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GROUP OF ESKIMO.—From Original Photographs.

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THE
RACES OF MANKIND:

BEING

A POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARACTERISTICS, MANNERS AND
CUSTOMS OF THE PRINCIPAL VARIETIES OF

THE HUMAN FAMILY.

BY

ROBERT BROWN, M.A.,

P.H.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S.,

President of the Royal Physical Society, Edinburgh.

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THE RACES OF MANKIND.

THE FAMILIES OF MEN.



T has been usual to divide the human race into the following families:—1. The Caucasian, comprehending most of the European and some of the Asiatic peoples. 2. The Mongolian, such as the Chinese, Tartars, &c. 3. The Malay, or natives of the Oceanic and Indian Islands. 4. The American; and, 5, the Ethiopian or African races. This classification, though widely adopted, is open to many objections. Other classifications have been based on the formation of the skull, and particularly on the languages. The latter is especially apt to be fallacious, many races which have an almost identical language being of widely different origin, while others have dropped their original language and taken that of the people among whom they are placed. An ingenious philologist may unite the most distant families, but all this only points to the pristine unity of man. It is, however, immaterial on what basis we classify the different races of men, especially in a work of this nature, the chief object of which is to describe them as they at present exist upon the earth. On the whole, a more or less geographical arrangement will prove to be not only the most convenient, but in many respects the most correct also. It will be found in the course of our travels among the uncivilised nations of men that the peoples living together are in a vast number of instances of the same origin, and with customs very similar, whatever their source. The fact that they have to contend against similar physical circumstances and are surrounded by like conditions of life, by intermarriage, the institution of slavery, &c., has often had the effect of moulding their ways of life and their language into a similar shape. Therefore, without vouching for the strictness of its philological or anatomical accuracy, we shall find it at least convenient to adopt the classification of mankind, with Latham, into the following *groups*, which the reader may term *races*, *families*, or *species*, just as his particular views or conscientiousness as to the “something in a name” may lead him:—1. Americans. 2. The Oceanic group. 3. Turanians. 4. The Persian group. 5. The Indian stock. 6. The Africans. 7. The Caucasians. 8. The Europeans. Under these heads we shall be able to sketch in greater or less detail the chief types of the human race.

CHAPTER I.

THE AMERICANS.

WHEN Columbus discovered the New World, he considered that he had come upon a part of India; and accordingly he called the natives of the American continent "Indians," a name by which they are familiarly known to this day. The name is of course geographically incorrect, America having nothing to do with India; still, as long use has rendered it difficult to lay the name altogether aside, and as everybody knows what is meant by the "American Indians," I shall continue to use it in the following pages. The American race, take them as a whole, is a very homogeneous one, occupying the whole continent from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, and though differing much in language, yet presenting many general characteristics. They are as a rule robust, well made, strong, active specimens of humanity, and, with the exception of the Eskimo branch, rather tall. The skull, when unaltered, is of an oval shape, but the forehead is in general low and sloping. Many tribes, we shall by-and-by see, flatten the forehead by artificial means; but other tribes, like the ancient Mexicans, are naturally so formed. Indeed, the Aztecs used to represent their gods as possessing flattened foreheads, which they thought a mark of great beauty; probably it was this idea that led them to produce the same effect by artificial means. The nose in the greater number at least of the North American tribes is long, aquiline, and well defined; the mouth is not of great size, the eyes are rather sloping in many of them, the teeth set vertically in the gums, while the lips do not differ much from those of Europeans. Their eyes are brown, and the hair long, straight, and black. When any beard is present, it is but scanty, though it is generally plucked out. The colour of the skin varies from a light brown to a coppery brown, in some tribes being almost black. The race is rather high in intelligence and in physical appearance, but is entirely a nation of hunters and fishers, living, with few exceptions, in a state of savagedom, and only in rare instances cultivating any portion of the soil.

That the American Indians originally came from the Asiatic coast, there can, I think, be but little doubt. The Mongol appearance is very marked among the tribes nearest that coast—that is, on the shores of the Pacific, but gets less noticeable as we go eastward, until it is very little observed among the Indians north of the Atlantic sea-board. Indeed, the traditions of the Western American Indians all point to the still further westward as the land they came from, while the Eastern Indians say they came from the west: "A great medicine-man went before them, and every night planted a red pole where they were to encamp."

A vast amount of speculation has been spent on the interesting question, as to the origin of the Indian, from the Topsy-like hypothesis of the extreme German and French school, that they "grewed," or sprung into existence just where they are, and did not come by migration from any other place, to the theory that they are the lost ten tribes of Israel. On this charming Semitic hypothesis the Book of Mormon was founded; but there seems no ground for it

whatever, except in some semi-Jewish customs—customs, however, that are common to various other nations as well, and may be only part of the common property of the human race. Then the Phœnicians are supposed to have aided in the colonisation of America, and there is a legend that a Welsh prince (Madoe), about a thousand years ago, landed and colonised the country. All these are mere vague traditions, and though it is just barely possible that there may have been an admixture of Europeans in America long before Columbus or even his predecessors, the old Norsemen, discovered the continent (for instance, the Mandans of the Missouri, a tribe now extinct, had the Welsh coracle, and many words said to be of Welsh origin among them), yet there is nothing certain, or even reasonable, in support of these ideas.* On the contrary, not only are the Western Indians in appearance very like their nearest neighbours, the North-eastern Asiatics, but in language and tradition it is confidently affirmed there is also a blending of the people. The Eskimo on the American, and the Tehuktchis on the Asiatic side of Behring Strait, understand each other perfectly. Finally, if more proof was required, we have only to point out that several canoes and junks from the opposite coast have been landed on the American coast, and that in the winter the natives will cross from either side of Behring Strait with their skin canoes on their heads. Mr. Dall, who lived for some time in that district of country, and paid particular attention to the question, unhesitatingly declares his belief that the North-western Indians—at least those of Alaska—are recent immigrants from Asia, and that indeed they are still coming over. They carry on extensive commerce across Behring Strait in skins, frames for boats, hunting and fishing equipments, &c. The Asiatic immigrants are, however, confined to a few leagues of country along the coast and large rivers, while another people, or at least an earlier arrived one, inhabits the interior. The boundary line between the two races is very marked, and encroachments on each other's territory are never tolerated. If a hunter passes the line in the chase and kills any game, he can take the carcase away, but must leave the skin at the nearest village. The coast people and the interior ones never intermarry.

Probably Japan, the Kuriles, and the region thereabouts must be looked upon as the original home of the American race, or at least the greater portion of it. In 1834 a Japanese junk was wrecked at Queen-hâith, to the south of Cape Flattery, and the three survivors were sent back to Japan. They had been driven off the Island of Yesi, and losing their reckoning, had drifted about for several months, during which time the crew, which had been originally forty in number, had dwindled down, by hardship and hunger, to three. Again, on the 21st of April, 1847, in lat. 35° north, long. 156° east, a Japanese junk was fallen in with which had lost her rudder, and been driven to sea in a gale in November, 1846. She had on board a crew of nine men, and about 2,000 lbs. of beeswax, and other cargo. On another occasion an American whaler, in May, 1847, fell in with a large junk of 200 tons burden, dismantled, with her rudder gone, and otherwise injured in a typhoon, which had occurred seven months previously. The crew, originally consisting of seventeen persons, was reduced to fourteen, who were in a most pitiable condition from famine, and all scarred with dirk and knife wounds, for fearful scenes seemed to have been enacted on board during the struggle for existence and amid the paroxysms of hunger and despair.† The Indians

* In a humorous form Washington Irving, in the introduction to "Knickerbocker's History of New York," gives a summary of these various hypotheses.

† Anderson, in the *New York Historical Magazine* for 1863, p. 81, quoting *Honolulu Polynesian* of 1847.

have a tradition that, many years ago, long before the whites settled among them, a vessel laden with wax, and apparently a Japanese junk, was wrecked on their coast. To this day pieces of the wax are tossed up, and at one time the Hudson Bay Company used to trade it



HEAD OF AZTEC.

from the natives. Very recently a similar case was recorded in the newspapers ; but the above will suffice to show that there are no obstacles to prevent America having been originally peopled from the Asiatic coast. The number of tribes on the American continent is very remarkable, and the languages are equally multifarious, though all of the general "agglutinate" construction. The famous Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, was in the habit of pointing to this diversity of languages as a proof of the antiquity of the American aboriginal

race. It points, however, to nothing more than that the native races of America have been always at war with each other, and confined therefore to isolated communities, holding little mutual intercourse with each other, and thus the languages have got further and further separated from each other. In giving a general sketch of the American races, we may throw them into great groups, of a more or less geographical character, the habits and, in most cases, the origin of the tribes being similar in these regions.



ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK.—From an Original Photograph.

THE ESKIMO.*

Here is a very distinct family of the Americans, that extends across the whole northern coast of the American continent, from Behring Strait on the one side to Greenland on the other, coming as far south as Labrador on the Atlantic and the Yukon River on the Pacific sea-board, but throughout all this large area remaining a very distinct and characteristic people, not differing very widely either in habits or language. The Laps and Samoyedes of the European coast,

* Commonly spelled *Esquimaux*, and pronounced *Esquimaw* or *Esquimow*; but I prefer to adopt the Danish orthography, which is now followed by the best writers. The English whaling sailors in Baffin's Bay call them "Yaks," and the Hudson Bay men, "Huskies." What is the origin of the first word I cannot say, but the latter seems only a corruption of *Esquimaux*; which, again, is said to mean "Flesh-eaters." They call themselves "Inniut," or "the people"—in general.

though in some respects approximating to them, are yet of a different race; while the Tchuktchis, on the Asiatic shores, though adopting many of their habits, are probably an alien people who have taken possession of a country once inhabited by the Eskimo, and either replaced or commingled with that people. They are limited to the unwooded shores of the Arctic Sea, rarely going far into the country, and having their proper home on the—to us—most desolate, cold, and forbidding part of the continent. An exploring or other Arctic-going ship will “hook on to the ice-floe” in some quiet bay, as silent and as dreary as ever the eye of man rested on. Snow is all around, snow is falling fast, the very eye gets chilled with the sight, even the water-birds, gorged with blubber, sit in meditative rows on the edge of a piece of floating ice—it seems a world “unfinished from the hands of the Creator.” As we pace the snow-covered deck, alternately gazing on the snow-covered, glacier-intersected land, and the snow-laden, frozen sails and shrouds, we are startled by a clear sound through the still Arctic air. We listen; surely it cannot be the sound of man; surely no man lives in this hope-forsaken place. Again! It is the sound of no sea-bird—the cry of no polar bear; it must be the echo of men’s voices. The snow has ceased for a moment and the sun has peered out from behind the leaden clouds, and afar off, on the white ice-floe connecting the land and our vessel, we see some black specks. As the specks approach nearer we can make them out to be dog-sledges, filled with little fur-clad people; and in another place are numbers of skin-canoes, looking like large black dogs in the water, paddling through an open “lane” in the ice. Soon, with shouts of gladness, and the howling of their motley dog-teams, they are alongside—men, women, and children—and standing, wild-looking denizens of the ice and snow, hailing every one with cries of “Timoo! Timoo!” (good cheer, good cheer). These are the Eskimo, the most northerly family of the human race, as well as of the American subdivision of it. That they are Americans there can, I conceive, be but little doubt. Certainly on the eastern shores they differ widely from the Indians, but as you approach the Pacific coast they imperceptibly inosculate the one into the other in language, and even habits and customs. When, in 1863, I first saw the Indians of the north-west coast of America they seemed old friends of mine; and having only two years before passed a summer among the Eskimo of the western shores of Davis Strait, I was struck with their remarkable resemblance to the heavy-faced-looking people who lined the road from Esquimault to Victoria. In personal appearance they are far from repulsive, though not handsome. In height they may be, on an average, about five feet six inches; but tall men are now and then seen amongst them, and the notion that they are very small arises more from the style of their dress than from any real deficiency in stature. Their faces are fat, egg-shaped, and good humoured, with small twinkling, rather sloping eyes, and a flat nose meandering away on either side in an expanse of nostril into fat brown cheeks. Their colour is fairer than that of many of the Indians, but their skin being usually very dirty and smoked, the natural colour can rarely be seen. Their lips do not differ much from those of Europeans, but the cleft of their mouth is usually very wide. Their hair is generally long, black, straight, and coarse, while few of them have any whisker, beard, or moustache, a slight amount of hair on the upper lip and a little on the chin being for the most part the only approach to these which the most hirsute of them possess. Their hands and feet are usually rather small, but their bodies are muscular and broad about the shoulders, yet—as a rule—they are not nearly so strong as Europeans, the feats of ordinary sailors striking them as miracles of strength. Their teeth are usually regular and well set, but in middle-aged and old

people worn down—as among the Indians and many other savages—to the gum, on account of the hard or sand-mixed food which their not over-cleanly habits allow them to consume without proper cooking or washing. Grey-haired people are not uncommon, though the Eskimo are not a short-lived people, take them as a whole. I have spoken of their dirty habits, which darken their otherwise not particularly swarthy complexions. To water they have a great dislike. When they wash themselves (which is rarely), a dirty and offensive liquid often supplies the place of the usual toilet requisite. If, however, they wet their feet, they never rest until they change their boots, the cold climate rendering them stiff and the feet icy after their immersion. It is probably the cold climate which gives them such an antipathy to washing. None of them can swim, as the chilly water soon freezes them, and even if they had learned the art, it would render the exercise of it impossible. If the mother wishes the child to look a little more cleanly than the dirt and smoke of an Eskimo hut would naturally allow, she applies her *tongue* to the infant, and the result is satisfactory—to the infant! In like manner after she has cooked a piece of meat, she licks any sand or dirt off it before handing it to her husband or guest. The men's hair hangs in long dishevelled locks down their backs; while the women's is more artistically dressed, being drawn up to the top of the head, and then tied in a knot, with a bit of reindeer skin or similar material. Some of them allow a plaited lock to hang down at either side of the neck. The dress of the children is only a miniature edition of that of the adults, and is the same for males and females until they are three or four years old, when some slight changes are introduced. The dress of the men and women is very much the same, and though it differs slightly among different tribes, is yet on the whole very similar throughout. The men wear a short jacket made of seal-skin or reindeer fur, with a hood behind—which hood can be drawn over the head and ears, exposing nothing but the face. In the winter season, underneath this jacket—which is put on by drawing it over the head like a shirt—the Eskimo usually wears another with the fur *inside*, or a shirt made of bird-skins. Their trousers, among the wilder tribes, are also made of seal, bear, or reindeer skin, and usually reach just below the knee, and are made so loose that a pair of boots can go under them, which, with a pair of large, fingerless, skin gloves, complete the dress. The boots are very excellently made of native tanned sealskin, chewed soft by the women, until it is in a condition to be manufactured. The way the “uppers” are crimped, so as to be sewed with sinew thread to the soles, is most ingenious. The soles are also made of seal-skin of a stronger quality. The boots are stuffed with grass, and have a stocking of reindeer or seal skin, with the hair inside. The whole forms an article of wear infinitely superior to anything of European make. Indeed, Europeans, if they have occasion to travel among the Eskimo, soon cast off their clumsy, inflexible boots, and adopt the light, elegant, and warm Eskimo foot-gear. The dress of the women is much the same—only if the woman is a mother her jacket has a large hood behind, in which the baby is carried, its little head, either bare or covered with a cap woven out of the hair of the white Arctic hare, just peeping over its mother's shoulder, or reaching over to partake of nourishment, as the family plod through ice and snow on the weary march from one hunting-ground to another. The trousers of the women are generally shorter and tighter than those of the men, and the boots are made of sealskin tanned white, and with wide tops stretching high over the knees. These wide tops afford excellent pockets, or hiding-places, for any unconsidered article they may come across. Finally, the woman's jacket has a tail behind, like the tail

of an evening coat, which is, however, in general tucked up to keep it from trailing on the ground. The dress differs in some slight particulars in various districts, and is generally more ornamented than that of the men, with more of rude feather embroidery. Their dress, like their tools, canoes, &c., all show great skill and neatness of hand—excelling in this respect even those of their neighbours and mortal enemies, the Indians. Most of the savage tribes tattoo themselves on the face, but this custom—contrary to the statements in most books—is not now practised among the semi-civilised Greenland Eskimo, though in former times it was. The pattern simply consisted of blue lines, produced by drawing a needle and sinew thread smeared with lampblack under the skin; but every tribe has its own mode of tattooing. To the west of the Mackenzie, the men cut a hole in their lower lip, near the corner of the mouth, which they fill with a labret of bone, stone, or metal. Sir John Richardson informs us that at the mouth of the Mackenzie small green pebbles are obtained, which, when neatly set in wood or brass, are used for this purpose. That late illustrious naturalist and traveller is, however, in error when he considers that the natives of Vancouver Island afford an example of a similar custom; hence he imagined that these people may have adopted the Eskimo habit when, as he supposes, they came to Vancouver Island, and drove out the Eskimo, who once inhabited that coast. The natives of Vancouver Island, as we shall by-and-by see, adopt no such custom; the nearest approach to it being among the Hydahs of Queen Charlotte Island, several hundreds of miles to the northward.

Such, in personal appearance, is the Eskimo, “the strange infidel, the like of whom has neither been seen, read, nor heard tell of,” of stout Martin Frobisher. Some of the women are handsome; but the old ones are such hags that we need not be surprised at Frobisher’s sailors pulling the boots off one to see if her feet were cloven, after the traditional formation of the Evil One! The different species of seal supply nearly everything the Eskimo require in dress, food, summer-houses, implements, &c., and its hunt is one of the chief occupations of their life and thoughts. Their bow is generally made of three pieces of the reindeer’s rib, and with its twisted string of sinew and strengthening behind, is a very powerful weapon; knives they manufacture from the copper obtained from the Coppermine River, from flint, from ivory, from any stray pieces of iron which they may come across, or, as I am informed by Professor Stenstrup, in former times, from the meteoric iron found in that country. Wood is very scarce with them, being traded from long distances, or coming as drift-wood, which the currents carry from wooded coasts into the heart of the Arctic Sea. Among some tribes so scarce is it that a harpoon-handle will be made of the valuable ivory “horns” or teeth of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, or of several bits of wood carefully spliced together. Sir Robert Maclure found one tribe so short of wood that the “runners” of their sledges were made of several *salmon* tied up and hard frozen! No more acceptable present can be given to an Eskimo than a broken oar, or any other bit of wood. A common name amongst them is “Kresuk” (*drift-wood*), a fact pointing to the estimation in which this material is held amongst them. Their spears, harpoons, arrows, &c., are all admirably made, and constructed on most ingenious plans. One of them—the bird-spear—has a main point, but it has also several supplementary points projecting from either side, so that if they should miss the bird with the main point, the chances are that it will be struck by one of the supplementary ones; an inflated bladder attached to the spear keeps it from sinking. The harpoon with which they strike the seal, white whale, whale, narwhal, walrus and other marine animals, is



ESKIMO SEAL-FISHING.

fitted into a shaft made usually of wood. This shaft, which is seven or eight feet in length, is only used for throwing the harpoon into the animal by means of a wooden rest, or "harpoon-thrower," which is held in the hand. As soon as the animal is struck, the shaft falls out and is picked up by the hunter as it floats on the surface, while the little harpoon-point remains in the seal's body, attached to a long line of carefully-prepared seal-skin, which has attached to it a large inflated seal-skin. This seal-skin marks where the animal is, but as it must come to the surface to breathe, and soon gets tired, the hunter follows it up in his *kayak*, spearing whenever he has an opportunity, until at length it is killed. He then coils his line anew on a stand in front of him, on his *kayak*, and proceeds as before. The *kayak* is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the Eskimo. It is shaped like a weaver's shuttle—pointed at either end—and built on a framework of whalebone or wood, covered completely over, with the exception of the hole in which the Eskimo seats himself, with seal-skin, with the hair off, and carefully prepared for that purpose. The hunter takes his seat in this fragile canoe, clad in a waterproof jacket made of seal-skin, or of the whale's intestines, buttons this jacket down so that no water can enter, puts on his waterproof mittens, and takes hold of his double paddle by the middle, and looks almost a part of the *kayak*. This craft is often ornamented with a knob of narwhal or walrus ivory at the end, and sheathed with runners of bone beneath, while the paddle has on either end a point of ivory or bone. The whole is one of the lightest and most elegant of contrivances. In straps in front are fastened the spears, knives, &c.; in front also is the stand for the line, nicely coiled up, and behind is the inflated seal-skin, or "drog," which is used in the manner I have described.*

No water can enter the *kayak*, and as the canoe-man paddles along, his face to the point to which he is going, propelling and steadying the *kayak* with alternate strokes of the long double paddle, the sea may dash over him with impunity. He rides buoyantly on the surface of the waves, often with a seal fastened at either side. If the spray, freezing on the sides of the *kayak* incommodes him, he scrapes it off with a blunt bone knife he carries in the straps in front of him. He can even overturn the *kayak* and right it again; but not unfrequently the ice cuts holes in it, when the fate of the buttoned-in kayaker is death by drowning. If he comes to a "neck" of ice between two spaces of open water, he forces the canoe on the ice, gets out of it, and carries it on his head, until he can again launch it in open water. On the shores of Behring Strait some of the *kayaks* are made with two holes, and are paddled by two men. There is another boat, called the *omiak*, which is also made of seal-skin on a framework of whalebone or wood, but it is open on the top, and of a more or less oblong form. It is essentially the women's boat, being used to carry them, the children, dogs, and baggage from one place to another. It is propelled by the women, with single paddles or oars, and is steered by an old man, who keeps up a stern discipline over his charge, not being at all particular what he throws at his chattering crew. The dog-sledge is made of two runners of wood, pointed at the end, with cross-bars, forming a sort of platform. In front, attached to long traces, the dogs, large wolfish brutes, are fastened by seal-skin harness; while behind is a sort of screen, on which spare harness, whips, lines, &c., are hung. The driver sits on the

* The natives of the western shores of Vancouver Island use an identical inflated seal-skin, and for a similar purpose.

sledge and drives his canine team with a long-lashed whip, with a short handle. To wield this whip is no easy task, but one requiring long practice; when acquired thoroughly, the driver could with his twenty or thirty feet lash flick a fly off his leader's head, at a distance of as many feet. The dogs, to protect their feet, have on little seal-skin shoes or mufflers; and over tolerably even snow-covered ice will travel as much as 160 miles a day. Six dogs are generally attached to a sledge.

Unlike the Laps or Kamshatdales, the Eskimo have never thought of taming the reindeer, but only use it for food. Their summer dwellings are rude tents made of seal-skin, but their stationary dwellings are square or conical huts, half under ground, built of earth, bones, turf, or any rubbish, lighted by a window of whale intestines, and entered by a long, low tunnel, which has to be traversed on all fours. On two sides are low raised platforms, covered with skins, and which can be used as seats or beds. A stone lamp, consisting of an oblong, hollow vessel, cut out of the soft steatite, or soap-stone, with moss for wick and blubber for fuel, is suspended from the roof. This serves at once for fire and light. The house is insufferably warm, there being scarcely any ventilation, and half the inmates have the upper portion of their body divested of clothing. In the roof are paddles, harpoons, &c.; a dead seal may be seen lying amid a pool of blood on the floor, and the dogs are growling just outside the door in the tunnel, as the visitor cautiously picks his way on all fours to the door. The object of this tunnel is to prevent unwelcome, unannounced visits of the fierce white polar bear. In winter, moreover, especially if moving about from one place to another, they erect snow huts, the blocks of snow being most ingeniously fitted into one another, no bridge-builder being able to surpass them in the manner in which they arch over the roof. These houses are warm, though in the spring they begin to get rather wet and damp, and the heat of the summer soon compels them to be abandoned—though at that season it is almost unnecessary to say that these dwellings perforce become only temporary.

The Eskimo are enormous eaters, and take most of their food raw, or in a frozen condition. To eat eight or nine pounds of meat is not accounted an extraordinary feat, and a man will lie on his back while his wife feeds him with the tit-bits of flesh and blubber, when he is utterly unable to move himself. Their powers of fasting are equally extraordinary. Fat of every kind comes natural to them, and is necessary to keep up the animal heat of the body. In eating, they cut off a large piece of flesh, take it between their teeth, then with a knife cut off a bit, and so on, severing the attachment between the bit and the lump, until the whole is gone. The ordinary routine of Eskimo life has been so admirably sketched by Sir John Richardson that I may be allowed to quote it:—"In the month of September, the band, consisting of perhaps five or six families, moves to some well-known pass, generally some narrow neck of land between two lakes, and there awaits the southerly migration of the reindeer. When these animals approach the vicinity, some of the young men go out, and gradually drive them towards the pass, where they are met by other hunters, who kill as many as they can with the bow and arrow. The bulk of the herd is forced into the lake, and there the liers-in-wait in their *kayaks* spear them at their leisure. Hunting in this way, day after day, as long as the deer are passing, a large stock of venison is generally procured. As the country abounds in natural ice cellars, or at least everywhere affords great facilities for constructing them in the frozen subsoil, the venison might be kept sweet until the hard frost sets in, and so preserved

throughout the winter ; but the Eskimo take little trouble in the matter. If more deer are killed in the summer than can be then consumed, part of the flesh is dried, but later in the season it is merely laid up in some cool cleft in the rock, where wild animals cannot reach it, and should it become considerably tainted before the cold weather comes on, it is only the more agreeable to the Eskimo palate. When made very tender by keeping, it is consumed raw, or after very little cooking. In the autumn also, the migratory flocks of geese and other birds are laid under contribution, and salmon trout and fish of various kinds are taken. In this



ESKIMO MEN.—From an Original Photograph.

way a winter stock of provision is procured, and not a little is required, as the Eskimo, being consumers of animal food only, get through a surprising quantity. In the autumn the berries of the cranberry, the blueberry, creeping Arctic brambles, &c., and the half-digested lichen in the paunch of the reindeer are considered to be a treat ; but in other seasons this people never taste vegetables, and even in summer animal food is alone deemed essential. Carbon is supplied to the system by the use of much oil and fat in the diet, and draughts of warm blood from a newly-killed animal are considered as contributing greatly to preserve the hunter in health. No part of the entrails is rejected as unfit for food. Little cleanliness is shown in the preparation of the intestines, and when they are rendered crisp by frost they are eaten as delicacies without further cooking. On parts of the coast where whales are common, August

and September are devoted to the pursuit of these animals, deer-hunting being also attended to at intervals. The killing of a right whale (*Balæna mysticetus*) or of the *kelleluak*, or



ESKIMO DOG-SLEDGE.

white whale (*Beluga albicans*), secures winter feasts and abundance of oil for the lamps of a whole village, and there is great rejoicing. On the return of light, the winter houses are abandoned for the seal-hunt on the ice, sooner or later, according to the state of the larder.

The party then moves seaward, being guided in discovering the holes of the seal or walrus by their dogs. At this time of the year huts are built of snow for the residence of the band, and at no season is the hunter's skill more tested, the seal being a very wary animal, with acute sight, smell, and hearing. It is no match, however, for the Eskimo hunter, who, sheltered from the keen blast by a semicircular wall of snow, will sit motionless for hours, watching for the bubble of air that warns him of the seal coming up to breathe; and scarcely has the animal raised its nostrils to the surface, before the hunter's harpoon is deeply buried in its body. The sport is not without the danger that adds to the excitement of success. The line attached to the point of the harpoon is passed in a loop round the hunter's loins, and, should the animal he has struck be a large seal or walrus, woe betide him if he does not instantly plant his feet in the notch cut for the purpose in the ice, and throw himself in such a position that the strain on the line is as nearly as possible brought in the direction of the length of the spine of his back and axis of his lower limbs. A transverse pull from one of these powerful beasts would double him across the air-hole, and perhaps break his back; or, if the opening be large, as it often is when the spring is advanced, he would be dragged under water and drowned. Accidents of this kind are but too common. When the seals come out on the ice to bask in the powerful rays of a spring sun, the Eskimo hunter knows how to approach them by imitating their forms and motions so perfectly that the poor animals take him for one of their own species, and are not undeceived until he comes near enough to thrust his lance into one. The principal seal fishery ends by the disruption of the ice, and then the reindeer are again numerous on the shores of the Arctic Sea, the birds are breeding in great flocks, and the annual routine of occupation, which has been briefly sketched, commences anew."

In the hunting of the seal and other animals the utmost ingenuity is displayed, and page after page could be filled with accounts of the different methods the Eskimo employ in so doing. An ingenious method of killing bears was noticed among some tribes. A strong piece of whalebone was coiled up, and secured by stringy pieces of blubber. These baits are tossed here and there in the track of the bear, and swallowed one after another. Under the influence of the heat of the animal's stomach the blubber melts and lets loose the spring, which lacerates the interior of the animal, eventually killing it. The Eskimo always kill the old bear before the cub. If this rule is accidentally disobeyed by some inexperienced or foolish individual, they are very cautious to preserve themselves against the rage of the mother. In going homewards they will travel in a straight line and then suddenly turn off at right angles to it, so that when the bear is precipitately following their tracks by scent it may be thrown off. This trick they repeat frequently. When they arrive at home every precaution is taken against being alarmed. The sledges are placed upright against the house, for if the enraged bear should arrive she will knock down the sledges, considering it a suspicious circumstance that they are in that position. By this ruse the hunters get warning, and pour out, dogs and all, to the attack of their enemy. Various traps are used to capture animals, such as the ice-trap to capture the fox, &c., which is simply constructed on the principle of the trap in which English boys capture birds, and many savage tribes other animals—viz., that when the animal seizes the bait it brings down from above a slab of ice, which either kills or holds it prisoner until it is frozen to death or knocked on the head by the trap-builder.

The Eskimo travel great distances to traffic with other tribes, and in this manner articles obtained from the Russians in Alaska have been seen among the Eskimo in Pond's Bay, in Davis Strait. This desire to traffic is a perfect passion with them, and they will come long distances in order to do so. Needles, knives, iron tools of all kinds, food, and of late looking-glasses beads, and muskets are among the chief articles desired. Their skill in providing food, under the most adverse circumstances, and in fashioning their implements, we have already noticed. Their intelligence is high and their wits are acute, sharpened as they are by the eternal struggle against the forces of Nature. They have few wars with each other—indeed, I never heard of such, but wherever they touch on the Indian border there is war to the knife between the two races. The courage and ferocity of the Eskimo have been abundantly displayed on these occasions, and the Dogrib Indians, and those of the Mackenzic, shudder at the vengeance of the Eskimo, whose attacks they have suffered from at various times. In the hunt they will with a single dog and their spear tackle the polar bear, or singly the scarcely less fierce walrus. They are, however, treacherous and revengeful on occasions. That they killed some of Sir John Franklin's men there can, I believe, be little doubt, from the stories circulating among the Pond's Bay natives in 1861, several of the trading tribes in that vicinity having had personal cognizance of these acts. I was once witness of their revengeful disposition. An Eskimo having been ordered out of a whaler for some act of misbehaviour, said not one word, but disappeared over the side; but no sooner had he regained the ice than he sent an arrow whizzing past the ear of some one standing on the deck looking at him. They have, however, some good qualities, such as hospitality to strangers and a kind of gratitude for favours received. No Eskimo whom I have seen would receive anything from any one without thanking him, and after looking it all over, putting it into his hood, or wherever else he was stowing his acquisitions. Whenever they meet any one they cry, "Timoo!" and will even show their goodwill by rubbing noses with him—a mark of politeness which could in most cases be dispensed with. Take them all in all, they are a very good-natured people, neither so lazy nor self-conceited as the Indians (though they have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves), free from many of their graver vices, quite as intelligent, and, while they have insuperably greater obstacles to contend against, showing higher moral and mental characteristics than most of the Indian tribes. Strange to say, their love of home and pride in their ice-bound country are immense. Several of them have visited England, Denmark, and America, but they always wearied to get back again, and though impressed with what they saw, yet after they got back they ridiculed the whites in every possible way. The warmer climates of the South disagree with them, and several have died before they could reach their country again. "Do you see the ice? do you see the ice?" was the constant cry of one of them who had been taken to civilisation, and as he reached his country was on his death-bed.

To finish this brief estimate of the Eskimo character, I may add that he is skilful in imitating anything put before him, though deficient in inventive power; he is also an excellent draughtsman and map-drawer. I have in my possession maps of various portions of the Arctic coast-line, rudely but accurately drawn, and have examined similar ones. They are fond of drawing portraits of well-known personages: I have seen myself portrayed on more than one white-tanned seal-skin in an Eskimo hut, the materials being soot and coal; and to imitate the gait, gesture, or any other peculiarities of white men is a favourite amusement of

the winter months. Everybody living amongst them has a nickname. During the long confinement to their hovels, in the dark winter months, the Eskimo men execute some very fine figures in bone and in walrus or fossil ivory, besides making fish-hooks, knife-handles, and other instruments neatly of these materials, or of metal or wood. Some of the bone articles purchased from the Eskimo are used in games, resembling the European one of cup and ball, or in other contrivances for passing the time. Imitations of the human figure are common, and also of canoes, sledges, and other instruments of their *ménage* or of animals known to them; but there is no reason to believe that any of the figures they make are worshipped as gods; indeed they part with them freely by barter. Their social character is shown by several families being under



ESKIMO FOX-TRAP.

the same roof, or by building their houses alongside each other, in two rows, with a lane into which each house opens. This lane or passage can be converted into a porch in winter, by roofing it over. In some villages, but not in those of Greenland or Labrador, there is a regular *kashim*, or council-house, which is used as a place for feasts or other assemblages. Von Baer, in describing a tribe living on a river flowing into Behring Strait, mentions a curious use of this council-house. At night, he says, all the able-bodied men retire to sleep in it, while the women, children, and old men, along with the *shaman*, or "wizard," sleep in the ordinary houses. In the morning the *shaman* goes to the *kashim* with a kind of tambourine, and performs some ceremony, the nature of which he himself determines. Various feasts are held in this house, particularly a great one at the end of the hunting season, when the success of each hunter and his liberality and mighty deeds are duly extolled. The only women

admitted on these occasions are those who have been initiated, after some mystic ceremonies allied to the medicine-work of the Indian tribes, living further south on the same coast, and which probably may be somewhat of the same nature.

What this *Shamanism* is those travellers who have lived among the Eskimos for lengthened periods are not very decided; only we know that women can practise its rites, and I am strongly convinced it is nothing more than the medicine-rites of the more southern coast Indian tribes. The *Angekoks* are much the same as the *shamans*, employing ventriloquism,



MORAVIAN MISSION SETTLEMENT IN GREENLAND.

and various sleight-of-hand tricks to impress the people with their powers. In Greenland until very recent times, and perhaps to some extent even now, there were certain women and old men who by fasting and other rites were supposed to acquire the power of stilling the wind, causing the rain to cease, and such like. Another kind of furious witch was called *Illiseersut*, and was feared, hated, and destroyed without mercy. Their religion is a belief in spirits of various degrees of power. The chief one is "Torngarsuk"—*the great spirit*, or devil, as the name signifies, who, though only known to the common people by name, is constantly consulted by the *Angekoks*. Whether he is in the shape of a bear or a man, or of no form at all, is disputed among the hyperborean wise men, but that he lives in the interior of the earth or under the

waters, in a land of abundance and everlasting sunshine, is generally conceded. Yet he is not worshipped by the people, all intercourse with him being left to the Angekoks, who affect great familiarity with him, and claim that he gives them power to heal sickness, obtain wealth, success in the hunt, and indeed anything which they can be *paid* for procuring for their votaries and dupes. In addition, the Eskimo lives in a perfect atmosphere of gods. In every wind that blows he hears spirits; in the darkness of the night their whispers reach him; every animal has its guardian angel; the aurora, as it lights up the snow and rustles in the Arctic air, is the spirits of the dead fighting in the air;—the very moon, which gladdens the long Arctic night, provides for their necessities, giving the Labrador Eskimo reindeer, seals, and other good things. But among the Greenlanders the moon is, or was, quite the contrary of good, being a wicked young man, of whom silly girls could not be too careful. Once in chasing a young lady she smeared his face with soot so that she could recognise him again—hence the eclipse of the moon, when he turns that side of his face to the earth! Among the Labrador people a very old woman rules the reindeer, and selects those the Eskimo need, and to Torngarsuk they assign a task like that of the Greek Proteus—viz., that of herding the whales and seals, and on him they call in their need. Supperguksoak, the old woman, has many herdsmen—namely, the souls of the dead, whom she has assembled to watch her reindeer flocks. Old Hans Egede, the bravest and best of missionaries, tells us that in his day in Greenland there were many minor spirits whom they held in dread. The chief of these were called *Innuæ*, and one of these was selected by Torngarsuk as the familiar or Torngak of the Angekok. Some Angekoks have their deceased parent for a Torngak. The *Kongeuserokit* are marine *Innuæ*, that feed on fox-tails. The *Ingnersoit* inhabit rocks on the shore, and are very desirous of the company of Greenlanders, whom they carry away for that purpose. The *Tunnersoit* are Alpine phantoms. The *Innuarolit* are pigmies that live on the eastern shores of Greenland; and the *Erkigit*, who reside on the same coast, are of a monstrous size, with snouts like dogs. *Sillagiksertok* is a spirit who makes fair weather, and lives upon the ice mountains. To the air the Greenlanders ascribed some sort of divinity, and lest they should offend it, they were unwilling to go out after dark. *Nerrim-Innuæ* is the ruler of diet—and a nice job he must have of it! It is pleasant to think that, thanks to Egede and his successors, all this is nearly something of the past. The Eskimo think everything was much the same as it is just now. Their heaven is, like the heaven of all barbarous or semi-barbarous people, a something better than this world—a region where men revel in plenty of land-ice, with seals and reindeer in abundance, where blubber never fails and hunger is unknown. They are ruled in a patriarchal fashion, having no established laws or magistrates. Each man is a law for his own household, and punishes all offences committed within his jurisdiction. When he is too weak to enforce his authority he is quietly shelved, and takes his place with the women and children, over whom he endeavours—with limited success, especially in the case of the latter—to keep up a semblance of authority. In a word, the Eskimo agree well with old Fabricius's concise description of them: “Sine Deo, sine dominis, consuetudine reguntur” (with God or master, they are governed by custom). As a people they are lively and talkative, and by no means—as barbarians go—unpleasant companions on a journey.

When they meet strangers they will assume, afar off, the most ridiculous attitudes, apparently either to disarm their ill will or to attract attention. In 1861 we passed

close to Cape York, but without landing. The natives assembled on the ice-floe, men and women, standing on their heads, tumbling, jumping, and shouting, apparently with a view to induce us to land and trade; for the Greenlanders north of the glaciers of Melville Bay, unlike all the other Eskimos have no *kayaks* or *omiaks*. Some authors have described them as wonderfully honest. Under the Danish rule they certainly are, but that is no criterion. In their savage state those who know them best describe them as innately thieves, long before they became familiar with white men, and I was assured by the captain of the first whaler which ever crossed Baffin's Bay after Sir John Ross, when the Pond's Bay and Lancaster Sound natives were in a state of pristine savagedom, that the first thing they did was to attempt to steal the blacksmith's anvil, failing in which they managed to get off seat-free with his hammer. Perhaps it would have been a miracle if they had not attempted to secure what was, in their eyes, of priceless value. White men, without half the temptation, have been known to do acts rather more heinous than that. They are highly talented liars, but so little reticent are they that if they are only allowed to chatter on, a fair average amount of truth will ooze out in spite of themselves. They quarrel but little amongst themselves, but are said to be revengeful, and to wait long to get a safe opportunity to gratify their spite upon an enemy, cutting his *awatuk* or blown-up seal-skin, making a hole in his *kayak*, drowning his dogs, or, if the offence is heinous, harpooning his enemy as he sits with his back towards him in the *kayak*. Women are treated with indifference, but not with cruelty, and have a say—much too great a say all travellers will allow—in every bargain. The children are petted in every way, and impudent mannikins they are. Having occasion to visit an Eskimo hut on the western shores of Davis Strait, when the younger members of the family were being “put to bed,” I was amused to see how it was done. The youngster, after eating a piece of blubbery seal big enough for an ordinary-sized man's dinner, and being suckled—as they are until about four years old—was popped, naked, into a seal-skin bag filled with feathers, a cap made of the white hare's fur put on to its head, the mouth of the bag drawn, and the whole deposited in a corner out of the way. Polygamy is permitted, but is not common. They are betrothed at an early age, and married when the youthful husband is capable of supporting a family, an event which generally happens when they are young, as they soon begin to learn the business of their life—viz., hunting seals. At one time, in Greenland, it was the fashion for the husband to make a show of stealing his wife, her relatives coming in hot pursuit, and the lady a willing victim. At no time, I believe, was marriage a case of purchase, as among other barbarous people. They bury their dead by wrapping them in seal-skin, and heaping stones on them in some out-of-the-way place. Along with the body they bury the lamp, knife, &c., and even the children's toys (the men, their peculiar tools, and the women theirs). Old graves are accordingly favourite places for finding antique implements. Among the Eskimo on the western shores of Davis Strait the relatives will flee the house when a person is dying; the reason of this being that if they remain inside the house until death occurs, the clothes they have on will have to be forfeited. They are, however, very indifferent to the body after death, for though they build stones above the grave, they never repair it after being injured, and are seemingly careless whether dogs or wolves devour the body. An instance is related in which a man bewailed the death of his child, and immediately after made a hearty meal, using the dead body of the child as a table! yet when they pass a grave they will throw a piece of meat upon it.

Such are the iron race of the Eskimo—a race interesting in many respects from the peculiar character of their home, and for the bold struggle they have to maintain against ice, snow, and terrible cold. Civilisation has only reached them at certain places on the Atlantic side of America. In Labrador the Moravians have succeeded in introducing religion and civilisation among them with marked success, while further north the American and English whalers have introduced civilisation of another sort. Vice of every description is now prevalent among the natives of the western shores of Davis Strait, and as on that coast the population has always been scanty, they are now fast decreasing. In Greenland civilisation has been introduced among them for the last 150 years or more, and with marked success. There, thanks to the efforts of the Danish Government, the 9,000 or 10,000 natives under its rule are a civilised, industrious people. North of the Danish possessions a handful of savages live; they cannot be now more than 100 in number, and when Dr. Hayes visited them, they said to him plaintively, “Come back soon, or there will be nobody to welcome you.” When Kane first visited them (in Smith’s Sound), they were astonished to find that they were not the only people on the earth! On the east coast of Greenland there must be now very few of them left, but as that coast is almost inaccessible, it is impossible to speak with accuracy on this point. The last German expedition only saw traces of their dwellings, but none of themselves.*

CHAPTER II.

THE NORTH-WESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS.

BETWEEN California and the Eskimo line in Alaska there stretches a wide region, more than 1,600 miles in length, and comprehending all the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains. No region on the American continent is more varied in its physical features—wood, mountain, river, lake, prairie, desert, and sea, all alternating or intermingling in a varied vista before the traveller’s eye, as he floats down one of the great rivers—Fraser, Columbia, or Sacramento—which intersect it, and bear the melting snows of the Rocky, Cascade, or Sierra Nevada Mountains to the Pacific. Nor are the aboriginal inhabitants less varied in character, habits, and language, though all bearing a general family likeness, which enables us to give a *tout-ensemble* of their chief customs and ideas. The wooded country which, with the exception of a few prairies here and there in the Californian valleys, or in the valley of the Willamette River, is of unbroken extent, and very dense, and comprehends the greater portion of the region to the west of the Cascade Mountains, is in general without any inhabitants. To the Indians these dark primeval forests are the home of all things fearful and to be avoided. There they lie, wave after wave of forest and forest-clothed hill, oak and alder and pine, and the bright

* The Greenlanders, among whom the writer passed a summer, are an especially interesting people, their present state of semi-barbarous civilisation being so peculiar. Those who are curious on the subject will find an interesting account of them in Dr. Rinks’ various works, particularly his “Evyntyr og Sagn Grönlandske.”

autumnal yellow-leaved maple, full of bear and of beaver and of elk, and, if the scared Indian hunter is to be credited, worse things still—Cyclopean Smolenkos, one-eyed jointless fiends,



CROW CHIEF, FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, IN GALA DRESS.

who run along the mountain-sides swifter than the black-tailed deer—Pans, and dryads, and hamadryads, gods of the woods and the groves and of the waterfalls and the running streams;—all these haunt the country out of sight of the salt water, for (evidence uncontrovertible!) had not Kēkēān's father's brother's friend seen them when he was seeking his medicine, or

Maquilla's grandfather's cousin, Wiccaninish, heard a hunter of elk tell it to the wondering lodge at Kalooish's great salmon feast at Shesha? "Laugh as you like, chief of King George, "an Indian once said to me, when pressing him to join me in exploring a portion of the great forest," but as long as there are salmon in Stalow and deer in Swuchas, you will not get me to go with you *there!*"

In the open country, where there exist grass and water in any abundance (and this is almost entirely to the east of the Cascade Range), there are many tribes, with numerous horses, though these people are now greatly decreasing. These "horse tribes" are the finest and most manly of the aboriginal races of the North-west, and are variously divided into Shoshones or Snakes, Cyuse, Nez Perce (or pierced nose), Okinagens, Flatbows, &c., all members of one great family. They chiefly subsist by hunting deer and antelope, occasionally crossing the Rocky Mountains to pursue the buffalo on the plains lying east of that range, since that animal has now entirely deserted the Pacific slope. They are very warlike, and have all, at various times, been at war with the United States. At present most of them carry on depredations on the whites, whenever they have a favourable opportunity, and at best are only at "armed neutrality" with their now more powerful pale-faced neighbours. In the more desert country, like that of South-eastern Oregon, and to the east of the Sierra Nevada, in California, and the State of Nevada, or in the remoter valleys among the mountains, live the various petty tribes of "Digger Indians," a miserable race, who derive their familiar name from the fact of their subsisting on roots, grubs, or any other garbage which they can pick up. They are probably the most degraded of all the American races, and have been driven from the more fertile plains in these desert places and mountain fastnesses by the warlike horse tribes. Most of the Californian Indians belong to this type. They are much darker than the rest of the North-west tribes. Along the banks of all the great rivers are numerous small tribes, who subsist almost entirely by fishing, and drying the enormous quantities of salmon which are found in all the streams of any size in this region. Along the coasts, at nearly every available place, numerous small septs of fishing tribes are met with, who never go far out of sight of their village, devoting themselves exclusively to fishing and collecting berries and other wild fruits, and almost continually at war with each other.

Such are the tribes which inhabit the coasts of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, in almost every inlet or quiet bay of which a board or mat village of these people smokes. The Indians in California, Oregon, Washington, and other American territories have now lost nearly all their former freedom, and much of their original habits and character, being now for the greater part gathered by the United States Government on "reservations" of land away from the white settlements, under the care of agents. How this system has operated we shall inquire in a future chapter. In the meantime we may say, without fear of contradiction, that these tribes are greatly on the decrease, and will eventually, perhaps in a few years, disappear. War, disease, general mismanagement, and persecution are the leading causes for this state of things. In the British possessions the natives still live, to a great extent, in their primitive state, and, except in the vicinity of settlements, have to a greater degree retained their primitive condition and habits. In California and the States north of it I question if there are now over 10,000 or 12,000 Indians; while in the British possessions the number may be about 30,000. In Vancouver Island alone the

aboriginal population is about 10,000; altogether, on the whole Pacific slope, the number of natives may be estimated at not much over 60,000. All these tribes are nominally independent of each other, and though bearing distinct names, are often little more than separate villages or communities of the same tribe, and speaking a dialect of the same language, though all mutually hating and often at war with each other. The number of separate languages and dialects spoken in these wide regions is almost incredible; indeed it has been variously estimated at from forty upwards. In Vancouver Island alone there are four distinct languages spoken, and in British Columbia probably six or seven more. In habits, customs, and character there is a considerable difference in all these numerous tribes, the names of the chief of which we have already enumerated. Yet generally there is a great family likeness between them all, and in many of their customs a great similarity. This enables us, therefore, to direct our attention more especially to some of their more marked features and traits of life, taking the coast tribes of the North as the basis round which we will weave our sketches.

Ulloa,* however, made a great error when he said, "See one Indian, and you have seen all." The word *Indian* comprehends many tribes—almost nations—different in personal appearance, character, capabilities, language, customs, and religion, so that though they may all have a prevailing *tout-ensemble*, yet it is impossible to present in brief a general description of the race. In the "Far West" and on the shores of the North Pacific, the different tribes also differ widely—indeed, almost as broadly as do the whites from the Indians themselves. The natives of California and the east of the Sierra desert are, as we have already seen, the most miserable race on the American continent—a dark, wretched, degraded set of beings—living upon garbage of every sort, and crouching in almost inaccessible places in the mountain fastnesses, for protection against the powerful tribes of their own race surrounding them, and whose oppression may possibly, in remote times, have led to their present condition. Most of the coast tribes up to 54° north latitude, including those of Vancouver Island, and on the lower reaches of the Columbia and the Fraser, are a degraded race, dirty in person, though vastly superior to the "Diggers" already described; and though handsome men and women are far from uncommon among them, yet from their taking little active exercise, and crouching continually in canoes in fishing and travelling from place to place, their lower limbs are attenuated, and contrast but strangely with their muscular arms and chests, and well-fed, swarthy appearance generally. In addition, these coast tribes, and a few of the interior ones, having adopted the very peculiar custom of flattening their foreheads, they cannot compare, generally speaking, with the more Northern tribes who have not adopted this *outré* improvement upon nature. Again, on the other hand, no sooner do you leave Bentinck Arm than a race differing very greatly from those south of them appear—a manly, tall, handsome people, and comparatively fair in their complexion. Such are the Tsimpeans, Hydahs (or Queen Charlotte Islanders), the Tongass, Stekins, &c.—in fact, all the tribes of Russian America (Alaska), and the northern shores of British Columbia. I will venture to say that finer-looking men than some of the Queen Charlotte Islanders and other tribes mentioned it would be impossible to find, and the

* "Mémoires Philosophiques, Historiques, Physiques, concernant la Découverte de l'Amérique," &c. (Traduit par M.; Paris, 1787).

women especially of the Stekin and Tongass tribes are celebrated for their more than fair share of good looks. They look with supreme contempt on the Flatheads of the southern coasts, styling them *Sapalele le tetes*, or dough-heads; and the compliment is returned by the southern tribes, who accuse their detractors of every crime forbidden in the decalogue—albeit none of them are paragons of perfection in the matter of morality. There is, however, a vast difference between the morality of different tribes, even among those which have been corrupted by the whites, the Flatbows and others in the vicinity of the Kootanie River, in British Columbia, ranking highest, while the northern tribes are justly classed as the lowest in this respect.



FLATBOW AND KOOTANIE INDIANS, NEAR THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

It is, perhaps, unfair for a writer to give a general character of any people, for there are good and bad among all, and in an Indian village, however low the average of the moral standard may be, you are sure to find good men and bad, who are just as well known and appreciated among their neighbours as in an English hamlet of the same size and population. Still they have some characteristics which seem to belong to them peculiarly, though, of course, they are found in different individuals in various degrees of development: a notice of some of the most prominent of these will not be uninteresting.

GENERAL CHARACTER.

The vice which prominently presents itself before those who have much intercourse with them is that of ingratitude, for whatever may have been said of the gratitude of their brethren in the United States on the first advent of the whites, yet I know assuredly that he who calculates upon the gratitude of an Indian in the West—speaking as a rule—reckons without his host. You may confer numberless favours upon him, let him hang round your camp day after day, feeding at your expense, but if you ask him to go for a bucket of water, it is just as



VILLAGE OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

likely as not that he will refuse, or ask you how much you are going to give him. I knew this from personal experience, and always reckoned on it, and this quite apart from any corruption by witnessing the selfish manner they are treated by the whites. I know a man who used to behave to all the vagrant Indians of his acquaintance in the most kindly and hospitable manner; but it happened in an unlucky hour that, as he was descending Fraser River in his canoe, he managed to get capsized, and while struggling in the water he shouted for help to several of his old friends whom he noticed gaping on the banks. They came quietly down, and as they viewed the poor fellow drowning, coolly asked, "Well, how much are you going to give us?" He managed to get ashore, and I can assure the reader that no Indian need ever reckon on a supper at his camp from now until the coming of the Greek Kalends—and not then!

Another feature in their character, very much akin to that I have just noticed, is the fact that they never forgive an injury or can be persuaded to make any allowance for an accident. During one of my earliest expeditions I narrowly escaped shooting an Indian in mistake for a bear which was prowling around my camp-fire, and though I fully made up to him for his injured honour, and met him frequently afterwards, yet that man cherished the most implacable feelings of resentment towards me, believing that I had intended taking his life, and knowing this, I took very good care never to come within range of his musket in a shady, out-of-the-way place. I have heard of a Frenchman who was out "fire-hunting" in the woods one night, and as he was waving round the lighted torch or frying-pan of fire, he saw two eyes glaring at him in the dark. Thinking it was a deer, he immediately fired, but was horrified to find that he had shot an Indian of his acquaintance. The poor man was much distressed, and in the morning put the body into his canoe and took it to the lodge of the Indian's brother, narrating the circumstance, thinking that he would be forgiven on making some provision for the dead man's family. The brother said nothing, however, but went into his lodge and quietly loading his musket, shot the Frenchman dead. Blood for blood is their universal law, and though among some tribes you can buy a body, or a wound, or any other injury can be equally palliated by a douceur to the injured one or his friends, yet this is their law, and many of the unaccountable murders in the Indian country are owing to this. If they cannot reach the murderer, they will often kill an innocent man.

When an Indian meets you, his first thought invariably seems to be, "How can I 'do' this man? How can I protect myself against some design he is meditating against me?" He is so accustomed to see the white man treat him with the most callous selfishness, that he is apt to value the morality of the whole race at a low estimate, and to think that "the big meeting at the church is only for the purpose of arranging to lower the price of beaver-skins," when he sees the trader go there, and then come out and cheat him (if he can) in the sale of his furs. One day an Indian catered a house in California when the husband was absent. The wife—a new arrival—instantly seized a revolver and drove the Indian, who only came out of the merest curiosity, to the door, much to her after-congratulation and boastfulness on the head of her courage. The Indian, surprised at what he thought only an exhibition of ill-temper on the part of a virago, merely remarked to his friends that "*now* he understood why so few white men in California were married!" He is habitually suspicious, and it is only after long acquaintance that his nature thaws. The Indian is no stoic—grand in

his silence; a more talkative fellow, when you know him, and he has cast off a portion of his suspicious reserve, is not found in the desert. Among themselves they are great gossips and full of a grim humour. You will often see an old man and woman bandying jokes with each other, and as repartee after repartee passes, peals of laughter come from the bystanders. Even with strangers they are the same; but, as I have said, they are long before they recover from their first suspicions of a design against them. Treachery is ever in their thoughts, and being merely creatures of impulse—mere children of a very grim growth—though you may travel for months and years among them quite alone, as I did most of the time, yet you are never safe, and at any time your head may pay forfeit for your temerity. On the whole, though I do not by any means approve of it, yet there is some truth in what an old friend of mine, Jim Baker, a very celebrated Rocky Mountain trapper, told General Marcy:—

“They are the most onsartainest varmints in all creation, and I reckon thar not mor’n half human; for you never seed a human, arter you’d fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, just turn round and steal all your horses, or anything he could lay his hands on. No, not adzackly; he would feel kinder grateful, and ask you to spread a blanket in his lodge ef ever you passed that a-way. But the Injun he don’t care shucks for you, and is ready to do you a heap of mischief as soon as he quits your feed. No, cap.,” he continued, “it’s not the right way to give um presents to buy peace; but ef I war Governor of these yeer U-nited States, I’ll tell you what I’d do: I’d invite um all to a big feast, and make b’lieve I wanted to have a big talk; and as soon as I got um all together, I’d pitch in and sculp half of um, and then t’ other half would be mighty glad to make a peace that would stick. That’s the way I’d make a treaty with the dog’ond, red-bellied varmints; and as sure as you’re born, cap., that’s the only way. . . . It aint no use to talk about honour with them, cap.; they haint got no such thing in um; and they won’t show fair-fight, any way you can fix it. Don’t they kill and sculp a white man, when-ar they get the better on him? The mean varmints, they’ll never behave themselves until you give um a clean out-and-out licking. They can’t understand white folks’ ways, and they won’t learn um; and ef you treat um decently, they think you’re afeared. You may depend on’t, cap., the *only* way to treat Injuns is to thrash them well at first, then the balance will sorter take to you and behave themselves.” I quote this opinion, not only for the amount of truth inherent in it, but also because it expresses the very general *rationale* of the treatment the Indians get from the rough class who pursue their callings on the great prairies and the frontier, and with such ideas we need not be surprised to hear continually of “Indian outrages.” It is well for the Indians that Jim Baker is not “Governor of these yeer U-nited States!” Give an Indian presents continually, and he will always expect more, so that when you stop (as stop you must some time) he thinks your heart has changed to him, and he is very likely your enemy. If you will give presents to them, it is best to give all you are going to give at first and be done; but still better to give none until you are leaving. They are, as nearly all savages are, very honest among themselves, but with the whites they are not at all backward in stealing. Taking your property by force is, of course, dignified with another name. Again, among themselves a liar is looked upon in a most contemptuous light; but they will lie to you about the merest trifle, seemingly almost unconsciously. It is always very bad policy to make a *cache* and conceal your property when obliged to leave any behind in the vicinity of an Indian tribe, because they are sure to find it out, and will have no

mercy on you or your goods ; but if you put them into the chief's hands, with a few flattering compliments as to his high character for honour, honesty, and all the other cardinal virtues,



INDIAN OF CALIFORNIA.

though he be the veriest rogue in Pagandom, yet you may be sure, unless something extraordinary interferes, that they will be returned uninjured.

When I first commenced to travel on the north-west coast, a worthy gentleman, whom to name would be to recall to the recollection of all North-western travellers of any experience one



THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

of the most genial, shrewd, and daring of fur-traders, gave me many axioms regarding my conduct in dealing with the Indians, and I afterwards found how valuable they were ever to keep in my mind. They read, as Kohl* said of a similar code, "like a Machiavelli discoursing on diplomatic intercourse with mankind." 1st. Never trust an Indian. Always appear to trust him; it flatters his vanity. 2nd. Trust in the *honour* of most Indians regarding your property, and you are safe. Trust in an Indian's *honesty*, and he will steal your ears. 3rd. Never draw a weapon unless you intend to use it, and if there is going to be any shooting, have the first of it. Never shoot unless you cannot avoid it, for by so doing you create a long line of blood-avengers. 4th. Never give presents to the common people; please the head-men, and the rest don't matter much. 5th. If you apprehend trouble in an Indian village, sleep in the lodge of the head-man, if possible; or if not, in a lodge in which there are many women and children. An Indian knows that if a white man is attacked there will be shooting going on, and a bullet might strike a woman or child. 6th. Never pass a portage or a suspicious village in the dark, because the Indians will be sure to know it, and then, like all bullies, will take advantage of your fear of them so manifested. Pass in broad daylight, and then you will see what you are about. 7th. Never attempt to give them medicine, for you will get no credit by the cure, and if the patient die you will be accused of killing him. Besides, it offends the medicine-man, and incurs his professional hatred. Always keep friends with these rogues, they are the sharpest men in the tribe. 8th. Never make any promise that you are not quite certain of being able to fulfil; Indians are like children, and will hear of no excuse. Though they will lie themselves, yet they are quick to detect it in others.

The Indians are very cruel to aged people, and when they get too old to work, will either kill them or leave them to starve on some desert island. The poor creatures will go on, getting clams and berries as long as they can stand, or making themselves useful in any way, knowing that their lives are not worth much if once they cease to work. Captain Mayne, from whom I quote this, thinks that probably it is this fear of their days being abruptly shortened which induces old women to start as dreamers, "second-sight" people, &c. These old wretches will claim the gift of prophecy, and say that they can prevent people they dislike from obtaining success. On a morning old witches can be seen communicating their dreams to their tribe, "men and women standing by with open mouths and wonder-stricken faces."

Though the Indian is markedly deficient in foresight, and considers treachery a most venial offence, if an offence at all, yet this vice, as well as ingratitude, may be the effect of circumstances, suspicion and reserve being ever so constantly before him as to prevent him feeling gratitude to those who may benefit him. But the same excuse cannot be pleaded for his cold-bloodedness and cruelty, which are engrained in him from his youth upwards. In December, 1864, my informant, Mr. Sproat, described one of their cold-blooded rites. A woman of the Seshaht tribe was put to death by an old man; whose slave she was, at the commencement of a celebration of a peculiar character, which lasted several days, and is called the Klooh-quahn-nah. Doubtless, this murder was only a part of the celebration. The body was exposed on the beach for two days, but even after the removal further

* "Kutchi-Gami" (English Translation by Wraxell, London, 1860), pp. 131—133, where may be found a very interesting and valuable account of the Lake Superior tribes.

rites took place over the very spot where the body had been exposed. Apart from the murder, the chief feature of the celebration was a pretended attack on the Indian village by Indians representing wolves, while the rest of the population, painted, armed, and with furious yells, defended their houses from attack. On this occasion they had their hair tied out from their head so as to represent a wolf-head and snout, and the blanket was put on so as to show a tail, the motion of the wolf in running being imitated. Many acted like crows, having on a large wooden bill, and with the blankets so arranged as to look like wings, they really appeared like large ravens hopping about in the dusk. It is said that this celebration arose from the son of a chief having been seized by wolves, but as it is to some extent a secret institution—children not being acquainted with it until they are regularly initiated—Mr. Sproat's idea, that it is intended to destroy the natural human feeling against murder, and to form, in the people generally, and especially in the rising generation, hardened and fierce hearts, is not unreasonable. Perhaps it may be allied to certain superstitions once existing among other nations—the *Lycanthropia* of the Greeks, the *Loup-garou* of the French, the Persian *Ghoule*, the Teutonic *Wehrwolfe*, &c. The wolf figures much in Indian tradition and superstition. The possession of the *miney-okey-ak*, an instrument which could be flung from an unseen hand, bringing sickness and death to the person struck, is, or was until recently, a strange article of their belief. No one now knows how to make the *miney-okey-ak*; the last family (among the Ohyat tribe) who knew how to make this dire weapon having, in self-defence, been exterminated by their tribesmen, four of the brothers being murdered by four friends, who separately invited them to go out hunting, the other four being stabbed to death by those who sat next to them at a feast. The women were sold into slavery, and their houses and property destroyed: the whole story is one of Indian superstition, murder, and treachery. The Indian's evil qualities, excesses, and defects come up more readily before our mind than any good qualities he may possess; "his virtues do not reach our standard, and his vices exceed our standard A murder, if not perpetrated on one of his own tribe, or on a particular friend, is no more to an Indian than the killing of a dog, and he seems altogether steeled against human misery, when found among ordinary acquaintances or strangers. The most terrible sufferings, the most pitiable conditions, elicit not the slightest show of sympathy, and do not interrupt the current of his occupation or his jests for the moment." When we add that the Indian is vindictive in the extreme, cherishing revenge for years until he can gratify it; that, indeed, the satiation of revenge is one of his moral canons—paradoxical as it may seem—we have summed up the more salient vices of the aboriginal American. A writer on the Indians once observed that their faces expressed "a character in ambush." The phrase exactly expresses the *tout-ensemble* of that furtive eye, different, and yet of much the same nature as the snaky eye of some of the Asiatic races, and ever-suspicious face, yet shielding the *present* thought from the observer, though in time the standard vices of anger, cunning, and pride are all stereotyped there and shown to all who know how to read them, much more plainly than in the countenance of a European of not much better character.

They believe greatly in their own consequence, and of their skill in war, and so on. When Rear-Admiral Denman attacked a tribe on the coast, who had murdered the crew of a trading vessel, an Indian remarked to me, that if *he* had been the admiral, *he* would have done so and so, and even the great Washington was not above censure. Thanachrishon,



YUTAS INDIANS.

a chief of the Seneca tribe, judging him by their own rules, used to say that "he was a good-natured man, but had no experience." The Tsimseans have a tradition of their first meeting with whites on the coast, which shows these characteristics forcibly.* Indians

* Mayne's "British Columbia," p. 279.



DOG-DANCE OF THE MEUNITARRIS INDIANS.

are not fond of Americans, on account of the generally unjustifiable way they are treated both by the citizens and the Government of that nation. Englishmen, if known as such, are generally safe among them. An Indian, once describing to me the characteristics of the different people whom he knew, did so most naïvely: "King George men (English), very good; Boston man (American), good; John Chinaman, not good; but the black man, *he is no better than a dog!*" They are particularly insulted if a black man is placed over them in any way. They are not very certain whether the black goes all the way through; and some years ago a party of negroes escaping into Texas were captured by some of the Comanches, who scraped their skin and committed other cruelties upon them, with a view to settle this anatomical question. Many of their ideas about the whites are amusing, and not a little suggestive. Soldiers and sailors they look upon as a distinct people, for among a race where all are fighting men, they cannot understand why this duty should be delegated to a few individuals. The colonial bishop they regard as a great medicine-man or sorcerer. An Indian once asked me who was the chief of the English. I told him. "Ah! Queen Victoly" (for they cannot pronounce *r*). "Is she a woman?" "Yes." "Who is the chief of the Boston men (Americans)?" "Mr. Lincoln." "Ah! I thought so; but another Indian once told me it was Mr. Washington. Are Mr. Lincoln and the English woman-chief good friends?" "Yes, excellent friends." He thought for a moment, and finally said, eagerly, "Then if they are so good friends, *why does not Mr. Lincoln take Queen Victoly for his squaw!*" The colonists they do not look upon as having been very great men in their own country, and are shrewd enough to say, "They must have had no good land of their own, that they come here to deprive us of ours." That a man may work for wages, without being a slave of his employer, they are only beginning to understand. I have heard them tell the foremen at saw-mills, that they know well enough that, big men as they were here, they were only slaves of some big chief elsewhere. Such is their dislike to continuous exertion that when working at saw-mills, they will, a few days before the end of their month's engagement, frequently forfeit their wages, rather than undergo the irksomeness of finishing it. To see a number of Indians, with no other garment on than a blanket, carrying lumber from the mill to the ship's side, paid for their labour in cotton shirts, blankets, or vermilion, and dining on biscuits and molasses, is calculated to strike one as being about the most primitive organisation of labour imaginable.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

The Indian has no impetus to continued exertion—the work of a few days or a few hours will supply all his present wants, and the labour of the summer season will go far to render him independent of the toil of procuring food for the winter. The rest of his time he passes in sleep or idleness, and time hangs as heavy on his hands as it does on those of people similarly situated in more civilised communities. Games and amusements of a rude sort fill up his time, these games being, however, almost entirely limited to the men.

Gambling is one of the chief weaknesses of an Indian. Once into the heat of the game, there is nothing he will not stake on its chance—canoes, horses, slaves, arms, even his wife and children will go, one after another; he has even been known to sell himself into slavery

before he would relinquish his chances of winning. More than once my Indians, when canoeing along the coast or up a river, have asked permission to go ashore for a few minutes, to where a number of Indians were sitting gambling, and in a short time have come back minus all their loose property, or some article of clothing—not unfrequently almost stark naked. There are even professional gamblers amongst them, who are great rogues and cheats. So intent are they on their games that they will pass whole days and nights engaged in them, often without ever touching food, or even being conscious of the lapse of time. A few of these games I will briefly describe. One called by the Tsongeisth, near Victoria, *smec-tell-aw*—from *skel-e-ow*, “the beaver,”—is a game of dice played with beavers’ teeth. A blanket is spread on the ground—the number of players is two or three—generally two. A set of beavers’ incisor teeth are marked as follows:—Two of them with one “spot,” four with five, two with three sets of transverse bars, and one of the spotted ones with a ring of leather. This is the highest number. The counters are the bones of a wild duck’s legs. The “dice” are tossed up with a circular motion from the hand, and counted in pairs, each of which counts one; but if more than two of each kind turn up, it is counted as nothing. If two bars and two spots, one of them with the “ace,” it counts double (four); and so on, until the counters are exhausted. This is a favourite game among the Cowichans, Tsongeisth, and even as far east as Lilloett, on Fraser River. It is essentially what the Americans call “poker dice.” Card-playing has now spread pretty generally among the Indians, and the traveller will often come upon a group playing at “seven up,” “poker,” “etchre,” and “froze out,” with a skill and avidity which would do (dis)credit to any Californian miner or Mississippi “sport.” I have seen cards made by themselves out of bark. In Chinook, or general trade jargon, they are known as *mamook le cult*. They have also learned most of the gamblers’ tricks, with some others more transparent, but peculiarly their own. Indian card-playing has some redeeming qualities of its own. Instead of being played in close rooms, amid be-laced dowagers, it must be pleasant, on bright summer days or cool evenings, in some pleasant valley, surrounded with lofty hills, by the banks of some silvery, dreamy river, with the sound of the water ever flowing musically along, to “turn up the ace!” An Indian at Lilloett (an essentially gambling wayside village to the mines), a professional swindler at cards, was good enough to explain to me, while acting as my escort down the banks of the Fraser, how he could manage to cheat while dealing. Playing in the open air in that pleasant valley—like the Happy Valley in “Rasselas”—with a young Indian, while dealing he would shout out if he saw some lovely “forest maid” ascending one of the “benches” of the Fraser, “Nah! nanich okok tenass klotchman!” (Hallo! look at that young woman!) When the Indian looked round, old “Buffaloo” immediately took the opportunity of dealing double to himself, or of selecting an ace or two before his opponent had turned round. I believe that this worthy gentleman was afterwards shot for horse-stealing.

Horse-racing is a very favourite amusement among the horse Indians, as much for the sake of showing off the mettle of their *cyuses*—a term applied to the Indian horses from a tribe in Oregon, who are celebrated for their herds of horses—as for the sake of winning. The chief of the Shouswaps used invariably to beat the whites. One of the most picturesque sights in British Columbia or Northern Oregon is to see an Indian galloping along in his gay attire, singing some love-song. They are invariably admirable horsemen, and have rarely

any saddle, except one of their own manufacture, made of wood, and for bridle, a cord of horse-hair twisted round the lower jaw of the animal.

The game I am now about to describe is *par excellence* the Indian game. It is played all through British Columbia, Vancouver Island, and Washington Territory, perhaps also in Oregon. Large quantities of property—even women and slaves, ay, even the gambler's own liberty—are staked on it, and the din of the game resounds in every Indian village in which I had ever an opportunity of residing for any length of time. The players are generally four, two on each side; but it may be played by any number, so long as the number of players is equal on either side. The gambling implements, which differ somewhat in appearance, are two round, carved pieces of polished wood, something like draught-men. These are tossed about in the hand, and from hand to hand, concealed in the blanket, and in any other manner by which the Indian can delude his opponent, the point of the game being that his opponent has to guess in which hand the particular disc of wood is held, and a stick (used as a counter) is lost or gained as the case may be. The game is, however, conducted without a word being spoken, the players sitting in a circle, the only sounds being the sing-song kept up while the players are manipulating the pieces of wood. So violent, however, are their exertions while so doing that the players are generally streaming with perspiration, which might lead a stranger on first seeing them at it to suppose them akin to the "dancing dervishes," and their employment of a religious character, instead of being the purest gambling. The betting is done by pointing to the arm of the hand in which the sought-for piece of wood is supposed to be held. Sometimes they decline guessing and watch a little longer, to see if by any means they can be quick enough to detect the piece of wood in its passage from one hand to another. This they express by pointing their forefinger downwards in the middle of the circle, and then the manipulation commences anew. A similar game is played by the Tsimpeans, on the northern coast of British Columbia, with beautifully polished pieces of rounded stick, about the size of the middle finger, each piece of stick having a different name. There is another modification of this game. A number of the pieces are taken and enveloped in a quantity of teased-out cedar bark. They are then skillfully tossed out, and bets are made on the guesses—whether a particularly marked one remains in the bark or not: this is played by most tribes. Another game is to set up a number of pieces of the tangle, and throw arrows at them with the hand, betting on the result. I have seen boys in Uchuluah, on the western shores of Vancouver Island, playing at this. Some of the youngsters about Victoria have learned cricket and other European games, and are excessively fond of theatrical performances, though they may not be able to understand a word of the play. The theatre they call the *hee-hee*, or "laughing house," and in Victoria a portion of the little wooden theatre is set apart for them, at a uniform charge of half-a-dollar.

Among their own amusements are imitations of, or encounters with, wild animals, and other semi-theatrical entertainments. "Hooking fingers, to try their strength by pulling against each other, is another amusement among some Indians. The "war-dance" of the western coast Indians consists merely of a number of men with blackened faces running out, yelling, hopping on one leg, firing guns, and then rushing in again. Dancing is a favourite amusement, and in some lodge or other almost every night in winter there will be a "little dance." If not, the chief will muster a number of the young men to dance in his house. The children amuse themselves by climbing poles, shooting with miniature bow and arrows, or

throwing tiny spears, paddling in a small canoe, and then overturning it and righting it again, &c. An eye-witness—Mr. Sproat—thus describes one of their dances:—"The seal-dance is a common one. The men strip naked, though it may be a cold frosty night, and go into the water, from which they soon appear, dragging their bodies along the sand like seals.



HYDAH WOMEN FROM THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.*

They enter the houses, and crawl about round the fires, of which there may be fifteen or twenty kept bright with oil. After a time the dancers jump up, and dance about the house. At another dance in which all the performers are naked, a man appears with his arms tied behind his back with long cords, the ends of which are held like reins by other natives, who draw him

* The under lip of the central figure shows the lip "ornament." In the background is a curiously carved enclosure of boards containing the dead body of a chief.



THE BUFFALO-DANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

about. The spectators sing and beat time with their wooden dishes and bear-skin drums. Suddenly the chief appears, armed with a knife, which he plunges into the runner's back, who springs forward, moving wildly as if in search of shelter. Another blow is given; blood flows down his back, and great excitement prevails, amidst which the civilised spectator shudders and remonstrates. The stroke is repeated, and the victim staggers weakly, and falls prostrate and lifeless. Friends gather round, and remove the body, which outside the house, washes itself and puts on its blanket." It has only been a piece of consummate acting, which would make the fortune of a minor theatre in London. The "blood" is a mixture of red gum, resin, oil, and water—the same colouring matter, indeed, which is used to paint the inside of the canoes. There is another dance, in which both men and women join, all bare to the waist, with their hair hanging loose, and what with the jingling of the women's bracelets and anklets of brass rod, and the movements of half-naked blanket-kilted dancers, seen through the smoke of a dimly-lighted Indian house, it does not require a very vivid imagination to conjure up visions of another dance, of which Tam o'Shanter was a spectator in "Alloways Auld Haunted Kirk!" In this dance no special notice is taken of the women, there being no partners, and each one leaves the dance as he or she chooses without ceremony—unless, indeed, when some especially gallant youth throws a string of beads or other ornament round the neck of a dusky maiden more than usually active in the dance. The figure is so complicated that it would be difficult to describe it, but one portion of the peculiarities of the dance is for strips of blanket to be passed under the arm so quickly from one to another, that unless it was noticed now and then that some tired performer walked off with a strip in his hand, it would be difficult to say what it was which was being passed so rapidly through the maze of dancers. Few of their dances are, however, so wild and weird as the buffalo-dance of some of the Prairie Indians, of which our artist's illustration conveys so vivid an idea that we may spare ourselves a description of it.

Their blankets are white, scarlet, green, or blue, and are usually obtained from the whites. Formerly they were woven of dogs' hair, and very gaudily ornamented with differently-coloured dyed wool. On Fraser River, until recent times, whole flocks of dogs were kept at the villages to be shorn annually for the purpose of this manufacture. These curious fabrics are now rarely seen, but on the west coast of Vancouver Island, blankets neatly woven of white pine (*Pinus monticola*) bark, with a lace of nettle hemp, and trimmed with sea-otter fur, are quite common. The women are very ingenious in weaving these blankets, and mats in variegated patterns of cedar bark, which are used for a variety of purposes.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

In intellectual capacity Indians are far from contemptible, and soon learn the elements of education, though their wandering, excitable disposition will scarcely allow of their settling down long enough for them to acquire much instruction, even when an opportunity occurs, as around the missions. They learn, however, very rapidly up to a certain age—say twelve, after which white children start ahead of them. Their intellect seems at that state to get sluggish. I was amused when sailing along the British Columbian coast, a few years ago, to find a little boy in one of the most savage tribes in that region reading the *Scotsman* over my shoulder, and retailing it to his companions. I discovered, on inquiring, that he had been for a little while servant to the priest at one of the Catholic missions. I

fancy few English boys of the same age would have been so sharp as to learn to read with such facility, and that too in a foreign language. Some of them are very skilful orators, and this branch of rhetoric is sedulously cultivated among them. Boys will be taught portions of celebrated speeches, and future envoys and orators will be pointed out by the old men as they lounge in front of the lodge doors in the evening, with young aboriginal America playing on the beach. Next to skill in the art of war, this accomplishment leads to the greatest honour and preferment. Most of the great chiefs, if they are not skilful in that direction themselves, keep some one to repeat their speeches to the assembled council. I have heard some speeches among the interior tribes which would favourably compare with some of the finest pieces of civilised eloquence, though, I confess, a great deal consists in the translation, and in the simplicity of the diction and ideas. Some tribes have a fashion for the orator when addressing a multitude to hold a wand in his hand, which he flourishes about or sticks into the ground, and which, after the talk is finished and the bargain made, he presents to the orator or head of the opposite party. In speaking, they have a peculiar jerking kind of utterance. Among a people who are so fond of show and praise, it is not surprising to find professional troubadours. Such a one existed a few years ago on the north-west coast. He was white-haired and blind, and was escorted round the tribes, whom he used to visit every summer, by his two sons. In rude verse he celebrated the deeds and glory of the chiefs—and, indeed, of anybody who would pay, but if they did not speedily show signs of largess, this aboriginal bard would inform them, in plain words, that it was with him no pay, no praise. He might not be so elegant in bearing as Raymond Ferrand or Bertrand de Pezers, but in his own way this minstrel of the West was as successful in his profession as the mediæval troubadour, for he was one of the richest men in his tribe.

In arts they are also far from unskilful. Their beautiful canoes, carved out of a single cedar-tree, nets, and various descriptions of arms, fully illustrate this, though the southern tribes (the Diggers) have only the rudest description of these. The northern tribes excel in this capacity for art, and many of their pipes and other carvings, made of a soft shale or slate found in their country, are now common objects in European museums. These are all made by the Queen Charlotte Islanders, the Tsimpheans, and the tribes of Russian America (Alaska). I knew a Hydah who could take a very fair portrait on ivory, scratching it out with a broken knife; and the railings of the balcony of the Bank of British Columbia, in Victoria, were designed by the same man. I have seen a pair of gold bracelets made out of twenty-dollar pieces by him; and rings, earrings, and other pieces of jewellery made by the same people in a style which would not disgrace a civilised artist, are very common along the north-west coast. Mr. Dallas, formerly Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, has an excellent bust of himself, carved by an Indian out of a walrus' tusk, the only tools used being a file, an old knife, and a piece of shark's skin in lieu of sand-paper. On this being shown to an eminent sculptor in London, he assured him that it could not have been executed better by himself. The same gentleman has a pair of the ear-bones of a whale carved by an Indian in a similarly excellent manner. The man-bull of Nineveh is often copied by them in slate from the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*, got from traders and others, and, unless this was known, the presence of such designs among them would rather puzzle an ethnologist.

The American Indians have usually been described as stolid and impassive, and to a

passing stranger they really appear so; but once let the suspicion and reserve wear off, and they are far from stolid in their behaviour. When excited, they have no control over themselves; and are mere creatures of impulse, scarcely answerable for their acts. A trifle, which would never affect a white man, would with an Indian act like a spark to a gunpowder-magazine. One moment he is stolid, the next excited and wild. The use of intoxicants, which might only make a white excited, converts an Indian into a perfect demon, who can only be approached at risk of life. When tipsy, all his evil passions get full sway, and every slumbering suspicion is fanned into a flame. Murder is of the most common occurrence, and in former times when rum was the *unum necessarium* of Indian trade, there was scarcely a debauch in which some one was not killed, or some helpless child got disabled by neglect of its drunken parents. Old traders describe these debauches as perfect pandemonia; and from what is seen when a cask of whisky is introduced into a camp of Indians at this day we can well believe it. I once had occasion to pass near a party of northern Indians encamped, on their way home from Victoria, on a little flat by the seashore, south of Fort Rupert, in Vancouver Island. Without the slightest provocation, a man whom I had never seen before, but who was very drunk, rushed at me with a knife, and so sudden was the attack, that had he not been held back by some women just at the moment he was reaching me, this narrative might never have been written. He broke loose again from the women—most of the men being incapably drunk—but tripped up on a tuft of grass and lay there. Of course I could have easily shot him; but then it would have been necessary to buy his body or limb from his relatives, if even I had not paid for my rashness with my life. Accordingly I was prepared to club him with my rifle at arm's length before he could lay hands on me.

An Indian expresses no surprise at any novelty which is shown to him, simply because he cannot understand the meaning of it; but if any strange object of which he can understand the general nature is shown him, he will instantly display astonishment at what transcends his ideas on the subject.

In their domestic relations there is no great demonstration of affection, if even any exists. Captain Mayne tells a story of a woman of one of the northern tribes being rescued from slavery by the vessel on board which he was an officer. Her husband had escaped from the massacre in which she had been captured, but she supposed that he had either been killed or lost, while he looked upon her in a similar light. When afterwards, to their mutual surprise, they were both rescued and brought face to face on the deck of the same vessel, beyond the slightest recognition they expressed no surprise, and never spoke to each other until he called her to his canoe on leaving the vessel.

On one occasion I took a hunter, old Quassoon, one of the best of his people, away with me for a day or two, but unexpectedly was absent nearly two weeks. When he returned to his lodge, I watched the meeting between him and his wife: no embracing, no surprise, no demonstration whatever; simply the hungry husband remarked, "Helu muck-a-muck?" (no food?) and ordered her down to carry up his baggage from the canoe. Yet this same old man once expressed great anxiety about what she might think when, on another occasion, he was in danger of being compelled to absent himself from home. As a specimen of Indian life, more fresh than can be told in a systematic form, and as a picture of the general character of the country in which these people live, I extract the tale from my journal of that date.

The object of our journey was to cross the colony of Vancouver Island at one of its narrowest points, from Alberni on the west coast to the mouth of the Qualicum River on the east. With a cheery good-bye we started for the mouth of the Somass River, with the intention



CHIEF OF THE NUCHULTAWS "EN DESHABILLE."

of there striking into the sombre forest-clothed interior. Old Quassoon, our trusty esquire, was hunted up from his lodge on the prairie, and the bulk of our luggage put on his broad shoulders. Quassoon had never been a handsome man, and now, as old age was creeping on

him, with his long, shaggy, black hair hanging all round his cheeks and on to his shoulders, he looked absolutely wild beast-like. Things had, however, been prospering with him since we had last met. He had started a new suit of clothes, of a European cut, though he could not yet accommodate his feet to any description of shoes or his head to a hat. He had also increased his household goods by a large number of blankets and a young wife, of whom his old one was very jealous, and on the score of that bone of contention led the old hunter a sad time of it. In fact, I suspect he was rather glad to be out of the way, though he growled terribly at having to do the work of two men, another famous hunter, who answered to the name of "Tom," having disappointed us. Tom's *tum-tum*, or general inclination, was "sick," we were informed, and he didn't intend stirring. An Indian used to declare that the "white men were very *onsarten*,"—the white man returns the compliment. You never know that you have them until you see them trotting along before you; and even then you needn't be at all certain that before to-morrow comes your henchman may not be on the back trail. True enough, "they are the most *onsartenest* varmints in all creation," as quoth Jim Baker, trapper and Indian trader. The day was pretty well gone before we got Quassoon on the trail, and we just went far enough to get him clear of his village and of his tribal visitors, who soon smell out a white man's encampment, and calculate the "theory of probabilities" in reference to a supper, with a celerity and certainty that Mr. Joule knows nothing of in reference to higher abstractions. Millmen and runaway sailors had been in the habit of crossing here, so that the trail was well marked, and lay through an openly-wooded, ferny country. Merrily we sang as we marched through the woods, lightly loaded, and with light hearts—for we were "coming home"—albeit most of our homes lay many a thousand miles on the other side of the world, yet we all, if we dared to confess it, felt a sort of regret at leaving our forest life, even though it was to taste, for the time being, the pleasures of Victorian civilisation—that winter Walhalla of the explorer, reserved for honest men who do their work while yet the summer sun is overhead. The pine marten would run up the trees before us, the grouse would "drum" amongst the fern, while the "partridge" would sit stupidly on the branches of trees—like its Canadian congener—and we popped them over with our revolvers in passing. Here is the great elk hunting-ground of the Opichesahts. Here in times past I have shared in great *wawins*, or deer-hunts, compared with which the skald-boasted hunts of Scandinavia were only murderous battues. I will, however, let my friend Sproat tell of them, as he has so well done in another place.* There was no great hurry; we were our own masters for once in a way. We had plenty of food, and the deer peeped at us through the bush, almost inviting us to shoot them; but we had full stomachs, and we were—supremely happy. We were going home. Soon we climb a little ridge of mountain, and then down a steep hill, and a beautiful lake lies at our feet, with a strange white cliff ahead on its shores—a landmark which must strike every traveller. Horne's Lake, it is called by the geographer; "Enoksasent," the Indians from Opichesah, who occasionally hunt thus far, call it. Horne was a trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, in earlier times, was in the habit of periodically passing over here to trade beaver-skins from the Indians at the head of the Alberni Canal. But in still earlier times there had been other traders who had ventured across here; and as the sun is getting low we encamp by the border

* "Scenes and Studies of Savage Life," p. 144.

of the lake, and old Quassoon tells us the weird tale of that old trader:—"He was a Comoucs Indian, who brought over blankets and paint and all sorts of things on his back—he carried great loads, did that man—and then went back laden with beaver and marten and mink, and sometimes a sea-otter, for no traders visited us then; they didn't like to come so far up from the sea. He did this for several years, until he got so friendly that he took a Seshah wife. Now once on a time he came over and went back with a big load of furs, and just as he went out of sight, he and his two slaves, a trader came and offered great prices for skins, but we had none to give him; the Comouc had traded them all. Now some of the young men started after this poor Comouc, and overtook him and his slaves asleep at the Qualicom River (just where we shall come out), and killed him and one of his companions, and took the furs back again and sold them to the white trader. But one of the slaves escaped, and brought the news to the Comoucs and Nuchultaws and Nanaimos, who ever since have been our enemies. Once they came over and destroyed one of our villages (you have seen the remains of it on one of the prairies on the river). A few escaped to an island in the lake, but the Comoucs found canoes, and came over and destroyed all. At that time we were a good tribe; now you know we have only seventeen men. Since then I have been afraid to go over to the Nuchultaw country. Once when out hunting I saw the sea and went back, but in general I do not come further than the lake (*awuk*)."

Old Quassoon tells this story in such a disjointed, hesitating way, sometimes rather contradicting himself, that we are strongly of the opinion that the old fellow had, in his younger days, a slight share in the murder of the Comoucs fur-trader.

