Forgiveness and Mercy.

And the Messenger of the Queen of the Aïnos scampered off, with a twinkle in his eye, kissing me good-bye from the tips of his fingers, and saying "*Adieu, mon ami,*" with the blasé tone of a dude walking down Piccadilly or the Boulevard des Italiens.

And as I rose to look down the ladder where the messenger had disappeared, I heard a voice from the smoking room:

"No. 380! Gentlemen, the last and best number, how much am I offered?—$5.00, $6.00, $6.50, $7.00, $7.50, $8.00,

$8.50, $9.00, $9.50, $10.00, $10.00, $10.00, once, twice, three times. Number 380 is sold for $10.00 to Mr. —.

And the meeting of the "Society for the Advancement of Nautical Science" on board the R. M. S. *Empress of China* was adjourned until 6 o'clock next day, for the morning cocktail.