There had been other visitors at the lake beside us. Preserved meat-tins, with the broad arrow on them, are scattered about, and by other signs we recognised the visit of Captain Richards (now the hydrographer of the Admiralty), then surveying the Alberni Canal. The lake must be high in the winter, and the banks were so rugged and encumbered with fallen timber that we feared to die of old age before we could reach Qualicom by such a road. So we took to the water, and for five or six miles we travelled along the borders, often up to the knees, more frequently only over the ankles, surrounded by dense forests now shedding their seeds. The whole water was covered with the seeds of the Douglas fir (*Abies Douglasii*), which were washed up on the shore in little banks, which would have been a fortune to the seed-collector had they been sound, but they were nearly all empty. More curious still were the immense quantities of fresh-water shells washed up perhaps by the gales which in the winter season must agitate the lake; or, possibly, they were dead shells which had floated to the surface. They were almost all of them those of the fresh-water snail, so widely distributed over the world (*Limnæa stagnalis*, L.), though there were a few specimens of a rarer species—the *L. lepida*, Gld. The lake is shaped somewhat like a not over-crooked letter S, and flows out about two miles from the eastern end of the Qualicom River, down the banks of which three of our party travelled, while, with the rest of the party, I took the country back from the river. Here the land was fair and open, but the soil merely gravel, as was abundantly shown by the great growth of salal (*Gaultheria shallon*), a scrubby creeping shrub, which often covers great tracts of country, but always affects poor soil. We had noticed that in the interior the country was much clearer of undergrowth than on the coast. Here, for the first time in Vancouver Island, I found the fragrant cinnamon laurel bush (*Ceanothus velutinus*), the leaves of which are covered with a sticky gum which exhales a delightful odour, which, however, is sickening to some people

of delicate constitution, and I have known men in riding through thickets of it so faint as scarcely to be able to sit on their horses. Its blossoms consist of large bunches of beautiful white flowers, and altogether, in the summer season, it forms one of the most beautiful shrubs imaginable. Here was also the bright yellow-barked arbutus (*Menziesii*), the Californian *madróna*, of which Bret Harte sings so pleasantly, found commonly, though never in groves, all over the country, while the tall Douglas fir and the western hemlock formed the bulk of the forest. On this gravelly slope we found no water, and were glad to camp at dusk by a pool of rain-water which had gathered under the upturned roots of trees. We had been told at Alborni that the trail was "beautiful—like a turnpike, sir;" and though no way particular to a shade in our route, yet next morning we began to entertain grave suspicions that the "turnpike" would prove a



SIHOX INDIAN, SHOWING THE METHOD OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

figure of speech. For nearly two miles our way lay over nothing but drifts of fallen timber, along which we "cooned it," like squirrels, never during the whole distance touching mother earth. Woe betide the man who had boots; and though the labour tired the best of us, yet the unfortunate booted met most mishaps—indeed, every now and then their heels were in the air, and I fear it must be acknowledged that curses, both loud and deep, were vented by the exasperated back-woodsmen on the "beautiful" Qualicom trail! Half a mile an hour was excellent travelling on such a track. Then again came a good country, stretching down to the Straits of Georgia, now in sight, with Sangster Island looming in the distance. Here our friend Quassoon, considering that discretion was the better part of valour, would have turned back, but we wheedled him into going a little way further, telling him (as we really thought) there would be no Nuchultaws here, as it was out of their track. The truth was, none of us were very anxious about shouldering the load which he was carrying. We were now about half a mile from the sea, when shouting was heard in the wood, to which we cheerily replied, thinking

that it was our river party, who had reached the coast before us. We were soon undeceived, for on crossing the old Comoues trail (which here leads along the coast, though now almost choked up with bush) we were astonished, and our worthy guide horrified, to find it proceed from a party of Nuehultaws—the ruthless marauding chivalry of the North! They professed all sorts of regard and friendship for us, but our men were warned to be on their guard against theft. As for Quassoon, poor man, he was speechless with surprise and dread at falling, as he thought, into the hands of his hereditary enemies. On reaching the Qualieom River, we found our hunter, Toma, who had arrived some hours before. He was in mortal dread of the Indians, old hunter



SQUAW AND CHILD.

and Indian as he was. Half-breeds and Indians are always more timorous in this respect than white men, probably from their knowing the savage character better. He had lost his companions the night previous, as might have been expected, for though I repeatedly warned the men about this, yet such was the competition to be first on the march, that unless tied together it would be almost impossible to prevent them losing each other.

Foreed to halt on the beach until our party was complete, we were soon surrounded by a party of Indians, begging and stealing, and openly offering their female slaves, and even their wives and daughters, for the vilest of purposes. We treated these rascals firmly but cautiously, and finding that they had some large canoes at their camp, half a mile up the river, I went along with one of them to make a bargain to take us to Nanaimo, as we knew that in two days the steamer for Victoria sailed. Travelling through the woods on this errand, we passed the

burnt shanty of a notorious Indian whisky-seller, who for some years had done a lucrative trade with the Indians, in spite of the law to the contrary, until, falling under the ban of the powers that be, he disappeared. The encampment of the Nuchultaws was newly built under some large-leaved maple-trees (*Acer macrophyllum*), in as pretty a situation as ever I saw for an Indian village, and the usual filth not having yet had time to accumulate in the vicinity, a visit to it was not so disagreeable a duty as it is usually. This river, and one about two miles south of it, belonged to the Qualicoms or Quallehums, but that tribe being now almost extinct, the Comoucs took possession of the latter and the Nuchultaws of the former for salmon-fishing purposes; and apparently they had just arrived from their permanent village in Discovery Passage. I found the old chief, Moquilla, to whom the canoes belonged, nursing his daughter, of whom more anon. His wife was on the eve of accouchement, and for her he had a little lodge roughly thrown together, placed at some distance from the regular encampment. This "separation of the women" prevails among the American aborigines from Vancouver Island to Davis Strait, and has been pointed to as showing their Eastern origin, and even their connection with "the lost ten tribes of Israel"—a now pretty well exploded idea. I bargained for his big canoe and the services of his son-in-law and his pretty wife, the young lady aforesaid (who had now recovered wonderfully and was smoking a short clay pipe in a corner), to take us to Nanaimo. For the benefit of those simple people who imagine that Indians work for a pipeful of paint and a brass button, I may mention that after considerable haggling, I was finally forced to agree to let them have \$22, or something like £4 8s., for this service, a sum considered tolerably moderate, and given after a couple of summers' experience of Indian pay. This girl was one of the comeliest Indian girls I ever saw, and soon set all the susceptible hearts of the rough explorers in a flame; and though we afterwards learned that she was not so good as good-looking, not one, to their credit be it said, like right honourable cavaliers as they were, would allow one word of "scandal to be spoken about Queen Elizabeth!"

Floating down the river—where there were two camps—we found our two absent companions arrived, and not at all in love with the banks of the Qualicom, which they pronounced, emphatically, "a hard road to travel." There was also a Comoucs white man, who had married a Nuchultaw squaw, waiting for some companions from Nanaimo. Moquilla asked me many questions about Quassoon, whether he was a chief, and so on, all of which I answered very much to Quassoon's glory. He also asked in his own way to be introduced to him, a ceremony gone through after this manner—"Quassoon, kumtux okok hyas tyhee Nuchultaw, Moquilla; Moquilla, kumtux Quassoon hyas tyhee Opiehesaht pe nika tillieum klosk" (Quassoon, know the great chief of Nuchultaws, Moquilla; Moquilla, know Quassoon the *very* great chief of the Opiehesahts and my good friend). How disagreeably cordial were the old fellows, though poor Quassoon stood very sheepish and said but little, for he had little to say, and was a country bumpkin before Moquilla—a man from cities, who had seen Fort Rupert and Nanaimo—ay, had even been at Victoria, and more than once drunk on bad whisky! He must stay with him a few days, for all trouble between their tribes was now at an end. So quoth Moquilla; but Quassoon took an early opportunity of whispering me, "Ah! his tongue does not speak straight. No sooner are you gone than he will follow me and sell me for a slave to the Hydahs.* I will bring

* Queen Charlotte Islanders.

100 blankets." Accordingly when we set off, to the excessive chagrin of the wily old Moquilla, I took the old man with us in the canoe, after having some little trouble with the owner of that vessel, he wishing, as usual, to be paid beforehand. As our motto, however, in dealing with the Indians was "*pro nihilo nil*," I refused, but finally compromised matters by tossing ashore an I O U for the amount—a very effectual and yet simple way of reassurance. The magical virtue of a "paper" among the Indians is wonderful, often as they must have been "bilked" by them. Putting a written paper on the top of any property is often, among the more primitive tribes, a perfect safeguard for the goods. Again, the Hudson's Bay Company have been for years in the habit of getting the Indians, of even the most worthless tribes, to carry their letters, and they have never been known to fail in the performance of the duty. They will even sell the letter to another when they get tired of going any further, the receiver paying a price proportionate to the distance, always knowing what is the exact reward for carrying a letter from one fort to another. About two miles lower down we passed the village of the Comoues, on a river called by them *Swaculth*. It is the ancient *Saatlaam*, or "place of green leaves," of the Qualicoms. Avoiding these odorous folks, we encamped half a mile further down, and were visited by moonlight by several Indians whom we had known at Comox. Civilities were exchanged, and all parties parted perfectly well pleased with the visit—we especially in getting clear of them. Before going to sleep Quassoon informed me that he thought of leaving us here. He was afraid (much as he would have liked it) that if he went to Victoria his wives would be anxious about him, supposing that he had been killed or lost, and as he thought he could find his way back again, having observed the landmarks as he came along the coast, we made up for him (quietly, without the knowledge of the Nuchultaws with us, who were watching him closely) four or five days' provisions, gave him a pipe and tobacco, some powder and shot, and paid him off. He slept near me, and about three o'clock in the morning, as the moon was bright, he shook me up, and thought that he would be off, and so *clawhowya* (good-bye). The morning was so cold that before daylight the whole camp was astir, except the Indians and a few drowsy men. A fire blazed, and breakfast was getting ready. Suddenly we missed Quassoon, and looking round to where the flames threw a light on the sombre forest, we saw the long musket of our friend disappearing. So went Quassoon, the hunter of Opichesah, a right good fellow. He subsequently reached home, and will be a traveller and a man of valour—round the lodge-fire—to the end of his days. This narrative may seem a digression, but the reader may see in it a picture of Indian life—treachery, duplicity, and uncertainty—more graphic than could have been given by the author in any other form. As such let it remain, without any further touching up, while we return to the point from which we set out with Quassoon on his trans-insular journey.

The occupation of all the members of these tribes is simply hunting and fishing and the arts connected with them. Every season has its special duties to perform—at one there is the halibut-fishing, another the dog-fishing, when large quantities of oil are made from the livers of these fish; another the clam season, &c.; while elk, deer, seal, whale, &c., are hunted at all or at particular seasons, as the Indians may have opportunity or inclination. The women collect roots, such as the underground rhizome of the common braeken, which contains some starch, and various bulbs, such as that of the gamass (*Gamassia esculenta*), which is stored up for winter use, and is very pleasant and nourishing. The gamass-gathering is in June, when

the prairie, blue with the flowers of the lily in question, is dotted with brush camps of the gamass-gatherers. The women, girls, and children are the workers, each being provided with a pointed stick, by which they adroitly turn up the bulb. A young man will look on about this time, and if he is inclined for a hard-working wife, will select her in accordance with her capabilities for work as exhibited at the gamass-gathering. The salmon season is the great one. Most of the salmon are got by spearing, after which, they are split and dried for winter use. In



AN INDIAN BURYING-GROUND IN THE WEST.

passing down the Fraser and other rivers, I have seen stages erected to enable the fisher to spear the salmon below, and most picturesque it was to see the stark-naked savage intent on his business, silent and engrossed, until a shout would proclaim that he had procured one. The spear has a harpoon attached to it, which gets detached after the salmon is struck; the fish is then hauled up by the attached cord.* On the banks of that river there are boxes in the trees, where the salmon are stored—it is said to keep them from the wolves. Wild animals are shot

* These spears are figured in the *Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries*, 1870.

and trapped in various ways for their flesh or skins. Berries of all sorts are collected and either dried for winter use or eaten raw. A mess of fresh berries and whale oil is accounted a great luxury. Shell-fish of all kinds are eaten and also dried. Tea the Indians are very fond.



CYUSE CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

of, and tobacco they have been so long accustomed to as to scarcely recollect how they used to do without it. I have seen an Indian, when tobacco was scarce, swallow the smoke until it came out at his ears, nostrils, and even eyes, repeating this several times, until he would lie down insensible. The pipe would then be taken by the next, until they had all had their

desire for tobacco gratified, so far as the supply would go. "You white men," they told me, "do not know how to use it. You puff out the food: we swallow it." The pipe is not amongst these people so much a symbol of peace as among the Indians of the eastern side of the continent. In times of scarcity they will smoke the leaves of the bear-berry (*Arctostaphylos uva ursi*), or even cedar leaves. They generally mix their tobacco with the leaves of the former plant, or with the bark of the "red willow," a practice the fur-traders have learned from them. They can eat an enormous quantity at a time, and can fast equally long; I have never seen them refuse food, even though they had shortly before taken a full meal. When travelling, they will string a number of square pieces of cooked meat on a stick and fasten it on the top of their load, reaching every now and again for a piece, which they will devour while walking. Of agriculture they are quite ignorant. Unlike the Eastern Indians, who from the earliest times have grown maize, they have no aboriginal plant which they cultivate. Of late years, in the vicinity of most villages, they have begun to grow a few potatoes, but, though a plentiful supply of these would add materially to their comfort, their utter laziness prevents them from scratching over anything but a mere scrap of ground. The Queen Charlotte Islanders are accounted the best potato-cultivators, and here a regular kind of potato-fair is held in the autumn, when the members of other tribes come to purchase potatoes from them. They have, however, some rather primitive ideas of how best to grow them. I once lived in an Indian village in which every morning, as the squaws were lighting the lodge fires, the old chief would march through the village, shouting in solemn stentorian tones, "Eat the little potatoes, keep the big ones for seed! Eat the little potatoes, keep the big ones for seed!" Their canoes are most elegantly fashioned out of the large trunks of the "cedar" (*Thuja gigantea*), and are sometimes of very large size. They have no birch-bark canoes, the canoe birch (*Betula papyracea*) not being found except in the extreme north-eastern point of North-west America. Their canoes are tastefully painted, and of different shapes among different tribes, or to suit particular purposes, as for war, the ascent of shallow rivers, rough weather, &c. Like all Indian canoes, they are steered entirely by the paddle, in the use of which the women are almost as adroit as the men. Of late they have begun to use sails, either of cotton or of mats of cedar bark, but in the use of these they are much less skilful, being only able to sail before a fair wind—"fore and aft."

In making a bargain they have no superiors. Time is nothing to them, and in general the trader's patience will give way before the Indian's. They will often keep a valuable skin—like a sea-otter's—for years, until they can dispose of it to advantage; though, at the same time, if anything struck their fancy, or if they required money, they would dispose of it at a "ruinous sacrifice." There is a good deal of intertribal trade, "middle-men," or rather middle-tribes, claiming the right of interposing in this, and tithing the profit derived from it. For instance, suppose a southern tribe had some particular commodity for sale which a northern tribe held in value, some tribe or tribes between, if powerful enough, would not allow the southern tribe to pass northward with its commodity, but force them to sell to these middle-men, who would again dispose of it at an enhanced value. News among these people travels apace. Let a trader in a village give a higher price than usual for some fur or other commodity, and before he gets a few hundred miles north he will find that the news has reached there before him. Among the colonists many ridiculous theories are afloat as to how this coast telegraph works.

In reality, however, it is very simply accomplished. Indians go out fishing towards the extreme northern and southern terminations of their fishing-ground. Here they meet fishers from more northern tribes, to whom, true to their love of gossip, and especially of *profitable* gossip, they communicate the news; the others go home to their village and tell it. Next day, perhaps, some of the men from this village go out fishing further to the north, and again gossip with still more northern tribesmen, and so the news travels fast.

Though among savages there is no real division of labour, yet it is a curious feature among some of the Vancouver tribes that certain families have a monopoly of certain trades or arts, such as canoe-making, and that other villages are famous for some other branch of industry. Generally speaking, every Indian is his own blacksmith (if such a trade can be said to exist, for forging they know nothing about), carpenter, and tailor. The latter profession would, however, not be a very lucrative occupation among the coast tribes. Their ordinary dress is a blanket pinned under the chin and hung like a cloak behind, with a shirt made of a flour-sack or any odd substance. The hair of both men and women is black and long. Most of the men wear it hanging loose, bound round by a ribbon, or tied behind their ears with cedar bark. This may not be so artistic, but it is decidedly more elegant than the method of dressing the hair adopted by some of the "plain tribes." The women divide theirs in the middle, plaiting it into two divisions, weighted at the end and hanging down the back. Some of them wear hats made of the roots of a fir, shaped like a truncated cone, and very gaudily painted; others have capes of the bark of the cedar, and quite waterproof. The women used to wear a sort of petticoat composed of a number of strings of bark twisted, and pendant from a girdle all around, but this is now discontinued, and all the coast tribes have now more or less of European dress, some of them being quite gaily attired on high occasions. The interior, or horse tribes (for the wooded character of the country to the west of the Cascades, will not admit of horses being used), generally dress in buckskin trousers and shirt, gaily beaded or ornamented with porcupine quills, and mocassins of the same material. Their cap is usually of some fur, with a fox's tail, and among some tribes foxes' tails are worn at the heels of those who have slain their enemies in war. The women's dress among these tribes is generally a long buckskin shirt, beaded and fringed, with a superabundance of ribbons in their hair. The dress of the men, especially when new and well made, is very picturesque and handsome, and is much affected by travellers and hunters in their country. The Diggers go nearly always *in puris naturalibus*. The houses of the coast tribes are long parallelograms of cedar boards, fastened by withes to upright poles, and divided for different families by breast-high partitions; each house is usually occupied by the head of a family, and there are partitions for the different families of his kinsfolk. The fires are in the middle of the house, and the smoke escapes as best it can through the open boards of the roof. Often I have had to run out of their lodges on account of the pungent smoke, when they would good-naturedly, even though it was snowing, draw the roof-boards aside, to allow the surplus to escape for my convenience. These boards are laboriously chiseled out of cedar logs, and are accordingly of great value. When the Indians remove to any other fishing village, where they intend staying for some time, they take the boards along with them, leaving only the bare skeleton of the village, which soon gets overgrown with nettles and other vegetation, and might appear to a stranger unacquainted with Indian habits as long deserted. To accomplish their removal they lash two

large canoes together, lay the boards across them, and on this platform place all sorts of household goods, boxes, dogs, &c., and so slowly paddle on to their new locality. Here they disembark, and in a day or two the deserted framework is clothed with walls and roof, and what looked as if long deserted is soon stirring with life. This habit of a tribe to migrate from place to place has given origin to some *nominal* tribes, the so-called tribes being only villages of the same people, occupied at different times of the year. In the summer, or while moving from place to place they will use mat wigwams, and the plain tribes use lodges of a conical form made of skins, the form and variety of which vary with every tribe. Some of the tribes on the east coast of Vancouver and the northern coast of British Columbia have houses in imitation of the whites with separate apartments within the main building. Few of them have tried to imitate the European style of furniture, though one or two of the more civilised ones about the Metlakatlah Mission on the northern coast of British Columbia have made a faint attempt at this. A Clalam* Indian of my acquaintance, in a fit of enthusiastic civilisation, built and furnished a cottage like the settlers about him, and for a while was very proud of his establishment. By-and-by he and his squaw got into a quarrel, when to spite the lady, who was very proud of her home, he set to work with an axe, chopped up the furniture, and then burnt the whole to ashes.

Barter is the general mode of purchase amongst Indians, though the tribes nearest the white settlements are now learning the use of money, and prefer it to goods. Among some of the tribes near Fort Rupert certain pieces of wood studded with sea-otter teeth are used as a medium of exchange, and in Southern Oregon and Northern California the Indians employ the scarlet scalps of the carpenter woodpecker for money. There are numerous articles held in high esteem by them, though they are not regular articles of barter—such as the skin of an albino deer, but the universal substitute for money which once prevailed among all the North-western Indian tribes, and does so to a considerable extent even at the present day, was the *hioqua* shell, and which held the same place as the cowry among some African tribes in its purchasing power. This Indian money, or *hioqua*, is the *Dentalium pretiosum*. It is a shell from half an inch to two and a half inches in length, pearly white, and, as its name infers, in shape like a slender specimen of the canine tooth or tusk of a bear, dog, or such-like animal. The Indians value a shell according to its length. Those representing the greatest value are called, when strung together, *hioqua*; but the standard by which the *dentalium* is calculated to be fit for a *hioqua* is that twenty-five shells placed end to end must make a fathom (or six feet) in length. At one time a *hioqua* would purchase a small slave, equal in value to fifty blankets, or about £50 sterling. The shorter and defective shells are strung together in various lengths, and are called *kop-kops*. About forty *kop-kops* equal a *hioqua* in value. These strings of *dentalia* are usually the stakes gambled for. These shells are procured off Cape Flattery and from the north-west end of Vancouver Island, chiefly Koskemo Sound, a locality abounding in marine life. The Indian fairy tales tell of youths who went away to such far-off lands that they came to a people who were so rich that they lived in houses with copper doors, and fed on the flesh of the *hioqua* shell! The *dentalia* live in the soft mud, in water from three to five fathoms in depth. The habit of the creature is to bury itself in the

* On the Washington Territory shores of De Fucas Strait; the tribe is so designated by the whites, but the real pronunciation of the name is *S'calam*.

sand, the small end of the shell being invariably downwards, and the larger end close to the surface, thus allowing the mollusk to protrude its feeding and breathing organs. The Indian turns this to account in the instrument he uses to capture them with. He arms himself with a long spear, the shaft made of light fir, to the end of which is fastened a strip of wood,



A PRAIRIE BELLE—SIOUX OR DACOTAH HALF-BREED.

resembling exactly a long comb with the teeth very wide apart. A squaw sits in the stern of the canoe, and paddles it slowly along, whilst the Indian with the spear stands in the bow. He now stabs this comb-like affair into the sand at the bottom of the water, and after giving it two or three stabs draws it up to look at it; if he has been successful, perhaps four or five *dentalia* have been impaled on the teeth of the spear. Mr. Lord—from whom I quote this—

seems to think that it was only in remote times that the interior tribes traded these from the coast tribes. This is not so; to this day the interior tribes, even as far south as California, use and value them highly. The Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Rupert purchase large quantities from the Koskeemo Indians, for the purpose of sending to San Francisco, from whence they are scattered by the American traders all through the interior.

With all their suspiciousness, it was often a surprise to me how nearly all the Indians I have ever fallen in with had such implicit belief in "papers." Indians have often taken my notes of hand for sums due to them, and at other times—and this was most extraordinary—they would demand before starting a "paper" to the effect that they were to get so-and-so for the work to be done, quite unconscious, as they could not read, and had no one to read it for them, that the document might, to say the least of it, be very informal! Traders are in the habit of granting these promissory notes, and I fancy they cannot be often dishonoured—the trader's credit, not to say the safety of his head, being dependent on his meeting them faithfully—as their belief is still strong in a "papaw." They are always anxious to get from you another kind of "paper"—namely, a certificate of character. Now these certificates are very useful to those who come after him, if the traveller knows his man well and states his character fairly. The contrary is, however, more often the case. Every trader or vagabond who "knocks about" the country immediately airs his penmanship in such documents, which are of no value except as specimens of peculiar orthography, or often of profanity. Sometimes the writers attempt doggrel—the result of which is sufficiently amusing. Generally the first thing an Indian does, if he wishes to establish diplomatic relations with you, is to march off to his lodge and produce a packet of greasy documents, which he hands out from beneath his blanket, with a look upon his countenance, as of "Read this, my friend, and then tell me what you think of me!" You open them—"This is to certifie that the Bayrer is one of the allfiredest scoundrels in all the country, and would steal the ears off your head—not to say the hed itself—if they was not fastened. Kick him behind with the kind regards of The Lord High Dook of Newcastle the riter of this;" or, "This is a good honest Injun, very obliging and truthfull, and greatfull for kindness. J. Smith, schooner *Indian Maid*." The entire value of this certificate is proved by the fact that the bearer so highly recommended, after filling himself at your expense, is caught making off, not only without once thanking you (which is not expected), but with your coat under his blanket!

They attribute, I am of belief, some supernatural influence to these papers, for they will buy them from others, and even store up scraps of paper of no value whatever in the light of testimonials. When I visited the Koskeemo Indians on the north-west coast of Vancouver Island, in 1866, the old chief Negatsæ was from home, but his wife and handsome daughter, as usual, favoured me with a sight of his family papers. Some were the usual testimonials from traders, &c. Indeed, some of them were never intended for him, but apparently bought, as things of great value, from their owners. Some of them were scrawls from one trader to another: a proclamation of Governor Blanchard, which calls us back thirteen years, offering a reward for the Nawitta Indian who had murdered three runaway British seamen; but most of them were notes of hand for articles bought by traders and others, and not paid for—such as, "I promise to pay fifteen potatoes on the schooner coming." "I promise to pay twenty pints molasses and a looking-glass 6 × 4 when the schooner comes," &c. These Koskeemo Indians, living on

the shores of Quatsceno and Koskeemo Sound, were at once the most primitive and best Indians I ever met with in all my travels. The only dress of the women was a bark blanket, such as I have already described, and a fringe apron composed of cords of cedar bark suspended from a girdle. The men had the same, some occasionally omitting the latter portion and others the former. Indeed, if the day was warm when we passed the little camps of beaver-hunters along the wooded shores of the Sound, we saw them stalking about quite naked, with the exception of a twist of cedar bark around their heads. Their hair was not fastened up in a topknot tied round with cedar bark, as among the western coast Indians, or divided down the middle as among the great Cowichan Connection (south-eastern end of Vancouver and Lower Fraser River), but divided at the side, with the greater portion twisted up with a piece of cedar bark, apparently to keep the forelock out of the eyes. Those of the women who could afford it had a streak of vermilion down the division of their hair, but only few of them had any on their faces, visitors not being expected. It was amusing, however, to see them scuttling off to ornament themselves as they saw strangers approaching. Everywhere they crowded round to look at me, and ask questions, and everybody was friendly in the extreme. Contrary to Indian custom, they never begged from me, and thanked me for the smallest present. They hailed me afar off as my canoe approached their village, and lighted me with torches to the lodge of a sort of chieftainness both by birth and wealth, the widow of a trader—the only white man who had ever lived for any length of time among them. As we came near, the Indians in my canoe hailed the others ashore—"Oh! a great chief," a boy shouted, "is coming from the Quakwalth country. He is coming to stay here. He has a musket that never stops shooting. Oh! he is a *kingatai* (great) chief!" Walking up through the village, with a *bon jour* to all men (and it is wonderful how exceedingly courteous one becomes in the enemy's country), I entered the block house once occupied by my friend the trader, and sat down on a mat until some one addressed me. The chieftainness was not long in hurrying from some gossiping visit, with the air of a disconsolate widow, and entertained me with a long narrative of the goodness and greatness of "that dead man," and at the same time begged to know had I any intentions of staying with them altogether. She was anxious to get up a flirtation with me in a small way, and just as she was in the midst of uproarious mirth at some mild witticism which I had perpetrated, and at which the surrounding toadies, composed of the whole village, as in duty bound, had, in the expectation of future largess, laughed most loudly, she would again relapse into the disconsolate widow, and inflict upon me a long series of statistics regarding the numbers of beavers the late lamented had traded, the geese he had shot, and the tobacco and blankets he had given away.

I bought a deer, which a hunter had brought in, for ten leaves of tobacco, and with some salmon which my hostess added I made a hearty supper. The lady, probably under the emollifying influence of my tea-kettle, confessed that she might marry again, but could never think of an Indian after "that dead man," and she again broke into a pæan of praises. She was again most anxious to know if I was going to stay, and from the context I inferred that, in familiar parlance, she was "setting her cap" at me, an attention at which I was in no way flattered, though, for reasons of policy, I took good care not to show it. Visitors walked in and out, almost all of them entirely in a state of nature, and quite unconscious of any offence against the laws of "society." More leaves of tobacco were distributed to the

attendant levée, until the praises of the "bearded chief who had come from the Quakwath country" filled the house and made the rafters ring. My henchmen occupied seats of honour, and, to add to their own dignity, had, you may be sure, in no way lessened the glory and high dignity of their master. A clean cedar-bark mat was spread for me, my blanket unrolled, and with my rifle under it, I lay down, not before I had been informed that my "little musket" (revolver) was unnecessary, as they were all friends to me. The Indian



INDIAN BOW, QUIVER, AND BASKETS MADE FROM GRASS, CYPERUS ROOT, ETC.

cook at Fort Rupert had told the Indians with whom I had travelled over, that I would shoot them all on the smallest provocation—a piece of mischief-making quite in keeping with the character of that youthful savage. My visitors soon left me, finding that nothing more was likely to be got, and my hostess, who ordered them about in a most peremptory manner, told me if a woman and child, who slept on the other side of the house, alarmed me in the least, "just to kick them out." The woman in question, however, laid before me in the morning a long tale of domestic wrongs, which led me to entertain no high opinion of my chieftainly friend's character, and to think that an aboriginal divorce court would find employment enough even in the quiet village of Natsenuchtum. Arcadia looks very pretty, until "the guide shows the closet in which the skeleton is kept."

Next day, when I proposed making an exploration of the Sound down to the open sea (the Pacific), to my chagrin, she insisted on accompanying me—and most gaudy in scarlet blanket, beads, and vermilion was my fair(?) friend. She was most entertaining, and saved all trouble



BLACKFOOT INDIAN CHIEF.

about bargaining for canoes, men, &c., for her word seemed to be law, and while paddling in state along the quiet spurs of the Sound that lovely May day, she gave me much information regarding everything which we passed. On an island was the burying-ground of some of the smaller tribes. The dead were generally buried in boxes, painted with various figures emblematic of the different *totems* (or crests) of the family—supported on carved pillars of

the most grotesque form. In some instances the body was placed in a rude sort of house, and a chief's body was deposited in a house with windows. When the Koskeemos approach even a burial-ground, they make a point of washing before the next meal. A short paddle brought us to Whatesh, a comparatively large village on the northern shore of the Sound, where we halted, as is always the custom, it being next to impossible to get Indians past a village, the attraction of gossip being too great. Whatesh is the head-quarters of the Koskeemos, and boasts of many fine, substantial, cedar-board lodges with grotesque carved pillars, the "palace" of the chief being towards the west end, and the mansions of the nobility (*sic*) in close proximity, the *canaille* occupying the east end, as at home. Here we saw many children undergoing the operation of distorting the skull, the male heads being only flattened in the usual way by a pad on the forehead, as the child lay bandaged lightly down on a little wooden trough. The females are, in addition, subjected to a still more severe ordeal—that of having tight bandages round the head, to produce, while the cranium is still in a plastic state, the strange conformation which is considered to be the *haut-ton* of Koskeemo. All the tribes of Vancouver Island and neighbouring territory, as we hereafter describe, flatten their foreheads, but this is the only tribe which distorts that of the female in the cone-like manner described, though, curiously enough, it is also adopted by the Omagua Indians of South America. Though it does not appear to injure the brain of the individual operated on, yet many of the children seemed to breathe hard, and looked very pale, and the quaint little eyes, pulled up in a sloping position, rendered the Mongolian expression, common among many of the Western Indians, still more apparent in these little ones. The women were busy weaving cedar-bark mats and blankets, and the girls were continually arriving with canoe-loads of the tender succulent shoots of the Nootka bramble (*Rubus Nutkanus*, Mocq.), which they threw into our canoe in return for a leaf or two of tobacco. These shoots are pleasantly cooling to chew, and a favourite luxury of the Indians. I noticed in this village a very remarkable T-shaped post, with a carved eagle perched at either end of the cross piece on the top. Shortly after leaving Whatesh we passed, on the north shore, a deserted Koapina village, the natives of which—a section of the Koskeemos—were almost exterminated by the Quakwolths from Fort Rupert, on the other side of the island, six only then remaining. Other villages, in beautiful quiet bays were passed, the inmates of which were all busy halibut fishing at the open sea, until we arrived at a stockaded and most odoriferous fishing village, called Ow-ya-la-kom, belonging to the Quatseenos, and the chief of which—Ahwalta—was the uncle of our fair friend, who though silent in the preceding pages, was no way so in reality, and now before her cousins played the coquette to her heart's content. I bought fish for my followers, who adjourned each to the mansion of some acquaintance or kinsman, but I took up my night's quarters under a maple-tree, on the outskirts of the village. Here the natives seem to have had more intercourse with the white traders, and the begging system appeared a little in vogue, though not openly so, for long after dark, as I was coiling up in my blanket, an old woman would come and beg a few leaves of tobacco. There was, however, no attempt to steal anything, whether through innate honesty or on account of the lady who escorted me, and anything which I had accidentally dropped was carefully brought to me again. These Indians were, however, essentially different from my friends further up the Sound, and many things I noticed amongst them I can only designate in this place as *offensively civilised*.

On our way home our canoeman entertained us with a description of the majesty of Laghawleash, a mighty water-sprite, who is occasionally seen in the south-east arm of the Sound and held in great awe. Another is said to knock trees, break large stones off the mountains, &c., and is indeed a dreadful personage, held accountable for anything which may happen out of the common. Here they pointed out to me a stone from which they ask rain or wind, or a cessation of it. At some of the villages the Indians were gathering in the harvest of the fish-roe, which forms a considerable portion of their winter subsistence. At the proper season branches of hemlock spruce are laid in the water, on which the various species of fishes deposit their spawn. It is afterwards carefully dried and stowed away in bags for use.

I must not omit to mention that, before I left, the chieftainess, finding that another of the Caucasian race could not be found to succeed to the "late lamented," consoled herself by crying "sour grapes," and informed me somewhat haughtily (considering she had not been asked) that she would not have me! She did not, however, forget to remind me that her weakness in the way of blankets was scarlet, and that she sorely needed a yard of green baize, some needles and thread, and some matches, all of which I could get at the fort and send over with the Indians who would return with me! And so, on a splendid May morning, with the weird cry of "Quewena"—the bittern crying lonely from the marsh—as the trees stood ghostly out of the grey mist, before the sun had dissipated the fog, I bade my last farewell to savagedom, and entered upon that homeward journey which, after many wanderings, landed me at last in England.* And now, after this long parenthesis regarding the home life of one of the most primitive tribes yet living on the American continent, let us say something about the mode of government adopted by the Western Indian generally.

GOVERNMENT.

The government of the Indian tribes is essentially patriarchal, every man governing his own family; but the tribes are governed by hereditary chiefs, who are treated with great respect. Rank of a certain kind may also be acquired through wealth and prowess in war, as with us, and even women can receive a certain rank. Their ideas of right in land are rather vague, though there is generally some tract held by each tribe and claimed as its own. The boundaries of the fishing-grounds are much more accurately defined, and excessive jealousy exists in regard to any encroachment upon them. They claim from the whites the right of selling their land, but this is really an after idea started with a view to obtain something from them, for until the whites came land had no value except for hunting, and the trees which they affect to value so highly now were of little or no use to them, except for the very minor purposes to which they applied the wood. Every man claims a right in what he can make. There is no communism of property among them, though it was an old custom for a young unmarried man to give whatever he earned to his elder brother. Crimes are punished by the individual who is the chief sufferer by them, though nearly all crimes have well-understood and established expiations marked out for them. Most minor injuries can be wiped out by payments to the person injured—as indeed they can in more civilised regions—but "a life for a life" is the universal law, admitting of no deviation, except to the dishonour of the individual whose the vengeance is. Many crimes exist among

* *Field Quart. Review*, 1872.

these people, which are left altogether unpunished, being looked upon as no crimes at all—such as infanticide, for example. On the whole, they are much more free from crime than civilised communities; for “killing” they look upon as “no murder.” Hereditary rank, “gentle blood, and long descent” are highly valued among them, and great efforts are made to attain to position among these frowsy savages.



ENCAMPMENT ON THE SHORES OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The chiefs, however, have not now the same power and influence over their tribes which they used to have. Wars are less common, and since the settlements of the whites have been established here and there through the country, this influence is lessening still more. The whites will patronise the most useful man, regardless of rank, and accordingly a smart young fellow who can speak English will soon get property and influence in his tribe, while the hoary old chief, whose name once carried terror, is looked upon by the Indians, with a few exceptions, and by the rough frontier men universally, as a “reg’lar no ’count Injun.” The fur-traders and others in out-of-the-way places, no doubt, still curry favour with the chiefs and treat them

with marked respect, though I question if even this is so great nowadays as it used to be in the palmy times of the fur trade—at least I never heard of such men as Tsoieten or Tsohailum in these latter degenerate days, or such a powerful chief as Casino, a chief of the Kliekitats, who claimed fealty from all the Indians inhabiting the Columbia River, from Astoria to the Cascades. This chief, in the plenitude of his power, travelled in great—almost regal state, and was often accompanied by a hundred slaves obedient to his slightest caprice. The bands over whom he presided paid him tribute on all the furs and fish taken, as also upon the increase of their horses, to support him in his affluence. He was the favourite chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, and



A SKETCH FROM NEAR FORT LARAMIS.

through him they were undoubtedly much indebted for the quiet ascendancy they always maintained, in troublesome times, over these tribes. It is said that on visiting Fort Vancouver, his slaves often carpeted the road, from the landing at the river-side to the fort, with beaver and other furs, for the distance of a quarter of a mile; and on his return, the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company would take the furs and carpet the same distance with blankets and other Indian goods as his recompense. When last I heard of him he was an old man, having outlived his prosperity and posterity, to see a once numerous people reduced to a few scattered lodges, which must soon disappear before the rapidly growing settlements of the adventurous pioneers.*

* In 1848 Mr. J. M. Stanley painted his portrait, which was among those destroyed in 1866, when a portion of the Smithsonian Institution was burnt. See *Catalogue of Portraits of North American Indians in Smithsonian Institution* (1852).

The portrait of another very remarkable old chief used to hang in Mr. Stanley's collection in Washington. It was that of Peo-peo-mux-mux, principal chief of the Wallas, an Upper Columbia River tribe, but who was generally called by the Hudson's Bay Company "Serpent Jaune" (the Yellow Serpent). This old worthy came, perhaps, nearer the *beau-ideal* of a savage grandee than any Indian whom I have ever known. In the days of his prosperity he is said to have owned more than 2,000 horses, droves of which feeding in the grassy valleys constitute the wealth of the nation to which he belonged, as blankets form the *summum bonum* of a coast Indian's ambition. In an evil hour, however, he rose against the whites, during the Indian war of 1855, and after maintaining an unequal fight for upwards of two years, was forced to make terms with the United States Government. He had then only a remnant of his former wealth. During the war, Colonel Wright, with a view to weaken the power of the old chief, gave orders to collect his horses, and having surrounded them with a stockade, platoons of soldiers would fire all day at them, until they were vastly reduced in numbers. A considerable number were also appropriated by the frontier men, who looked upon the Indian war as an excellent opportunity to recruit their stock of horses at the enemy's expense. Indeed, it is more than hinted that this and many other such "wars" owed their origin in no small degree to a desire on the part of these whites to make profit out of the Government by contracts for provisions for the soldiers, or to have an excuse to rob the Indians of their property. To this day you can see all over North-west America horses marked with Peo-peo-mux-mux's brand—an arrow within a circle. There are many incidents of thrilling interest in this man's life, one of which may be quoted to show his cool, determined courage; for it I am indebted to Mr. M'Kinley. In the year 1841 his eldest and favourite son, of twenty-one years, had some difficulty with one of the clerks of the Hudson's Bay Company, which terminated in a hand-to-hand fight. The young chief coming off second best, carried, with the tale of his inglorious defeat, a pair of black eyes to his father's lodge. The chief's dignity was insulted and the son's honour lost, unless the officer in charge of Fort Walla-Walla, Mr. Archibald M'Kinley, should have the offender punished.

The old chief, at the head of a hundred armed warriors, went into the fort and demanded of the factor the person of the clerk for punishment. Mr. M'Kinley, not having heard of the difficulty, was quite taken by surprise, and after instituting inquiries he found nothing to censure in the conduct of the young man. This decision having been made known to the Yellow Serpent, resulted in an animated discussion of the case. The Indians were not to be appeased, and some of the warriors attempted to seize the clerk; but being a powerful and athletic man, he defended himself until Mr. M'Kinley handed him a pistol, reserving two for himself, and charging him not to fire until he gave the signal. The crisis was now at hand, the war-cry was sounded and the savages had raised their weapons to spill the white man's blood. Mr. M'Kinley rushed into an adjoining room, and seizing a keg of gunpowder, placed it in the centre of the floor, stood over it with flint and steel raised, and exclaimed that they were all brave men, and would all die together. The result was the immediate flight of all the Indians, save the old chief and his son. As soon as the warriors had gained the outer walls of the fort, the gates were closed against them; while they, halting at a respectful distance, were in momentary expectation of seeing the fort blown to atoms. Mr. M'Kinley then quietly seated himself with the old chief and amicably arranged the difficulty.

One almost shares in the old fur-trader's love of dwelling upon the deeds of these old chiefs, Tsosieten, Tsohailum, Peo-peo-mux-mux, Casino, and even old Concomely, the one-eyed chief of the Chinooks, so abundantly celebrated by Washington Irving and other historians of the "Astoria" enterprise. His grandson, a half-breed, yet lives on the north-west coast, and was my companion for a whole summer. "Nowadays," well might old Tsosieten remark, "there are no chiefs." You may sail up the Columbia River and see no Indians, for populous towns now mark the sites of their old villages, and gorgeous steamers have taken the place of the light canoes. A few lazy, drunken rascals hanging round the white settlements, redolent of surreptitious whisky, and speaking English with a very objectionable vocabulary, are the only representatives of the grand old chiefs and sturdy warriors of twenty—ay, ten years ago. To see an Indian in his native state you must travel far into the outer world, into such fields and pastures fresh and new as the reader is to some extent introduced to in these chapters.

SLAVERY.

The "peculiar institution" is found in full force among the North-west American tribes, prisoners in war (if not killed) being invariably devoted to slavery. There are few slaves among the horse tribes, probably on account of their wandering life, or from the love of scalps, which overrules all other considerations; but among the lazy stationary coast races a slave is highly valued. Wars are generally looked upon as providers of such, and there are few chiefs who have not one or two. Owing to there being fewer wars now than formerly, and to the restraining influence of the whites on certain portions of the coast, slaves are greatly decreasing in number, and it is rarely that the number owned by one man exceeds two or three. They are far from being cruelly treated, though kicked about and subject to every indignity. Often the master and his man may be seen working together, or engaged in familiar intercourse. If they have been long in slavery, however, they soon beget that cowed, crouching look peculiar to people of all races in that condition. Long hair is a mark of freeborn condition, and accordingly we generally find that the slaves have theirs cut close. In the lodge of the great chief of the Mowiehahs, in Nootka Sound, I have seen his group of slaves sitting apart by themselves, with their hair closely cut. The Hudson's Bay Company used to take advantage of this pride in long locks by punishing minor offenders among their Indian and half-breed servants by cutting their hair.* Slaves not unfrequently escape from their masters, but their condition is not much improved if they return to their native village after a long absence. One summer day I was standing in the Quamichan Indian village on the Cowichan River, in Vancouver Island, when there was a hum and stir in the little community. Two Indian boys, who had been taken as slaves when very young by the Stekin Indians in Russian America, had returned home again. They remembered nothing of their home, but an old woman told them that their friends were here, and with that yearning desire of all men for home and liberty, they finally managed to steal a canoe, and after many risks and hardships, contrived to thread the thousand miles of sea-coast between the Stekin village and their home. Their condition was pitiable. No one knew them or their friends. All who ever remembered them were dead or gone, or did not care to remember two slave boys, and they were likely enough to have been ready

* Among some tribes short hair is a sign of mourning.

again to return to their master's house, where at least they were known, when an old hunter named Louis, who had himself in early life been a slave, took them into his lodge and adopted them as his children. I remember a similar instance of a S'calam boy who had been stolen by the Seshahs from the village of the former tribe near Cape Flattery when a mere child. He had grown up among the tribe until he was almost looked upon as a freeman. Being clever, he was employed on board a trading schooner as a seaman, and in this capacity made many voyages to Victoria and other towns, and even to the Sandwich Islands. On one occasion, being at



SHOSHONE INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW.

Victoria, some of the S'calams who knew his parents, persuaded him to escape and return home with them. On arriving at the village, however, he was disappointed in the bright things he had pictured to himself. Nobody knew or cared much about him. His father was dead, and his mother barely remembered him, nor could he speak her language, having long ago forgot his native tongue. Other children had been born to her, whose constant presence had rendered them dearer to her, and finally seeing that home was not what he had been led to suppose, he took the earliest opportunity of returning again to his easy life of slavery. Runaway slaves are rarely punished among the coast tribes, though the humane master has frequently on that account to suffer most from the loss of his fugitive serfs. I have heard of an old chief, well known to the gold-diggers on the Stekin River as "Shakes," who used to



DISCOVERY OF SKELETONS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS SLAIN BY INDIANS IN 1867.

punish a fugitive slave with most cruel tortures, and frequently with death in the most revolting form. Binding the trembling wretch with his throat over the sharp point of a rock, he would place a pole on the back of the slave's neck. On either end of this pole a youthful demon would see-saw up and down until the poor victim's neck was slowly sawn through. Among the Klamaths, in Southern Oregon, slaves who have been recaptured in an attempt to escape are generally put to death by a stake being driven through their bodies. These



INDIAN GRANDEE AT HIS TOILET, WAITED ON BY A SLAVE.

punishments are supposed to deter others from making the attempt, and as it is supposed that if the life of the runaway was spared he would only attempt to repeat the experiment, it is thought as well to destroy him at once.

Of late years, owing to the establishment of white settlements female slaves are highly valued, in order to be used for the vilest purposes. An old chief of Tsamena told me that travelling up the wooded banks of the Cowiehan River, in Vancouver Island, he arrived at night at a rude hunting-lodge he had built for his convenience on the banks. Entering, he was surprised to find a woman crouching in the corner. She was a Nuehultaw from the

Rapids Village in Discovery Passage, and had been a slave with the S'calams on the other side of De Fucas Strait for a number of years. Yearning for home, she and another woman of the same tribe determined to attempt their escape. They only knew that the direction of their home was somewhere on the other side of the range of mountains they saw on the Vancouver shore, and that beyond lay a river by which they might seek the coast, and so go northward. Accordingly, one dark night they stole a canoe and crossed the strait alone, and took to the woods, travelling by the sun. Probably no human being had ever penetrated these mountains before, and how laborious the journey must have been may be gathered from the fact that a well-equipped party of experienced travellers sent by me to explore the same route, took more than a week to traverse it. While descending a precipice one of the women fell and fractured her leg. Her companion could do nothing for her; so leaving her to the certain fate which awaited her, she pursued her perilous and laborious journey, arriving finally at the river, and travelling down it, she at length sought shelter in the hut where my friend Kakalatza found her. The old fellow stopped in his narrative. "What did you do with her?" we inquired. A curious sinister smile played round the leathern features of this chivalrous Indian magnate as he replied, "Went home again and sold her to the Lummi Indians for eighty blankets." Humane aboriginal gentleman!

A slave is valued according to sex, age, beauty, or strength at from 120 down to twenty or thirty blankets, or from about £60 to £10, or £15. Among some tribes slaves are after death carelessly buried, without any ceremonies, or even thrown into the sea, and no one but slaves allowed to touch them. On the Columbia River it used to be the custom among the Chinooks, if the slave died in winter, to tie a big stone about the neck and throw the body into the river. To this day slaves can be killed by their masters without any one having the power, even if he had the will, to prevent it; and at one time slaves were killed on the death of a great man, for the same reason that any other property was destroyed on a similar occasion. Again, if a person had been disgraced in any way, he would attempt to wipe out the dishonour by destroying property or killing slaves, which was much the same thing. To this day a master will order a slave to go and kill an enemy, knowing that it will be the slave who will suffer, if anybody, and not himself. Hence much injustice is done in the colonial courts of law in British Columbia. An Indian kills another in or near a white settlement. The "active and intelligent" stipendiary magistrate demands the murderer. He is, after a little parley, handed over, and generally, if an impatient jury has anything to do with it, suffers the last penalties of the law, even though he may be a slave executing his master's behest, in accordance with custom that knows of no deviation, and the disobedience of which would have cost him his life.

Slavery must have existed among these people from an early date, for if one term of contempt worse than "a dog" (strange that it should be a term of contempt among savages) is intended to be hurled at a person, it is "a slave." Probably slavery is coeval with laziness and selfishness in Indian domestic economy. Slaves are traded backwards and forwards all along the north-west coast. Cape Flattery and the northern coast of British Columbia are the great feeders of the slave-market, while some of the smaller British Columbian and Vancouver coast tribes are looked upon, in the words of an able writer on this shameful traffic, as "slave-breeding tribes attacked periodically by stronger tribes, who make prisoners and sell them as slaves."

WAR CUSTOMS.

The war customs of a people whose normal condition is that of being almost continually at war—one tribe with another—must be so varied and numerous that in a work of this nature I had better limit myself to a description of a few of the more prominent features in the warfare of the coast tribes, that of the interior races of America having been often described, and the horse tribes' customs being less familiar to me. At the proper place, moreover, will be given an account of the prairie tribes and their habits. Not only are these coast tribes and their allies living near the mouths of the great rivers almost constantly at war with each other, but nearly every family has some little *vendetta* of its own to prosecute. These tribes all congregate in villages for mutual protection, and the appearance of palisades in front of their hamlets suggests to the traveller the state of constant trepidation and uncertainty in which the people live. How these wars originate it is sometimes difficult to say. They are of old origin, being handed down from father to son as legacies, and sometimes their exciting cause is lost in the forgotten past. Revenge for fancied tribal or personal insults, trespass on each other's fishing-grounds, love of plunder and slaves, or merely a desire for *glory*, may be said to be the chief causes which impel these savage clansmen to fight. Before war the chief makes a long speech explaining how matters stand. The warriors bathe, and even scratch themselves with sharp instruments with a view to making themselves hardy, and spies are sent scouting in the vicinity of the village to be attacked. The attack is almost invariably made after sundown, and I have heard a most graphic description of the band of warriors standing on the sandy shores of a little bay, just opposite to the village to be attacked, while a man who was married to a woman of that tribe, draws, by the light of the glimmering moon, a plan of the lodges, and explains to the listening black-painted warriors, who live in each, the strength of his family, and the character of the man for bravery or strength. The old chief then arranges his men accordingly. All these men are painted black, the paint no way differing from the mourning paint, except that the eyes are painted blacker than the rest of the face. Prisoners of war not reserved for slaves are universally decapitated, and their heads stuck on poles in front of the lodges, or tossed about the village. This taking the head as a trophy is the *natural* impulse of savages, and has been adopted by all barbarous and even semi-civilised nations from the earliest times. The untutored mind is the same in all ages, and resolves itself into the same material manifestations, whether these be exhibited in sticking heads on poles in Vancouver Island, or upon Temple Bar, or on London Bridge, as was done in England scarcely more than a hundred years ago. The interior tribes, who will often travel on horseback hundreds of miles on these warlike forays, could not conveniently carry a few human heads dangling at their saddle-bows, and accordingly they take the more portable scalp-lock as a trophy and remembrance of their slain enemy. This is, I conceive, the true interpretation of the familiar custom of scalping adopted by all those tribes who do not use canoes. Some of them become very expert at this hideous art. There is a story told of some Indians who fell boasting of their proficiency in this art; one of them, to show his skill, neatly skinned the whole head and neck of his fallen enemy, while a second, not to be beaten, absolutely flayed the whole body! On the frontier "har-liftin'," as it is called, is spoken about quite familiarly, and some of the more "wild cat-like" of the American frontier damsels look upon a



INDIAN SCALPING HIS DEAD ENEMY.

neat scalp set in gold as making quite a chaste brooch! Head-taking does not require such proficiency, but still I have seen little Indian boys practising the art on clay images, while playing on the beach, their sires looking on with paternal pride and hope of the talent thus early developed. Civilisation treads fast on the heels of barbarism in the far West. One winter

day, coming down from Nanaimo, at a distance of ninety miles from Victoria, the capital of the colony, I met several large Nuchultaw war-canoes sailing north full of painted warriors. They told me that they had been on a war-expedition against the Lummis, just south of Fraser River mouth, and pointing to the cowering prisoners, and ghastly human heads hung through the holes in the bows of the canoes, remarked that they had had pretty fair success. They seemed to look upon the whole matter very much in the light of a hunting excursion.

Here is a striking tale of Indian treachery and vindictiveness in war. The Assiniboines and the Saskatchewanes are two great horse tribes living on the prairies near the Rocky Mountains,



INDIANS TORTURING A CAPTIVE BY MEANS OF SLOW FIRES.

who had a long-cherished feud between each other. A party of the former had been hunting for the winter supply of food, and had accumulated a large quantity of meat, which the women were drying in their camp in a shady hollow in the mountains. The young men, growing tired of the monotony of their life, proposed to go on a war-party against the Saskatchewanes, which raid was so successful that they defeated a hunting-party of that tribe, and took many scalps and much plunder, and returned leisurely home with their heavily-laden horses. As they came in sight of their wigwams again, they began to raise the song of rejoicing—the song of warriors returning from victory. But no women came out to meet them. Still they sang as they approached nearer, but still no sign of life, no children playing about the doors, or old men smoking their calumets. Louder and louder still they sang, until the horrible truth flashing

on them, they rushed down to their lodges. There lay the old men, the women, and the children, butchered in cold blood. The Saskatchewan had revenged themselves by working round in another direction, and coming to the defenceless wigwams of their enemies, had turned their victory into mourning.

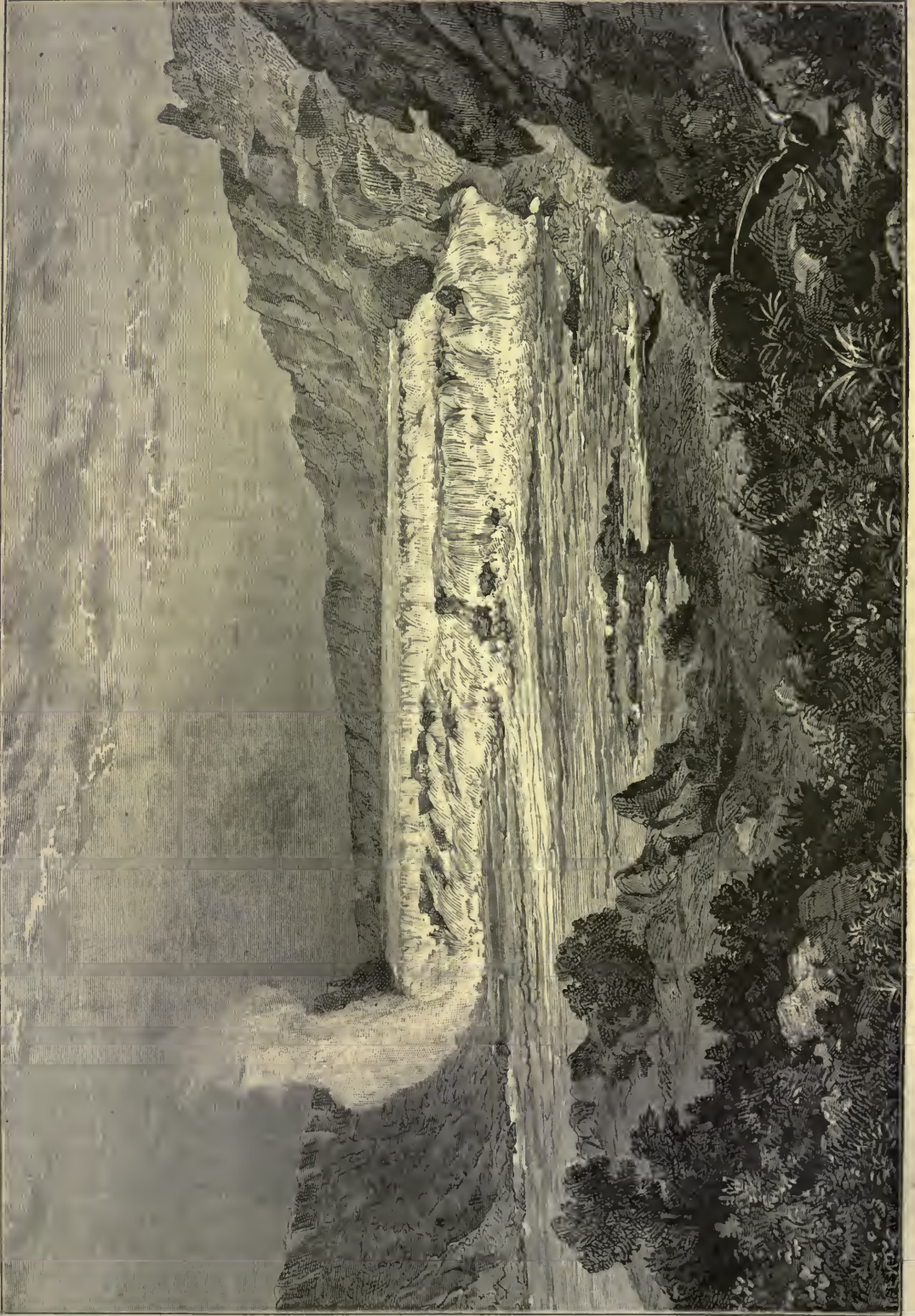
Treachery is one of the cardinal vices of the Indian, and figures in his war-practices as one of his most prominent characteristics. The Stekins and other northern tribes have long been a great thorn in the side of the more southern tribes, and to this day it is nothing uncommon for a party of northern Indians to fall upon a Cowichan or Nanaimo camp, and slaughter the inhabitants or take them prisoners. Old Locha, of Cowichan, some years ago took a bitter revenge on them, which, as a specimen of Indian wiles, may be related as I heard it from the old man's mouth. Hearing that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village, he took a strong party of his men and posted them in the woods about a mile from his village, leaving his little son wrapped up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay until they spied what they took for an Indian girl, left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the wood. They immediately paddled to shore, anxious to secure this easily-acquired slave. The little boy had, however, received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, in apparent fright he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and accordingly, hastily leaving their canoes on the beach, they pursued him into the woods; but the boy was too swift-footed for them. Returning to the beach, they were horrified to find themselves, unarmed and defenceless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors; and it is said that all of them were either killed or taken prisoners. A score of such tales of treachery and bloodshed could be given. Even when two tribes make peace, the peace is often only a design to treacherously take advantage of each other. These same Stekin Indians were long at war with the Kaloch tribe, at Sitka; the one tribe continually molesting the other, and in the intervals of regular warfare cutting off all stragglers in their power. The Stekins, anxious to make peace, invited their enemies to a feast, which they accepted, and all went off well. But the Kaloches, not to be behindhand, invited them in return. So the Stekins, putting on their cloaks made of marten-skins, went off, and were received with great rejoicing. But in the midst of the merriment the Kaloches rose like one man and slaughtered their unsuspecting guests, literally cutting them to pieces, and burning the bodies! These same Kaloches have ever been noted as a very fierce set, and gave the Russians much trouble, and have continued to show their character to the Americans, since Sitka was ceded to the United States. The plate represents the discovery of the remains of a party of American soldiers who had been entrapped and murdered by the Indians in 1867.

Though the Indians generally attack at night, yet Tsosieten's great battle with the Nuchultaws was fairly fought, on the Nuchultaw plain, about two miles from Victoria; and only a few years ago skulls and other human remains were continually turning up among the bushes and long grass. The fight was also continued on the sea, and the waves were said by the Indians to be of the colour of blood, on account of the number of dead bodies thrown into the water. It was, perhaps, the greatest battle ever fought on the north-west coast. Into it Tsosieten (the great Taitka chief) managed to enlist nearly every southern tribe, and the object was to exterminate their common enemy, the Nuchultaws. The history of it sounds like a North-western *Edda*; and as a contribution to the little-known and fast-fading history of the

Indian races of North-west America is, I think, worthy of preservation in this work. I will relate it as I heard it from the lips of the old war-chief who organised and headed the fatal expedition. The powerful Nuchultaws had long been a terror to the southern tribes. Ever and anon they sallied south, burning villages and carrying off heads, and again escaping northwards almost scathless. Things were at this juncture when old Tsosieten declared that he would destroy them, root and branch, and with that view assembled his allies from far and near. It was probably the greatest meeting of Indian warriors ever held on the north-west coast, their mutual jealousies scarcely ever allowing of their uniting for a common object—one great cause of the safety of the white settlements. The Taitkas came from their island fort, near the Nanaimo Rapids; the Sykum, Seeatlect, and Malalt, from Sanetch; the Tsamena (Somenos of the colonists), from the Cowichan River; the Nanaimos and Slituchs, from the vicinity of Nanaimo and the Sechel peninsula; the Tchowitzen, from Beechy Bay; the Settlelum (or Qualicom), from their river-side home; the Wholume and Wholish, from Puget Sound; the Sumass, from Fraser River; the Puntluch, from Comox; the Nanoose, from Nanoose Harbour; the E-eanis and Snoqualami, from south of Fraser River, on the shores of Washington Territory; and, lastly, the now extinct Saatlams, from the "Place of Green Leaves," near the Qualicom River, all leagued as one by their mutual hate of the Nuchultaws. As they passed northward another reinforcement joined—a powerful contingent—the Penelchut, from Kuper Island, with their neighbours and co-islanders, the Heheltuch and Euchalaws; the S'calams, from Clalam Bay, with their neighbours, speaking another language—the Elwahts, from the Elwaht River; the Quamichans swept down from the pretty village on the Cowichan River, and were joined by the Comiakens under Locha, near the mouth of the stream; the then powerful Tsongeisth came from where Victoria now stands; the Snohomish, from the Snohomish River; the Skadgets, from Whitby's Island; the Sechelts, from the British Columbia shore; the Musquams, from the Coquitlam and Fraser Rivers, with the Quantlans and Katziés, from almost under the bastions of the Hudson's Bay Fort at Langely, on the Fraser River; and from the Skikomish, a tributary of the Snohomish, from Burnard Inlet, from Bute Inlet, and Port Townsend came respectively the Skikomish, Squamisht, Klahoos, and the Slictuick—making in all 200 canoes full of stark fighting men. As they were gaily proceeding northward, the Cowichans, having already heard of their intended invasion, met them, with fifteen large canoes, thirty men to a canoe. Instantly they engaged in battle; there was no alternative, and the result was, as I have described. Northward the victorious Indians charged them. At every village as they ran northward the victors were joined in the pursuit by allies. Chemainus, Nanaimo, and Nanoose all sent their contingents, in the shape of old men and boys left to guard the village at home. Still the chase continued until they reached the Nuchultaw village at Cape Mudge. Here they had a hard stand-up fight again, but overpowered their enemies by numbers, slaughtering the women and children, and burning the lodges. In the midst of the carnage the powerful Quakwolths, from Fort Rupert, came to the Nuchultaw rescue. This turned the tide of battle, and instead of being the pursuer, Tsosieten and his warriors became the pursued. Southward in turn they ran, hotly cheered by the united Quakwolths and the remnant of the Nuchultaws. Many of the Cowichans and their allies (Tsosieten's friends) were captured or slain, and an old man now living at Comiakens told me that he and three companions were in a small canoe, closely pressed by the Nuchultaws.

In paddling along they split it on the sharp edge of a rock, and were forced to swim ashore under the enemy's fire. Fearful of venturing down on the shore, they travelled along the mountains for ten days, tasting no food save a few roots now and then, and it was not until they came to the Rio de Grallas that they ventured to the beach. Here they found a dead seal, which they eagerly seized upon; but as the old man described it, "the bites were very nice at first, though sore on the throat, but afterwards they were very sick," and one of the men died. The survivors had strength to reach the Nanoose village, where they had friends, and finally to get home. This battle of doubtful victory, however, humbled the Nuchultaws for a long time. They are now very weak for evil, and when I last visited them they seemed to be merely the dying remnant of a once powerful sept.

As a contribution to another picture of one of these Indian wars, I cannot do better than shortly relate the tale of the Elwhaht and Nittinaht war, as it came to my ears during an investigation I made of the circumstances, when an involuntary visitor, storm-stayed in a village of the latter tribe. The Nittinahts are a noted tribe of warriors and pirates, and their grim old chief Moquilla looked upon war as the legitimate amusement of kings like himself. This warlike disposition is strengthened by the condition of their chief village, Whyack, which is built on a cliff, stockaded in front, and at a part of the coast (at the mouth of Nittinaht Inlet) where it is difficult, on account of the rolling surf, to land without a pilot. Accordingly they carry it with a high hand over their neighbours. Moquilla's brother died, and his *tum-tum* (or heart) was very "sick" on account of this. He did not know what to do to allay his sick heart and the manes of his departed brother. Suddenly he recollected that some months before his brother had quarrelled with a man in the tribe, and had threatened to kill him. So Moquilla went off to the man's lodge and killed him. Now at this there was a great deal of talking in the village. Most of the Indians said he did quite right, others thought that he was very wrong; but Moquilla himself determined to cut the Gordian knot of discussion by following out the course he had commenced. The murdered man had been married to an Elwhaht (or S'calam) wife, a tribe whose village lay on the opposite shores of De Fuca's Strait. So laying about him for some plausible excuse to go to war with a tribe which had for years been at peace with his own, Moquilla remembered that long years ago a Nittinaht canoe had been landed on the Elwhaht shore, and the crew killed and the canoe broken by members of that tribe. Here then was a golden opportunity to go to war on the head of this unavenged insult. In an Indian tribe, as it used to be among the Highland or Welsh elans, there is rarely any hesitation in a matter of war, especially when heads, slaves, and plunder are to be got; nor was there much in Whyack village that summer-day when old Moquilla, his hands yet wet with the blood of his tribesman, proposed to go to war against the S'calams. They were only in want of powder, as their stock was getting low. So they dropped along the coast a few miles to Port San Juan, where my friend L— was then trading among their allies, the Pachenahts. L—, however, refused to be art or part in the destruction of the S'calams, who were also his customers, by the sale of any powder; and such was the force of this one man's influence, that though they begged earnestly for this favour, yet on being refused they did not attempt to take it by force, but under cover of night sailed with the Pachenahts out of the harbour and over the straits to the opposite shore. Landing there, they drew their canoes into the bush, and concealing themselves, waited for dawn. Daylight came, and the S'calams, suspecting nothing, went



THE GRAND FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

unarmed out on their halibut fishing-grounds, a mile or two off the shore. The Nittinahts then drew their canoes out of the bush and paddled out, shot the defenceless S'calams down in their canoes, and plundering the village, returned in triumph to Pachena, with slaves and heads. When L—— woke up in the morning he found seven grinning heads stuck on poles in front of his door. The rejoicings were, however, of short duration; for news came that the survivors of the Elwhahts were gathering allies from far and near, and would soon be over to attack the Pachenahts' village. This was dire news; and so, collecting their household gods, the latter decamped in all haste, sixteen miles along the coast to the fortified village of their allies, the Nittinahts, at Whyack, after vainly persuading L—— to accompany them. The trader had, however, a good store of furs and oil, and did not care to risk it by a precipitate flight. He was soon all alone, with the daily expectation of seeing the S'calam war-canoes heave in sight. Just then a friend arrived, with a canoe manned by four Indians, on a visit to the lonely, beleaguered trader, and on being told the state of affairs, of course proffered his services in defending his stores, as the S'calams might be expected to wreak their vengeance upon him, under the supposition that he had sold gunpowder to their enemies. This visitor maintained such intimate relations with the writer of this account, that he may be allowed to tell the rest in the form of a personal narrative. "The first thing we did was to load all L——'s muskets, comprising some twenty flint-lock fowling-pieces used for trading with the Indians, and to keep watch day and night, turn and turn about. Day after day, and night after night, for more than a week did this go on, and still no sign of the S'calam attack, until we began to think that all was a false alarm. Our block-house was built in a cove within a little cove, round the point, and crossing the little peninsula, the open bay and the Straits of De Fuca lay in front. I think it must have been the seventh night, calm and still, that I was sitting on a log on the beach, with my rifle over my knees, thinking of other things, I fear, relating to a land far away from the S'calam country and the S'calam warriors, when I was startled by a splash! splash! gentle and regular, coming over the glassy water. There was a little moon, which was behind a cloud, and as it peered out for a minute, I could see twelve large war-canoes full of fighting-men cautiously paddling, not a mile from the shore. There was no time to be lost. All our little garrison was roused, and silently concealed behind the dense bush which grew down to the very water's edge, watching the enemy with whom we soon expected to have a tussle. The clouds flitting over the moon allowed us only chance views of them; now we could see them, now they were concealed, but they gradually advanced, and the splash of the paddles was close at hand; we could even hear whispers as they rounded the point. We now crept back to the house, barricaded the door, and extinguishing the lights, proceeded, rifle in hand, to watch their movements. One by one the canoes grated on the beach, and we could see a whispering council held. Two men, knife in teeth, now crept up on all fours to the lodges of the Pachenahts and listened at the door. In astonishment they listened, but hearing no sound, the idea immediately flashed upon them that their enemy had fled. A noisy talk now ensued, and pine torches were lit, with which some men were proceeding to fire the village. Now was our time. Bang! bang! we fired in the air, in any direction, musket-shot after musket-shot, anything to make a noise and a rapid firing! Never shall I forget such a scene. There was no dignity in the way the warriors proceeded to the canoes; there was no question of standing on the order of going—to go was the main object. Man tumbled over man in the canoe, and laid on to the

paddles, out of the harbour and into the bay, S'ealam-ward! They apparently supposed—as it was our intention they should—that the whole Pachenaht tribe was in ambush; how otherwise was the repeated firing to be accounted for? and as Indians hate firing in the dark, never knowing who is to be hit, they acted upon the principle that discretion is the better part of valour. Delighted at our ruse, we proceeded over the point, three or four trade muskets in our arms, and fired a few parting shots in their direction as they were digging the paddles in the water, to tell the S'ealam village the story of their hairbreadth escape from the vile Pachenaht ambush! In a day or two the Pachenahts returned, and for about four-and-twenty hours we were great men. There was absolutely a little gratitude shown to us for preserving their village from destruction; but soon the old selfishness and meanness returned, and from being the saviours of the Pachenahts, we sank down to the usual level of 'King George men,' from whom the greatest possible amount of largess or 'loot' was to be abstracted."

MERRYMAKINGS.

I have spoken of their wars, and have as yet only slightly alluded to their merrymakings. Let us now turn from bloodshed and cruelty to glance at these very marked and characteristic features in North-west American Indian life. It is in them that savage life appears in its gayest and most pleasing aspects. For once selfishness, so far as it can be severed from everything Indian, disappears, or is at least kept in the background, and every one strives to be as friendly and as kind as possible. The dull tenor of the Indian way is absolutely broken by something which is decidedly picturesque. Indeed, if I were asked what constitutes the most peculiar feature in the economy of these North-western Indian tribes, I should certainly reply, these great gift-feasts; or, as they are known to the white traders, their *potlatches* (or "givings away"), a term derived from the Chinook jargon word *potlatch*, "to give." Gambling is an every-day amusement, while horse-racing (p. 80) can only be indulged in by some of the interior tribes; but a *potlatch*, combining glory, amusement, and the gratification of vanity, can be given whenever the donor has property enough. These coast Indians are very avaricious in the acquisition of property, blankets being the standard of riches amongst them, as horses are among the interior tribes. Though muskets, canoes, &c., are all carefully collected, yet most of these articles owe their acquisition to blankets, and an Indian, in describing the wealth of another, will indicate this by telling how many *possisse* (or blankets) he has. This hoarding up of blankets is the engrossing passion of these people in time of peace, and the exciting cause of their wars is often the desire of obtaining prisoners as slaves, by the sale of whom, or by whose labour, they may add to their hoard. I have often commiserated a poor-looking man lounging about, his only covering a threadbare, tattered blanket, and on inquiry would be surprised to learn that he was one of the wealthiest men in the tribe, and had several hundred new blankets stored up in air-tight boxes, of native manufacture, in his lodge. I was once sneered at as "no great chief" because, forsooth, I had only one pair of "Maekinaw" blankets in my canoe, when halting at a village of Indians who had little intercourse with the whites, and were accordingly in a primitive condition. To obtain these blankets, there is no act of self-denial at which the coast fisherman will hesitate; I might almost say no crime which will deter him, if he sees blankets likely to be the result of it. The end of all this scraping and hoarding is to give away the property again at some *potlatch*, at which in a few hours the labour

of years will be dissipated. These feasts are often given by the chief men of small tribes as a sort of peace-offering to more powerful ones; but most frequently they are looked upon in the light of gratifying the vanity of the giver and of adding to his personal consequence. His praise sounds far and near. He accordingly assumes a sort of parvenu rank in the tribe, very different, however, from the hereditary aristocracy already referred to. The chiefs are under the necessity of frequently giving these *potlatches* in order to preserve their popularity, just as the old knights



INDIAN DANCE—CENTRAL AMERICA.

used to scatter largess to their followers; and accordingly we generally find these dignitaries about the poorest men in the tribe.

It is, as I have said, at these gatherings that Indian character is seen in its most attractive, if not most characteristic aspect. I, therefore, think it might be amusing and instructive to describe at some length one of the principal at which I was fortunate enough to be present, more especially as it will give me an opportunity of alluding to some Indian customs as yet untouched on. The occasion of the entertainment was the hospitality of a rich Opichsaht named Kayquash, who having a large store of blankets and other

things, invited some eight or ten of the leading Sshahts to come and receive presents from him. The Indians always make the most of these occasions, each one invited bringing his canoe full of friends. Thus nearly the whole tribe is present, including the women, who are escorted by one or two men, in one large canoe by themselves. The Opiehesahts live in a little village romantically situated on the beautiful Somass or Klistachnit River, arising in Sproat's Lake and flowing into the sea at the head of the Alberni Canal. Accordingly, a companion*



THE "SERPENT AND THE BEAVER" DANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

and I gladly accepted the invitation of one of the Sshahts to accompany him to this great feast in his canoe. It was on a bright October morning that we left the Sshaht village on the seashore and entered the mouth of the river. The banks were densely wooded down to the water's edge by a tangled maze of forests of the beautiful dog-wood (*Cornus Nuttallii*) and the broad-leaved maple (*Acer macrophyllum*), now in its autumnal yellow leaf, reflected in the waters of the little river, added variety to the otherwise sombre scenery of

* The Rev. C. Knipe, M.A., to whose very complete notes I am indebted for many of the facts from which I have written this description.

the forest-clad hills, over which the grey morning mist was just hovering. Every now and then, as we turned the bend of the river, we would come in sight of some little prairie, with a solitary Indian lodge, the site having been selected as a good hunting or fishing station. There was, however, little hunting on that morning, for all were astir for the Opichesaht feast, and the inmates now joined our little fleet of canoes on the river. We reached the Seshaht fishing-village at the rapids of the river about nine in the morning, and the chief ran down to meet us, and carried me to the shore on his back. The same kind office was done for my companion by Tueckbacht, another Seshaht, who had accompanied us in the canoe, and by whom we were to be introduced to the day's entertainment. The office of carrying us ashore was merely a point of politeness, as we could easily have stepped from the canoe to the bank, but it is, no doubt, a remnant of some stately bit of Asiatic courtesy. We found the Seshahts busy in making preparations. Some were polishing up their wooden masks, some painting their faces, others arranging the fashion of dress, or that near approach to nudity which they seemed to think individually most becoming. We left them thus engaged in order to precede them to the Opichesaht village, where we might observe the whole ceremony of their first approach. When we got to Opichesaht we saluted the chief and others, and were very kindly received. Circumstances threw us rather more into the company of the second chief than the first, as the Seshaht Tueckbacht had married into the second's family; and I fancied we could see a *little* coldness on the part of one or two on account of this, but it speedily wore off as the day advanced. We occupied ourselves for some time conversing with one and another and viewing the house where the entertainment was to be held. It belonged to Kayquash, and was swept out and supplied with two tiers of seats or boxes. One end of the house was intended for the Opichesahts and their performance, the other for the Seshahts. There now began to be some movement in the camp, and whispers were heard that the Seshaht canoes were coming up the river. The ceremony of arrival consisted of a sham attack upon the Opichesaht village by the Seshaht visitors. A free discharge of muskets was heard in the distance, and they were soon replied to by our party, to show that they were ready for the friendly fray. The plan of assault which gradually unfolded itself was that, while the canoes came up the river, others lying in ambush on the opposite bank should, at a given signal, ford the river and join the attacking party. As the canoes came rapidly up, the Opichesaht scouts, consisting chiefly of young boys, withdrew to the village, the chief's son in a small canoe being the last to go. All the attacking canoes were now in sight, and the last to round the point at some distance from the rest was the canoe of women. This canoe was to be considered as showing by its womanly freight that the whole proceeding was to be taken as a friendly jest and not in earnest. The women were standing and dancing in the canoe, keeping time to a song of a sweet high-pitched tone, which they did not cease for a moment. Their heads were plentifully covered with white, downy feathers. I could find out nothing more about this custom, so universal among all Indians, than that it indicates lightness of heart, joy, and feasting. The canoes now ranged themselves in a line right in front of the village, and were soon joined by the men in ambush, among whom was the Seshaht chief himself. Now there began to be an appearance of increasing hostile feeling; the men in the canoes flourished their sticks and brandished

knives, and exhibited great horse-pistols, while a fire-eater, with face entirely blackened, exhorted them to the attack. They answered his shriek with a deep single note, like the roar of a hundred wild beasts in unison, and which, once heard, one could never forget. I remember the same note from a much larger body of men at the Tsongeisth entertainment at Victoria to the S'calams and other tribes. This peculiar note, which was repeated more than once afterwards, always meant a readiness and impatience to do what was proposed. On one occasion in the house when food was proposed the people gave their eager assent in the same manner. All this time the women's canoe kept at a little distance, and like the chorus in a Greek play, with its sweet song and holiday appearance, gave a peaceful interpretation to the savage scene. The name of this song and dance, whether carried on in the canoe or on shore, is *chees cheesa*. While this went on among the Sessahts, the Opichesaht women and the host were dancing and singing a welcome on the roof of the house nearest the water, and those who remained below were supposed to exhibit the appearance of persons alarmed by the attack and afraid to resist it. In a moment, on a given sign, the Sessaht canoes were thrust upon the land, and a number of men with a leader leapt out and marched upon the village. At least half, however, remained behind, as if afraid, and the men who had run to the attack returned and seemed to upbraid them with their cowardice. Upon this nearly all climbed the bank, and after some apparent difficulty, entered the house, and at this point the pretended hostility was exchanged for a better understanding. A little acting now went on among the people on the roof of the house. A man in an immense wooden mask made his appearance, bending so low that hardly anything but his head was seen. The mask had a long open nose like a trunk, and the performer, who feigned drunkenness, often bent his head down, which caused a bottle to run down his nose, and then turning his head back like a fowl drinking, he would draw the bottle back again. After this an Indian came upon the roof, made a speech, and threw a blanket down to the ground, which was quickly taken up by one of the Sessahts, who came up from one of the canoes near which they were all assembled. The canoes, although aground, were not completely drawn up, and until that occurred the reconciliation of the supposed combatants was not considered to be consummated. Two Sessahts now came forward, dancing lightly with blankets in their hands. They said a few words with great force, the burden of their speech being to name the persons for whom the blankets were intended, and to say, in reference to the blankets which they threw down, "We don't know where they come from—take them." Two Opichesahts (not necessarily those to whom they were given) came forward to receive them, and immediately delivered them to the persons for whom they were intended. The same thing was done by the same dancers some eight or ten times, always accompanying the gifts with some short remark, such as, "Don't have a bad heart," "We give you many blankets," "We mean to give plenty," "We have a good heart," "We give plenty," "King George men (Englishmen) do not give." The real giver of all these was the Sessaht chief. After this the Sessaht women stood up upon the shore, and in order came forward and invited the Opichesahts to come down to see the *chees cheesa*. The dance was then carried on in exactly the same manner as it was before, the women being ranged in a half-circle. I should say in performing it the women do not leap up, but rise on their toes and fall again, hardly moving, and on some occasions not at all, but remaining on one spot all the time. Their elbows are kept



AN INDIAN HORSE-RACE.

down to the sides, the fore-arm extended upwards, and the hand and fingers held flat with the palm up. After this had lasted some time, and the Indians of the two tribes had mingled freely in various groups, the last act and complete consummation of good fellowship was completed by an old Opichesaht coming forward on the house-roof, and shouting welcome to the Sesahts who were below. At this moment the Opichesahts ran down and performed the friendly act (always done to welcome guests) of assisting to haul up the canoes upon the beach.

At this moment of greatest friendship, we had an opportunity of contrasting the pretended animosity of the earlier part of the day with an exhibition of real anger, which at one time assumed a very serious aspect. One of the Opichesahts, in the friendly exercise of his strength while hauling at a canoe, unwittingly pulled off the projecting nose or bow, which in the canoes of this part of the coast forms a piece by itself. In a moment a shout was raised, and he was grappled by the owner. At first there were a good many who tried to separate the combatants; but as the excitement increased men ranged themselves on the sides of their friends, and every moment the storm of lowering brows and crowd of fighting-men increased. I saw the massive face of old Keekean, one of the Sesaht chiefs, as he began to press into the crowd. We touched him and told him it was foolish work, and asked him not to join in. In a moment his features relaxed into a good-natured laugh. With another, an Opichesaht, of a generally good character, but known for his fierceness, we were not so successful. He was very stern and angry, and we could not get him to smile, and we noticed that he carried a small knife concealed in his hand. To the general absence of knives was probably owing the fact that the quarrel had no serious termination.

After a considerable time had been spent on it, and some of the more respectable and peaceable Sesahts had been driven away by the prospects of a general fight, a partial pacification was made between the angry men, and though the quarrel was now and again stirred up with the strife of tongues, chiefly carried on by women, a hearing was at last gained for a Sesaht orator, who spoke with great force and at considerable length. Peace was restored by an exchange of presents—on the Sesaht side, five blankets given by the chief, on that of the Opichesahts, a new canoe by the man who had been the cause of the injury. The vulgar expedient of deciding the amount of the actual damage would never enter into the heads of these people; it was not the injury done to the canoe, but the pride of the man who owned it which had to be paid for.

I may mention here that those who would properly appreciate the Indian character must make proper allowance for their degradation, but be sufficiently on guard against their hostility; it is a great lesson to see them not only in their moments of friendship, or quiet guile, but also when transported by rage. Reason appears for the time to be quite obliterated, and there seems to be no restriction nor check but superior force to prevent their uncontrolled passions proceeding to the greatest extremity.

With this exception, the whole proceedings, both before and afterwards, were carried on with the greatest good humour. Quarrelling among Indians is serious, and perhaps for that very reason rare. To this I may add, that neither by night nor by day was there the slightest approach to indecency. Of course, the nudity not unfrequently exhibited is not

in accordance with our notions of delicacy, and, in fact, leads to a coarseness of mind and degraded condition; at the same time it is accompanied by the most entire absence of self-consciousness.

Up to this time about eighteen good and perfectly new blankets had been given away by the chief of the Seshalts, but only two or three by the chief of the Opichesahts. These, however, were only the preliminaries. The people of both tribes now repaired to the house of the host. The Sesahts ranging themselves round one end and the Opichesahts the other. All were seated on the boxes placed round the room, the rest of the space being left for the dancers.

THE "PACHEETL."

This, which constituted the longest part of the entertainment, consisted of a mutual giving away, accompanied by dancing and short speeches. In some parts, as will afterwards be noticed, it differed markedly from the other sort of giving, which goes by the name of *noosheetl*. The Sesahts commenced the *pacheetl*. One tall Indian, with a good voice and ear and ready hand, was the conductor of his tribe. He gave the time and exerted himself to keep things going in a proper manner. A good many of the Sesahts gave presents of blankets and smaller things to their friends of the other tribe. First came the giver's dance, in which he did not usually figure alone, but generally in company with one or two more. The whole tribe were seated round, beating time with sticks with all their force, and with a song by one and afterwards taken up by all. When the dance was over, one or more men (but never the giver himself) came forward with the presents; one always made a short speech, named the person for whom each gift was intended, and generally said something in praise of the giver. There were always persons ready to run forward with great appearance of alacrity to receive the gift, and the answer, "Klak-koh howilth!" was shouted back. *Howilth* is the word for "chief," and *klak-koh*, though I do not know how it should be translated, is evidently intended as a gracious acknowledgment. Many persons made gifts, and consequently there were many songs and many dances, which lasted a long time. Some of the dancers were light and graceful in their movements. In some instances performers wore wooden masks, made effective in appearance by black paint. The most striking of these representations were of deer or other pointed-nosed animals, which were not worn over the whole face, but set upon the forehead like a horn. The unicorn sort of appearance which this gave the face was very striking, and was much added to by the style of dance in which they were used. In these dances the performers by turns seemed to be pursuer and pursued, and while they sped quickly round in one direction, turned the head sharply, and with a searching gaze in each other's faces fled in another direction. In these dances, in which speed, watchfulness, and pursuit seemed to be objects aimed at, the performers generally had a bunch of eagles' feathers in their hands, which they shook out, and threw out before themselves with a quick vibratory motion. The feathers probably either represented wings supposed to belong to the dancers, or were merely intended as emblems of rapid flight. Two young boys were among those who made presents, and therefore had to dance. One was a bold, stout youth who, if he felt any natural diffidence, hid all his blushes under a mass of red paint, which made his countenance glow like a furnace. He wore one of the horn-like masks on his forehead, and did his part very well, having the conductor himself for his company in the dance. The other boy was younger and more timid, and seemed to feel his conspicuous

position, as he stood up alone to dance with all eyes on him, and all hands and voices ready to give the tune to his steps. He danced without any freedom of action, but with great care, and seemed very glad when it was over.

The largest number of presents made at this time was by a young girl who had reached the stage of womanhood. She danced the *chees cheesa* in company with the other Sessaht women, her great modesty keeping her behind all the rest, so that one could hardly get a sight of her features. Her gifts consisted of eight blankets, nine bunches of brass wire bracelets, with from three to six bracelets in a bunch, five long strings of beads, one bunch of brazen ear-ornaments, and one coat. In the next dance a small child (the grandson of Wiekaniush, a chief only a few months dead, and who had been second to the present chief of the tribe) was carried about in the arms of one of the performers. The child's gift seemed at first a curious one. One of the Sessahts came forward, making a speech, and finally presented a piece of bark, which was taken by an Opichesah with as much alacrity as any of the other things. This piece of bark represented a canoe, which could not have been brought conveniently into the building. It was, in fact, a sort of promissory note payable "on demand." Scarcely anything was given away but what was really good and worth receiving. The two or three exceptions to this rule consisted of an old blanket and one or two very small strings of ornaments, which fell to the lot of a little boy, a slave of one of the Opichesahs. This child, though despised, and I dare say a good deal kicked about by the other children, was not really badly off, nor was he in danger of being overworked, for to set him full tasks would be a mental exertion far too great for his masters. While these small gifts were being given and received, a sort of murmur of appreciation was heard among the Sessahts, especially from the women; but the Opichesahs seemed rather to dislike it, as lowering to the dignity of the free-born recipients of presents. To me it was the most humanising feature of the day. Two of the Sessahts' gifts towards the end of their part of the entertainment were made with great mystery. Once and again men came forward with their present concealed in a blanket, those who received it having also a blanket in their hands, so that the presents passed from one to another without any one seeing them. These gifts were really two masks, which were not exposed to public view, that they might appear with more effect when the Opichesahs began their part of the *pacheetl*. From the time that they entered the house up to this point, the Sessahts had given away about fifty blankets, besides a canoe, and a good many other presents of various sorts, such as camp-kettles, bracelets, muskets, &c.

At a lull in the entertainment a noted hunter came round and presented each of the women with a cake of elks' tallow to dress her hair with, and afterwards distributed pieces of dried venison; after which, teased-out bark of the cedar (*Thuja gigantea*) was handed round in lieu of napkins, for the guests to wipe their hands and mouths on. The heat and noise combined, superadded to the labour I had undergone during the few previous days, had rather inclined me to drowsiness, and I nodded frequently, to the great amusement of the wide-awake women and youngsters, who seemed to watch for this kind of weariness with keen attention; and immediately on noticing it, those nearest would nod in a comical manner, and shout good-naturedly that "Yakapis" (or the bearded one) was falling asleep. A good many of the guests were in much the same condition, and by general consent the assembly was adjourned, and though desultory eating had been going on at intervals, the company now separated to sup with their different friends. We had been somewhat afraid of the items of

Indian hospitality, and had rather hastily declined a meal, which we were sorry for when we saw the great pot of well-cooked venison from which each supplied himself. Later in the evening, Quatjenam, the second chief, who had, in company with his wife, been my companion



ONE OF OUR ENTERTAINERS.

in many explorations on Sproat's Lake, invited us to pass the evening in his lodge. A clean mat of cedar-bark and rushes, rolled up at one end into a pillow, was spread on one of the raised benches on either side of the fire; new blankets were produced from a box, where they had lain since they were bought from the Alberni trader, to wait a *potlatch*, and a most comfortable bed to weary men was made up. Quatjenam and his wife reposed on the corresponding

bench on the other side of the fire, his family lay somewhere at our feet, and throughout the capacious lodge there must have been twenty or thirty people sleeping. The smell of bark-smoke and of dripping salmon stored for winter feasts overhead was something overpowering;



AN INDIAN DANDY IN SEMI-CIVILISED DRESS.

but we were weary, and slept soundly until we were awoke at daylight by the squaws lighting the fires, and the little children peering round at us and shouting, "Mammathle! Mammathle!" ("white men! white men!"—literally "men who have come over the sea in houses.")

As we went out in the chill morning down to the river to make our ablutions, we found the patriarchs of the village already up, sitting, Indian fashion, in a row against the lodges,

with their noses in their blankets as a protection from the chill morning air, and talking in their low, quiet way about last night's adventures and the remaining part of the programme. They saluted us cheerfully, but seemed to be rather astonished at our washing in the river, the fog from which concealed the sun from view, or rather at washing at all. The "dew and mist of morning" in these regions is indescribably strange, and with the solemn scenery and such curious surroundings the whole of the incidents are impressed on the memory in a manner not easily to be effaced. As we sat talking with the elders of the people, a sturdy hunter, my companion in many a forest journey, and who afterwards crossed the colony with me (p. 41), invited us to his lodge to have breakfast. If hunger had left any squeamishness in us, assuredly the sight of Quassoon's breakfast equipage quite dissipated it. It was not extensive, and certainly was not grand, and in its excessive newness bore marks of having been only recently procured, possibly in honour of his expected guests; but it had that crowning virtue—not always found in things aboriginal—cleanliness. On a clean cedar-plaited mat, placed over a box, were three cups and a pot of tea, with a native carved vessel full of splendid potatoes and a fine, whole, fresh-boiled salmon. We were invited to fall to while the host and hostess held bashfully aside, waiting on their guests, somewhat after the graceful but embarrassing custom, now and then, but at one time very commonly seen in Scandinavia. We begged them to share with us; but as it was evident that they were not at home in this method of breakfasting, we allowed them to wait until we had finished, when they attacked the remainder with a hearty good will. Our morning repast over, we adjourned to the house of entertainment. What followed need not be particularly described here, as there was much the same style of dances, songs, and presents on the part of the Opichesahts as we had witnessed the night before on that of the Seshahts. Some of the dances were, however, rather peculiar; many of them being carried on with such energy that the perspiration poured from the dancers. The weird-like appearance of some of them, heightened by the glare of the torches of resinous pine which flared around the lodge, was remarkable. In some, an accompaniment was kept up with a sort of drum, and the beating with paddles or sticks was continuous. When a more than ordinarily popular dancer or chief got up, he was applauded by the beating of paddles against the lodge-boards. One of their *nooks* (or dances) seemed to be the sorcerers' or *oostitukyn* dance; and certain sleight-of-hand feats were practised on a slave-boy. This boy suddenly ceased dancing and fell down as if dead. The face was pale and bloodless, and the pulse scarcely beat; altogether he presented a most ghastly appearance. Blood flowed from his nostrils and soon covered his face. The dance of the "medicine-men" continued furiously around him; his feet were laid to the fire, the blood washed off, the people beat drums, danced and sang, and suddenly the patient sprang up and joined in the dance. Certainly it was a most consummate piece of acting, and was, no doubt, due to the training and skill of the sorcerer. In the earlier part of the day I had seen him in close conversation with this youth, whose servile condition would render him unlikely to be on intimate terms with men of that rank, except to serve some purpose. All of the Indians seemed implicitly to believe in this display of the medicine-man's power, and it was triumphantly pointed out to us as a refutation of all our sneers.

Another dance was the "roof-dance." The greater number of the performers having ascended the flat roof of the lodge, while the dances and songs were going on below, leaped up and down between the roof-boards—pushed aside for that purpose—making a noise like

thunder. After the dance was finished, an old Sesaht came forward and remarked that it was a dance peculiar to his tribe, it could not be omitted, but that it was very injurious to the roof, and feared their friend's house, which was of great antiquity, had suffered considerably from their performance. In order to make recompense, he would present a board to him, at the same time throwing down a piece of stick as a promissory note. Several others followed his example, and the old man gravely bowed his acknowledgments.

The last dance which I shall notice was characterised by having a greater number of dancers, and a movement of the song which, though cheerful, was not so quick or loud as those which had preceded it. The dancers moved softly but actively about, and seemed to address each other in praises of the building; they looked cheerful, and then turned their heads quickly, as if speaking first to one and then to another, and sang, "It is a very great house, a very great house—a *very* great house!" Upon a movement of the conductor, who with voice and arm never failed to direct all the performances of the company, they changed their words (while they kept the same tune, certainly the most pleasant one of the entertainment) to, "It is a very warm fire, a very warm fire, a *very* warm fire!" and finally ended by praising the household furniture—such as it was—"These are very nice things, very nice things, *very* nice things!" On the whole this dance-song was the most pleasing of those we witnessed; there was something dramatic in the way in which those rudely-painted and half-naked savages attempted to represent in dance and song the idea of an animated conversation.

THE "NOOSHEETL."

Hitherto the two tribes had taken an equal part in the proceedings, and given and received about an equal number of presents. The same morning the *noosheetl* commenced. This differs from the *pacheetl* in not being made with any expectation of a return, but really of the nature of a gift. In this instance the presents were all made by one man, Kayquestl. The blankets and other things were given according to the rank of the receivers; some getting four blankets, others three, and so on. Besides gifts, payments were made to such of the common people as had come to swell the train of their chief. The liveliness which characterised the *pacheetl* was entirely wanting in the *noosheetl*. The people did not come forward to receive their presents, but sat sullenly until they were brought. There were no more songs and dances; the cheery *klak-koh* was seldom or ever heard, and the whole affair seemed to imply feelings rather mournful than otherwise. Just as the entertainment was drawing to a close, a loud buzz went through the house, and all eyes were directed to Mr. Knipe and myself. At the same time a young chief danced into the middle of the room, and after loud praises chanted by the women and the children, and echoed by the men, a bear-skin was presented to each of us. Then, amid the applause of the assembled guests, we dismounted from the dais and made a few remarks, short enough it is true, but as appropriate as our very limited knowledge of the language would admit. An Indian only makes a present with a view to another in return, and if ever, as in this case, they trust a white man so far as to part with one, without the immediate prospect of a substantial return, it must be looked upon as a peculiar mark of confidence. Our Mentor, however, warned us that if on this occasion we showed any desire to make any return it would be looked upon in the light of an affront, but he naïvely added, if ever we gave a *potlatch*, Kayquestl would expect to be invited. As we never did give

a *pollatch*, I may remark that we took an opportunity of rewarding the donor before many days passed without in any way offending his dignity. On afterwards showing the skins to the Albarni trader, he assured us that they were two of the finest he had ever seen. Admire the good sense displayed in this arrangement. They did not give us blankets, or muskets, or canoe, knowing that these would not be appreciated; but though such things as furs were not a part of the articles distributed, yet as they knew we should value them most, this delicate



ROCKY GORGE IN THE COLORADO COUNTRY.

compliment was hit on. Owing to the absence of any festive accompaniments, the *noosheetl* did not last so long as the previous part of the entertainment, and presented no marked features. The host himself gave away about fifty blankets (of about £25 value), one shaft of a salmon-spear, a large quantity of clothing, four looking-glasses, a great many iron basins, bracelets, plates, and strings of beads.

This feast presented many interesting features of such entertainments, and being between two tribes as yet little (if at all) altered by the customs of civilisation, may be taken as the type of all. Still, however, the property distributed, owing to the small number and poverty

of the people, was not so great as in some others I have been a witness of. There is a chief near Clayoquot Sound, well known to the traders as "Trader George of Clayoquot," but who is called by the Indians by a name signifying "the man who takes everything and gives nothing." When I last heard of him he was said to have between 700 and 800 blankets, beside a vast accumulation of other property. Yet this abominably cruel wretch has been known to cut off young slave children's heads just to show how careless *he* was of valuable property! On these



SCENE IN A MANDAN VILLAGE—THE RAIN-MAKER.

festive occasions I have known them to smash canoes, break muskets to pieces, and burn large numbers of blankets, their object being to show how little they cared for wealth. At a great feast of this nature given by the Thongesth tribe at Victoria, in 1863, a slave was presented. On this occasion the blankets were pitched by a pole from an elevated platform. But the customs of the east coast tribes differ considerably from those of the western shores of Vancouver Island, and likewise on this occasion a desire to make as great a show as possible before the crowd of whites was evident. At these feasts, as all the world over, the greatest man gets the most, while the poor people come off with a very small share, and sometimes this is only a strip

of blanket. Hence Indians may be seen with a blanket composed of these shreds sewn together like the capelets of a cabman's coat. Soon after the festival the party broke up, and left without any general formal leave-taking, and as if they were glad to be off, showing a great contrast to the exciting scenes which had attended their arrival. We soon followed suit, and swiftly glided down the rapid river, arriving at our camp with really pleasant memories of the Opichesaht *potlatch*.* Among some of the comparatively rich northern tribes these *potlatches* are on a much greater scale, as many as 800 blankets, hundreds of yards of cotton, and at one, which I know of, several furs, including two sea-otter skins, worth from £15 to £20 each, were given away. Individuals will often travel great distances to be present at one of these feasts; but people of the same *totem* (or crest) are not invited to each other's feasts. They are, however, much more particular than the southern tribes as to whom they invite to their feasts; and at some great ceremonials men and women are served separately, the women (curiously enough) taking precedence. All, however, are just the same—only an interchange of presents; for an Indian, if he is overlooked at one of these, or is presented with something inferior to what he gave, will not be backward in informing his host of the fact, and demanding something better. Among the northern tribes *rum* feasts are now beginning to be given, and most demoniacal orgies they are.

There are other feasts—at the end of the salmon season, &c., or when a new house is built—in fact, a sort of “house-warming.” Any Indian who values his reputation always invites his friends to partake of a seal or a deer which he has killed, or to share any other food at all above the common which he may have come into possession of. The guests go early, and sit chatting while the food is being prepared—of course, before their eyes, since there is only one compartment in the house, or the young people amuse themselves in various ways. They eat in silence; going away one by one, each taking what has not been eaten of his allowance in a corner of his blanket—a habit which we shall see, by-and-by, is common to the Japanese, and some other more or less civilised nations. After a whale is killed, about a hundredweight of the best parts is cut off and presented to the chief, and the harpooner, fish-priest, and other dignitaries each receives his share, the rest being distributed among the people according to their rank. Those who have received the larger portions are, however, expected to give feasts all around. Messengers, with red and blue blankets tastefully put on, go to each house, and in a loud and official tone of voice invite the different guests; but the women are not invited to feasts of this nature, only to the *wawkoahs*, or *potlatches*, already described.

The common people go early, and modestly take their seats near the door as they enter; but, as in some other parts of the world, it is the fashion of men of rank to go late to these aboriginal dinner-parties, and to require several messengers sent requesting the honour of their company. Each person's place is duly reserved for him. His name is announced as he enters the door and is ushered to his seat, where he cleans his bare feet on strips of cedar bark placed there for that purpose. If he is a popular man, he is generally loudly cheered by striking the board walls with the back of the hand or a piece of stick. After all the invited guests have arrived the meal is served, though all the time cooking is going on. Silence is observed while eating, this being a mark of etiquette. The food is cooked by the chief's wives

* *Field*, 1869.

(if the chief happen to be the giver of the feast), and each person is served with a piece of meat, large or small, according to the degree of his consequence in the tribe. During dinner the host and one of his servants walk round the guests and see that each person receives due attention. After dinner is finished, each guest wipes his fingers on a quantity of teased-out cedar bark, and the remains are carefully gathered up by the host's servants and carried to the guests' dwellings. "By-and-bye," remarks Mr. Sproat, "conversation begins; a few compliments are paid to the chief for his good fare, and then perhaps some tribal topics are introduced, and animated speeches are delivered by various orators. Praises of their own and their forefathers' achievements in war, or skill in hunting and fishing, and boasts of the number of their powerful friends and the admirable qualities of each, form the burden of these after-dinner speeches. When the guests retire, it is usual, in fine weather, for small groups to meet and discuss the whole proceedings and criticise the speeches. . . . Oratory is the readiest way of gaining power and station; a blanket is a much more becoming garment to an orator than a frock coat." There are other feasts, to which some man will invite the women; and others to which a female chief or other well-to-do-female will invite men alone. I am inclined to think that this feast, to which a woman invites several men, is of the kind described by an old writer on the Indians—viz., for the purpose of choosing a husband.*

This is one phase of savage life. I little thought that before another autumn had come and gone that I should draw another picture—one less pleasant, but not less characteristic of the uncertainty of Indian existence. As a contrast, let me here present it. The scene lies more than 700 miles south of Opichesa, away in Eastern Oregon, among the great horse tribes, that had for years waged war against the whites. At last the Shoshones sued for peace. One of the many treaties of "eternal peace and amity" had been signed by "we, the high consenting parties," and we were now on our way back to civilisation, a little party travelling slowly but cautiously. For days the beautiful valleys through which we rode had rung with the gay *bonjours* of Indian cavaliers and damsels, gay in buckskin and beads, and at night our camp-fire was surrounded by a laughing, careless throng of light-hearted savages. We were almost ready to envy the Indian as he now appeared before us. It cannot be denied that he possesses a rude sort of independence. He is troubled with no house-rent, nor are the horrors of an assessment-roll before him. His house is in the sage brush, and when he mounts his horse at dawn of day he has all his possessions under his eye, and at night he rolls himself up in his blanket with no fear of an hotel bill or livery stable charges before him in the morning. His supper is a piece of dry antelope-steak; or perhaps he has killed a prairie hen, or caught some trout, or if not—who cares! he swallows a handful of grasshoppers, and in the summer his larder is all around him. The iron of the income-tax never enters into his soul, and opera-boxes are represented by scalp-dances. The whites are his drovers and his merchants; and he is a thorough believer in *might* being a convertible term for *right*, and in that good old plan,

"That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

An Indian comes down to the water-side where I am drinking, and asks me to pour a little water in his cup of parched pond-lily seed (*Nuphar advena*) meal. He stirs it up with his finger,

* For full details, see Carver, "Travels in North America," p. 245.

and remarking, as he washes it down with a drink of water, "Hyas kloosh muckamuck" (very good food, indeed). Quarrels they have among themselves, and bitter ones too, over the division of the spoil—and certain infidelities of their spouses are a source of continual heart-burnings; but, as the Divorce Court shows, they are unfortunately not alone in this. As to "chivalry," they are, forsooth, as chivalry goes nowadays—dirty, ragged, and not over honourable—like certain brethren on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and, moreover (venial offence as it may be looked upon in these latter days) rather given unto loot! Politics they have, and though in the good old times they had an hereditary monarchy, with a strong tinge of mediæval policy, yet, since the advent of the republicans in the civilised portion of the country, some of their chiefs are elected, and there is as much chicanery and political engineering displayed



BEAVER SHOOTING.

as would (dis)grace the most civilised statesmen! If "early to bed and early to rise" would bring to the practitioner thereof only a moiety of the blessings the couplet ascribes to it, you would think our Shoshone ought to be a happy man, for, little burdened with the world's goods, he is asleep by the time the sun goes down, and is off by the break of day. But this easy-come-easy-go sort of existence is not without its drawbacks, some of which certainly are not compensated for by the advantages which recommend it to the free and independent Indian. The following incident will illustrate this statement:—One evening, as we were rolling, each man behind his bush for the night, a strange Indian rode into our camp, mounted on a sorry animal, and, as to his garments, scanty withal. Our gladsome friends had all left by ones and twos, and for days we had travelled alone. Though none of us could understand much of his language, yet this Knight of the Ragged Poncho made himself very much at home, and finished the remains of our supper with the utmost suavity. He did not appear to be a native of this region, and after some difficulty he made us understand that he came from somewhere in the Humboldt country, in the direction of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, and that he had fled from his tribe for some offence (in which cutting throats mingled forcibly); that his enemies were



MANDAN INDIANS; THE FIGURE IN THE BEAR-SKIN IS A "MEDICINE-MAN."

on his track; and that seeing our trail, he had resolved to put himself under our protection; and finally, that he was going to remain with us. Though none of us had much objection to Indians murdering each other as one of the fine arts, yet we had no desire to be the Quixotes of this ragged vagabond, or to embroil ourselves with his countrymen, and accordingly told him, in that grandiloquent tone supposed to be necessary to assume in addressing the savage, that "we were going to a distant country—to the setting sun," whereupon we were most distinctly assured that that was the *very* place he was searching for. And by morning he made himself so handy in getting our horses, and begged so piteously to go to the "setting sun" with us, that ordinary humanity prevailed, and Sancho Panza—as with small adherence to the plot of "Don Quixote" we dubbed him—was soon recognised as a member of our party, sharing in all the honours, privilèges, and immunities, and doing full justice to the comestibles thereof. Sancho, moreover, ingratiated himself so exceedingly that before long he became the possessor of a butcher's knife, a "hickory shirt," and an old blanket, and the first day's travel had not ended before he had done my animal the flattering compliment of offering to "swop" with me! All fear of his pursuers seemed to have left him, and we were gradually losing our suspicions that he might possibly, in an absent moment, decamp with our horses, leaving us afoot in the desert. The signs of civilised men were getting apparent, in another day we might reach the first outpost and be in safety once more. One morning, after travelling about two miles on our way, he recollected that he had left his knife at the camp-fire, and lightening his horse of his blanket he rode back, telling us that he would overtake us before long: we watched him riding rapidly over the sage-brush plain until a rising ground hid him from our sight. At mid-day we halted long for him; and at evening, fearing that he might have missed our trail, some of us rode rapidly back by moonlight, and soon came to the prairie which we had left that morning. There was Sancho's old horse grazing about, and by the embers of our fire lay the Indian boy, with three arrows through him and his scalp gone! His relentless enemies had no doubt been dogging his steps day after day, but feared to attack him while under the guard of our rifles; but their turn had come at last, and his scalp paid forfeit for his temerity. They had no doubt been alarmed, otherwise the arrows would have been removed. As we rode back by moonlight through these lovely valleys we were silent, but to many of us since, in different lands and scenes, the face of that dead Indian boy looking up ghastly to the harvest-moon, rises often before us. Such is daily Indian life in the far West! Let us turn to a pleasanter aspect of savage life—*marriage*.

MARRIAGE.

Passing through an Indian—say a Cowichan—village of a morning, you may chauce to see a young fellow wrapped up in his blanket sitting crouched up in the doorway of one of the lodges. That young man has come on a delicate errand. He is a lover, and this is his way of going about the rather delicate business of taking a wife. By-and-by the occupants of the lodge will get up and walk out, nobody taking the slightest notice of him. For a week this may go on, every day the young man coming and then returning without being invited in. At last, if he is agreeable in the eyes of the parents, he is asked in and food set before him; if he is an honoured guest, the food, such as the roasted or dried salmon, being prepared by the master of the house, and business opens. His friends bring forward the presents he is prepared to give

for the damsel, or an equivalent for the same, until he has no more. If the father is satisfied, all is well; if not, he must go elsewhere. This is the general *rationale* of Indian marriages—merely purchase. However, the Indians themselves stoutly deny that it is so, and possibly with truth. They say that the presents are not given as the price of the wife, but only to express her value and rank, a woman of low status in society being valued at much less. If the father is a man of any *ton* at all, he will send back with his daughter fully as much as he received. All I can say is that this is so rare, that I never heard of it more than once or twice. I have more frequently seen the young lover beggared to his last blanket. In addition, if he is a chief, he is expected to distribute a little largess among the *οἱ πολλοί*—the commonality of the village. Sometimes the arrangements are made through old women, and the young man does not trouble himself much, or in other cases, with much more ceremony; but the principle is just the same. Polygamy is not only allowed, but a man's rank is measured by the number of wives he can support, each woman attending to her own children, though the first wife ranks highest in esteem, the younger being often little better than slaves to her; and probably it is this advantage which induces her to listen to the proposals of her husband to increase the matrimonial stock in the lodge. Few have more than two wives. An old chief only recently dead, having received some favour at the hands of the missionary, was good enough to offer him one of his wives as a present, adding that it was a mere trifle—he had eleven more at home! Elopements of young men and girls are quite common, and of married women with lovers, though this vicious practice is to a great extent checked by the fact that in the first instance the lover is looked upon as a young fellow who only wishes to avoid paying the price of his wife, and that most frequently he has to pacify the woman's friends with blankets, and in the latter, the danger arising from the injured husband's knife acts as a salutary preventive to passionate but yet prudent Lotharios. The respect in which female chastity was at one time held among the Indians has been to a great extent lost since the whites came amongst them. Divorce is sometimes performed by the wife's friends throwing the blankets on the waves, though in general it merely consists in the unlucky wife being sent back to her friends well whipped, and with an insulting message. The husband can divorce his wife at his will; but again, among some of the coast tribes of Vancouver and neighbouring territory, a wife can, with the consent of her friends, leave her husband at any time. Accordingly, if her lord wishes to retain her he must treat her well. In this case an active female slave would be more valued than a wife who does not bring riches or connection, for the slave cannot leave her master's service. Infidelity can be punished by death—and is, indeed, not unfrequently so punished. I knew a chief who took an erring wife out of his lodge and in presence of the whole village stabbed her to death. Whether, however, this was stretching his marital rights too far, or that public morality was not so Spartan as it once was, I was led to understand that the chief lost in prestige and popularity by this act. Another mode of punishment is to take the wife down to the beach, kneel on her, surrounded by her wailing friends, and then fire several blank musket-charges close to her ear. Perhaps the punishment may consist in the publicity, or the suspense engendered by the fear that one charge may enclose a bullet. In one case where this peculiar mode of chastisement was resorted to, the woman sat apart for several days, weeping all the time bitterly. In case of a separation, the fishing or hunting ground which her husband acquired with her, again reverts to her use, as a dowry for her next matrimonial venture. If the wife belongs to a

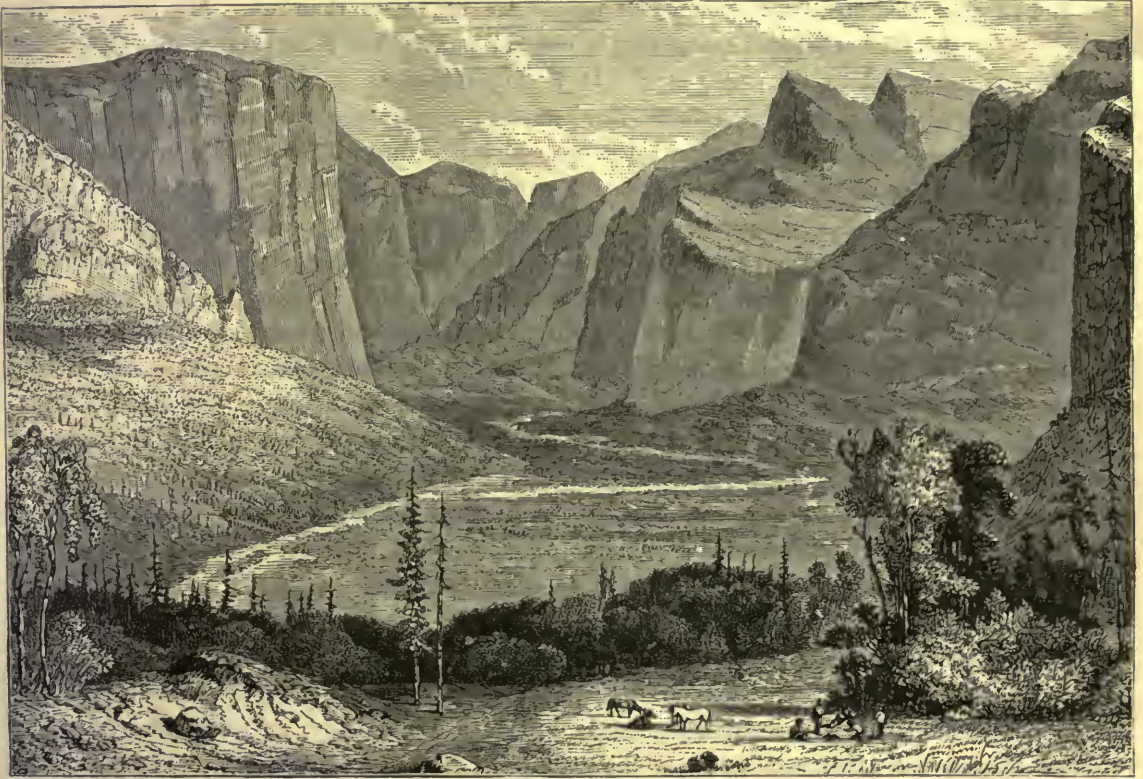
different tribe, and the children are young, they go with the mother to her tribe. The main cause of divorce is not wanting, and is now more abundant than ever, the offence being more lightly esteemed. Betrothals in early youth, or even in childhood, are common, and as an earnest of good faith, the parents on both sides deposit a certain amount of goods, commonly blankets. These betrothals are generally respected, a breach of engagement being a serious cause of offence to the injured lover. Though at betrothal the price of the future wife is tolerably well known, yet the father can raise it if, in the opinion of the majority of her tribe, she has materially improved since the date of that ceremony—though, curiously enough, this is said to happen rather rarely. The betrothal may be cancelled if during the interval the lover's third offer for her is refused, supposing that no price has been fixed at the time of betrothal; but this generally gives cause to bitterness, and not unfrequently to feuds. Young men, before being married, will often, to show their courage, scratch their faces until the blood comes. That an Indian is not altogether deficient in sentiment and love must not, however, be supposed from the matter-of-fact way he treats marriage. Many of their songs are about love, and often in the vicinity of Indian villages, the traveller may notice young fir shoots split down the middle to the very ground. This is done by youthful lovers, to see if they will be faithful to each other. They split the top of the shoot with the nails, then carefully divide it downward and downward; but if one side breaks off at a knot, then one of them will prove untrue. But they will not be content with this augury, but will try and try again until they find a young fir which will act according to their wishes. I used to be the repository of many a sighing tale and love-message to damsels in distant tribes, from young lovers who had met them when with me in the previous summer's travels, and from the way they were received I fancy that human nature—the human nature in youthful hearts—is pretty much the same all the world over. On the western shores of Vancouver Island, another and more dignified style of marriage ceremony than that described in the preceding pages prevails. Thirty or forty canoes sometimes escort the suitor to the shore. No word is spoken on either side for ten minutes. At last, on the question being asked where the visitors are from, and what is wanted—a form that is gone through though the object of the visit is perfectly well known—a speaker rises in one of the canoes and addresses the natives on shore in a loud voice. Talk of a voice—it would fill St. Paul's! He gives the name, titles, and history of the expectant husband, and states the number and influence of his friends and connections in his own and among other tribes, the object being to show that the honour of marrying so great a person should suffice without much purchase-money. At the end of the speech a canoe is paddled to the beach and a bundle of blankets is thrown on land. Contemptuous laughter follows from the friends of the woman, and the suitor is told to go away, as he places too small a value upon the intended bride. Then some orator on shore gets up and praises the woman, and thus with the speeches and additional gifts, many hours are occupied, until finally the woman is brought down to the shore and stripped to her under garment (the greed of her relatives not allowing them to send her to her husband with the slightest thing more than the barest decency requires) and delivered to her lover. His first wedding present, it follows, is the necessary covering of a blanket.* Stern as are the aboriginal fathers of the West in the matter of "settlements," they are not less exacting

* Sprcat: "Scenes and Studies of Savage Life," p. 101.



ON THE LOOK-OUT!

that the future son-in-law should be of such strength and vigour in war and all active exercises as befits the head of a family in a nation where the weaker invariably goes to the wall. How would some of our fond lovers like the following shibboleth of their manhood? In front of the house of the head chief of Clayoquot, on the western shores of Vancouver Island, is a large stone. When a young man "meets papa in the library"—in other words, proposes for one of this Western Spartan's daughters—he is politely pointed to the large stone, and if he cannot lift and carry it, he is, with sneers and contempt, dismissed as ineligible to woo such a dignitary's



SCENE IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

daughter! The wife is in most cases kindly treated, the husband seldom beating her, except when intoxicated, and though a drudge, yet she has a voice in every bargain, and prudent travellers are generally wise enough to buy her good will before commencing to transact business with the husband. I usually did so by making small presents to the children, for by this means I accomplished my purpose of gaining the goodwill of the mother without risking the chance of the irate husband's jealousy. Very curiously, a chief is always expected to marry out of the tribe, and generally to take his wives from different tribes, for the purpose of making peace with powerful septs, and, as is intended by our Royal Marriage Act, to prevent undue influence being exerted over him by any one particular family in his own tribe. Among the northern tribes no person is allowed to marry one of his own crest, or one of a certain number of persons who live under the guardianship of the same animal, &c., or as it is known

among most of the Ojebway and other American tribes, whose history has been frequently written, the *totem*.* Again, in every Indian tribe with which I am acquainted, the relationship of the children goes with the mother. The same law prevails in the Sandwich Islands,† both people giving the same reason for it. The shrewdness is more to be admired than the state of morals into which it gives an insight. It is easy enough, they say, to know who a person's mother is, but with the father the case is proverbially different.

Totems are quite analogous to the escutcheons of more civilised people. Some families adopt the crow, some the beaver, others the wolf, the whale, the fox, the deer, and so on. An Indian once told me, "Oh, you white people are no better than we. My *totem* is the eagle. Why, the Boston men's (Americans) is just the same. You King George men (Englishmen) adopt a big cat (a lion) as yours. It is your *totem*, is it not?" These *totems* are painted on their boxes, paddles, canoes, blankets, and various domestic utensils, being often curiously quartered and interlaced after a pattern which it is difficult for a white to understand, and perhaps just as difficult for the Indians to explain. Among the north-west tribes, in the vicinity of Fort Simpson, and northward along the Alaskan coasts and on to the Queen Charlotte Islands (Hydahs), these pieces of heraldry are more attended to than among the less handsome, less warlike, and less intellectual flat-headed tribes of the south. Among the northern tribes the "arms" are elaborately engraved on large copper plates, from three to five feet in length and about two in breadth—rather concavo-convex, and with an hour-glass construction in the middle. These plates are very highly valued, and are often heirlooms in the family. One which the chief of a small tribe at the northern end of the Queen Charlotte Islands possesses he values at 800 blankets, or between £300 and £400 sterling. They are, many of them, made of virgin copper, which is found in that region; but the Indians have a notion that the material was vomited out by some great fish which lives in the northern seas. Of late a good number of these plates have been sold to them by the Hudson's Bay and Imperial Fur Companies, and, of course, are of smelted copper. The possessors of such "coppers" are, however, looked upon with supercilious contempt by the owners of the original fish-vomited ones. When I visited the Queen Charlotte Islands, Skidegate, the chief of the tribe of that name (and an unmitigated scoundrel), nearly killed an Indian boy, an interpreter of ours, because the boy had attempted to lower the dignity of the lord of the soil, by hinting to us that he was a mere parvenu, his copper having only been bought in Victoria, where it was made out of the old sheathing of a ship! The reason why they have adopted this system of *totems* is, that intermarriage may be thereby prevented among people of too close consanguinity, and in order that people of the same kindred may support in times of scarcity, sickness, or in old age, the members of their own *totem*. Members of the same tribe do intermarry, *i.e.*, unless they be chiefs, but those of the same crest are prohibited from so doing under any circumstances. The child always takes the mother's crest; accordingly, if a mother is a *whale*, all the children are whales; if a *frog* or a *deer*, all frogs or deer. Among these people feasts are given for the cementing of friendships, or for the purpose of securing it and allaying angry strife. Accordingly, people of the same crest are not invited to one of these fishy banquets,

* This word, which has now got almost anglicised in ethnological writings, is apparently only the Ojebway word *tothaim*, a tribe.

† And among many other tribes; see Bachofen, "Das Mutterrecht," &c.

it being taken for granted that relatives will always agree, and that accordingly the panacea of a dinner need not be thrown away upon them. As Indian family love is not very different from the "love of kinsmen" nearer home, the reader will scarcely require to be told that this supposition is more a theory than an experience-supported fact. No Indian would think of killing the animal which he had adopted as his *totem*. Indeed, if any one kills such an animal in his presence, he will cover his face with his hands, horrified at the sacrilegious deed, and will compel the offender to solace his wounded feelings by some substantial reparation, the offence being not so much the killing of the animal as the affront of killing it in the presence of the person whose *totem* it is.

When an Indian, in his own good pleasure, chooses to exhibit his arms in public, long-established customs compel the passers-by to cast gifts before them—those gifts being proportionate to the means or rank of the donor. Accordingly if a greedy, mischievous, or needy Indian paints his *totem* on his forehead or canoe, or embroiders it in worsted on his blanket or sleeve, there is nothing for it but to present gifts to him, or to his *totem*, which amounts to the same thing. Rumour has it that there are certain chivalrous gentlemen among our North-western friends who are not above making a business of thus sporting their armorial bearings in public!

IMPROVEMENTS ON NATURE. THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDERS.

An Indian woman early arrives at maturity, but soon ceases to have children.* In fact, Indian women have little middle age, they soon get old and haggard-looking; the old women look hags indeed. They have rarely more than five children, who are kindly treated, though not unfrequently of late years the boy will be killed and the girl saved, because she can be sold afterwards in marriage. One of twins is almost invariably killed. Children are nursed to the age of about two years, or until another is born. They are rarely if ever chastised; indeed, to whip refractory children is by savages looked upon as very cruel, and the sign of an unnatural mother. The girl, as she grows up, is gradually initiated by the mother into all the duties of her condition, and the boy by his father into his, being taken out by him on his hunting and fishing excursions, holding the torch while his father spears the salmon at night, keeping the canoe "on" while the halibut-fishing is proceeding, and so forth. Girls are often married when twelve years of age. When the mother considers that the young lady ought to be looking out for a husband, she makes her retire into the woods fasting, and concealed from the light of the sun or human gaze for as long a period as it is possible for her to endure. On her return she wears for some days in her ears large flat pendants composed of the *hioqua* shell (*Dentalium preciosum*) as a sign that she is now marriageable—a hint to all eligible young men. Among the Snakes in Oregon and Idaho it is said that the women are set to dig a trench as a sign of the same period of life having arrived, and among the Klamaths in Southern Oregon the women erect those curious piles of stones you can see perched upon precipices and every conspicuous place through the country, for the same reason. Long, however, before this denouement arrives, an operation very necessary

* Before the child is born the woman lives in a hut apart by herself, a custom common to the Kaffirs of Central Asia and other people. The child is generally named after some relative, but changes its name frequently in the course of its life.

(to them) has to be performed. This is the well-known flattening of the forehead, the method of performing which by means of pads, while the whole of the body of the child, with the exception of openings for the operations of nature, is swaddled and bound to a board, which is at once its cradle and bed. The cradle is only a hollowed piece of wood, or among the interior tribes, is made of cypress bark. The mother laces it in there by a cord passed from side to side, a small piece of wood covered with teased bark serving for a pillow. Some of the interior



INDIANS FROM THE LOWER FRASER, SHOWING THE FLATTENED FOREHEAD,
AND THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE UNDERGOING THE PROCESS.

tribes have bells attached to this cradle, and the tinkling sound has a pleasing effect when heard in the lonely wilds. When the mother is travelling she carries the cradle and its contents on her back in an upright position, the child's head just appearing over the mother's shoulder. When she is working she will hang it to the pliant branch of a tree, allowing the wind to rock it, or if more convenient, to a flexible pole stuck in the ground. This is a common way of suspending the cradle inside the lodge, the mother every now and again giving the cradle a swing to send baby to sleep. It is said that some of the interior tribes—more especially to the east of the Rocky Mountains—when children die, put them in some lake or pond in their cradles,

and leave them to float about; ever after this the water is regarded as sacred.* Among some of these flat-headed tribes a curious custom prevails. If the child dies the mother puts a bunch of black feathers into the place which it occupied in the cradle, and for a year, or even more, pays all the attention to this which she would have paid to her child if living.

The Koskeemos, a tribe living on the north-west coast of Vancouver Island, adopt a still more extraordinary method of deformity—viz., bandaging the head of the women into a cone-shaped form, until, as in a skull in my collection,† it attains almost hideous proportions. The girl to which it belonged while in life measured eighteen inches from the symphysis of the



MURA INDIAN (SOUTH AMERICA), WITH TEETH-"ORNAMENTS" THROUGH THE LIPS AND TATTOOING ON THE CHEEKS.

lower jaw to the crown of the head. Among this tribe the men have only the usual head-flattening—a flattening which, however, is always carried to greater excess in the females than in the men in all the tribes. It prevails among all the coast tribes, and their allies living up the great rivers for a little way, and also among a few scattered tribes in the interior, who may probably at a remote period have been members of the same family, from lat. 45° N. to Milbank Sound, lat. 53° N. It was also at one time common amongst the Choctaws and Chicksaws of the Mississippi. Northward of this line, among the Queen Charlotte Islanders and their allies, the head assumes a squarish form from being compressed superiorly. This deformity of the skull does not at all, as far as my observation has gone, injure the brain, the cerebral matter not

* Mayne, "British Columbia," p. 393. † Now in the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

being crushed or destroyed, but only forced into another portion of the cranium. It is looked upon as a sign of great servility if the head is not manipulated. I have heard one little Indian boy shouting to another, "Oh! your mother was too lazy to flatten your head!" and the youngster would retreat into the paternal lodge, there to brood over his wrongs. The heads of the children of slaves are not allowed to be treated in this manner, and hence I cannot agree with a late excellent and in general accurate writer—Mr. Sproat—that it is not a mark of free birth. Beyond this *outré* deformity they do not much affect otherwise to improve on nature. Tattooing the face and hands to a very slight extent is prevalent amongst the Hydahs (Queen Charlotte Islanders), and a few other northern tribes, though among the Indians in Southern Oregon, &c., it is more common. Painting the face in red and black streaks, and down the seam of the hair, is almost universal on any high occasion. In the summer-time, to protect it from the sun, the women will often smear their faces with blood and grease, and the Diggers of California and Southern Oregon, when mourning, cover the lower portion of their faces with a much less savoury substance—viz., the pitch of trees. The women look, with their chins covered with this black substance, like bearded ogres, and on the whole one cannot praise the taste of the beaux who admire this extraordinary disfiguration of an otherwise rather comely face. Earrings, rings, and nose-pendants of shells (*Dentalium* and pieces of *Haliotis*) are very common. Sometimes, what with repeated fittings in of more eligible nose-pendants, and taking them out again to sell when the world or the gambling-blanket deals unkindly with them, the hole in the septum of the nose gets so enlarged that I have seen a man more than once, when wishing to put his clay pipe out of the way temporarily, stick it through the septum of his nose, and this was done so unconcernedly that it seemed to be a regular habit of his! The women are very fond of vermilion to paint their faces with, though in some tribes the women cease to paint after twenty-five—a contrast to what obtains among more civilised nations, with the females of whom (we are credibly informed) the era of rouge commences instead of ceasing at a late period of life. The men sometimes blacken their faces as a sign of mourning, but this differs from the war-paint. In the latter case the faces of the warriors are painted all black, and that of the leader in stripes, while in mourning-paint the circle round the eyes is left unpainted. It is only the Hydahs and their allies that adopt the curious lip-ornaments (*sic*) which I am about to describe. The lower lip is the one which is selected to be disfigured by the insertion of a bone instrument, concave externally and internally, and more than an inch long and about half an inch broad, the result of which is to cause the lip to protrude like a shelf, exposing the interior and completely concealing the exterior of it. The result is that in our eyes nothing—not even the labrets of lapis lazuli used by some Eskimo, and similar studs inserted into the cheeks of other tribes, can be more ugly, though, curiously enough, the Botucudos of South America adopt an almost identical method of improving on nature. The Hydah women, however, are the only members of the nation who practise this, and until recent periods it was looked upon as a mark of the very lowest breeding to be without this labial "ornament." They commence to get it inserted when very young, in the form of a metal tube, gradually increasing the size of the ornament until it flourishes in all its full-sized ugliness. When a young and an old woman quarrel, the elderly dame will reproach the younger with her youth, inexperience, and general ignorance, pointing, were further proof necessary, to the inferior size of her lip! I have heard it often asserted

that an old woman will allow her food to remain on this *shelf* until it is sufficiently cooled, when she will empty the natural platter into her mouth. To witness an old hag, with this "ornament" in her lip, attempting to whistle, is to witness one of the most ludicrously hideous feats in the world. I have seen some stick a pin through the lower lip, and young girls who cannot make up their minds to wholly dispense with it, compromise by putting a short silver tube, about an inch long and the thickness of a crow quill, in its place. However, of late years the young ones have been giving it up, finding it is not agreeable to their Caucasian admirers.

We have several times mentioned these Hydahs (see figures p. 36). Here, parenthetically, let us devote a short space to this interesting section of the great American family, distinguished as they are from all other Indian tribes, not only by many characteristics of mind and personal appearance, but also peculiarly situated as to their geographical position. Under the general designation of Hydahs are included a number of small tribes, living under different chiefs, but all speaking one language (entirely distinct from any on the American continent), inhabiting the coasts of the Queen Charlotte Islands—a group of three islands, lying between $54^{\circ} 20'$ and $51^{\circ} 55'$ north latitude,* and distant from the mainland between twenty and eighty miles, according to the trend of the coast. On a clear day you can with difficulty see these islands in a hazy outline from the opposite British Columbia shore. Physically the Hydahs are, perhaps, the finest race on the American continent. The women are very good-looking though often full in the face and somewhat *embonpoint*. Some of them would be judged to be pretty in almost any civilised community, were it not for the abominable custom of disfiguring their under-lip, already described. The men are tall, muscular, and straight; the face is full, head large, features high, particularly the nose, mouth average, with the canthi rather turned downwards, and both the upper and under lips, even when not deformed, slightly more protruding than in any other tribe. Their hands and feet are small and well formed. Their colour is very fair, and in the women, who are not much exposed to the weather, there is a mixture of red and white in their cheeks, not seen in any other aboriginal American race. Their eyes are horizontal, eyebrows rather sloping upwards, but not bushy. As we noticed above, tattooing on the back of the hands and arms, often in fanciful resemblance to the human features, is occasionally seen, and sometimes there are also, as in the case of the women, a few slight streaks (in blue) on the cheeks; but this is not universal. They wear their hair much shorter than the more southern tribes, with whom short hair is a mark of disgrace and slavery, and most of the children have it clipped quite close—a most sensible arrangement, when we consider that their heads are generally full of vermin. Few of the men have any beard or whiskers; some have occasionally bushy moustaches and "imperials." In their persons they are generally very cleanly, though their ordinary square or oblong board houses are as filthy as among other tribes. Their average height is five feet ten inches, though I have seen them measuring six feet. They move about with a stately gait and bearing, very different from the lounging, waddling walk of the flat-head tribes of Vancouver Island. The dress of the men nowadays commonly consists of European clothes, bought from the traders, and that of the women, of a calico dress with a green, blue, or scarlet blanket, with a peculiar hood, both

* In the South Pacific there is also a group of Queen Charlotte Islands.



INDIANS OF THE RIO OERMEJO (BRAZIL), SHOWING EAR AND LIP ORNAMENTS OF WOOD, LIKE THE HYDAHS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND.

plentifully ornamented with rows of large mother-of-pearl buttons. The *déshabille* of both sexes is, as among all Indian tribes, merely a blanket. The women have their wrists, and sometimes their ankles, profusely ornamented with bracelets of native manufacture, made out of silver coin, obtained from the traders who visit them. They also wear earrings and rings of the same metal, sometimes rudely inlaid with gold, or even altogether composed of the same metal. Some of the children, whose parents happen just then to be able to afford it, have thick rings through the septum of the nose. When the *res angustæ domi* trouble them, the ring is speedily removed and converted into more useful material. The Hydahs are very bold warriors, but cruel and vindictive in the extreme. Pages might be filled with a narration of their lawless or bloodthirsty acts, which have made them hated and feared for hundreds of miles north and south of their country. Though generally friendly to visitors, they are not in the slightest degree to be trusted, and having never yet felt the power of the whites, they consider that they may commit any outrage—if so it seems good to them—with impunity. Some years ago they fired on the boats of a British war-ship; and in 1854 they captured the American ship *Susan Sturgess*, burning her down to the water's edge, after having plundered her of everything valuable, and then held the captain and crew as slaves until they were ransomed by the Hudson's Bay Company. The ringleader in this act of piracy was the chief of the Skidegates, one of the mildest-spoken and meekest of men whom I have ever been unfortunate enough to meet. When we entered his harbour he was polite enough to hoist the *Susan Sturgess* flag over his lodge, and give us a salute with her guns which were standing in front of his door. He was a comparatively young man, but hated in his tribe. That spring (1866) he had killed five men in a drunken quarrel, and now he never went abroad without being heavily armed. At night he would hesitate to go out of his lodge unless one of his wives was with him, fearing that, unseen by him, an assassin might be lurking in the dark. He rarely slept two nights continuously in the same place in his house, and his sleeping-place was a perfect armoury of weapons. After this, it is not at all surprising to learn that this mild-spoken ruffian had been assassinated by his own tribe the year after our visit. Another tribe of the Hydahs (the Massets, at the northern end of the island) have been accused of the yet graver crime of murdering the whole crew of the schooner *Growler*. On the whole, they are far from being an unobjectionable race of people. They are very lazy, and are now, whether naturally, by their visits to Victoria, or by contact with traders, thoroughly debauched. They are intoxicated whenever spirits can be obtained, and during these drunken orgies their vile passions have full swing. Though making a show of modesty, yet the chief ornament of the female heart is not found among the women, nor does it seem that prostitution implies any disgrace, or that female virtue is valued by the men. These women, both from their beauty and immorality, make up a large proportion of the abandoned Indian women who infest Victoria and all the southern towns during the winter, and who may even be found as far south as the Columbia River, and east even to the Cariboo gold mines. Many of them accumulate large sums of money, which is soon squandered among their debauched relatives and hangers-on. Many of these scoundrels bring their female slaves—often mere children—deck them out in European finery, and subsist on the profits of their debauchery. Since the increase of white settlements on the coast, young female slaves have risen in price, in consequence of the increase of this horrible trade. In the summer these women go north again to recruit—the gold-diggers being off to the mines—spreading disease

among their people, and leading directly to the rapid extermination of their race. Old traders tell me that at one time they were as virtuous as any other tribe before being visited by the whites, and that this thorough immorality is owing to their corruption by contact with depraved "civilised"(!) man. I have no reason to doubt it; on the contrary, I fear that this is too true regarding every savage race with whom the whites have come in contact. Did space admit, we might describe the many curious customs of this people. In their broad features these are the same as those of all the North Pacific coast tribes, but differ in many essential particulars which it is impossible to enumerate here, even would such details not prove tiresome to the reader. Territorial right, not only as affecting tribes as a whole, but as individuals, is much valued. Nearly every family has some river where they fish, and its possession is strictly guarded. No Andalusian grandee values his *sangre azul*, or German Freiherr his coat of sixteen quarterings, more than do these people "their gentle blood and long descent." This same chief of Skidegate was abusing an individual to me on one occasion, when I took an opportunity of remarking that he had as many blankets as he. (Now blankets, the reader will remember, represent the wealth of these northern tribes, and their acquisition is the *summum bonum* of all sublunary bliss and ambition.) The reply was characteristic: "I don't doubt that; chiefs are always the poorest men, they have to give so much away; but *what matters his blankets, his father was nobody!*" In a word, the man was a parvenu—one of the *nouveaux riches*. Like most of these tribes, every family has its *totem*. Their artistic skill I have already spoken about, but they are of too roving a disposition ever to settle long at any pursuit where their talent in modelling and carving could be turned to any use.

Superficial travellers often remark how few deformed, sickly, or even maimed people are seen among savages—Indians for instance—and point to the fact (for fact it is) as a proof of the healthiness of the race, or of the facility which they have in overcoming any sickness or bodily infirmity. No fact could be truer, no conclusion more erroneous. Among a savage people there is a "struggle for existence," and the weakly and sickly go to the wall, while the strong survive. Among civilised nations the sickly child is carefully nurtured, the deformed or injured has the best medical skill at hand, either in the public hospital or at his own residence, and all the applications of science are ever at war with disease and pestilence. Far different is it among savages. The deformed child rarely sees daylight. Its existence is nipped soon after its birth. The sickly child has a poor chance of living, while the wounded in battle has neither ambulance nor hospital, and must take his chance of survival, or of falling into the enemy's hands, when his head or his scalp hung in a stranger's lodge is all that remains behind to hold in remembrance the fact of his presence in the war. In a word, a savage has a poor chance to live through infancy, and in manhood and old age he carries his life in his hand. War, disease, famine, assassination, and the thousand and one ills of savage existence, threaten him daily and hourly. In New Mexico they have a grim proverb to the effect that a particular boy (named) may become "a smart man, if the Apaches don't nail him to a cactus!" The axiomatic saying is not an agreeable one, but nevertheless it illustrates well enough the uncertain life of people in the midst of a savage race. The Indian has also his "cactus," to which he is ever running the chance of being metaphorically "nailed;" and the Indian babe swinging in its board cradle in the tree, or on its mother's back, to

the sound of tinkling bells, must ever take its risk of many a mishap from which the civilised child is exempt, before its hope of handling a bow or a paddle is a matter of the slightest certainty. It was calculated (probably by some fur-dealer who had given them credit) that the life of an Indian of the Sioux tribe—a race much given to war—was only worth on an average seven years after he had attained manhood. Yet if an Indian has a fair chance he will often attain a good old age.

This longevity is, however, on the wane since the advent of white civilisation and European vice—both of which, *pari passu*, are gradually permeating through the tribes. In Hudson's Bay and elsewhere it is said that when an Indian wishes to live to a very old age, he prays that he may live until his hair turns grey, considering that if his petition is granted he may reckon himself sure of something approaching to immortality. On the Pacific coast, however, this greyness of the hair is not rare, even among Indians not much advanced in years, though it must be acknowledged that grey hair is much rarer among them than among the whites.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

When an Indian is about to die, and the medicine-men have given him over, his coffin—a square box—is introduced, and along with it a fir branch, not unlike a Christmas tree, strewed with downy feathers, both of which are set down beside him. What the meaning of the feathers is it is hard to say. They are used plentifully in all their feasts, being scattered after the dancers. Possibly in this case they may have some reference to Psyche, the spirit—souls being supposed to go into birds. The moment life is extinct (and sometimes before, of which more anon), a couple of men, whose services have been previously secured, and who are anxious to earn something, will double up the body into this box, in a position not unlike that of the Inca mummies found in jars in Peru, and nail it down. We have supposed, as is most commonly the case, that the body is to be buried in a box. There are, however, several other methods of sepulture in use among the coast Indians. These are, first, placing the bodies in boxes up trees. Around the tree are hung blankets and other property; and it is quite weird-like to pass through a gloomy primeval forest and see the grave-boxes fastened overhead, or perhaps—the cedar-bark cords having given way—to find the ghastly remains lying under the tree (p. 48). Such is their horror of a dead body, or desire to squeeze it into the box before the corpse gets stiffened, that not unfrequently it is put into the coffin before life is extinct. In support of this I may relate a curious anecdote of an incident which befell my friend H—M—, a well-known and most trustworthy officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. Walking one day near an Indian village, he heard faint cries in the direction of the dense foliage of the fir. Examining more closely, he satisfied himself that they came from a coffin-box which had been recently placed there. Wondering what could be the matter, my friend climbed up, at the risk of being surprised by the Indians and suffering the penalty of meddling with the dead, and, wrenching off the lid, was horrified to see a young man raise himself up and look round in bewilderment. The poor fellow was well known to the trader, and had been put into the box while in a trance. Though much injured, he managed to get down the tree, and to the horror and astonishment of the Indians walked into the village, where for all that I know to the contrary he is yet living.



MANDAN BURIAL-GROUND

The second method is to put the box into a little tent or house, with trinkets and household implements around, the box itself being supported on trestles. I have often been attracted during my lonely canoe voyages among the gloomy and solitary scenery of the islands of Puget Sound by what I thought to be a settler's house, but which turned out to be only the last receptacle of the dead. On one occasion I was travelling on foot down the banks of the Fraser River, and was delighted to see what I thought a pioneer hut, with the owner, his wife, and boy sitting on a bench in front of the door. The wife appeared to be knitting some description of mat, and the husband had his rifle over his knee. Hailing them repeatedly and getting no answer, I climbed up the cliff, and found that I had been hallooing to three figures carved out of wood—their bodies lying inside the hut. It was an Indian grave. Since the advent of the whites, the Indians, sad to relate, have been forced to put the property over the graves in such a condition that it should not tempt some economical but irreverential settler to furnish his house from the Indian cemetery. Accordingly, it will be found that in almost every case the looking-glasses have holes punched in them, the kettles broken, and so on. At one time they used to bury money—often large sums—with the bodies. I expect this custom is discontinued, the Indian now knowing better what to do with his coin. At Boston Bar, on the Fraser, is a great burial-ground of this description, and on the Douglas Portage, in British Columbia, is one where numerous banners and muskets are suspended on trees and poles. I had the curiosity to examine some of these muskets, and invariably found them to want the locks. Sometimes the coffin is placed in the open air, on pillars curiously carved with figures of owls or other birds, or into human semblance, some of these sculptures being quite obscene. At other times a bird is carved in wood as if in the act of flying from the edge of the box; perhaps this may refer to some idea of the soul escaping after death. A third method is "burying" (if it can be so called) the body in a canoe. On an island in the Columbia River there used to be quite a collection of canoes with such freights; and Deadman's Island, in Victoria Harbour, is another place where many of the bodies are placed in canoes. The fourth method is to burn the body and either bury or hang up the ashes in the lodge. This is practised by the Tsimpshians (though not universally), the Takali, and most of the Southern Oregonian and Californian tribes. With the body is burnt the deceased's broken canoes and such of his blankets as are not sold. Inquiring of a medicine-man of the Klamaths if the object of this was to afford the grandee burnt material for a comfortable sojourn in the other world, I was assured that the sole intention was simply to put everything belonging to the dead man out of sight, so that they might have no temptation to remember him, and therefore not offend the dead by mentioning his name. Indians think that it is unlucky to mention the name of a dead person, and though you may talk about him as much as you like, yet it must only be as "that dead man," or some such similar name. This desire to destroy all traces of the dead cannot be universal, because the northern tribes flaunt mementoes of them about the grave, and even erect monuments in the shape of figures of wood in the close vicinity of their lodges. Therefore we must still cherish the more poetical idea that it has something to do with their condition in the land of spirits. It not unfrequently, however, happens that when people get old and helpless, their friends will take them out into the forest, and expose them where, if death does not soon relieve them, the wolves will. During the small-pox panic, bodies were

often left thus, and arriving in Vancouver Island after the epidemic of 1862, I frequently came across the ghastly remains of these victims in my rambles through the woods in the neighbourhood of Victoria. As lately as the month of January, 1872, the small-pox was again decimating the southern tribes, and I learn from my correspondent in the country that victims are often left to die or are tossed into the harbour, and that the Government is compelled to undertake their burial. At one time the inmates would desert a lodge in which any one had died. Slaves were also killed at the death of a great chief, but this custom has now been almost quite abandoned. An Indian grave-place has generally a melancholy and forbidding appearance, though sometimes, as in the case of the burial-ground at Boston Bar, with its streaming banners, a contrary effect is produced. Fragments of old canoes, boxes, boards, paddles, blankets, &c., litter the ground, and lie in rags on the bushes or among the long grass and nettles. The scene may be thus truthfully described, in the words of Mr. Sproat:—"Here and there rude coloured wooden carvings are placed near the bodies of chiefs. The labour of carving these images, when a sharp shell or a piece of bone was the only instrument used, must have been great. You may see a wooden image which stands grimly contemplating the skull of an enemy placed in his hand; another, famous as a speaker in his lifetime, is represented with an outstretched arm; a third grasps a wolf. I once saw canoes daily visiting at twilight, for several weeks, one of these burying-places, where they remained till past midnight. The visitors lighted a great fire, and fed it with oil, resinous pine sticks, and other combustible materials, and they wailed loudly at intervals during the whole time. The death and burial of the deceased, who in this case was a person of high rank, were thus described to me:—The whole tribe had assembled in the house, and a friend of the sick person in a loud and grave tone announced that his relative was breathing his last. He then recounted his generous acts and deeds of daring, and intimated that the dying man wished to bequeath all his personal effects to his tribe. There was a contrast between the voice and appearance of this chief and the poor creature who lay on a few mats, breathing heavily, his eyes glazed and his features pinched and pallid from disease and exhaustion. The distribution next began, in which each person shared according to his rank. About an hour after life had departed, messengers went round to the different houses to give notice of the funeral. All the women in the village began to wail loudly; the men remained stern, sad, and silent. The corpse, wrapped in a blue blanket, was put into a canoe, which moved slowly from the shore, accompanied by about ninety canoes. Having reached an islet, a native climbed a large tree, and after various ceremonies, the body was hoisted up and secured to a lofty branch. Long speeches were afterwards made in praise of the deceased, whose death it was stated should be honoured by a human sacrifice. A small neighbouring tributary tribe was accordingly visited by an armed party, which returned in a day or two with several heads. These, it was stated, had not been taken by force, but had been demanded and given as a necessary sacrifice on the occasion of this great warrior's death. Such human sacrifices are now, happily, of rare occurrence." These natives on the west coast, the same close observer remarks, have periods of mourning, but whether of definite duration or dependent on the will of the mourner, could not be accurately ascertained. They cut their hair as a mark of respect for the dead. The men seek solitude while mourning, but the women display their grief openly. In their houses the women often talk about friends who have died—how they were respected, what great things they did, how good they were—but always without directly mentioning the

persons by name. During these conversations the men become sad—these occasions occurring at intervals, often for as much as four or five years after the death of the person spoken of, and the old women go outside and sit wailing for days. It seems odd to our notions that a woman should sit by herself, crying for so long a time without any one taking the least notice of her. "The men do not indulge in such long-drawn-out sorrow; but their grief is sharp, as they have strong natural affections. I remember an old Ohyaht grieving for his eldest son, who was drowned. The mourner's hair was cut close, the body and face blackened, tattered blankets wrapped round him (sackcloth, indeed, and ashes!) and all the while he piteously wept. There is a heart-rending expression in an Indian's grave, hard face distorted by grief. Tears did not often come to his relief, and now and then he ceased his wail and sat still, all his emotion contracted into one long cry of woe. The body of the son had not been found, and the old man, with a few friends, carried to a resting-place in the forest two cedar boards—a sort of bier, I suppose—on one of which was a small porpoise, over which was placed the other board, which bore the roughly-traced effigy of a man. After the funeral, the bereaved father divided all his own property among those present."

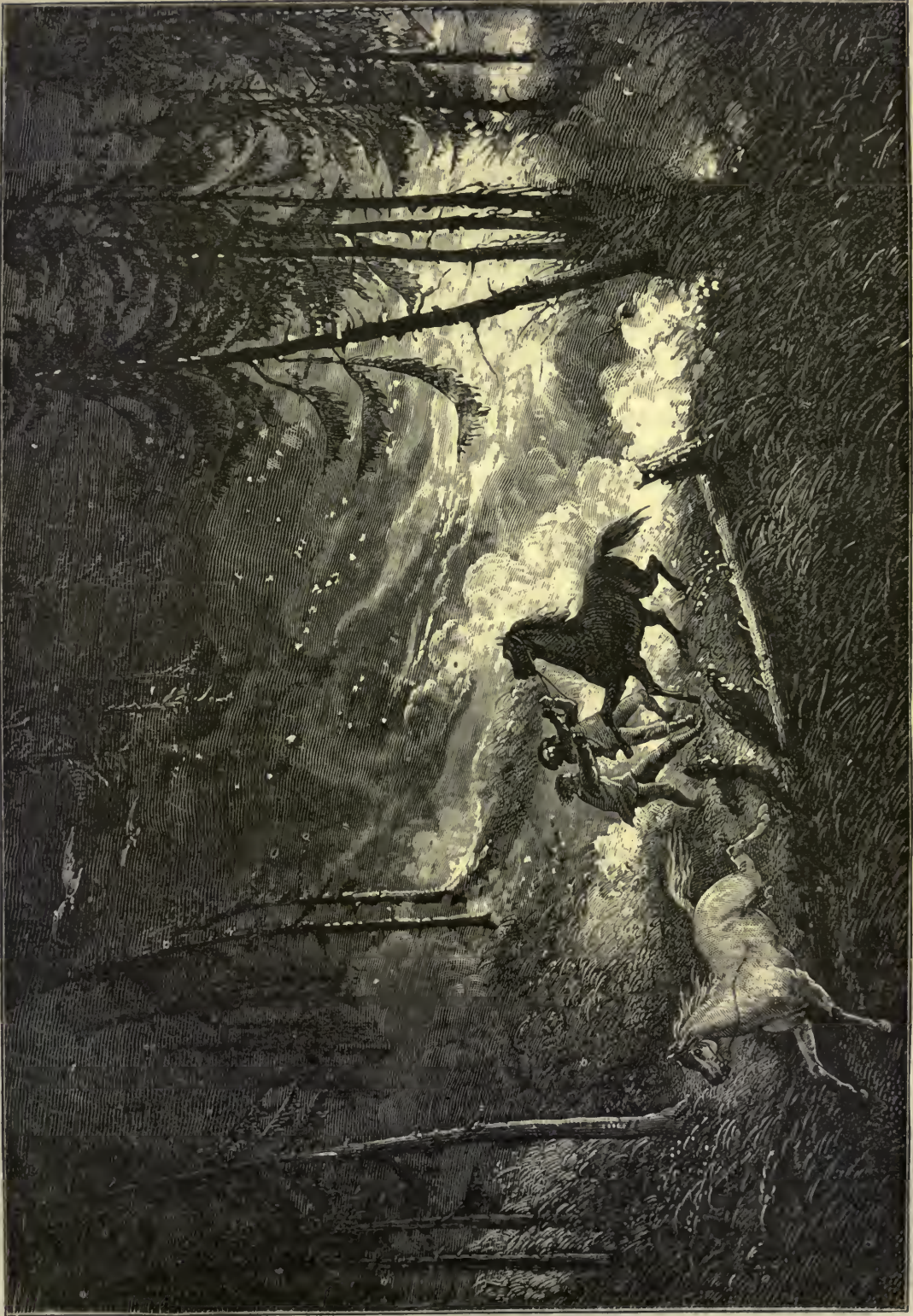
Widows are in most tribes allowed to marry again, after the usual howling over the grave in plaintive cadence is finished, if they are lucky enough to secure a husband; but among the Takali or Carrier tribe, in British Columbia, she must carry her husband's ashes on her back for seven years, after which she is free to marry again. The position of a widow is, however, by no means an enviable one, unless she has property of her own, or compensating advantages of rank or influence. The eldest son takes all the property of the father, which has not been given away or destroyed at his death, and the mother must shift as best she can. She is often neglected by her children, for filial regard is not one of the most prominent virtues of these people. Among some tribes it is usual for a well-to-do man to take a widow and her children into his house, if she is wholly destitute. The children are treated as little better than slaves, and in time come to be treated as such entirely, though they cannot be sold out of the tribe.

Some very remarkable men have occasionally arisen among these coast tribes. Such a one was Lechi, who roused up all the Indian tribes of Washington Territory and Oregon to war against the whites in 1855, and for two years they waged a warfare which nearly exterminated the whites of that country; though, to the honour of the English be it spoken, no Hudson's Bay Company's servant or officer was killed except one, and he only by accident. Everywhere this remarkable man passed among the Indian tribes, "like night, from land to land," exciting them by telling them that the whites were driving them to a land where all was darkness, where the rivers flowed mud, and where the bite of a mosquito wounded like the stroke of a spear. Such was the force of his character that in one day the Indian tribes over an immense extent of country rose almost as one man.*

Another most remarkable man was Tsosieten, war chief of Taitka, now—if not dead—a very old man. In old times his prowess in war was sung along the coast for many a

* He was afterwards executed at Steilacoom. His coadjutor "Neilson" was also supposed to have been killed by the "friendly" Indians, but I have reason to know that in 1866 at least he was still alive, skulking about Black River. The head which was brought in as his by old Sanawa, the Snoqualami chief, was only that of a slave of the latter, who was very like Neilson, and was accordingly decapitated, so that the reward might be obtained!

league, and still lives in the memory of the neighbouring tribes, whose terror he was. War after war he waged with them, until the whole coast paid tribute to him, and he really did not know his wealth in slaves and blankets. Sometimes he would buy slaves—if captives from the more distant tribes, so much the better—give them canoes and provisions, and set them off to their homes. Then everybody would gather round and eagerly ask, “Oh! who bought you and set you free?” “Tsosieten bought me and set me free.” Then great was the name of Tsosieten. In “piping times of peace” he lived on “Indian Island,” in a stockaded fort adorned with cannon which he had bought from the Imperial Fur Company in Russian America, and inside its pickets was the village of his chosen warriors. Alas!—*sic transit gloria mundi*—blind and helpless, last of his name, when I last saw him he still lived in his ruined fort, with only the recollections of his former deeds to console him. “They all call themselves chiefs nowadays,” he said bitterly to me. “I am the only chief!” Tsosieten, even in his own day, had his rival among his own people, and for years the thought made his life bitter. This rival was Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan. Tsohailum was once but a poor boy, a slave’s son, despised by all. Gradually the boy distinguished himself, and was allowed to join Tsosieten’s great war-parties, when he did such doughty deeds that, on the death of the chief of Quamichan, they elected him in his stead, the heir being but a sickly boy. Tsohailum was never seen to smile, and carried a knife in his breast day and night. So afraid was he of treachery, that he never slept in the same part of his lodge two nights running, and would often get up and lie down in another part, afraid of the midnight assassin. He grew so powerful that when he wanted a wife he didn’t go begging like common people, but sent an envoy, and he was rarely unsuccessful, for all men feared Tsohailum, or were anxious to get connected with him. If a refusal did come, war was declared. Many stories are told of his daring. On one occasion, when visiting some of his relations on the British Columbia shore, there was much talk of the bravery of his rivals, the Nuehultaws, of whom he affected to speak lightly. His brothers-in-law rather sneering at him, to show his daring, he offered to cross with a single companion in a little canoe to the Nuehultaw village in broad daylight, and bring back a head or die. The offer was accepted, and after paddling for half a day, they approached the village. Nobody appeared about, except two men on the beach, who ran to the lodges for arms at the sight of strange warriors. He followed, and soon brought one down. Seizing his other musket, he shot the other just at his lodge door. In a trice their heads were off, and Tsohailum was back to the canoe before the affrighted villagers could recover from their surprise. Shouting his dreaded name, he and his companion sprang to their paddles, and shot out of sight. Pursuit was soon given, but in vain, and by night the daring pair reached their village in triumph, after having accomplished their dangerous feat. On another occasion, he went to attack the Classah village, near Cape Flattery. It was dark when he and his warriors arrived, and nobody was about. Tsohailum, tired of waiting for a head (for he had only one canoe), against the remonstrances of his people, climbed on to the roof of one of the lodges, pushed the boards aside, and dropped in among his sleeping enemies. Listening for the breathing, he approached and severed a head, and escaped out as he had entered, just as the village was alarmed, and the men poured out in affright. Tsohailum was, however, by this time well on his way home, and had added one more to his many feats. He erected a great lodge, and in his pomp invited all the tribes to help to erect the pillars—the greatest ever

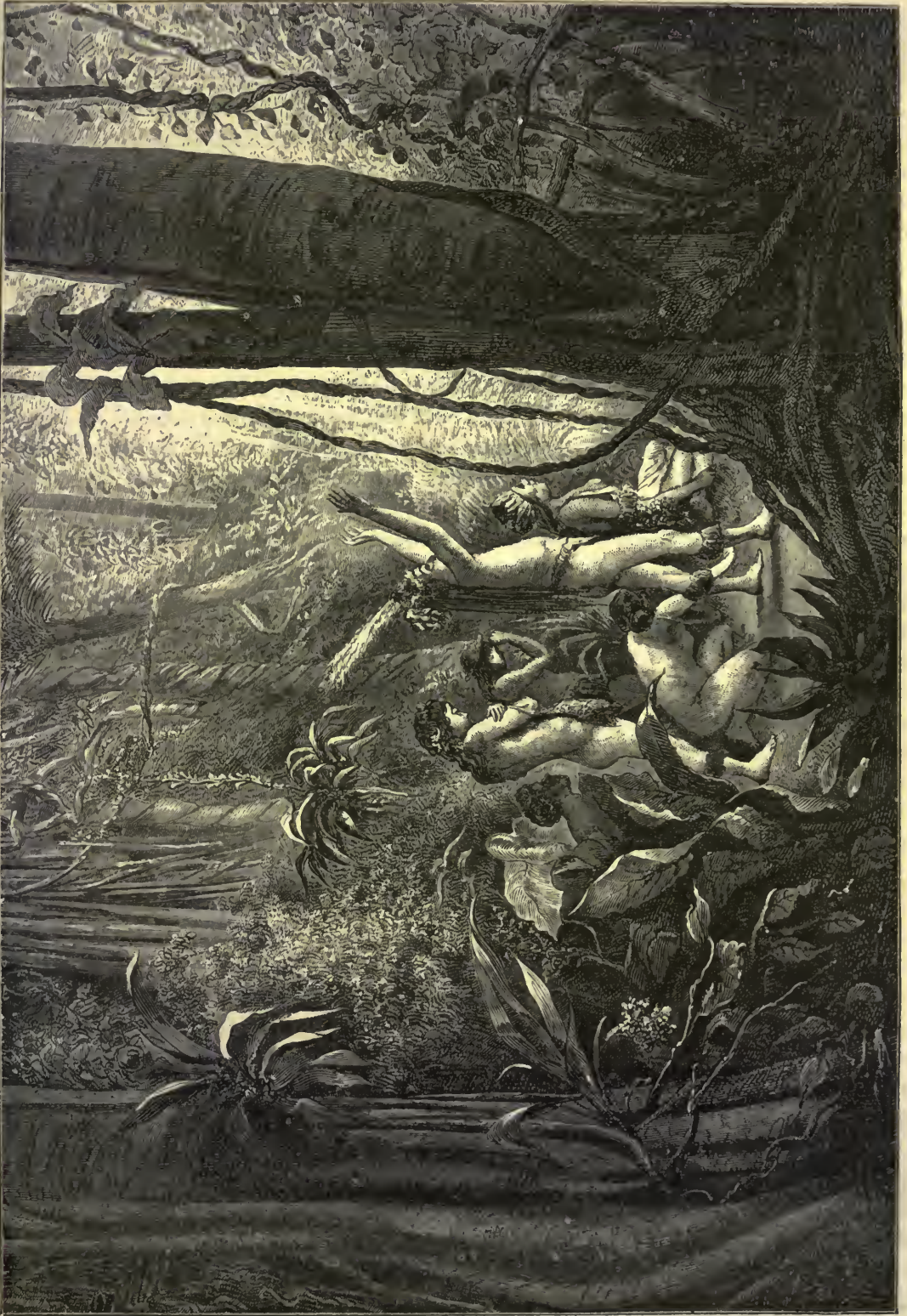


FOREST ON FIRE IN AMERICA.

the merely animal, anything in the shape of religion—theology it cannot be styled—any religious feelings and aspirations; in this sensual *here*, anything of a more lasting and better *hereafter*? No merely passing traveller can give anything like a connected account of their religious beliefs, and this will be the more apparent when I say that after residing among these races for several years, and my fellow-labourer (Mr. Sproat) an even more protracted period, with our minds constantly directed to this object, and ready to pick up the merest fragments of their religious belief, our combined knowledge is of the most imperfect character, and our ascertained facts only obtained with the utmost difficulty and at rare intervals. The race is so habitually suspicious of strangers, so afraid of ridicule, and so overawed by things mysterious, that even when they do know facts bearing on this subject, they are very wary in enlightening you. The truth is, however, few of them—even the most intelligent men—have any very clear idea of a religious system, and no two of them agree on the subject. They have no priests (in the true sense of the term), whose duty and interest it is to perpetuate the remembrance of religious beliefs and creeds, and accordingly, as invariably happens under such a system, the people lapse into many beliefs, or into ignorance. Among the Western Vancouver Island Indians there is a belief in Quawteht as the Supreme Being—the Originator of all things. A belief in this Being, under different names, is found throughout the Indian tribes all over the American continent. My old friend Quassoon, whose name figures frequently in these pages, and who was one of our chief informants, having accompanied both Mr. Sproat and myself on our exploratory or hunting tours, gave us this tradition of the origin of the Indians:—

The first Indian who ever lived was of short stature, and with very strong hairy arms and legs, and was named Quawteht. Where he came from was not known, but he was the father of all the Aht or west coast Indians. Before his time birds, beasts, and fishes existed in the world. Quawteht killed himself—why, the narrator could not say—but as he lay covered with vermin, a beneficent spirit, Tootah (the word for “thunder”), in the shape of a bird, came and put the vermin into a box, and Quawteht revived, and looked about, but saw no one, as the bird had flown away. By-and-by the bird returned, and Quawteht married her, and had a son, who was the forefather of all the Indians.

Quawteht lived at Toquaht, and named all the tribes, who affix *ah*t to their tribal names, in honour of their great ancestor; though really this termination of the west coast names appears to be derived from *maht*, “a house.” At one time there must have been only a few tribes—collections of people from the same district in Asia, or speaking one language. Then a few families branched off here and there, for better fishing and hunting grounds, and in course of time increased and formed separate tribes; or some village would assert independent tribal rights, and in due time become in reality a distinct race, speaking a different dialect. In Vancouver Island, for instance, there are numerous small tribes, thirty or so in number, some of which appear once to have been much greater, while others do not appear to have ever exceeded their present numbers. Among the natives of the east coast of Vancouver Island, Quawteht is called Hælse, and the same or similar stories are related of his doings. It was he who named all the tribes, and who taught men all the arts. Before his day men lived in holes in the ground, until he taught them to make an axe out of the elk’s horn, and cut down the cedar-trees and make board lodges. Formerly they could not fish, but only



WORSHIP OF THE SUN BY THE COROADOS OF SOUTH AMERICA (AMAZON RIVER).

caught salmon in immense weirs thrown across rivers, or at river-mouths. Hælse taught them to chisel out a canoe; but it was a fatal art, for then they went from home and engaged in war, and from that day to this the Indians have been on the decrease.

I could never clearly understand whether the east coast Indians believed that at one time all men were in the form of beasts, or whether they were in the form of men, but with the nature habits, and disposition of certain animals. For instance, in the tradition of the contest for the chief's daughter (hereafter related), the different tribes are represented as coming in the form of wild animals—wolves, deer, bears, &c. Again, many of the traditions of Hælse represent him as coming to people, and requesting them to do certain favours for him, and on their refusing he converts them into beasts. Thus he converted a canoe-man on a lake into a beaver, for refusing to ferry him over. A fisher on the Coquitlam River, a tributary of the Fraser, was converted into a pillar of stone for refusing him salmon, and there the rock stands to this day, the monument of an inhospitable man. A similar tale is told of some pillars standing in the Stekin River, in Alaska; they are represented to be a chief and his family, who stole berries from the smaller tribes on the river bank. A woman was converted into a raven for refusing Hælse berries, and a boy who was swallowed by a whale, and vomitted up again, was changed into a mink, because he refused him sea-eggs (*echini*). He was diving for them, but when this supernatural being came up, he was ashamed of his occupation, and said he had got them in his big canoe, so Hælse slapped his face, and threw water on him, when he was converted into the shape of that water-loving mammal. This slapping and throwing water on the person about to be metamorphosed are the constant accompaniments of all Hælse's acts of vengeance. It sounds like some of the "Grecian fables of sailors turned to swine," and occurs in a hundred different forms. Dr. Tolmie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who has lived in the country since 1836, informs me that the Flatheads (so called) of the Rocky Mountains believed before the adoption of the Catholic religion, that the sun was the Supreme Being, and that good men went there after death, while the bad remained near the earth, and troubled the living; while others supposed that the worthless ceased to exist at death. They also believed, in common with nearly every other tribe, that all animals, and at least the edible roots, were once human beings, and that the son of the sun came to earth, and compelled all these beings to swim across a lake of oil, on emerging from which they assumed their present form and peculiarities. The bear dived, and became fat; the goose did not dive, and therefore has only fat behind the neck; and so on. The sun is thus with them, as with many other Indian tribes, particularly those of the tropics, an object of worship; all of them hold it in reverence. The ancient Peruvians not only worshipped the sun, but, like their descendants, kept alive the sacred fire. It was entrusted to the care of the "virgins of the sun," and if by any accident it was allowed to go out, danger and disaster threatened the monarchy. A similar idea regarding the lodge-fires prevailed in America before the introduction of flint and steel, and matches.

The Flatheads of the Kootanie county and the Tsimpshans of Fort Simpson, tribes living very remote from each other, think that when the son of the sun came on earth he was accompanied by a dog, though the latter do not say that the metamorphosis of human beings into beasts was accomplished by this supernatural being—who is, again, nothing more than Hælse of the Cowichans, &c. It seems almost as if they thought that all the beasts were made by this process out of men. The Indians themselves can give no intelligible explanation when you

point to the contradictory character of their stories; they only shake their head, and say that "no white man can understand these things." You have to be very careful not to be unintentionally imposed upon by them, for if an Indian sees that you wish information on a certain point, if leading questions are put to him, he will answer just as you wish, without absolutely intending to "sell" you. Among the Klamath Lake Indians in Southern Oregon, I found this Hælse and Quawteaht under the name of Kōmikūnx-Kōmäseyn, with much the same stories attached to him, altered, of course, according to climate, country, and the habits of the people. He is said to have come from the south. I was pointed out Komikunx's dog, and Komikunx's house, in the shape of knolls of rock on the prairies. "After he had made peace among the tribes he went away," were the quaint words of my informant. To the east of the Rocky Mountains, this Hælse, Quawteaht, Komikunx, or by whatever name he is known to the west of that range, is well known under the various names of Michabou, Chiabo, Nanahbozhoo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha, under which latter name Longfellow has made him familiar to the readers of his quaintly beautiful, but (for an ethnologist) somewhat *too poetical* poem of that name. Schoolcraft has given an account of this mythical personage in his "Algic Researches," Vol. I., p. 134, and in his elaborate "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," Part III., p. 314, may be found the Iroquois version of the tradition. Among the Ojebways of Hudson's Bay I recognise the same myth under the name of Anina Boojò.* Hitherto students of mythology have only been acquainted with it as a tradition among the east of the Rocky Mountain tribes, but I believe that I have established it as a universal myth, originating out of that longing desire of all men, however rude, to recognise some originator and beginner of all things, and from a consciousness that the arts of peace cannot begin from within but from without. It is just possible, too, that the tales of Montezuma, among the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, may be another form of the same myth, and that it may be even traced among the ancient Peruvians to some extent, under the persons of Manco Capas and Manià Dello Huaco. We can find it in Asia among many wild and even civilised nations; in one case at least among the Assyrians in a form which has left its impress on the world's history.

They also worship other spirits or beings, though they make no images of these objects, at least as objects of worship. The carved figures which Cook saw, and called their gods, were only the wooden figures found generally around their lodges, often of a gigantic size, either as ornamental pillars to support the roof beams, or as monuments of the dead. There are spirits who preside over the woods, the salmon, &c., and you must be careful not to offend those. Yearly at Alberni there used to be a feast (called *klosh-quat-mat*) at the close of the autumn fishery, in honour of the salmon deity, when occasionally a person (a slave, I believe) was killed in the most cruel manner, and the people would dance round the body for several days, while it lay exposed on the beach. A distinguishing feature in this entertainment (which I have already described) was a pretended attack on the village by other Indians personating a band of wolves. Whether this had not something to do with the ideas regarding the transmigration of souls into other animals, or (as some of them say) in memory of a chief's

* Nevil's "Narrative of Two Voyages to Hudson's Bay, with Traditions of the North American Indians," p. 105 (1847).

sons who long ago were carried off by wolves, I cannot decide. When men die, the all but universal belief among the Indians of the north-west coast is, that they go into birds—a sort of transmigration of souls. Owls are supposed to be the chief recipients of these spirits, and Indians are very careful not to mention the name of the dead. Often when encamped out in the woods with them at night, the Indians, in great affright, would draw over to my fire, and whisper that some one must have been talking about the dead. A woman once begged of me not to shoot a fine specimen of the great owl (*Bubo virginianus*, Bon.), because it contained the soul of her grandfather! Of course, I spared the lady's feelings. However, they have also, on the west coast of Vancouver Island at least, a belief in an after country of bliss, which they describe as a happy country, situated somewhere up in the sky, though not exactly over the earth. Everything there is beautiful and abundant. There a continual calm prevails, and the canoes float lightly on the sleeping waters; frost does not bind the rivers, and the snow never spreads its white blanket over the ground. In this pleasant country of continual sunshine and warmth and gladness it is believed that the high chiefs, and those natives who have been slain in battle, find their repose, the chiefs living in a large house as the guests of Quawteaht, and the slain in battle living in another house by themselves. Like Odin, he drives away the pauper and the bondsman from the doors of Walhalla! *Myalhi* is their word for the personification of sickness, and *Clay-her* for the personification of death. His country is quite the antipodes of Quawteaht's. It is generally regarded as the country to which all common people and slaves (unless slain in battle) go after death; and there they remain, as there is no passage to the martial and aristocratic elysium of Quawteaht's land. *Clay-her* is sometimes described as an old man, with a long grey beard, and a figure of flesh without bones, and is believed to wander at night, seeking men's souls, which he steals away, and unless the doctors recover them, the losers will die. In wishing death to any one, the natives blow and say, "*Clay-her*, come quick." A corresponding belief is that when a person is sick, his soul (*kouts-mah*) leaves his body, and goes into the country of *Clay-her*, but does not enter a house. If it enters, that is a sign that it has taken up its abode below for good, and the sick man dies. *Clay-her's* country is situated deep down in the earth, but it is very like the world we live in, with inferior houses, no salmon, and very small deer.* The blankets are thin and small, and therefore when the funeral obsequies are performed the friends of the dead, infused with a kindly scepticism regarding the landing of the departed, often burn blankets, for by destroying the blankets they send them to the departed in the world below. The heaven of the Indians—the happy hunting-grounds of story-book writers—(as of other people more civilised) is framed upon the idea of something pleasanter than the world they live in, though I cannot learn that there is much of Mahomet's paradise about it. The matter-of-fact character of the Indian is much happier in having an abundance of food and a good lodge, than in any enjoyments more refined or less innocent. The common medicine-man has no power over a soul demanded by *Clay-her*; but the higher one, or sorcerer, has the power of sending his own soul in pursuit of the descended soul of the sick man. If the mission is successful, the truant soul is brought back to the sorcerer; who throws it into the sick man's head, for the soul, they believe, dwells in the heart (*libuxti*), and also in the head (*weht*, "brain.") "My informant," Mr. Sproat

* Sproat, "Scenes and Studies of Savage Life," p. 213.

writes, "asked me if I had ever seen a soul, and said he had once seen his own, when at the close of a severe illness it was brought to him by the sorcerer, on the end of a small piece of stick, and thrown into his head!"



INDIAN MEDICINE-MEN IN MASKS AND MASQUERADE DRESSES.

To repeat all the religious beliefs of even one tribe would be tedious in the extreme, without any corresponding gain, because none of these beliefs are settled, but merely the vague fancies of individuals rather more intelligent than the general run of a race, which, though perhaps not cultivated or intellectual, is yet far from unthinking on such matters. . .

I have spoken of the "medicine-man;" let me now say a few words upon this prominent character among the Indians—sorcerer, priest, or whatever name is applied to the charlatan, so familiarly known to all readers of Indian stories. Though we have been in the habit of translating the Indian name for anything very strange or supernatural in their eyes into "medicine," yet the reader must not suppose that these people have any connection with medical practice, except in so far as it relates to incantations and "sorcery." Medicine, understood as the physician's art, is chiefly in the hands of old women—withered, wrinkled old hags, bearing a strong family likeness to the witches in "Macbeth," who, of course, superadd to it many incantations and charms. Indeed, they have little knowledge of any curative agents, but what little information, supposed or real, they do possess, I have given a summary of in another place.* These medicine-men seem to hold the office of wizards or "mediums" between the supernatural world and the Indians. They are generally the idlest and the sharpest fellows in the whole tribe, and by dint of imposing on the credulity of superstitious people, manage to make a very easy living from the more industrious. All of them, probably on the same principle that an habitual liar in course of time believes in his own often-repeated falsehoods, have more or less credence in their own power—a credulity which they share with the "witches" and "wizards" of all ages and countries. Among the northern tribes there are three grades of them, and to attain to the highest (*sic*) of these ranks is vouchsafed to few. During their exhibitions of prowess, the lowest grade eat the ordinary food of the people, the next dogs, whilst the "highest" will, while in the frenzied condition they work themselves into, tear human flesh. Mr. Duncan—who has done so much for the civilisation of the Tsimpshéans, on the northern coast of British Columbia—thus describes one of these horrible scenes. An old chief had killed a female, and the body was thrown into the sea:—"I saw crowds of people running out of their houses near to where the corpse was thrown, and forming themselves into groups at a good distance away. This I learned was from fear of what was to follow. Presently two bands of furious wretches appeared, each headed by a man in a state of nudity. They gave vent to the most unearthly sounds, and the two naked men made themselves look as unearthly as possible, proceeding in a creeping kind of stoop, and stepping like two proud horses, at the same time shooting forward each arm alternately, which they held out at full length for a little time, in the most defiant manner. Besides this, the frequent jerking of their heads backward, causing their long black hair to twist about, adding much to their savage appearance. For some time they pretended to be seeking the body, and the instant they came where it lay, they commenced screaming and rushing round it like so many angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water, and laid it on the beach, where, I was told, the naked men would commence tearing it to pieces with their teeth. The two bands of men immediately surrounded them, and hid their horrid work. In a few minutes the crowd broke again into two, when each of the naked cannibals appeared with half of the body in his hands. Separating a few yards, they commenced, amid horrid yells, their still more horrid feast. The sight was too terrible to behold." There is also, I may here mention, among many of the Indian tribes, a secret fraternity, which looks suspiciously like

* *Transactions of the Edinburgh Botanical Society*, ix.; *Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions*, August and September, 1868.

freemasonry ; indeed, I have heard a white man long resident among the Indians declare that it is nothing else. " Meetings are held at different places about once a year, in a house covered round on the inside with mats. All non-members and women are excluded. As many as seventy natives from the Vancouver shore, and also from the American side, have been known to attend one of these meetings. It is not a tribal, chiefs', nor a medicine-man's affair ; these persons may or may not be members of the association, but unless they are members they are not permitted to enter the house, and seem to be quite ignorant of what is going on. A meeting sometimes lasts for five days. The members wash and paint themselves, and wear their best clean blankets, and now and then come out of the house to wash and put on clean paint. The proceedings inside the house are conducted in silence ; there is no singing nor noise during the meeting of this secret association." Of this grade there were only two when I last heard from the north-west coast. They will often go into the woods for days together, fast (or pretend to fast), lacerate themselves with knives or thorns, and then rush naked into the village, yelling and vociferating in a manner so demoniacal that once heard it can never be forgot. All run from them in apparent or real fright, as they will bite any one who comes in their way. The women secrete their children, the slaves withdraw in terror, and the dogs are hastily called aside by their anxious mistresses ; for dog, or slave—regarded as little better than dog, if encountered during this assumed frenzy—speedily falls a sacrifice. During the time the medicine-man is concealed in the woods, or elsewhere, working himself into this demoniacal state, often for a period of several days, every care is taken not to approach the suspected neighbourhood of his retreat. In the event of an intrusion, death even is the reported penalty if the unfortunate offender be a female or slave.* The wounds inflicted on those whom they meet during this frenzied rush through the village are supposed to be very honourable, and they generally manage to inflict them on those who will value them. A friend of mine, on one occasion, happened to be in an Indian village on the west coast of Vancouver Island when such a scene as this was being enacted. Doubtless thinking that he was impressing the trader with equal astonishment and fear with the rest, the medicine-man rushed at him, but my friend, being a stolid, matter-of-fact Scotchman, rather muscularly inclined, and with a supreme contempt for medicine-men, however exalted, coolly planting a well-directed blow between the sorcerer's eyes, laid him prostrate. This somewhat abated his fury, and ever after the rascal managed to avoid the prosaic trader. On account of these displays, the Indians on the north-west coast have often been accused, by superficial observers, of being cannibals, and the case is instanced of two seamen, belonging to a Hudson's Bay Company trader, who were seized, killed, and torn up at one of these feasts, near the present Nuchultaw village in Discovery Passage. The fact that ghouls are occasionally found who will exhume and devour corpses, is also adduced as a proof. This charge of cannibalism I must, however, deny *in toto*. They have an utter abomination of the thought of using human flesh as an article of food, and it is only in these demon-worship-like rites that it is ever used. It will, I think, be found that cannibalism, among whatever nation practised, is to be referred to a connection with religious superstition—a most consoling doctrine for those unfortunate enough to undergo the

* Anderson, in *New York Historical Magazine*, vii. 79. Under various forms and different names, this rite of the *Kluquolla*, as it is called on the west coast, prevails.

rite! When Mr. Waddington's men were murdered by the Chilcoaten Indians on the Buté Inlet Trail, in 1864, the hearts of several of the men were torn out, and supposed to have been devoured. This was pointed out at the time as an instance of the ferocity of these people,



THE "RAIN-MAKER," SHOOTING HIS ARROWS AT THE CLOUDS.

mutilating the dead after murdering them. On the contrary, it was a mark of high respect to the courage of the dead, for the object desired to be attained was a portion of the courage of the murdered men. The same superstition prevails very generally among savage tribes, and is even found among the Chinese—a parallelism which ought not to be lost sight of. Admitting and instructing pupils into these horrible "medicine-rites" employ numbers, and excite interest

in all of the tribe during the winter months. Women can even be instructed in them, in which case the pupils are always taken young. The medicine-man combines the trade of the conjuror also, and performs many sleight-of-hand tricks, which must have taken some time to acquire a dexterity in, as it is not easy to see the method of performing them. The interior tribes have also these medicine-feasts, and, like most Indians, wear "medicine-bags" about their necks. Nothing can be done without this, which is generally made of the skin of some mammal, bird, or



DANCE OF AN INDIAN "MEDICINE-MAN."

reptile, and stuffed with dry grass or leaves, and then sewn up and ornamented. Before a young man can become a warrior, he must go into the woods to fast and pray, and the first animal which he dreams of becomes his medicine. His medicine-bag should be made of the skin of that animal. There are among them rain-priests, who procure rain, as among the coast tribes there are fish-priests, who begin to walk about mysteriously at night, and then tell the tribe that they have dreamt that plenty of fish will be caught at such and such a place, taking care to indicate some locality where many fish are usually caught. If they are not caught, then, of course, something must have been done which has given offence to the deity which presides over the destiny of

finny tribes, and the soothsayer's reputation is unshaken! Yet, after all, the medicine-man's couch is not a bed of roses. If he is seen communing with spirits in the woods and lonely places, he must be killed, or commit suicide; and if he fails to cure any one, he is equally liable to be killed, on the plea that though he could, he is unwilling to cure the afflicted person. This Chinese-like law is not usually put into force; yet if he is unsuccessful more than once, the chances of the medicine-man's life need not be estimated at a high figure. In cases of sickness which defy the ordinary old woman doctor, or those who have escaped some great danger, or who have been very ill themselves and have recovered, and are therefore supposed to have acquired a sort of brevet-doctorate, the medicine-man is called in. One or more will dance round the patient for hours, yelling fearfully, beating drums, shaking rattles of the bills of the horned puffin, and in other ways attempting to frighten the evil spirit. I have seen them sometimes clutch the air (as if they had seen the evil spirit), and hold their hands below water, as if to drown it, or put it into the fire so as to burn it. The medicine-man will sometimes declare that he has seen the evil spirit fly away, and tell them it is like a fly with a long curved proboscis. I have also seen them suck the groin of the sick person, and then spit out mouthfuls of black blood. This method of cure is also in vogue among some of the South American tribes. A trader who submitted to this operation has assured me that he was much better after it, in a case of severe constipation. Most of the tricks of this nature consist of mere sleight of hand. I have known them to put a boy under a basket, and then, after dancing round, lift it up, when there was nothing but feathers there. The "Davenport Brothers'" rope trick, which for some time created such a sensation, has been long practised by the Indians on the north-west coast, though not commonly, or by every medicine-man. For my own part, I never witnessed it. Curiously enough, the Assiniboine Indians, on the Yellow Stone River, have also been long skilful at these "spiritual manifestations." A trustworthy informant, who was long a trader among these people, informs me that he has frequently seen their chief medicine-man allow himself to be stripped to the breech-clout, tied at every joint from toes to neck with buffalo thong, then rolled in a blanket and tied again, finally rolled in a buffalo robe, and tied the third time, until he was apparently as helpless as a log. In this condition the red-skinned "medium" was placed in a small tent, surrounded by a ring of spectators, and an Indian drum, flute, and a gourd of water laid by his side. In less than three minutes the drum and flute were heard, and at the end of five the Indian walked out untrammelled. The men who tied him were whites, who had bet heavily against the performance of the feat. Other tricks, more extraordinary, are related of them, and even believed in by some who ought to know better.* It has been well remarked that, in many of their feats, and in their influence on the minds of the people, these medicine-men correspond very closely to the inferior lamas of Tartary, and that, making exception for the more refined character of the people of the latter country, Huc and Gabet's description of the latter might be transferred to these pages. Another occupation of the medicine-man, is the allaying of ghosts and other apparitions, which, owing to the quantity of indigestible food which the Indians eat, they are very apt to be troubled with in the shape of nightmares. On a person seeing one, he will start

* For an account of the medicine-men of some of the Rocky Mountain tribes, see an article in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, 1866.

up with a scream. The whole lodge is alarmed, the fire is fanned up again, the dreamer snatches up feathers and eats them, and covers his head with them. His nearest relative searifies the dreamer's limbs with a knife, until blood comes, which is received into a dish and sprinkled on his face, to allay the ghostly walker of the night. If the vision still continues, the friends throw articles belonging to the dreamer into the fire, and cry, "More! more!" till all his property, including clothes, mats, and even his boxes, are heaped on the fire. The greatest excitement prevails, and girls are often sick and exhausted for days after such an unfortunate dream. It is very unlucky to dream about any friend, and in this case, to obviate the evil consequence, the dreamer and the dreamed about exchange names. An Indian once told me, with a very ghastly face, that he had dreamt about me; so instantly, like good savages and brothers in affliction, we exchanged names. A man may thus have in a few years many names, but the relinquished name is never mentioned. Sometimes, if a higher rank in the tribe is acquired along with the name, the event is celebrated with feasting and present-giving. As an Indian is continually troubled with fears of the malevolence of the unseen world, the sorcerer waxes fat upon his employment and fees. In a sentence, they are, in general, an idle, cunning set of rascals, who, though they sometimes thoroughly believe in their own incantations, are yet only charlatans who work on the fears of their dupes. I have, however, always found it prudent to keep friends with them, and never attempt to interfere with their pseudo-medical practices. If an Indian applies to you for medical treatment, it is never (unless, indeed, in a surgical case) until he has lost confidence in his own medicine-men. If he recovers, you never get the credit of it—it is the medicine-man who does; but if the patient dies (as he generally does, being most frequently on the eve of dissolution before he applies to you), then the outcry is that you killed him, and your life is not safe. I could repeat many cases in illustration. For instance, on one of my earliest trips in the country I accompanied a fur-trader, who was, as is usual with non-professional people entrusted with some medicines, very fond of doctoring everybody who would submit to him. Among others, he tried his hand on the dying chief of a tribe which we visited. He gave him nothing more serious than a dose of Epsom salts, but it was quite enough. On our return we were met a long way out of the village by an Indian, who was related to the trader's wife, who warned us not to go near their village, as the chief was dead, and we had got the blame of killing him—at least, so the medicine-men said, and that was enough. Having a serious regard for the continuity of head and trunk, we wrought round in an opposite direction, and avoided the unfortunate village, which the trader did not venture into for a long time. His mishap, however, cured him of the propensity to play the apothecary—in an Indian village, at least. (An almost identical incident also befell myself on one occasion.*) This, at least, was my experience, and I acted on it, and got along very well among the Indian tribes. I might probably have attributed my ill-success in Indian doctoring to my want of skill, had it not been that this was the experience of nearly every one whom I consulted, who had travelled among those tribes who are yet in something like their primitive condition. The sorcerer is sometimes employed in even less reputable pursuits. If one person takes a spite against another, he will seek the sorcerer's aid to secretly destroy his enemy, by charms and spells, closely corresponding to those in use in Europe in the

* *Illustrated Travels*, 1871.

dark ages, or even still—if all tales are true—among some ignorant wretches. I was told by Governor Sir James Douglas of a case in which a medicine-man among the Takalis, in British Columbia, wished to compass the destruction of a family, by burying certain animals in a box, each animal having a name attached to it corresponding to that of the person intended to be destroyed; it was supposed that as the animals gradually died, the persons whose representatives they were would also pine away and die. The mediæval custom of putting waxen images before the fire with a similar intent will readily recur to the mind. Philip le Bel accused his minister, Marigny, of employing magicians to attempt the king's life, by moulding waxen images of him and running them through with pins. In the eleventh century, the Jews were accused of having murdered a bishop in this way; they made a waxen image of him, had it baptised, and then burnt it. In the time of Catherine de Medicis the idea was very prevalent that a person could be tortured by sticking pins into a waxen image of him. I have known of a similar superstition being acted upon near Moffatt, in Scotland. Again, only lately I heard of a very similar instance in Inverness-shire. A *corp crè*, or *criadh*, was discovered in a stream in that county; the body was of clay, into which were stuck the nails of human beings, birds' claws, bones, pins, &c. It was partly covered by, and tied in, a black cotton apron, and had an old beaver hat on its head. For the information of those not learned in Highland superstition, it may be mentioned that a *corp crè* means an effigy or representation in clay of a person who has made himself so obnoxious to another as to render it desirable that he should not live. When the *corp* is made, it is placed in a river or stream, and as the waters gradually wear away the clay till nothing is left, so, it is supposed, wastes the life of the person whose death is desired. Numerous similar customs might be cited as existing at the present day among various barbarous or savage peoples. I may only mention that, for instance, it has lately come to my knowledge that on the Assam frontier a superstition prevails almost identical with that described. Thus we see that in all ages the rude, uncultivated mind is the same, whether among savages or civilised races.

Curiously enough, the Takali superstition had its exact counterpart in England not long ago. It was the custom from very early times to name the lions in the Tower of London after the reigning monarchs, and it was supposed that the sovereign's fate was in a manner bound up with that of the royal beast. Thus Lord Chesterfield, as quoted by Earl Stanhope, in his "History of England," remarks, in reference to a serious illness from which George II., just two years previous to his death, recovered, that "it was generally thought that His Majesty would have died, for a very good reason—for the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the king's age, died a fortnight ago." The idea is also humorously alluded to by Addison, in the *Freeholder*, where he represents the Jacobite squire as anxiously inquiring whether none of the lions had fallen sick when (in 1715) Perth was taken by the Royalists, and the Pretender fled!

The Indians also attribute illness to the malevolence of evil-disposed persons—a superstition which has its counterpart in every country. The person who may have bewitched the ill-fated may be a slave, a stranger who has arrived in the camp, or (more likely) a person with whom the sick or dead man may have quarrelled. In such a case, the death of the person is often the only way the bereaved relatives can be consoled. When an Indian quarrels with another, he will say, "You will die soon." As likely as not the threatened person, frightened at the threat,

will fall sick or die, in which case the dead man's relatives may take the first opportunity of shooting his "bewitcher."

I have already spoken about the birds of ill-omen, and the superstitions connected with "Minerva's bird." Owing to the connection of birds with the dead, nearly all of them are viewed with superstition, and it is said that before the Indians got so familiar with the whites, as they are just now in some places, they did not use them as articles of food. A curious notion prevails among many of the coast Indians, that the grouse are converted into seagulls in the winter—originating, I suppose, from the former birds being less seen during the winter season, and *vice versa*. "The raven that croaked on Duncan's battlements" is not more a bird of ill-omen than the bird (perhaps of a different species) which sits "cawing" on the salmon-drying frames of an Indian coast village. The old Norsemen called it the "gallows-swau," and nearly every nation has superstitions connected with it. Country folks in England consider it quite a weather-prophet.* Among the Clingats—a general name for all the northern tribes—the crow is credited with the peopling of the world, and was once white, but became black through the perfidy of an inhospitable individual named Kanook, who confined it in a smoky hut. After the world was destroyed by a flood, the few survivors re-peopled it by throwing stones behind them, after the manner of Deucalion and Pyrrha, in the Roman mythology. How much of this is aboriginal and how much imported is hardly worth inquiring.†

Old Indians will often inform you by the croaking of the raven whether there is a likelihood of rain or no. Old men will be pointed out to you, who are high in honour, because they have warded off ruin and disaster to the tribe by listening to the raven's talk. There is an old, dismantled village on Village Point, Hornby's Island, which was once the scene of such a prophecy. All was going on about the village as usual, when an old seer predicted, from the croaking of the raven, that on a certain day the Nuchultaws would come south and attack their village. Now the Comoues (to whom the village belonged) had been at peace with the Nuchultaws for several months, and accordingly everybody laughed at the foreteller of evil tidings. (Night, I may mention, is the usual time of attack, but on this occasion the disaster was to happen during daylight.) Nevertheless, every morning he repeated his warning, cautioning them to draw their canoes within the pickets, then usually surrounding most villages, at least on their seaward aspect, and get prepared. Still they jeered him, but his warnings were so persistently repeated—"he had heard the raven say it"—that at the eleventh hour they commenced preparations, and went south and asked the help of their friends, the Nanaimos, who sent a chosen band of warriors to be stationed in the woods in ambush, so as to surprise the enemy in the rear. Morning came, and the day was wearing away, and yet there were no signs of the enemy. The old man still repeated his prophecy, but instead of being listened to, he was about

* In the Highlands of Scotland, the raven's feathers under the head of a dying person were supposed to prolong the patient's life. This is, probably, of a similar character with the superstition connected with feathers used in many Indian ceremonies, and at death. The Highlanders have also an adage referring to the raven superstition—"Nao gude comes o' shootin' black crows." And

"Is it not ominous in all countries

When crows and ravens croak upon trees?"—*Hudibras*, Part II., canto iii.

† The reader who is interested in the matter, will find the whole story in Mr. Macfie's book on British Columbia, p. 452.

to run the chance of being rather badly used, as a false alarmist, when those on the look-out reported several war-canocs in sight, which increased in number till quite a fleet was on the horizon. Closely they paddled together, until they were in sight of the village, when, becoming alarmed at the absence of the canocs drawn up on the beach, and seeing no women gathering shell-fish, or children playing about as usual, they halted for a council, the result of which was that, suspecting mischief, they sailed again northward.

It was subsequently discovered that this attack had long been determined on, and, but for the old man's warning, it might have resulted disastrously to the Comoucs. It may, however, be shrewdly suspected that the old seer had received some private information of the intended attack, for among Indian, as among other soothsayers, one of their maxims is, "Never prophesy unless you know."* Figures of owls, it may be remarked, are frequently seen carved on the pillars of lodges, or painted on the boards. The ruins of the village in question, when visited by me in August, 1864, had many such representations. All which calls to mind Philip von Martius's remark, regarding a scene of mummery and superstition similar to some recorded in the preceding pages, that all this is only a remnant of that once higher and grander worship of Nature found among these now degenerate and degraded races, and that through this pagan darkness we see glimmering a light which tells us

"There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands, and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness."

"Tell me the songs of a nation, and I will tell you their history," is an old truism. It is equally true regarding a savage race, that their traditions are their songs, their history, their metaphysics. Without a written history, historical events soon get into the region of myths, and therefore we find few events which can be distinctly classed as history. Many of their traditions are myths of observation—such as the natural features which may have struck a people as peculiar, and accordingly they have set their imagination to work to devise an explanation. Another set of traditions have a deeper origin, and may be classed as world-wide, and as pointing to the Asiatic origin of the Indians. All of them are very imaginative, and may serve to "point a moral" while "adorning a tale" in an Indian wigwam. A few of them are local, but the greater number are found widely scattered, under different versions, among the Indian tribes, but in few cases is the disguise so deep as to conceal the original outline of the tale. These traditions and myths are so numerous that even was my knowledge sufficient, the space at my disposal would only admit of a few of the more characteristic being given in this place. Nowadays, as the young people affect to despise these idle tales, and only a few of the old people know them, they are dropping fast into oblivion, as the more ignorant class of the whites, who have opportunities of collecting them, look upon them as so many foolish Indian stories, without being aware that they form some of the treasures of that unwrought mine of Indian mythology which, followed out in the same spirit of investigation

* Restrained by this superstition about crows, like the Highlanders, they hesitate to kill these birds, though troublesome to them, but set a child to watch and drive them away from the fish-drying frames.

as that adopted by the Brothers Grimm in studying the European folk-lore, is capable of yielding so much to the stores of science. It is not always possible to obtain these tales, for an Indian, even if he is not too lazy or too ignorant to be capable of imparting this information, is so afraid of being laughed at that it is with the utmost difficulty he can be induced to tell the traditions of his people. I have often heard part of a story, and have had to wait weeks before hearing the end of it, if even then so fortunate. To add to our difficulties, few of the Indians have the same version of the same tradition. Our Indian hunter, Toma, was noted for his skill in this style of narrative, and among the many scattered through my notes, I give the following as specimens of these unedited and unwritten tales:—

The Indian story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk."—Once on a time long ago (this was in the days no more remembered, when the heavens were nearer earth, and the gods were more familiar—it never happens nowadays), two Tsongeisth girls were gathering gamass,* at Stummas (near Elk Lake, Vancouver Island), and after the manner of the gamass-gatherers they camped on the ground during the season. One night they lay awake, looking up at the bright stars overhead, thinking of their lovers, and such things as girls, Indians or English, will talk about. The Indians suppose the stars to be little people, and the region they live in to be much the same as this world down below. As one of the girls looked up at the little people twinkling overhead, one said to the other, looking at Aldebaran, the red eye of the Bull, "That's the little man to my liking; how I would like him for my lover!" "No," said the other, "I don't think I should; he's too glaring and angry-looking for me. I am afraid he would whip me. I would better like that pale, gentle-looking star, not far from him." And so the gamass-gatherers of Stummas talked until they fell asleep. But as they slumbered under the tall pines, Aldebaran and Sirius took pity on their lovers and came down to earth, and when the girls awoke in the morning it was in Starland, with their lovers by their sides, in the country up in the sky. For a while all went well and happily, until, after the manner of their race, they wearied to see their friends at Quonsung ("The Gorge," in the Victoria Arm) and Checuth (Equismault), and their gentle husbands grew sad at their melancholy wives. One day one of the sisters came upon the other busily engaged in Starland, and she said, "What are you doing, sister?" "I am twisting a rope," she said; "a rope of cedar bark, by which to get back again to Quonsung. Come, sister, our husbands are asleep, help me." So the sisters fell to work, and while their husbands slept they wrought, until they had twisted a rope long enough, in their opinion, to drop themselves down to earth again. This they concealed in the woods, and then commenced to dig a hole in the vault of heaven with a pointed stake. For many days they dug, until they heard a hollow sound, and then they knew that they were nearly through; and next day they finished their work (at a fitting time), and saw the clouds beneath, but the earth was a long way down. All this time their husbands were out hunting, or asleep in the lodge. They then fastened a stick transversely over the hole, and to this they attached the rope, and commenced to slide down. For long they slid, but yet did not come to the earth, and they began to fear for the results, for the rope was nearly ended, but Satitz (the east wind) took pity on them, and blew them to the earth, and they knew not what had happened, but on recovering their senses they found themselves near the valley of the Colquitz—not far from

* The bulbs of the *Gamassia esculentea*, Lindl.

their own home—with the rope lying beside them. So they coiled it up, and Hæse made it into a hill as a monument, to remind mortals not to weary for what is not their lot. And after this the girls went back to Quonsong, and became great medicine-women,* but remained single, all for love of the “little people” above. The stars, however, are gentle little folks, and were not at all angry with their wandering brides, and used often to visit them on earth again, when Seam Seakum (my lord the sun) has ended his travels over the great plain of the earth, for See Seam, my informant, told me, “don’t you often see at night the stars coming to earth?” and



ENTERING BRITISH COLUMBIA (AFTER MILTON AND CHEADLE).

as he referred to the “falling stars,” I bethought me that the philosophers of “King George’s Land,” while giving no more sensible explanation of that phenomenon, had given one which appealed not half so well to the imagination. If I were to draw a moral from this little Indian story, I should say that it teaches us not to wish for things that are out of our reach. There is, however, a far deeper interest attached to it, and for this reason I have styled it the Indian story of “Jack and the Bean Stalk,” for I believe it to be the American analogue of that tale (widely altered, no doubt), which I need not tell mythologists is not, as is vulgarly supposed, a mere childish tale, but a strange myth found among nearly all nations, savage and civilised.

* The reader will remember that women, to a certain extent, can be initiated in the medicine-rite mysteries.



MAH-TO-TOH-PA, A MANDAN CHIEF, COMPLETELY EQUIPPED, SHOWING EAGLE-FEATHERS IN THE HAIR.

Among the Indians this story goes up to the Rocky Mountains at least, and, perhaps, further, in one guise or another, but little altered. "Knochan Hill," the scene of the Tsongeisth adventure, which they describe as the rope coiled up, is an eminence at the head of the "Victoria Arm," and means, in the Tsongeisth language, "coiled up." It is, probably, this peculiarity that has suggested placing there the locale of the final catastrophe of the damsels.

Much of the Indian mythology is occupied with strange stories of what young hunters saw who "went out seeking their medicine." A hunter will wander for a long time, fasting and weary, until he dreams of something which is to be his guardian angel through life. No doubt these men dream strange dreams, and the overstrained nervous system helps to conjure up hobgoblins, suited to the wild scenery around. When the hunter wakes up at night the silent moon looks down upon him, and the stars are watching him with their twinkling eyes. Every wind that sighs through the forest bears the whispers of unseen spirits, and afar off he hears the spirits of the waterfalls. On the mountain-side he is alarmed by the blazing forest, ignited by sparks from his fire, or by two trees rubbing together. Besides, to an Indian, all the world out of sight of his village is an unknown land, full of wonders and wonder-workers, and the Indian traveller is not a little addicted to foster the belief that "cows afar off have long horns." This fasting is called in Chinook "making *tomanawas*," and the young man ambitious of this distinction must pass night after night away from his father's lodge, in some lonely place, without food, and with strict attention to chastity and personal cleanliness, until he dreams of something which is to become his *tomanawas*. This *tomanawas* is believed to descend from father to son. It is of much the same nature as "seeking his medicine." What follows sounds like a Scandinavian tale, the "Wehre Wolves," or some Arcadian story of the wolf-hunters.

The Wolf-hunter seeking his Medicine.—Stuekeia (the wolves) were once a tribe of Indians, who were turned into their present form by Hæse for their evil deeds. One day a hunter of Quantlin* went into the mountains to seek his medicine. He travelled all that day and all the next day, still he dreamt not of his medicine; but he resolved to find it, be a great hunter, or die. One night he saw the light of a great fire on the side of a mountain, and drew near. Round it were the wolves sitting in a circle, talking of the day's hunt. They had taken off their skins, and were drying them on stieks. Our hunter sprang within the light of the fire, and instantly the wolves jumped into their skins again, and howled round him, but the hunter moved not, and lay down and slept uninjured. That night he dreamt of his medicine, and next day he began to travel with the wolves, now his guardians, and did so for a long time, until his friends grieved for him and thought him dead. But one day a hunter saw him in the mountains travelling along the hill-side with the wolves. Sometimes he travelled on two legs—more often on all-fours. His face was bearded like that of a wolf, and he looked savage and fierce. So the young man went back to his village and told the story. "Ah," said the people, "that is his medicine; but we must bring him back again." So they took strong nets made of elk-sinew, and went out to find him. At last they sighted him, and finally caught him in this net, and brought him to Quantlin; but he could not speak, only howled like a wolf, and had lost all human attributes. He had found his medicine with a vengeance! He was not

* Fort Langely, British Columbia.

long in escaping again, and nobody went in search of him. Occasionally still he has been seen in the mountains travelling with the wolves. The last time he was sighted was about Fort Yale. *Moral*—"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

The Indian Cyclops.—There was a widow who had three sons. One day the eldest said to her, "Mother, I must go and seek my medicine; make me a cloak of bird-skins." The mother tried to dissuade him, but in vain. So he went away and wandered through the woods until he came to a lonely lake surrounded by swampy marshes. The cry of the crane sounded lonely on this lake, and as he was wondering how he should cross it, the crane came up in her canoe and ferried him over. Now, on the other side of the lake lived a one-eyed giant, Netsachen, or Coquochem, whose servant the crane was. The crane invited him in to see his master, and as he passed the door, which opened with a spring, it shut after him so fast that, though he would willingly have retreated when he saw the giant, he could not. So the giant killed him, and took out his heart, and laid it on a bench beside his body. The widow grieved very much at her son not returning, until the second brother said, "Mother, I will go and seek my brother." So he went and travelled until he reached the same lake, when the crane ferried him over; and when he went in to see the giant he met the same fate; his heart was taken out and laid beside his body. Now the widow was very sorry at their not returning, but still she could not oppose the wish of the last son when he wished to go after his two brothers. The same incident happened to him. He was ferried over the lake, and his heart taken out by the giant and laid beside his body on the bench where already his two brothers were. Long and sadly cried the childless widow at the non-return of her sons, and as she cried her tears fell on the ground. Now an Indian is superstitious about tears or mucus gathering on the ground, so she took a little moss and wiped up the tears.* Her eyes were very dim with weeping, so that she could scarcely see, but as she looked down at the moss she was astonished at seeing a little child lying where the moss was. So she took it up and laid it on her couch. Next day he had grown up a big boy, and next day was a full-sized man. "Ah," said the people, "he is a great medicine-man." Still the poor widow cried bitterly for her lost sons, and one day when she was crying much, the "medicine-child" said, "Do not cry, mother! I will bring back your sons." "Oh no, you won't," the poor mother sobbed. But as the youth insisted, she made him a cloak of woodpecker-skins which he shot for the purpose; and, armed with a sword made of elk-horn, he started off, and travelled until he came to the lonely lake where the crane presented itself as ferryman. "Do you know where my brothers are?" he asked. "Yes, they are over seeing my master." So he crossed the lake and came to Coquochem's house. The crane, as before—for an Indian story always repeats itself—invited him in to see his master; but the medicine-youth refused, and said, "No, your master must come out to see me;" and as the giant came out, being a very big man, he stooped, and as his neck bent the youth cut off his head with the elk-horn sword; after which the crane, much frightened, screamed and fled away. The youth now entered the house, and found the three brothers lying on a bench with their hearts beside them. So he took up their hearts and put them again in the bodies and breathed on them; when they

* Probably owing to the same reason that the New Zealander wipes up his saliva—viz., that no one can get hold of it to bewitch him with it.

all lived again, and were very happy, and came home in the crane's canoe over the lake. Of course, their mother was very glad to see them, and the medicine-youth was a great man. The brothers were also very grateful, and paddled him about in their canoe wherever he cared to go. This went on for a while, until they began to forget their deliverer, and the youth grew sad at this neglect. One day he lay in the lodge tired with hunting, with his blanket covering his head, and the sons were all sitting waiting for their meal of venison. The mother called them when it was ready, but she forgot her medicine-son, as the people called the strangely-come youth. At this he must have been sad, for afterwards recollecting him, she shook him, but the blanket fell in, and on taking it up she found nobody there, only the tuft of moss with the tears from whence he had sprung. Now they were all very sorry, for they were no



IRIQUOIS INDIANS FISHING FROM BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

longer any better than other people; but he could not be recalled: the medicine-youth had disappeared as strangely as he came.

It may not be unworthy of note that this continual use of a cloak of bird-skins, and of feathers, occurs much in Indian mythology. At feasts the chiefs scatter feathers over themselves, and at death the dying person is strewed with them. While negotiations are going on in the west coast, the negotiators will cover all their backs with feathers, as if powdered, and when going among a strange tribe, an Indian will often put white feathers in his cap. (In this, perhaps, the Indian shows the "white feather" in more senses than one.) All over the continent, chiefs and other great men wear eagles' feathers in their hair and caps. Remarkably enough, the same idea is found in Scandinavian mythology—apparently the same thought striking semi-barbarous people in the same way. This feather cloak of the Northern ballads is the *freder hamm*. In the original Edda, Thor borrows it from the goddess Freya. In many of the Danish ballads it is referred to. Hence we find the following allusion to it in the

ballad of "Thor of Asgard" (Grundtvig's "Danmarks Gamle Folkvisor," i. 63), as given in Dr. Prior's spirited version (vol. i., p. 6):—

"He spake, and Loki, the serving-man,
His feathers upon him drew,
And launching over the salty sea,
Away to the Northland flew" (verse 3).

Again, in verse 9:—

"He spake, and Loki, the serving-man,
His feathers upon him drew,
And back again o'er the salty sea
To Thor with his answer flew."



A RIVER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Skelechun, the Lightning-eyed.—Skelechun was a poor man's son, who died when he was very little, and he was brought up by his grandmother. He was, moreover, a very little boy, with whom no one would play. His head was full of vermin and scabs, and though his grandmother eried much for him, and often took him down to the water and scrubbed him with sand, yet it was of little avail. In course of time he grew up, and said to his grandmother, "Grandmother, I think I will go away and seek my medicine." So she made him a cloak of bird-skins for a blanket, and he went away and travelled in the mountains. Many days and many nights he travelled, but yet never dreamt of his medicine. One night he lay on the top of a high hill, and

there was a fearful storm of thunder and lightning: it was then that he got his medicine. The lightning-birds took out his eyes, and put in the lightning-serpent's instead, and every time he opened his eyes he burnt up everything before him. Ah! it was a great medicine! So he came home to his village again, and when the boys jeered at him, and said, "Oh! ho! have you got you medicine?" he just opened his eyes and burnt them up. When he went into his grandmother's lodge she was glad to see him again, and said, "Open your eyes; let me see your pretty eyes;" but he did not dare, though opening them a little away from her, she saw enough to frighten her, so that she never asked him again. No longer was there want in Skelechun's lodge. His grandmother became a great lady, and this slave's son more than a chief. If any one disobeyed him, he had only to open his eyes, and the lightning burnt them up. Chiefs became his slaves, and chiefs' daughters his wives. If they refused, he had only to open his fatal eyes, and there was an end of them. When he went about, seven chiefs paddled him and his grandmother, another carried his platter, and another his paddle or his blanket. Everybody was afraid of him; everybody was his slave. He built a house on the top of Salt Spring Island—a mighty lodge it was, and there daily trains of slaves (once chiefs) toiled up, carrying bear and beaver, salmon and porpoise, and gamass and clams—everything good—to this Skelechun the Lightning-eyed. There, with his grandmother, he sat in state, sleeping and eating like any lazy chief, with nothing to do. If a slave offended him, he had only to open one eye, and before he could wink it again a slave lay dead! Who could resist such a power? But Squemet, a Taitka, and his cousin, Clem-clem-alut, said one day, "It is not right that this slave's son should have all the chiefs' daughters; let us try and kill him." So they made swords of elk-horn, and concealed them in their blankets, when as usual they toiled up the hill with bear and beaver, elk and porpoise loads. His slaves were all standing in a row, chiefs and chiefs' sons. Now Skelechun was afraid to lift up his eyes in case he should destroy them all, so he always looked down, and called Squemet to stir up the fire, but while Squemet was pretending to do so he struck heavily on Skelechun's bended neck, and Clem-clem-alut helping him, before he could turn his lightning-eyes they killed him. So every chief took his wife and his daughter, and they were (as fairy-stories end) happy for the rest of their days.

Some of these stories are love-songs and tradition mixed,—how the course of true love never runs smooth, but all goes well in the end. Such a tale was the

Contest for the Chief's Daughter.—There was once a great chief who had a very handsome daughter, and all the young warriors, hunters, and fishers came courting her; but her father said, "I will only give my child to him who will split the tines of an elk-horn asunder with his hands." So the news went forth, and the competitors began to assemble until the lodge was full. The bears sat growling in one corner and the wolves in another. The racoons and the deer all came, but all tried in vain, and went back disheartened. And after all had tried Kewuk (the salmon) came, and the lodge resounded with jeers and laughter at the bare idea of his attempting it after the flower of Indian athletes had failed. But Kewuk was the sweetheart of the girl, and had prayed to Hæse to put power into his arms; and Hæse, in pity, answered the love-sick pair, and the tines split asunder, and the bride was Kewuk's. Now all the rivals were bitter with envy, and went off to their lodges inflamed with malice and rage against all the salmon tribe. But the young wolf was worst of all, and determined to effect by foul means what he could not accomplish by fair. Watching his opportunity,

while the young husband was absent for a few minutes, he seized the bride and fled with her. As he dragged her along through the bush, she tore off pieces from her blanket and tied them to the shrubs, and so marked her way till she arrived, disconsolate, at the wolf's lodge.* The salmon was sad, and pursued him, and escaped with his bride again; but he was no match for the young wolf and his father, and as he saw them gaining on him, he jumped into the river at hand, and Hælse turned him into the form of salmon,† and so he escaped the crafty Stuckeia.

This tradition has a smack of the old Roman mythology about it, and more learned mythologists than the present writer may decide how far its origin connects it with Asiatic myths. The Kootanie tradition about the origin of the Americans has a broad vein of humour in it, and shows their hatred of that nation—a hatred shared by all the Indian race, and more especially by those on the British frontier. Once on a time, the Indians say, they and the Pesioix (French Canadian voyageurs) lived together in such happiness that the Great Spirit above envied the happy condition of the Indian. So he came to the earth, and as he was riding on the prairies on the other side of the Rocky Mountains he killed a buffalo, and out of the buffalo crawled a lank, lean figure, called a "Boston man" (American), and from that day to this their troubles commenced, and there has never been peace for the Indian, and never will be, until they again go where their fathers are—they who lived so happily with the Pesioix and the fur-traders of King George.

Not a few of these myths have been invented to account for natural phenomena. Such is the story of the origin of the mosquitoes, and their mysterious appearance in the spring. Round the mouth of Fraser River in British Columbia are extensive swamps, or marshy flats, where the mosquitoes revel in superabundance. So terrible is this pest that, though the land is clear, and for the most part good and suitable for agriculture, yet it was until lately almost uninhabitable during the summer and autumn months. The whole of the lower parts of Fraser River are much troubled with these poisonous insects, and especially wherever there are swamps or lowlands. Cattle are equally tortured by them. When the Boundary Commission horses were placed on the Somass Prairie, the mosquitoes filled their ears, until the horses, almost mad, jumped into the river, and many of them were drowned. Clouds of them rise off the swamps and hover over the river. The tough skins of the Indians are even penetrated by them, and it is almost impossible to persuade a native to accompany you in exploring these places unless for enormous pay. Hence we may well account for Indian imagination giving such an origin for the mosquitoes as is evidenced in the story of

Slal-acum-cul-cul-aith (the evil women of the Fraser River flats).—Once on a time—a long time ago—two bad (*slal-acum*) women lived on Fraser River. They are still remembered as Cul-cul-aith. They lived on young children, and travelled about from village to village, picking up their victims and pitching them into a basket woven of water-snakes, which they carried on their backs. They both came to an evil end, as might be expected, for an Indian hobgoblin story is as poetically just in its retribution as are such all the world over. One day one of the women went to the Lummi village, not far from Point Roberts, bent on her infamous

* A similar method of marking the path occurs in German nursery-stories (vide Grimms' Mythology).

† Among other tribes the salmon was the *wife* of the raven, who, after being exasperated with losing at gambling, caught her by the gills, and beat her so sorely that she jumped into the river, and has remained there ever since.

trade. The men were all off fishing, and the women gathering clams on the shore at low tide, seeking gamass or berries, or sleeping in the lodges, while the children were disporting themselves on the beach. Cul-eul-aith came along, and snatching up the children one after another, pitched them into her snake-basket, and before their cries could alarm the sleeping village on that sleepy summer afternoon, she had escaped into the woods with them, and lay concealed in its dark recesses until nightfall, when she lit a fire. The children, with the elasticity of youth, had now recovered from their fright, and were intent on watching her operations. After heating some stones, she dug a hole and put them into it. The children now thought that they had detected her designs, and that the stones were to broil them after the Indian fashion, by pouring water on the stones, and while the steam arose covering them with mats. "Shut your eyes, my little children," said the old hag, "and dance around me." They obeyed, but the younger ones were always peeping at odd times, until she put something on their eyes so that they could not open them. The elder ones were more cautious, and only occasionally peeped to see what she was about, and watching their opportunity, which at last occurred. Whilst she was stooping over the fire to arrange it, the children rushed behind her and pushed her into the hole she had dug for them, and there held her until she was burnt to ashes. But her evil spirit lived after her, for out of her ashes, blown about by the wind, sprang the pest of mosquitoes, which even now troubles mankind.

The other witch died after this fashion. One day two young fishers were spearing salmon in Mud Bay, when they heard some one shouting to them on the shore. "Who can it be?" they cogitated, but as they paddled near they said, "Ah! it must be the Slal-aeum Slane" (the bad woman), and they were afraid. "Our canoe is very leaky," they said. "Oh, never mind that, my sons; I do not care." But they still hesitated. "It is very small, and you will capsized it." "Oh no," she said, "I will lie very quiet. Do take me, I want to go back to my house and my little children." So the boys were forced to comply, and shoved the canoe ashore, and cut branches to keep her from the wet, until they were nearly level with the gunwale. They then told her to lay down carefully on the top. She did so, and when they got into deep water, by a rapid motion they capsized her out, and notwithstanding all her efforts, she was drowned. The Indian thinks that she yet lives at the bottom of the sea, and devours drowned men. This story, in one form or another, is found among all the northern tribes, as far as Queen Charlotte Islands, or further. A Hydah chief, in crossing from these islands to the mainland in a large canoe, with some of his people, was in danger of being lost in a storm. One of the Indians told me that, handing him a pistol, the chief requested to be shot when the canoe was going to be capsized. He did not wish to be eaten by the bad woman at the bottom. The names of these women are the "Goody Two Shoes" of the Indian nursery, and mothers will quiet their children to sleep by telling them, "I will bring Cul-eul-aith to you," as Longfellow has represented old Nookoomis hushing the little Hiawatha to sleep by repeating an Indian legend of a similar character—

"Hush! the naked bear will get you!"

Other myths are more palpably "myths of observation," such as the one I have already related in reference to the star-lovers and Knoekan Hill. For instance, the Indians about Victoria say that Cedar Hill was once the highest eminence in that district, but that quarrelling with Point Roberts, on the mainland, they commenced throwing stones at each other until Cedar Hill got



LA GRANDE COULEE (THE OLD BED), OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

lowered. Few of the stones came more than half way, which accounts for the numerous islands in the Haro Archipelago between British Columbia and Vancouver Island. On the Columbia River, just where the river bursts through the Cascades Mountains, there are certain broken rapids, well known as "The Cascades of the Columbia." These were formed by some of the volcanic convulsions of the region. Most of the peaks of the Cascades are still either active or bear evidence of being extinct or at least dormant volcanoes. The Indians have a tradition concerning Mounts Hood and Adams, the two nearest to the Cascades. They were once husband and wife, but they quarrelled, as (I am told) married people sometimes do, and commenced throwing stones at each other, and Mount Hood, who was the wife, determined, after the manner of womankind, to have the last word, and continued long after her husband had stopped. She still occasionally vents out her fury. This is, no doubt, a tradition of former severe eruptions of the mountain, when stones and ashes were thrown out.* They further say that once at the Cascades the rocks formed a bridge across, but that during one of these convulsions the bridge broke down and formed an islet in the middle of the Cascades, as at the present day.

I have little doubt of the probability of those traditions being tolerably correct history. They have, however, another story which goes off into the region of myths. Once on a time, they say, instead of cascades being here, there was a high fall which prevented the salmon from ascending to the Upper Columbia. Now, in a dream, a vision appeared to a great medicine-man, that some day the banks of the Upper Columbia would be peopled by numerous tribes of Indians, and that the ascent of the salmon would be necessary to their existence. He, therefore, conceived the philanthropic project of converting these falls into cascades, but to effect this he had to go cautiously about his task. The falls were guarded by two medicine-women, who lived in a lodge by themselves, and who were nearly as powerful as himself.† So he travelled up to the place, and while the women were off gathering berries in the woods, he converted himself into a little child. When the women came home, they found him crying in the corner, and womanly instinct being strong even in witches, they took good care of him. Every morning they went off gathering berries, and as soon as they were out of sight he restored himself to his original form, and commenced "prizing" away with a stake at the falls, and before they came home was again a little child crying in the corner. This went on for some days, until one evening, intent upon his labours, he forgot about the women coming home, and was discovered. The witches gave a loud cry, and made for him, but just then the falls gave way; the magician sprang into the river, and was soon beyond the vengeance of the enraged witches. Since that date the falls have ever since remained cascades, and many generations have blessed the wisdom of the medicine-man—name unknown. I heard the story in the summer of 1865, as I sat looking at the cascades—scene of many a tale of bygone adventure and fur-trader's exploit. A little block-house yet stands there, where several settlers were beleaguered by the Indians in the war of 1853, until they were relieved by a dashing lieutenant of dragoons, who afterwards rose to fame as General Phil. Sheridan.

The wild, romantic tale of how the Alberni Canal came to be explored to the top by two hunters, and how they found a fine lodge, with two bad women living in it, is also another of a

* Hines and R. Brown, in *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xi.

† This incident of two medicine-women living in a lodge by themselves occurs in several Indian traditions.

similar character. The story relates how the canal closed behind them as they paddled up; a very natural appearance, for, as you round the bends and points of this long narrow inlet of the sea, it seems to the eye as if the canal was closely behind you. Crossing the wild, silent lakes of Vancouver Island,* you often hear the strange cry of the loon, and it is then that the Indian will tell you the story of the two halibut fishers, one of whom stole the other's fish, and cut out his tongue, on the principle that silent men tell no tales, and how the tongueless man was converted by Quawteaht, or Hælse, as the case might be, into this bird. As his lonely cry is heard, the Indians will tell that this is the mangled fisher trying to tell of his wrongs. Every hill has a tale attached to it; every silent lake frequented by the Indian is the subject of a tradition, and the number of these stories is very great. On the Snoqualami Prairie, in Washington Territory, is a large rock, and the story connected with it is, that once on a time this rock was suspended from heaven, but the Great Spirit, offended at the improper conduct of some minor deity and his innamorata, cut the rope, when it dropped down on the prairie. Their gods are of like passions with themselves. This conversion of human beings into animals, already noticed, shows a striking similarity to Greek and Roman mythology, a great portion of which, again, came from Hindostan.

I do not think that the North-west American Indians have any decided theory on the subject of the creation of the world. The world was always as it is now—a big, flat plain, and if they have any further notions about it, I have not yet been able to clearly ascertain them. Most Indian tribes have some tradition or another about a great flood which once covered their country, but in most cases these are merely “myths of observation.” They see shells, rolled stones, and bones of whales, or other marine animals, high on mountains, and they then set their wits to discover how they could possibly have come there. Knowing nothing of the gradual elevation of coasts, the most natural theory is that once there was a great flood, and in due course the minor incidents get worked in, until what was originally only an invention of some ingenious aboriginal philosophers, becomes part and parcel of their traditions. Again, we must be exceedingly cautious in receiving as native any of the pseudo-Biblical tales, as I have found that in very many instances they can be traced to the teachings of missionaries, or other civilised men—either directly or indirectly—proximately or remotely. The tribe among whom a particular tradition is extant may be pagans, to whom no teacher of religion has come, but these people are so fond of mythological lore, that a curious story of the great flood, and such like, will permeate from tribe to tribe in a hundred conceivable ways, such as through intermarriages, slaves, native traders, or intervisits at their great feasts or *pottatches*. It will get twisted into the most aboriginal form imaginable, and it is only by some trifle, such as a name, that you can detect its origin. An eminent ethnologist once told me that, after great trouble, he had, at least as he thought, got hold of a tradition of the flood among the North-west American Indians, but he could only get it bit by bit out of the old man who was the repository of this and other such-like lore. It cost my friend many blankets and other presents, and the labour of hours to write it down from the aboriginal language. At last he came to

* For a description of the interior of Vancouver Island so far as known, I know of no publication to which I can refer the reader except a memoir by the present writer, entitled “Das Innere der Vancouver Insel,” published in German, with original map, in Petermann's “Geographische Mittheilungen,” 1869.

the finale. "Now what was the man's name who got away with his wife in the big canoe?" The old Indian could not recollect, and went in search of another who knew the name. The two came back in pride, and related to my breathlessly eager friend, "His name was *Noah!*"



INDIAN PAINTING ON THE LODGE SKINS.

It was, of course, a Bible story, told them by the priests, and not understanding the value of myths, the old Indian innocently thought that it must be just as novel to the ethnologist as to himself. He was, however, undeceived in a violent manner, as he was speedily landed on the other side of the door, and will to the end of his life doubtless remember my friend on the

rather forcible "ex *pede* Hereulem" kind of evidence which was so vigorously impressed on his retreating person.

The natives in Barclay Sound have a tradition of a great flood which is certainly aboriginal, but whether this refers to a flood, or only, apparently, to a great spring-tide, or earthquake tidal wave, it is difficult to say. Though the tale has already appeared in print, yet, as I heard it long ago, I think it is worthy of being given here in the words of my note-book:—

Generations back the Sshahts were unacquainted with the head of the Alberni Canal. They had two villages in the Sound, and used to migrate from one to the other. At that time a most curious phenomenon of Nature occurred. The tide ebbed away down the canal and left it dry, and the sea itself retreated a long distance. This continued for four days, and the Sshahts made light of the occurrence. There was, however, one Wish-pe-op, who had with him his two brothers, who did not do so. After mature consideration of the circumstances, he thought it probable that the ebb would be succeeded by a flood of unusual height. Accordingly, he and his brothers spent three days in collecting cedar-bark for a rope, which when made was so large as to fill four boxes. There was a rock near the Sshaht village, from the base of which sprang a group of bushes. Wish-pe-op fastened one end of the rope here, and the other to his canoe. In the canoe were placed all his property, his wife, his brothers, and their wives and children, and thus prepared they waited the result. After four days the tide began to flow, and crept slowly up to about half between the point of its furthest ebb and the Sshaht houses. At this point its pace was considerably quickened, and it marched up with fearful speed. The Sshahts then rushed to their canoes; some begged to be attached to Wish-pe-op's rope, but to this he would not consent, in case his rope should be broken, and others would have given him some of the women to take care of, but he would not receive them. They were soon all caught in the rising tide, and while Wish-pe-op rode safely at anchor, the Sshahts were unable to resist its force, and drifted to distant parts. Finally, the water covered the whole face of the country, except Quossâkt, a high mountain near the Toquahts' village, and Mount Arrowsmith (Cush-cuh-ehuhl). The Toquahts got into a large canoe (Eher Klutsooh), and paddled to the summit of Quossâkt, where they landed. At the end of four days the flood began to abate; Wish-pe-op then began to haul in his rope, and as the waters descended to the usual level, found himself afloat near the site of the former Sshaht village. He then built himself a small house with two compartments, one he occupied himself, the other was tenanted by his brothers. One day a Klah-oh-quaht canoe, manned by three Indians, approached the shore where the house was built. One of them had with him a quantity of the medicine which they use to make them successful in the capture of the whale (*che-loop*.) They brought their canoe close to the land, and when asked what they wanted, they said, "We have come to see Wish-pe-op's house." After some consideration, they were invited to land, and, as the Indian manner is when friendship is intended, assisted to pull up their canoe and offered sleeping accommodation (*chimoinh*.) The Klah-oh-quahts, to show their good-will, made a present of their whale medicine to Wish-pe-op. After this Wish-pe-op proposed to make himself chief of the small household. This was finally agreed to, and the Klah-oh-quahts took each a Toquaht wife (for that tribe had returned from Quossâkt), and this is the origin of the present tribe of Sshahts. The person who thus rose to dignity was the great-grandfather of Hy-yu-penüel, chief of Sshaht, and the present good understanding between the Klah-oh-quahts and the Sshahts is owing to this circumstance.

From this it appears that this flood was of marine origin, very local, and of recent occurrence. There are many other such stories among the Carriere and other Indians in British Columbia, corresponding more or less to the Biblical version, but I think they must all be looked upon with grave suspicion, and we must put under the same ban the numerous South American flood-stories related by Humboldt and other travellers.

The Indians on the east coast of Vancouver Island have also a tradition of a boy who was swallowed up by a whale, and while in its stomach commenced to cut his way out, which so irritated the animal that it cast him on land again, and hence originates a long series of adventures before he gets home. In some versions of the story his sister helped him, &c. However, so far from regarding this as a perverted Bible tale, I am inclined to consider it a remnant of the universal Asiatic tradition of that nature, and of which Jonah and the whale is only one version.*

Among a people without a written language, or any mode of perpetuating the records of their history except by oral tradition, all events, but especially those of a remarkable or apparently supernatural character, are very apt to get into the region of myths in a short time. For instance, all students of North-west American history must remember the blowing up of the *Tonquin* by Mackay, the interpreter, after its capture by the Indians, and the immense destruction of the Indians thereby. This event happened only in 1812, and is indeed so recent that Mr. Mackay's grandson yet lives in Oregon, and is an acquaintance of my own, yet already this is looked upon as a great manifestation of the power of Quawteah. On the other hand, they still talk of the loves and mishaps of Jewett, armourer, of the *Boston*, whose narrative of his captivity in Nootka Sound is yet much read among seamen; and old Seattle, a chief of Puget Sound, used to relate with great gusto how the Indians used to come round Vancouver's ship, to see his boatswain give three dozen to the men of a morning—a reminiscence quite in keeping with the martinet character of the great explorer. Lewis and Clarke are also well remembered in Nootka Sound; the Indians yet pronounce quite distinctly the names of Cook, Meares, and Vancouver. The "sign language" so common among the "plain Indians" is to a great extent here unknown; though by certain rude figures in trees and rocks, &c., they can inform other Indians, or whites who learn the meaning of these marks, that the ford is dangerous, or that some other Indians passed here at such and such a date. A few Indians near Cape Flattery were said to have been able to express certain ideas in writing, this knowledge being probably learned from some Japanese who were wrecked among them, and afterwards rescued by the Hudson's Bay Company. I have seen specimens of this writing, but I cannot say that it looked particularly like any language except Chinese. Some Chinese, to whom I had an opportunity of showing it, denied its identity with their language, and I have had no chance of questioning Japanese. They have various signs among them expressive of contempt, admiration, &c. Thus, to spit on the palm of the hand, and then extend it with fingers outstretched towards a person, is a mark of great contempt; to put the thumb between the fore and middle fingers is also a sign of insult, &c.

* The reader acquainted with Assyrian history need not be told that Dagon, whose temple Samson overthrew, was the fish-god, and that his priests officiated in a dress made of the skin of a fish, which fell behind in the form of a cloak, while the head formed a mitre above the man's head. This is said to be the origin of the mitre at present worn by bishops and archbishops of the Christian churches. Oannes, the fish-man, who came from the sea to preach a gospel of righteousness, is also an Assyrian tradition.

The north-west Indians have very little idea of the natures of the heavenly bodies or of the causes of natural operations. The winds, they think, come out of large boulders or rocks, which were once old people converted into stones. The south wind is an old woman who lives in the south, and when they wish a breeze of that kind they throw water to the south and commence abusing her. Between Cowichan and Victoria are some large rocks, which are supposed to be these Æolus-like hags. On one occasion, in a dead calm on a warm day, I was passing that locality with some Indians. They went to the rocks, slapped them, and threw water on them, abusing them in the most obscene and insolent manner; shortly afterwards the afternoon breeze came up, and of course they thoroughly believed that it was owing to their imprecations on the old hags who had charge of the winds. Rain is caused, they think, by smoke, and this is perhaps the most reasonable of all their myths of observation. However, when Hælse converted the boatman on the lake into a beaver, for his incivility, he also gave it the power of causing rain, so that its dams might be filled. Thunder is the flapping of the wings of the thunder-bird and the lightning is a serpent which darts out of its mouth.

This bird, among the western Indians of Vancouver Island, is called Tootooch, hence *tootah* (the lightning). He is the survivor of four great birds, which once dwelt in the land of the Howchucklesahts, in the Alberni Canal, three of which were killed by Quawteah. These birds fed upon whales. Quawteah, one day, desiring to destroy them, entered into a whale and gradually approached the shore, spouting to attract attention. The bird soon swooped down upon him, when he dived to the bottom and drowned it. This manœuvre was twice repeated, and two more were destroyed. The fourth flew off into inaccessible regions, where it yet lives, causing thunder and lightning. It is not, however, so far off, because one of their stories tells about a man who found its nest. Captain Mayne informs us that after a storm they always search on the coast for dead whales, and seem to connect them in some way with thunder.

These western Indians think that the Prometheus who gave them fire was the cuttle-fish (Telhoop). After the earth was made, fire only burned in its dwelling, but in those days Telhoop could live both on sea and land. "All the beasts of the forest went in search of the necessary element (for in those days the beasts required fire, having Indians in their bodies), which was finally discovered, and stolen from the house of Telhoop by the deer (Mouch), who carried it away, as the natives curiously describe it; both by words and signs, in the knee-joint of his hind-leg." Why the cuttle-fish of all animals was fixed upon as the owner of fire, in this curious myth, is not at all apparent, and would admit of some very curious speculation.*

The stars are little people, and, like the Arabians, the Indians point out constellations and give them the names of animate and inanimate objects. For instance, the "milky way" is a collection of fishes; the Pleiades are three men in a canoe; and so on. The sun is a great chief, driving a fiery sledge, and the old people, when they wake up in the morning and see it rising, will often be heard to say, "There goes my lord the sun; he's a great traveller." The moon

* As we shall see by-and-by, some people—like the Dokos, Andaman Islanders—have no fire, and devour their food raw. The prevalence of fire-worship shows that fire could not have been originally considered an attribute of humanity, but as something *supernatural*. In the Ladrone Islands, the Spaniards found the natives unacquainted with fire, and when Magellan set fire to the huts of the Marian Islanders, they looked upon the flame as a living creature which fed upon wood. Finally, most nations—Egyptians, Phœnicians, Persians, Chinese, Greeks, &c.—have traditions about the introduction and gradual spread of the knowledge of fire.

is also a human being, and is worshipped. The Cowichan tribes think that the moon has a frog in it—a superstition equivalent to ours of the “man in the moon.”* Among the *Aht*, or Western Vancouver Indians, the moon (as among the Teutons) is the husband, and the sun (not as among the eastern coast Indians) is the wife. The moon is among all the heavenly bodies the highest object of veneration. When working at the settlement at Alberni in gangs by moonlight, individuals have been observed to look up to the moon, blow a breath, and utter quickly the word, *Teech! teech!* (health, or life.) “Life! life!” this is the great prayer of these people’s heart—even such a miserable life as theirs seems to the civilised observer. *Teech! teech!* is their almost constant and common prayer. This belief in the influence of the moon is widespread; witness the common European superstitious practice of turning



NATIVES OF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

money in the pocket when first the new moon is seen, the idea of the fatal influence of the moon, or of plants grown under its rays, &c. It is related in the MSS. of John Aubrey, an English scholar who figured in the latter half of the seventeenth century, as quoted in Chambers’s “Book of Days,” that “in Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a curtsy to the new moon; and our Englishwomen in this country have a touch of this, some of them sitting astride on a gate or a stile the first evening the new moon appears, saying, ‘A fine moon, God bless her!’ The like I observed in Herefordshire.” In Orkney the increase, full growth, and wane of the moon are emblems of a rising, flourishing,

* Again, among other tribes, the raven married a daughter of the sun. Their son by this marriage, in attempting to drive his grandsire’s fiery chariot, set fire to some mountains, one of which is Mount Baker, in the Cascade Range, occasionally an active volcano. This is said to prevail among the Fraser River, Cowichans, and other tribes speaking that language, but it is rather curious, if uncorrupt, how they thought of a carriage or chariot, such being unknown amongst them: perhaps it is of recent invention.

and declining fortune. No business of importance is begun during the moon's wane. If an animal is killed at that time, its flesh is supposed to be unwholesome. No couple would think of marrying at that period. Old people in some parts of Argyllshire were wont to invoke the Divine blessing after the monthly change of the moon. The Gaelic word for "fortune" is borrowed from that which denotes the full moon, and a birth or marriage occurring at that period is believed to augur prosperity.*

Earthquakes are caused by the tramp of an imaginary host. During the earthquake



CROSSING A RIVER IN THE FAR WEST.

which occurred in Vancouver Island on the 25th of August, 1865, some friends of mine were in Nootka Sound. While the shocks lasted, the Indians set up a fearful, unearthly yell, which they continued until the whole party had turned out. They entreated the whites to fire their fowling-pieces to frighten away the spirit of evil, who, according to their notion, comes upon the earth (at this particular time), with all the Indians who have ever died, to slay the living for the evil they have committed.

They have, again, many superstitions about sneezing and cutting nails. When they cut their nails they throw them on the coals, and if the smoke goes straight up, then they will be

* Rogers, "Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Life," p. 194.

lucky, but if not, the evil will come from the side from which the smoke is blown. If a person has been guilty of conjugal infidelity, some of the horse tribes, such as the Klamaths, suppose that his horse will be in a perspiration after a very little exertion.

A good number of their superstitions relate to animals, and more particularly to the fishes which form such a large proportion of the food of the coast Indians, who live on river-banks, such as the Fraser, the Columbia, Naas, Stekin, &c.

At Bentinck Arm for many years the Indians would not sell fresh salmon to the whites, thinking that this would be unlucky. Furthermore, they would not allow their women to eat them unless they were partially dried. At Fort Langely they will not let the whites take the first salmon in the spring out of the canoe, but they must carry them out in a stated way themselves. At Sooke they are careful not to allow the first-caught salmon bones to be eaten by dogs or cats, and accordingly they carry these carefully down to the beach so as to be washed out by the tide. The early adventurers on the Columbia River were much annoyed to find that the Chinooks would not sell them salmon for about ten days after they had entered the river, unless they would agree not to cut them crosswise, nor boil, but roast them; nor would they allow them to be sold without the heart being first taken out; nor would they permit them to be kept over-night: they had to be all consumed the first day they were taken out of the water.* The capture of the oulachan, or Pacific smelt (*Osmerus pacificus*, Rich.), plays an important part in Indian life among the northern coast tribes of British Columbia and Alaska, its capture and the expression of the oil being surrounded with numerous superstitions. For instance, the expression of the half-boiled mass which remains after the best oil has been skimmed off by being "tried" out, by throwing red-hot stones into a bucket of fresh water, must be done with the naked breast. None of the dirt must be washed off, or even removed from the vicinity of the lodges, however offensive it becomes, until the fishery is over. These and other features of Indian life may be found recorded in another place.†

The heron (*Ardea herodias*, L.) is called *sbuckah* by the Nisqually Indians in Puget Sound, who have likewise applied to it the name of *tsah-pah*, or "our grandfather," probably owing to the grave dignity with which the creature struts about on the shores of its favourite feeding-grounds."‡ These Indians suppose that the heron was formerly an Indian who, having quarrelled with his wife, now the Ho-hwhy, or horned grebe (*Podiceps cornutus*, L.), they were both transformed into their present condition. The wife seems to have been a shocking bad character, and to have been abundantly punished for her manifold sins by the Nisqually Jupiter—here known as Dokweebottle—though in all his attributes the representative of the Hæse or Quawteaht of the Vancouver Island Indians.

The Night heron (*Nyctiardea Gardeni*, Gm.) is another bird of superstition. Indians are much frightened when they hear it, supposing that it can transform human beings into inferior animals; in regard to which power they have many traditions. The "medicine-wolf" (*Vulpes virginianus*, Baird) is supposed to be a harbinger of ill-luck and misfortune. The *sewellel*, or *show'tl*, of the Nisqually Indians (*Aptodontia leporina*, Rich.) is honoured by them by having attached to it the reputation of being the first animal created with life. The musk-

* Ross, "Adventures on the Columbia River," p. 97. † *Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions*, June, 1868.

‡ Suckley, "Nat. Hist., Washington Territory," Zoology, p. 228.

rat is supposed to have some influence upon labour, for the women on the Cowlitz use it as a kind of smelling-salt during the agonies of parturition.

The western grebe is called by the Nisquallies, *swah-teese*, and is said by them to have been an Indian—the elder brother of *Podiceps cornutus*, whom we have had occasion to notice as a very disreputable female, and the wife of the great blue heron. The wolf figures much in all Indian fable, especially among the tribes at the Columbia River, under the names of Talipus, or Italipus, and the evil spirit is generally believed to present himself under that guise. As among nearly every nation in the world, the word dog—useful though the animal may be—is a term of contempt.

Some animals are looked upon in a peculiar light, and the skins (as was once the custom in Europe) can only be worn by men of a certain standing. Thus the tail or skin of the skunk (*Mephitis occidentalis*), a very common animal, can only be worn by distinguished warriors as a badge of distinction. Some tribes have a fashion of fastening the tails of foxes to the mocassins of men who have slain their enemies in war, as shown in our woodcut, representing two Indians fighting (p. 144). It is copied from a rude Indian painting, on the buffalo hides of which a wigwam was made. In Plate II. the Indian dancer has foxes' tails attached to his mocassins. The claws of the grizzly bear, in like manner, are worn on the dress of distinguished hunters.

More singular still are the stories of great monsters, and even in these superstitions and exaggerations the naturalist is able to see much that is deeply interesting to him. When, in August, 1863, I ascended the lonely Snohomish and Snoqualami Rivers, in Washington Territory, my Indian canoe-men related to me many stories about a huge animal which, ages ago, ravaged that country, destroying the Indian villages, until they had to erect (as some African and other tribes do at the present day) scaffolds to sleep on, or even houses on platforms in shallow lakes, like the old lake-dwellers in Switzerland and other parts of Europe. It is very curious that an almost identical tradition prevails near Stewart Lake and Peace River, in British Columbia, and the Snoqualami in Washington Territory—regions widely separated, and inhabited by different races, speaking most dissimilar languages. It is curious enough that in both regions bones of the mastodon are found in abundance; and though possibly the tradition may have originated in a desire to account for the presence of these remains, yet I think it is more than probable that both these traditions are only the fragmentary remembrance, handed down from generation to generation, of a time when this animal was contemporary with man, as recent discoveries have left little doubt that it was. Indeed, as far back as 1840 Albert Koch found near Bourbon River, in Gasconade County, Missouri, bones of the mastodon associated with Indian remains, and expressed his belief that a human race existed contemporary with his *Missourium* (as the genus was called), and that the fact of these relics not having hitherto been found was owing to the remains being generally investigated by people not aware of the importance of a minute examination of the locality. This idea is supported by the fact of an Indian stone axe and knife, with charcoal, half-burnt pieces of wood, and implements of the chase, being mingled with the mastodon's bones. Added to this, about 150 pieces of rock, evidently brought from the river and thrown at the animal, were found in the immediate vicinity. Some of the animal's teeth had been broken by the blows, and had escaped the fire. These were evidently the remains of a hunter's feast,

the animal having been roasted where it was killed.* As an amusing trait of credulity, I may mention that a white man—a hunter—of Port Angelos, in Washington Territory, always declares that when hunting in the Olympian Range, he saw an animal which could be no other than the mastodon, yet living in these almost inaccessible fastnesses!

The Indians are unwilling to approach Shawnigan Lake in the southern section of Vancouver Island, declaring that it is haunted by some great animal.

Again, some of the Crees, who inhabit, or used to inhabit, the country in the vicinity of the Athabasca River, have a curious tradition concerning certain animals which they state formerly frequented the mountains. They allege that these animals were of frightful magnitude,



“DIGGERS” IN A CANOE MADE OF SEVERAL TREES PARTIALLY HOLLOWED OUT AND FASTENED TOGETHER.

being from 200 to 300 feet in length, and high in proportion; that they formerly lived in the plains, a great distance to the eastward, from which they were gradually driven by the Indians to the Rocky Mountains: that they destroyed all smaller animals, and if their agility had been equal to their size, would have exterminated the natives also, &c. One man used to live there who asserted that his grandfather told him he saw one of these animals in a mountain pass, when he was hunting, and that on hearing its roar, which he compared to loud thunder, the sight almost left his eyes, and his heart became as small as an infant's. This may, perhaps, also refer to a tradition of the mastodon. It must, however, strike every one how similar are the Indian stories of ogres, giants, and dragon-like monsters to the corresponding myths of Europe.

* See Koch, in *Transactions of the Academy of Sciences of St. Louis*, i. 160 (1860); *American Journal of Science*, xxxvi. 198 (1839); and R. Brown (in a letter to Professor Rupert Jones) in Lartet and Christy's "*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*," Part VI. (1868).

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

IN the foregoing pages I have regarded the tribes of North-west America as a whole, though these tribes speak numerous languages, distinct one from another, and vary widely in habits and character. To enumerate all the tribal distinctions would be a tedious and, in most respects, an unprofitable task, even could it be done with any degree of accuracy. Between California and the southern limits of the Eskimo, in the trackless region bordering the Arctic



DIGGERS ON LAND.

Ocean, the tribes nominally at least distinct, and living under chiefs more or less independent, must be numbered by hundreds, and speaking probably more than forty different languages or very distinct dialects. The broad characteristics and salient habits of these tribes we have touched upon in general in the preceding chapters; it is therefore unnecessary to describe them more in detail. Moreover, it is very dubious how far many of these tribes are independent, where are their haunts, and whether every little village has not been classed as a separate tribe. They are, doubtless, all of one origin—viz., from some of the more northerly portions of Asia, and though long isolation one from another has somewhat altered their habits, it is scarcely more accurate to term these little septs different *tribes*, and far less (as has been done) separate *nations*, than it would be to divide the people of England into the separate tribes of York-shirites, Devonians, Middlesexians, Londoners, Manchesters, &c. &c. It is, however, doubtful

if the miserable tribes inhabiting the Californian valleys, or extending into Nevada and the south-eastern desert of Oregon, are of the same origin as the more northerly tribes. There seems some reason to believe that they originally came from some of the Polynesian Islands—canoe-men drifted off in a storm at some remote period. In habits they differ considerably from the northern tribes, and in social condition are the most miserable of all the American aborigines. Never of a high character, they have sunk into the most abject degradation since the civilisation of the country. They were known to the French Canadian voyageurs and trappers of the great fur companies as the *gens du pitié* (the pitiable race). Abused and persecuted by the more powerful tribes to the north of them, “civilised off the face of the earth” by the Americans, they are fast decreasing, and in a few years the persecuted “Digger Indian” will have disappeared from the American continent. The name “Digger,” by which they are now universally known, was first applied to them by General Fremont, the Rocky Mountain explorer, from the fact that they gained a precarious subsistence in winter by digging for roots and grubs through the snow, or searching the rocks for lizards, &c. They live in small communities here and there, treacherous and cowardly, divided into a number of little rival septs, but all so mutually jealous of each other as to be almost powerless to commit any greater evil than stealing a few cattle, or murdering a lonely traveller whom they may overpower in some lonely mountain pass or valley in the Sierras.

When the country was first settled by the crowd of gold diggers in 1849, beyond the few thousands who had collected round the Spanish missions in Lower California, and were in a state of the most abject subjection to and dependence on the priests, there must have roamed over the wide region more than 100,000 Indians, living in a state of freedom and of nature, as perfect as the elk, antelope, or sage rabbit, which furnished their then by no means precarious livelihood. A head-dress of feathers with a scanty coat of paint on his face was the full dress of a brave, while a fringe of bark or grass suspended from her waist furnished a complete wardrobe for his squaw. To this day the men go quite naked during the summer, if living at a distance from the whites. The men have no beard, this being plucked out by the squaw with a couple of shells as soon as it appears. They all wear ornaments in their ears—or at least did. The children had theirs bored at an early age, larger and larger pieces of stick being inserted until the aperture was capable of taking in one of the larger bones of a pelican’s wing—five or six inches long—carved in rude style, and decorated at the end with crimson feathers, which is worn permanently. The back hair of the men is fastened up in a net, and made fast by a pin of wood pushed through both hair and net, the large end being ornamented with crimson feathers, obtained from the head of the “carpentero” woodpecker,* and sometimes, also, with the tail feathers of an eagle. The women, before the advent of the whites, wore no hair-nets or ornaments. Before being corrupted by the rude gold-diggers and lumber-men, they were not a bad kind of people on the whole. The men were treacherous, but (unless ill-treated) harmless enough, and the girls frank and even confiding—perhaps quite as much as young grizzly bears. But then the men always *were* ill-treated, and the children could scarcely be expected to be very confiding to a white, when from their infancy a white man was the bugbear used to frighten them into submission to the maternal will. A Californian boy could no more tell you

* The *Melanerpes formicivorus* of naturalists.

when he first learned to swim, than he could say when he remembered to have first walked. The boy has a bow and arrow put into his hand as soon as he can use them; while girls learn to weave blankets and make bread of acorns. They are much more familiar with the points of the compass than their more northern neighbours. If a ball or an arrow is lost, instead of searching about in all directions for it, the one who saw it fall will say, "To the east; a little north; now three steps N.E.," and so on. Even in the darkest night an Indian will fetch water from a spring, by following the directions of a companion who had been there previously—"Three hundred steps east and twenty steps north." They are, accordingly, excellent trackers of game, and say that it is impossible to mistake a white man's foot, even if bare, for it is deformed by the pressure of boots or shoes; while the Indian's foot, never trammelled by any such foot-gear, is so formed that he can use his toes to hold arrows whilst he is making them. They roam about from place to place, as the attractions of game or other food may incline, and hence are generally well acquainted with a wide range of country.

If caught by a storm while out hunting, an Indian will dig a hole in the ground, and with a small fire shelter himself until the storm is over. In building his ordinary fires, he takes the utmost precaution in choosing the situation, in selecting the wood, and the way of arranging the logs. He laughs in contempt of the white man, who builds a fire so large that he cannot get near it. His hut is differently built in different localities. In the Sacramento Valley, an upright post, six feet long, is fixed in the middle of a hole three or four feet deep, and ten feet across. Poles are then laid from the edge of the hole to rest on this upright post, and the whole covered with grass and dirt. In other places, large pieces of bark are laid upon a framework of poles, and covered with rushes and sedges (the *tulé* of the Californian). In the San Joaquin Valley, a framework of poles covered with rushes is a common mode of architecture. The ordinary winter hut is a rude affair like this, half of it being below the ground, the roof dome-shaped, with a hole to allow the surplus smoke to escape. Like all Indian abodes, it is never clear of this pungent smoke, which, however, does not seem to inconvenience the inmates much. Inside, on a raised platform of poles and reeds, are skins and blankets woven from geese-feathers, on which the master and his family repose, while at the side—generally on the south side—is a low door. When they go out, a branch is left in the door to show that nobody is at home. Most of the wilder Indians have no permanent place of residence, but each tribe has a territory which it considers its own, and a cluster of huts, known to the whites as *rancheria*. These huts are built on the banks of streams, in the vicinity of oak-trees, bushes, and patches of the wild clover which the Indian is fond of eating. More provident than most aborigines, the Digger stores away some food for the winter, in rude granaries, made of poles, in the vicinity of his house. In the autumn the whole tribe—men, women, and children—are working together, gathering acorns for their winter stores. The women are the drudges, and the lord of creation laughs at the whites for allowing their wives to remain at home idle while their husbands are at work out of doors, "just like squaws." The squaws must collect the roots and prepare them, carry the portable property when her lord moves his establishment; and in return for all this is beaten on the slightest provocation, and is never once consulted about public or private affairs. In fact, she is a chattel bought from her parents, and is treated as such. Mark the contrast between the woman of the East and the West. In the West she is a slave; in the East she leads a life of luxury. Like all Indians, they think and say with great

shrewdness, "What is the use of making a slave of one's self all one's life, just to make a son or daughter idle on the proceeds of one's labour?" Accordingly, the Digger only works when he cannot help it. Custom is with him law, and a perfectly satisfactory excuse to him for not doing anything is, that "it has never been done before." The tribes are very small, and are governed by hereditary chiefs, who, however, have little power. These tribes are without wealth,



MOHAVE INDIAN, FROM THE COLORADO RIVER, IN TIMES OF PLENTY.

or other laws than custom. Public vengeance for offences so grave as to deserve death is satisfied by a number of the leading men agreeing to kill the offender. This is then accomplished by their waylaying him and shooting him with arrows. Their law is blood for blood. Slavery is found amongst them, but not of an hereditary kind. Prisoners in war, if men, are generally killed; but women and children are frequently retained as slaves.

At one time the Indians in California must have been very numerous, for everywhere along the banks of lakes and rivers may be seen the traces of old villages, not inhabited even in the memory of tradition. Here and there will be found a few scattered families speaking a different

language to any of the petty tribes around them, showing that they are the remnants of dying-off tribes. Like all their race, the Diggers are fond of home, and if away for a short time from the locality where they have been born or brought up, soon weary to return. The mounds on the site of old villages are mere "kitchen-middens," formed of the refuse of the food, &c., of the



COLORADO RIVER INDIAN.

people who once lived there, and are entirely different from the great mounds in the Valley of the Ohio, and elsewhere. What their religious belief is it is difficult to say, and, no doubt, it is a good deal mixed up with ideas learned in a vague manner from the old Spanish priests or modern missionaries. A good spirit is invoked to give them food; and evil ones must be propitiated. "The oldest chief prays at certain seasons, morning and evening, outside of the council-lodge, and sings in a monotone a few sentences only. This is not in words taken from

their language, but is supposed to be intelligible to the Great Spirit.* When any ordinary request for success in hunting or fishing is preferred, it is made in their own language. Although an Indian prays constantly for success, he takes admirable precautions and displays wonderful skill and craft to secure it. He will stalk the antelope on the open prairie by covering his head and shoulders with an antelope's head and neck, and going on all-fours until he gets within bow-shot.

To illustrate the ease with which an Indian can provide himself with food, an eye-witness relates what he once witnessed on the banks of the Feather River. The Indian sat down and lit a fire. Turning over a sod, and searching under the logs and stones, he found some grubs. Pulling up some light dry reeds of the last year's growth, he plucked a few hairs from his own head and tied the grubs to the bottom of the reeds, surrounding the bait with a circle of loops. These reeds were now stuck lightly in the mud and shallow water near the edge of the river, and he squatted and watched the top of his reeds. Not a sound now broke the quiet of the place. The Indian was as motionless as the trees that shaded him. Presently, one of the reeds trembled at the top, and the Indian quietly placed his thumb and finger on the reed, and with a light toss a fish was thrown on the grass. The reed was put back; another reed shook, and two fish were thrown out; then still another, and the fellow was soon cooking his dinner.†

Spearing salmon by moonlight on the rivers is as exciting a scene as a similar sport in the quiet bays of the North. The poor savage has an abiding belief that the Creator will send salmon in the stream and grasshoppers on the plain for his food, and year after year he leads his precarious life, buoyed up by the confidence his simple faith inspires. Certain portions of the north-west and central regions of North America swarm with several species of grasshoppers—veritable locusts—which cover the country and eat up every green thing. The farmer looks upon them with dread, and many and ingenious are the inventions to keep them out of his fields. The Indians all through the region between the Rocky and Cascade Mountains, and throughout Nevada, Utah, and California, regard them as one of the most unqualified blessings from the Great Spirit—illustrating the old and homely proverb about one man's meat being another man's poison. They are eaten either fresh or preserved for winter use, just as the Arabs do locusts, and with equal gusto. The grasshopper season is almost equal in importance to the acorn one. To procure the former luxury, a hole is dug deep enough to prevent the insects jumping out. The Indians, old and young, then form a circle, each person being armed with a piece of bush. They then commence beating the grasshoppers towards the hole, in which, when once driven, they are prisoners. Altogether, hunting this small game is an

* When first the Spanish friars came among them it is confidently affirmed that they had no religion and no form of government, and that no words to express "God" or "soul" were to be found in their language. Though they did not deny the possibility of the whites rising from the dead, yet, as they burned the bodies of their departed friends, they considered that this was an utter impossibility as regarded them. They had no idea—nor does it seem they ever attempted to have one—respecting the creation of the earth and heavenly bodies. On this subject they entertained the philosophical beliefs of the Abipones, a South American tribe, who told M. Dobritzhofer that their fathers were wont to contemplate the earth alone, solicitous only to see whether the plain afforded grass and water for their horses. "They never troubled themselves about what went on in the heavens, and who was the creator and governor of the stars."—See Baegert, "Nachrichten von der Am. Halbinsel," trans. in *Smithsonian Reports*, 1863-4.

† Cheever, in "American Naturalist," iv. 137.

active and moderately-exciting exercise. Sometimes the grass and weeds around are set on fire, so that the grasshoppers are disabled and afterwards picked up.

Only one kind of game is hunted at a time, and each kind when it can be hunted most advantageously. Accordingly, when an eminent artist—Albert Bierstadt—introduces into his painting of the Yosemite Valley an Indian camp with all kind of game lying around, he only evinces his disregard or ignorance of natural history and aboriginal habits. Their bows are made of Lawson's cypress (*Cupressus Lawsoniana*) or of yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), and strengthened in the middle with sinew. The string is composed of sinew also; and the arrows of reeds, pointed with obsidian. They use a tool for making the arrow-heads, with its working edge shaped like the side of a glazier's diamond. The arrow-head is held in the left hand, while the nick on the side of the hole is used as a nipper to chip off small fragments. An Indian has usually a pouch of treasures, consisting of unfinished arrow-heads, or unworked stones, to be slowly wrought out when industriously inclined. The feathers are so placed on the arrow as to give it a spiral motion in its flight, proving that the idea of imparting a rotatory motion to a missile is older than the rifling of our guns. Arrow-poison they prepare by causing an irritated but confined rattlesnake to repeatedly bite a liver of some animal until it is saturated with poison, into which they dip their arrow-points. The arrows are always dangerous, whether poisoned or not, as the heat of the body loosens the sinew fastenings, and allows the ragged flint-head to remain in the body. Few of the Indians have ever acquired or learned to use fire-arms. Wild fowl and other wild animals they catch with nets, in pitfalls, and by various other ingenious methods. The women are very skilful in making baskets and all kinds of vessels of the root of a species of *cyperus*, a marsh sedge, which are so tightly woven as to be perfectly water-tight. They even boil food in these baskets, as the northern Indians do in boxes, by dropping red-hot stones into the water, continually keeping up the heat by taking out the cooled ones and dropping in hot ones. In this manner water will be boiled much quicker than in the ordinary way of putting the pot on the fire. These stones are lifted by two sticks, which the women will handle as adroitly as the Chinese do chopsticks, or we tongs. Acorns are pounded up between two stones, and then baked into bread, the bitterness of the acorn-meal being partially removed by "leaching"—that is, allowing water to slowly percolate through the meal. The dough is then wrapped in leaves, and these balls covered with hot stones. The result is a rather unsightly mass, but if proper care is taken to free every bite from sand, bits of leaf, stone, and dirt generally, the quality is not so very bad. Fremont's men ate it readily enough, and so has the writer when hard pressed by hunger in the mountains. Fish and meat are sometimes cooked in the same way. An intelligent writer on these people (Mr. Cheever) remarks, truly enough, that a "salmon rolled in grape-leaves and surrounded with hot stones, the whole covered with dry earth or ashes overnight, and taken out hot for breakfast, does not need a hunter's appetite for its appreciation." The parched seed of the yellow water-lily (*Nuphar advena*) is also a favourite food of these people, when it can be procured.

About the Klamath lakes, in Southern Oregon, we used to be interested in the busy scenes at the *wokas* gathering. Rude "dug-outs," consisting either of several trees lashed together (p. 152), or merely of the trunk of a pine-tree, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, with one side roughly hollowed out, and very different from the elegant canoes of the northern and



IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

eastern tribes, were continually landed, laden with the capsules of the lily which had been collected by boys, girls, and women. These capsules were spread out to dry, and then threshed to get the seed out, which was finally stowed away for winter use. When a little was required, it was shelled by being parched with some live coals in the squaw's saucer-like hat made of the

sedge-roots. This was ground into meal, mixed with a little water, and the sleepy husband roused to breakfast. This seemed to be the squaws' regular morning occupation. The Indians declared that they could travel further on a meal of this *wokas* than on any other kind of food. The wild horse-chestnuts, pine-seeds, grass-seeds, as well as grass and clover (which they regard as a great luxury, and get fat on), are also eaten. Lizards, snakes, the roots of the *tulè*, &c., are all eaten, but they never think of tilling the soil.

Marriage, as among other Indian tribes, is simply a matter of purchase; and as the Digger, rude though he may be, and low in the scale of civilisation, has the good sense to select a wife for other qualities than mere personal charms, he is generally very happy in his family relations. When they were in even a ruder state than now, marriage by force (after the Australian model), with all its accompanying brutalities, was common. Polygamy is permitted by many of the tribes, but (though few marriageable girls long remain single, being married at thirteen or fourteen) few men have more than one wife. I knew one man who had three, and they seemed to agree tolerably well, although the somewhat henpecked husband informed me, in an aside whisper between two whiffs of his pipe, that as an experienced family man he could not advise me to take more than *one* wife, as in his house there was "too much tongue." The duration of the marriage relation depends entirely on the caprice of the husband. Woman-stealing from other tribes is one of the most fertile causes of their wars, but, unlike their northern neighbours, they do not take the head of their fallen enemy. There are generally few children in a family, and mostly boys—the girls, it is said by those best acquainted with these savages, being neglected or made away with soon after birth. This is contrary to the custom in the North, where it is the girls who are most esteemed, on account of their marketable value.

Dancing is one of their favourite amusements, and in one of their dances the women join, though so solemn is it that a stranger might be in doubt whether it was rejoicing or mourning. In this dance the women form a circle, while the men, dancing with great activity, leap across a fire burning in "the centre, and yelling and singing, while the women continue their solemn dancing, singing in a low monotonous chant." Running races is a common amusement, but endurance rather than speed is what is aimed at. They will frequently start out after a runaway horse or mule, and though they may not be able to run so fast as the animal, their endurance is even greater, and in general they will return with it in an hour or two. They are inveterate gamblers, staking, like their more intellectual neighbours in the North, everything they possess on the chances of the game. A sort of game of "odds and even" is the favourite one, and, as in the northern games, singing is an accompaniment of this amusement.

Their medical treatment of the sick is about as scientific as is usual among savages. The "sweating-house" (or *tamascal*) is, however, something more interesting than usual. It is found not only among these Indians, but northward as far as Fraser River, in British Columbia. A hole is made in the ground, and rudely arched over with boughs covered with earth and rubbish. Only a hole is left at the top for entrance and exit. A situation near a river or lake is generally chosen. In this confined place a number of Indians assemble; water is poured on hot stones until the whole place is filled with steam, and the Indians are streaming with perspiration. In this state they will spring into the chill river or lake, repeating this

treatment again and again. It is said—and I do not doubt it—that the result is very favourable to the cure of some diseases of the chest.

Among those tribes that bury their dead, a hole is dug and the body placed in it in a sitting posture, the head reclining on the knees. If it is a man, his nets are wrapped round his body, and weapons are placed by his side; if a woman, her blanket encloses the corpse, and a basket is also put in beside her. Among other tribes—and this custom extends as far north as the Klamath Lakes—the body (as well as all the goods and chattels of the deceased) is burnt to ashes. I have known even the horses and slaves to be burnt, and the reason the Klamaths assign for this is, as I have remarked in another chapter, not the stereotyped one of these being for the use of the dead in the other world, but simply that all traces of the deceased may be forever removed from their sight. The cremation commences after dark, the fire being kept up all night, while the friends watch, and the female relatives of the deceased utter plaintive cries until daybreak. Among those tribes who practise cremation, a portion of the ashes is mixed up with pine-resin, and this black compound applied to the lower portion of the women's faces during the few months of mourning. During several weeks women wail every night in a most distracting manner. Among some of the northern tribes, if a woman who has a helpless infant dies, the infant is buried with her. Their language is guttural and difficult to render into writing, especially when spoken fast. Like all uncivilised people, they enumerate by means of their toes and fingers—up to twenty. They are very stolid, expressing no surprise—at least by external signs—at anything which might be expected to amaze them. This is characteristic of the whole race. "When the first steam-boat passed the Indian villages," remarks Mr. Cheever, "I watched the Indians to see what effect it would produce; but to my disappointment it did not excite them, or elicit any expression of wonder. Even the steam-whistle failed to move them; they did not understand it, and would not exhibit surprise. Two years later a brig sailed up the river, and the Indians were full of excitement; the size of the sails and the strength of the ropes came within their comprehension, filling them with wonder. The task of gathering fibre* enough to weave so much cloth and to make such ropes made the white man a wonderful worker in their estimation."

Physically the Californian Indians do not rank higher than they do intellectually. In height they average about four feet ten inches for the woman, to five and a half feet for the men. Some of them are, however, taller; our figures portray some exceptionally athletic individuals. They are thick in the chest, and have voices of wonderful strength. The women are very wide in the shoulders, and strongly built; while the children are heavy-set and clumsy. They are large in the body, but slim in the legs, compared with Europeans. When not affected with hereditary diseases, they are long lived, many having died with the reputation of being more than 120 years old.† They are said never to catch cold, though often going about in cold winters almost naked. They are very filthy in their habits, and their houses swarm with lice and other equally objectionable insects. There is nothing whatever to show that before the advent of the Spaniards—the first civilised people who resided in the country—

* The wild nettle supplies the fibre out of which their lines and nets are made.

† Hittel's "California," p. 390.

the Indians were anything more than savages of a low type. They never had any domestic animals, and have none yet, except a wretched breed of dogs. So little skill have they usually in the preservation of food that, notwithstanding their acorn and grasshopper stores, they will, like the wild beasts, get fat in summer and emaciated in winter.

The foregoing remarks apply solely to wild Indians; but during the last twenty years or so their intercourse with the whites has materially altered many of their habits, and led to the acquisition of new ones, not in all cases particularly good—such as the custom of indulging in the most beastly drunkenness and other vices, whenever they have an opportunity. In some places they have acquired fire-arms, and are clothed in civilised garments, and do a little work for the white settlers. In the southern countries a few live in houses of *adobé* (or sun-dried brick), and support themselves by herding cattle, breaking horses, working in the fields and vineyards, &c. The majority are, however, idle and untrustworthy in the extreme. Some have learned a vulgar dialect of Spanish, and one or two here and there speak a little broken English. Many of the younger ones only know Spanish and English, having failed to acquire their mother-tongue. Fifteen years ago the Californian Indians numbered between 50,000 and 100,000; now there are not more than 6,000 scattered through the whole state, and the race is rapidly becoming extinct. Even before California was acquired by the United States, the aborigines were maltreated by the farmers, who made raids on their villages for the purpose of capturing servants. In these expeditions the whites had their chief assistance in *Christianos*, or converted (*sic*) Indians from the Missions, who, like all renegades, cordially hated (and were hated by) their barbarous countrymen. They were driven from their hunting-grounds and fishing-places; the result was that they stole cattle for food, and the whites punished them for this by the sharp law of the rifle. The end of this is, that at this day the Indians throughout California, with a few exceptions, are used in the most unjustifiable and brutal manner by the whites—buffeted, robbed, and ill-used on any or no provocation, butchered, often with the most abominable cruelty, by men hardly worthy of the name, and even without the excuse of self-defence, the Indians being under their protection at the time.* When we speak of the way the Indians have been used in the United States, the reader may see what the extent of their cruelties has been. “For every white man that has been killed, fifty Indians have fallen.” These are the words of one of the most honest and impartial of the historians of California. In 1848 nearly every little valley had its tribe, but now most of these are destroyed, either by the white man’s rifle, the white man’s whisky, or the white man’s diseases. Vices unknown even in their low state of native degradation have become familiar to them, and the concomitants of their vices have not been long in following. Listen to what Mr. Cheever says:—“Feather River, before its sands were washed for gold, was so clear, that the shadows reflected on its surface seemed brighter than the real objects above. The river abounded in fish, as did the plains on either side in antelope, deer, elk, and bear. The happy laughter of children came from the villages, the splash of salmon leaping from the surface sent ripples circling to the shore, and the blue dome of heaven was arched, from the Sierra Nevada with its fields of snow on the east, to the distant coast-range that shut out the Pacific on the west. Grand oaks, with far-spreading shade, dotted the plains that stretched for miles on either

* The recent “Modoc war” is only an example of this.

side, and in spring-time the valley was brilliant with flowers. This was the possession and home of the Indians, whose ancestors had lived and hunted, without patent or title obtained from deeds, long before the first sailor planted his flag on the sea-coast, and claimed the country by right of discovery. It could not be expected that the Indian would see his trees cut down and game destroyed, and the clean rivers turned into muddy streams, without regret."

CAN THESE PEOPLE BE CIVILISED?

Before bidding farewell to these (in many respects) interesting and primitive tribes of North-west America, let us glance very briefly at the important question which heads this



CALIFORNIAN DIGGER INDIANS.

section. Are there any prospects of the savages of the wide region becoming civilised; of the benign influences of religion exercising any influence on them? Among the Indians in the United States possessions, there are various teachers who instruct them in the arts of civilisation and in religion, but with a result for which the system is as much to blame as the teachers themselves. This we shall speak of by-and-by. In the British possessions there are several missionaries at work among the Indians, but (with one exception) with only indifferent results. The earliest missionaries were French Canadian priests, and many of them still labour in the country. No one cognisant of their self-denying character would for one moment desire to speak of these clergymen with any other feeling than the most profound respect; but, so far as I have seen, their influence upon the savages consists more of mere forms, and an outward superstitious reverence for the person of the missionary, than in any real change, especially after the priest has gone. Still, wherever I went in British Columbia, the message

passed from tribe to tribe, by my attendant Indians, that I was a friend of the priest, was the best introduction I could have among these wild men. An old Indian, who used to accompany me, would stoop down on the trail morning and evening, and go through the forms of devotion taught him by *le plete*, as, in corrupted French, he styled his spiritual father. The morality and trustworthiness of the Catholic Indians were also most remarkable, and the power of their priests over them was equally surprising. If a missionary in travelling amongst them had not time to visit a particular village, he would send his shovel hat, which would be treated with all the respect accorded to its owner, and possibly would not be inferior in restraining influence on the morals of the recipients. The Protestant missions are confined to the Church



HUNTING THE PRAIRIE-DOGS, NEAR THE UPPER MISSOURI.

of England and to the Wesleyan body from Canada. Among all these missions I can only single out one which has, in my opinion, accomplished any great work, though many of them have been of use in improving the character of the natives, though not to that extent their well-wishers could desire—perhaps from causes not altogether within the control of the missionaries themselves. This exception is the mission among the Tsimpsheans, established by a layman, Mr. William Duncan, in 1858, and now stationed at Metlakatlah, near Fort Simpson, of the Hudson Bay Company, on the northern coast of British Columbia, having been forced to remove from the vicinity of the fort on account of the demoralising influence of the traders on the natives. In another place* I have stated my opinion of this mission, and the description I there gave of it I may transfer to this place. After removing the natives to

* Papers by the Rev. J. H. Halcombe, and the author, in *Mission Life*, 1870, *et seq.*

Metlakatlah, Mr. Duncan commenced instructing them in the arts of peace and civilisation, as well as indoctrinating them with the higher virtues, without which all else would have been in vain. Instead of the collection of filthy huts, he laid out regular streets, and established statute labour for the making of proper roads. Gardens were marked off, and Indians who used to peer into the flower-plots with wistful eyes, while on a visit to Victoria, now began to cultivate vegetables and flowers for themselves. When a savage takes to gardening there is some hope for him. Searching out the men with peculiar capabilities and tastes, he set them up in trades, instead of allowing them to follow the old savage plan of no division of labour. Accordingly, if you pass into Metlakatlah, you may see old Legech, the former chief, busily working under a signboard which informs passers-by that he is a carpenter and cabinet-maker. The Tsimpshans are a very artistic people, and carve beautiful work in ivory, wood, or stone; they even make jewellery out of gold and silver coin; so that Mr. Duncan had little difficulty in setting them to work at various crafts of that nature. A police and a gaol were likewise provided, as well as a public market, a court-house, and a lodging-house for strangers who might come to the settlement. These aboriginal ladies and gentlemen, being the reverse of cleanly, the house had to be carefully cleansed soon after their departure; but the pleasant, clean houses of the inhabitants would thus remain undisturbed and undefiled, without laying his protégés open to the charge of want of hospitality. On the contrary, strangers were invited to visit the settlement, to witness the prosperity which civilisation could bring; and many other Indians, convinced by these cogent proofs, left savagedom and joined their brethren at Metlakatlah.

The Governor having conferred the commission of justice of the peace on Mr. Duncan, he was thereby enabled to clear his settlement of any of the rascally whisky-traders whom he found prowling about his village for their vile ends. This was not always done without peril, for these scoundrels are desperate characters, and on one occasion an unfortunate conflict occurred, in which several Indians were killed or wounded.

To those who know the Indian character, nothing was more astonishing than to see how readily they allowed themselves to be assessed for "government works" and improvements, each family contributing according to its relative status or wealth. Finding that it was not only inconvenient to the Indians but prejudicial to their morals to pay visits for trading purposes to Fort Simpson, Mr. Duncan opened a store in the village, in which they could supply every want, at a more moderate cost than at the Hudson Bay or other establishments. This arrangement did not, of course, increase the popularity of the Metlakatlah Mission among the people interested in the Indian trade, and much covert malice was set in work against it on that ground alone.

Feeling convinced that one of the surest ways to the civilisation of the Indians was through commerce, he proposed the plan of the Indians providing a schooner of their own, in shares. The money was soon subscribed, and their vessel made her trips regularly to Victoria, manned by Indians, though commanded by a white man. The reason of this was, not that the Indians were incapable of navigating the vessel alone, but because the Government thought it likely that they would smuggle. This obstacle was ultimately overcome; and for some time, until the death of the Indian captain in the conflict referred to, the schooner was wholly manned and officered by Indians. I do not remember ever seeing a more interesting sight than its intelligent, well-dressed commander, who, a few years before,

was a mere savage in a blanket, going to the harbour-master's office in Victoria to clear his vessel and start off again, after having complied with the requirements of the port. On one of these trips the profits amounted to several hundred pounds, which were, of course, distributed among the shareholders.

The religious state of the mission is now most satisfactory, many converts continually joining, and very few relapses occurring. Every professor of religion is put upon a severe probation, and, contrary to what I have seen in some missions, his profession is not taken for granted, but carefully judged by his life and conversation. Immorality of the women was notoriously the bane in these northern tribes. Now all is changed. Though many Indian women still come to Victoria for immoral purposes, yet these are entirely confined to the uncivilised tribes, and rarely include a single member of Mr. Duncan's flock. I know no higher compliment to that devoted man's labours than the fact that, by his exertions on behalf of the morality of the natives he has incurred the malice and hatred of the rascals whose evil passions he has thwarted.

I have given this rather lengthy account of Mr. Duncan's labours because his mission is what (in my opinion) a mission ought to be, but what, in reality, in few parts of the world it is. Whether this state of Utopia will continue is doubtful, but as civilisation (or at least what is so called) approaches, corruption of all sorts, and the "accursed love of gold," too often dissipate to the wind the work of the missionary, and in the meantime the natives die off. A missionary has much to contend with on that coast. A savage is always suspicious, and cannot believe that any one would labour for his welfare without some sinister motive. It is a common thing for them to ask the missionary how much he is going to give them for coming to church. Again, the abolition of polygamy is a great stumbling-block in the teacher's way, for these marriages have often been made by chiefs to strengthen their influence, or that of their tribe, and the severance of these ties—if for no more humane motive—is not to be lightly accomplished. The zealous young missionary who needlessly abolishes old-established feasts and ceremonies, is by no means performing a work which will much assist him in his labours, or is at all necessary, while the prevailing sins of laziness, drunkenness, as well as mutual jealousy, stand as stumbling-blocks in his way. Often the missionary has himself to blame. He is either in education or ability unfitted for his task, or of a physique which cannot endure hardship, or command the respect of a savage people, with whom bodily strength is held in high esteem. There is a painful system of competition going on on the north-west coast, and the same fact is true of missions in many portions of the world. No sooner does a Roman Catholic missionary establish himself, than so does a Wesleyan or an Episcopalian one, or all three together. Each is on bad terms with the other; and this the Indian notes to the disadvantage of true religion. The result is that many Indians are mere infidels, neither believing their own faith nor the exotic one introduced amongst them, and ridicule on all occasions the missionaries and their teaching. For this the teachers have themselves greatly to blame. The missionary's wife is too often an encumbrance instead of a help, wearying for "society" and home, and with no interest in her husband's labours. The Roman Catholic missionaries go away among the Indians, in places where they are as yet in their primitive condition, and, encumbered with no ties, live as the Indians do, and suffer the same hardships.

I shall notice one other obstacle in the missionary's way, which he could himself overcome

—that is, the multiplicity of Indian languages on the Pacific slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Very few tribes speak the same language, and some villages even a different dialect of one language. The traders and others speak a corrupt, bald jargon, called the Chinook, founded on the language of the Chinook Indians, as once spoken near the mouth of the Columbia River, mixed with corrupted words from other native languages, as well as from French and English. It may be said to be “the court language,” as it is spoken by all the traders, and is the general medium between the whites and the Indians, some of whom in almost every tribe can generally speak it. It is, however, insufficient to convey to the native mind anything but the barest ideas. The missionary is too apt to remain satisfied with this easily-acquired dialect; but this falls short of his necessities. He must acquire some native language, and speak it fluently. Nothing



PRAIRIE INDIAN FULLY EQUIPPED FOR TRAVEL.

excites such ridicule, in a rude, uneducated person like an Indian, as the ludicrous spectacle of any one attempting to express himself in a language he only imperfectly understands. Even if inclined to listen to the missionary's teaching, the manner in which it is conveyed may neutralise every good effect.

I have, however, little faith in the ultimate civilisation of these Indians. They are dying off much more rapidly than the teachings of the missionary can reach them, and in another fifty years, I suspect, an Indian will be as rare a spectacle in the streets of Victoria and Portland as he is now in Boston or New York. How this is, I shall have occasion to inquire before we close this volume, but in the meantime the reader at this early point must be made aware that it is so. The Indian still dries his salmon on the banks of the silvery stream that glides by his lodge, still digs his roots from the prairie which Nature planted ages ago, and still resorts to the buffalo-chase in quest of the bison that roam as yet in millions over the western plains, and when his toils are ended and his wants supplied he throws himself down to rest in his

mat-constructed hut on his furs and skins. The school-house opens its doors to him in vain, for he despises the letters of the "pale-face." In the varied book that Nature spreads out before him he learns his lessons, and his poetry (if poetry he has) he drinks from the heavens where sentinel stars keep their watch in the night. The missionary has gone to him with a heart overflowing with kindness and Christian love; but whatever balm the Bible may possess, it has borne on its wings little healing to the hut of the Indian. With an apathetic, confused,



A BUFFALO ROBE WITH INDIAN PAINTINGS ON IT.

indefinite, and dreamy faith he looks for fairer hunting-grounds in the spirit-land, where the streams abound in salmon, the woods are filled with game, and where his every material want is supplied by the hand of the Great Spirit who directs them thither. "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and not afar off he hears the sure, sullen noise of that march of the white man, "where soon shall roll a human sea." Confused and saddened, he sees the wonders of the white man. "They are perfect devils," he says, as he sees the wonderful arts; but he makes no attempt to imitate them. Now and then some dreamer, like Leschi, will revive their hopes of once more regaining their fair heritage; but hope dies off as they see the futility of the dream.

When I lived at the Dalles of the Columbia, a locality well known to all readers of Washington Irving's "Astoria," and other stirring tales of the old fur-traders, I was shown an Indian who dreamt often that some day the Indians shall yet gain back all, and that the white man shall then be his slave. No doubt the dull, frowsy denizens of the lodge brighten as they listen to that pleasant, moving tale; but their hearts sink again, for, as the chief of an Indian tribe told me, after he had been for eight years at war with the United States—"Kill off one Boston man, and two start in his place; they are like grass on the prairie; burn it, and it comes up next year fresher and more plentiful than ever—ugh!" Those who have seen most of the Indians cannot congratulate those Governments that (like that of the United States) have attempted to do something towards the civilisation of the Indians. But the purpose of the red man's creation in the economy of Nature is, to the west as well as to the east of the Rocky Mountains, well-nigh accomplished, and no human hand can avert his early extermination from the face of the continent. Silently, but irresistibly, the purposes of Providence take their way through ages, and across the line of their march treaties would seem but straws, and the plans of man on the tide of history but waifs upon the sea.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIANS OF THE CENTRAL PLAINS.

THE country to the west of the Rocky Mountains is, with the exception of the semi-treeless desert (or dry country) between the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains, generally densely wooded. Cross the Rocky Mountains, and we come into a region widely different. As soon as we pass beyond the influence of the moisture afforded by the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, we enter the country of the great prairies stretching north, south, and eastward—mile after mile. These are familiarly known as the "plains," and are for the most part covered with grass or low bush, the only trees found on them being in the vicinity of the few watercourses which intersect the region. The more southerly plains are covered with the sage brush (*Artemisia*), and are exceedingly dry and desert; while those further to the north—commonly distinguished as the "prairies" proper—are more fertile, and covered with grass. Far as the eye can see all is grass, wave after wave, a long, silent sea of undulating, grassy land, bounded by a dim horizon in the far distance, the only sight or sound to break the monotony being the curl of the smoke from the little camp-fire lit by a solitary traveller or merchant who does his business in these wild tracts, the bark of a prairie-dog, the amble of an antelope, the sight of a herd of bison (or buffalo) which still cover a great extent of these regions, or what, possibly, the solitary traveller cares less to see—the dash of a party of Indian horsemen, bent on plunder, war, or the chase of the buffalo or other wild animals of the prairie. Roaming over this wide extent of central, treeless plains, are numerous tribes of Indians,



INDIANS ATTACKING THE OVERLAND MAIL IN COLORADO.

alike in many characteristics, but all differing widely from those which inhabited at a former time the country east of the Mississippi, and in many respects also from the numerous tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, whose habits we have described in the preceding chapters. These Indians are divided into numerous tribes—Crees, Sioux, Dacotahs, Cheyennes, Araphoes, Kioways, Blackfeet, Kickapoos, Comanches, Apaches, &c., all alike in many characteristics of vagabondism, and frequently of lawless marauding. Nearly all are possessed of horses, and few of them have stationary villages, moving about from place to place as the circumstances of the hunt, &c., may determine. Let us describe some of the more marked characteristics of the chief of these tribes.

We first hear of these "plain Indians" in 1541, from Castenada, who wrote the account of the expedition of Coronado, which set out from New Mexico in search of the "golden city" of Quivero. In those days these "buffalo-eaters" lived on the raw flesh of the bison, and dwelt in tents made of its skins, but had no horses, the horses possessed by nearly all of the prairie tribes being descended from those originally introduced by the Spaniards into America. The tribes on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains obtained horses at a still later period. The old Cyuse chief who had a few years ago upwards of 3,000 horses (it is said), told me that he remembers an old man who recollected the first horse which was brought to his tribe. An Indian of an inquiring turn of mind had gone far to the south, and after a long absence returned with an extraordinary animal which he was afraid to mount, and had accordingly led all the way. It was a horse. He had obtained it from some of the southern tribes—probably the Shoshones, or some of the New Mexican tribes, and for a long time it was led out at high feasts and festivals, no one venturing to get on its back. At last a daring youth essayed the task, and after having himself carefully bound on its back, trotted off, to the consternation of the female members of his family and the admiration of the rest of the village. No mishap came to him, and soon his feat was no nine days' wonder. Other youths mounted, and by-and-by they also went south and got horses, until they became quite common, and the Cyuse are now some of the best horsemen among the Indians, and until they went to war with the United States and lost the greater portion of their stock, were exceedingly rich in horseflesh; yet they did not care to sell any, though in times of scarcity they would live upon them.

To return, however, to the plain Indians. At the time of Coronado's expedition these tribes had no horses, but large troops of dogs, which they employed to transport their baggage, as some of the more northern tribes do at the present day. They were then a mild and peaceable people, showing great hospitality to the Spaniards, and we have no record that they were addicted to the horrible practices which prevailed among the Indians in New Mexico and Sonora at that date. Their dress, their mode of preparing food, and (with the exception of the few changes which the introduction of the horses and other more questionable bits of civilisation has caused among them) their habits were exactly the same as those of their descendants at the present day. All the prairie tribes agree in these respects—they all follow the buffalo, use the bow and arrow, lance and shield, take the war-path, and fight their battles mounted on horseback in the open prairie, transport their lodges and all their worldly effects wherever they go, never till the ground, and subsist almost exclusively, with the exception of a few berries, on a fresh-meat diet. All equally use the sweat or "medicine lodges," which I described in a former chapter, and religiously believe in the efficacy of incantations and jugglery

in curing diseases, and in preparing for war and the chase. On the contrary, as General Marcy (on whose experience with these tribes we have drawn to a great extent) points out, the tribes in what are now the eastern United States, from the time of the first discovery of the country,



INDIANS PREPARING TO SURPRISE A FRONTIER FORT.

lived in permanent villages, cultivated fields of corn, and possessed strong attachment to their abodes, and the graves of their dead, visiting them at long intervals, and preserving, even when removed by the strong hand of the Government, the most vivid and accurate traditional accounts of the sites of the sepulchres of their fathers. Unlike the tribes of the plains, they seldom wandered far from home, used no horses, and always made their hunting or warlike expeditions

on foot, and sought the shelter of trees when in action. Their treatment of prisoners was also essentially different; while the eastern tribes put their captives to tortures of the most horrible description, yet I cannot learn that the chastity of the females was violated, while among the plain Indians we have the most abundant evidence that the contrary always was, and, as the facts before me while I write prove with sufficient horror, is still the case. In a word, these prairie tribes are the Arabs of the plains of Central America, with little of the reverence and few of the virtues of that people. They have no permanent abodes, the skin lodge, once pitched, being their home until they again require to remove. Laws they have none, except what vague, and often vacillating, undefined custom requires, and their government is essentially patriarchal—their chief only leading them in war, but guided in his acts by the advice of the old men, or the unanimous opinion of the people in mob assembled. Poverty and riches are alike unknown, and being insensible to the wants and luxuries of civilisation, and it may be also said to vice or equally to virtue, the revolution of Fortuna's wheel brings no change to them. With the exception of the worthless "loafers" who hang about the frontier settlements, or block-houses on the plains—and I presume about the stations of the Pacific Railroad now—they are all pretty much on a dead level of social equality. Like the Arabs, they are expert horsemen, and esteem their horses highly. Their only property, with the exception of a few articles of domestic economy, consists in these horses or mules, pillaged from the whites, for among their other accomplishments they are most expert horse-thieves. The chief's office is hereditary, but it lasts only so long as his rule is pleasing to the mass of his subjects, for should he disgrace himself in war or in council, he is speedily replaced by a more competent successor. The subordinate chiefs execute the behests of the council, whether for reward or punishment, and in the performance of this duty these aboriginal lieters do not, assuredly, let the grass grow under their mocassins. In respect to their right of property, they are, Marey remarks, truly Spartan. No more arrant freebooters exist upon the earth. Stealing from strangers is a virtue which raises the thief high in public esteem—indeed, a young man who has not made one or two predatory expeditions into Mexico is, among the more southern plain tribes, held in little esteem, and considered a person deficient in public spirit. An old Comanche chief told a friend of mine that he was the father of four sons—fine fellows—as fine young men as could be found, and that in his old age they were a great comfort to him—a great comfort indeed, they could steal more horses than any other eight in all his band! Sometimes a party of young men will start out on their predatory expeditions, and be absent two or three years, before their success is such that in their opinion they can return to their tribe with honour. They will sweep down on some quiet district in Mexico, and with shouts and yells drive off the herd of horses or cattle, while if the terror-stricken herdsman offers the slightest resistance, his scalp is speedily added to their trophies. The bow of the osage orange, or *bois d'arc* (*Maclura aurantiaca*), is their favourite weapon and constant companion, and so skilful are they with this that not unfrequently a good archer will send an arrow right through a buffalo. His shield is composed of two layers of hard, undressed buffalo-hide separated by a padding of hair about one inch in thickness. This shield he carries on his left arm, and so effectual is it as a means of protection to the body, that even a musket-ball, unless it strike it perpendicularly, will not penetrate it. They also use a war-club, made of a shaft of wood, about fourteen inches long, bound with buffalo-hide, and weighted at the end with a hard stone, weighing a couple of pounds or so, firmly secured by means of a withe into

a groove prepared for it. A spear, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, to which is attached the scalps he possesses, is also commonly used by most tribes. In addition, he sometimes has a rifle, pistol, or even a cavalry sword if he can steal one. (See Plate, p. 97, and engraving, p. 172.)

The men are middle-sized, of a bright copper-coloured complexion, not unintelligent faces, in many cases with more aquiline nose than those on the Pacific coast, thin lips, little beard, and with the black eyes and long black hair characteristic of their whole race. Their hair is never cut, and on high occasions is ornamented with silver and beads. Some of the men wear it so long as to sweep on the ground, if allowed to fall behind. Everywhere long hair is a mark of elegance. They have often a head-dress of eagle's feathers, or even the horns of the buffalo, scraped as thin as paper, placed on either side of the head; but these latter distinctions are only accorded to very distinguished warriors (see engravings on pages 61 and 93). To kill a grizzly bear is accounted as honourable as to kill a human enemy; accordingly, a hunter decorates himself with the large claws of that most formidable animal of the American wilds. Among some tribes the scars of old wounds are painted red, so as to perpetuate the remembrance of these honourable marks of combat. On their robes, as well as on their wigwams, are painted rude emblematic figures, descriptive of deeds the owner has taken part in, and the check of the other warriors is quite sufficient to prevent the slightest attempt to claim in these picture-writings glory for deeds never performed. (See engraving on p. 169.)

Some of the tribes in the eastern United States and Canada used to decorate themselves with necklaces, or belts, made of *wampum*, which was composed of bits of a fresh-water shell, carved and perforated like pipe-stems. This was highly valued, and though the *wampum* is still to some extent used among a few of the tribes which removed from their old homes to the west, yet the greater portion of it is only imitation porcelain, sold by the traders, the real article being now almost unknown. Such is the ordinary dress of these people, but in every tribe there are dandies, effeminate creatures, gorgeous in paint and oiled locks, decorated with elegantly-dressed, easily-obtained furs, fanning themselves in hot weather, bestriding natty piebald ponies, unskilful in any athletic exercises, owners of no scalps but their own—exquisites, in fine, but who find their consolation for the contempt of the chiefs and the braves, in the admiration of the women and the young people. The dress of the prairie Indians consists of leggings and mocassins (tanned buckskin shoes), with a cloth wrapped round the loins. With the exception of the invariable buffalo robe, the body is naked about the middle. The women are short and crooked-legged, and are by no means so good-looking as the men. They are obliged to crop their hair close, and in addition to the leggings and mocassins, wear a shirt of dressed deer-skins. They also to a slight extent tattoo their faces and breasts, and are, in general, far from cleanly in their persons. Hospitable on occasions, and not unfrequently kind to strangers, like all their race they are implacable in revenge; no insult or wrong, fancied or real, but must be wiped out by the most cruel retaliation that can be devised. Forgiveness they do not know the meaning of. Unlike the coast Indian, no presents can wipe out a wrong with them. Money they use only as ornaments; but paint, red and blue, is in great demand as an article of toilet decoration. Vermilion forms a large portion of the stock-in-trade of a prairie merchant, and after his visit the aboriginal coxcomb appears in all his glory. Like all their race they have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves. "Some few of those chiefs who have visited their great father at Washington, have returned strongly impressed with the numerical power and prosperity of the

whites; but the great majority of them, ignorant of everything that relates to us, and a portion of them never having seen a white man, believe the prairie Indians to be the most powerful people in existence, and the relation of facts which conflict with this notion by their own people to the masses of the tribes at their prairie firesides, only subjects the narrator to ridicule, and he is set down as one whose brain is turned by the necromancy of the pale-faces, and is thenceforth regarded as wholly unworthy of confidence." I remember a man who had visited Washington telling such tales to his tribe, but he was always looked upon a wondrous archer with the long bow, and still his people dreamt on, of exterminating the whole "Boston tribe" (Americans), believing that the whole race was what they saw before them, notwithstanding the warning of the travelled man, that "kill all these off to-day, and like the grass on the burnt-over prairie, next year they would spring up more numerous and stronger than ever." The first Shoshone Indian who saw Lewis and Clark's party—the first white men who had ever crossed the country—was entirely discredited when he, in horror, ran off and told his tribe what he had seen, "men with pale faces, like ashes, and who had tools in their hands with which they could make thunder and lightning." In council assembled, it was gravely resolved that a man capable of telling falsehoods so vile and blasphemous as these, should be put to death; and, undoubtedly, his life would have paid penalty for telling to his untravelled brethren such traveller's tales, had not the appearance of the white men themselves settled the point in his favour. A semi-civilised Indian, named Black Beaver, who was a favourite henchman of our friend General Marey, had visited St. Louis, and the small frontier towns on the Missouri. Accordingly, he prided himself not a little on his knowledge of cities and men, white and civilised. Camping one night with a Comanche guide, the general overheard the two in an apparently earnest and amicable talk. On inquiring, it appeared, to use his own language, that "I've been telling this Comanche what I've seen 'mong the white folks. . . . I tell him 'bout the steam-boats, and the railroads, and the heap o' house I seen in St. Louis, but he say I'ze — fool. I tell him the world is round, but he keep all 'e time say, 'Hush, you fool! do you s'pose I'ze child? Haven't I get eyes? Can't I see the prairie? You call him round?' He say too, 'Maybe so I tell you something you not know before. One time my grandfather he made long journey that way' (pointing to the west); 'when he got on big mountain, he seen heap water on t'other side, jest so flat he can be, and he seen the sun go straight down on t'other side.' I then tell him all the 'serivers (rivers) he seen, all 'e time the water he run, s'pose the world flat, the water he stand still. May be so he not b'lieve me?" General Marey then told Beaver to explain the telegraph; but there he was nonplussed. "What you call that magnetic telegraph?" He was told. "You have heard of New York and New Orleans?" "Oh yes." "Very well; we have a wire connecting these two cities, which are about a thousand miles apart, and it would take a man thirty days to ride it upon a good horse. Now a man stands at one end of this wire in New York, and by touching it a few times he inquires of his friend in New Orleans what he had for breakfast. His friend in New Orleans touches the other end of the wire, and in ten minutes the answer comes back—ham and eggs. Tell him that, Beaver." He remained silent, his countenance all the time with a most comical puzzled expression playing over it. Again he was asked to tell him, when he observed, "No, captain, I not tell him that, for I don't b'lieve that myself." He was assured it was the fact, but no assurances of the personal experience of his informant would induce Black Beaver

to pin his faith on such a seemingly incredible statement. All he would reply was simply, "Injun not very smart; sometimes he's big fool, but he holler pretty loud; you hear him maybe half a mile; you say 'Merican man he talk thousand miles: I 'spect you try to fool me now, cap'n. *May be so you lie!*"



INDIANS ATTACKING AN EMIGRANT WAGON IN TEXAS.

Unacquainted with the luxuries of civilisation, the plain Indian does not fret his life away in wearying or striving for them; the healthy prairie is his home, his trusty bow his friend, his horse his companion, the skin of the buffalo supplies him with raiment, its flesh with abundance of food. What more does he require?

The women are quite as expert as the men in horsemanship, and in throwing the lasso (or coiled rope with a running noose at the end of it) over the heads of horse, cattle, or even the prong-horned antelope of the prairie. The Indian never mounts his favourite war-horse except when going into battle, on the buffalo-chase, or express state occasions. He will part with him at no price. When he returns to his home from his distant expedition, his wife—or one of them at least—humbly waits upon him, leads his horse off to pasture, and otherwise attends to it. So skilful are they in horsemanship that they habitually throw themselves on the side of the horse, clinging to its back simply by one foot in a sort of loop formed by the mane. Their whole bodies are out of sight. In this manner they will discharge arrow after arrow, either over the horse's back or under its belly. Their only bridle is the horsehair rope, or lariat (*l'arrét*, the arrest of the French traders), twisted by a loop round the lower jaw of the animal. Swinging on the sides of their steeds, they will approach a herd of half-wild horses, or an enemy, and before either imagines (seeing that the troop of horses approaching have no riders) a shower of arrows in one case, or a lariat over their necks in the other, is the first intimation of their mistake. Wild horses are tamed a good deal *à la Rarey*. After the running noose of the lariat is over its neck, the captor dismounts and approaches, tightening the noose sufficiently to let the horse know it is in his power, but not sufficiently to choke it. He then breathes strongly in its nostrils, and soon it is perfectly obedient, and very often so tame as to be ridden into camp. If hobbled for a few days, it is broken. The prairie warrior would consider it beneath him to do any menial labour. His wives—a trifle dearer to him than his horse (if it happen to be of inferior quality)—is his obedient slave, beaten on the smallest provocation by her haughty lord, who passes his leisure hours in smoking, eating, and sleeping. Polygamy, however, among the Indians, is not an unmitigated evil. Among a people so much at war there are always many widows and unmarried women who would, unless they were married, be left destitute. A chief, moreover, causing his wives to work, dress skins, &c., is no great loser by them. On the contrary, they are really a source of wealth to him, and the man who has most wives has in general the most comfortable, well-appointed lodge and the best-stocked larder. Among many tribes prisoners taken in war are tortured; but, again, many of them are married to the widows of the slain, are adopted into the tribe, and treated accordingly. In his own opinion, the Indian is the most lordly soul in the universe, and his wives have almost as high an opinion of him as he has himself, the proverb that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre* notwithstanding.

Even in time of peace the horses are carefully guarded day and night, and on the slightest sign of danger, or even upon the approach of a stranger, are driven to a place of safety, and preparations made for their defence. A stranger is received by the chief with much hugging and face-rubbing; a lodge is prepared for him, and he is welcome to entertainment as long as he likes to remain. Among themselves they are kind and charitable, and in times of scarcity the last bite of food is shared all round. But with this we have finished their short catalogue of virtues.

Polygamy is permitted, and is common amongst them, food being in general abundant. Catlin tells an amusing story of a Puneah boy of only eighteen, whose father considering that he had arrived at the years of discretion, presented him with a lodge, several horses, and goods enough to establish him in life. The first thing the precocious youth did was to go and secretly bargain with a chief for his daughter, enjoining secrecy, and then to a second,

third, and fourth, the result of which was that on a fixed day he claimed all four ladies, to the astonishment of the tribe and the indignation of the fathers. Public opinion, however, was in his favour, and his four wives were marched off to his wigwam. Not only did the quadruply-married man obtain his brides, but the chiefs determined that a youth of such tender years capable of devising and accomplishing so extraordinarily bold an act, must be a person of discretion, and deserved a seat in the council among the warriors and medicine-men!

Slavery is almost unknown among the prairie Indians, though the more civilised tribes—like the now almost extinct Seminoles of Florida, and the Cherokees, who are almost altogether civilised—had until the outbreak of the American civil war many negro slaves. Yet these people, so fond of freedom themselves, treat their wives as little better than slaves. Though a beast of burden and drudge to her inconsiderate, harsh master, the wife submits to her lot without a murmur, never having known anything better, and tradition alone assigning such a lot to her unfortunate sex. Between herself and her husband there is a wide gulf, which she never imagines can be filled. He treats her as a Southern planter would treat a negro, but without the good-natured indulgence the kindly white accords the well-behaved “boy.” No office is too degraded for her, and the result is that in mental characteristics and general *morale* the prairie Indian woman is inferior to even the most degraded coast tribes, where so much more liberty of action is accorded to the squaws.

An old chief once told me that he thought that the Indian and the white man were both much alike, *only* among the Indians the squaw worked and the man idled; among the whites the man worked and the squaw dressed and enjoyed herself; otherwise he did not see that there was any material difference. In a word, the Indian, without knowing it, is ever in his daily conduct repeating, in deeds, in regard to his dusky spouse, what Petruccio says of Catherine:

“ I will be master of what is mine own,
 She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
 My household stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my everything.”

They are, like all Indians, not a prolific race, three or four children being about the average; and even then, owing to exposure and a hundred accidents, many never attain maturity. Boys are generally matured with care, while girls, unlike what we found among the coast Indians, being of comparatively little value, are often beaten unmercifully. Idiots and deformed people are as excessively rare among them as among other savages: the reason, I think, is not difficult to find—at least as regards deformed people—*the climate does not agree with them.* (See p. 106).

Like all their race they are fond of spirituous liquor, though conscious that it “makes fools of them;” and all are excessively addicted to smoking tobacco, inhaling the smoke into their lungs, and sending it out through their nostrils. Their diet is simple, and, as we have already remarked, chiefly of animal food. They can eat an immense meal at a time, and can fast long.

The verbal language consists of but a few words, some of which are common to all the prairie tribes, even though these tribes speak different languages. Accustomed to live much in situations where noise is dangerous, they have acquired a sort of pantomimic language, even more expressive than the verbal one, and Indians will sit round a camp-fire for hours almost

without exchanging a spoken word, while, in reality, holding a tolerably animated conversation. It is even said that so much is this pantomimic language used, and so limited the verbal vocabulary, that the Araphe Indians, whose language contains a very small number of words, can with difficulty converse in the dark, but must adjourn to the camp-fire before they can fully communicate their ideas to each other. This sign-language is commonly used by distant tribes to communicate with each other when they do not understand each other's language. For hours they will thus talk without a spoken word being exchanged, except now and then one of a language, such as that of the Crows, which is understood by different tribes, being used as connecting links to the signs. This pantomimic vocabulary is used and understood easily by nearly all the tribes from the Gila River to the Columbia, and is very graceful and significant. It is said to be nearly the same as that practised by the mutes of deaf and dumb institutions. General Marcy, to whom we are indebted for this curious fact, informs us that he went to one of these institutions, and some five or six boys were directed to take their places at the blackboards, and interpret what he proposed to say. Then, by means of the pantomimic signs used by the prairie Indians, he told them that he had gone to a buffalo-hunt, saw a herd, chased them on horseback, fired, and killed one, cut it up, ate some of the meat, and went to sleep, every word of the narrative being written down by each boy as the signs were made, the only mistake being the very natural one of mistaking the buffalo for deer. Each tribe has a particular sign by which the tribe is meant, and this sign is well understood by all the plain tribes. Thus the Comanche is indicated by making with the hand a wavy motion in imitation of a snake, the Comanches being sometimes called "Snakes;" the Cheyennes, or "Cut-arms," by drawing the hand across the arm, to imitate the cutting of it with a knife; the Araphoes, or "Smellers," by seizing the nose with the thumb and forefinger; the Sioux, or "Cut-throats," by drawing the hand across the throat; the Pawnees, or "Wolves," by placing a hand on each side of the forehead, with two fingers pointing to the front, to represent the narrow sharp ears of the wolf; the Crows, by flapping the palms of the hand, so as to imitate the motion of the bird's wings.*

"On approaching strangers the prairie Indians put their horses at full speed, and persons not familiar with their peculiarities and habits might interpret this as an act of hostility; but it is their custom with friends as well as enemies. When a party is discovered approaching theirs, and are near enough to distinguish signals, all that is necessary in order to ascertain their disposition, is to raise the right hand with the palm in front, and gradually push it forward and back several times. They all understand this to be a command to halt, and if they are not hostile, it will at once be obeyed. After they have stopped, the right hand is raised again as before, and slowly moved to the right and left, which signifies, 'I do not know you; who are you?' They will then answer the inquiry by giving their signal. If this should not be understood, they may be asked if they are friends by raising both hands grasped in the manner of shaking hands, or by locking the two forefingers firmly, while the hands are held up. If friendly, they will respond with the same signal, but if enemies, they will, probably, disregard the command to halt, or give the signal of anger by closing the hand, placing it against the forehead, and turning it back and forth while in this position."

* "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," p. 33.

No people value military renown more than the plain Indians, and probably in no part of the world does success as a warrior bring more social consideration. From their earliest boyhood they are initiated in all the customs of war by mimic fights, in which murder and scalp-taking are imitated, with all the fearful yells and horrid rites peculiar to such scenes. War, with them, is a mere hand-to-hand fight. There is a leader, but he must be in the thick of the fray, fighting like the rest, the idea of a general directing a large body of men to act in concert having never occurred to them. In addition to the weapons I have already mentioned, most of the tribes also carry a small axe (or tomahawk), and all the invariable scalping-



BUFFALO HUNTING.

knife—the latter being merely an ordinary butcher's knife—made, like the formidable tomahawk, by Britons in Birmingham and Sheffield for "the Indian trade." Most of the tribes, have, of late years, obtained fire-arms, often of an excellent description, but few Indians are good shots; though with the bow and arrow they are, at short range, excellent marksmen, being able to discharge arrow after arrow with surprising quickness. These arrows (in most cases pointed with flints, and in some cases poisoned with the venom of the rattlesnake) make ugly wounds, and Indians, as we have noticed before, are not unfrequently able, with their stout, short, sinew-strengthened bows of osage-wood, to send an arrow right through a buffalo, so that it drops on the opposite side of the animal to which it was put in. Before proceeding to war they paint and decorate themselves, and undergo other ceremonies of the most grave description. Young men

will set out on war parties, against tribes with whom they may be unfriendly (and few of the plain tribes are on "speaking terms" with all their neighbours), and will not return, if they can possibly help it, without scalps or other trophies. For long periods they have carried on their plundering, murderous expeditions in Northern Mexico, and have perfectly devastated the greater part of Sonora and Chihuahua. Horses, mules, and scalps are the objects of these marauding forays, and they will not unfrequently extend to two or three years. If they return unsuccessful, there is a strong temptation to waylay any weaker party they may meet on the homeward journey, rather than return without the trophies which secure, both in war and in the council, such consideration. The proprietor of the greatest number of scalps has obtained the blue ribbon of Indian warfare. Hence these ambitious youths ought to be particularly sharply looked after by the traveller who may meet them on the prairie, for the desire to obtain the scalp of an enemy will often make them more reckless than the older men. Gratitude is an unknown virtue among the prairie Indians, even more so than among the coast tribes of the Pacific. Indeed, I question much if they understand the meaning of the word, or experience at all the feeling which it expresses. Benevolence and kindness are only, in their eyes, dictated by fear or expectation of reward. A present given means simply a bait for a larger one in return. With them gratitude is truly, according to the Rochefoucauldian maxim, only "a lively sense of favours to receive." A limited space would be sufficient for the narration of any other virtues they possess. They are most inveterate beggars. Our friend General Marey met with an amusing illustration of this; but the sequel proves that they mistook their man. "A party of Kechis," says he, "once visited my camp with their principal chief, who said he had some important business to discuss, and demanded a council with the *capitan*. After consent had been given, he assembled his principal men, and going through the usual preliminary of taking a 'big smoke,' he arose, and with a great deal of ceremony commenced his pompous and flowery speech, which, like all others of a similar nature, amounted to nothing, until he had touched upon the real object of his visit. He said he had travelled a long distance over the prairies to see and have a talk with his white brothers; that his people were very hungry and naked. He then approached me with six small sticks, and after shaking hands, laid one of the sticks in my hand, which he said represented sugar, another signified tobacco, and the other four, pork, flour, whisky, and blankets, all of which he assured me his people were in much need of, and must have. His talk was then concluded, and he sat down, apparently much gratified with the graceful and impressive manner with which he had executed his part of the performance.

"It then devolved upon me to respond to the brilliant efforts of the prairie orator, which I did in something like the following manner. After imitating his style for a short time, I closed my remarks by telling him that we were poor infantry soldiers, who were always obliged to go on foot; that we had become very tired of walking, and would like much to ride. Furthermore, I had observed that they had among them many fine horses and mules. I then took two small sticks, and imitating as nearly as possible the manner of the chief, placed one in his hand, which I told him was nothing more nor less than a first-rate horse, and then the other, which signified a good large mule. I closed by saying that I was ready to exchange presents when it suited his convenience. They looked at each other for some time without speaking, but finally got up and walked away, and I was not troubled with them again."

The experienced prairie traveller will notice that though there is much in common in the method of constructing the lodges, fires, &c., of all the tribes, yet that each tribe has its own peculiarities in this respect. The Osages, for example, make lodges of the shape of a wagon-cover, of bent rods or willows covered with skins, blankets, or bark; while the Kickapoo lodges are made "in an oval form, something like a rounded haystack, of poles set in the ground and united at the top," the whole being covered with cloths or bark. The Crees, Sioux, Araphoes, Cheyennes, Utahs, Comanche, Blackfeet, and Kioways use a conical lodge (or *tepic*) covered with buffalo-hides; and so on. These particular tribes carry along with them their lodge-poles and coverings when they remove from one place to another, and hence the trail of such a party can be traced by the marks left in the mud or dust of the path by the trailing of the poles fastened on each side of a horse, but touching the ground. The tribes, however, that construct lodges different from that last mentioned, leave the framework standing when they quit any encampment.

Whatever may be the religious beliefs of the prairie tribes, like all the race to which they belong they implicitly believe in "medicine-work," and the medicine-men are important individuals in every tribe. Unlike the Pacific tribes, medicine-work is not confined to a certain class, but every warrior must undergo some ceremonies of this nature before he can take his place among the councillors of the nation. Among some tribes—the Sioux and the now extinct tribe of Mandans, who lived on the Missouri (see engravings on pp. 89, 93, and 108)—these rites were of a most complicated and cruel character, the young men who were candidates for the honours of warriors having to suffer the most exasperating tortures under the eyes of the chiefs, who were watching them closely, and the slightest sign of impatience, or inability to bear the pain, would have disgraced the novice for life.

Among them, as among all tribes, the "medicine-bag" figures prominently. A young fellow goes out into the prairie, or into some lonely place, and sleeps until he dreams of some animal. This animal is then his "medicine." He kills it, and turning its skin into a bag, he wears it continually about his person. The skin may be small enough to be put next to his breast under his garment, or so large as to be rather an encumbrance, but carry it he must. Everything wonderful and strange is a medicine. Painting is a great medicine; photography is a still greater; while the six-shooter, especially if they experience the effect of it on their own persons, is a *most* wonderful medicine. There is a medicine for everything, and specialists among the medicine-men. There are medicine-men who can bring the buffalo, and rain-makers who can produce rain, and some even who will pretend to stop it. These latter gentlemen are generally fair practical meteorologists, and their exertions are not unfrequently only a cloak to conceal the fact that they are prophesying on a certainty. The power to produce rain is of importance to the few tribes who cultivate a little corn, and is accordingly well paid for. Medicine-work is successful, the medicine-men tell their dupes, just in proportion to the length of time occupied in making preparations for it: if you continue your work long enough, rain is *sure* to come!

One of the most extraordinary medicine-rites I have heard of is found among the Tonkawas, one of the prairie tribes, who are regarded as renegades and aliens from social intercourse with the other tribes. They are, in fact, not unlike the Diggers of the Sierra Nevadas, and do not attempt to cultivate the soil or build houses, but live in temporary bark or brush

tenements, and eke out a miserable existence on reptiles, roots, or any other garbage affording the least nutriment. They seem but little elevated above the brutes; indeed, the "medicine" scene which follows shows that they hold rather advanced views on that subject themselves. They consider that their original progenitor was brought into the world by the agency of wolves, and to celebrate the event the "wolf-dance" is performed on certain occasions, though always with the utmost solemnity and secrecy. Major Neighbors, by great interest, managed to get concealed in the lodge before the dance commenced, and could observe what was going on without himself being seen. Soon after the major was hidden, about fifty warriors, all dressed in wolf-skins from head to foot, so as to represent the animal very perfectly, made their entrance upon all-fours in single file, and passed round the lodge, howling, growling, and making other demonstrations peculiar to that carnivorous quadruped. After this had continued for some time, they to put down their noses and sniffed the earth in every direction, until at length one of them suddenly stopped, uttered a shrill cry, and commenced scratching the ground at a particular spot. The others immediately uttered a shrill cry, and followed his example, then, gathering round, they all set to work scratching up the earth with their hands, imitating the motions of the wolf in so doing, and in a few minutes, they exhumed from the spot a genuine live Tonkawa, who had previously been interred for the performance. As soon as they had unearthed this strange biped, they ran round him, scenting his person and examining him from head to foot with the greatest apparent delight and curiosity. The advent of this curious and novel creature was an occasion of no small moment to them, and a council of venerable and sage old wolves was at once assembled to determine what disposition should be made of him. The Tonkawa addressed them as follows:—"You have taken me from the spirit-land, where I was contented and happy, and brought me into a world where I am a stranger, and I know not what I shall do for subsistence and clothing. It is better you should place me back where you found me, otherwise I shall freeze and starve." After mature deliberation the council declined returning him to the earth, and advised him to gain a livelihood as the wolves did; to go out into the wilderness, and rob, kill, and steal whenever opportunity presented. They then placed a bow and arrows in his hands, and told him with these he must furnish himself with food and clothing; that he could wander about from place to place like the wolves, but that he must never build a house or cultivate the soil; that if he did, he would surely die. This injunction, the chief assured our informant, had always been strictly adhered to by the Tonkawas, and for once he lied not. This rite is very peculiar, and may be compared with the wolf-attack among the Seshahs, mentioned at p. 31, and with other superstitions in which the wolf figures.

Buffalo-hunting is likewise an occupation common to all the plain tribes. They are hunted by the tribesmen at all seasons, and the bullet, the long lance, and the arrow play an equal part in the work of destruction. They will even entice them into "pounds," V-shaped enclosures, or rather traps, where they will be slaughtered remorselessly. Sometimes a herd will be driven in the direction of a high precipice, and one after another, either unaware of the danger or unable to avoid it, will tumble over and be killed on the spot. If the animals attempt to turn back in time, their fate is almost equally certain, for few escape this running the gauntlet of the Indians. In the winter they are pursued by the Indians in snow-shoes, and numbers are killed while struggling almost helplessly through the snow-drifts. Sometimes the buffalo will attempt to cross a lake

on the smooth ice, when they become perfectly helpless, and fall an easy prey to their enemies. They will be even pursued on foot during the summer months, the Indians ereeping within range by means of the disguise of a wolf-skin drawn over their naked bodies. The buffalo suspects nothing, for the cowardly prairie-wolf will never attack the buffalo when in herds, but only singly—and the silent arrow soon does its work. So dependent are many of the tribes on the buffalo, that if the herds do not approach for a length of time within a reasonable distance of the village, the tribe is reduced to starvation, and there is nothing for it but to resort to



PIMA INDIAN.

the buffalo-dance (p. 37). So certain is this dance of bringing the game to the village, that every adult must keep by him a mask composed of the head and part of the hide of the buffalo, so that, when occasion arises, he may take part in this very necessary Terpsichorean rite. It *never* fails, because, with a logie as uncombatale as that of the rain-maker, it has to be continued until the buffalo come. When one man is exhausted, another pretends to kill him, and so, being supposed to be *hors de combat*, another takes his place; and thus the weird dance continues, day and night, until the buffalo come in sight, when, of course, it is patent to every unprejudiced mind that this "medicine-dance" has been of sovereign power. The rate at which the buffalo are killed has much decreased their numbers, and though still existing in immense herds, their area is year by year narrowing; and eventually, with the settling up of the prairies, their intersection by railways, and the introduction of fire-arms among the Indians, their extermination is

only a question of time. Thousands are annually slaughtered through sheer wastefulness, and the hides of the cows being in greater request for robes than those of the bulls, the former are killed in greater number. From the Missouri region alone, 40,000 to 100,000 robes are annually received, and the number of buffalo annually killed cannot be much less than from a quarter to half a million. When Coronado went on his famous expedition he traversed, says Castenado, the historian of his expedition, "immense plains, seeing nothing for miles



PIMA HALF-BREED.

together but skies and herds of bison." To this day, in most places, thousands may be seen at one view. When Lewis and Clarke first crossed the prairies they saw, on one occasion, as many as 20,000 in one herd. At another place such a multitude of these animals were crossing the Missouri that for a mile the stream was so filled up that they could not proceed until the herd had passed. Such sights, if not already among the things of the past, soon will be, and when the last buffalo becomes extinct, then we may look for the announcement of the early decease of the last prairie Indian.

In addition to buffalo-hunting, which is ranked both as an amusement and a necessity of life, horse-racing, gambling, dancing, ball-playing, and other amusements fill up the leisure time not devoted to war or sleep. Drunkenness is now gaining ground amongst them, and round every railway-station on the line of the Pacific Railroad dirty, besotted wretches are seen lounging. In the train of drunkenness comes a host of other iniquities, as well as diseases, which, singly or combined, will speedily make the plain Indian an ethnological curiosity. Nearly all the Indians, with the exception of most of the north-western tribes, pay great respect to the calumet, or tobacco-pipe; every negotiation must begin and end with a smoke. No council can be held without it, and to offer it to an enemy is a sign of peace and goodwill. The bowls of most of their pipes are carved out of a kind of steatite found to the west of Lake Michigan, in the Dacotah or Sioux territory, and which is looked upon by the Indians as of a sacred character. The long slender pipe-stems, made out of reeds, are ornamented with feathers, tufts of dyed hair, &c., and are very elegant in shape. Among some tribes the bearer of the pipe of peace is a most important personage, and held for the time being as almost sacred, albeit he has to pay rather smartly for his office to his predecessor.

We have seen that few of the north-western Indians are skilful at *tracking*. The peculiar talent for following up a trail by signs undiscernible to a white man is also little cultivated among the prairie Indians. The trailers employed by the Government officers on the prairies are Indians from the Eastern United States, who are now all settled to the west of the Mississippi. In them this quality, which has been celebrated in a hundred tales, and more particularly in the works of Fenimore Cooper, which give such an alluring (if not particularly accurate) description of the manners of the tribes whose home was once in the more thickly-populated Atlantic States. Perhaps the most skilful are the Delawares, a remnant of the great Alonquin family who, when William Penn colonised Pennsylvania, occupied the site of the present city of Philadelphia. They were then very unwarlike, having been subjugated by the Five Nations. But after their removal to the west they regained all their old reputation, and carried their "war-path" almost to the shores of the Pacific. They are now very scattered, and possess an unconquerable desire for roaming. As traders, or trappers, or hunters, they are found among all the prairie tribes, wherever any advantage is to be gained. They are the Jews of the Indian tribes, scattered amongst all nations, and wondrously alive to the "main chance." The Shawnees, another tribe of the Eastern States, have been associated with them for more than 170 years, and may be said to form with the Delawares really one people. When at home they live near the Missouri River and also on the Canadian River. Many of them, like nearly all the eastern tribes who have moved west of the Mississippi, are more or less civilised, but they still retain some of their old characteristics, more especially this instinct of following a trail, which was originally acquired by force of circumstances, but, continued from father to son through long generations, has now become intensified and hereditary. They are close observers of every trifle which would enable them to recognise a place again, or to follow the slightest trace of a trail—trifles which a white man would never notice. "An incident," writes General Marcy, "which was related to me as occurring with one of these guides a few years since, forcibly illustrates their character. The officer having charge of the party to which he was attached, sent him out to examine a trail he had met with on the prairie, for the purpose of ascertaining where it would lead to. The guide, after following it as far as he supposed he

would be required to do, returned and reported that it led off into the prairie to no place, so far as he could discover. He was told that this was not satisfactory, and directed to take the trail again, and to follow it until he gained the required information. He accordingly went out a second time, but did not return that day, nor the next, and the party, after a time, began to be alarmed for his safety, fearing he might have been killed by the Indians. Days and weeks passed by, but still nothing was heard of the guide, until on arriving at the first border settlement, to their astonishment, he made his appearance among them, and approaching the commanding officer, said, 'Captain, that trail which you ordered me to follow comes out here.' He had, with indomitable energy, traversed alone several hundred miles of wild and desolate prairie, with nothing but his gun to depend upon for a subsistence, determined this time to carry out the instructions of his employer to the letter."

Few white men ever become good trailers, their senses seemingly not being sufficiently acute for the points necessary to be observed in order to render them accomplished in this art. It cannot be taught from books; it is essentially observation carried into practice, premises and deduction. From childhood the exigencies of his life compel the Indian to develop faculties without which he would figure but indifferently either in war or the chase. There is really nothing mysterious about this trailing, though one would imagine, from the way in which it is treated in works of fiction, that it was something supernatural. For instance, if on the prairie you see in the trail of a travelling party of Indians no signs of lodge-poles, you may be sure that you are on the track of a war or hunting party—in either case, aboriginal gentlemen to be avoided in the interest of what a surgeon calls "the continuity of tissue." For knowledge of Indian habits tells us that when moving about from place to place the Indian carries along with him his lodge-poles trailing behind from either side of the horse's back; but that when he goes to war, in order to be lightly equipped, he carries no baggage of that sort. If there are no footprints of women or children on a foot-trail, then the probabilities are that the party are after no good. The marks which the horses' hoofs leave in the soil will also indicate to an experienced trailer whether they have been walking, trotting, or running, and Indians have often tried to point out to me the difference between the print of the foot of a woman and that of a man, and the difference between the footprint of a woman with a load on her back and of one without it. Indian and American horses' tracks can be distinguished by the first being always unshod, and being, moreover, smaller than the latter. The droppings of the dung from animals are also good indications of the age of a trail, and if you bear in mind whether there has been rain within a few days, the age of a trail may sometimes be conjectured in this way. Wild horses, in moving about from place to place, will often leave a track behind which might be mistaken for that of a war-party, but if you watch the trail until some dung is found, and see whether this lies in a pile or not, you have a sure indication of the nature of the trail. A wild horse always stops to relieve itself, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the ordure would be scattered along the road. If the trail passes through woodland, Marey has very properly pointed out that the *mustang* (or wild horse) will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian can even tell by what particular tribe a trail has been made, the number of the party, its age, and many other things connected with it, astounding to the uninitiated. General

Marey gives such an apt instance of this that I may quote it from his notes on this subject. On one occasion he was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, and crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to him quite fresh, and he remarked to the Indian that they must be near the party. "Oh no," said he, "the track was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be about eight o'clock. He then showed how he arrived at this conclusion. He called his companion's attention to some blades of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, this clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made: now there had been no dew for the last two nights, but on the previous morning it had been heavy. On another occasion the same Indian pointed to what looked like a distinctly marked impression of the heel and all the toes of a bear, and accordingly his white companion, fancying that here was an opportunity for distinguishing himself, mentioned that such was his conclusion. The Indian, however, knew better, and that at a glance. "Oh no, captain," he replied, "may be so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impressions, and explained that when the wind was blowing, the blades of grass would be bent over towards the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. Such a solution would have baffled the wits of most white men. A white man lost on a prairie, or on a snow-covered country, has a fatal facility for going in a circle, always supposing that he is following up a more and more beaten track, until gradually the idea dawns upon him that he is only following his own footsteps round and round, in a wide circle. An Indian never does that, but will strike from place to place, with almost unerring certainty, arriving at the point desired, even though he has travelled for many miles over a country trackless to the white man's eye, but familiar enough by well-known landmarks to him. Nearly all Indians mark trails by tying the branches of low bushes into knots, rarely thinking of "blazing" the trail after the white man's fashion—viz., by chipping a fragment off the bark of trees with the axe, as he passes by, without stopping. Indians can conceal themselves while skirmishing much better than white men, and signal by smokes from peak to peak all day, and by fires at night. A war or hunting party, if they have lost their friends, will signal their whereabouts in this manner. When travelling through a hostile country it is by no means reassuring to see that your movements are observed and telegraphed all over the country by the smokes which rise from the hills around, ahead of, and behind you, and by the fires which shoot up in the darkness of the lonely danger-hiding night.

All the prairie tribes, the Navajos (if they can be styled a prairie tribe) excepted, like those who used to inhabit the Eastern United States and Canada, agree in this, that they take the scalp as a trophy, and a proof that they have killed their enemy. This operation is performed by making a circular incision immediately above the ears. Their teeth are then employed to separate the scalp, or the warrior will seize by his hands the "scalp-lock," and pressing his feet against the shoulders of the dead man, will tear it off (see engraving on p. 68). The scalp, of course, is understood to be from the head of a *dead* enemy, but cases are not unknown in which the person has only been stunned, and after being scalped survived the operation for years, his baldness, it is scarcely necessary to remark, being beyond the power of *capillipoints*. The scalp must also be



A QUARREL IN A PRIMEVAL FOREST.

from the head of an enemy, for though now and then an Indian may be forced to kill a person of his own tribe, in self-defence or otherwise, to take his scalp would be to consign himself to infamy in the eyes of his neighbours. Some of the scalps are not much larger than a crown

piece, and these are hung to different parts of the dress, or suspended from the bridle or halter of the horses, or carried as trophies at great feasts or parades. Sometimes they are cut into a fringe, and used to decorate their weapons, or attached to a "scalp-pole" over the wigwam. This is done by the chief setting the example by suspending all the scalps which he has taken over his wigwam, when all the minor dignitaries immediately follow suit. On such an occasion a stranger, by counting the number of scalps over each lodge, can ascertain the rank of each individual in the tribe; it is, in fact, a rude sort of peerage. On other occasions the scalp, if large, is stretched on a hoop at the end of a stick two or three feet in length, for the purpose of being danced. This "scalp-dance," found more or less amongst all these tribes, is a hideous savage display. It is danced at night by the light of torches, and just before retiring to bed. "When a war-party returns from a war-excursion, bringing home with them the scalps of their enemies, they generally dance them for fifteen nights in succession, vaunting forth the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful prowess in war, whilst they brandish their war-weapons in their hands. A number of young women are selected to aid (though they do not actually join in the dance), by stepping into the centre of the ring and holding up the scalps that have been taken, whilst the warriors dance (or, rather, *jump*) around in a circle, brandishing their weapons, and barking and yelping in the most frightful manner, all jumping on both feet at once, with a simultaneous stamp and blow and thrust of their weapons, with which, it would seem, they were actually cutting and carving each other to pieces. During these frantic leaps and yelps and thrusts every man distorts his face to the utmost, darting about his glaring eye-balls, and snapping his teeth, as if he were in the heat of battle! No description could convey more than a faint idea of the frightful effects of these scenes, enacted in the dead of night, under the glaring light of their blazing flambeaux; nor could all the years allotted to mortal man in the least obliterate the vivid impression that one scene of this kind would leave upon his memory."

On the plains, of late years, the scalps which form the red man's "jewellery" have been, for the most part, those of whites, for, almost without exception, nearly all of the prairie tribes are, or have been, at war with them. The details of these outrages are sickening. Suffice it to say that houses are burnt, the inmates slaughtered and scalped, or taken prisoners, the lonely stations on the plains captured, often after bitter resistance, and the mail coach attacked by these fiends so frequently, that until recently, when the formation of the railway made this mode of conveyance a thing of the past, soldiers had to guard it, often ineffectually, for a great part of the distance. (See Plate, p. 129.) Sometimes these guerilla wars originated in the desire for plunder; at other times for the purpose of preventing the whites penetrating into the country—for instance, a few years ago many of the tribes coalesced for that purpose—but frequently enough revenge for brutal outrages perpetrated upon defenceless women and children by the half-civilised whites who hang about the frontier were the primary cause of these terrible scenes of bloodshed. A single instance (and I could give a score) may be sufficient for the reader. Some years ago a party of frontier men were crossing the plains to Oregon, armed of course, and reckless as most of them are. One day, whilst one of them was practising with his rifle, he noticed an old Indian squaw gathering berries. Not another Indian was in sight, and in spite of the protests of his companions, in mere wantonness he fired at the woman and killed her. They travelled on, but still a fear possessed them that the deed might be discovered and be

revenge. Days passed, and nothing was seen of the Indians, but at last, when least thinking of them, they were overtaken and surrounded by a party so large that resistance was hopeless. The Indians were more reasonable, and seemingly more merciful than the whites. They did not, as they had the power to do, slaughter the whole party; they only asked that the murderer should be surrendered to them for punishment. As cowardly as he was cruel, he begged his comrades to save him, and for a while the party were undecided. Should they do so or not? would it not be worth while to fight it out—hopeless as the contest seemed? At last they resolved to give him up, on the Indians solemnly promising that they would not take his life. The wretched man was handed over to the fiends thirsting for vengeance, his companions retiring to some distance to await the result. They saw nothing, but on their ears burst the most heart-rending yells of pain, which they knew proceeded from their late companion. They could do nothing but listen, in terror and horror, all through the dark night, unable, if even they had been willing, to sleep. Morning came, and their companion, shrieking with pain, was led into their camp, *alive*, certainly: the Indians had kept their word. But at the sight which met their eyes even these rough backwoodsmen grew sick and faint. *His fiendish torturers had, bit by bit, flayed the unhappy man*, until there was not an inch of skin on his whole body! His comrades, on his urgent entreaties, put him out of pain by sending a bullet through his head, after which they went one way and the Indians another.

Whenever they have a chance they mutilate the bodies of the white men whom they have slain, and Dr. Bell tells us that each tribe inflicts a mutilation corresponding to the sign—in the sign-language—(already described) of the tribe. For instance, a non-commissioned American officer was killed in a fight with them, and when found had been stripped quite naked and scalped. Through his head a bullet had passed, while his brain was exposed by a tomahawk blow. The nose was slit up, the throat cut from ear to ear, seven arrows were sticking in his body, the breast was laid open so as to expose the heart, and the arm was hacked to the bone, while his legs from the hip to the knee lay open with horrible gashes; they had even cut the flesh from the knee to the foot. The allied tribes who had shared in this fight were Cheyennes, Araphoes, and Sioux. The hacked muscles of the right arm spoke of the Cheyennes, or “cut-arms;” the slit nose, of the Araphoes, or “smellers;” while the throat cut seemed to be intended by the savage Sioux to let the whites know that they too had been present at this horrible orgie.

Let us now give a brief account of a few of the chief prairie tribes in more special detail.

COMANCHES.

One of the largest, as well as the most ruthless of the prairie tribes, is known under this name. Their numbers cannot be exactly ascertained, but 12,000 or 13,000 may probably be about the mark; thus, with the exception of the Dacotahs, or Sioux, they are the most numerous of the vagabond race which find their home on the great central regions of America. They have three great divisions—the northern, middle, and southern, designated by them as the Tennawas, Yamparaco, and Comanches, and these three “nations” are again subdivided into smaller bands, each having its own petty chief. The first division—viz., southern—resides for the most part within Texas, and may number about 1,000 souls. They lead the life of herdsmen and robbers, wandering about from place to place in search of game for themselves

and grass for their animals. In this manner all the region from the Red River of the south to the Colorado has unwelcome visits from them. During the winter they chiefly reside on the banks of the Brazos and Colorado, the grass in that region being green during that season,



WHITE WOMAN AND CHILDREN IN THE HANDS OF INDIANS.

and the climate sufficiently mild and agreeable. They derive no portion of their food from the buffalo—the region being out of its range—deer, antelopes, and smaller game imperfectly supplying its place, and were it not for the large number of mules and horses which they possess, they would sometimes be driven to great straits for food. As it is, their stock is

rapidly decreasing, as well as the Indians themselves, and in a few years starvation, and the vile habits of drunkenness and other civilised (?) customs which they have learned from association with the border whites, will exterminate this band.

The "middle Comanches," which number about 3,500 souls, spend their winters in North-western Texas, and in summer cross Red River and Canadian River towards the Arkansas, in pursuit of the buffalo. They are much less civilised than the southern Comanches, seldom visiting the white settlements, and using the buffalo-skin as clothing. They have only a vague conception, of the customs, numbers, and power of the whites, and what little they do know has not given them a very elevated idea of the moral character of the "pale faces."

The "northern Comanches" are still wilder, and until recently few of them had ever seen a house, and many had never met with a white man. During the summer they follow the buffalo over the plains. At this season they are supplied with abundance of food, while in winter they are famishing for the want of the merest amount necessary to sustain life; they are a race of hunters, living from day to day, and from hand to mouth. In numbers they vastly exceed that of the other two divisions. Where the Comanches came from cannot now be determined, but, like most of the prairie Indians, they trace their origin from the West.

Polygamy is common amongst them, and their courtship is of the briefest description possible, as well as of the most prosaic, business-like character. The suitor comes with what horses and other goods he thinks the young lady may be worth, and sends word to the father as to the object of this visit; a consultation ensues, and if the terms are satisfactory, she is led out and handed over to her proprietor. The lady is in no way consulted, though it ought to be added that not unfrequently she afterwards consults her own choice—by eloping with a more valued lover. In such a case the irate husband pursues the runaway couple, and may, according to long-established custom, put them to death (if he can), though more frequently he solaces his wounded honour (and purse) by accepting a present of horses, after which he surrenders all right in the girl. Incontinence among them is sometimes punished by the husband firing a bullet through the crossed feet of the erring wife. Morality is not high, and the temporary marriage of a stranger who may visit the tribe is thought, as among other tribes, essential to hospitality. Among all savages marriage is a prosaic matter. Compare, for instance, the custom of the Hudson Bay Indians, in former times, of wrestling for wives, the strongest man carrying off the prize. The result was that no man could be certain of keeping his wife, if he was challenged to contest with another for her possession. The same custom prevails among the Coppermine and Chippeweyan Indians—the stronger man considering that he has a perfect right to the wife of the weaker. Yet this custom has taught the woman, whatever might be her private feelings on the matter, that to protest would be useless, and accordingly she never dreams of such a course.

Horse-racing and gambling are among their most inveterate passions; war is also an essential of their existence.

When a chief wishes volunteers for a war-party, he rides through the camp carrying a pole surrounded with eagles' feathers, suspended to which is a small red flag. Mounted on his best horse, and clad in full war-costume, he parades around, singing the war-song. Warriors who are willing to follow him mount and join in the procession. After a time they also dismount and join in the war-dance. This parade is continued for some days, until the requisite number

is obtained. It not unfrequently happens that the chief who has organised the war-party is discouraged at the prospect, and returns home again. In such a case the followers elect another leader, and continue on, as long as anybody remains. In this the reader will see how loose is the authority of the prairie chiefs. Not unfrequently among them there is one chief who administers the government of the tribe and another who leads the war-expedition, but either can be deposed at the will of his tribesmen, and neither has any power over life, limb, or liberty: all this must be decided by the council of the tribes, composed of the chiefs, the warriors, and the medicine-men. All the followers of a chief are free warriors fighting under a chosen leader, not subjects of an autocratic head. Any one may desert at any time, and the chief has no power to keep or to punish him, though the contempt which cowardice invariably obtains generally acts as a sufficient restraining influence on such conduct.

Sometimes a war-party is absent for a long period, but no sooner is it sighted on its return than all the village is astir with excitement, and men, women, and children swarm out to meet it. The white horses are painted and decked out most fantastically, and the whole party is received with howls of joy as it passes through the village, after which the scalp-dance is celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony of which their limited resources admit. If, on the contrary, the expedition is unsuccessful, then the relatives of the deceased cut off their hair and the tails of their horses as symbols of mourning, though I am not aware that they black their faces, as they do when celebrating the scalp-dance.

Among these Indians are numbers of Mexicans as well as other whites, whom they have captured and hold in bondage. With one of these cases I have some little acquaintance. A young man and his sister had been captured when children, after the murder of their father and the rest of their family. They grew up to adult condition, but afterwards a trader purchased the boy, and brought him to one of the United States forts, from which in due course he reached his mother, who at the time of the massacre happened, fortunately, to have been from home. As she pined to see her daughter again, the youth was persuaded to return to the Comanches and endeavour to negotiate for her release. He did so, but he found, however willing the Indians might be to release her, an insuperable obstacle in the girl herself. She had married an Indian; she had never known anything else but Indian life; her husband, her friends—in a word, all that she held dear on earth were among the Comanches, and she declined to leave these, for the sake of a mother and a civilisation which she had never known, and of which she had never felt the loss. Probably she is still living among the savages. Another case I have heard of was that of a man who had been captured when a little boy, and lived with the Indians until he was grown up. For some time after his return to his relatives he was so exceedingly Comancheised that when he felt hungry he would go to his father's pasture, shoot an ox, light a fire and cook as much of the meat as he might require, leaving the remainder to the wolves. It was not for a long time that he could be persuaded to abandon this rather improvident practice. It is even related that about ninety years ago the daughter of the Spanish Governor-General at Chihuahua was stolen by them. The father immediately pursued, and by means of an agent, after some weeks had elapsed, effected her ransom. But she refused to return to her father, and sent them back the message "that the Indians had tattooed her face according to their style of beauty; had given her to be the wife of a young man; that her husband treated her well, and reconciled her to her mode of life; that she would

be more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was." She continued to live among the Comanches, and reared a family of children—at least so runs the tale.

Among all the prairie tribes civilised women are held in captivity. Many of them are Mexicans—only semi-civilised—and after residing for some time among the savages they not unnaturally show no great desire to return again to civilisation. A most pitiful tale came to my knowledge a few years ago. Some Red River hunters found at Bute Isle, on the other side of the Côteau du Missouri, a number of Sioux lodges. The Indians had living amongst them a beautiful American girl of sixteen, who had been at school in St. Paul's when the Sioux war broke out. She begged the hunters to purchase her; but an old Sioux, who treated her as his wife, demanded as her price a puncheon of rum, a chest of tea, two horses, and some powder and shot. They had not the price demanded, and so had to leave the poor girl to her fate. She cried piteously as they moved off, the old Sioux watching her angrily. She seemed to be tolerably well used, though I was once told by a woman who had been held captive among the Cheyennes that the Indian squaws are very jealous of their white rivals, and ready to heap every possible indignity and cruelty on them. The squaws are also the most cruel in their torture of the captives.

When a warrior of the Comanche nation dies, his robe is wrapped about him, and the rest of his limited wardrobe put upon him. He is then buried on the summit of a hill, in a sitting posture, with his face to the east. As in the Southern Oregon tribe mentioned at p. 109, his friends then kill his best horses, all his war-implements are destroyed, and the other horses have their manes and tails shaved close as a sign of mourning and as a symbol of affection. For some time—not unfrequently for a month—after the funeral, the relatives and friends of the deceased assemble night and morning, for the purpose of crying and cutting themselves with knives. The corpse is always buried immediately, but the mourning is in strict proportion to the value of the departed to his tribe, a young warrior being long and sadly lamented, while an aged one is dismissed with a shorter period of woe.

Some of the other prairie tribes swathe the body in skins, and elevate it on a sort of scaffolding of poles and there allow it to mummify, while the dry prairie winds sweep around it. Others elevate it into the branches of a tree, like some of the Pacific coast tribes (p. 48). The system of burying on high places is, however, the favourite method of sepulture. A famous Omaha chief, Blackbird, was, for instance, buried sitting erect on his favourite horse, fully equipped for battle, by his kinsmen and warriors gradually building both in with turves and stones, on a high bluff—situated about a thousand miles above St. Louis, on the Missouri. The place is still visited by the Indians as sacred, and by the more prosaic whites, to obtain a good view of the surrounding country.

General Marey knew the widow of a prominent Comanche chief who continued the mourning ceremonies, though at the time of his meeting her about three years had elapsed since her husband's death. (At one time, for the wife to immolate herself on the death of her husband was not unknown.) This dignified and faithful wife was one of the best hunters in her tribe, and is said to have killed in one morning, near Fort Chadbourn, fourteen deer. The Comanche heaven is the heaven of all other Indians—a place where men who have taken plenty of scalps and stolen abundance of horses revel in a never-failing supply of buffalo. They may visit the earth

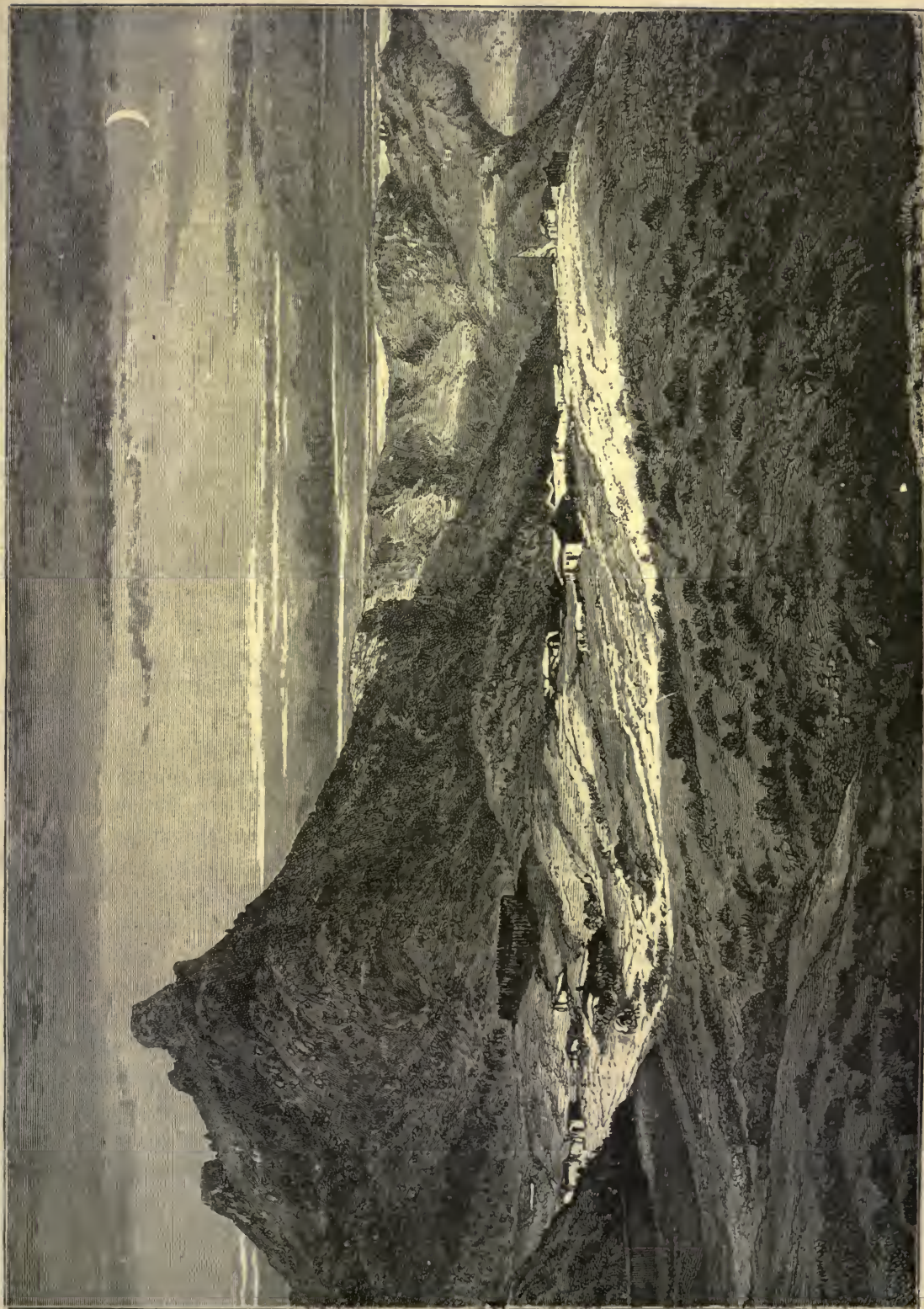
during the night, but must return to the spirit-land before break of day. They have a vague belief that they can hold some converse with the Supreme Being, in whom they trust, through the médium of the sun; but what other religion they have it is not easy to make out. Doubtless they have a complicated and vague enough mythology.

One thing is certain, they believe in one great Supreme Being, however many minor deities they may have, and that they make no images of the object or objects of their worship. That they have ever been idolators I cannot learn. On the whole, they are theists of a mild type—making, doubtless, supplications to the sun, moon, or earth, but not to these objects as gods, but only as media of intercommunication with God,* in which respect they differ from some nations of the Old World, who worship the heavenly bodies themselves as the actual deities; and in older times in Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, India, Scandinavia, Lapland, Britain, Germany, and many other countries, sun-worship was very common. Among the Mexicans, the Incas claimed to be the children of the sun, and in a figurative sense some of the modern American Indians call themselves “children of the sun,” or “souls made of fire.” “My father,” exclaimed the indignant warrior and chief Tecumesh, as he threw himself on the ground when the Governor of Indiana desired him to take a chair, “the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; I will repose upon her bosom.”† Yet with all their respect for the Great Spirit, the first words they learn in coming in contact with the whites are those of obscenity and profanity, though, it must be remembered, that their first associates are immoral and reckless hunters, traders, or frontier-men, and that they have often little idea of the meaning of the phrases put into their mouths by their unworthy tutors. Like most of their brethren, they are very fond of obtaining certificates of character, and value the worth of a man and the strength of his friendship by the presents they receive from him. Though like other Indians they are fond of assuming a *nil admirari* air, yet in reality they are very inquisitive.

The steam-bath is in great vogue amongst them, and is not only resorted to for the cure of disease, but also as part of the regular course which young warriors must undergo before being permitted to assume the responsible position of scalp-lifters. The northern Comanches have an immense idea of their own importance, and nothing but severe punishment, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge of the line of conduct to be pursued towards them, will ever cause them to respect the whites. With the exception of the southern Comanches, none of them have taken the first steps towards civilisation, and when the buffalo becomes exterminated or scarce—a question only of time, and not a very long time either—they must take to agriculture or other civilised mode of obtaining a subsistence, live by plundering their civilised neighbour, or become extinct. The latter two contingencies are much more likely than the former. “That they are ultimately destined to extinction does not, in my mind,” writes one well qualified to speak on the subject, “admit of a doubt, and it may be beyond the agency of human control to avert such a result. But it seems to me in accordance with the benevolent spirit of our institutions that we should endeavour to make the pathway of their exit as smooth and easy as possible, and I know no more effectual way of accomplishing this than by teaching them to till the soil.” But will they be taught? I

* A contrary and (I think) erroneous view is given by Major Neighbors, in Schoolcraft's “Indian Tribes,” ii. 127.

† “Theology of the American Indians,” *American National Quarterly Review*, June, 1863.



FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA, IN THE COUNTRY OF THE APACHES.

fancy not; the race will die out—Ishmaels, whose hands are against every man, and against whom every man's hand is turned—either to avenge the past, protect himself for the present, or as often as not as a precaution for the future.

APACHES.

It is now more than 100 years ago since Miguel Venegas, the Spanish friar, wrote the following description of the tribe whose name heads this paragraph:—"Within a circuit of 300 leagues they reside in their small *rancherías*,* erected in the valleys and in the breaches of the mountains. They are cruel to those who have the misfortune to fall into their hands; and among them are several apostates. They go entirely naked, but make their incursions on horses of great swiftness, which they have stolen from other parts. A skin serves them as a saddle. Of the same skins they make little shoes of one piece,† and by them they are traced in their flight. They begin the attack with shouts at a great distance, to strike the enemy with terror. They have not naturally any great share of courage; but the little they can boast of is extravagantly increased on any good success. In war they rather depend upon artifice than valour; and on any defeat submit to the most ignominious terms, but keep their treaties no longer than suits their convenience. His Majesty has ordered that if they require peace, it should be granted, and even offered to them before they are attacked. But this generosity they construe to proceed from fear. Their arrows are the common bows and arrows of the country. The intention of their incursions is plunder, especially horses, which they use both for riding and eating, the flesh of these creatures being one of their greatest dainties. These people, during the last eighty years, have been the dread of Sonora, no part of which is secure from their violence The Apaches penetrate into the province by different passes, and after loading themselves with booty, will travel in one night fifteen, eighteen, or twenty leagues. To pursue them over the mountains is equally dangerous and difficult, and in the levels they follow no path. On any entrance into their country, they give notice to one another by smokes or fires; and at a signal they all hide themselves. The damages they have done in the villages, settlements, farms, roads, pastures, woods, and mines are beyond description; and many of the latter, though very rich, have been forsaken." Without the change of almost a word, this lucid description by the old missionary applies to the Apaches at the present day, as it would have applied to them 200 years before it was written.

Under the name "Apache" are comprehended several tribes or bands, numbering in all something over 5,000 souls, but, with the exception of a few hundreds too cowardly or too weak to fight, and who therefore prefer to be fed by the Government, all hostile to the whites. The Indian Department is endeavouring to collect the rest of them on "reservations" and to teach them the arts of peace—at least so far as may prevent them being an annoyance to their civilised neighbours; the result has hitherto been but little successful. They will "make treaty" and accept all the presents with an avidity which leaves nothing to be desired. They will even do the department the honour to live in the houses prepared for them, until they find it to their profit to do otherwise, when they instantly commence that series of murderous depredations which in western parlance is known as "going on the rampage." About

* Or houses, a Spanish term applied in the extreme western portion of America very commonly to Indian villages.

† Mocassins.

the habits or social condition of the others very little is known. Too much, on the other hand, is known about their outrages. Equal failures have marked every attempt to either "clear them out" or to "improve them—off the face of the earth." A few years ago the commander at Camp Grant conceived that he had a special mission for this task, but the result proved that in this opinion the gallant gentleman was altogether singular, he and his soldiers being exceedingly glad, before they had gone many miles, to beat an undignified retreat out of the country. Northern Sonora is their favourite plundering-ground, and more than a hundred years ago the Spaniards found it necessary to protect their outlying provinces by a complete system of military posts from San Antonio, in Texas, to the Pacific. So long as this system was adopted, the country, being comparatively safe, prospered, but soon after the withdrawal of the troops, owing to the decay of Spanish power, the region again became desolated by the ravages of the savage hordes, only kept in check by these forts. The Apaches poured down upon it, the herdsmen fled for their lives, and left their cattle and horses—herds of which in a wild condition are now found in the territory—to their fate. The country districts cleared, the savages next attacked the smaller towns, until the word Apache became such a name of terror, that even the news of one of these savage bands being seen twenty or thirty miles off, was sufficient to cause them to leave everything and flee. Secure in the mountain fastnesses of his home in the north, the Apache meanwhile knew that he was safe from pursuit or retaliation, and increased in boldness and atrocity. The result is that the country is almost depopulated. Even though the United States have stipulated to protect the Mexican frontier from these disagreeable citizens of the great Republic, they have felt themselves powerless to accomplish this, and the helpless frontier on both sides of the boundary line lies waste. In this, indeed, lies the only safety it has, for there being nothing to steal or murder, the Apaches do not visit it. Once, however, let the owner of a scalp settle in the territory, or a flock of cattle graze in its villages, then, as of old, their yells would be heard in the land. But Nature has taken in hand what the Government of the United States, or what passes for such in Mexico, has failed to do; the Apaches are dying off gradually, and the general wish in the region surrounding their haunts is that that pleasant event cannot be too speedily accelerated. The illustration on page 197 shows the scene of a terrible massacre by this bloodthirsty tribe in 1867.

NAVAJOS.

This people, though often classed with the Apaches, are not only their hereditary enemies, but in every respect a different and much finer race. Bold, defiant, with lustrous eyes, and sharp, intelligent countenances, their skill in some arts does not belie their appearance. They have taken to agriculture, and in some cases have raised large crops of various kinds. They also weave blankets, in appearance and quality, according to Dr. Bell, scarcely excelled even by the costly *seraphes* of Mexico and South America, and they manufacture baskets, ropes, saddles, and bridle-bits. Yet in their love of rapine and plunder the Navajos are scarcely excelled by the Apaches. Until they were partially settled upon "reservations" by the Government they inhabited a fine tract of well-watered country, bounded on the north by the Utah Indians, on the south by the Apaches, on the west by the Moqui and Zuñi Pueblo Indians, and on the east by the Rio Grande Valley. Twenty years ago they must have

numbered 12,000. While they left their wives and old men to plant, reap, and attend to the stock, and make blankets, the braves spent their lives traversing the whole country, and carrying off the stock of the helpless Mexican farmers, besides keeping the entire agricultural and mining population in a constant state of alarm. To give a slight idea of the depredations of these hordes, it may be stated that between August 1, 1846, and October 1, 1856, there were stolen by them no less than 12,887 mules, 7,050 horses, 31,581 horned cattle, and 453,293 head



INDIAN AND SQUAW.

of sheep. The official reports from New Mexico appear to contain nothing but catalogues of depredations committed by the Navajos, or of similar deeds done by the Apaches; and not only was the valley of the Rio Grande swept over and over again of its stock, but the Indian, Pueblo and Zuñi, and other native towns, barely escaped destruction, and this, too, since the annexation of these places to the United States.

From 1846 up to the present date their history is simply one of plunderings by them and reprisals by the whites. Their corn-fields were set on fire, their cattle and sheep driven away, their stores plundered, and they themselves slaughtered by the enraged settlers and Indians

friendly to the whites. If there were no flocks to drive off, the military would attempt to destroy the remnants of their stock by encamping at the different springs, thinking by this means to prevent the sheep from obtaining water. This was not, however, altogether successful, for the Navajo sheep, by long habit, only require water every three or four days. So that the soldiers, after guarding a spring for some days, and seeing no signs of Indians, would fancy the country must be deserted, and leave. Then the Navajos, who were grazing their flocks quietly in some secluded valley among the mountains hard by, would come and water their flocks with the utmost impunity. Still the result of this continual warfare was to decrease them, and at the present time there exists not a fraction of the number who once made the



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country so lively. Numbers have gone on to reserves, and it is said there are about 2,000 in the hands of the Mexicans, who *profess* to bring them up as members of their families and households. Perhaps so. They are, however, far from contented on the reservations, and we are informed by their superintendent that of the state of their health and morals the hospital reports give a woful account. "The tale is not half told, because they have such an aversion to the hospital that if taken sick they will never go there, and so they are fast diminishing in numbers; while the births are many, the deaths are more. Discontent fills every breast of this brave and light-hearted tribe, and a piteous cry comes from all as they think of their own far-off lands, 'Carry me back, carry me back!'" In character they are said to be superior to most of the neighbouring tribes, sparing life when no resistance was offered, though death was, and is, the unvarying result of opposition to their plundering. In battle they never scalp an enemy, and in many other respects they are generous, and more like the Pueblo Indians, whom we shall describe by-and-by, and with whom they claim a common relationship and origin. On the

contrary, the Apaches have never been known to show the faintest trace of humanity or good taste, scalping and mutilating their enemies in the most frightful manner, and if they capture them alive torturing them to death by means of slow fires (p. 69) or other diabolical inventions. Their numbers have been estimated at about 15,000.

COLORADO RIVER INDIANS.

Between the limits of the Apache country (Rio Verde) and the Colorado are the Hualpais and Yampas, two tribes few in number, and of about the lowest type of humanity (pp. 156, 157). They are at peace with the whites, but rapidly decreasing, though at one time numbering many thousands. Those in the vicinity of Fort Mojave (Mojaveves) are the most powerful of these Indians. They cultivate the bottom lands of the Colorado, and are entirely dependent on the overflow of the river. If this fails the result is generally a famine—their resources from wild fruits and game being now curtailed by the spread of the white settlements and their own utter improvidence. The Coeopas near the river mouth are less dependent on the overflow, and are therefore much more comfortably situated. As a specimen of the way in which these tribes have decreased, it may be mentioned that while the Yumas—a tribe living higher up the river—numbered at the period of the American occupation 5,000 souls, they do not now number much more than 1,000. The last account I have of these people, who have little general interest, is in a letter of the late superintendent of Indian affairs for Arizona. “We found,” writes Mr. Posten, “the Yumas indulging in great expectations. They are as dependent upon the overflow of the river as the inhabitants of the Nile, but have no Joseph to provide for the years of famine. The river having entirely failed to overflow its banks the previous year, they had not planted, and consequently had not reaped, they were in a literal state of starvation, and many of them absolutely died from the effects of hunger. Old Pasqual, the head chief, a friend of longstanding, with many more recent friends, came out to meet us, supposing the baggage-wagon was laden with food. We gave them the usual peace-offering of the Indian weed, which, judging from their rueful countenances, only increased the *goneness* of the stomach, consequent on acute hunger. We had no food; there are no contractors for food in the Indian service; we had only shoddy and hardware (for presents). They asked us for bread, and we gave them a hoe; they begged for meat, and we gave them a blanket. . . . It was unfortunate, too for the Smithsonian Institution. They had commissioned me to catch all the bugs, snakes, rats, rabbits, birds, beetles, fish, grasshoppers, and horned frogs in Arizona for their Institute, but there were none left; the Indians had eaten them all up, and hungered for more. The commander at Fort Yuma did what he could to enable them to celebrate Christmas—he managed to give them an issue of damaged hominy, which the horses had refused to eat. It was a sad adieu to leave these starving wretches, but a source of congratulation to get away from such a cannibalistic neighbourhood without loss of flesh.”

In point of civilisation these Colorado tribes form a sort of connecting link between the wild Apaches and the civilised Pueblo Indians.

CHAPTER VI.

PUEBLO INDIANS.

A STRIKING contrast to the savage, merciless, murderous, and marauding heathens lying outside of their boundary, are the semi-civilised tribes of New Mexico, who live in villages and support themselves by agriculture and trade, and are hence known as the *Pueblo* (or village) Indians. A brief account is necessary of these Indians, who seem to be the last descendants of the Aztecs, the highly-civilised race which the early conquerors of Mexico and Peru found inhabiting these countries. I prefer, to give it at this stage as a contrast to their immediate neighbours already described. The Pueblo Indians do not now number more than about 16,000 souls, while the wild Indians of New Mexico are estimated at about 23,000, the Americans and Mexicans bringing the total population of that rich but sadly disturbed region up to about 127,000. In all their characteristics the Pueblo Indians bear the highest reputation. Industrious, gentle, yet brave, kind and hospitable, this race of men, with their sad, mild faces, on which a smile is never seen to play, quietly cultivating their lands, and selling their onions, peaches, grapes, beans, melons, and hay to the dominant race, and while sanguine of better days, wearily ascending their housetops at sunrise, to look for the coming from the East of that Montezuma, whose steps are so laggard in travel, are of deep interest to every heart capable of kindly feeling. These semi-civilised Indians—Dr. Bell tells us—are not found except in New Mexico and Arizona, south of the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude, and there is no proof to show that they ever came from the North, or spread farther northward than the Rio Grande Valley, and a few of the more accessible branches of the San Juan river. In this region, which equals the size of France, only five remnants of this once powerful nation remain at present. There are according to the traveller mentioned (1) the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande Valley, numbering 5,866; (2) the Indians of Zuñi, numbering 1,200; (3) the Indians of the seven Moqui Pueblos, situated about 150 miles N.W. of Zuñi, numbering 2,500; (4) the Pimas of the Gila Valley, occupying eight villages, and numbering 3,500; and, lastly, the Papagas of the regions south of it, occupying about nineteen villages, and numbering rather over than under 4,000 souls. Like all the Indian race, their numbers have much decreased since the first discovery and settlement of the country by the whites. All the Rio Grande Pueblo Indians are—nominally at least—Christians, the Spanish missionaries having early visited them. In each pueblo is a plain church, built of sun-dried bricks, and dedicated to its patron saint. Their houses are usually of one storey, but sufficiently large to contain several families. The roofs are flat, but at each corner of the village are watch-towers which rise above the roof. In the centre of the chief house in the village is usually found a large room, partly excavated out of the earth. Previous to the introduction of Christianity the *estufa* (or sacred fire) was kept alight here, and though in most cases this room is now converted into a council chamber,* yet there is little doubt—so persistent are early superstitions, or so sacred religious beliefs—that in some places this sacred fire is still kept burning.

* So hard is it to get at facts, and so distorted do they become when viewed through differently coloured media, that an otherwise most intelligent observer describes this sacred council chamber as a "kind of village grocery," where the old folks assemble to smoke, gossip, and possibly to talk scandal!

Each *pueblo* has a local government of its own, consisting of a *cacique*, or governor, selected from among the village sages, and who holds his office for life; a war captain, who looks to expeditions of offence or defence, and through a subordinate has charge of the *cabahallada*, or herd of horses—every one having to take his turn as a watcher—and various minor officers, who have charge of church matters, repairs of public buildings, &c. The laws are made by the



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old men, who elect all the officers except the *cacique*, or captain, who is generally elected by universal suffrage. In most cases the office is so far hereditary that all other things being equal, his successor is chosen from the family next in rank. As different dialects are spoken in each village, Spanish is now adopted as the general medium of intercommunication. Until the decay of religious establishments throughout Northern Mexico, owing to the continual intestine troubles of that unhappy country, most of the Indians could read and write, but these accomplishments are now rare. Though externally all good Roman Catholics, there

are not wanting those who declare that their Christianity is all on the outside, and that they still cling to the religion of their forefathers, and can only be induced to attend church by threats, promises, or even blows, while their own heathen rites are performed with the utmost regularity. All, however, agree in bearing testimony to the honesty and sobriety of the men, and the chastity of the women.



INDIAN OF ANAHUAC, DESCENDED FROM THE AZTECS.

Some of the *pueblos* are in the form of strong and almost impregnable fortifications, while those in San Domingo, Candia, and other places have no doors nor windows on the outside, but are entered by ladders from the roof. The early Spanish explorers found seven-storeyed fortresses, but these are no more, though ruins are found here and there scattered through the territory, which bear witness to a greater population and many more buildings in former times than now. The fortress of Zuñi is, however, at the present day a rather remarkable one, being built on a rising ground, and at least six terraces can be counted one above the other. The

doors of the houses on the different terraces are entered by means of ladders planted against the walls. Cultivation is considerable through the Zuñi Valley, but cotton was not until lately generally grown. Water is everywhere of such importance to cultivation that it figures rather extensively in their traditions. Near Zuñi is a sacred spring at which neither man nor cattle may drink, the water being sacred to the frogs, tortoises, and snakes. "Once a year the cacique and his attendants perform certain religious rites at the spring; it is thoroughly cleaned out, water-pots are brought as an offering to the spirit of Montezuma, and are placed bottom-upwards on the top of the wall of stones. Many of these have been removed, but some still remain, while the ground around is strewn with fragments of vases which have crumbled into decay from age." At Zuñi Christianity is rather weak, and the people to some extent still cling to their old rites, believing that the comparative immunity of the neighbouring country from droughts is to a great degree owing to the fidelity of the inhabitants to the religion of their forefathers. Here they believe in one great and good spirit, and in Montezuma his son, who shall some day come from the East and unite once more all the nations under his banner.* They are sharp bargainers—like all their race—but the women are virtuous and polygamy is not allowed.

The Moqui Pueblos are in the midst of an arid country and the villages, mostly composed of three-storeyed houses, are often planted on the very edge of steep *mesas*, or flats partly formed by volcanic peaks. They are very quiet in their manners, though much more light-hearted than the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande; are honest, frank, and hospitable, and neat in their domestic arrangements, yet wanting the manly bearing of the Zuñi Indians, having until lately lived in great fear of their warlike neighbours, the Navajos. In each village there is a water-tank, and most of their crops are raised by carefully husbanding the rainfall and using it for irrigation. Many flocks of sheep are owned by them. Since 1850 they have decreased from 6,700 to 2,500, on account of the ravages of small-pox, and deficiency of food, owing to dry seasons. In the introductory remarks regarding the origin of the Americans, I alluded (p. 3) to the supposed Welsh origin of some of the tribes. Whether from national pride or from the force of misunderstood fact, Welshmen who have lived amongst the Moquis declare that the chiefs can pronounce any Welsh word with facility, but not in the modern dialect. Such stories cannot be received without several grains of salt.

The Pima houses are only huts of interlaced willows, yet the people are skilful agriculturists and manufacturers, and, as the Apaches have more than once experienced, fearless on the "war-path." Any successes the United States have ever gained in contest with these Ishmaels of Arizona have been through the aid of the Pima warriors. Mr. Posten, at one time superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of New Mexico, declares that they have no

* It is stated by some that the Montezuma of the Pueblo Indians is not the Montezuma who figured at the conquest of Mexico, but an agent of the Spanish Government chosen to protect the rights and interests of the Pueblos. The Indians, however, do not believe this, but declare that he originated in New Mexico, some say that he was born at the old pueblo of Picos, and others at an old pueblo near Ojo-Caliente, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It is supposed, too, that Montezuma was not the original name of this demigod, but one bestowed on him after he had proved the divinity of his mission. There is, indeed, a document extant which declares that he was born at Tognays, one of the ancient pueblos of New Mexico, in the year 1538, and this account makes him out more a prophet than anything else.

religion, and worship no deity, unless a habit of hailing the rising sun with an ovation may be the remains of the habits of some sun-worshipping tribe. They have many Jewish habits, but do not practise circumcision, and polygamy is practised by some of the more prosperous men. Marriage is not binding until there is progeny. The women do all the work, the men considering themselves degraded by menial labour, and pass most of their time in horse-racing, foot-ball, cards, and gallantry. They have ever been friendly to the alien race which now surrounds them, and boast that they do not know the colour of the white man's blood.* From the general prosperity of the people, and the number of children seen amongst them, there seems every likelihood that the Pimas will escape the general decay and extermination of the Indian race, and that, unless some great calamity befalls them, they may go on for an indefinite period in their present condition.

The Papagos, though living in a desolate country south of the Gila River, to the west of the Sierra Catarina, are an exceedingly industrious people, and physically a very fine race. They have been described as the "Scots" of aboriginal America. The Papagos are only a branch of the Pimas, but after being baptised they took the name of "Vasseonia," meaning, in their language, "Christians," but which has now got corrupted into "Papagos." The fruit of the *pitahayo*, or cactus (*Cereus gigantea*) furnishes them with a kind of bread and molasses, and they plant in the rainy season, hunt, keep cattle, and labour in the harvest-fields of Sonora. The sheep which the Pueblo Indians now have are probably the descendants of a flock brought to the country 329 years ago by Mareo de Niza, a devoted Franciscan friar.

Everything in their villages is conducted methodically, and with rather more than the average wisdom of governments. For instance, every morning, at least in Santa Dominga, the governor sends round as public criers young men clad in a peculiar dress, their brows bound with garlands of wheat, and each armed with a gourd containing small pebbles, to summon the people to labour. The criers, as they dance round in a kind of monotonous gait, rattle the gourd, shake the ladders of the houses (if the door is on the roof), and call out for the people to rouse, for the day has dawned. In like manner the people are summoned to church by the jingling of the church bells, which they seem never weary of ringing. The church services are, in places where there are no priests, a strange mixture of the Roman Catholic service and heathen rites. A song in honour of Montezuma is generally sung, the governor and some of the old men make speeches, and the people lay little images of clay—representing sheep, goats, horses, cows, deer, &c., on the altar. This is an old custom of this people, and means that whatever they have been successful in driving the year, either in agriculture or in the chase, should be modelled and brought to church on Christmas (at least) to be laid at the feet of the Great Spirit. Dr. Ten Broeck, who visited the church of Laguna on Christmas Day, relates that he was astonished at hearing music like the warbling of birds issuing from a gallery over the main door of the church, simultaneously with the commencement of the service. The warbling went through the whole house, bounding from side to side, echoing from the very rafters—fine-toned warblings and deep-toned thrilling sounds. He could particularly notice the note of the wood thrush, and the trillings of the canary bird. On working his way into the gallery he found fifteen or twenty young boys lying down on the floor, each with a small basin of water in front of him,

* Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. 1864, p. 152.

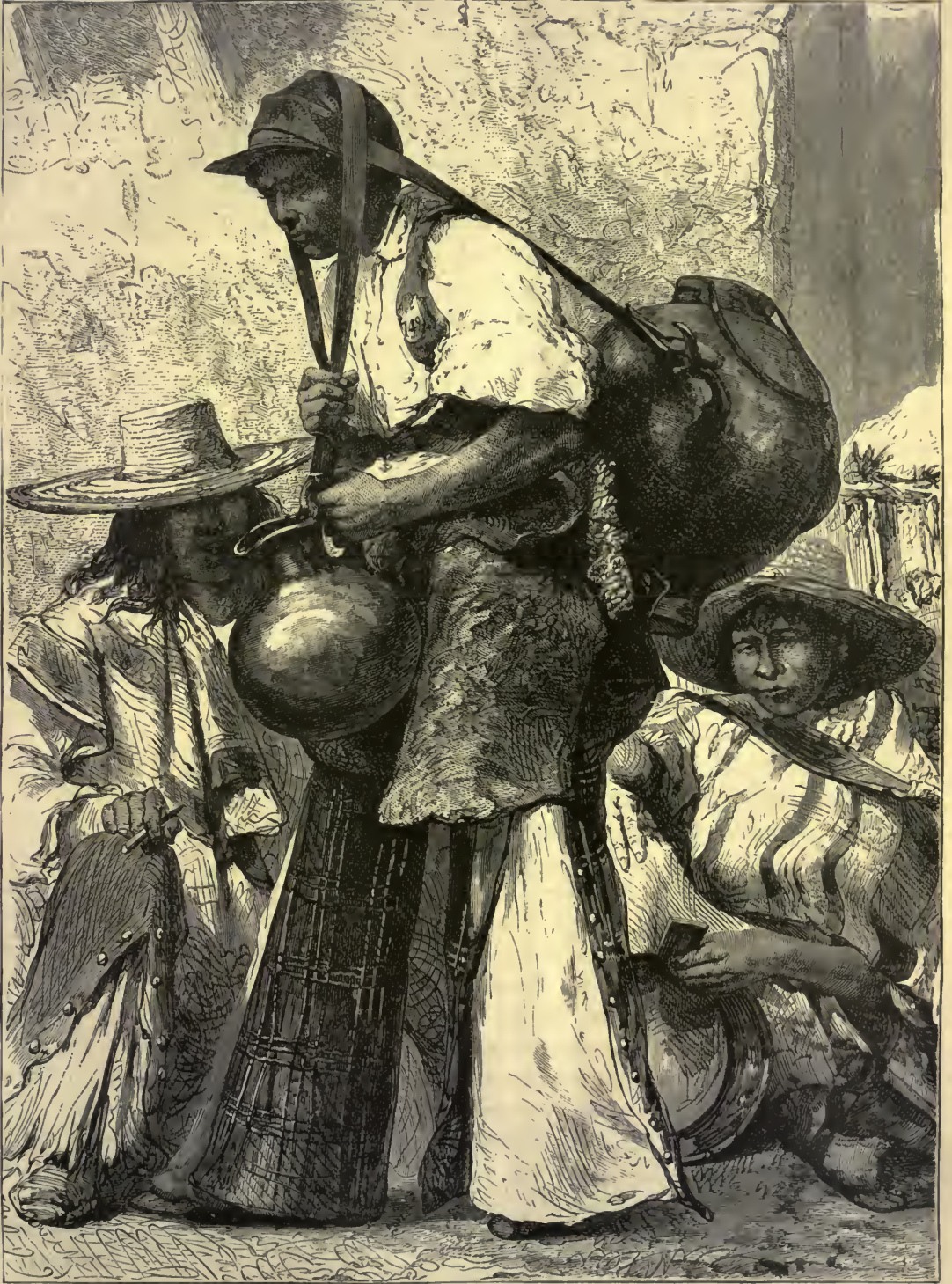
and one or more short reeds perforated and split in a peculiar manner. Placing one end in the water and blowing through the other they imitated most wondrously the notes of different birds, thus forming an orchestra of the most novel character.

On the occasion mentioned the Indians danced in front of the church to the sound of a rude kind of drum, and then after a short time adjourned to the village square, where they continued dancing till dark, after which they separated. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th of December the dancing was continued in the same manner as upon Christmas Day.

In some of the houses are "horrible little Aztec images" made of wood and clay, and decorated with paint and feathers, which they declare are saints; but if so, then they pay little respect to them, as the children play with them in a most irreverent manner. Dances are their favourite amusements, and some of them are of the most whimsical description imaginable. Clowns with painted faces, masks, and something very like the ordinary tricks of such attendants on pantomimes and circuses, are frequent assistants at these amusements. Among the Moquis the women are not allowed to dance, their part being played by young men dressed like girls.

Some of their religious ideas (either held in their entirety or mixed with the Christian religion) we have already mentioned. They believe in the existence of a Great Father, who lives where the sun rises, and a Great Mother who lives where the sun sets. Of their origin they give the following account: "Many years ago their Great Mother brought from her home in the west nine races of men, in the following form: first, the deer race; second, the sand race; third, the water race; fourth, the bear race; fifth, the hare race; sixth, the prairie-wolf race; seventh, the rattlesnake race; eighth, the tobacco race; and ninth, the grass-seed race. Having placed them on the spot where the villages now stand, she transformed them into men, who built the present *pueblos*, and the distinction of races is still kept up. One will say he is of the sand race, another of the deer race, &c. They are firm believers in metempsychosis, and say that when they die they will resolve into their original forms, and become bears, deer, &c. Shortly after the *pueblos* were built, the Great Mother came in person, and brought them all the domestic animals they now have."

The sacred fire, Dr. Ten Broeck declares, is still kept burning by the old men among the Moquis, and he was told that they believe great misfortune would befall them if it was allowed to be extinguished. He thinks—but in this I believe he is in error—that the Moquis know nothing of Montezuma. It is whispered among those best acquainted with these Pueblo Indians, that some of the more horrible rites of the old Aztec religion—such as serpent-worship (common among the Aztecs as among many other nations)—is still kept up among some of them. I have repeatedly heard—though others declare that it is a myth—that in one village a huge overgrown, fatted serpent—to which human sacrifices are offered—is kept, but I could never gain any exact particulars in reference to it. Their marriage custom is remarkable. Instead of the custom prevalent among all civilised and most savage races, the young lady, when she sees a young man who takes her fancy, informs her father. The father, in his turn, proposes to the sire of the fortunate youth, and the proposal is never rejected. The young man furnishes two pairs of mocassins, two fine blankets, two mattresses, and two sashes used at the feasts; while the bride, for her share, provides abundance of edibles. The marriage is then celebrated by feasting and dancing. Though polygamy is unknown, they can divorce



VILLAGE INDIANS, FROM NORTHERN MEXICO (WATER-CARRIERS).

themselves and marry others if either of the parties becomes dissatisfied—a very necessary law, one would think, after the rather summary method of “natural selection” adopted by the wife! If there are children by such a marriage, after divorce they are taken care of by their respective grandparents or other relatives. They have no kind of intoxicating liquors, and drunkenness is unknown among them. Hospitable to the last degree, in every house which a stranger enters the first act is to set food before him, and nothing can be done until he has eaten.

All through their country are ruins of great fortresses, towers, aqueducts, and other public works, the origin of which is unknown to the present Indians, or only vaguely known by tradition. Some of these houses contained from 100 to 160 rooms.

In Pecos the ruins of a Christian church and a temple to Montezuma stand side by side—the pagan temple being apparently the oldest of the two—just as the two religions may have for a time flourished alongside of each other. According to Indian tradition, it was built by Montezuma himself, who charged them not to lose heart under the foreign yoke, and never to let the sacred fire burn out in the *estufa*, for “when the time should come in which the tree should fall, men with pale faces would pour in from the east and overthrow their oppressors, and he himself would return to build up his kingdom; the earth again would become fertile, and the mountains yield abundance of silver and gold.” How the Spaniards came and conquered them is, according to them, a partial fulfilment of Montezuma’s prophecy, and how the Americans with the pale faces came in their turn and drove out the Mexicans, may be taken as a second part of the fulfilment; the third they are still waiting for. The Pimas themselves state that at one time they used to live in large houses and were a great and powerful nation, but after the destruction of their kingdom they travelled southward, and settled in the valley where they now live, preferring to live in huts, so that they might not become a subject of envy for a future enemy. “He that is low need fear no fall,” was the simple maxim of a simple-minded people. So much for tradition—now for fact. The truth is these now ruined towns, houses, and fortresses were all thickly inhabited at and shortly after the time of the conquest of Mexico. Even here the inhuman followers of Pizarro could not allow the Aztecs to remain in peace. In search of gold, hither in 1526 went Don Basconzales, but never returned, his name carved on “El Moro,” the inscription rock a few miles to the east of Zuñi, being the only record we have of his ill-fated journey, and the expeditions of Pamphilo Narvaez, Marco de Niza, Francisco Coronado, and others in search of the fabled El Dorado of this arid region, are all matters of quaint old Spanish history. Everywhere they met a bold people, with a civilisation even higher than that of these days, and though in many cases their feeble arms could do little for them against the rapacious mail-clad caballeros of Castile, yet in not a few instances the adventurers returned from these early visits to the Pueblo Indians “with more fear than victuals,” as they quaintly expressed the state of their minds and stomachs. There seems little doubt but that these town-building Indians were, as Dr. Bell expresses it, “the skirmish line of the Aztec race, when that race was united and in the plenitude of its power. They came originally from the southern provinces of Mexico, probably in detachments—the restless spirits of semi-civilised tribes, speaking distinct dialects, though more or less united under one central government, and they tried with all the skill brought out from Anahuac and the southern provinces of Mexico to colonise the outlying countries to the northward.” At first they received the Spanish adventurers as brothers come to help them in their struggle

against barbarism and the forces of Nature—superior beings to themselves. But they soon discovered that the unprincipled followers of Narvaez, Niza, or Coronado had but one maxim in religion; one aim in life, and these were—to convert to the creed of the conqueror by force and cruelty, and obtain gold at whatever cost. The result was a struggle, long continued in some cases, but in the greater number of instances short and bitter. Soon the Spaniards held undisputed sway everywhere, and up to 1680 they kept the wretched natives in slavery, working in the mines and toiling at labours which decimated the population, and sometimes the broken-hearted Aztec, weary of such a life, even anticipated death by throwing himself over a precipice of the mountain down which he trudged with his load of ore. It is a miserable story, the shame and disgrace of Spain, but one which we can only look at in silence when we contemplate, as we shall by-and-by, the tale of the Tasmanians. At last the down-trodden people, once so free and happy, turned upon their oppressors and swept them from the land, no quarter being given, no merey ever asked. Some of the Pueblos maintained their liberty, and for ever renounced Christianity, which to them had been only a symbol of cruelty and unrighteousness; most of them were again retaken by the Spaniards, but not until after seven years of hard fighting. The conquerors, after their first vengeance had been satiated on the people who had trampled on the cross and massacred their countrymen, seem at least to have learned from these misfortunes a lesson of greater humanity to the natives. However, though the Pueblo Indians grow poor and die, the *grandees* and noble *caballeros* of lordly Spain must grow rich, *oro* must be brought in, for are not silver *pesos* and the spread of the cross the only things worth living for? The end is soon told. The Indians grew few and weak, the *pueblos* became deserted, and the Apaches, then as now hanging round their borders, soon rushed in and did their best to complete the ruin. “The dead tell no tales; but if these ruins could speak, I think they might relate dismal stories of crops yearly destroyed all around them, of cattle run off by thousands, of famished children calling for bread, and of sons and fathers left dead among the mountains.” Their dissensions in the south caused the Spaniards to withdraw their troops, and the Pueblo Indians, as well as the Mexicans, found themselves unable to keep the savage at bay. The land soon became desolate—the remnant of the people crowded together into the strongest or richest spots and formed the organisations found at the present day, which enable them to keep their enemies, in most cases at least, at arm’s length.

CHAPTER VII.

OTHER PRAIRIE TRIBES.

AFTER the remarks which we have made in regard to the prairie tribes generally, and to the Comanches and Apaches as the type of these savage vagabonds, a very few words will suffice to sketch out the chief of the others. The Pueblo Indians are, though their close neighbours, not prairie Indians, either in habits or character—those which follow are essentially

so. The chief tribe inhabiting the semi-mountainous sage-brush covered territory of Utah are the Indians of the same name (pronounced *Yutas*), all in a more or less savage condition, but with the exception of a few scattered bands, at peace, or at worst on terms of "armed neutrality," with the whites (p. 32). Pahutahs, Pahides, Shoshones, Loo-coo-rekah (or "sheep-eaters"), &c., are the names of some of the smaller bands. Most of them are a low class, closely approximating to the Diggers, and poor in the extreme. The Goships are perhaps the most wretched of them all. A well-known American humorist, who wrote an account of an excursion



NOT-O-WAY (THE THINKER) AN IROQUOIS INDIAN (AFTER CATLIN).

across "the plains," as graphic as it is witty, speaks about these people in terms so truthful that, though it may surprise the author to find his notes referred to in a work of this nature, those who have seen the people spoken of will bear witness to their accuracy. "They are very considerably inferior to even the despised Digger Indians of California; inferior to all the races of savages on our continent; inferior to the Hottentots, and actually inferior in some respects to the Kytches of Africa. Such of them as we saw along the road, and hanging about the stations, were small, lean, 'scrawny,' creatures; in complexion a dull black, like the ordinary American negro, their faces and hands bearing dirt which they had been hoarding and accumulating for months, years, and even generations, according to the age of the pro-

prietor. A silent, sneaking, treacherous-looking race, taking note of everything covertly, like all other 'noble red men' that we (do not) read about, and betraying no sign in their countenances; indolent, everlastingly patient and tireless, like all other Indians; prideless beggars—for if the beggar instinct were left out of an Indian he would not 'go,' any more than a clock without a pendulum; hungry, always hungry, and yet never refusing anything that a hog would eat, though often eating what a hog would decline; hunters, but having no higher ambition than to kill and eat jackass-rabbits, crickets, and grasshoppers, and



ON-DAIG (THE CROW) A CHIPPEWAY INDIAN (AFTER CATLIN).

embezzle carrion from buzzards and cayotes; savages who, when asked if they have the common Indian belief in a Great Spirit, show a something which almost amounts to emotion, thinking whiskey is referred to; a thin scattering race of almost naked black children, who produce nothing at all, and have no villages, and no gatherings together into strictly defined communities; a people whose only shelter is a rag east on a bush to keep off a portion of the snow, and yet who inhabit one of the most rocky, wintry, and repulsive wastes that our country or any other can exhibit . . . They deserve pity, poor creatures, and they can have mine—at this distance. Nearer by, they never get anybody's." Yet these wretched creatures often waylay travellers, and were in the habit of attacking the overland stage. What they do now, except hang about the stations of the Pacific Railway, I cannot well imagine. The Government have attempted to gather them upon reservations, but the roving, vagabond

instinct is strong in them, as in all their race, and the experiment of preserving alive the remnant of them is hardly likely to be more successful than popular.

A few years ago their condition was even worse. Then they wore no clothing of any description, and made no more provision for their future wants than now. There were then no whites to rob, and their more powerful aboriginal neighbours took particular good care of any little portable property which they might possess. In the winter their condition was miserable. Snails, lizards, and other vermin on which they lived were torpid in holes beyond their reach, while the roots were buried beneath a deep covering of snow. They were said to retire at this season to the vicinity of timber, dig oven-like holes in the steep sides of the sand hills, "and sleep and fast till the weather permitted them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead, and others crawling among them, who had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death, to those that crawled upon their hands and feet, eating grass like cattle." They had then no weapons of defence except the club, and even in the use of that they were far from skilful. Though such degradation almost passes our belief, yet it will be still more difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago, to use the language of our informant—Mr. Farnham—"these poor creatures were hunted in the spring of the year, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and when taken were fattened, carried to Santa Fé, and sold as slaves during their minority. 'A likely girl' in her teens brought oftentimes £60 or £80. The males are valued at less."

Throughout the territory of Colorado the Cheyennes are the most powerful tribe, and one of the most ruthless of all the horse tribes. They have been continually in the midst of all the outrages on the travellers across the plains or on the settlements, and have been the subject of the most brutal retaliations by the whites. The Arraphoes and Kiowas also enter this region, and, like the Cheyennes, are beginning to get collected on reserves, finding that the railway has to a great extent destroyed their chance of successful depredation. A friend writes to me—and his opinion may be taken as a fair average idea of the chances of these plain Indians ever taking to the arts of civilisation—"You were inquiring in regard to the state of the Indians in this territory. You know I always doubted whether there was a real 'friendly Indian' in this section. Last week, however, I saw one—quiet, peaceful, harmless: he was suspended to the branch of a tree."

The Arraphoes, or "dog eaters" (Plate V., p. 129), get their name from their habit of fattening and eating dogs. They are sadly fallen off since the whites came on their borders, both in morals and in numbers. Thirty years ago, or less, trappers who lived amongst them gave them the name of being a fearless, ingenious, and hospitable people. At that time they owned large numbers of mules, dogs, sheep, and horses, and manufactured from the sheep's wool blankets of a very superior quality. So dense were these blankets, that rain would not penetrate them. A curious law of naturalisation prevails—or at least did prevail amongst them, which any man, either white or red, could avail himself of. The applicant was simply required to bring to the chief a horse swift enough to hunt the buffalo on, and another horse or mule capable of carrying a load of 200lbs. His intentions being made known, he was declared a member of the tribe, with all the honours, dignities, and immunities thereunto attached. A wife was then provided for him. "The wife of an Arraphoe takes care of his horses; manu-



CHEYENNES AND ARAPHOES.



factures his saddles and bridles, leash-ropes and whips, his mocassins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; beats with a wooden adze his buffalo robes, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent covering, and drags from the distant hills the clean white pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food, and places it before him; and should sickness overtake him, and Death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life and as a member of the Arraphoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and eures, sit or slumber on the couch which she spreads, and fight the enemies of the tribe." Does civilisation supply much more, even on terms not widely different in kind though in degree? The Arraphoe language is the same as that spoken by the Comanches and Shoshones.

A curious medicine-rite, in performance of which young men go at a certain season of the year to fast in solitary places, &c., obtains amongst this and other plain tribes. This ceremony differs only in details from similar rites found among other tribes, both of North and South America, and even of Asia, where the young warriors and "medicine men" require to fast, and to frequently mingle in strange mystic dances, before they can attain the position at which they aim. Even among the Eskimo—the last people whom we should suppose to be addicted to this—the *angekoks* have to fast and dream in a manner almost identical with the custom as practised among the North-west Americans (p. 125).

The Arikarees, Poncas, Yanktons, Gros-ventres, and Sioux (or Dacotahs) are the chief tribes of the territory of Dacotah, and the latter also extend into Minnesota and the British territory of Red River (or Manitoba). They are one of the tribes which, in the American territory at least, have inflicted most injury on the white settlements. Numbering about 18,000 some eight or nine years ago, they descended on the white settlement, massacring and burning everywhere, and taking the women and children prisoners. The result was a long, bloody, and very unsatisfactory war, which in course of time died out, and for the time these Indians are at peace. It seems that the fear of the extermination of the buffalo is the chief cause which has led them to attempt to keep back the tide of emigration to and settlement on the prairies, once only sacred to the Indian and his prey. They roam about the country, subsisting on the buffalo, antelope, elk-deer, &c., which still abound. They have numbers of the common hardy fleet Indian ponies, and are most expert horsemen and daring warriors. In riding they use no saddle or bridle, and have no vehicle save the *travaille*—as the French Canadians call it—common to many of the northern prairie tribes, which is a triangle formed of two poles, each twelve feet long, and connected by cross bars, which bear the load, while the apex rests on the horse's neck. For dogs they have a similar contrivance, but on a smaller scale. In travelling you generally see the women perched on the horses which have the *travaille* attached, while a long straggling chain of loaded dogs brings up the rear. On this *travaille* is placed their skin lodges and a few cooking utensils. In navigation most of them have little skill, using nothing but a rude boat formed of a buffalo-hide stretched over a round frame like a tub. When the stream is too deep to ford they use these to cross in, and then abandon them. They are a powerful race of men, averaging fully six feet in height. Notwithstanding that among these Indians, as among most savage tribes, who possess this animal, the term "a dog" or "a dog-eater" is an expression of contempt, yet they will eat its liver in order to try and become possessed of its courage

and cunning. The reader will remember that the north-west Indians believe that if they eat the heart of a courageous person they will get a portion of his courage; the Chinese have the same belief. Again, tracing the custom among other people, we find that the Cinghalese (of Ceylon) eat tiger-flesh in order to get possessed of its ferocity; and, *per contra*, the Dyaks, though they allow their women to do so, will not eat the flesh of deer, lest they should become timid. Some of the Carib tribes of South America also refrain from eating the flesh of pigs and tortoises, lest they should get small eyes like these animals. It is probable that the antipathy of many savages to eating the flesh of various animals is primarily due to a like superstitious idea. In



FORT GARRY, IN THE RED RIVER COUNTRY (MANITOBA).

common with various other tribes of Indians, and many other savage races, they worship a water-god, his Sioux name being "Unktahe." They also worship gods of another type. Prescott tells us that a Sioux "will pick up a round stone of any kind, and paint it, and go a few rods from his lodge, and clear away the grass, say from one to two feet in diameter, and there place his stone, or god, as he would term it, and make an offering of some tobacco and some feathers, and pray to the stone to deliver him from some danger that he has probably dreamed of." If so, this is rather singular, for most of the Indians have no semblance of their gods. Among the Sioux also, as among other tribes, there is a curious variation on the ordinary marriage custom. A man will wed (by purchase) the chief's eldest daughter; after this all the other daughters belong to him, and he will take them to wife as suits him. Sir John Lubbock, perhaps

rightly, looks upon this and similar customs among other nations as explaining the importance they attach to adoption. Among some of the wild Eskimo, for instance, if a son is adopted into a family, and is older than the sons of his adopted father, he will inherit the whole property, just as if he had been related by descent. Mothers-in-law, again, are looked upon with infinitely more respect than these estimable ladies are usually regarded in more civilised quarters. Among some tribes it is not etiquette for a mother-in-law to speak to her son, and if she has to communicate with him she must turn her back to him and address him through a third person. Among the Sioux—I believe—but certainly among some of the other plain tribes, it is



AT NIGHT, IN THE CREE INDIAN COUNTRY (AFTER MILTON AND CHEADLE).

not proper for a mother-in-law and son-in-law to converse immediately with each other, or to mention each other by name—an admirable custom on the whole.

The Sioux, like most other Indians, regard a portrait as something living and supernatural, and believe that if any person had the portrait of another in his possession, he has the original of the portrait in his power. They are learning better now, but until lately they regarded a book or printed paper in a similar superstitious light; it was a powerful medicine, probably used by white men for sore eyes.

The *Assiniboines* are another branch of the Sioux nation, who chiefly reside within the British territory. The Rocky Mountain and Thicketwood "Stoney," are, again, detached branches of the Assiniboines. At one time the plain Stoney (or Assiniboines) were a powerful

tribe, and the terror of the neighbouring tribes. Small-pox, however, during the last fifty years, almost exterminated them; but the remnant still bear the tribal reputation of being the greatest rogues and horse-thieves of the northern prairies. The Thiekwood or Rocky Mountain Stoneys, though a branch of the Assiniboines, are now, owing to change of the conditions of life, greatly modified, and in many respects very different from their kindred of the prairies. They are, in fact, not plain but forest tribes, and only number a few hundred souls. They live in the most precarious manner, and are often in a very wretched and destitute condition; yet they bear the reputation of being a quiet, respectable people, and hospitable to an extent which their poverty-stricken tents can ill afford. Captain Palliser (whose experience of these people I have, in the want of personal knowledge, drawn on) states that there is no begging or crowding amongst them for the purpose of forcing a ruinous trade on the hard-up traveller, which is too often a source of great annoyance upon entering an Indian camp. If accidentally, anything is left about, there is no fear of its being pilfered—unless, indeed, there is a possibility of its being eaten, when it is certain to become a prey to the all-voracious dogs, whose digestion is of the most cosmopolitan character.

The Crees—divided, like the former tribe, into the Thiekwood and Plain Crees—also entirely inhabit the British possessions. The *Thickwood or Swampy Crees* inhabit the country from Hudson's Bay to Lake Winnipeg, and get their name from hunting, during the winter, moose and reindeer in the morasses covering the country, while in the summer they live on the lakes and rivers. They use—at least to the east of Lake Winnipeg—no horses for transport, but travel by canoes in summer on the lakes or on the rivers, which wind like silver threads through the dark woodland (p. 220), and in winter with dogs, or on snow-shoes. The deer they catch in traps of the nature of the Eskimo fox-trap (p. 16), and in addition trap, mink, marten, fishers, and other fur-bearing animals; in fact, they are the great trappers of the country to the east of the Rocky Mountains. In their dress they are simple, and seem to have none of the noisy, gaudy, superstitious "medicine-work" to which the plain Indians are so partial. As a rule they are hardworking and docile, except in the vicinity of settlements, where the facilities for obtaining spirits have demoralised them sadly.

The *Prairie Crees*, though speaking the same language as those of the woods, and not differing in appearance from them, yet differ greatly in disposition and mode of life. They rove about the prairies from buffalo hunting-ground to buffalo hunting-ground, in camps of from 200 to 400 tents, each containing at least one family, though often several—the average number of people in a tent being six. Their sole occupation is following about and hunting the herds of buffalo.

The Cree language is spoken by many different tribes, and is even understood among the Kootainies to the west of the Rocky Mountains. At one time the Crees were a very powerful nation, and they have a tradition that formerly they extended over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. Even at the present day they number about 12,000 souls, but owing to small-pox and other diseases they are annually on the decrease.

Under the name of the *Slave Indians* the traders and Crees know a large family of Indians who roam over the great prairies along the South Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers in the summer, and in the winter retire to the north-west, where they tent along the edge of the woods between Rocky Mountain House and Bow Fort. They also speak the Blackfoot language. But, curiously enough, in this group is included the *Surcees*, a branch of the great Chippeway

family, who inhabit the Athabasea district far to the north of the Saskatchewan, "having broken away from their own relatives and changed their habits of life from that of wood to that of prairie Indians."

Unlike the soft, flowing Blackfoot language, which they speedily learn, their language is harsh and guttural, and is rarely learned by their neighbours. In habits the Surcees agree with the Blackfeet, but bear marks of being a degraded, feeble race; *goître*, so rare among other Indians, is almost universal amongst them. Though sometimes joining camps with the Blackfeet, more commonly they live apart by themselves, especially while on their summer hunting expeditions.

The *Blackfeet* tribe (so called from their dark-coloured mocassins) comprehends the Blood and Peagan Indians, and extends on either side of the Anglo-American frontier. Though trading chiefly with the Americans, as they share in the subsidies granted by the Indian Department of the United States Government, yet they prefer articles of British manufacture. They are always on the move, and encamp wherever there is buffalo to hunt or grass and water for their troops of horses. They are the Bedouins of the plains, and live entirely on buffalo; they will even—marked contrast to the Digger and Goships—go hungry for a long time rather than eat ducks, rabbits, and any kind of small game. They care little for flour, sugar, or coffee, declaring that these things make them ill. Like the Sioux and Crees, they use the *travaille*, but their wigwams are large, it being no uncommon thing to see forty or fifty buffalo-hides sewn together so as to form one tent-cover, and tents composed of twenty or thirty robes are very common. A tent requires thirteen poles. These are made of light wood, and are carried by being traileed behind the horse. The tents are conical, with triangular lappets at the apex, for the purpose of directing the smoke as it escapes (p. 217).

The Blackfeet are fond of dress and gay trappings, and their chief men have robes of ermine and other furs, besides medicine-dresses adorned with eagle feathers. The women, who are often comely, dress neatly in tunics of dressed buck-skin and leggings of cloth or deer-skin, ornamented with beads and porcupine quills.

Medicine dances and ceremonies—with all the paraphernalia of dresses, rattles, and shrill whistles—are in vogue amongst them, and in these rites the Blackfeet seem to join with more sincerity than the Crees. They are also of a wilder and more treacherous nature, but, unlike many of the more southern prairie tribes, have a certain code of honour, to which they adhere very rigidly. Like most prairie Indians, they are constantly at war, the Crees and Assiniboines (or Crow Indians) being their chief foes, horse-stealing on both sides (in which accomplishment they are very proficient) being the chief cause of their wars. In common with the Crees they dry buffalo meat to make pemmican for sale to the fur companies. This pemmican—so largely used by the travelling parties of fur traders—is simply the dried and pounded flesh of the buffalo mixed with its melted tallow, and poured into bags made of the hide of the same animal. Sometimes it is mixed with a little flour or fruit, and though a coarse, it is far from a nauseous or unhealthy article of diet. It is, moreover, about the best and most condensed travelling food known. They are excessively fond of spirits, and this, added to the spread of various diseases amongst them, is going far to decimate them. Small-pox, however, they have never suffered much from, but of late an obscure disease—apparently a form of typhoid fever—has made its appearance amongst them, committing great ravages.

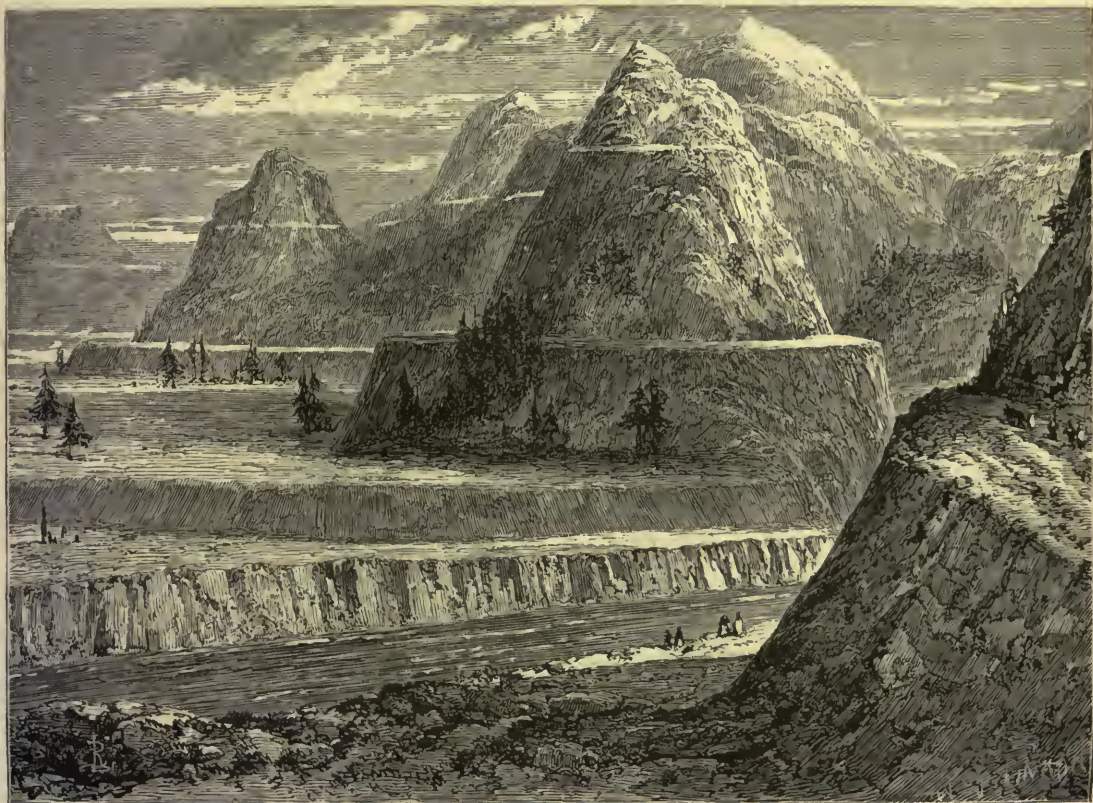
Probably their comparative exemption from small-pox is owing to their wandering life on their breezy prairies; but they are not altogether exempt from it. It was first introduced amongst them in the year 1828. At that time they numbered about 2,500 families. But in a weak moment they stole a blanket from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellowstone, which had belonged to a man who had died of small-pox on the passage up the Missouri. The result I tell in the graphic words of Mr. Farnham. "The infected article being carried to their encampment from the left-hand fork of the Missouri, spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile,



"THE RIVERS WHICH WIND LIKE SILVER THREADS THROUGH THE DARK WOODLAND."—(See p. 218.)

congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain were all new to their medicine-men; and the rotten corpse falling in pieces while they burned it struck horror into every heart. In their frenzy and ignorance they increased the number of their sweat-ovens upon the banks of the stream; and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely, and plunged into the snowy water of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment was a parallel to the plague in London. They endeavoured for a time to bury the dead, but they were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the land of spirits, had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Black-

feet race. The Great Spirit had also placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them. He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the great pipe was extinguished for ever; their graves called for them, and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister, father his son, and mother her sucking child, and fled to the elevated dales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well-spent energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 2,500 families existing at



THE BENCHES OF THE FRASER RIVER, NEAR LILLOET, BRITISH COLUMBIA (AFTER MILTON AND CHEADLE).

the time the pestilence commenced, only 800 survived its ravages." To this day among the fragments of lodges on the banks of the Yellowstone lie the mouldering bones of some of that 7,000 or 8,000 smitten Blackfeet.

Though friendly towards the British, the Blackfeet have long been very ruthless enemies of the Americans, and their name figures, not very meritoriously, in all the stories of trapping dangers which, at one time more than now, formed the staple traditions and history of the far West. In a report politely sent me by the United States Commissioners of Indian affairs, one of the agents, after summing up their character, in righteous indignation at their conduct, remarks: "They are the most impudent and insulting Indians I have ever met. The whole

tribe, from the most reliable authority I can get, numbers fully 350 lodges. They live entirely in the British possessions, and never come this way except to trade, get their annuities, or commit some depredation, such as pilfering from emigrant trains, stealing horses, or fighting with other tribes, and then run back to their northern home with their booty, defying pursuit. They were indignant because their annuities were so small; and on leaving showed their resentment by killing and leaving on the prairie, some four miles from Fort Benton, an ox and a cow that were quietly grazing as they passed. I look upon this tribe as being one of the worst in or near the agency; would recommend that their next annuity be paid them in powder and ball from the mouth of a six-pounder, and that they be turned over to the tender mercies of the British Crown, whose subjects they undoubtedly are."

The Crows, Omahas, Ottoes, Pawnees, &c., are the names of the other prairie tribes; but there are numerous smaller ones. The Pawnees (see frontispiece) were and are yet far from the most agreeable neighbours. Among them linger still, more so than among most of the tribes in their neighbourhood (Great Platte River), some of the belongings of the Indians in times before the whites had come amongst them. The months they still designate by quaint names; for instance, March is "the warm moon;" April, "the plant moon;" May, "the flower moon;" August, "the sturgeon moon;" September, "the corn moon;" October, "the travelling moon;" November, "the beaver moon;" December, "the hunting moon;" January, "the cold moon;" or, in reference to its phases, the "dead moon," "live moon." As among nearly all Indian tribes, days are counted by "sleeps" or "suns," and years by "snow." The Crows are about the most arrant rascals in the country. No trader trusts them, and they bear the reputation of never doing an honourable act—or, rather, avoiding the chance of doing a dishonourable one—or of keeping a promise. They winter about the upper waters of the Platte and Yellowstone. Hunting, robbery, and murder are their chief employments.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIANS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN STATES.

WHEN the Europeans first arrived in America, they found in the region now divided into the comparatively thickly-populated Atlantic States and Canada proper a large aboriginal population, in a savage condition it is true, but in character vastly superior to that of any of the tribes we have yet described, unless the Pueblo Indians be taken as an exception. They lived in stationary villages, and cultivated maize and tobacco, and though cruel and relentless in war, they were yet capable of many generous acts. In physique they were also fine, and until recently were taken as the types of their whole race. With a few exceptions, all these tribes have been removed—sometimes peaceably, but more often after much bloodshed—from their old homes and located beyond the Mississippi, on what is called the Indian Territory, certain annuities being paid to them by the United States Government as compensation for the loss of their former lands. Some of the tribes, by war and pestilence, have become



PAWNEE INDIANS.

entirely extinct; all of them are, more or less, civilised, and in some cases white blood preponderates over the red in their veins: a few of them are in their pristine condition. Some of the leading American statesmen have aboriginal American blood in their veins, and several gentlemen filling respectable positions at the bar and elsewhere are of pure or mixed Indian blood. Among the extinct British peerages is one conferred by Queen Elizabeth on Roanok, chief of a portion of Virginia, whose daughter, Pocahontas—*La Belle Sauvage*—was married to John Rolfe, and visited England, and whose name has been handed down to posterity in the name of the locality from which these pages are issued. Her descendants, the "Pocahontas Randolphs," are the aristocracy of Virginia. The late Governor Randolph had, even after the long lapse of more than two and a half centuries, the marked Indian features and caste of countenance, so persistent are the characteristics inherited with aboriginal blood over the finer but less tenacious vitality of the mixed European races.

Most of these tribes belonged to the great *Athabaskan*, *Algonkin*, and *Iroquois* families.

Some of the Mississippi tribes, Latham considers, are not allied to what he calls the Paducas, among which nearly all the north-western Indians are placed, but are more referable to the Mexican race. The Natchez on the Mississippi, for instance, practised human sacrifice on the death of their chief. They worshipped the sun, and, like most barbarous or savage people in modern times, and among the Romans formerly, kept a sacred fire continually burning. They had a caste system connected with their religion, the principal chief being called the great sun, and his children suns; while that portion of the tribe not supposed to be descended from their solar dignitaries had no civil power. Rank was transmitted through the females, and so on. The Attacapas, another tribe bordering the Mississippi, differed so far from the rest of the race as for their language to yet remain in its monosyllabic condition, not having yet become "agglutinate" like the rest of the American tongues.

It would be beyond the province of a work like the present to follow ethnologists into an inquiry regarding the philological connection, distribution, and origin of these tribes, though much could be said on this subject. A few words about the chief of the Eastern State tribes now removed beyond the Mississippi, and about the Canadian ones, still to some extent living in their former homes, or in "reserves," will suffice.

DELAWARES.

This tribe we have already mentioned. None has been so celebrated in song and story; it has been the stock subject of border romances. At one time the Delawares occupied a great portion of Eastern Pennsylvania and the States of New Jersey and Delaware, but no tribe has been so much jostled about by the progress of civilisation. First a paternal government moved them from the banks of the Delaware to the Susquehanna, and to the base of and over the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio River; then to the Illinois and the Mississippi, and now the handful which remains are located on lands to the west of the Missouri, guaranteed to them and their descendants in fee simple *for ever*—the phrase only meaning, as it has been proved to mean over and over again, until their lands become sufficiently valuable to tempt the white settlement. Every foot breadth of this western retreat they have keenly and bitterly fought, and a tribe which once numbered 15,000 does not now count half as many hundred souls on its census roll.

Their "war-path" and hunting parties are seen far and near, even to the shores of the Pacific; the Delawares are irreclaimable in their determined vagabondism. They have been



INDIAN BELONGING TO THE DELAWARES, OR TO SOME ALLIED TRIBE.

known to visit tribes 2,000 miles from their home, be feasted by them, and in their turn cajole them, and yet not bid farewell without bringing off as tokens of remembrance a few scalps; then they would go to another tribe and repeat the transaction, and yet would manage to fight their way home again out of the enemy's country.



MOHICANS.

The Mo-hee-con-neughs (or Mohicans) are now almost extinct, though the "last of the Mohicans," as far as purity of blood is concerned, may be said to have expired some years ago. They are a remnant of the celebrated tribe of Pequots, in Massachusetts, having separated from them, owing to quarrels arising out of their wars with the whites.

ONEIDAS.

These exist only as remnants—small-pox and whisky, as elsewhere, having done their work among them. The few who remain are living in Wisconsin.

THE TUSKARORAS

were also another of the tribes which composed the confederacy of the six nations, but are now almost extinct.

SENECAS.

This tribe is still, to some extent, living on reservations in the State of New York,* along with the Tuskaroras, Onondagas, Cayugas, and the remnants of a few other tribes. Most of them are of mixed blood, and all partially civilised. They are good farmers, and some of their young men have followed various civilised pursuits. In one of the last reports sent me by their agent, I find that at their meetings various gentlemen belonging to the learned professions spoke as members of these tribes, and that "Henry Silverheels, Esq.," is "President of the Seneca nation, Irving, Chautaugue County, New York."

At one time they lived on the banks of the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, but as civilisation advanced they repeatedly bargained away their lands. When first known to the civilised world the Senecas numbered 8,000 or 10,000, and from their position in the centre of the State of New York hold an important place in history. As one of the confederacy of the six nations (composed of the Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Mohawks, and Tuskaroras) they

* Some removed to Canada some eighty or ninety years ago, while others emigrated, "under treaty," to the westward of the Mississippi. That these people have not yet altogether abandoned their ancient customs may be inferred from what a western paper published at St. Louis tells us in regard to their dances:—"These dances occur four times a year at stated periods, and are unlike anything of the kind to be found among other civilised tribes. The four dances are called the 'dog-dance,' the 'strawberry-dance,' the 'green corn-dance,' and the 'bread-dance,' each one lasting from a week to ten days. The dog-dance occurs in January, and is the grandest dance of the year. A white dog, as near spotless as can be found, is first carefully fattened and then hanged to some convenient tree. The whole tribe then assemble round the suspended animal and offer up the sacrifice to the Great Father. It is a matter of etiquette that the chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe should appear in "full dress" on the occasion. After the dirge is finished, the chief adorns the dog's nose, ears, and joints with gaudy ribbons. The people then disperse, but the dog hangs on the tree three days longer, when the whole tribe again assemble round him; fires are lighted to heal the sick and afflicted, and the time is beguiled by dancing, singing, and smoking. After a while the first chief cuts the dog down, and then each member of the tribe comes forward and throws a bunch of ribbons on him until he is completely covered. This done, they build a fire over him, and when that dies out everybody goes up and snuffs the smoke from the ashes to ensure future prosperity. The ceremony completed, all solemnity disappears, and jollity is the order of the day. There are always a goodly number of white spectators—men and women—who join with the Indians in their feast and dancing as wildly as any of the redskins."

carried victory, terror, and dismay wherever they warred,—even into Connecticut, Massachusetts, Virginia, and the Carolinas. But a greater than they came with the white men. They soon got decimated and powerless before whisky and small-pox.

SHAWNEES

(or Shawanos) are closely connected with the history of the United States, and especially with that of the revolution. They once inhabited a great part of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and parts of the States of Ohio and Indiana, but are now living to the west of the Missouri, alongside the Delawares. They were once a brave and powerful people. The celebrated Tecumesh was a chief of this tribe. He had purposed had not death cut short his plans, to have enlisted in one great army, powerful enough to drive back the whites, all the Indian tribes from Mexico to the great lakes. Had he been successful in forming this confederacy, doubtless for a time it would have inflicted great carnage, and added another to the many sickening chapters of Indian warfare in the United States. The Shawnees have made considerable progress in the arts of civilisation, and I was presented with some copies of a monthly periodical published in their language, called the *Shawwanone Kesauthwan* (Shawnee Sun).

THE CHEROKEES.

The name of this people is sometimes, among those unacquainted with the history of the Indian race, looked upon as synonymous with savagedom. "As uncouth as a Choctaw or Cherokee," is a phrase used not uncommonly in English journalism. Unfortunately, however, for the truth of this idea, the people mentioned are now, perhaps, the most civilised of all the tribes in North America. Originally they inhabited the State of Georgia, but they are now located not far from Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas. They numbered a few years ago about 22,000, and afford an instance of an aboriginal people not getting much reduced in number. Possibly they may be now about 20,000, or even more. They own a large tract of land, and are well advanced in the arts of civilisation; some of them are even wealthy. Numerous salt springs are owned and worked by them, and two lead mines are (or were recently) owned and worked by the same people.

Their cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep are numerous, and of good quality, while on their farms are the best agricultural implements. Several have as much as 500 or 600 acres under cultivation, and until recently they owned a great many negro slaves. Numbers of looms are worked by them, and all are now clad in articles of civilised manufacture. Their houses are well built of wood, and furnished plainly but well—quite equal to those of the white people in their immediate neighbourhood. There are several native merchants and physicians, though I believe the law has as yet, fortunately or unfortunately, no representative among this latest desertion from barbarism. Hotels of a comfortable character are found throughout their territory. They have also a regular though simple form of government, modelled on that of the United States. When first the Indians were visited by Europeans none of them had any written language—unless, indeed, we except the hieroglyphics known as picture-writing, which we shall presently notice; but now they have also one or more printing-presses, in which various books and newspapers are printed, not only in the Cherokee language, but in the *Cherokee character*, which was invented some years ago by a Cherokee Indian—or

rather half-breed—named Sequoyah, alias George Guess. This man did not, until a year or two before he conceived the notion of his alphabet, understand a single letter. He was a poor man, living in a retired part of the nation, and accordingly when he told the chiefs that he could “make a book,” he was severely reprimanded for his blasphemous vanity. “It was impossible,” they said; “the Great Spirit at first made a red and a white boy; to the red boy he gave a book, and to the white boy a bow and arrows; but the white boy came round the red boy, stole his book, and went off, leaving him the bow and arrows, and therefore an Indian could not make a book.” George Guess was of a different opinion, the sages and the traditions notwithstanding. “He shut himself up to study; his corn was left to weeds, and he was pronounced a crazy man by his tribe. His wife thought so too, and burnt up his manuscripts whenever she could lay her hands on them. But he persevered. He first attempted to form a character for every word in the Cherokee language, but was forced to abandon it. He then set about discovering the number of sounds in the language, which he found to be sixty-eight, and for each of these he adopted a character, which forms the alphabet, and these characters combined like letters form words. Having accomplished this, he called together six of his neighbours and said, ‘Now I can make a book.’ They did not believe him. To convince them he asked each of them to make a speech, which he wrote down as they spoke, and then read to them, so that each knew his own speech, and they then acknowledged he could make a book; and from the invention of this great man the Cherokees have become a reading people.” Such is the account given us by one of themselves. The Cherokee language contains twelve consonants and six vowels, with a nasal sound, *ung*. Multiplying, then, the twelve consonants by the six vowels, and adding the vowels which occur singly, he acquired seventy-seven characters, to which he added eight—representing the sounds, *s, ka, hna, nah, ta, te, ti, tla*—making altogether eighty-five characters. This alphabet is superior to the English one, though not applicable to other languages. Though the characters in this alphabet are more numerous than in the Roman one, yet a Cherokee boy will learn to read by means of it in two months; while if ordinary letters were used he would take two years to do so.* The Cherokees thus stand alone among modern nations in having invented an alphabet. The only approach to this feat of George Guess is in the invention of the stenographic code of signs, which, indeed, is something very similar in idea to the Cherokee alphabet. Can civilisation commence from within; must it not always come from without? has been a hotly-contested question among philosophers. Does the story of George Guess, the Cherokee Cadmus, and his alphabet, add anything to the solution of the problem?

CHOCTAWS.

This, like the former tribe, is practically civilised. They have well-cultivated farms, large quantities of live stock, several flour-mills, cotton-gins, looms, and abundance of farming utensils. The “Choctaw Nation,” as the tribe styles itself, has, like the Cherokees, a written constitution, very similar to that of the United States. Into the Choctaw nation have become merged the Chickasaws, who may now be ranked as members of the same nation. White men, who have married Choctaw or Cherokee women, are eligible for admission into this

* Lubbock, “Origin of Civilisation,” p. 332.

confederacy, supposing that their characters will bear investigation. Many have availed themselves of this privilege (*sic*), but exercise by no means a controlling influence over the people, who, rightly remembering the somewhat dubious character of the frontier whites, keep these admirers of an aboriginal form of government at a safe distance from the public treasury. Like the Cherokees, the Choctaws were, during the late civil war, divided in their allegiance; regiments of their young men being in both armies, but in every case acquitting themselves well.

CREEKS (OR MUSKOGEEES).

Until recently this tribe occupied a large extent of country in Mississippi and Alabama; but their present lands are near the Canadian River, adjoining those of the Cherokees. They are also semi-civilised, but have not so perfect a government as the Cherokees or Choctaws. The



AMELIA ISLANDS, FLORIDA.

Creeks are good agriculturists and also owned slaves. Like all the tribes mentioned, most of them are, nominally at least, Christians.

SEMINOLES.

The people composing this powerful tribe originally inhabited Florida, but were only removed beyond the Mississippi after a most sanguinary struggle, costing the United States Government some thirty-six million dollars and an infinitely greater amount of dishonour.* Since then small-pox has thinned their ranks, and they are now united with the Creeks.

* The Government actually hunted them with bloodhounds imported for the purpose, a course adopted by the Minnesota State Government a few years ago against the Sioux, for whose scalps rewards were given, just as rewards were given for the heads of wolves. France also hunted the natives with bloodhounds in St. Domingo, and the atrocities of the Spaniards against the wretched Indians are a disgrace to that unhappy nation. Comment on the facts stated in this note would be useless, even if called for; the nineteenth century is of course an "enlightened and humane age."

The Osages, Kaskaskias, Weeahs, Potowatomies, Quapaws, Peorias, Kauzaus, Sauks, Foxes, Puncabs, &c., are the names of the other less important or smaller tribes located in the Indian country.

THE CIVILISATION OF THE INDIANS.

Does the condition of these semi-civilised tribes hold out any hope of the eventual civilisation of the remnant of the aboriginal American races still existing? With sorrow I am compelled,



A "CAÑON," OR PASS, IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

after studying the question anxiously and thoughtfully, under peculiarly excellent circumstances for arriving at a sound conclusion, to give an answer in the negative. Independently of the fact that more than one-half of these semi-civilised Indians are half-breeds, they are in their habits entirely different from the vast number of the Indians of the plains and north-west. The north-eastern tribes have always been a stationary people, and have from time immemorial cultivated maize and other vegetables to a small extent. The other tribes have done no such thing, and any attempts to make them take to agriculture only show, by the paucity and barrenness of the examples of success, how utter is the failure. The prairie Indian must

hunt the buffalo, *or die*; the salmon or fish-eating Indian must spear the salmon, *or die*; a nation of hunters must hunt, or become beggars on the bounty of the Government or their neighbours—either of which milch cows will soon run dry; at any rate, that is not civilisation. Yet an Indian will work, and work well; but not at agriculture. Both pride and that laziness innate to the human race prevent him. The Indian is indolent to an unheard-of extent. He will commence erecting a log cabin one year, get the walls up in a second, and not roof it over before a third season. The whole task would have been easily finished by an energetic man in three or four weeks.

Next to the irrepressible “nigger on the fence,” to use an American colloquial phrase, the Indian question has been the cause of more controversy and political experiments than probably any other within the range of the great Republic. There is, perhaps, not an Indian tribe in the United States with which the Government has not repeatedly been at war, or made endless treaties of “eternal peace and amity,” only, however, to be broken over and over again. The Indians are decreasing year by year; civilisation will not sit easily on them, and even when they make a start at agriculture, long experience has taught them that they may be removed, time after time, further into the wildest regions, as their “reservation” (mockery as the term is) may be required by the advancing tide of immigration. In one of the last chapters of the present work I shall have occasion to discuss the subject of the decay of barbarous races, and to inquire what is the *real* (not the *sentimental*) cause of it. But in the meantime the Indian of history, of song, and of story, will soon be but a being of the past—to be immortalised, perhaps, in the pages of Fenimore Cooper, when all other trace of him shall be forgotten.

CHAPTER IX.

CANADIAN INDIANS.

THE Dominion of Canada now stretches right across the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but the greater part of the Indians inhabiting it are included in that region which until recently was known as the Hudson's Bay Territory. These Indians may be conveniently divided, according to Mr. A. C. Anderson, into (1) the Cree or Knistineau, including the Sauteux or Ojebway, the Algonkin, and other subdivisions; (2) the Chippewayan, embracing the Takully* or Carrière, of British Columbia, &c.; and (3) the Sacliss, or Shewhampuch.† The Crees stretch from Labrador up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, through the Ottawa country, and along Lake Superior north-westward to Lake Winnepeg and Manitoba; hence west towards the head of the Saskatchewan as far as Fort Edmonton; then north to the Athabasca river, bending afterwards to the east and continuing along the line of the Mississippi or English shores to Fort Churchill of Hudson's Bay. Northward of the Cree line, almost to

* Literally *people who navigate deep waters, from tah-cully, deep.*

† This classification differs slightly from the usually accepted book one, but the difference is more in name than in reality.

the Frozen Ocean, and from Churchill westward nearly to the Pacific, lies the broad band roamed over by the Chippewayans. Crossing the Rocky Mountains to the heads of the northern branches of the Columbia, and the southern tributaries of Fraser River, we find the Sacliss, or Shewhaphmuch race, whose limit may be defined by the Rocky Mountains eastward, on the west the line of Fraser River from below Alexandria to Kequeloose, near the Falls, eighty-five miles above Langley, in about latitude $49^{\circ} 50'$; northward by the Carrière offset of the Chippewayans, and south by the Sahaptins, or Nez Percés, of Oregon.

From the "falls" of Fraser River nearly to the sea-coast the banks of the river are inhabited by branches of another tribe, called Haitlin, or Teets.* Taking these as forming the southern range, Mr. Anderson remarks, that a fringe of tribes borders the continent, hence round by Behring Strait to the banks of the St. Lawrence. The breadth of this fringe varies with the nature of the country which it divides; bounded generally on the larger streams by the extent of unobstructed canal navigation, elsewhere probably by the limit of the coast range of mountains, whence the smaller streams originate. For example, upon the Columbia River, the limit is the vicinity of the Cascades, about 120 miles from the sea; upon Fraser River, the falls, or first rapids, about 110 miles from the sea. "Nature, it would hence appear, herself places a barrier which alike checks the further extension of the nations on the lower part of these rivers seaward, and prevents invasion of the coast tribes beyond the limits easily accessible with the canoes, in which, from habit or necessity, all their excursions, whether of peace or war, are performed. The Eskimo are the solitary exception to this general rule. Frequenting the islands and coast from the vicinity of Cook's Inlet to the southern point of Labrador, they do not penetrate Hudson's Bay beyond a very limited distance from either point of the Straits. The Chippewayans succeed them for a short space on the Churchill shore, the Swamp Creecs occupy the rest of the circuit."†

In former chapters we have, in greater or less detail—in accordance with the plan of this book—described the habits, &c., of most of the tribes comprised under the three heads mentioned. Let us, merely as a type of the Indians of the British territory east of the Rocky Mountains, describe in somewhat greater detail the extensive tribe of the Ojebways.

OJEBWAYS.‡

This tribe, or "nation" as it is often called, is found scattered in small bodies from the river St. Lawrence, along the southern shores of Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, both sides of Lake Superior, and so on, to what was once the Hudson Bay territory and the headwaters of the Mississippi. A few are also intermingled with the Ottowas and others on the

* Called by their neighbours "Sa-chineo," or "strangers." The Teets, again, call the others "T'saw-meena" ("up river;" hence the name of the village of that name on the Cowichan River, in Vancouver Island), and so throughout. The term "Atnah," given by Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the Shewhaphmuch, and now extensively adopted into our maps and other publications, is not used by themselves, but their neighbours, the Takully, and means "stranger-tribe." Tribes west of them, the Takully call "Atnah-joo."

† Anderson, *New York Hist. Magazine*, vol. vii., p. 74.

‡ The late Rev. Peter Jones (Kahkewaquonaby), an Ojebway chief, whose account of his own tribe is one of our chief authorities for the statements which follow, informs us that the word Ojebway is only a corruption of Chippeway (or Chippewa, as it is sometimes spelled). In this respect he differs from Mr. Anderson, who makes the Chippeways a separate people from the Ojebways.

south shore of Lake Huron and in the vicinity of Lake Michigan. Within their limits, as given above, are found other tribes of Indians, such as the six nations, the Ottowas, Delawares (the Canadian branch), &c. They probably entered America from Asia by way of Behring Strait,



CANADIAN INDIAN.

but were intercepted from the coast by the southward extension of the Eskimo. The Sarsees and Klatskanai are two isolated tribes of Chippeways, the former inhabiting the plains of Upper Saskatchewan, the second at one time living south of the Columbia, east of the Killemoeks of the coast, and both speaking a dialect of Chippeway, though, it must be confessed, among the Klatskanai the Chippewayan words were few.*

* It may be mentioned that the Kootanais of the west of the Rocky Mountains are also an isolated tribe, their language having no connection with that of any of their neighbours. This manly race is getting, year by year, decimated by the Blackfeet, whom they fall in with in their visits to the buffalo grounds east of the Rocky Mountains.

Of their own origin, like all the Indian race, the Ojebways know nothing. They believe that the Great Spirit (Keehe-munedoo, or Kezhamunedoo) originally placed all the tribes just where they are; in fact, they believe in the plurality of the origin of the human race, and that all the people speaking different languages were separate creations: they know nothing of Mr. Max Müller. The northern Chippeways, near the Coppermine River, have a tradition that they came from a country inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, shallow, but full of islands, where they suffered great misery. It was always winter, and the ice and snow were never away. At the Coppermine River, where they first landed, the ground was covered with copper, over which earth to the depth of five or six feet has since accumulated. In those halcyon days their ancestors lived until their feet were worn out with



INDIAN HUNTING ON SNOW-SHOES.—THE SNOW-SHOES ARE SHOWN ON EITHER SIDE.

walking and their throats with eating. The Ojebway tradition of the creation of the world is peculiar, and as it is substantially the same through most of the north-eastern tribes, we may quote it. The story, however, is too long to be given in full:—"Before the general deluge which once covered the earth, there lived two enormous creatures, each possessed of vast power. One was an animal with a great horn in its head; the other was a huge *toad*. The latter had the whole management of the waters, keeping them secure in its own body, and emitting only a certain quantity for the watering of the earth. Between these two creatures there arose a quarrel, which terminated in a fight. The toad in vain tried to swallow its antagonist, but the latter rushed upon it, and with his horn pierced a hole in its side, out of which water gushed in floods, and soon overflowed the face of the earth. At this time Nan-ah-boz-hoo* was living on the earth, and observing the water rushing higher and higher, he fled to the loftiest mountain for refuge. By aid of the musk-rat (p. 240) he got up a little earth, out of which the world was gradually made. The Coppermine

* Sometimes spelt "Anina bojo," under which pronunciation he is known among the Hudson's Bay Indians (p. 119). He is supposed to have been a great man endowed with the spirit of the gods, but what the name means has now been lost.

River Chippeways have a tradition somewhat different. This Nanahbozhoo now sits at the North Pole, overlooking all the transactions and affairs of the people he had placed on the earth. The northern tribes say that he always sleeps during the winter; but previous to his falling asleep fills his great pipe, and smokes for several days, and that it is the smoke coming from the mouth and pipe of Nanahbozhoo which produces that short spell of bright weather just before the commencement of winter which is known as the "Indian summer."

They always believe that the souls of the dead go to a good country near the setting of the sun, and it is just possible that this belief may have arisen from a faint remembrance of their having come originally (as their traditions say) from that direction. Few, if any, of the civilised Indians believe in their Jewish origin (see page 2), though it is curious that in their drunken brawls the Munciey tribe used frequently to reproach the Iroquois in an "epithet of derision identical with that of circumcision, for having practised it in old times."

They are revengeful, indolent, and stoical under the eye of strangers or of their enemies. The stories of this are almost endless. Here is one as a specimen. "War-cloud," a Chippeway "brave," in a foray on the Sioux villages in Minnesota had his leg broken by a bullet. He told his companions to leave him, and he would show the Sioux dogs how a Chippeway could die. At his own request he was seated on a log with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death-song. As his enemies approached, brandishing their scalping-knives and yelling demoniacally, he chanted his song the louder, otherwise showing not a sign that he was conscious of their presence. Rushing upon him they tore his scalp from his head. They then commenced shooting arrows at him—through his cheeks, ears, arms, neck, &c., always avoiding a vital part, until he was absolutely pinned to the tree. They then flourished his bloody scalp before him, but still the warrior sang his death-song, and sat unmoved in every muscle under the terrible torture he was enduring. At last, out of all patience, one of them rushed upon him and buried his tomahawk in the warrior's brain, as the last strain of his song was still upon his lips. He had taught them how a Chippeway could *die*; his comrades very soon taught them how a Chippeway could be *avenged*.

They are hospitable but reserved to strangers. Among themselves they are, however, great gossips. They are not averse to a full meal at any time, but at the same time believe that if a man can fast long enough, there is almost nothing which will not be vouchsafed to him. They have traditions of men who fasted so long that they became immortal—no doubt, after they had starved to death. There are tales also of *pahgaks* (or flying skeletons), being the corporeal remnants of those spare-living folks who had nearly solved the problem of living on nothing, though, unfortunately for the benefit of posterity, they died just *before* they had accomplished it. The robin (*obeche*) was an Indian female who had fasted a long time, but just before she was turned into a bird she painted her breast red and sang for joy as she flew away. Now she said, "I will return in the spring to my people and tell them what is to happen during the year; if peace and plenty, then I will sing 'che-che-che' in merry laughter; but if war or trouble, then 'lih-nwoh-che-go,' I prophesy evil things." It is probably owing to their accustoming themselves to fast from early youth that the Indian has the power of doing without food for such long periods.

The young people are taught by the old men the virtues of hospitality and silence in

presence of their parents and aged people, modesty, not to interrupt conversation, and so on; hence Indians are naturally a polite people. There is really, however, on the other hand, little or no family discipline, and the children, being untaught by their parents in the way they should go, decidedly do not depart from their own devices; they are self-willed and disobedient. Yet for old age their reverence is great. None are more looked up to than the *uhkewaihzees*, or long-dwellers on the earth. Their counsels are listened to; they are the instructors into *pow-wowism* (or oratory), in medicine and tradition—in a word, they are the teachers and sages. No doubt we have all heard tales of the old having been abandoned by their family and tribe, but these cases are exceedingly rare. The old people will, however, often expose themselves when they get old and useless, preferring to die rather than be a burden on their friends.

Cannibalism, even in the direst necessity, is looked upon by them with the utmost abhorrence. Yet some, in accordance with a custom which we have already seen is not uncommon among savages, and even among civilised people like the Chinese (p. 124), will boil their enemies' hearts in a kettle with corn, and, in bravado, drink ladlefuls of the soup. This is called "drinking the heart's blood of the enemy." The cannibal—when such is known—even though he may have been driven to it by dire hunger, is a Cain in the land, hunted down mercilessly until the tomahawk-blow puts an end to him.

Women* are badly treated, having to do all the work; they get all the kicks, and few of the pleasures of savage life. The coarsest food, the harshest words, and blows on the slightest provocation, fall to her lot. In a word, she is treated as all savage women are—as an inferior being. Yet the wife is expected to love, honour, and obey her lord, and, strange to say, in most cases she does so, after her own slavish, unsentimental fashion. "Fire-water" is, however, undermining in them, as in every other Indian people, every small virtue which they possessed, and women have been known to sell their children for whisky, though, as a rule, they are very fond of them, and spare the rod to an extent which, if I might express an opinion on such a delicate question of aboriginal domestic affairs, is decidedly detrimental to the young Ojebways' morals. The women, I may add, are infinitely more industrious than the men, being generally busily employed in fetching meat from the woods, dressing skins, planting corn, making clothing, belts, mocassins, mats, canoes of birch bark (their only mode of travel, with the exception of dog-sledges during the winter, and their own feet), maple sugar, baskets, brooms, &c. They are shy before strangers, but have the womanly fondness for trinkets developed to an inordinate extent. The average height of the men is about five feet ten inches, and that of the women five feet. They are well formed; yet the women, owing to their more laborious life, are more muscled and well-knit together than the men, and, on the whole, are rather better looking. The men, however, excel in running and walking, forty or fifty miles a day being thought nothing of by an Indian.† The head of the woman is also larger than that of the man; it is round, and rather broad at the top; the cheek-bones are high, and, as among all the race, the eyes and hair are black. Among the

* The word *squaw*, universally used all over America to an Indian woman, is a corruption of the Ojebway word *equa*, woman, and is looked upon by them as a term of reproach.

† Indians have been known to walk from Niagara to Toronto, a distance of eighty miles, in one day, and that, too, when there was only a narrow trail.

Ojebways, as amongst the north-eastern Indians generally, "Roman" noses are not uncommon. The mouth and lips are large, and the teeth good. They have little or no beard, having been in the habit from time immemorial of plucking out what little makes its appearance; the result is that the appearance first produced artificially has now become hereditary. A bearded man is not looked upon as an Adonis in an Eastern tribe. Their skin is reddish-brown, and generally particularly dirty. The occupation of all the nation is hunting in the woods and fishing in the rivers and lakes; to these occupations the boys are early trained by their fathers. Any little leisure they may have is occupied in inculcating a love of war, by a relation of the exploits of their forefathers. They are also early taught



IN A FOREST IN CANADA.

the mysteries of religion, religious songs, mysteries, and dances, the virtues of fasting, as well as the proprieties to be observed in feasting.

"They have no set time for eating, but leave it to the duration of their craving appetites. During the absence of a hunter, the portion of meat which he would have eaten is carefully saved for his return, and on it he makes a hearty repast. When he is successful he will make a feast and sing his hunting chants to his *munedoo* for a whole night, and by dawn of day he will be off again. If on this day, by uncommon perseverance, he has the good luck to kill a deer or a bear, it is attributed to the virtue of the songs or medicine employed for the occasion. The Indians who live within the boundary of the English settlements depend, in a great measure, for their livelihood on making baskets, brooms, wooden bowls, ladles, and scoop-shovels, which they sell to the white people in exchange for provisions."

Some of the old men still have the hair of their heads closely cut or plucked by the roots, with the exception of the "scalp lock" on the top. To this tuft is often fastened a silver or leaden tube three to four inches in length. Many of the older men also adopt the fashion of slitting their ears from top to bottom, at the same time fastening weights of lead, wampum, and other trinkets, so as to cause them to hang down in loops. In a few years these strings of ear stretch on to the shoulders, which appearance is accounted very venerable. But they rarely enjoy such dignity long, for in the first drunken brawl the loop is usually broken. They also wear shells and other "jewels," through the septum of their nostrils.

Marriages among the Ojebways are usually arranged by the parents in childhood, without the



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consent or even knowledge of the young people, who are frequently betrothed before they have even seen each other. If the young man has not been provided for in this way, then he sends a friend with some present to the lady whom he fancies. If the present is accepted, then it is understood that his offer is favourably received, and after a courtship of two or three months (during which time the affianced is expected to conduct herself with the utmost modesty—even to prudishness), the husband takes her off on a hunting trip for a few days, during which time she steers the canoe. On their return the product of the chase is laid at the feet of the bride's parents, with whom the young couple reside for a time, her parents considering that they have a claim on their industry until they have a family of their own. Notwithstanding the drudgery and often ill-usage to which the wife is subjected, husband and wife seem to be very true to each other, and "get along" tolerably smoothly—the little episode of an occasional beating being excepted. If for some heinous marital offence—such as infidelity or intolerable laziness

—divorce is necessary, this is accomplished by the husband biting off the woman's nose! The children are then equally divided, and if there is an odd number the wife gets the benefit of the odd one.

Polygamy is permitted, but few have more than three wives. They generally endeavour to marry sisters, under the belief that they will live more peaceably together—a theory not always confirmed in practice.

As to religion, they all believe in one great spirit and many minor ones, or *munedoos*,* good and bad, who have charge of game, fish, winds, stones, and trees. To these they pray, and even offer sacrifice. This *munedoo* may be a pine-tree, and to it food and other articles are equally offered. An Indian on going on a canoe voyage will kill a black dog and throw it into the lake as a sacrifice to propitiate the storm or water gods, of which latter especially there are many. Sun, moon, and stars are also worshipped. On the north-east shore of Lake Huron is an island on which is a large and curiously-shaped rock, something like a large turtle, to which the Indians offer devotions and sacrifices, such as tobacco, &c., in order to propitiate and save them from disasters whilst travelling in the direction the god is supposed to overlook. The praises of the sun are chanted by the old chiefs and warriors as the sun rises, and at his setting he is thanked for the heat and light he has afforded during the day. An eclipse is the "death of the sun," and great anxiety is felt for his safety. Bits of live coal are fixed to the points of arrows, which are shot up into the air, so that the dying sun may be relighted. The children are enjoined never to point their finger at the moon, else it will be bit off. Certain animals, such as the wolf, toad, fox, and all venomous snakes, are supposed to possess supernatural powers, and places distinguished for natural scenery, waterfalls, or other peculiarities, are held in awe, and the *munedoos* who preside over these lonely places are propitiated by the awe-stricken traveller with tobacco or other offerings. The Falls of Niagara, before the white man frequented them, was such a sacred place, to which the Indians used to resort to offer gifts. Thunder is a god in the shape of a large eagle which feeds on serpents, which it takes from under the earth and the trunks of hollow trees. Lightning is the fiery arrows which the thunder has shot at a serpent and caught it away in a second. The thunder, they say, has its abode on the top of a high mountain in the west, and there it lays its eggs and hatches them like an eagle, and from whence it takes its flight all over the earth in search of serpents. The reader will remember that almost exactly the same idea is held on the same subject by the Indians of the north-west coast (p. 147). They are also said to make figures of their gods, to which they sometimes offer up sacrifice, but I cannot get any exact information on this subject. They believe, like the western Indians, greatly in the virtues of the medicine-bag (p. 125), and how it has made chiefs and warriors invulnerable in war. The Indian is essentially a religious man, but, like some people with paler faces, knows a great deal more than he ever attempts to practise. They place great store by feasts and sacrifices, and to these many guests are bid by a young man going to a lodge with a number of porcupine quills, which he distributes to those invited, with the general announcement, "You are bidden to a feast." These quills are of three colours, red for the aged, or medicine-men, green for the middle class, and white for the common people. They are delivered up on arriving at the festive lodge, and the guests are served in accordance

* Generally written *manitou*.

with the rank expressed by the colour of the quill. They have no regular priests, the duties of this class being performed by the *pow-wows*, conjurors and gifted speakers—offices to which any ambitious Indian of good abilities can attain.

In burial the body is interred in the ground with the head towards the west, and alongside the corpse are placed his former hunting and warlike implements. The grave is covered over with a sort of penthouse of wicker-work, mats, or birch bark. Meat, soup, and other food is then offered to the dead, some being reserved for a burnt offering. The widow will jump over the grave and run behind trees, so as to avoid the spirit of her husband, who otherwise might "haunt" her. A hole is left in the end of the penthouse or wigwam over the grave through which, after dark, on the night of the burial, the men fire their muskets. Strips of folded birch bark are hung round the grave to scare off "the spirits that haunt the night;" and as a further precaution against "ghosts" the children's faces and necks are brushed with a singed deer's tail before they go to sleep. As the soul is believed to linger about the body after death, these means are also supposed to expedite its departure. Mourning is publicly denoted by blaekened faeces and the most ragged and filthy clothes, which they wear for a whole year. After this time the widow or widower may again marry without insulting the memory of the deceased or his or her relatives, which otherwise they undoubtedly would. During the whole of this period of mourning, at every meal a little food is offered to the dead, and the grave is often visited, when food and other articles—and particularly tobacco—are also offered. Mr. Jones informs us that it is always the custom for a widow to tie up a bundle of clothes in the form of an infant, frequently ornamented with silver brooches. This she will sleep with and carry about for twelve months, as a memorial of her departed husband. When the days of her mourning are over a feast is prepared by some of her relatives, at which she appears in her best attire. As her body has been washed for the first time for twelve months she presents an unwontedly smart appearance.

Their future place of bliss does not differ materially from that believed in by the other Indian tribes. Between this world and the next flows a deep, dark, Stygian river, over which the souls of men must pass on a pole. Good men have no trouble in this passage, but the wicked fall over and are carried by the swift current into the region of darkness. The northern Chippeways, on the other hand, have a modification of this belief. The souls of men are ferried down the dark river which divides this world from the one beyond the grave, in a stone canoe, which bears them to a lovely lake, in the midst of which is an isle of transeendent bliss, and here, in sight of it, they receive their final judgment. If their good actions predominate, they land on the island, there to enjoy a never-ending bliss of sensuous enjoyments; but if the balance is borne down by their evil deeds, then, *instanter*, the stone canoe sinks, and leaves them up to their chins in water, to behold, with unavailing longing and struggling to reach it, the blissful land from which they are for ever excluded. Cold is what these northern people have ever to dread, and hence, it is made a means of eternal punishment. In the warm sweltering South, heat, on the contrary, is what is to be dreaded, and it accordingly figures as the torment of the wicked. They are very liberal in their ideas of immortality, granting it also to all animals, the spirits of which have the power of punishing any one who despises or makes any unnecessary slaughter of them. Green trees are seldom cut down, under the belief that they feel pain; there are men who even declare that the tree has been heard groaning under the blows of the axe. Some of the Lake Superior

tribes even worship trees, and present votive offerings to them, a religious custom common to various savages, and among Indians to the Crees, Mexican Indians, Nicaraguan Indians, Patagonians, and others.

The chiefs are hereditary, but the war-chiefs are elected. The former, with the aid of a council of old men, administer the government, and mete out punishment, each offence having a well-understood expiation. Blood for blood is their law, and the executioner is always next of kin to the murdered person. So Spartan are their chiefs—or so under the control of public opinion—that a chief has been known to order the execution of his own favourite daughter, who



THE MUSK RAT.

had, in a fit of rage, murdered her husband, and to stand by with a sad countenance while the murdered man's brother plunged the sharp scalping-knife into her bosom. In a few instances payments have been known to be taken in expiation of a murder. The *vendetta* common among some tribes is not in vogue amongst them, but there are rare cases in which vengeance has been taken in this manner.

Captives in war are either held as slaves or adopted into the family of some one who has lost a relative in the war. In the latter case the captive enjoys perfect freedom. But if his lot is neither this nor the other alternative, he is certain to be doomed to a painful death by being burnt at the stake, or tortured while the war-dance is proceeding. Yet it is a mark of bravery on these occasions never to betray the slightest emotion, but to sing his death-song, and to upbraid his tormentors with being only a parcel of old women, who do not know how to give

pain. Sometimes this abuse is to the advantage of the tortured warrior, for then some one, cut to the quick by the language used, will rush upon him and bury a tomahawk in his brain.

Dancing, foot-races, shooting with bow and arrows, running, swimming, wrestling, jumping, &c., are their favourite amusements.

They divide the year into four quarters, which they call the *seegwan* (spring), or the sap season, when they catch the sap of the sugar maple to extract sugar from it; *neebin* (summer), or the abundant season; *tahgwukgin* (autumn), the fading season; and *peboor* (winter), or the cold, freezing season. January is the Great Spirit moon; February, the mullet-fish moon; March, the wild goose moon; April, the frog moon; May, the blooming moon; June, the strawberry moon; July, the red raspberry moon; August, the huckleberry moon; September, the fading leaf moon; October, the falling leaf moon; November, the freezing moon; and December, the spirit



THE WOLVERINE AND TRAP.

moon. They have no idea of weeks, or of the number of days in a year. The day they divide into morning, noon, and afternoon; hours, minutes, and seconds, it is almost unnecessary to add, are to them not even abstractions. Their ages they reckon by "snows" or winters, and the time of their birth by some particular circumstance which they had been told was characteristic of the time—such as hoeing, gathering corn, croaking of frogs in the spring, and so on. Few Indians know their exact age. Mothers, in the pride of maternity, will attempt to keep a record of the age of their child by cutting a notch each day on some part of its cradle, but the record is rarely kept up more than a month or two, afterwards they reckon by moons and snows.

Their *toodaims*, or *totems*, we have already sufficiently described (p. 98), and I only touch upon them here to mention Mr. Jones's ingenious idea, that *totems* might have originated in this manner. "Coming into a vast wilderness originally, and fearing that in their wanderings they might lose their relationship to each other, they probably held a general council on the subject, agreeing that the head of each family should adopt certain animals or things as their *toodaims*, by which their descendants might be recognised in whatever part of the world they

were found, and that those of the same tribe should ever be considered as brethren or relations."

Their belief in medicine-men, or *pow-wows*, witchcraft, necromancy, and such-like is all-potent. Endless quarrels arise out of this supposed "bewitching" of persons. It is said that the conjuror will often threaten to exert his power to induce the object of his threat to marry him, and in revenge for some supposed disease inflicted by the necromancer the relatives of the sick man—or the sick man himself—will secretly put him to death. Some most extraordinary instances (if true) are related of the power of these conjurors or "second-sight" people.

They have, in addition, a pretended knowledge of the virtues of various plants and other medicinal substances, which is, however, more or less imaginary, and applied in most cases merely empirically. They believe in a medicine to enable the hunter to be successful in the object of his pursuit; it is made up of various roots, and is placed in the track of the first game animal he meets. If aided by the "hunter's song" it is accounted all-sovereign. The "warrior's medicine" renders the body invulnerable to spear, bullet, or arrow; and the love-medicine (made up of roots and red ochre) with which they paint their faces, brings a backward lover to the point. It is not, however, without its drawback, for if it is withdrawn the person who before was almost frantic with love, hates with a hatred equally powerful! If a person is to be bewitched, the necromancer sets up a little wooden image supposed to represent the person against whom there is an evil design. Arrows are then shot at it, and immediately an arrow strikes, the person whom the image represents is seized with violent pains in the same part. This belief has its counterpart among other Indian tribes, and various nations (p. 128).

Fairies (*mamagwasewug*)—mischievous little folks, no better behaved than their European cousins—and giants (or *waindegoos*), tall as pine-trees and powerful as *munedoos*, are familiar subjects of belief to the Ojebway.

Indians are named after their relatives; and these names, again, relate to the heavenly bodies or natural objects. Sometimes names are given to the children by the old men, whose familiarity with ancient names renders them peculiarly fitted for such an office; while in other cases new names will be assumed under extraordinary circumstances. "For instance, if a rich person or his friends suppose that Death has received a commission to come after an Indian bearing a certain name, they immediately make a feast, offer sacrifices, and alter the name. By this manœuvre they think to cheat Death when he comes for the soul of the Indian of such a name, not being able to find the person bearing it." So much for the information of Kahkewaquonaby, the Ojebway chief, who tells us that the "pleasant wind," "the blown down," "the scattering light of the sun and moon," "the pleasant stream," "the roaring thunder," "the cloud that rolls beyond," "the god of the south," "the blue sky woman," &c., are common names in his nation. As among all barbarous and semi-barbarous people, nicknames are given to the children, which they often retain after they arrive at the adult state. Husbands and wives never mention each other's name—etiquette forbidding this—and Indians will rarely or ever give their own names, but request a bystander to mention it, from impressions received when young that by so doing they will grow no more.

Mr. Jones expresses his belief that in Canada there are only two distinct Indian languages

—the Ojebway and the Mohawk—the first of which is the most extensively spoken. Like all Indian languages of the agglutinative type, polysyllables abound, and, owing to the prefixes and affixes, some of the words are enormously long. A whole sentence is sometimes expressed by a single word, *e.g.* :—*Kikuweuntootumangatumowannautik* (we will desire to ask alms for these persons), a somewhat more than sesquipedalian word, which is matched by the Eskimo :—*Savekenearreatoesoarattaromarouatetok* (you must try and get me a good knife). These languages have been reduced to writing by the missionaries, and several publications are printed in them, in the ordinary Roman characters. The earliest method of conveying thought otherwise than by word of mouth would seem to be by pictures, such as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, or the famous Mexican picture-writings. Such, in a rude form, have existed among the Ojebways from a very early period, as well as among other tribes, painted on birch bark, or on buffalo robes (p. 169) or lodge-skins. These are read with the utmost facility by any Indian acquainted with the signs used, and are commonly employed in the form of rude pictures, painted with lampblack, or scrawled with bits of burnt stick on smooth-barked trees, or on the wood when the bark is peeled off. In this manner the Indian will present petitions to Government, make out census-rolls, or narrate hunting or warlike exploits.*

For music many of the Indians have considerable taste. In 1845 there was published in New York a book of Indian melodies, to the number of 120 new tunes, by an Indian named Thomas Commuck. These are named after celebrated Indian chiefs, Indian names of places, &c., and are spoken highly of by connoisseurs in music. In eloquence, humour, and shrewdness, the north-eastern Indians excel both the north-western and plain Indians, as much as they excel them in many other points, social and public. As a specimen, I may again repeat the famous speech of the Mingo chief Logan, made after the war of 1774, though it may be familiar to many of my readers, as it has been widely published as a specimen of impassioned eloquence. "I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresass, who, last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for vengeance. I have sought it; but do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Shrewdness and pathetic eloquence are combined in the following address of another Indian chief, exhorting his people to take to agriculture :—"See ye not that the pale-faces feed on grains, when we feed on flesh? that the flesh takes thirty months to grow up, and that it is often scarce? that every one of those wonderful grains which they strew into the earth yields to them a thousand-fold return? that the flesh on which we live has four legs to flee from us, while we have only two to run after it? that the grains remain and grow up in

* The reader who is desirous of getting a full account of this birch-bark literature will find it in Schoolcraft's "Report on the Indian Tribes of the United States," and in Kohl's "Kitchi-gami."

the spot where the pale-face plants them? that winter, which is the season of our toilsome hunting, is to them a season of rest? No wonder, then, that they have so many children, and live longer than we do. Therefore I say to every one of you who will listen, that before the cedars of our village shall have died of age, and the maples of the valley have ceased to give us sugar, the race of the corn-eaters will have destroyed the race of the flesh-eaters, unless the hunter should resolve to exchange his wild pursuit for those of the husbandman."

The humour of the Indian is displayed in the following anecdote: Two chiefs who had come to a city on business were invited to dinner by a gentleman interested in their race. One of them seeing a yellow-looking stuff (mustard) took a spoonful of it, which he swallowed



NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN TYPE OF FACE.

whole. Tears soon ran down his cheeks. His companion noticing this, said, "Oh! my brother, why do you weep?" The other replied in a mournful voice, "I am thinking about my poor son who was killed in such and such a battle." Presently the other chief took a spoonful of the same stuff, which caused his eyes to weep as did his brother's, who in return asked him, "Why do you cry?" upon which he replied, "Oh! I weep to think *that you were not killed when your son was!*"

The following opinion on duelling is—without respect—dedicated to messieurs the French journalists. An Indian was challenged by a white man to settle their difficulties after this fashion. The following is his reply: "I have two objections to this duel affair; the one is, lest I should hurt *you*; and the other is, lest you should hurt *me*. I do not see any good that it would do me to put a bullet through your body—I could not make any use of you when dead; but I could of a rabbit or turkey. As to myself, I think it more wise to *avoid* than to put myself in the way of harm: I am under apprehension that you might hurt me.

That being the case, I think it advisable to keep my distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object—a tree, or anything about my size; and if you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge, that had I been there you might have hit me.”

Their feelings are exceeding kindly to the British Government, but full of implacable hatred to the people of the United States, whom they called *kitche mookomon* (or big knives), from the American revolutionists having, during the War of Independence, massacred many of them with cutlasses and dirks. They look upon them as their natural enemies, and entertain but a poor opinion of their honesty. Negroes they consider a very ill-used people



A CREEK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—INDIAN WIGWAM.

—in this respect only ranking next to themselves; but most tribes have a strong aversion to intermarry with them.

The rest of the tribes within the Dominion of Canada, not already noticed, are all in a more or less civilised condition, with the exception of a few on the head-waters of Peace River, and on the Mackenzie, whose habits differ somewhat from those of the Chippeways. All of them are less intelligent, the humanising influences of agriculture—even to such a small extent as the Indians follow it—being among them unknown.

As elsewhere, the Canadian Indians are on the decrease, and that in a most rapid manner. The Mic-macs of Nova Scotia can scarcely be said to exist, and no Indians now live in Newfoundland, that island being only visited by parties from the mainland. The Eskimo keep the seaboard of Labrador, as they did in the days of the bold Norse discoverer of America, in A.D. 972, who styled them contemptuously *skrellinger* (“parings of mankind”); but most of them are civilised. The interior is, on the contrary, inhabited by a few wandering tribes of

natives, not in a savage, but yet who can scarcely be styled, even by a stretch of courtesy, as being in a civilised condition. On the whole, they have not benefited much by civilisation, and their idea of their condition before and after the advent of the whites may be summed up in the lament of the Indian chief: "Ah! my son, my heart sickens when I look at that which has happened to our forefathers since the pale-faces came amongst us. My son, before the white man landed on our shores, the red men of the forest were numerous, powerful, wise, and happy. In those days nothing but the weight of winters bore them down to the grave. The Indian mother could then rear a large family of healthy and happy children. The game in the forest, the fish in the water, abundantly supplied their wants. The Indian corn grew late and rank, and brought forth much, and plenty smiled upon the land. The old men made their feasts, smoked their pipes, and thought upon their *munedoos*; they sang and beat upon the *tawaegun* (drum). The young men and the women danced; the *pow-wows* visited the sick, sang and invoked their gods, and applied their medicines, gathered from Nature's stores, and thus drove away Death. Those were happy days of sunshine and calm to our forefathers. My son, while our forefathers were in this happy state, they cast their eyes towards the sun-setting, and beheld a big canoe with white wings approaching nearer and nearer to the shore, and outbraving the waves of the mighty waters. A strange people landed, wise as the gods, powerful as the thunder, with faces white as snow. Our forefathers held out to them the hand of friendship. The strangers then asked for a small piece of land on which they might pitch their tents. The request was cheerfully granted. By-and-by they begged for more, and more was given them. In this way they have continued to ask, or have obtained by force or fraud, the fairest portions of our territory. As the white man advanced in his encroachments, the Indian retired further back to make room for him. In this way the red man has gradually been stripped of his hunting-grounds and corn-fields, and been driven far from the land of comfort and plenty. Their children began to cry for food; their souls fainted for want; their clothes dropped from their shivering backs; the fatal small-pox and measles visited them for the first time, and swept away the poor Indians by thousands. Goaded to despair, they clutched the tomahawk and sought to wield it against the encroaching whites; but, instead of conquering, the act only afforded to the calculating, remorseless foe a pretext for a new general slaughter of the defenceless natives. Then, as if disease and the musket—both imported by the whites—could not mow down the Indians fast enough, the *fire-water* crept in, and began to gnaw their very vitals, debasing their morals, lowering their dignity, spreading contentions, confusion, and death! My son, these are the causes which have melted away our forefathers like snow before a warm sun. The Great Spirit has hidden his face from his red children, on account of their drunkenness and their many crooked ways."

There are various other tribes in the Dominion of Canada which we have not yet touched on, but the foregoing description will apply with more or less fitness to them. Let us now bid farewell to the aborigines of the North American Continent, and briefly survey those of the south.

CHAPTER X.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS.

PASSING from the cold and often sterile regions of the north southward to the warm and rich regions of Mexico, we still find an uninterrupted spread of the great family of Americans, and so onward through the narrow isthmus which connects North and South America—and in South America itself, in even greater numbers, live numerous tribes of Indians in the forest, on the pampas and savannahs (prairies), on the sea-coast, or along the banks of the great rivers. In Mexico, when it was first explored by the hordes of Cortes, existed the wondrous civilisation of the Aztecs—the remnant of whom we have already described as the Pueblo Indians. If we are to believe the conquerors, the magnificence of the Aztec Empire almost transcends imagination. The city of Mexico (Tenochtitlan) is built on an island in the midst of a lake. In the centre of 20,000 houses was the Emperor Montezuma's palace, reared of marble and jasper, adorned with fountains and baths; and the walls of the prodigious number of rooms it contained covered with beautiful pictures made of feathers. Menageries were attached to the emperor's and chiefs' houses; articles of gold and silver were of the most common occurrence—gold and treasures were “drugs” in the land, mosaic work of the most beautiful type covered the most common utensils. The land was full of large and most beautiful cities, and the fragments which still remain to us (p. 248) show how noble were the public buildings and monuments. The chronicles of the nation were preserved in a vast series of painted tablets, a few only of which escaped the Vandals who destroyed this civilisation, and whose only thoughts were of gain and sensual gratification. Animal worship was found amongst them. The horse, when they first saw it, they looked upon as a deity, and one which was captured was stabled in a gorgeous apartment, and attempted to be fed with chickens and rich food. It is unnecessary to say that under this regimen the animal died. Fire was worshipped, and yearly a human victim—solemnly killed by a magnificently handled obsidian knife—was offered up to it. Whether it was as Müller* has thought, because both in Mexico and Peru the people were not softened by the possession of domestic animals, or from innate religious superstition, certain it is that among both the Aztecs and the Peruvians human sacrifices were frightfully common in their temples. It has been calculated that 2,500 victims were on an average offered up every year; but in one year the human sacrifices are known to have exceeded 100,000. Some of these human sacrifices were attended with great pomp. In honour of their goddess Texcatlipoca, a beautiful youth—usually a captive—was taken, treated for a whole year as a god, attended by trains of pages, everything that he could wish was provided for him, and during the last month four beautiful girls were given to him as wives. On the fatal day arriving he was placed at the head of a solemn procession, and arriving at the temple was sacrificed with much ceremony, and his flesh eaten by the priests and chiefs. The end of the Mexican Empire is soon told. Montezuma, after being tortured on the fire and rack, yielded to the Spaniards, and was, on this account, slain by the people who loved him. Gradually his successors were defeated, until the Aztec Empire fell under the yoke of Castile; and the only trace of it now to be seen is in

* “Geschichte der Americanischen Urreligionen,” s. 23.

the remains of the great aqueducts and other public works, ruined cities and forts, which exist throughout the country, particularly in Yucatan, and even startle the traveller amidst the luxuriant tropical vegetation of Central America. This Aztec civilisation also existed in Peru, and when speaking of that country we shall give some particulars in regard to this remarkable people, who, under motives to us irreconcilable—the acquisition of gold and the propagation of the faith—were slaughtered by the brutal soldiery of Cortes and Pizarro. A



AZTEC RUIN IN YUCATAN.

few tribes still exist in the less inhabited parts of Mexico, but most of them are very mixed, and nearly all are only half-civilised—as civilisation goes in Mexico. Indeed, the Mexican nation may be said to be a mixture of Spaniard and Indian with an infusion of negro blood, the result of which is not sufficiently enticing for us to dwell upon them, or that mixture of *pronunciamentos*, rebellions, assassinations, and robberies, which is dignified with the name of a government in that ill-starred country. He must be gifted with a powerful memory who can recollect the number of revolutions, forms of government, and rulers of the minority or of the majority which Mexico has enjoyed since she broke loose from the rule of His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain—nor is the task worth essaying.

In Central America very much the same has happened, though the semi-independent tribes of Indians are more numerous, less civilised, and more powerful than in Mexico. Still there is a great mixture of blood, and a Spaniard of the *sangre azul*, or blue blood of Castile, is a rare phenomenon, even though the contrary is asserted with *carochos* and *carambos* innumerable. The palm-thatched circles of poles which serve as huts for them may be often seen as the steamer slowly sails up the coast, and the natives, who seem an athletic if somewhat villanous-looking set of individuals, may be seen lolling about in front of their huts; or, if the vessel halts, coming off in their rude "dug-outs," laden with fruits, shells, monkeys, parrots and other bright-



AZTEC RUINS AT PALENQUE.

plumaged birds, inhabitants of the glorious tropics in which their lot has been east. Yet they are by no means a very mild race, and though now almost all nominally converts to the Catholic religion, and citizens of the republic in which they live, they resisted the Spaniards long and manfully. Rumours even yet speak of large and powerful tribes of disciplined Indians existing in the interior, but I am not aware that anybody has ever yet seen them, though I have frequently met in my journeys across Nicaragua and New Granada with people who declared that they knew somebody else who was well acquainted with another *caballero*—a most perfect gentleman, who wouldn't lie (unless under great provocation), who had heard that the facts were as stated! We have devoted so much space already to the Indians, that if we are to say anything at all about those of South America, we must spend no more time in

inquiring into these little bits of Central American romance, with which we are favoured by Señor Don Guzman Miguel Pedrillo, as we lie swinging in *dolce far niente* languor in a grass hammock under tamarind-trees in San Juan del Sur. A very few words upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Central America must therefore suffice.

The Indians in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are by far the most numerous portion of the inhabitants, and are not without intelligence, though only partially civilised. They are very fond of music, every village possessing a musical band. When absolutely forced to work they are capable of enduring great fatigue, but under ordinary circumstances are like all their kinsmen, north and south, lazy and indolent. They are peaceful in disposition, and give little trouble to the Government of Mexico, which has on its hands all-sufficient dolours from within and from without, without being pestered by the "Indian question." They are very dark in complexion, though well formed. Most of them dress somewhat after the European fashion, but either go barefooted or wear sandals. The women, however, in many cases wear a more national costume—viz., plaiting their hair in two folds and winding it round the head, often decked with flowers after the ancient Greek fashion. From the back of the head descends a white flowing robe reaching to the shoulders, and called *guaypul*. Around the chest they throw a slight garment called *guaypilote*, which reveals the well-moulded arms and bosom. Around the waist is wrapped a piece of home-made cotton stuff, called *inagua*, fastened with a girdle and reaching to the feet. They are fond of jewellery. Their bearing is stately and composed, but their morals will not bear criticism. They are lazy, not over cleanly in their habits, eating insects from the bushy heads of their children and other kindred, and all their ideas of good housekeeping limited to preparing the dish of black beans which form the staple of the country. The universal cakes of maize called *tortillas* are also their bread.

The Indians of the Mosquito Territory do not exceed 10,000 or 15,000, the majority of whom belong to the Mosquito tribe. They are a fine athletic set of men, full of intelligence, liveliness, and high spirits, but corrupted much from their association with English and American sailors. They are violent and quarrelsome, terrible drunkards, addicted to plundering and ill-using the neighbouring tribes, and though kindly to strangers, are avaricious and grasping in their intercourse with one another, often exacting a debt even though two generations have passed since it was contracted. Nothing can induce them to work steadily for any length of time, the leisure saved from the slight work required to provide them with the necessaries of life being devoted to sleeping in their hammocks. Yet though they will scarcely take the trouble to clear away the weeds which choke up their houses, they will make a tedious voyage of a hundred miles in a small canoe to sell a couple of turtles worth two dollars. They are full of contradictions. War and sickness they dread, yet they will not hesitate to face the jaguar in the woods, go through the wildest surf, over the most dangerous rapids, and swim in places swarming with sharks and alligators. Grossly superstitious, they are yet deficient in veneration. Though the duty of chastity is almost unknown, the wives are affectionate and kind, often in spite of the worst treatment. Truthfulness and honesty are at a discount among them. They are excellent canoemen, and cultivate a little cassava* and

* The Spanish name for the bread made from the root of the cassava plant (*Jatropha Manihot*).

plantains along the beach and river-side. Those in the interior also raise Indian corn and plantains, sugar-cane and tobacco, and a few of them chocolate, which they drink mixed with Chili pepper. They plant cotton round their houses and manufacture coarse cloth dyed with various bright colours. They trade with the interior tribes for articles which they cannot produce themselves, getting in this manner their rough canoes, paddles, gourds, &c. &c., for English goods, salt, turtle-meat, &c. In the month of May a large fleet of canoes proceed to the hawks-bill turtle fishery on the coast southwards of Greytown in Nicaragua, when some watch the beach at night and catch the turtles as they crawl up to lay their eggs, while others spear them at sea with a heavy palm-wood staff, at the end of which is a notched iron peg, with twenty fathoms of strong silk-grass line attached. Shooting them with arrows is also occasionally practised by some tribes. The bows are made from the soupar palm (*Guilielma speciosa*), and the shafts of the arrows from the dry stalks of the cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) tipped with hard wood, though more frequently with iron. Others resort to the mahogany works of Honduras for employment. During these temporary absences the villages are often left without a single man, except such are too old to travel; and as they rear no stock the women and children are often sorely pressed for food, but they eke out their fare with crabs, oysters, a few fish caught with the line, alligator and tortoise eggs, till their natural protectors return, when they are regaled to surfeiting with dried turtle meat and abundance of turtle eggs.

It is said, with what truth I cannot learn, by those long resident in the country, that they neither practise nor profess any religion, though they have a general idea of a great presiding spirit, or god, and a vague belief in a future state; but regarding the duties required in order to attain future happiness they have no clear idea. Beyond some observances in honour of the dead and other superstitious ceremonies, they observe no religious rites of any sort. Like all the Indians, however, they believe in the medicine-men and medicine-women, who are here known as *sookias*. The devices adopted by the *sookias* to drive away the evil spirits, to which they attribute sickness, are much the same as those we have described amongst other tribes. In addition, they fence round the sick person whom they are called in to attend to, with charmed and painted sticks, and forbid the approach of any woman with child, and on no condition permit any person to pass to windward. The breach of these injunctions is often accepted as a convenient loophole to escape the consequence of a failure to cure, which, as might be expected, occurs very often. "For a long time after the recovery of the patient his food is brought to the *sookias*, who whistle for about twenty minutes some plaintive strains, with incoherent mutterings over it, till it is purged from the influence of the spirits. If a village is attacked by sickness, a consultation of *sookias* is called, who, having maturely considered the matter, and after having slept a night in order to inform themselves of the nature and disposition of the spirits, erect each a little hut removed from the village, and there sit up the greater part of the night, muttering their incantations and invoking all sorts of terrible animals, real and fabulous. After they have performed these and various other ceremonies, they plant a lot of painted sticks, with grotesque little figures in wood or wax on each, round the windward side of the village, and announce the expulsion of the spirits. But should the sickness be very obstinate, the *sookias*, after a consultation, inform the people that the spirits are not to be expelled, whereupon the inhabitants remove immediately, burning the infected

village to the ground. The Indians believe that all game and several birds have an owner, and several *sookias* pretend to have seen the master of the warree, as he is called, whom they describe as a little man, not taller than a child, but terribly strong. He superintends and directs the various droves, drives them to their feeding-grounds, and if they are much disturbed, leads them to remote parts of the forest. He lives in a large cave in the side of a mountain, and is attended by a guard of *white* warree, which cannot be approached within hearing, on account of their excessive fierceness. Living in dark and gloomy forests, of which they do not know the extent, the ideas of the Indians naturally turn towards the mysterious and wonderful, and for want of any known inhabitants they people these unexplored tracts with fabulous



CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS—MOSQUITO SHORE.

monsters. The heads of several dark and shady creeks, blocked up by a mass of fallen trees and bamboos, are regarded as the abode of the great *wowlos* (a huge species of serpent). On paddling some distance up these creeks, presently a rumbling as of thunder is heard at the head, and, strange to say, the stream immediately begins to flow upward with irresistible force; a fierce wind tears through the trees, and the unhappy victims are carried without hope of rescue to the terrible jaws that await them."

Up some of the streams nothing will induce the Indians to go, though they are said to swarm with the fattest game, the private preserves of the spirits and monsters. In like manner several mountain ridges are the dwelling-places of a terrible monster called a *wikwin*, like a horse, but with "jaws fenced round with horrid teeth," whose native place is the sea, whence he issues from time to time to his summer residence in the hills, and at night roams through the forest in search of human or other prey. The Indians sit round the fire at

night, listening to tales of the dreadful havoc this monster made in villages long ago ; for, curiously enough—fortunately too—these occurrences never happened in the lifetime of the narrator. Not content with the real horrors of the rivers, in the shape of alligators and sharks,



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they assign to various circling eddies and dark pools a not less formidable tenant, whom they call *leewa* (or water spirit), which sucks down the unlucky bather and devours him unseen. This spirit also inhabits the sea, and occasions waterspouts and hurricanes.* If even space permitted, it would be tedious to go at any great length into a description of their customs. A

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxxii., p. 254.

few of the more remarkable may, however, be noted. Among the Mosquito Indians we find the separation of the women at child-birth, already observed so frequently among other Indian tribes; and on many other occasions if unwell this exclusion is insisted on. At such times a small hut is built for the invalid in the outskirts of the village, a few hundred yards in the woods, and usually one or more girls will go and sleep with her to keep her company; or if the nights are dark, and jaguars are known to be about, the husband will take his gun and bow and sleep in a hammock near at hand, so as to be ready to guard his property if necessary. When a child is born the *sookia* ties a *pew* (or charm) around its neck. This charm consists of a little bag containing some small seeds, which are intended to be used as payment to the Charon who ferries the souls of the dead over a certain river which separates this world from the next. When a person dies they bury along with the body a calabash and various other implements, and erect over the grave a little hut, which is always kept in repair. Here are also deposited from time to time various little offerings, such as a yard or two of cloth, a bottle of rum, &c. Like the northern Indians, they also have the custom of destroying all property belonging to the deceased, even cutting down his fruit-trees; and no greater offence can be given than to mention the name of the dead. The women at the season of mourning cut off their long tresses, dash themselves on the ground until they are covered with blood, cast themselves into the river, or the fire, and not unfrequently in the depth of their grief will go into the dark recesses of the wood and hang themselves. In their attachments they are also very passionate, and suicide from jealousy or disappointment is by no means unfrequent. Unfortunately, becoming a wife does not by any means confine their errant affections, but often still further complicates matters.

At their drinking bouts of fermented cassava, sugar-cane, or pineapple juice, which, especially at Christmas, are often prolonged to a frightful extent, one family often preparing six or eight casks of this liquor, the young men will dispute who is the strongest, and therefore most worthy of the regard of the fair sex. Unlike some of the Indians we have already described, or even some semi-civilised people, settling this point by a fight or wrestling match, they try which can endure most pain. In order to put this to the test, one of them stands exactly as an English boy does in playing at leap-frog, when his challenger strikes him on the back with his fist or elbow with all his might, and it is considered a mark of bravery and endurance never to utter a groan or sigh during this "punishment," which is sometimes so severe that death will ensue from it. Sad to relate, during this torture, endured on account of the fair sex, the men are not even inspirited by their presence, but must trust entirely to what uncertain rumours may reach their ears respecting their doughty deeds. So inherent in this people is the desire to test their manhood in this manner, that men long past middle life, and who could have no stimulus to do so, being already in possession of "the persons if not the affections" of a harem of women, enter into the strife with great gusto, and return therefrom covered with glory—and bruises. This trial they call *Iowta*, and no young man is considered worthy of a wife until he has subjected himself to the ordeal without evincing the slightest sign of pain. To emulate each other in enduring torture seems characteristic of this people, for little boys may be seen sitting round the fire and trying which can longest endure the application of small lighted sticks on the arms and legs. They are very much addicted to drunkenness, especially at high feasts and festivals. Their drinks are generally prepared from

the cassava in the following fashion. The *mishla* (or cassava mixture) is prepared "by boiling a quantity of the roots, of which about a third is chewed by the women and spat into the casks; the rest is pounded in a mortar and mixed with the chewed part. Ripe plantains, pineapples, and cocoa-nuts are sometimes added, and some cane juice and hot water poured into it. It is then covered with leaves, and left to ferment for two days, when nearly all the neighbours are invited to come and partake, and the entertainment generally lasts two or three days. As fast as it is finished in one house the company adjourn to another, till they have made the round of the village. The guests are sometimes invited from a distance of sixty miles, and in their turn they invite their hosts. The drink resembles buttermilk; it is sour, and very strong. The other drinks, made of fermented cane juice or pineapple juice are delicious, and make those who indulge too freely furiously drunk. The drinking scenes never pass off quietly; as soon as the Indians get excited old quarrels are renewed, old grievances raked up, and very soon high words are followed by blows. The women fly to hide all the weapons they can find, and then lend their kindly aid to separate the combatants; but in the state in which the men are, their mediation is too often repaid by savage blows; yet the devoted creatures pay little heed to their own wounds so long as any one dear to them is in danger, and they generally succeed in restoring peace, which is again and again interrupted until their most potent enemy—drink—has laid them all in the dust together. In these brutal exhibitions all the bad propensities of the Indians are displayed in their worst lights, and it is not till their own healths are on the point of giving way that they cease from their wild debauch and resume the quiet possession of their faculties.

Their religion chiefly consists in efforts to propitiate an evil spirit—Wulashi—and a water sprite—Liwaia—both of whom are continually warring against them. They seem to have little idea of a beneficent being.

The Smoo Indians are, next to the Mosquitoes, the most numerous tribe in the territory, and are distinguished from them by a custom we have already noted as existing in some northern tribes—viz., that of flattening the foreheads of the children. They are a simple, good-natured people, easily imposed on, and held on that account in great contempt by the coast Indian, than whom they are very much fairer in complexion. In their customs they are similar to the tribe already described. They also observe the same rites in honour of the dead, and on this latter occasion especially, the men paint their faces most elaborately with red and black paint, though otherwise they dress themselves with a gaudy elaboration not common on ordinary occasions, when a waist-cloth of their own manufacture, bright with many colours, and interwoven with snowy down of the muscovy duck and eagle, constitutes the sum total of their wardrobe. The women are industrious and ingenious in the manufacture of india-rubber cloth, yarn, hammocks, bead-ornaments, &c.; while the men are skilful and laborious hunters, pursuing the game—chiefly with the bow and arrow—through the tangled tropical jungle by signs unrecognisable to the white man's eye, and amid the myriad noises ever resounding through these great primeval forests, distinguishing the sound of the particular animal they may be following up.

Polygamy prevails amongst them, as among all the other uncivilised Central American tribes, though few of them have more than two or three wives. A man whom I heard of as living some years ago had no less than twenty-two—an amount of matrimonial happiness, however,

unprecedented. This Mosquito potentate might well say with honest Launcelot, "Alas! fifteen wives is nothing."

Among them there is no marriage custom, nor indeed anything approaching to it. A man takes a fancy to a girl, and goes to her father and proposes. If his suit is agreeable, the



CHUMANA INDIAN.

girl is never consulted, but is sent off with her limited wardrobe to the palm-thatch cabin of her future husband. She does not often resist, but even if she did it would not make much difference, for her opposition is only looked upon as a device of the evil one, to be cast out by a few words and many blows of a pimento stick. The price is paid for the wife, but the widow is looked upon by the relatives of her husband as part of his property, and accordingly she is not allowed to marry again until she has paid over to them a sort of ransom fee, or as they call it *piarka-mana* (or widow-money).

In addition to the two tribes named, there are several smaller tribes in the Mosquito territory—such as the Twakas, Toonglas, Payas, Ramas, and Cookras. The Ramas are very



RAMA INDIAN.

wild, living secluded from all mankind in the depth of the forest, or on the banks of the Rio Frio, Susannah, Ruma, &c. They bear the reputation of being cannibals; a mistaken opinion, probably originating in the terror which they inspired in the minds of the whites and the other Indian tribes. The Cookras are most likely now extinct. They lived perhaps

in a lower state of savagery than any other Central American tribe. Their axes and other weapons were of stone; their bed a few leaves, and their only shelter from the tropical rains the leaves of a palm piled on leaning branches. With the exception of a little maize and plantains, which they raise, after tilling the ground by thrashing down and pulling up the long grass on the banks of the creeks and rivers, they derive most of their subsistence from the game which they killed with their flint-headed arrows; though now and then a few coconuts, bread-nuts, and mountain-cabbage (the terminal leaves of the mountain-cabbage palm)* eked out their miserable existence. Their only clothing was the inner bark of the india-rubber tree, and their utensils, pots of clay and calabashes. Canoes they had none. Among this tribe a woman might not speak to any one out of the tribe.

In the town of Blewfields, and in the forest around, are numbers of huge mounds, containing thousands of tons of shell-fish, mixed with broken implements and bones of edible animals, which are the refuse heaps of these Cookras, who once lived here; it must have taken centuries to accumulate such mounds. The roads in the vicinity of Blewfields are "metalled" with the shells from these heaps, which are identical in their nature with those found on various portions of the American and other coasts, and which are known on the coasts of Northern Europe as *kjokken-möddings*, or "kitchen refuse heaps." Though in the neighbourhood of Spanish states—but particularly in that contiguous to Honduras—ruins of towns showing a former high state of civilisation have been found, nothing has been seen in the Mosquito territory to show that the native tribes had ever attained a higher civilisation than now. They were ever savage marauders, plundering the settlements of Nicaragua and Honduras, just as nowadays the tribes of Tehuantepec make inroads on the British settlements of Honduras. All these tribes are rapidly dying off, children are fewer than formerly, and sickness is more prevalent. "The land," says the *sookias*, "is possessed by legions of evil spirits, which they have not the power to resist as their fathers had, and they are not perhaps far wrong when they say that the day will come when there will not be a native inhabitant in all the land. Mosquitia, or the Mosquito shore (not so called, as is commonly supposed, from the prevalence of the insect of that name, but from the islands or banks lying off the coast called "Mosquittos"), after being, like all the Central American States, the prey of various gentlemen of ambitious propensities in the buccaneering direction, among whom figured for a brief period a Highland chief who was resplendent under the title of "His Highness Gregor, Cazique of Poyais," but whose latter end was generally connected with a bullet, has become a sort of dependency of the neighbouring Republic of Nicaragua, though with a nominal king, who is an Indian of the Mosquito tribe, resident at Blewfields. By a treaty with the English Government, who assumed after the somewhat remarkable feats in Nicaragua of one William Walker, liberator, dictator, generalissimo, *et cetera*, an undefined protectorate over this aboriginal monarchy, the Nicaraguan Government pay a subsidy to His Mosquitian Majesty, which is intended to be spent in the civilisation and aggrandisement of his subjects. Whether this is so I cannot pretend to say. After the establishment of this pseudo-monarchy, all kinds of adventurers flocked to the new El Dorado, but they do not seem to have stayed long, for all along the Pacific coast (and curiously enough chiefly behind tavern "bars") may be seen

* *Euterpe montana*.

posted up commissions as captains in the militia, justices of the peace, and so on, signed by "We, George, by the Grace of God, King of Mosquitia and its Dependencies," &c. &c. The real king is generally believed to be the British Consul. What is the character of his present majesty I cannot say, but the late one I had the pleasure of meeting on one of his many visits to Greytown (San Juan del Norte), and he seemed an affable, if somewhat dusky individual, in no way disinclined to vinous hospitality. Indeed, it was hinted, this was His Majesty's weak point. "George," an American friend of his once remarked to me, "George wouldn't be a bad sort of a fellow if only he didn't labour under the idea *that white-faced rum is good both for meat and drink!*"

The foregoing description may, with some modification, apply to the Indians of the Isthmus generally, those in most cases having felt the iron rule of the Spaniards, they are either more broken in spirit or more civilised. In some cases the inaccessibility of their country has kept them more in their pristine condition, than when an open country has allowed the conqueror to reach them. Between St. Salvador and Honduras are the Lacanda Indians, who have maintained a perfect independence. The mountain tribes of Nicaragua, as described by Mr. Squier, are also partially independent. On the shores of the lake of Nicaragua once existed a Mexican settlement, and to this day a remnant of the old Aztec language lingers among the Indians in the vicinity. "In Costa Rica and Veragua we have the Indians of the Isthmus,—Western Veragua being the country of the ancient Dorachos, which is rich in archæological remains. The tombs are of two kinds; one consists of flat stones, put together in the fashion of coffins, and covered with soil—the contents being earthen vases, rounded agates, and small images of birds in stone—eagles most probably—such as are found in Mexico and on the Mosquito shore. It seems to have been the custom to wear them round the neck as ornaments. The more frequent form, however, of tomb is the cairn, a rude heap of pebbles, in which we find no eagle, no ornaments, but only one or more stones used for grinding corn. At Caldera is a rock covered with figures. One represents a radiant sun: it is followed by a series of heads, all with some variation, scorpions and fantastic figures. The top and other sides have signs of a circular and oval form, crossed by birds.* The Dorachos are extinct, accordingly it is only in Northern Veragua that Indian tribes still exist. There are the Savanerias, who are most numerous near the village of Las Palmas. One of their chiefs considers himself the descendant of Montezuma, and to a certain extent his successor and representative, since he sends every year a legate to Santiago to protest against the occupancy of the Spaniards and to assert his own territorial right. They hunt and fish—at least they poison the water with the pounded leaves of the barbasco. When a dead body is to be disposed of, it is wrapped in bandages, dried over a fire, laid on a scaffold, with meat and drink beside it, and when dry interred."

The Indians of the Isthmus of Panama or Darien furnish examples of both the dependent and unsubdued races. On the discovery of the country it was well peopled and had numerous villages belonging to the Indians of the Carib race, who stoutly resisted the Spaniards, but in most cases had to succumb, except where they took refuge in the Choco Mountains. As far as the Indians

* Seemann's "Voyage of the *Herald*," vol. i., p. 313.

are concerned, they may repeat, *mutatis mutandis*, the Eastern proverb in reference to the Turks: "Grass never grows where the *Spaniard's* foot has touched." Most of the remnants of the tribes on the Pacific slope are of mixed race, either mestizos (issue of whites and Indians) or zambos (issue of Indians and negroes), and here Spanish is the only language



INDIAN FROM THE UPPER REACHES OF THE ORINOCO.

spoken. They carry on a little trade with Panama in india-rubber, *tajua* (or vegetable ivory), bananas, pineapples, timber, dried meat, vanilla, balsam of Tolu, sarsaparilla, &c.; but are so insufferably lazy that they prefer to be robbed and swindled in every way by middlemen, rather than exert themselves sufficiently to take the trade into their own hands. Still they are frequently in debt, and their ankles are not unfamiliar with the *cepo* (or stocks), which, in this primitive portion of the world, are the very convenient instruments for the punishment of defaulters. Their dwellings, which are unclean, are constructed of trunks of trees connected

by bamboo, either planted in the earth or placed crosswise; the roof being thatched with leaves of the macaw-tree. In them pigs, poultry, dogs and naked children roll about pell-mell on the damp ground. The game afford abundance of food, and in addition they have rice, potatoes, and fruits of various kinds. They have fire-arms now, and have lost the art of using the bow and arrow. Catholicism is the religion, but only nominally; so far



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as my observation went—and I regret to say that it is confirmed by every traveller—the examples set them in the matter of morals is such that it would have been a matter of indifference whether they still remained in savagedom. To eliminate from an Indian every trace of independence, all the savage virtues of courage, hospitality, and frankness, and cause the residuum to wear a tin cross, put on a tolerably clean waist-cloth, and go to a whitewashed chapel in the evening to listen to what he cannot understand, but knows well enough in the persons of his own family that the teacher does not live up to, is not highly conducive to the improvement of the species, either in Central America or elsewhere.

Beyond the Cordilleras is the territory of the Carribees-Cuna, who have not subjected

themselves to the foreign yoke, and possess an organisation entitled the "Confederation of the Indians of the San Blas Coast," which is recognised by the Republic of the United States of Colombia. They are governed by a cacique, or great captain, whose word is law. Under him are village caciques, whom he summons in council when required. They know nothing of the foreign government of the country in which they live, and beyond the remembrances of Bolivar, under whom they fought in the war of independence, the only recollection of their former subjection is their traditional hatred of the Spaniards. The people are robust and well made, the men wearing their hair long and the women short, thus reversing what we see in civilised life, though the fashion mentioned generally prevails among savages. They are a patient, industrious, faithful, and courageous people, and remarkably sober, indulging in no intoxicants except *chicha*, which is made from maize-seed and the juice of the sugar-cane. Perhaps the reader would like to know how it is made? A number of *old* women squat round an empty gourd, munch and chew with their half-toothless gums the maize-seed, and expectorate the result into the vessel in their midst until it is filled. The product is left to ferment, and is used as the chief ingredient of *chicha*! Theft is unknown among the Cunas, but taught by long oppression to give no information to any one entering their country, you can adopt no surer way of getting *no* information than by asking for it, particularly with eagerness. They have various "association" signs, by which the Indians of one village will know those of another, and also a peculiar kind of tattooing. Despite their many good qualities, they are deadly enemies, and skilful at using their weapons—viz., the lance, bows and arrows, and a heavy sort of knife (or *machete*), which serves the purposes of a hatchet, tomahawk, or sabre. Their lances are either of cut flint or of iron. They are said not to poison their arrows.

Their laws are Spartan. For instance, a case is related by M. De Puydt in which a man was put to death for assisting at the accouchement of a woman whose life was in imminent danger. On another occasion a female who became insane was hung from a tree and burned, and the Indian who acted as M. De Puydt's interpreter was likely to suffer the same penalty for having taken service in that capacity without the permission of the cacique.

Most of them dress in a pair of drawers reaching to the knee, and leave the rest of the body exposed. Some, however, wear a kind of loose smock-frock or shirt of European shape. The head is generally bare, but at times enveloped in a narrow girth made of the fibres or bark of plants. Some of the women wear broad gold or silver rings through the septum of the nose; some are pretty, and all are beautifully formed. On high holidays men wear girdles of the plumage of birds, and a sort of cap covered with plumage and surmounted by long red, blue, green, or yellow feathers plucked from the tail of the arras bird. Polygamy is followed by them—a man's wives being only limited by the number of plantations which he may require them to superintend. There is a division of labour among them; one superintends household affairs, cooks, and attends to the children; another looks to the banana and maize cultivation; a third sees to the cocoa-nut trees; and so on. Four is, however, about the limit of wifely bliss to which any of them attain. The Christian religion is unknown among them. They believe in the supernatural potency of grotesque fetiches which are suspended in their houses, and worship trees, though also acknowledging a supreme celestial being. They are very hospitable. When the cacique, Nus-alileli, of Tanela, was offered payment in return for his kindness he instantly refused it, and exclaimed reverentially, "The Great God on high commands his children to

receive kindly the guests he sends to them." They are unacquainted with Spanish, and speak a language of their own—the Cuna—which is soft and sonorous.

Looking back in memory over a hurried visit to the Isthmus of Panama, apart from our notes there hangs about a vague hazy dream of the exuberance of a tropical life—the odour of spices wafted off the shore, the dank atmosphere, the hum of life, the wave after wave of flowers borne on the surface of a sea of rich vegetation which stretches far as the eye could see, from the top of the Callos de los Buceaneros. There steals over one a sleepy remembrance of hammock-swinging idleness—a vision of bright-coloured birds screaming through the groves of india-rubber and cocoa-nut trees—of bananas, and guavas, and pineapples, and monkeys, and parrots, and all the other things pertaining to the land of the sun; and ever starts up before one a green savannah, with leaf-thatched hut, where Indians, shy of the stranger, seem ever washing their scanty wardrobe by beating it between two stones, or where tall, sinewy boatmen are launching their "dug-outs" to sail to the Pearl Islands. Here is a land where men speak softly and move quietly, because it is too great an exertion to do anything else; where in somnolent villages the sight of the fresh, loud-talking, loud-laughing stranger is as refreshing to his expatriated countryman as is the sea-breeze which at midnight we drink in on the walls of Panama. When I desire the peace which is found in an absence of energy or action—utter unmoving stagnation, in which years roll on without varying, and almost without note,—where the water-melon breakfast is only varied by the banana and pineapple dinner,—where the only wish which shall disturb my passionless life is the languid desire for a little—just a very little—more air, and a little—just a little—less heat, I shall seek it in a Central American hamlet which I know of: but as I am not just yet ready to flee to this pictured Elysium, I shall be selfish enough to keep the name of it to myself, and for the time being bid good-bye to the Central Americans,

CHAPTER XI.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE reader need not, of course, be told that between the South and Central American Indians there is no hard-and-fast line of demarcation; the division is only one of convenience. Still between the Indians of North and South America, the traveller, passing from one to the other, can never fail to notice some marked differences. The South American Indians are more olive or yellowish than reddish in complexion than the northern ones. Their face is usually heavier, and their nose not so prominent, while their heads are also of less length than those of North America, and though the eyes of the Pacific coast tribes are sometimes inclined to slope, this peculiarity is by no means common in the North, while in the South it is almost the rule among many nations. To enumerate all the South American tribes—even supposing such possible—would not be a task for the performance of which the reader would be inclined to

thank the author. Page after page could be filled with more or less unpronounceable names—names and nothing more—which, while it might give a semblance of learning where instruction is the object, would assuredly convey no information whatever. Take every river in that river-intersected continent of South America, and multiply each by from five up to twenty or thirty, according to its length and breadth, and you might arrive at something like an approximate idea of the seemingly almost endless subdivisions among the



THE JAGUAR IN WAIT: SCENE ON A SOUTH AMERICAN RIVER.

American races, a contrast to the compact character of the political organisation of some other races we shall have occasionally to touch upon. We cannot enter into such lengthened details regarding the South Americans, as we have respecting those of the northern part of the country; nor even did space admit, would this be advisable, these tribes being in general of less interest to Europeans than those which daily come in contact with the whites in North America. We shall, however, present some particulars in regard to the chief families of the aborigines of that section of America, classifying them by means of their language and other characteristics into certain broadly-marked divisions.





THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE ORINOCO.

CARIBS.

Suppose we take our stand in some shady place in Georgetown, Demerara, and watch the people as they move along the street, cautiously and lazily, in the coolest possible attire, and in the place least affected by the scorching sun overhead, as is the manner of the tropics. The steam-ship has brought hither men of all nations, intent on gain, and active in the pursuit of the commerce which the rich lands of the sun afford. Here are Anglo-Saxons, ruddy in complexion, pushing, loud-talking, and energetic; *dolce far niente* Portuguese and Spaniards;



VIEW IN THE DELTA OF THE ORINOCO.

lounging along in cigarette-smoking listlessness; and coolies from Calcutta and Madras, distinguished by the graceful turban and robes which they have brought from the East, and the dark, polished skins and bright, snaky eyes which gleam from beneath their suspicious eyebrows. Chinese, sloping-eyed, industrious, and patient like all their race, and, so long as dollars are to be got, careless of the abuse which the overbearing European thinks fit to inflict on this yellow-skinned representative of a worn-out civilisation, trip along at their silent trot, with their bamboo pole, on which is suspended on either end a laden basket. Among these and other nationalities are mingled the negroes and mongrel creoles who form the great body of the population. But before all these varied nationalities which we have mentioned, the ethnologist will at once

be arrested by another group, smaller in number and less pretentious in appearance, but still strikingly different in many respects from any of those by whom they are shouldered in the streets of this intertropical town. They are shy-faced and seemingly bewildered. At a glance you see the strangers are from the rural districts, and that everything they perceive around them is unfamiliar to them. "By the bright copper tint of their skins, their long, glossy, straight, black hair, and too frequently by their very scanty clothing, may be recognised the aborigines of the country. They usually bear in their hands little articles of their own manufacture for sale, such as baskets of various shapes, bows and arrows, models of canoes, Indian houses, &c.; frequently parrots, monkeys, and other animals are added to their stock, the price of which will supply the family with axes, cutlasses, hoes, and other necessary implements, with perhaps a gun, and a few other articles of European manufacture for the ensuing year;" perhaps—indeed most likely—with more than the proper quantity of the rum which is the bane of their race, and under the influence of which some of these children of the forest most decidedly are. They have only visited the city and the coast for the purpose of obtaining such articles as we have mentioned. Their homes are in the vast forests and on the banks of some of the rivers which intersect the country. Hither let us follow them. We are now in what, nearly 300 years ago, Sir Water Raleigh called "that mighty, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana," but now divided by political exigencies into Venezuela—drained by the great Orinoco—Dutch Guiana (Surinam), French Guiana (Cayenne), and British Guiana, which we shall more especially take as the type of the region, a sketch of the aborigines of which we propose to give in the few pages which follow. Over a vast portion of the country the gorgeous tropical jungle spreads its leafy shade, full of all the wondrous and beautiful things which the sunlight of equatorial lands brings forth. As we stand on an eminence and look forth over the large expanse of country, our eye is charmed, yet after a time almost wearied with the various objects which call for its attention. Trees of varied foliage and species, laden with gorgeous flowers and fruit such as only these lands bring forth, are on every side; the ground is carpeted by under-brush scarcely less lovely in its clothing, while from tree to tree climb and interlace an inextricable network of orchids, *lianas* (climbing shrubs), and an endless variety of twining plants, which intermingle their foliage and blossoms with those of the trees which they embrace in their leafy folds. As we look out on the endless undulation of forest country, we seem but to behold a sea of vegetation, the waves of which are crested with flowers.* Our ears, hitherto accustomed to the solitude of the pine forests of the North, are dinned by the many sounds which assail them on all sides. Birds of gay plumage dart, screaming, from the bushes, where we have surprised them devouring the luscious fruit; the long-tailed monkeys swing themselves from branch to branch as if to survey their degenerate descendant, who is doomed to walk on *terra firma*, and chatter to themselves as they pitch a nut or two at the object of their study. Towards nightfall the jaguars come out of their layers, and their cry may be heard in the wood mingled with affrighted

* It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the tropics are distinguished by an exuberance of flowers. On the contrary, the heat and moistness of the air are especially conducive to the production of foliage, while flowers are accordingly rather rare. This mistaken idea regarding the floral richness of the tropics has arisen from seeing tropical flowers gathered from every region grouped side by side in our conservatories. Though the tropics are rich in fine flowers, yet in the number of *individuals* which the observer sees at one place, an English meadow is more abundantly supplied.

beasts alarmed by the dreaded cry; screams of birds of names unknown to us resound, and around us and over all is the ceaseless sound of the myriad insect life, ever singing a pæan of praise unto its Creator. Reptiles—slimy, many-coloured creatures—crawl away as our feet disturb the fallen leaves, and leave us shuddering at the unseen terrors which this fair scene hides in its sickly recesses. The dank air of the tropics is over all, the beautiful something which words cannot express, the fragrance which the evening breeze wafts seaward, laden with spices and odours, with which in our mind are associated things fair and pleasant, yet in sad remembrance, completes the picture which the name of Guiana calls up. Suddenly the sun goes down, and all is darkness; here twilight is unknown, and we swing into our hammock, suspended between two cocoa-nut trees, wearied it may be with the endless objects we have examined in our day's journey, or simply as a "diversion from the listless watching of the tide ebbing and flowing past the open door; or listening to the parrots flying high overhead in pairs to their nests, and telling by their cries that another weary day is drawing to a close." Happy even then if we see the sun rising without being disturbed by the many creatures whose deeds love the darkness.* Yet, after all, these glorious forests, beautiful rivers, and green savannahs go to form "enchanted scenes" which made dear old Waterton, whose name is so enduringly bracketed with that of Schomburgk in the exploration of the natural history of this country, "overflow with joy, and roam in fancy through fairy-land."

The aboriginal inhabitants of this wide area are now only the feeble remnants of what were once powerful tribes before the whites supplanted them in their fair heritage. They early came into contact with Europeans. For here, in the sixteenth century, rumour located the famous land of "El Dorado," whose riches exceeded those of Peru. "A branch of the royal race of the Incas, flying from their conquered country with as much wealth as could be saved from the Spanish invaders, was said to have established in Guiana a new empire. As Manco Capac, the founder of that dynasty, had first reigned on the shores of Lake Titicaca, so his exiled descendants were believed to have fixed their abode near a lake named Parima, the sands of which contained immense quantities of gold. The city of Manoc, on its banks, had houses covered with plates of that precious metal; and not only were all the vessels in the royal palace made of the same, but gold-dust was so abundant that the natives often sprinkled it over their bodies, which they first anointed with a glutinous substance that it might stick to them. Especially was the person of their sovereign thus adorned by his chamberlain." Oviedo, an old Spanish writer, whose work, however, *Las Casas* is compli-

* Jaguars are not so abundant in Guiana as in some other parts lying north of that region. In Nicaragua they are called "tigers" (as indeed they are all over Central and Northern South America). When in that country, in 1866, I was benighted on the shores of the lake of Nicaragua, and though only a short distance from Virgin Bay, could hear their cries repeatedly. Mr. Collinson, a civil engineer, in the country about the same time, while sleeping in his hammock, swung between two trees, was one night awoken by a heavy body striking the edge of the hammock, and at the same time by a tremendous blow on the hip, which sent him rolling on the ground. It was a jaguar, which had evidently made a miscalculation, and instead of lighting on the top of him with his claws, had jumped a little low and struck him with his head. The brute, or some companions, were heard walking round the camp all night, so that the surveying party were uncommonly glad when daylight appeared. The jaguars are so bold that one morning seventeen of them marched into the town of Blewfields, and frightened the inhabitants so much that they shut themselves up in their houses and allowed them to kill every goat in the place, the only animals kept on the Mosquito coast.

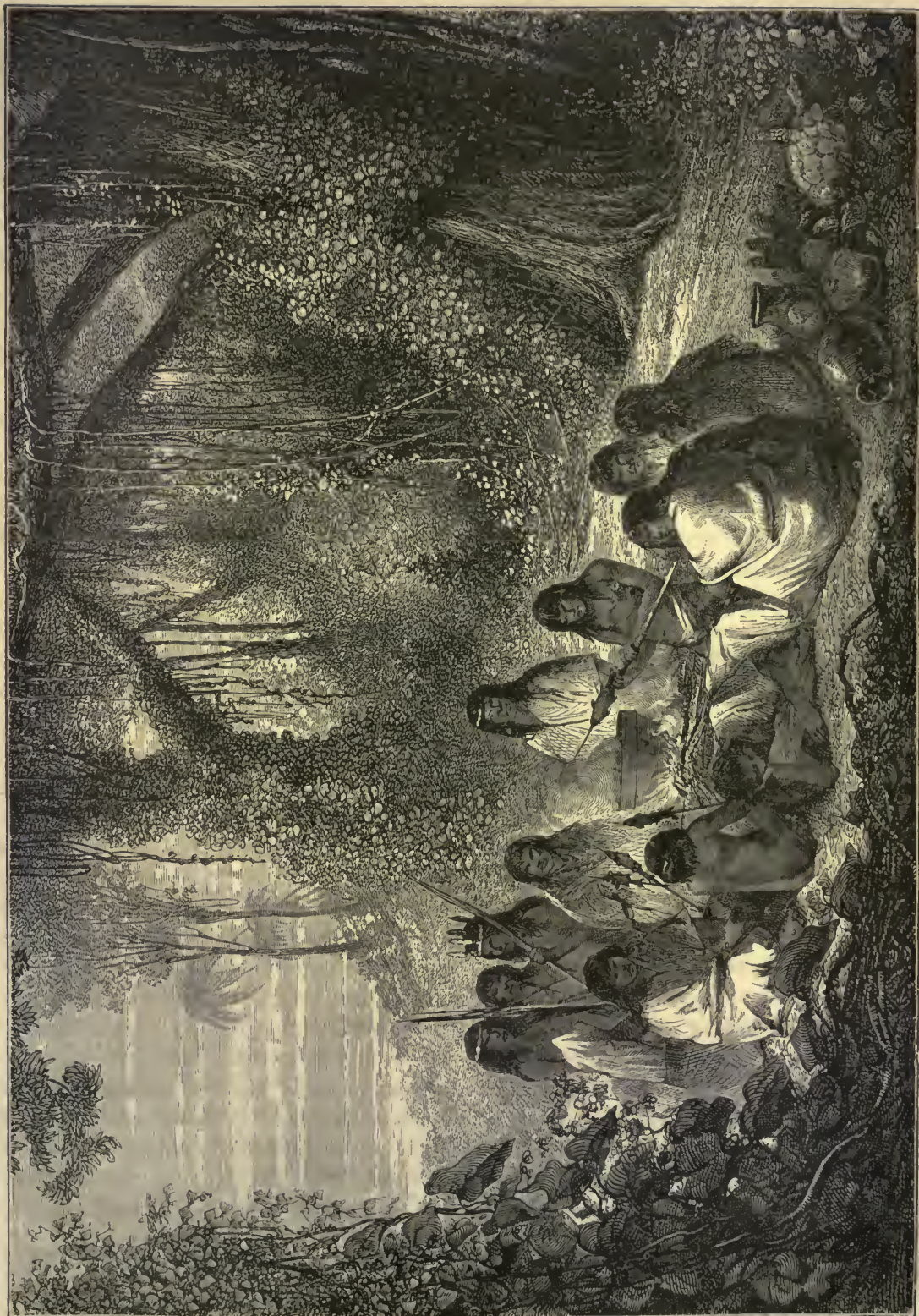
mentary enough to hint in the broadest manner contains as many fictions as pages, even goes the length of saying that "as this kind of garment would be uneasy to him while he slept, the prince washes himself every evening, and is gilded anew in the morning, *which proves* that the empire of *El Dorado* is infinitely rich in mines." This absurd story probably originated with the fact that on the banks of the Caura and other wild parts of Guiana the natives anoint themselves with turtle fat and stick spangles of mica on the skin.* At all events, there were few sceptics as to *El Dorado* at the time when Queen Bess reigned over England, and few of those who made her reign, and those of her contemporary sovereigns, so glorious, but once or oftener tried their skill at the discovery of this fairy-land, with which the delightful pages of Charles Kingsley's "*Westward Ho!*" has familiarised many a reader. What a long list we could make of them! Prominently there stand before us the conquistadores Belalcazar, Queseda, and Federmann; Orellasa, Ordaz, and Herrera, Philip von Hutten, and a score more—first and most famous of all of whom was Walter Raleigh. None of them ever found it, but all of them met with many a misfortune. Some of the adventurers had been companions of Cortes in Mexico, or of Pizarro in Peru, and "great must have been their disappointment on finding that they had exchanged regions of wealth and comparative civilisation, where fair cities, surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruitful fields, abounded, for wild interminable forests, swamps or plains; where only assemblages of rude huts were to be met with, and they few and far between. Nor could it have been more gratifying to those veterans to have exchanged, as antagonists, the bold and gorgeously equipped Aztec warriors, who met them in the open field, each chief—

‘In golden glitt’rance, and the feathered mail
More gay than glittering gold,’

for the naked, spangled savages whom they encountered in Guiana. Some of the latter, especially those of the Carib race, were indeed formidable from their headlong ferocity; while the others, launching their poisoned missiles from the shelter of trees or rocks, have been, as enemies, equally dangerous and still more unsatisfactory."

Herrera, indeed, went mad from the effect of a wound with a poisoned arrow, and though Raleigh escaped, yet scarcely less fortunate, he here laid the foundation for those charges which in after years brought him to the scaffold. Everywhere the searchers for *El Dorado* felt the power of the natives, in the determined courage with which they attacked the mail-clad invader. Disappointed in their efforts to discover the land they were in search of, the adventurers established a settlement in the country, which proved too formidable for the brave Guianaians, who were gradually reduced in numbers and power until they were in a perfect state of slavery. The natives were encouraged to capture each other in war, as from time immemorial they had been in the habit of doing, and instead of keeping their captives in slavery themselves, selling them to the whites. Francis Sparrow, whom Raleigh left to explore the country, bought, we are told, "to the southward of the Orinoco, eight beautiful young women, the eldest not eighteen years of age, for a red-handled knife, the value of which was in England, at that time, but one halfpenny." In these more enlightened times, the Indians are

* Humboldt's "*Personal Narrative*," chap. xxv.



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT IN A PRIMEVAL TROPICAL FOREST.

in no way oppressed, but they are only a fragment of the people as they once existed. In the region described, there are several tribes, the chief of whom are the Carib, Arawák, and Warau. The Acawoio is another important tribe, and the Macusi, little seen by the whites, inhabit, to the number of about 3,000, the distant interior. The Caribs, once held in such awe by the surrounding tribes, are now verging on extinction, only a few hundreds being now in existence. At one time, Trinidad and the Antilles, in part at least, were overrun by this now feeble race. On every coast, north and south, for several hundred miles, their savage cannibalistic expeditions were the terror of their less warlike neighbours.

The Indian in the forest is a very different being from what we have seen in the streets of Georgetown. He is no longer stupid with amazement, bewilderment, and possibly rum. He is, in his native forest, the superior of the white man; his "foot is on his native heath." The white man stumbling, over fallen logs or slipping as he makes his way across a tangled swamp, must appear to him an individual awkward and stupid in the extreme.

In stature the Guianaian is not over five and a half feet in height, and many are much shorter, but they are stout in proportion. His skin is of a copper tint, a little darker than that of the natives of the South of Europe. A cloth round his loins, and in which he carries his knife, is his only dress. A necklace of beads, peccary teeth &c., is superadded. Some of them wear a small cord around their waists and ankles. They also make tiaras of the feathers of parrots, macaws, and other birds, set off with the scarlet breast of the toucan, and surmounted by the scarlet and purple tail feathers of the macaw. These head-dresses are, however, only worn on very festive occasions.* The dress of the women in their primitive condition consists simply of a beaded apron, and necklace of beads, silver coins, teeth of the jaguar, shells, &c. Their houses are built near the water when the soil is fit for the growth of cassava and other vegetables. The Indian is very shy, and, like the wild animals around him, will soon desert his particular portion of the country if he is much disturbed. His dwelling is a very primitive structure, consisting as it does of a few posts driven into the ground, the roof thatched with palm leaves or other foliage, and the sides partially open. The women and children live and conduct the cooking operations in a small hut apart from that in which the men live. One or two hammocks are the chief articles of furniture, and in these at all hours of the day there is sure to be somebody lolling, half or wholly asleep. A few rough baskets, pottery, arms, and a few domestic trifles, make up the sum total of the Carib's wealth. Many years ago Dr. Pinckard gave such a graphic sketch of a Carib family in a canoe on the Berbice river that it is worth quoting. "The canoe was large, and loaded with cedar, or other kinds of wood for sale or barter. On the top appeared a ferocious-looking animal, setting up his bristles like the quills of a porcupine.† A small monkey was also skipping about the canoe. On one side sat two very fine parrots, and on the other was a very large and beautiful macaw, exhibiting all the splendour of his gay plumage. On the canoe arriving at the landing-place, the bow and arrows, clay cooking vessels, calabashes, and crab baskets were all brought into view, forming a very complete and striking specimen of original equipage and accommodation. The whole family, with the apparatus, furniture, and implements for cooking, sleeping, shooting, fishing, and travelling, were here moved in one

* The Caribs are said to flatten their heads, but on what ground this statement is made I have been unable to learn.

† Probably a young peccary—a pet of the family.

complete body." The Guianaian Indian, like his brothers elsewhere, seems untamable, at least so far as his vagabond instincts are concerned. Take one in early youth, bring him (or her) up as carefully as possible, until all the savage seems to have been effaced; give your protégé a chance to take to savage ways, and speedily you will find the semi-civilised Indian squatted, half naked, in his native forest—Carib of the Caribs, Indian of the Indians. I could quote a dozen instances of this which have come within my own knowledge. Cases indeed are not wanting where a half-breed has been highly educated, and yet the mother's blood was too powerful for the education of his father's race. Little by little they have relapsed, until, in a case I have at present in my mind's eye, they have sunk into barbarism, and have even become more ruthless against the whites than the Indians themselves. Renegades are almost always the most bitter enemies of their race, as is proved by the white men who at different times have been known to join the Indians. Most of the Guianaian tribes have a vague idea of a God, but their religion deals more with evil spirits, to guard against whom, their sorcerers or medicine-men are implicitly believed in.

The *Caribs*, or Carinya, are a wild people, painted a bright vermilion colour with arnotto. The women have a custom—probably peculiar to those of this tribe—"of wearing round each leg, just above the knee, a light strap of cotton, painted red, and another above each ankle. They are fastened on while the girl is young, and hinder the growth of the parts by their compression, while the calf, which is unconfined, appears in consequence unusually large. All the Carib women wear these, which they call *sapuru*, and consider as a great addition to their beauty. But the most singular part of their appearance is presented by the lower lip, which they perforate, and wear one, two, or three pins sticking through the hole, with the points outwards. Before they procured pins, thorns or other similar substances were thus worn. Should they wish to use the pin, they will take it out, and again replace it in the lip when its services are no longer required." The cloth round the waist of the men is sometimes sufficiently long to allow of it being disposed in a graceful manner over the shoulders, "so that part of it falls on the bosom, while the end hangs down the back." It is often ornamented with tassels, and when the owner mounts his coronal of feathers, and gets his body painted in various patterns with vermilion, they are, if not elegant after our ideas of beauty, yet sufficiently picturesque—as savage picturesqueness goes.

They are obstinate and fearless, and proud in the remembrance of their former deeds; when they were probably the most warlike and powerful of Indian nations. Endurance has been held in high respect amongst them. In former times a chief who aspired to the honour of commanding his brethren was, in order to test his power of enduring torture and fatigue, exposed to the biting of ants for a certain time. If he sustained this ordeal without flinching, he was chosen as captain, and the bows and arrows of his tribesmen laid at his feet in token of obedience to his orders.

Their method of disposing of their dead is peculiar. If the deceased has been a person of consequence, or held in great regard, his bones, after a certain period, are dug up and carefully cleaned by the women, or the body is sunk in the river until the fishes have performed that office; after this they are tinted pink with arnotto and carefully preserved, suspended to the roof of the huts.

The chieftainships are now considered of small value, but at one time this was very

different—when the Caribs were a warlike and powerful race. It is said that the war-councils of the island Caribs were held in a secret dialect known only to the chiefs and elders of the



A CARIB INDIAN.

tribes, and warriors who were initiated into it, but the women were also always kept ignorant of it.

There can be no possible doubt, in my opinion, that, though the people themselves do not care nowadays to talk on the subject, the evidence is conclusive that at one time the Caribs

were cannibals of the deepest dye and ate their enemies, whose flesh they tore and devoured, to use the language of an old writer, "with the avidity of wolves." The same author (Stedman) mentions obtaining a flute from them, which he figures in his work, made of the thigh-bone of one of their victims. They do not now enslave each other as at one time they did, and it is said that the discontinuance of this traffic was chiefly owing to the discountenance which the British Government gave to the traffic. "A Carib chief, indignant at the refusal of the Governor to accept of a fine slave, immediately dashed out the brains of the slave, and declared that for the future his nation should never give quarter." This cruel act was done with one of the huge short-handled clubs, called *potu*, a single blow from which was sufficient to scatter the brains of the person struck. A stone was sometimes fastened in it, by being



ARAWÁK INDIANS.

fixed in the tree when growing; after which the club, with the stone firmly imbedded in the end of it, was fashioned as the designer thought fit.

ARAWÁKS.

The Arawáks—or, as they call themselves, Lokono, *the people**—are now the most peaceful and civilised of all the Guianaian tribes. It is probable that they originally came from Florida long anterior to the conquest. They are very different in language and general character from the Caribs, who have a tradition that when they first conquered the West India Island these islands were inhabited by Arawáks. If this were so, then the Guianaian branch is the sole remnant of the race—those who formerly inhabited the islands having been long ago exterminated by

* In the same way the Caribs call themselves "Carinya," *the people*.

the Spaniards. We are told by Mr. Brett, who has given us the most perfect history of these tribes which we possess, that they still have indistinct remembrances of the cruelties perpetrated by the Spaniards, clothed, and armed with *sipari* (or iron), who hunted their forefathers through the forests with ferocious dogs. The language of the Arawáks is soft and their manner timid. Yet, they are sometimes compelled to take up arms against the bush negroes and aggressive Indian tribes. Their weapons are chiefly the bow and arrows, but one weapon which they still make more as a curiosity than for use is sufficiently formidable. In its construction the hardest and heaviest wood is used; it has a broad blade, thick in the middle, but with sharp edges. The handle is covered with cotton, wound tightly round it to prevent the hands from slipping. It has also a loop of the same material which is placed round the wrist. This weapon they call *sapakana*, and some were at one time made so large that both hands were required to wield them. Their dress does not differ from that already described, except that the women decorate their heads with the glittering elytra, or wing-cases, of various beetles. The tribe is divided into families, and—as in many other tribes—relationship goes with the mother. When the children are young they show little filial regard, but when they grow up they are almost invariably very kind to the aged parents, who have shown such affection for them. They are betrothed by their parents in infancy, and the contract is binding. The young couple often remain with the father-in-law until the increase of the family compels them to set up house for themselves. The wife's father expects the son-in-law to assist him in clearing ground, &c.—a service always cheerfully rendered.

A curious custom prevails amongst this tribe, and indeed is more or less common among the Abipones, Brazilian Indians, Kamtchatkadales, Western Yunnan Chinese, Dyaks, and people of the North of Spain; it also prevailed at one time in Greenland, and does at the present time in the South of France. In the latter country the custom is called *faire la couvade*, and accordingly it is generally known as *la couvade*. It consists in the husband taking to bed when the wife is delivered of a child. Among the Arawáks the father takes to his hammock after the child's birth, and remains some days as if he were sick, and then receives the congratulations and condolence of his friends. "An instance of this custom," Mr. Brett says, "came under my own observation: where the man, in robust health and excellent condition, without a single bodily ailment, was lying in his hammock in the most provoking manner, and carefully and respectfully attended by the women, while the mother of the new-born infant was cooking—none apparently regarding her!" Various reasons for this extraordinary custom have been given, but at all events the true one, so far as the Indian is concerned, is that given by the Caribs and Abipones themselves to Lafitau, who, however, rejected this explanation, and believed that it arose from a dim recollection of original sin. "The Indians say that the reason of their adopting it is, if the father engaged at that time in any rough work or was careless in his diet, the child would participate in all the natural defects of the animals which the father had eaten.* We have already noticed the superstition about the father abstaining from particular food at the same period. Were it not for drunkenness, the Arawáks would lead a simple life, but their knowledge of the preparation of *pawari*, the native intoxicating drink, from cassava (in much the same manner as we have already

* "Mœurs des Sauvages Américains," i. p. 259.

described the preparation of a similiar liquor among the Mosquito Indians, p. 262) in no way conduces to their moral or physical elevation. The chiefs are now appointed by the Government, but offences are still punished after their own customs. The law of retaliation thoroughly prevails among them. If any one is killed, his nearest relative takes upon himself the duty of vengeance, and sooner or later the murderer pays with his life for his crime. With them it is blood for blood.

Mr. Brett gives us an account of their astronomical views. They have some rude knowledge of the stars, which was probably acquired by the experience of their ancestors on former voyages. One of the constellations they called *Camudi*, from the fancied resemblance to that snake. They call the Milky Way by two names, one of which signifies "the path of the tapir;" and the other is *warè onnakici abonaha* (the path of the bearers of *warè*)—a species of whitish clay, of which their vessels are made. The nebulous spots are supposed to be the track of spirits whose feet were smeared with that material. Venus is distinguished by the name of "Warakoma," and Jupiter is generally called "Wiwakalimero" (the star of brightness). The compass they believe to be alive, but a comet, which terrified the negroes on the coast and the Indians in the interior,* they did not think anything more portentous than simply "a star with a tail." They knew nothing of geography or history before the whites arrived. The only name of European fame which had ever reached their ears was that of the first Napoleon.

The only other custom among these people which I shall notice is the maquarri dance, generally given in honour of a dead relative. At these festivals old and young vie with each other in standing up in pairs and lashing each other over the legs with heavy whips more than three feet in length, until their limbs are bleeding. Yet, all is conducted in perfect good humour, each being anxious to show no sign of pain while the eyes of the women are bent on them.

WARAUS OR GUARANOS.

This tribe is the lowest of the Guianaians in point of civilisation, yet they are a hardy race; dirty and slovenly in everything, but merry and cheerful, though careless and improvident. They are stoutly built, but so careless about clothing that "even the females frequently content themselves with a small piece of the bark of a tree, or the net-like covering of the young leaf of the cocoa-nut, or cabbage palm." Their appearance is squalid and filthy to a proverb. They cultivate a few vegetables, but chiefly depend on what they can obtain by fishing in the sea, their home being in the swampy region close to the coast. In times of scarcity they betake themselves to the ita palm (*Mauritia*), which, in addition to supplying them with planks, used for various purposes, affords, in its starchy central portion, a nutritious material for bread. The "Mauritia palm," wrote Humboldt, many years ago, "yields numerous articles of food. Before the tender spathe unfolds its blossoms on the male palm, and only at that particular period of vegetable metamorphosis, the medullary portion of the trunk is found to contain a sago-like meal, which (like cassava root) is dried in thin bread-like slices. The sap of the tree, when fermented, constitutes the sweet inebriating palm wine of the Waraus. The

* Sir Robert Schomburgk tells us that his Indians, when they witnessed the comet as they were encamped on an island in the Essequibo, called it, in terror, "the spirit of the stars," a fiery cloud, or in the language of the Macusis, "*wà-inopsa*" (a sun casting its light behind).

narrow-sealed fruit, which resembles reddish pine cones, yields different articles of food, according to the period at which it is gathered, whether its saccharine properties are fully matured, or whether it is still in a farinaceous condition. Thus in the lowest grades of man's development we find an entire race dependent upon almost a single tree, like certain insects which are confined to particular portions of a flower." They are not, however, deficient in art, and are celebrated for their huge canoes, or *woibakas*, which they supply, not only to the settlers, but to all the neighbouring tribes; some of them are fifty feet long and six feet broad,



PILE-VILLAGE OF MARACAIBO.

and will hold fifty persons, and are made either of the *Cedrela odorata*, or of a tree called *bisc*. The gain, however, made by them is soon squandered in gluttony and dissipation, until hunger again compels them to exertion. It is, however, on the Delta of the Orinoco, which must be considered the proper territory of these people that Warau life is to be seen to the greatest perfection—in all its peculiarities and rudeness. In this region the lands are annually inundated by the overflowing of the river,* and, accordingly, for some months in the year the Warau has to construct his hut above the level of the flood among the trees from which a large portion of his food is derived. He uses, when possible, upright trunks as posts; thatches the roof beneath their leafy crowns, previously doeked to the requisite height,

* To the height of from three to five feet, according to Schomburgk; but other travellers declare that twenty-five to thirty feet is nearer the mark. It is different in different localities.

with the fronds of the *Manicaria saccharifera*; fixes the lower beams a few feet above the highest level of the water, and lays thereon the split ita or maneca-tree trunks for flooring. Clay is laid on the floor, and a fire kept burning in the day. Here the culinary operations go on, while from the upper beams the hammocks are slung. The ever-ready canoe enables the men to move about from hut to hut, or to fish, until the land again appears above the water. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his famous El Dorado expeditions, came in contact with the Waraus, whom he describes under the name of *Tivitasas*—"a goodly people, and very valiant. In summer they have houses on the ground, and other places. In winter they dwell up in the



MARACAIBO INDIANS EMBARKING.

trees, where they build very artificial towns and houses; for between May and September the river of Orinoco riseth twenty foot upright, and then these islands are overflown twenty feet high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them: and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner." The Warau has even been described as an *aboreal man*, living by choice in trees! He is very migratory in his disposition, building a temporary hut wherever he finds a tree to suit him, and then floating it off when the rainy season floods the low grounds. Pile dwellings, we shall find, before we have concluded our survey of the human family, are by no means confined to the Waraus. Even in the same region—on a large shallow lake* off the Gulf of Maracaibo, in Venezuela, are a tribe of Indians who, to avoid the mosquito, dwell in several villages built on iron-wood piles (*Guaiacum arboreum*).

* Wild fowl abound on this lake, but naturally, owing to its human occupants, are very shy. The Indians, however, adopt an ingenious method of capturing them. A number of large hollowed gourds are set afloat on

Hence the Spaniards applied the name of Venezuela (or Little Venice) to the whole country. They are pagans, pure and simple, and believe that all men were created exactly as they are now—black, red, and white—that each man is best in the state in which he was created—a philosophical enough creed. The white's men religion is good enough, they say, for *white* men, but *not* for the *red*, otherwise they would have followed it from the beginning—the truth or error of which piece of sophistry does not, as Sir Thomas Browne would have said, “admit of a reasonable solution.” Polygamy is universal among them, but, curiously enough, here for the first time we find a faint trace of the institution of *polyandry*, or a woman have more than one husband, an institution which we shall find, by-and-by, is of common occurrence among certain nations, and is even more remarkable than polygamy, the explanation of which does not require to be sought very far afield. A Warau man on being asked why a man should have two wives, and a woman not be allowed two husbands, replied, that for his part, he did not consider either practice bad, for he knew a Warau woman who had *three*. Still the custom is exceptional; but I am not aware that it is found, even in this slight and exceptional form, among any other American tribe.

The Waraus are very dark skinned, and might even be taken for negroes. Their language is different from that of all the surrounding peoples, but it is not isolated, for the Guarano have many connections all through Brazil and the neighbouring regions. Indeed, if Dr. Latham's opinion, founded on philological grounds, is correct, the greater number of the Brazilian inland tribes of Entre Rios, Corrientes, Paraguay, La Plata, part of Peru (Santa Cruz Province), including the Mundurueu of the Amazons, are all Guaranos. In a word, they extend north to the Island of Marajo, south to Monte Video, and westward to the headwaters of the Amazon—all speaking dialects of what has been called the *Tupi* language. The Botocudo, the Canarin, Coroado, the Coropo, the Machacari, the Camacan, Penhami, Kerizi, Sabuja, the Gran Chaco, the Timbryra, and an immense number of other Brazilians, are not *Tupi*-speaking people.

ACAWOIOS, OR KAPOLIN.*

Mr. Brett, from whom we borrow a description of this tribe, describes the Acawoios as having grave, even melancholy, though not displeasing features. They paint themselves with the arnotto dye, but at the same time they take great delight in streaking their bodies and faces with blue lines. “They wear a piece of wood, or a quill, stuck through the cartilage of the nose, and some individuals have similar ornaments through the lobe of the ear. They formerly distinguished themselves by a circular hole, about half an inch in diameter, made in the lower part of the under lip, in which was inserted a piece of wood of equal size with the hole, which was cut off even with the outer skin, the inner end pressing against the roots of their teeth. The latter ornament is now but seldom seen, but the others are general.” In the engraving on p. 104 these peculiar ornaments, to which the reader will have become somewhat

the lake until the wild fowl become accustomed to their presence. The hunter then covers his head with one, which has had holes for seeing and breathing made in it, wades into the shallow lake, his head only appearing above the water, and, unsuspected by the birds, grasps one by its legs, twists its neck, and silently fastening it in his girdle, repeats the process until he has obtained all he can carry.

* Literally, *the* people.

accustomed, are shown, and on pp. 272 and 288 the usual feather ear and nose appendages are portrayed.

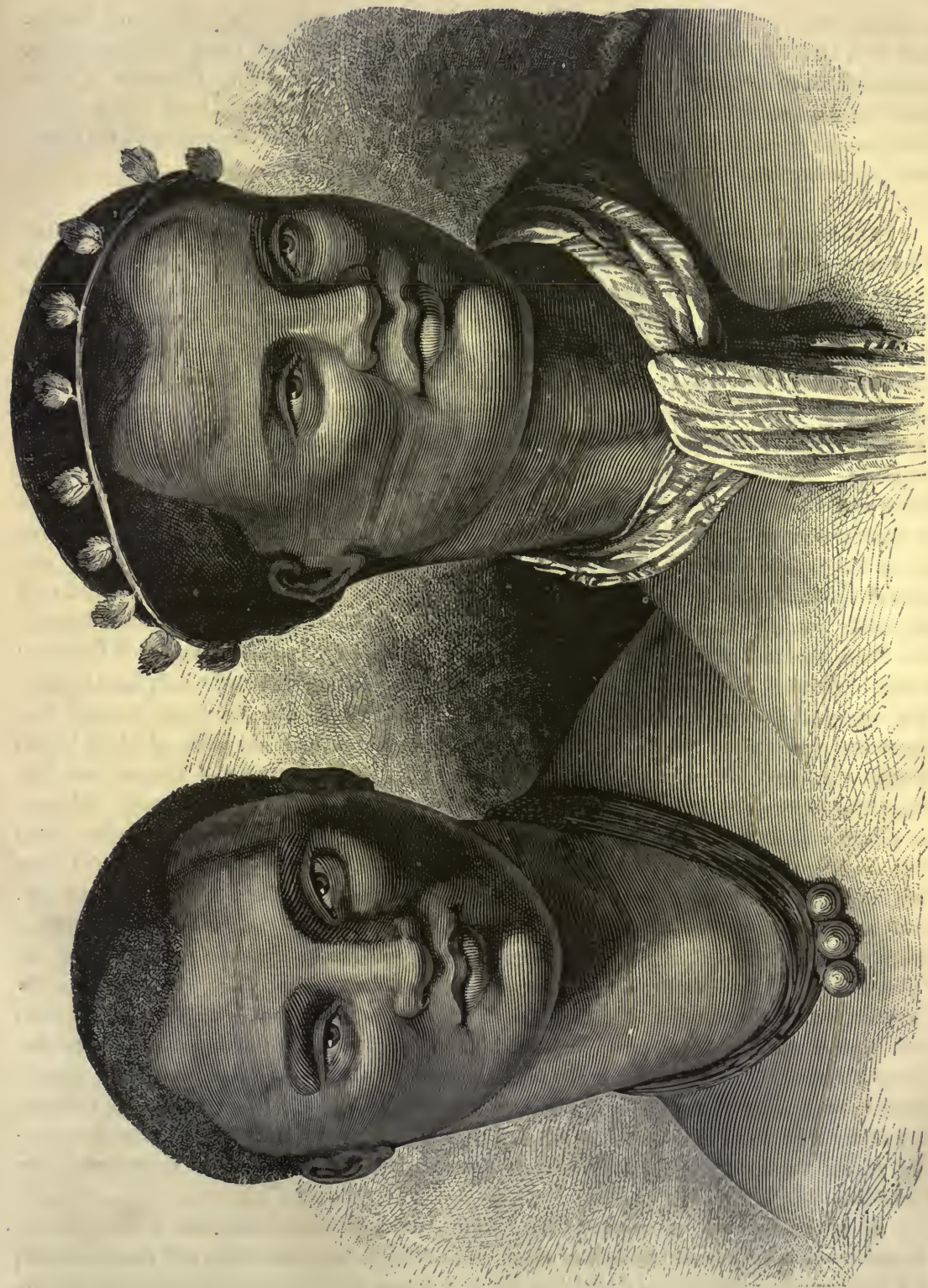
The Arceunas, of the Orinoco, also wear long sticks through the cartilage of the nostrils, and still larger ones, ornamented with tufts of black feathers at the extremity, through their ears. These Indians are also exceedingly fond of tattooing, especially of drawing a broad line around the mouth, so wide that each lip looks as if an inch broader than it really is, giving the appearance of an enormous mouth—possibly a mark of extreme good looks among those primitive people. None of the North American tribes can, however, equal the Mundurucus, whom we shall have occasion to touch upon by-and-by, in their extraordinary patterns of painting and tattooing. What, however, is most remarkable about the Acawoios is the use—in common with the other interior tribes—of the ourali poison and blow-pipe, which we have used with some success, though not in Guiana. The best description of these instruments is that given by Mr. Brett:—The ourali* poison is now well known. The arrows or spikes anointed with it are made of the cocorite palm. They are usually about one foot in length, and very slender. One end is sharpened and envenomed with ourali, and around the other is wound a ball or tuft of fleecy wild cotton (*Bombax ceiba*), adapted to the size of the cavity of the blow-pipe, through which it is to be discharged. To preserve these delicate and dangerous spikes, and to guard himself from the death which a slight prick from one of them would convey, the Indian hunter makes a small quiver of bamboo, which he covers with deer-skin and ornaments with cotton strings. To this is usually attached the under jaw-bone of a fish called *porai* (*Serrasalmus piraya*). This is used for partly cutting off the poisoned part of the arrow, which is done by rapidly turning it between the teeth of the fish jaw, so that when the game is struck, the envenomed point may break off in the wound, while the shaft, which falls on the ground, can be recovered by the Indian, sharpened and poisoned for further use. The blow-pipe is a reed or small palm, about nine inches in length, which is hollowed and lined by another smooth reed.† The Indians are very careful of them, and frequently turn them when placed in their houses, lest they should become in the slightest degree bent or warped by remaining in one position. They sometimes even cover them with handsome *pegall* work and sell them as curiosities to the colonists. There are several varieties of these blow-tubes. The small poisoned arrows are, by a single blast from the lungs, sent through the cavity of the reed, and fly for some distance with great swiftness and accuracy of aim, conveying speedy and certain death. The tribes which use these weapons are accustomed to them from their infancy, and by long practice they acquire a degree of dexterity which is inimitable by strangers, and would be incredible were it not for the fact that they depend upon them for most of their animal food. An Indian said to one of our countrymen: “The blow-pipe is our gun, and the poisoned arrow is to us powder and shot.” The poison is fatal when mixed with the blood in the smallest degree, but has no effect on an unbroken skin. The blow-tube is only used to kill small animals, or their enemies when silence is necessary, but for the slaughter of the larger animals, a bow and long poison-tipped arrows, made of a reed (*Gynecium saccharinum*) six feet long, are used. The animals killed with it suffer no great pain, though they die in convul-

* Written, also, “wourali,” “urali,” “urari,” “curare,” &c., according to the pronunciation of the various tribes.

† The *Arundinaria Schomburgkii*, a single joint (internode) of which is sometimes sixteen feet in length.

sions. Ourali does not belong to the class of tetanic poisons, therefore I do not believe, as has been asserted, that the juice of a species of the strychnine plant (*Strychnos torifera*) is one of its chief ingredients. It produces a cessation of the voluntary muscular movements, while the functions of the involuntary muscles, as the heart and intestines, remain unimpaired.

"I know," said an Indian to Humboldt, "that you whites can make soap, and prepare the black powder which has the effect of making a noise while killing animals; but this poison is superior to anything you can make. It kills silently, so that no one knows where the stroke comes from." The same celebrated savan and traveller tells us that the Otomaes on the Orinoco frequently poison their thumb-nails with the ourali. The mere impress of the nail proves fatal should the poison mix with the blood. In its composition, the Macasis use more than a dozen different plants, but the chief is said to be a species of *liana*, or bush-rope, and a kind of lily, "the bulb of which supplies the thick juice which gives the poison the necessary consistence." Poisonous ants and the fangs of poisonous snakes are also mingled with it, though whether they are the really active ingredients, or of any use whatever, may be doubted. The Acauiois also poison fish with the havarri-root, a custom common to various South American tribes. Some of the pieces of the root are bruised, and then washed in an enclosed water, or in a stream at the turn of the tide, when there is little or no current. In a few minutes the fish will float, belly up, perfectly intoxicated, when they are shot with barbed arrows, or struck with knives. Fish so poisoned are perfectly wholesome, as is also the case with the flesh of animals killed with the ourali poison. The Acauiois, in addition to their various other indifferently good qualities, are great vagabonds, peddlars, rovers, and newsmongers, and combine with these traits a propensity to live upon their more honest (?) neighbours' portable effects—which they acquire in a manner which is usually styled robbery—but, perhaps, with such independent individuals, had better be styled marauding. They are not, however, altogether given over unto loot, for they practise a little agriculture, and make a few of the rough-and-ready canoes which are known to the Demerara colonists as "wood-skins." A wood-skin is made as follows:—The bark of the *marivayani*, or purple heart, is peeled off in one large piece, "forcing it open in the middle, and fixing sticks across it, downward slits being near the extremities, which are supported on beams till the bark be dry, to give them a slight spring above the surface of the water." Yet in these frail crafts, the bold canoeemen of South America will descend and ascend thousands of miles of great rivers and their tributaries. The Acauiois are scarcely entitled to be styled a very amiable race. They have, doubtless, quite as many bad qualities as most of their kinsmen in red skins, but, unlike many of these, they have some admirable qualities to counterbalance their dubious ones. Polygamy is unknown among them; early marriages are forbidden; the women are virtuous; old-age is respected, and sick people are attended to. They are quiet, orderly (after a sort), little addicted to intoxication, though not particularly honest, if they can get a good opportunity to be the contrary. (They are not singular in this.) They have good teeth, which are preserved in good condition, and hunger allayed at the same time, by keeping in the mouth a quid of tobacco, prepared by baking green tobacco-leaves with alternate layers of salt. They are fond of animals, and have many pets. Indeed, these Indians seem to have a peculiar aptitude for attracting and taming wild animals—a trait in which they entirely differ from some of their northern brethren, who abuse every domestic animal within their reach. Probably their worst feature—but one which, more or less, is common to all the



BUSH NEGROES OF GUIANA.

Indian tribes—is their implacable vengeance. *Kanaima* is with them a religion. Natives have been observed in the streets of a Guianaian town watching with keen, treacherous eyes some other natives, who would soon after depart for their native wilds. Hundreds of miles from the busy scenes of civilisation, the vengeance-hunter would be seen, bent like a sleuth-hound on the track of the fugitives, deterred by no toil, no danger, no obstacle until his deadly ourali-tipped arrow, club, or knife tasted the blood of the vietim of *kanaima*.

In addition to the tribes enumerated, there are many other smaller tribes scattered through the forests of the region the ethnology of which we have been describing. The names of these, Kamarokotos, Quatimko, Yaramuna, Etocko, Passonko, Komarani, Koukokinko, Skamana, Wabean, Atorais, Kenons, Mianko, Maiongkongs, Roueouyennes, Emerillons, Aramisas, Oyampis, Tapuyo, Tamuras, Woyawais, and so on, convey no idea to the reader, and indeed little more information than this can be given about them. In general habits and character they differ but slightly from those we have already described. More romantic, but with an airier foundation, is the oft-repeated tale of the nation of the Amazons, or women living separate from men, "though receiving their visits at certain seasons, and only rearing female children." Many an old traveller, and not a few modern ones, and all the Indians, repeat this tale, though no two agree as to the exact locality of this wondrous female community, where women's rights are so full fledged; but all agree that to reach it the adventurous knight-errant must pass through the land where the wild mountaineers guard the passes of land and river, armed with the deadly blow-pipe and ourali-poisoned arrow, which speeds so certain but so silent a death.

From time to time negroes, during the old days of slavery, and subsequently of their own accord, have taken to the bush, and established themselves in communities, which have relapsed into nearly all the pristine ferocity and barbarism of their African brethren, mingled with something copied from the Indians by whom they are surrounded, and many of whose habits, as well as dress and ornamentation, they have adopted. Under the name of Youcas, Boni, &c., these "bush negroes" have established strongholds in various parts of the country, and carry on pillage and rapine whenever they have an opportunity. With many of the Indian tribes they are frequently at war, but their numbers being continually recruited by negroes from Demerara and elsewhere, they are enabled to increase, while the Indian, feebler in his vitality, decreases so rapidly that of late years many tribes have become extinct, or have merged in others more powerful. The plantation negroes they regard with immense contempt, and the "Massa Buckra" (white man) is in his eyes scarcely less despicable. They are all pagans. M. Leprieur, a French naturalist, who explored this region in 1836, fell in with a party of these bush negroes near the Aroua, who compelled him to mingle his blood with theirs, and to drink the mixture as a covenant of peace, after which they stoutly defended his person against another party of their countrymen, who, however, pillaged the traveller's baggage. Offering to tutelary deities in the shape of rocks, fetichism in all its hideous African forms, &c., prevail among these negroes, who have, from comparative civilisation, again degenerated into barbarism.

In concluding our remarks upon these Indians, we may briefly summarise a few points of character and custom common to all of them. In intellect they are sharp, and reason acutely, and their senses are trained by their forest life to a degree rarely, if ever, found among civilised

racés. They are conservative in politics and in religion. To the missionary the cry always is, "My father knew not your book, and my grandfather knew not your book; they were wiser than we. We do not wish to learn anything which they did not know." Naturally indolent, a bountiful country, in which life can be sustained with the least possible exertion, goes far to nurture this weakness. "They will spend hours in their hammocks, picking their teeth, or meditating some new and striking pattern in daubing their faces with arnotto; at other times they may be seen eradicating the hairs of their beards and eyebrows, in room of which some tribes tattoo lines, according to their own ideas of beauty."

The Guianaian Indian is hospitable according to his means; every visitor gets the best he has in his house. In his turn he is fond of paying visits; indeed, a full fourth of the year is occupied in gadding about, so that in course of time he gets well acquainted with the country. Time to him is nothing; such a commodity was "made for slaves," or white men; like Falstaff, to the Indian it is "superfluous to demand the time of the day." Yet, though punctuality is with him a virtue so minute as scarcely to be taken count of, yet when he goes off on a journey, and requires to be at home on a certain date, he will leave a kind of calendar with his friends, consisting of a knotted string, each knot representing a day. A knot is untied on the morning of each day he is absent, and if he is well he will arrive on the day the last knot is untied. Theft is unusual among themselves, though each tribe accuses the other of being addicted to pilfering. It is a will-o'-the-wisp kind of peccadillo which flits always ahead of the traveller; it is unknown in the tribe he is in, but obtains in full perfection in the very next one he will come to. They are fond of liberty and independence; slavery has never been brooked by them as by the Africans. They are all addicted to fearful outbursts of drunkenness, though systematic dram-drinking is unknown amongst them. Wild dances of all sorts are very popular with them, while at their great merrymakings and feasts wrestling and trials of strength are popular amusements of the younger men. A favourite feat is for two men to put a kind of shield in front of them, and then to push each with all his might against the other shield, so as to endeavour to overturn his opponent. This is known by the Warau as the game of *isahi*. Polygamy is common in most of the tribes, and it is very usual for a man to bring up a young girl from childhood to be one of his wives in due course. The first wife by no means approves of this *too much marrying*, and not unfrequently she rebels, and wins the day, against any rival being introduced into the family lodge. The woman is not a free agent in marriage, and if a man elopes with her, the betrothed or the husband can demand payment from the seducer for the loss of the wife, and even for the loss of the children which may hereafter be born to his rival, an amusing instance of which Mr. Brett gives. Among the Macuni, in the distant interior, Dr. Hancock tells us that "when a man dies his wife and children are at the disposal of his eldest surviving brother, who may sell or kill them at pleasure." Some of the tribes bury their dead in a standing or sitting posture, and if the death of the deceased is supposed to have been brought about by unfair means, his knife is buried with him, in order that he may have an opportunity of avenging his death in the land of spirits; and many tribes bury the dead man's bow and arrows with him, in order that he may be able to ward off malignant fiends in the land of the dead. If a person dies by foul play, the avenger of his death works himself, by fasting and privation to such a state that he supposes himself to be possessed of an evil spirit. He then starts out in search of his victim, approaching him cautiously and

unawares, when the blow-pipe and arrow do their silent but sure work, or he is struck down by a violent blow across the neck. As he lies insensible, the fangs of a poisonous serpent are forced through his tongue; or, according to other accounts, a poison prepared from a plant called *urupa*, and which the avenger carries in the bone of a *pouri* concealed in his hair, is forced down the victim's throat. In either case, he dies in great agony.* If the relatives of the slain man find him he is buried, but even then the *kanaima* (avenger), must keep near to discover where he is laid. Knowing this, the friends of the victim bury him in some secret place silently at night, but their vigilance rarely escapes the sharp-witted Indian trailer. He discovers the grave; then follow some horrible ceremonies, about the nature of which authorities,



CENIBOS SHOOTING TURTLE.

aboriginal and foreign, differ. Most probably the truth is, that when he finds the grave, he pushes down into it, and into the body, a long, sharp-pointed stick, that he may taste the victim's blood. After this the evil spirit, with which the avenger is possessed, is allayed, and the *kanaima* may return home again. If the friends of the murdered man find that, notwithstanding all their care, the grave has been violated, then it is opened, and a red-hot axe placed over the liver. The grave is then closed, and the friends go off satisfied that, as the hot axe burns into the vitals of the dead man, so will the entrails of the murderer be tortured and destroyed, and he, in due course, die. The whole system of revenge, with all its horrible rites of pursuit, &c., is reduced to a perfect system; taught by sire to son, as part of his national education. Their religious beliefs centre in a fear of evil spirits, and a continual desire to allay them, by means of the powers of sorcerers or medicine-men, who obtain their power by fasting

* Bernau's "Missionary Labours," p. 58.

and dreaming, and abstaining from certain kinds of food, especially foods not indigenous to the country. The chief tool of the medicine-man is a red-painted calabash, in which are a few stones, which is regarded with extreme awe by the Indians. Another duty of the sorcerer is to confer names on the children. They believe also in water-fiends, and in addition to their own superstitions, have derived several of African origin from the negroes with whom they have come in contact. Tales—like the *loup garrou* ones of France—are prevalent



CONIBOS PREPARING TURTLES' EGGS.

among them; stories of how certain animals are possessed by the spirits of men devoted to cruelty and bloodshed, and their mythology abounds with legendary tales, both of mirth and superstition, while others are "myths of observation," apparently invented to account for natural phenomena. That men were converted into rocks for their evil deeds is among the Guianians, as among other Indian tribes, a general article of belief, and many rocks are pointed out as having had such an origin. The Haytians—Carib tribes now extinct—believed that their island was the first created land, and that the sun came out from one cave while the men came from another; but the Guianaian tribes acknowledge the work of a Creative

Being. All created things, according to them, came from the branch of a silk-cotton tree, cut down by the Great Creator, but the white men sprung from the chips of a tree, which is notoriously of very little value! All beasts were once endowed with the spirits of men—an apparently widespread belief among the Indian tribes (p. 118). All the different plants on the earth sprung from one tree, on which grew all the different kinds of flowers and fruit. In the centre of this great tree was a huge reservoir of water, in which were the fishes. This water was let loose by the monkey, and drowned the world.

The Macuris believe that the world was peopled by converting stones into men and women, while the Tamaneas of the Orinoco declare that the world was, somewhat after the Thessalian tale (p. 129), peopled by the only survivors, a man and a woman, throwing over their heads the stones of the ita (*Mauritia*) palm, which sprung into human beings. All through this great region, away to the swamps of the Amazon and Orinoco, and even down to La Plata, such tales circulate, though the young people now affect to despise them. It is curious, as Mr. Brett has pointed out, that in many of their traditions, as well as in those of other races of Americans—past and present—there ever figures personages, lawgiving founders of institutions and benefactors of their species, who are said to have disappeared in some mysterious way. Among these we may mention the various Hiawatha traditions (p. 119); Quetzalcoatl, famous among the ancient Aztecs of Mexico; Nemterequeteba, “the Messenger of God,” of the Muyscas of New Granada; Amalivaea, once venerated throughout the broad lands drained by the Orinoco, and others.

The occupation of these people we have already sufficiently described—canoe-making, a little agriculture, and a greater deal of hunting and fishing. Cassava bread is their staple farinaceous food. The juice of this plant, when unboiled, is a deadly poison, but when boiled it becomes a deep brown colour, wholesome and nutritious, and is well known as the sauce called casareep, which is the chief ingredient in the famous tropical pepper-pot. Sugar is made by compressing the cane in a primitive but efficient press, of their own manufacture, and canoes are made either by being hollowed out of the solid tree, or like “wood-skins,” out of bark, while the paddles are made of the fluted stems of the yaruris-tree. Turtle is shot on the coast with peculiar, heavy-pointed, barbed arrows, the points of which can “unship” from the shaft. So skilful are they at this work, that the arrows are fired in the air in such a manner that they descend in a straight line on the turtle, while if fired straight, they would most likely glance over its horny covering. Turtle eggs are among their peculiar delicacies. The great shell mounds scattered over certain portions of Guiana are not, as has been supposed, remains of a race anterior to the present inhabitants of the country, but are, most probably, only analogous to the *kjokken-möddings* of the Danish coast, and the shell mounds found on the American and other shores, the refuse-heaps of long generations of aboriginal mollusk-eating inhabitants. Once great nations, the Guianaians, have sunk into comparative insignificance, and will before long become extinct. The cruelties of the French and the Spaniards were the first commencement of their decimation. “Extermination” was their watchword, and on the islands this was soon accomplished. The natives would leap into the sea, preferring death by their own hand to slavery or Spanish bullets, until Dominica and St. Vincent were the last islands retained by them. The cruelties of the conquerors were untold. But the holy friars who accompanied the expedition, to shrive the dying and give their

blessing to the deeds then done, could see little harm in such proceedings. Père du Têtre relates most conscientiously how a Carib girl was shot by an officer, because two others were contending for her; and how one of their men having been killed, the French "proceeded to set fire to the cottages, and root up the provisions of the savages, &c. &c., and returned in high spirits." Those who have read Las Casas, the "Apostle of the Indies," will remember what he says about the "ground reeking with the blood of the Indians." A Spanish officer was wounded by a spear, but the surgeons—doctors, no doubt, of Salamanca, all of them—being unable to probe the wound, could not be certain whether it had reached a vital point. To ascertain this, the knight's armour was put on an unoffending Indian, the Indian mounted on a horse, and a spear sent into his body with a force about equal to that with which the same weapon had penetrated the Spanish soldier's armour. He was then killed, and, by this rough surgery, the extent of the wound in the officer was presaged.

Such are the Guianaians—in the words of Walter Raleigh—"a naked people, but valiant as any under the sky." "They appear before us in the sixteenth century; the Caribs and fiercer tribes attacking, and the others flying or defending themselves as well as they were able, while the practice of enslaving each other then generally prevailed. In the course of the next century, we see them chiefly engaged in resisting the encroachments of a fairer and stronger race, which arrived from various countries of Europe with more destructive weapons. In the eighteenth century, while still enslaving each other, we find them frequently engaged by the side of the white man in deadly contest with the black. The middle of the nineteenth saw these various conflicting races united in peace."*

In contact with the Carib area, on the line of the drainage of the Orinoco, are the Maypuris, the Salwa, the Achagua, the Taruma, and Otomaca divisions, all of which are again subdivided into numerous tribes, or subdivisions (see figure on p. 260).† Some of these tribes are now extinct. The familiar story of Humboldt finding a parrot among the Maypuris, which spoke the language of an extinct tribe, the Aturis, and so was intelligible to nobody, ‡ may be quoted as an example of the decay of these races. The same illustrious traveller describes a burial-cavern belonging to a Saliva tribe, which he observed at Atarmpi, near the cataract of the Atures, on the Orinoco. The cavern was a natural excavation, and was filled with nearly 600 prepared bodies, well preserved and regularly arranged, each in a basket made of the leaf-stalks of the palm-tree. These baskets were each in the form of a bag, somewhat less than the size of the body which they enveloped. Accordingly some were only ten inches long, others three feet, according as they held infants or adults. The bones, more or less bent, were so carefully placed inside them that not a rib, or even any of the smaller bones, were wanting. "The first step in the process of preparation was to scrape the flesh from the bones

* "The Indian Tribes of Guiana," by the Rev. W. H. Brett, p. 494.

† Wallace's "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," p. 481.

‡ Professor Ernst Curtius has a pretty poem on this anecdote, two of the verses of which, as rendered into English by Mr. Edgar Bowring, we may quote:—

"Where are now the youths who bred him
To pronounce their mother-tongue;
Where the gentle maids who fed him,
And who built his nest when young?"

"Swift the savage turns his rudder,
When his eyes the bird behold;
None e'er saw without a shudder
The Aturian parrot old."



MAYORUNAS INDIANS.

with sharp stones; the second, to prepare the bones themselves. There were three ways of doing this. One was, simply to dry and whiten them by exposure to the sun and air; another, to stain them with arnotto, or the *Bixa orellana*; a third, to varnish them with odoriferous resins. Besides these bags (or baskets), there were found in the cavern earthen vases, half baked, containing bones. These vases were greenish-grey in colour, oval in form, and as much as three feet in height and four in breadth. The handles were made in the



MUNDRUCU INDIAN.

shape of crocodiles or serpents, the edges bordered with meanders, labyrinths, and real *grecques*, in straight lines, variously combined.”

Some of the Orinoco tribes (Ottomaes) have a custom, in time of scarcity, of stopping the pangs of hunger with a greasy earth, which can give no nourishment—unless, indeed, some is derived from the infusoria, which Ehrenberg declares are found in it. Probably it is only the development of a depraved appetite, not uncommon among these Indians. Still we must remember that this strange habit is not peculiar to the Ottomaes; the Indians of the Amazons eat a kind of loam even when other food is abundant! The Peruvians eat a sweet-

smelling clay; and in the markets of Bolivia is regularly sold a mixture of talc and mica as an article of diet. In Guiana, even, the Indians mix clay with their bread, and the Jamaica negroes will eat earth when other food is deficient or not procurable. The inhabitants of New Caledonia also appease the pangs of hunger with a white friable clay, composed of magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, and chalk; and in Java a cake of ferruginous clay is eaten by women in pregnancy. Siam, Kamschatka, and Siberia may also be mentioned as countries where clay-eating is not unknown.*

CHAPTER XII.

BRAZILIAN INDIANS.

To enumerate all the tribes of Brazil would be a task beyond our power, even were it desirable. They must number hundreds, but their general character and habits are not dissimilar to those we have described in the preceding chapter, though their languages are very multifarious, as the large work of their best historian, the late celebrated botanist, Carl Philip von Martius, shows. The races inhabiting the Upper Amazon are but little known, while those of the lower reaches of that great river and its tributaries are semi-civilised. They are generally known under the name of Tapuyos, from a nation of that name which, in former times, is said to have inhabited the coast, from whence they were driven westward by the interior tribes, more savage than themselves. A late writer remarks that, regarding these tribes terrible accounts have been handed down to us. "They have been represented as devouring every prisoner they could capture, as a sacred duty, and a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of their fallen brethren. They are also said to have practised a refined cruelty, similar to that of the Aztecs of ancient Mexico (p. 247), in cherishing and fattening their victim, giving him wives, &c., until an appointed day, when, after many tedious and revolting ceremonies, in which old women were the chief actors, he was put to death—not, however, with the prolonged tortures inflicted by the North American tribes, but by a single blow of a sacred club. The offspring of such captives, without regard to the mother's feelings, are said to have been inexorably reared for a similar fate. The ancient Tapuyos are reported to have been less cruel, sparing the captives' lives, and selling them for slaves. A strange custom of eating a portion of their dead relatives, as the last mark of affection, is said, however, to have existed among them in their former wild condition." The Jesuits, who early laboured among them, took the Tupi-Guarani (or lingua Geral) and made it the common language of the missions. The Indians of the more central districts of Brazil are protected by special laws, made in their favour, but the remote tribes lead an independent life; and when not strong enough to resist, are terribly oppressed, and hunted down by the unscrupulous *descimentos* of unprincipled Brazilian traders and others. Some tribes still retain all their former ferocity, resolutely defend their territories, and allow no strangers to enter them, under pain of being made a meal of—cannibalism being still found in

* Burdach, "Traité de Physiologie," t. ix., p. 260.

all its former vigour. Altogether, in Brazil, there are about two and a half million Indians. Our space will only permit us to describe one or two of the most important tribes.

The Botucudos are at once the most savage tribe in Brazil, and, probably, one of the most repulsive-looking on the American continent. Naturally in no way very handsome, they seem absolutely to revel in "improving nature," in the direction of imparting additional ugliness to themselves. Their under-lips and ears are slit to allow of the insertion of pieces of wood, which render the men of this tribe even more hideous than the Queen Charlotte Island women (p. 36), who are naturally pretty—a redeeming quality which the Botucudos of Brazil have not. M. Beard, a French traveller, mentions a novel use made of that tablet of wood inserted in the lower lip. He noticed a Botucudo take a knife and cut a piece of meat on it, and then tumble the meat into his mouth. The reader will remember a somewhat similar use made of the lip-ornament of the Hydah women.

Under the name of the Warau, or *Guarano* family, we have already mentioned that there are numerous tribes scattered from River Plate to the Caribbean Sea, comprising most of the tribes of the great region drained by the Amazons. All of them speak dialects of the same language. The Guarano family embraces some of the most civilised, and some of the most utterly savage tribes of South America. Take, for example, the *Mundurucu*, of the Middle Amazon. This powerful tribe is noted for the elaborate tattooing in which they indulge, the whole of the body, both of men and women, being covered with it (pages 289 and 292) in peculiar checkwork patterns. Feathers and paint are also greatly in favour with them as ornaments. In feather-work they are particularly skilful. Like all the American savages, more particularly those of South America, they set great stress on the power of enduring pain, and no man can attain to the dignity of a warrior before giving proof of his manhood by suffering the most excruciating tortures. One method of testing this is to put on the hands of the aspirant two instruments like gauntlets or gloves, made of the joints of a bamboo, and in which a number of the fiercest biting ants of the country are confined. The bite of these venomous insects has been described as like putting a red-hot needle into the skin; but the warrior bravely endures, and joins with drum and song in the dance made in his honour. Like the Antis, the Mundrucu take snuff made of the powdered seeds of a species of *Inga*, by an apparatus almost exactly the same as that used by the men of that tribe (page 296). But the most extraordinary custom of the Mundrucu is one in regard to their dead. When a Mundrucu has killed his enemy, he cuts off the head, extracts the brain through the *foramen magnum*, at the base of the skull, and filling the skull with cotton, preserves it in a mummified condition outside of his hut. On high occasions he elevates it on the top of a pole or spear. The heads of friends and relations are preserved in the same manner, though with some differences of detail. Thus on certain days a widow will produce the head of her deceased husband, and sit before it, talking to it in tones of melancholy lamentation, or indulging in encomiums of his greatness and his goodness. Meanwhile her sympathising friends are dancing wildly around her. Yet, from the description given by Mr. H. W. Bates, the celebrated natural history explorer of the Amazons, the Mundrucu are not a people deficient in intelligent curiosity, and a certain amount of courtesy among themselves.

The Paraguayans, who have established a regular government, and under the command of the late President Lopez have heroically defended their country against fearful odds, until it

has been reduced to a state of almost complete prostration, are Guaranis. All of them, however, are not civilised, for in this country various tribes, who have buried themselves in the woods, still exist in a more or less perfectly savage condition. These are known as the *Payaguas*, from which, probably, the name of the country, Paraguay, has been derived; at one time they stoutly resisted the conquerors, but cannot now number more than 200 men. Even they are, however, now beginning to experience the universal spread of civilisation, and are abandoning many of their old customs. For instance, you now rarely see either the lip-ornament or the little silver rod through the lower lip which these tribes use, in common with



MUNDRUCU INDIAN WOMAN.

the Hydahs, whom we have already described. Only in this case it is not the women alone, but the men also who adopted these hideous *barbettes*. On festive occasions they still paint their bodies in fanciful patterns, and ornament their heads with long tufts of feathers. They are skilful canoemen and fishers, and are not less fierce in war against their hereditary enemies, the athletic Indians of the Grand Chaco. They are entirely independent of the Paraguayan Government, which attempts to exercise no control over them. The Paraguayan country supplies many rich commodities; but none so celebrated as the famous *yerba*, or *mate*; which yields the "Paraguayan tea," extensively drunk among much of uncivilised and all civilised South America, and even in Europe. It is derived from *Ilex Paraguayensis*, various other species of the same genus yielding a similar beverage. Among others, the Chilians are

passionately fond of it. "Before infusion the yerba has a yellow colour, and appears partly ground, and partly chopped: the flavour resembles that of fine tea—to which, indeed, many



PARAGUAYAN INDIANS.

people prefer it. The maté is made in an oval-shaped metal pot, about twice as large as an egg-cup, placed, nearly full of water, on the hot embers of the brazier, which always stands in the middle of the parlour, and when the water begins to boil, a lump of sugar burnt on the outside is added. The pot is next removed to a filigree silver stand, on which it is handed to

the guest, who draws the maté into his mouth through a silver pipe, seven or eight inches in length, furnished at the lower extremity with a bulb pierced with small holes. The natives drink maté almost boiling hot, and it costs a stranger many a tear before he can imitate them in this practice. However numerous the company be, or however often the maté-pot be replenished, the tube is never changed; and to refuse taking maté because the tube had been previously used, would be thought the height of rudeness."

PAMPEAN AND BOLIVIAN INDIANS.

In the great Pampean family are included the Tobas, Lenguas, and Machicuy, who are known as the Grand Chaco, or Great Desert Indians. They are, however, by no means on very good terms with each other. The Lenguas live north of the Pilcomayo River, amalgamated with the Emmegas and Machicuy, but are much harassed by the Tobas, in alliance with the Pitiligas, Chúnips, and Agulots, who live on the other side of the same river. Among other customs found amongst them, which we have not as yet noticed as being common to other tribes, may be mentioned the custom, common, though not general, of girls tattooing themselves, with immense rejoicing, not without intoxication, on attaining the years of womanhood. Piercing the ears for the insertion of pieces of wood is an invariable practice. These holes are constantly enlarged for the admission of larger and larger pieces of wood, until they will sometimes attain a diameter of two inches and a half, if not more. Sometimes, by this means, the ears will reach down as far as the collar-bone. Their desire for personal adornment seems to end here; for they are said—and the phrase must express superlative unwashedness—to be about the filthiest of the Indian race. They are all excellent horsemen, a man, his wife, and children, if the family are not too numerous, all riding one animal, and all, males and females, sitting in the same way. The Tobas, physically and otherwise, do not differ widely from the Liguanas. The Machicuy, though speaking a different language from the Tobas, are only a tribe of them. They have, like many of the American tribes, both north and south, the hideous *barbette*, or under-lip ornament (?) though this is now being rapidly abandoned by most of the tribes that have come into contact with the whites. Even the Brazilian Botucudos, who, in repulsive attachment to this are only equalled by the Hydahs, are gradually giving up its use. This ornament, it may be remarked, is not peculiar to the American tribes, but is used, among others, by some of the African tribes—the Berrys, for example—a nation inhabiting the Sanbuat, a tributary of the Nile, who insert in the lower lip a piece of crystal about an inch in length.

The Moxos and Chiquitos are inhabitants of the central regions of South America, lying north of the Chaco; hence these tracts are known to the Spaniards as the "Provinces of the Moxos and Chiquitos. They are nominally Christian, and all partially civilised—though the men have a somewhat inconvenient habit of going stark naked; but to make up for this little *lachesse* in social amenity, the women clothe themselves in a flowing ornamented cotton garment. They are a cheerful, happy race, devoted to fiddling and dancing, but not unendowed with intellectual qualities. Their heads are large and rounded, their eyes full of merriness and vivacity, and their hair does not whiten with age, but is said to grow yellow. Before their conversion to Christianity the Moxos were addicted to some horrible customs. If his wife miscarried, the husband sacrificed her; and if twins were born to him, the two infants were



ANTIS INDIANS.

slain. Parental affection was no barrier to a mother killing her offspring, if she was wearied with nursing it; while polygamy was permitted, and marriage only binding so long as it suited the convenience of both parties; add to all this that they were cannibals, and a not very inviting picture is presented of them before the Spanish friars first penetrated among them.

The *Puelches* south of the River Plate, the *Charruas* of Uruguay, the *Metaguayos*, and the *Abipones* are all close allies of the tribes we have mentioned; we must, however, pass them over without more than naming them. The *Charruas* only now exist as fragments. Up to the year 1831 they were the Ishmaels of the race inhabiting the great pampas. Their hostility was as determined against the other aborigines as against the Spaniards, until, in the year mentioned, Rivera, the President of Uruguay, destroyed them root and branch. At the present time only a few individuals exist in an enslaved condition. They were an heroic, independent race, and their character is that of the Araucanians, Patagonians, and Gran Chaco Indians. So fierce are the latter people that no civilised nation has succeeded in seizing any of their territory. The Portuguese and Spaniards have attempted it, but have only been able to hold an uncertain tenure on the extreme western frontier. But east—the Paraguay River forming the boundary—no white man has ever attempted to molest them in their native wilds. To use the graphic words of a writer—in this case as graphic as truthful—“On its eastern side, coinciding almost with a meridian of longitude, the Indian of the Gran Chaco does not roam; the well-settled provinces of Corrientes and the dictatorial Government of Paraguay presenting a firmer front of resistance. But neither does the colonist of these countries think of crossing to the western bank of the boundary river to form an establishment there. He dares not even set his foot on the Chaco. For a thousand miles, up and down, the two races—European and American—hold the opposite banks of this great stream. They gaze across at each other, the one from the portico of his well-built mansion, or perhaps from the street of his town, the other standing by his humble *toldo* (or mat-covered tent), more probably on the back of his half-wild horse, reined up for a moment on some projecting promontory, that commands a view of the river. And thus have these two races gazed at each other for three centuries, with little other intercourse passing between them than that of a deadly hostility.” The Gran Chaco Indian is a freeman on a broad land, for his territory is about three times the size of Great Britain, and the tribes which inhabit it are different in some respects from each other. He pulls out his eyebrows and eyelashes, as well as every scanty vestige of facial hair, and shaves his hair from the front portion of his head. In complexion he is fairer than most of the American tribes, and eschews entirely any of the hideous nose or ear ornaments so common with the tribes in his immediate neighbourhood. Unlike other American Indians, they wear (when fighting with each other) a kind of defensive mail, made of the skin of the jaguar and the tapir placed over one another, but it is clumsy, and though proof against arrows, is no protection against bullets. In attacking a village they shoot at it arrows, to which are attached lighted tufts of cotton, the result of which is that the village is soon in flames. Retaliation is what such a roaming, homeless vagabond least fears. He has no domestic animal except dogs and horses, and though he takes plunder, does not incommode himself with slaves. Any prisoners which he takes are adopted into the tribe and treated kindly.

Under the name of *Antis* are comprised a number of tribes, who find their home in

the valleys and along the river-courses of the Bolivian Alps. M. Mareoy, who visited these people, describes them as being stout in person, though less bulky than some of the Peruvian tribes, lightish in complexion, and rather effeminate in the face. Not, however, content with the complexion which Nature has given to them, they paint the cheeks and the circle round the eyes red, and the other parts of the body exposed to the air, black, the colours being



ANTIS SNUFF-TAKERS.

in both cases derived from the juices of plants; they dress in a loose shirt-like garment, and are assiduous—beyond aboriginal wont—in combing their hair, which they cut short in front, and wear in long tresses on either cheek, and down their back. The Antis Indian is moreover somewhat of a fop. His toilet requisites he never parts with, but carries in a bag slung over his back. Here is an inventory of them:—A comb made of the thorns of the chonta palm; the paste (*rocou*) with which he paints his dusky cheeks; half of a gempá apple, which supplies the dark pigment for his limbs; a bit of looking-glass; a ball of thread; a little bit of wax; two mussel-shells, which he uses as pincers to extract any unruly sign of beard or whiskers which makes its appearance (like all Indians, he looks upon facial hair

as a disfigurement) ; his snuff-box, composed of a snail's shell ; an apparatus for taking the snuff, made of the ends of reeds, or two of the arm-bones of a monkey, fastened together with black wax at an acute angle, and used in the manner shown on the preceding page, with a few other trifles, probably of European manufacture, such as seissors, knife, needles, &c. A silver coin suspended through the septum of the nose, a neeklace of beads or berries, the skins of bright-plumaged birds, the claws of birds or wild animals, and such like, go to make up the Antis Indian's personal ornamentation. They are savages of the ordinary American type—hunters and fishers, living in open sheds in the summer, and in closed huts, almost hid by vegetation, and built on the banks of streams, in the winter. Both kinds of houses are



ANTIS INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

equally filthy, and when the air cannot circulate through them, smell like the dens of wild beasts.

The Antis Indians are skilful with the bow and arrow, which they use as shown above. They also poison the stream with the *Menispermum cocculus*, which speedily intoxicates the fishes, when they float belly up and are easily captured. In social position these Antis are very low, having absolutely no organisation into societies, but live separately or in companies, just as it suits their own convenience. They have no chiefs, but elect one if they require to go to war. The wife, in addition to all the hard work which invariably falls to the lot of the Indian woman, must follow her lord to the chase and to battle, picking up the arrows which he shoots, and sharing in all his triumphs and his perils. They are, however, so far advanced in the arts as to make a rude kind of earthenware, painted and glazed. Yet their method of treating the dead—generally a test of the character and civilisation of the nation—is barbarous in the extreme. When an Antis Indian dies one of

his nearest relative, in the presence of the assembled people, seizes the body, attired only in the ordinary frock which the deceased wore during life, and tosses it into the nearest river, where the fishes and other water denizens soon make short work with it. These are caught and feasted on, so that the dead are not altogether lost, but only transformed, in a sort of roundabout way, into the bone and muscle of the survivors. After this summary mode of sepulture, the dwelling of the dead man, with his weapons and domestic utensils, are destroyed, his crops devastated, his fruit-trees cut down, and, finally, the whole is consumed by fire. The place is henceforward shunned as impure and unholy, the rank vegetation of the tropics soon reconquers its former sway over the cleared ground, and in the depth of the forest the home of the dead Indian is forgotten, and his name blotted out from the memory of man. The aged are also cruelly treated, receiving only the refuse of the food and the worst places at the fireside, covering their nakedness with a few rags which their children have cast off.*

CHAPTER XIII.

CHILENO-PATAGONIANS.

UNDER this title we include a variety of people, differing from those which have preceded as well as those which are to follow. They extend over Chili, the country south of the Rio Negro, the islands of the Chiloe Archipelago, and Tierra del Fuego. They comprise the following subdivision: (a) the Chileno (or Araucanian) Indian; (b) the Patagonians; (c) the Fuegians. Perhaps it might be proper to include under Chileno-Patagonians the Pampa Indians, which we have already noticed as living on the frontier of the Patagonians, and with whom they intermarry and intermix on their respective southern and northern frontiers. They are, however, doubtfully of the same origin. Indeed, even as it is, it is not without doubt that races so dissimilar as the Patagonians and their near neighbours, the wretched Fuegians, are classed under one division. We have, however, ethnological authority for it, and the reader being already apprised of the author's doubts, is in a position to share with him his appreciation of the convenience of the classification, which is probably its main recommendation.

ARAUCANIANS.

The Araucanians, or as they call themselves collectively, the Alapuché, or "people of the country,"† though divided into various tribes, are yet a very homogenous race, speaking one language and having much the same customs over a great portion of Southern Chili, or rather Araucania, for they are quite as independent of any civilised government, and are a wild and

* "On the Bolivian Indians." See Mr. D. Forbes, in *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, 1869.

† The Patagonians call them the warriors (or *chenna*). They are also known as Manzaneros, from their head-quarters, Las Manzanos, so named from the groves of apple-trees. It was once a station of the early Jesuit missionaries, whose customary success in taming the savage soul having failed them, they left in disgust.

warlike people, provided with abundance of horses, originally, of course, obtained from the Spaniards. The dress of the men consists of an under garment—half-breeches, half-frock, called the *cheripa*, and the *poncho*, an elegant garment, extensively used by the Hispano-Americans—consisting of a blanket or a piece of their own home-manufactured cloth, with a hole in the centre through which the head is thrust; the rest of the material falling in folds over the shoulders. They also possess boots of horsehide, and the “upper ten” among them are distinguished by bracelets of coloured wool. The dress of the women does not very materially differ from that of the men—the poncho in their case being replaced by a kind of cloth mantle. Red and black paint, in various patterns, is the universal skin ornamentation of both sexes. The children go naked, and in infancy are bandaged in little cradles, which are carried behind the mother on horseback, or hung to the branch of a tree or a lodge-pole, until such time as the children can walk. These people are magnificent riders—the females, who ride after the male fashion, like the female Indians of all horse-tribes, being quite equal to the men in this respect. Their houses are mere frames of wicker-work, plastered with clay, and are uncomfortable dens—crammed at night and in bad weather with an odorous litter of men, women, children, and dogs. Polygamy is common amongst them, and as each wife has her own fire, their wifely wealth is enumerated by the number of *fires* which a man possesses. They are full of politeness, and value etiquette highly. Forms they are very particular about, especially in exacting tribute, no matter how small, from travellers passing through their territory. Oratory, as among most Indians, is held in high repute by them. Their government is by chiefs, whose power is absolute, in so far that they can demand the services of any one in time of war, but in ordinary affairs of state, such as in matters of life and death, their power is *nil*. A council of superior chiefs is selected from the subordinate chiefs, and these again select one of their number to be “Grand Toquin,” who presides over the council, and in cases of emergency can sometimes act without it. His power only lasts, however, in times of peace; for during war another Grand Toquin is elected, who has absolute power under a sort of martial law as long as the war lasts, after which he retires, and the Peace Toquin again resumes power. The Araucanian is a skilful mechanic, and all his horse and other accoutrements are manufactured by himself in a solid, workmanlike manner, for the Araucanian despises all “make-believes” of every type, including electro-plated spurs, bit, or saddle accoutrements. Nothing but solid iron or silver pleases him; he even despises gold—a useful metal to procure rum or other necessaries of life with, but valueless for any really industrial purpose.

His chief weapons are the *bolas*, *lazo*, and long lance. The *bolas* is a peculiar South American weapon, used universally over the pampas. It consists of a ball of iron, stone, or copper, about the size of a cricket-ball, covered with hide, and attached to a plaited rope of raw hide. These are either used singly in hand-to-hand combats, after the fashion of the American “slung-shot,” or united into twos or threes, when, in the latter case, they are flung at the game with such force that they whirl through the air, and either brain the animal on the spot, or twine themselves around its body until it is strangled or disabled. So skilful are they with this weapon, that to be aimed at with it at from thirty or forty yards is certain death. It is said that with it they can fasten the rider to his horse. The *lazo*—or, as it is usually written in English, lasso, we have already mentioned as being used in North America, and, indeed, in all the open prairie or pampas country of the continent—is also of Spanish origin, and in

skilful hands is scarcely second to the *bolos* in importance. The name signifies a slip-knot or noose. "It consists of a rope made of twisted strips of untanned hide, varying in length, from fifteen to twenty yards, and is about as thick as the little finger. It has a noose or running-knot at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye and button to a ring in a strong hide belt or surangle bound tightly round the horse. This coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose, which is held in the right, trails along the ground, except when in use, and then it is whirled round the head with considerable velocity, during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form; so that, when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open till it falls over the object at which it has been aimed. The unerring precision with which the *lazo* is thrown is perfectly astonishing, and to one who sees it for the first time has a magical effect. Even when standing still it is by no means an easy thing to throw the lasso; but the difficulty is vastly increased when it comes to be thrown from horseback and at a gallop, and when, in addition, the rider is obliged to pass over uneven ground, and to leap hedges and ditches in his course. Yet such is the dexterity of the *gauchos* (or countrymen), that they are not only sure of catching the animal they are in chase of, but can fix, or as they term it, *place* their thin *lazo* on any particular part they please, either over the horns or the neck, or around the body, or they can include all four legs, or two, or any one of the four; and the whole with such ease and certainty, that it is necessary to witness the feat to have a just conception of the skill displayed. It is like the dexterity of the savage Indian in the use of the bow and arrow, and can only be acquired by the arduous practice of many years. It is, in fact, the earliest amusement of these people, for I have often seen little boys, just beginning to run about, actively employed in lassoing cats, and entangling the legs of every dog that was unfortunate enough to pass within reach. In due season they become very expert in their attacks on poultry, and afterwards in catching wild birds; so that, by the time they are mounted on horseback, which is always at an early age, they begin to acquire that matchless skill, from which no animal of less speed than a horse has the slightest chance of escaping." I quote this description of the late Captain Basil Hall for the sake of its graphic truthfulness; but, at the same time, I am able from personal observation to confirm to the fullest extent his testimony as to the skill which the American Indians and Hispano-American population have attained in the use of the *lazo*. I have seen a man send coil after coil around a grizzly bear—perhaps the fiercest animal on the American continent—until the powerful brute was swaddled in ropes, and as helpless as a mummy. Supposing that the creature had the ability to roar, even that was denied it by an adroit coil of the *lazo* round its jaws.

The eighteen feet lances of these people are powerful weapons. To place one against a lodge is looked upon as a declaration of war. When not carried, they must be laid on the ground. The Araucanians are of the boldest and most untamed of all the aborigines of America. For three centuries, under their own leaders, they fought, often with signal success, against the Spaniards. Lautano, a youth of seventeen, who became their Grand War Toquin for two years, held at bay, or defeated, the picked soldiers of Spain, and only fell at last through being surprised by his enemies. Strange to say, however, after contending so long against Spain, they have—probably unable to distinguish between them by their acts—fought quite as bitterly against free Chili, either under their own leaders, or under renegade leaders like Benavides, of



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whose villainous career Basil Hall gives such a striking account, or lately, under a Perigord attorney, who claims to be monarch of the Araucanians, and has, indeed, visited Europe with a view to having his authority in this capacity recognised by the civilised powers. The very name of Spaniard they hold in abhorrence; and these *Christianos*, as they call them, are enslaved whenever an opportunity offers. They are passionately fond of freedom, and jealous of any one "prospecting," writing, sketching, or even picking up stones in their country.

Marriage amongst them is a very primitive ordinance. The bridegroom, after bargaining with the bride's father as to a *quid pro quo*, accompanied by several of his friends, seizes the bride, and throws her on his horse. The girl, perhaps only for form's sake, screams lustily, and her relatives mount and pursue in hot haste, the bridegroom's friends endeavouring to keep them back. Meanwhile the bridegroom, having gained the nearest wood, is supposed, by etiquette, to have won his wife, and is free from further annoyance. After a couple of days the happy pair emerge from the wood, make over the necessary presents to the father, and are henceforward looked upon as husband and wife. The mother-in-law, however, makes a show of keeping her resentment, and will sometimes not address her son-in-law for years; all of which must, if Araucanian sons-in-law are like those of more easterly longitudes, be a source of poignant anguish to the unfortunate man.

This running away with the bride is about the most primitive form of marriage, and is adopted by many tribes. It is said that the daughters of Araucanian chiefs are not, however, wedded after this rough fashion. Polygamy is allowed and practised. Mutton, of which they have abundance, is their chief article of food, and, in addition to water, *chica* and *midai* are their drinks. The former is a kind of cider, and the latter is made from fermenting wheat or maize meal. They are also said to brew an intoxicating liquor from the beans of the *algarroba*. It is neither very nice to look at it, nor delicious to drink. Nothing has ever illustrated the maxims, that "taste is everything," and that "one man's meat (or drink) is another man's poison," more than the intoxicating drinks of different races. Small plots of wheat are gathered, by the hand, the reapers going in pairs—a young man and a young girl together—and rubbing out the heads of grain as they pluck them. Large quantities of corn are, however, threshed out, after the Eastern fashion, by trampling it on the granary floor under the hoofs of a number of mounted horses, ridden round and round in a circle, after which the unthreshed ears get a further manipulation by hand. They are a merry race, but excessively superstitious, and on the slightest provocation from such a motive, undergoing the rite of *Iacu*, or exchange of names. Like the Arabians, they have a great belief in omens, and, though they have some skill in medicine and surgery—like all their race—place great confidence in the *machi* (or medicine-men), and in the power of people to "bewitch" them. Like many of the northern Indians, they have an antipathy to tell a stranger their names, supposing that if this is known, they may be bewitched by them. Of books and writings they have also an immense fear. They have, however, no regular priests, no temples, and no religious ceremonies, but have a vague belief in good and bad deities; to propitiate the one, and guard against the other, they sacrifice animals, and occasionally a prisoner taken in war. When taking food or drink they always throw a small piece of the one or a few drops of the other on the ground, as a meat offering, or drink offering, to propitiate the *gualichu* (or evil spirit). Their dead are buried by being borne on a stretcher, accompanied by shouting horsemen, and weeping and howling

women, to their last resting-place. The knees of the dead are tied up to the chest, a lance is placed over the grave, a horse is sacrificed, its flesh eaten, and its skin laid over the place, and a few weapons deposited along with the body. The same rites are observed over the body of a woman (if she is of high rank), but instead of weapons, cooking utensils are placed in the grave along with the body. Over the grave of the common people no horse is sacrificed. They believe that the dead can come to life again, and when they see the thunder-clouds they think that the spirits of their dead countrymen are trying to keep off the enemies of their country, in the shape of evil spirits. It is said that no division of the Araucanians put wooden figures over their graves. On the whole, looking at the Araucanians as a nation, from their courage, their intellect, their mechanical skill, and their partial progress in the arts of peace, there seems some hope they will survive, and that in time better things may be expected of such a people.

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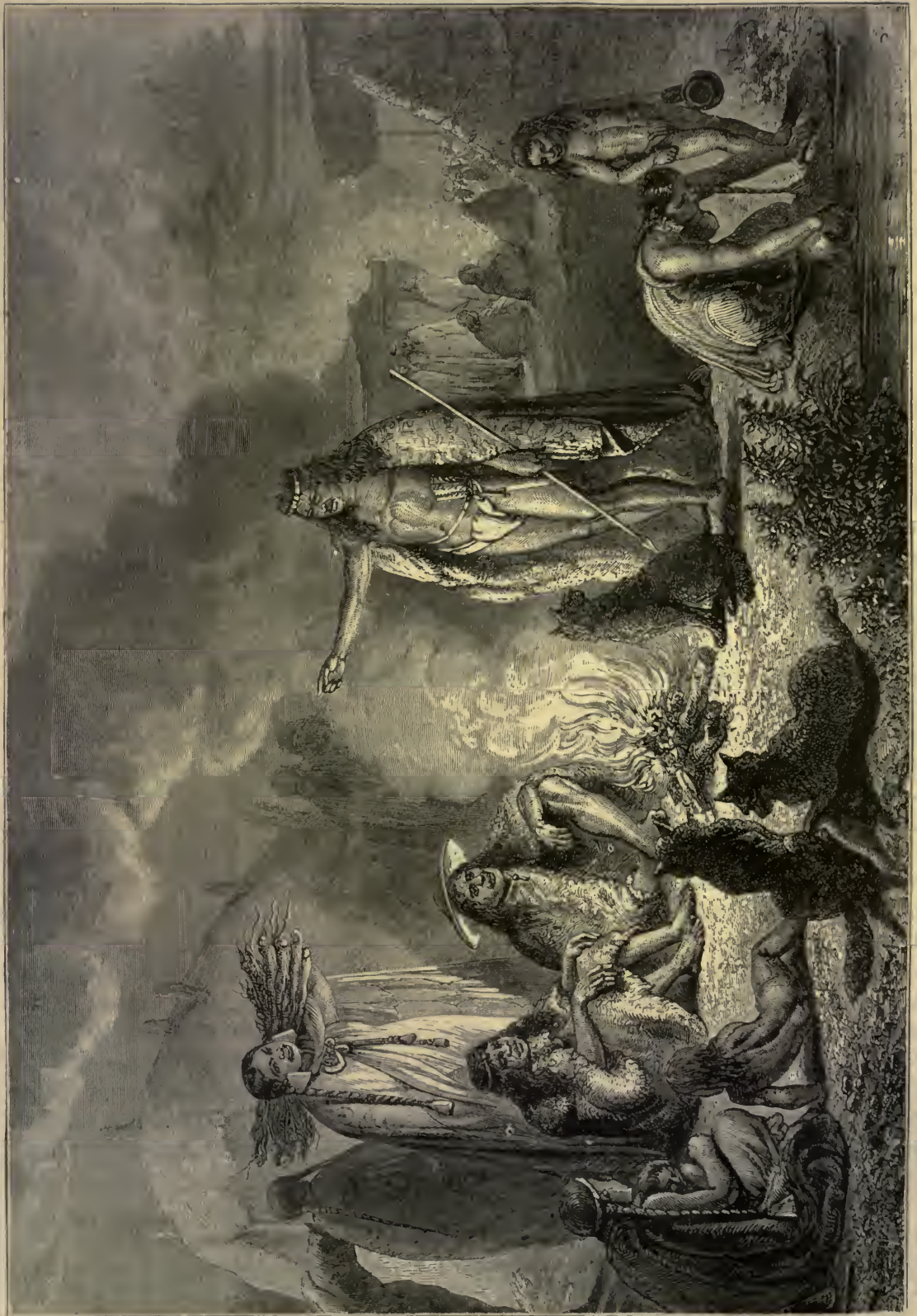
On the other side of the Straits of Magellan lies a wide-stretching country, very different in many respects from dreary Tierra del Fuego, to which our attention will soon be directed. The so-called pampas of the region to the inhabitants of which we propose to direct the reader's attention, are in many respects different from those great grassy plains of the Argentine Republic to which the term pampas is properly applied. Though in places there is a tolerably even succession of rolling plains covered with coarse grass, the surface is more frequently broken by hills and yawning ravines, and is sterile, with a sparse vegetation of round thistle clumps and stunted bushes, or even bare patches of clay and gravel, or is strewn with huge boulders, or rugged, confused heaps and ridges of bare, sharp-edged rocks, many of volcanic origin. Over all this sweep biting, cutting winds, which blow unimpeded from the ice-fields of the Antarctic region, while in winter all the country is enveloped in one broad sheet of snow. In 1520 Magellan first saw the inhabitants of this land—"larger and taller than the stoutest men of Castile;" and from the fact of their having shoes of guanaco-hide, which made huge footmarks, they were nicknamed by the Spaniards "Patagones" (or large feet); whence the name Patagonia has to this day been applied to their country. They call themselves Tsonecas, though the name Tehuelehes is commonly applied to them by the Araucanians. The Patagonians have been described by the old navigators—and the idea has descended in popular literature to this day—as a gigantic race of men. The truth is that, though they are taller than the surrounding races, and very much so compared with their neighbours the Fuegians, yet their average height is not over 5 feet 10 inches, though individuals measuring 6 feet 4 inches have been seen, both by Dr. Cunningham and by Captain Musters, who has furnished us with the best account we have of these people. Their instep is high, but their feet are naturally rather smaller than those of the average European. Though essentially horsemen, on occasion they can prove themselves admirable pedestrians, and their power of abstaining from food is also remarkable; forty-eight hours' abstinence seems to inconvenience them but little. Their strength of arm and leg is great, and their faces are ordinarily bright and good humoured, though in the presence of strangers, or in the settlements, they assume a sober and even a sullen demeanour. Their teeth are excellent, the pearly white being due to the gum of the incense bush which they are always chewing. Their long, coarse hair is confined by a strip of guanaco-skin, and their

clothing consists of a mantle of the same fur, confined at the middle by a strap, so that when riding, or engaged in any other active exercise, the upper portion can be thrown off, so as to leave the arms unimpeded. The hair of the women is hardly so long as that of the men, but on gala-days the two plaits into which it is divided are artificially lengthened and garnished with silver pendants; this practice, however, is almost entirely confined to the married women. Their boots are made from the raw hide of the guanaco, or sometimes from the skin of a large puma's leg, and is worn in the soft condition until it has taken the shape of the leg, after which it is sewn up. Soles are not always worn, though sometimes in snowy weather hide overshoes are put on—thus conveying the idea of "large feet," and hence the name the Spaniards applied to them. The women wear a mantle similar to that of the men, but secured at the throat by a very broad-headed silver pin, the whole garment displaying a little more ornamentation than what the men's have.

Paint is worn, both on the face and on the body, as a protection against the effects of the wind and sun, and on high occasions the men adorn themselves with white paint, made from pounded gypsum and marrow. They are, however, cleanly in their person, bathing every morning, men and women apart, the men's hair being afterwards carefully brushed by their wives, daughters, or sweethearts, great care being taken to burn any which may be combed out, in case evil-disposed persons might work spells on the original proprietor of the hair. For the same reason, the parings of the nails are carefully burnt.* Their *toldos*, or houses made of guanaco-hides stretched on poles, are scrupulously clean, as are also their domestic utensils—something very different from what is the case with most other Indians. Yet, as Captain Musters tells us, owing to their mode of life, food, and materials of clothing, they are usually afflicted with vermin, to which, however, in time—*experte crede*—they become accustomed. "Lice never sleep," was the philosophical remark of a Patagonian chief, after a thoughtful scratch to which he had treated himself.

Like the Araucanians, they use the *bolas* and lance to capture animals, chief of which are the guanaco, a kind of lama, and the ostrich (*Rhea Darwinii*). It is doubtful whether even before the introduction of the horse they used the bow and arrow, the *bola perdida*—or single-stringed "slung-shot" *bola*—being the weapon which in all probability they used to kill animals. The introduction of the horse has, however, added immensely to their comfort. Without it, it would be only rarely that they could approach the timid and swift guanaco. The introduction of firearms has also to a great extent superseded the use of defensive mail, but still occasionally hide and chain surcoats, thickly studded with silver, are seen amongst them. War is, however, rare nowadays, territory being no object, and, unlike nearly all Indians, military renown is scarcely at all valued by them. Their skirmishes are only for the sake of plunder, and on these occasions they will sometimes put on "their coats of mail," or pad themselves like cricketers, or German student duellists, with *corconillas* (or saddle-cloths) and ponchos, the folds of which turn a sword or lance thrust aside. Their saddles are very slim, and made of two bits of wood; but a Patagonian can just as easily ride barebacked. "The stirrups are suspended by straps of hide from holes bored in the foremost saddle-tree; they are generally made of a piece

* Such superstitions are by no means confined to Patagonia. A good many people in Europe, who ought to know better, burn the parings of nails, and throw a tooth which has come out into the fire with some salt, repeating at the same time some mummerly, &c. &c.



A PATAGORIAN ENCAMPMENT.

of hard wood, fixed in a raw hide thong, or sometimes of wood bent into a triangular shape. The 'swells,' of course, sport silver stirrups, but they are frequently not used at all. . . . The spurs are made of two hard pieces of wood, with nails filed to a sharp point fixed in their ends, and secured to the heels by thongs." Their pipes are made of wood or stone, fitted with a silver or metal tube, and frequently ornamented with silver, and great care is taken to keep them free from tobacco oil or juice by constantly cleaning them with an ostrich feather. The women are industrious, and all are fond of music, the natives possessing several musical instruments. At one time the men were in the habit of singing the traditions of the tribe, but this custom has, to the regret of the white men, fallen into disuse. They have few traditions at all about their ancestors, and can scarcely realise the time when they had no horses. They never eat except when hunger warns them of the necessity for food; and Captain Musters denies that they are gluttonous; on the contrary, he believes that they are rather abstemious. Tobacco they are very fond of, but always mix it with *yerba* or *mate*—the Paraguayan tea—but never with dung, as has been asserted by M. Guinnard, who professes to have passed three years in slavery amongst them.* The women, and even the children, are as great smokers as the men. Gambling, with dice, cards, &c., and various games and dances, are their chief amusements. Great rejoicings are always held at the birth of a child, to which, in its very infancy, horses and horse-gear are allotted. These are henceforth looked upon as the exclusive property of the boy or girl, and can never be resumed or disposed of by the parents. The names applied to the children are usually taken from their places of birth, and patronymics are unknown among the Patagonians. "Nicknames are, however, universal, and parents are frequently known by the name of a child, which usurps the place of their own." Marriage by force is unknown, the ceremony consisting in the interchange of presents of equal value on either side. In case of separation (a rare event), the wife's property is restored to her. The consent of the damsel having been secured, "the bride is escorted by the bridegroom to his *tolido*, amid the cheers of his friends and the singing of the women. Mares are usually slaughtered on the spot, great care being taken that the dogs do not touch any of the meat or offal, as it is considered unlucky. The head, back-bone, tail, together with the heart and liver, are taken up to the top of a neighbouring hill, as an offering to the Gualichu, or evil spirit." A curious bit of etiquette is that a man is not allowed to look towards his father-in-law when in conversation with him (see p. 217). Polygamy is allowed, but is not common.

On the death of a Patagonian all his horses, dogs, clothes, *bolos*, and other implements are gathered in a heap and burned, after which his body, wrapped in guanaco-skins, or in his coat of mail, if he has one, is buried in a sitting posture, looking to the east, and the whole covered with a cairn of stones large in proportion to the dignity of the deceased. Captain Musters never saw the graves surrounded with horses' hides, and other remembrances of the deceased, such as are sometimes figured in books, and doubts much whether such a mode of sepulture is ever practised among these people, as their great desire is to forget the dead, and

* The title of this gentleman's book is an entire misnomer. It contains internal evidence, of the most conclusive description, that he was never among the Patagonians at all, and that his experience was entirely confined to the pampas north of the Rio Negro, which he rightly enough defines to be the northern boundary of Patagonia.

to destroy all memorials which might bring them to their recollection. In the case of the death of a child, the horse he has been accustomed to ride, instead of being knocked on the head, is strangled by means of a lasso, and his property is burnt by the women, who are allowed, as a reward for their services, to snatch out of the burning mass what they can get. Sometimes a great amount of property and several horses are, in addition to that belonging to the deceased, slaughtered on his death, as in the case of the northern Indians.

The Patagonians, like most of the neighbouring tribes, believe in a Supreme Being who originally formed them, and in a multiplicity of demons of greater or less power. They think, however, that the Good Spirit is rather careless of mankind.* They have no idols or objects of worship, and it is most probable that they have no periodical religious festivals. Spirits of malicious intent inhabit all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and produce disease and death: to propitiate these is the work of the medicine-men, whose office is not hereditary, but, as in other tribes, is acquired after certain ceremonies. Men and women are equally eligible for this office. They are always in fear of being bewitched, and murders, in retaliation for this, are of common occurrence. They have some knowledge of medicine and surgery; bleeding at stated seasons is regularly practised amongst them; they also understand, and sometimes employ, poisons, but do not poison their weapons.

The number of pure Patagonians does not exceed 1,500 souls, and beyond the divisions into Northern and Southern Tehuelches, there is no subdivision into tribes; the so-called tribes into which they are frequently divided being purely imaginary, or arising out of the names of temporary leaders. Disease and rum are, as elsewhere, rapidly decimating these people. Their political organisation is very loose, they having no alliance with neighbouring people, and, even among themselves, owe allegiance to no head chief, though they may voluntarily agree to obey one; with them "one man is as good as another." A Patagonian, when dying, exclaimed, "I die as I have lived; no cacique orders me." On the march they are, however, under the command of a head man, and among the northern tribes there are several petty chiefs, whose office is often, but not invariably, hereditary. In regard to the chase, the division of the prey, and all other points, they have set laws, which are always kept, and so well devised that no disputes arise on these questions. They are very formal and full of etiquette in their dealings with each other, and, contrary to what is usual among the Indians, food is never set before a stranger until he has been questioned about everything on which they are curious. Speaking of the character of the Patagonians, Musters, whose stay for a year amongst them entitles him to an opinion on the subject, says that they are neither ferocious brigands, nor the savages of the vile type commonly ascribed to them by ignorant or unthinking travellers. They are kindly, good-tempered, and impulsive; full of likes and dislikes; good friends and bad enemies. They are suspicious of strangers, especially if of Spanish origin—as they have good reason to be. They are honest among themselves; but when in the settlements will steal whatever they can lay their hands on. In small matters they will lie almost unconsciously, and will often invent the grossest falsehood,

* Pigafetti, who wrote the narrative of Magellan's voyage, mentions their god Setebos, which Shakespeare refers to in the "Tempest," when Caliban says he could "command my dam's god, Setebos." I can find no mention of it in later narratives.

simply "for fun." It is looked upon as an excellent joke to report the death of a person, when he is only slightly ill, and so on. They are fond of their children and wives, and display real



PARAGUAYAN WITH HIS MATÉ-POT.

grief at their loss. They are far from unintelligent, and naturally moral, though when under the influence of rum, to which they are very much addicted when in the settlements, they are loose and depraved in their ideas and acts. We may conclude this brief account of this interesting

people with the following remarks by Captain Musters on their extent and tribal relations:—
 “In the various maps and accounts of Patagonia extant, numerous tribes, with different names, are marked and recorded. These accounts, so far as my observations enabled me to judge, have arisen from the custom of parties of the tribe combining to travel or fight under the leadership of a particular chief, and being described by themselves when met, by his name. The northern and southern Tehuelches speak the same language, but are distinguishable by difference of accent, and the southern ones appear to be, on an average, taller and finer men, and more expert hunters with the *bolas*. The northern range over the district between the Cordilleras and the sea; from the Rio Negro on the north to the Chupat, occasionally



THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

descending as far as the Santa Cruz river. The southern occupy the country south of the Santa Cruz, and migrate as far as Puente Arena. The two divisions, however, are much intermixed, and frequently intermarry, always, notwithstanding, preserving their clannish divisions, and taking opposite sides in the frequent quarrels. From the Rio Negro as far as the Chupat another tribe, speaking a different language, is met with, having their head-quarters on the pampas north of the Rio Negro. These are the Pampa Indians, called by the Tehuelches “Penek,” whence, I believe, the name Pehuelche has been corrupted. Several clans of these natives extend over the plains of the Rio Negro, and make frequent inroads into the Argentine settlements as far as the province of Santa Fé, and even, I believe, to Cordova and Mendoza. The Pampas of the north of Patagonia sometimes keep sheep and cattle, but generally subsist by the chase.”*

* “At Home with the Patagonians” (1871), p. 168.

TIERRA DEL FUEGIANS.

At the extreme point of South America, on the shores of the islands which form the famous Cape Horn, are, probably—take them all in all—the most miserable race in South America. Between them and the Digger Indians of the North there is indeed such a narrow difference in the degree of wretchedness to which they have attained, that they may be bracketed ethnologically with that degraded race. The people now under consideration are known as the Picherays, or, from the name of their country, more commonly the Tierra del Fuegians, and are a branch of the great Chileno-Patagonian nation. The country which they inhabit is wretched and bleak in the extreme; but unlike the Eskimo land of the North, a few dwarf trees and bushes enable the inhabitants to obtain some shelter from the storm, materials to warm themselves, and means of building a canoe. Yet notwithstanding the superior advantages in natural resources of country which the Tierra del Fuegian possesses over the Eskimo, in comfort and physical and intellectual character he is not comparable to the fur-clad denizen of the snow lands of the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In stature the Fuegian is stunted; his lower jaw projecting, and with long straight black hair hanging down his back and cheeks. For this hair he has a superstitious veneration, and conceives that the possession of a scrap of it by any one else will entail all manner of disaster on the original owner. Everything about the Fuegian is disgusting, animal, and almost brute-like. The spectator turns away from him in the belief that surely now man, created in the image of his Maker, has reached the lowest type, or brute ascended to the highest stage. He moves about in a crouching, stooping posture, his person is covered with the filth of generations, and his long mane-like locks, which his vanity or superstition induces him now and then to rake out with a comb made of a porpoise jaw, almost without any alteration, are crawling with a disagreeable insect, which though it has family relations in the locks of people all over the world, is yet said to be of a species peculiar to this race. Though living in a country where sleet, snow, rain, and frost are of almost every-day occurrence, the male Fuegian wears no clothing, except a small piece of sealskin thrown over his shoulders, and moved now and then so as to shelter his person in the direction from whence the blast may be blowing. When in his canoe, or engaged in any active exercise, he considers even this limited amount of wardrobe altogether superfluous, and tosses it aside. The women have quite as little clothing, the claims of modesty being satisfied by the presence of an apron of sealskin. Yet the country supplies abundance of the fur-seal and various land animals, the hides of which would supply excellent materials for clothing. The skins of this race seem, however, to be almost insensible to cold, and though they seem to strangers to be always shivering and chilly, yet this must have become a second nature with them, for they may be seen moving about from place to place, or sitting in their canoes, with the whirling snow beating against their naked persons, or gathering about their limbs, seemingly without caring about it, or even being conscious of it. Boots of sealskin cover their feet, but hat of any description neither sex has ever found the necessity of. Their huts are on a par with their wardrobe, being merely a rude shelter of bent boughs covered with grass, the hole at the side which supplies the place of entrance being unclosed by anything in the shape of a door, the only deference shown to the weather being to make this opening on the side from whence the prevailing winds do not usually come. Yet vanity is not frozen

out of even the Tierra del Fuegian, as the rude necklaces of fish or seal teeth, and the patterns in which he paints his body with earth, demonstrate. White paint denotes war, especially if accompanied with white feathers on the head; black, as all over the world, denotes mourning; while, contrary to the usual custom, red is the sign of peace. The "struggle for existence" does not seem to altogether monopolise their limited energies, for the petty septa into which they are divided are continually at feud with each other for the possession of the valleys and pieces of sea-coast which each inhabits. Both men and women are very strong—the women quite as strong, if not stronger than the men; and all are exceedingly skilful with their favourite weapon, the sling, with which, or with the hand, they can hurl stones with great precision. They are skilful fisherman, jerking the fish out of the water without the aid of a hook, by means of the bait and line alone. It is at once killed and disembowelled in an expeditious manner by the fisherman biting a piece out of the belly with his teeth! Their rude tools are made of shell, and shell-fish supply a large portion of their food; but notwithstanding this fact we do not find on the Fuegian coast any of those shell mounds so common elsewhere, where the savages live on the same kind of food. The reason of this is that the Fuegian, afraid of offending the shell-fish and thus causing them to desert the coast for ever, carefully throws the empty shells into the sea again. A still more extraordinary method of fishing is adopted by these savages. Dogs are not usually addicted to a fish diet, yet the Fuegians have trained their bushy-tailed, prick-eared, fox-looking dogs to dive in the sea and capture fish, or to aid their masters by driving shoals of fish into creeks and bays. After having done a fair amount of work, they are humoured by being allowed to do a little on their own account. The Fuegians do not eat their food raw, and are accordingly very careful to carry fire about with them on all occasions. They even have it with them, built on a hearth of clay, in their canoes, so that they can cook a meal without returning to land. Unlike the Eskimo and other tribes, they do not produce fire by rubbing two pieces of stick rapidly together in the manner which we shall have occasion to hereafter describe; on the contrary, they produce it in a more direct manner by striking sparks by means of a pebble and a piece of the iron pyrites (which is found in their country) into some dry fungus powder and moss.

They resemble the Eskimo in this respect, that they are excellent imitators, and can mimic the voice and gesture of any one to perfection. Two of them, of whom Mr. Darwin gave an interesting account more than thirty years ago,* were brought to England by the late Admiral Fitzroy, and though they speedily picked up English phrases and customs, yet, from what Captain Snow and others who subsequently visited them tell us, they soon relapsed into barbarism, and were speedily lightened by their countrymen of all the presents which they had brought with them from England.

They are said to be a good-humoured race, but I cannot find that this reputation rests on any surer foundation than that a meaningless grin is for ever playing about the angles of their capacious mouths: the hyæna has a smile of about a similar character. On the contrary, experience has shown them to be savage and deceitful in the extreme, and they are well known to have murdered the crews of several vessels which had been so unfortunate as to come within their power. Cannibalism—a crime never imputed to the Eskimo—is also found

amongst them. In times of scarcity they will dine off their aged relatives—in preference to their fish-hunting dogs—reasoning very logically, if somewhat cold-bloodedly, that the one is only an encumbrance to them, while the latter can at worst provide for their own maintenance. Yet they only eat the extremities, and, unless very hard run for food, will throw the trunk into the sea, owing to some superstitious idea attaching to it. Cannibalism, we have seen, is unknown among the most miserable nations of the North; even the despised Digger, to whose larder nothing edible comes wrong, has never been accused of this propensity. No doubt the “first instinct of savage man is not to love his brother, but to *eat* him;” but, curiously



FUEGIANS.

enough, this instinct is only displayed in the tropics, or in countries where there is an abundance of food—not, as we might expect to find, in a land of starvation—for the Fuegian only resorts to cannibalism in times of extreme want.

The social organisation of the Fuegians is of the lowest type. They can scarcely be said to have a form of government, and their possession of a religion is equally dubious; if they have any (Mr. Darwin denies that they have), it is only of the lowest form of fetichism, or a grovelling belief in and dread of evil spirits. Marriage is with them reduced to about its most primitive elements. As soon as a youth is able to maintain a wife by his exertions in fishing or bird-catching, he obtains the consent of her relatives, and having built (or stolen) a canoe for himself, he watches for an opportunity and carries off the bride. If she is unwilling, she hides herself in the woods until her admirer is heartily tired of looking for her,*

* Fitzroy's "Voyage of the *Adventurer* and *Beagle*," vol. ii., p. 182.

and has given up the pursuit ; but this seldom happens. This system of marriage by force obtains among many American, Polynesian, and Asiatic tribes.

. The women lead a hard life, assisting in every labour, and even plunging into the cold sea after sea-urchins and other shell-fish. For them there is no season of rest, for, unlike the Eskimo, their labour in procuring food is continued summer and winter without intermission. Such are the inhabitants of that country which, from the fires which the early explorer, Magellan, saw lit on the shore, he so inappropriately named "Tierra del Fuego" (the land of fire), but which the miserable inhabitants believe to be the finest country on the face of the earth.



CAPE HORN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PERUVIANS.

IN Peru, as in Mexico, there was at the time of the conquest—and how long before cannot be accurately ascertained—a high though barbaric civilisation, closely corresponding to the Aztec civilisation of Mexico. This was the Empire of the Incas,* the gorgeous magnificence of which dazzles the imagination of the reader, though sickened by the enormities which Pizarro and his followers enacted in the country, the result of which was the entire wrecking of

* Or properly, *Incas*—said to be founded by a mysterious being, named Manco Ccapac, some 400 or 500 years before the arrival of Pizarro, and about 200 years before the foundation of the city of Mexico (Tenochtitlan). There is, however, some belief that Manco Ccapac was a son of Genghis Khan, the Asiatic conqueror, and arrived on the American coast about the year 1280. Montezuma is believed to have come from Assam about the same period.

this aboriginal civilisation, and the scattering of the varied tribes which the Empire of the Incas had welded together. Nothing but a name, or the ruined buildings remain, to attest the greatness of this extraordinary civilisation, in such contrast with the surrounding barbarism. "The aboriginal races composing the empire were the Yncas, Canas, Quichuas, Chancas, Huancas, and Rucanas, inhabiting the regions from the water partings between the basins at the Huallaga and Ucayale at Cerro Pasco, to that between the basins of the Ucayale and Lake Titicaca, at the base of the famous peak of Vilcañota, a distance of 380 miles."* All of them were closely united, and seem to have had a common origin. The *Quichuas* constituted, however, the bulk of the people of this ancient empire, and they still constitute a large portion of the population of Peru and its borders. Alcide d'Orbigny, an eminent naturalist who travelled in this country, describes them as a shade between olive and brown, and of a rather diminutive size, their head, in shape and general characteristics, bearing no resemblance to that of the Mexicans, who were once, beside themselves, the only civilised people on the American continent. The forehead of the latter, as figured at p. 2, is slightly rounded; but is low, and somewhat retreating. The skull, however, in accordance with the former high intelligence of this people, is often capacious, showing the large brain which is possessed by them. The countenance of the men is serious, sad, and thoughtful, and with that habitual suspicion engendered by the remembrance of the terrible wrongs their race has suffered, and that even in recent times, and from conquerors inferior in worth to themselves. Even the faces of the women are not pleasing, and a pretty face is rarely seen among them. The portrait of Coya Cahuna, wife of Huaseas, the fifteenth Emperor of the Incas, shows a gentle but not a handsome countenance. The Aymaras spread over a wide extent of country, and, though separated from the Quichuas in language, bear a close physical resemblance to them, and appear also to have been once possessed of a high civilisation. They are probably the descendants of that race which in remote times built the strange monuments of Tugnanaco, and thickly inhabited the borders of Lake Titicaca. Perhaps my friend, Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, is the most reliable authority we can have in regard to these people.† Volumes have been written on, and volumes would be required to describe, the wonders of this ancient aboriginal civilisation of America,—the ruins of beautiful baths, roads paved with flat stones, extending for hundreds of miles, furnished with resting-places, and stones to mark the distances at regular intervals, great aqueducts, bridges, &c. All these roads were intended for the armies of the Incas, and all lead to Cuzco, the central point and capital of the ancient Peruvian Empire (lat. 13° 13' S., 11,378 feet above the sea). The ancient Peruvians had no wheeled carriages, and accordingly these roads were only constructed for footmen, and flocks of lightly-laden lamas. On the sides of steep mountains are seen remains of long flights of steps to assist the soldiers in climbing, and though the conquerors used these roads, they found the steps a great hindrance to their cavalry. On these wonderful highways the national energy of the Peruvians seems to have expended itself, just as that of the Egyptians did on pyramids, the Chinese and Japanese on pagodas, &c.

* Markham, *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xv. (1871), p. 369.

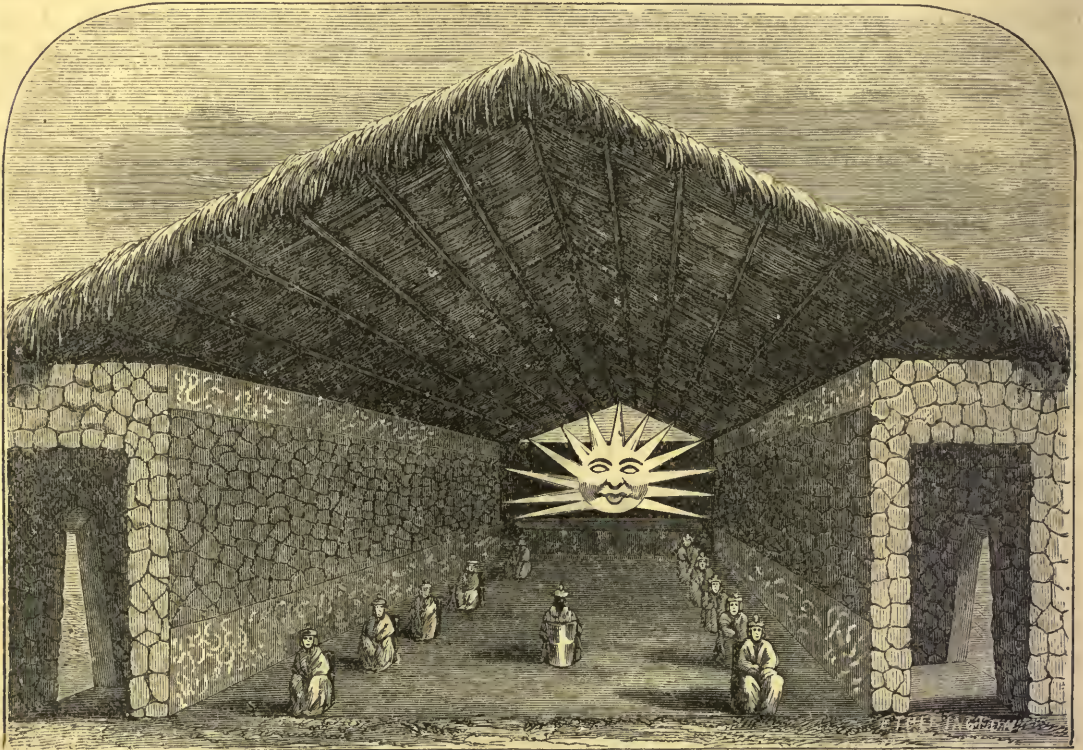
† See his "Travels in Peru and India," and various detached memoirs in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* and Hakluyt Society's publications.

These roads, and other public works of the Incas, the work of a people unacquainted with iron, excited the wonder of the Spanish conquerors. "There are no such roads in Christendom," writes Hernando Pizarro. Yet they did not preserve them, but even destroyed them for the sake of the dressed stones. The wealth of the Emperor of the Incas was great. On the ruins of his palace is still shown the traditionary mark which the Inca Atahuallapa drew to show to what height he would pile the room with gold, on the condition of being free from the cruel victors, who afterwards strangled him. "Gold in bars, plates, and vessels should be piled up," he said, "as high as he could reach with his hand." The Indians still have wild traditions and tales of the buried riches underneath the Aztec ruins. They say that the golden sedan chair of the Inca was sunk in the baths at Pultamarac, and that underground are yet concealed gardens with artificial trees of the purest gold (which were affirmed to exist by many of the earlier historians of the conquest), beneath the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco (p. 316), and so on. Yet in all their poverty they will not search for them; for they say the Inca will yet come back. And even if they had the gold, as a poor lad, descendant of one of the Incas, told Humboldt, it would not only be sinful, but their "white neighbours would hate and injure them. We have a little field, and good wheat." And so the descendant of an emperor was content with his lot.

The court of the Incas was upheld with great grandeur and much absurd etiquette. The Inca—who was the personification of a centralising despot—spat, not on the ground, we are told, *but into the hand of a lady!* All this we may read in the wondrous commentary of Garcilaso de Vega, and a score of other historians. All is of the past: the Inca empire was destroyed, and the remnants of their descendants and subjects are now as nobody in the land. That the natives were crushed under the oppression of the Spaniards during three centuries admits of no doubt; but it is equally true that this was not due to any harsh legislation on the part of the King or the Council of the Indies. Their decrees in reference to the aborigines were always distinguished by the mildness and humanity of their tenor; indeed, as Mr. Merivale has truly remarked, "had the legislation of Spain in other respects been as well conceived as that respecting the Indians, the loss of the Western Empire would have been an unmerited visitation." But it was impossible for the viceroys, even when, as rarely happened, they were men of high principles and kindness, to restrain or check the avarice and extortion of their subordinates. Yet had it not been for the exertions of the viceroys, the native population would have been either exterminated or reduced to a condition to which African slavery would have been preferable. It was only after repeated rebellions against the followers of Pizarro, who had parcelled out the native lands amongst them, that the life of the descendants of the Incas became tolerable. Under the rule of Francisco de Toledo, whose reign as Viceroy of Peru commenced in 1568, the chiefs called *curacas*, in the time of the Incas, were ordered by Toledo to be called *caciques*, a word brought from the West India Islands,* and under them were two other native officials—the *pichea-pachacas*, placed over 500 Indians, and the *pachacas*, over 100. These offices descended from father to son, and their possessors enjoyed several privileges, such as exemption from arrest, except for grave offences, and a fixed salary. The native caciques were often men of considerable wealth; some of them were members of the

* Others say that the word *cacique* was brought from the Old World by the Spaniards, and that it is a corruption of the Arabic *sheikh*.

royal family of the Incas ; they were free from the payment of tribute and from personal service ; and they occupied positions of importance amongst their countrymen. They wore the same dress which distinguished the nobles of the court, consisting of a tunic called *uncu*, a rich mantle or cloak of black velvet, called *yacolla*, intended as mourning for the fall of their ancient rulers ; and those of the family of the Incas added a sort of coronet, whence a red fringe of alpaca wool descended as an emblem of nobility. The head-dress was called *mascapaycha*. They had pictures of the Incas in their houses, and encouraged the periodical festivals in memory



TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT CUZCO.

of their beloved sovereigns, when plays were enacted and mournful music produced from the national instruments, drums, trumpets, clarions, and *putatus*, or sea-shells. All these customs were left unchanged by Toledo, and the system so far resembles that which now prevails in the Dutch colony of Java. But in addition to the tribute, the amount of which as established by Toledo was not excessive, and which was rendered still less objectionable to the Indians from being collected by native chiefs, there was the *mita* (or forced labour in mines, manufactories, and farms), which became the instrument of fearful oppression and cruelty. Toledo enacted that a seventh part of the adult male population should be subject to the *mita*, and ordered that the caciques should send these *mitayos*, as they were called, to the public squares of the nearest Spanish towns, where they might be hired by those who required their services ; and laws were enacted to regulate the distance they might be taken from their homes, and their payment. It



RUINS OF A JESUIT MISSION CHURCH IN PARAGUAY.

appears, however, that this seventh part of the working men who were told off for forced labour, was exclusive of those employed in the mines, so that, even in theory, the *mita* condemned a large fraction of the population to slavery.*

In matters of religion no tolerance was allowed them by the conquerors. Every trace of idolatry was ordered to be effaced under heavy penalties. An Indian who married an idolatrous woman, it was even ordained, was to receive 100 stripes, "because that is the punishment they dislike most." But all these good intentions for the benefit of the Indians—temporally and spiritually—were set at nought by the conduct of the *corregidores*, or officers charged with their execution. When the *mita* proved insufficient for working the mines of Potosi, labourers were kidnapped, when and how they best could, until the wretched people groaned under an oppression they could not bear. Mothers maimed their children, so that they might thus be delivered from a slavery which they abhorred; while the land resounded with the melancholy song of the women bewailing the sad fate of their husbands and brothers toiling in the silver mines, the women were obliged to work in the fields like men. "They declared," Don Juan de Padilla tells us, in 1657, "that when once a man was taken for the *mita*, his wife seldom or never saw him again, unless she went herself to the place of his torments." The woollen manufactories were as much instruments of oppression as the mines. "If they could not find the particular men they were in search of, they took their children, wives, and nearest neighbours, robbed them of all they possessed, and frequently violated the women and young girls." Once in their clutches, the pretence of being in debt to them enabled the manufacturer to keep the wretched labourers in perpetual bondage. Under such oppression, the country rapidly got depopulated, but the tyranny grew more shameless and cruel than ever, until not even a semblance of justice remained, neither with the subordinate officers of the Government, nor with the Royal Audience at Lima, the highest court of justice in the country.

After one or two partial rebellions, the Indians, in 1781, rose as one man in revolt, under one of the descendants of the Incas, Tupac Amaru. After a bitter resistance, they were defeated, and punishment meted out to the vanquished with a savage cruelty, which is probably unequalled in the annals of Spanish abomination in the New World. The Inca "was condemned to behold the execution of his wife, his son, his uncle, his brother-in-law, Antonio Bastidas, and of his captains; to have his tongue cut out, and afterwards to have his limbs secured to the girths of four horses dragging different ways, and thus be torn in pieces. His body was to be burnt on the heights of Picchu; his head to be stuck on a pole at Tinta; one arm at Tangasuca, the other in Caravaya; a leg in Chumbivilcas, and another in Lampa. His houses were to be demolished, their sites strewn with salt; all his goods to be confiscated; all his relations declared infamous; all documents relating to his descent to be burnt by the common hangman; all dresses used by the Incas or caciques to be prohibited; all pictures of the Incas to be seized and burnt; the representation of Quichua dramas to be forbidden; all signs of mourning for the Incas to be forbidden; all Indians to give up their national costumes and dress henceforth in the Spanish fashion; and the use of the Quichua language to be prohibited."

This hideous sentence was literally carried into effect. We need not give the horrid

* Markham, "Travels in Peru and India," p. 121.

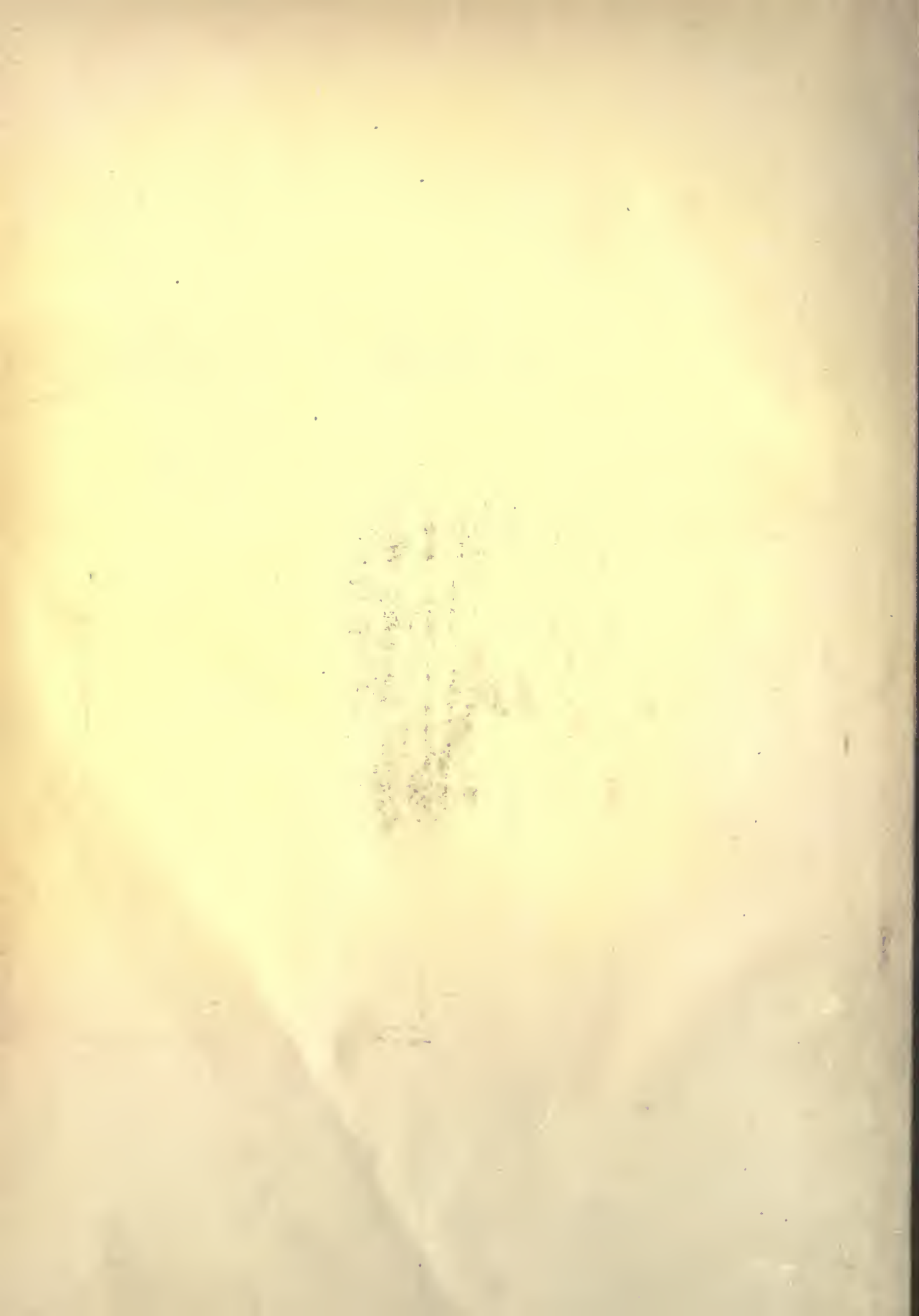
details, or add a single comment, except to remind the reader, as an aid to the formation of an opinion regarding the nature of Spanish character, at least as developed in the New World, that this sentence was devised, pronounced, and carried into execution only ninety years ago! A war of extermination on the other side followed; no quarter was asked—certainly none was ever given. This bloodshed continued almost without intermission up to the period of the War of Independence (1815-1825), when the Indians received greater justice under the more enlightened principles which then began to permeate the country. Yet their lot is still to be pitied. The Republic of Peru is not more admirable in its nature than similar Hispano-American institutions. It has an immense liking for playing at the ugly game of war, and the Indian population have to a great extent to supply the rank and file of the army. Villages are surrounded, and all the able-bodied men caught are driven off to serve in the ranks; yet, notwithstanding all, their condition is immeasurably better than ever it was under the rule of His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. We need not enter upon the history of the condition of the Indians of the other Spanish republics; without any material changes, the above description sufficiently describes their social and political status. Spanish-American governments have the habit of going in one groove. *Arcades omnes* is the verdict which might be written in regard to them, and is indelibly engraved on the memory of any one who has ever lived under their rule, or who has ever been unfortunate enough to have the most remote dealings with them. I will conclude these remarks on the Indian population of America by the eloquent and on the whole just conclusions which Mr. Clements Markham draws from his intercourse with them. "I was thrown," he writes in 1862, "a great deal among the Indians, and at one time I had most excellent opportunities of judging their character, and I was certainly most favourably impressed. They have now many vices engendered by centuries of oppression and evil example, from which their ancestors were probably free. They are fond of *chicha* and *aquardiente*, and are very suspicious; but I found that this feeling disappears when the occasion for it is found not to exist. They have but too good reason for their suspicion generally. On the other hand, they are intelligent, patient, obedient, loving amongst each other, and particularly kind to animals. Crimes of any magnitude are hardly ever heard of amongst them, and I am sure there is no safer region in the world for the traveller than the plateaux of the Peruvian Cordillera. That the Indians are not cowardly or mean-spirited when once aroused was proved in the battles which they fought under the banner of the Tupac Amaru in 1781, and a people who could produce men capable of such heroic constancy as was displayed by the mutilated heroes of Asillo, should not be accused of want of courage. When well led they make excellent soldiers. Although there is so large a proportion of mestizos (or half-castes) in Peru, it is very remarkable how isolated the Indians still remain. They have their separate language and traditions and feelings apart from their neighbours of Spanish origin; and it is even said that there are secret modes of intercourse, and even secret designs amongst them, the knowledge of which is guarded with jealous care. In 1841, when General Gamavia was at Pucara, on his way towards Bolivia, it was reported that certain influential Indians from all parts of the country were about to assemble on the hills near Azangaro for the discussion of some grave business, and that they were in the habit of assembling in the same way, though in different localities, every five years. The object of these assemblies was unknown; it may have been merely to converse over their ancient traditions, but it was feared at the time that

it was for some far deeper and more momentous purpose. It is believed that similar meetings have since taken place near Chayanta, in Bolivia, near Quito, and in other parts, but the strictest secrecy is preserved by the Indians themselves. The abolition of the tribute has probably had the effect of separating the Indians still more from the white and the mixed races, for they used to have constant intercourse, connected with the payments to the authorities, which brought them into the towns, while now they live apart in their solitary huts in the mountain fastnesses or in distant villages. It may be that this unhappy people, descendants of the once mighty race which, in the glorious days of the Incas, conquered and civilised half a continent, is marching slowly down the gloomy and dark road to extinction—the fading remains of a society sinking amid storms, overthrown and shattered by overwhelming catastrophes. But I trust that this may not be so, and that a fate less sad is still reserved for the long-suffering, gentle children of the sun.”



PERUVIAN WOMAN.





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