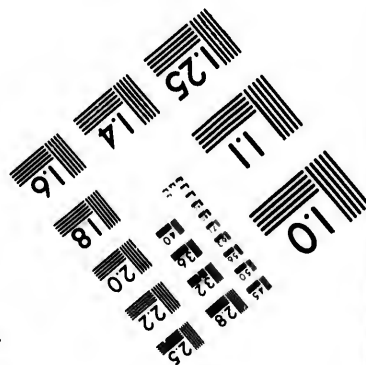
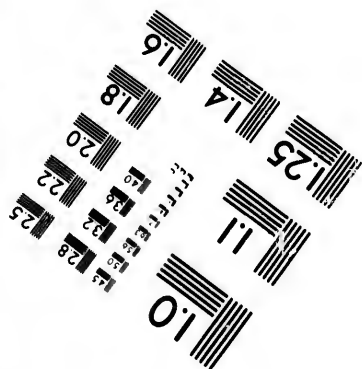
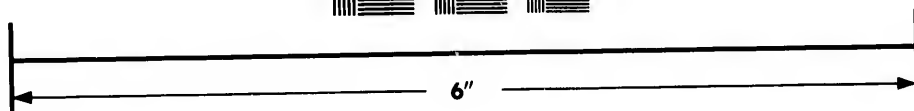


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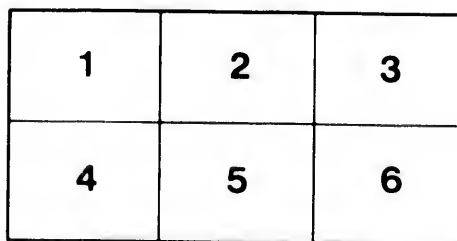
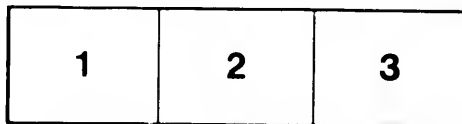
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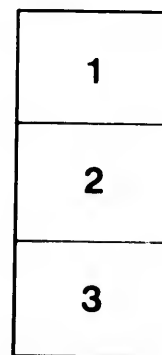
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SKETCHES OF MODERN INDIAN LIFE.

BY FATHER A. DIOMEDI.

PREFACE.

The following pages, save some trifling additions, were written in 1879; their contents, therefore, must be referred to that period and not applied to later developments. Such changes, as are now to be found in our missions, have all taken place since then. The means of communication with the Indian countries of Washington and Idaho have so increased with immigration, that an old settler would no longer recognize the locality unless he has kept up with the march of improvement.

This fact must be borne in mind in order that the difficulties which beset me in travelling through the Indian country may be understood and appreciated.

What I describe in these pages, I either saw myself, or, if communicated to me by others, whether missionaries or Indians, I have been careful to credit to the proper authority.

I trust that my simple narrative may prove interesting and may aid in imparting a true idea of the Indian character with its good qualities as well as its failings.

INTRODUCTION.

Ten years spent in missionary labors among the "red men of the forest" of the "great northwest" having enabled me to speak from personal experience, some details of what has fallen under my own observation may prove not uninteresting to dwellers in towns. It may also be useful in aiding them to form a truer estimate of the nature and disposition of the Indian, as well as of his capabilities for civilization. My plan is, after having briefly indicated the geographical position of the scene of my labors, to speak first of the Indian in his original and unchristianized condition, giving some idea of his habits, customs, amusements, language, ideas of government and of the rights of property, then to describe a tribe converted to Christianity, but still living after its own fashion. As a sample of the work of the missionary and of how it is accomplished, I

shall give a detail of one of the journeys which I was in the habit of making twice and even three times a year, and shall conclude with an account of the most civilized tribe to be met with in my province.

I must, however, preface my recital by stating that what I am going to say should not be applied indiscriminately to all Indians, but only to what might be termed one family, which, distributed into several tribes, is scattered over a large tract of land lying to a great extent, along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, partly American soil and partly belonging to the "British Possessions." The tribe dispersed along the St. Mary's river, taking in a part of the Jocko Valley which lies within the "Flathead Reservation," goes by the name of *Flat-Head Selish*. The Pend Oreille, whose Indian name is *Sinkatekumelchint*, are to be found along Clark's Fork, as far as the Pend Oreille Lake. Thence, extending north-westwards towards the mountains that divide the *Calispel* from Fool's Prairie, the Indians form an independent tribe taking the name of *Calispel*. The *Snaicisti* or Lake Indians occupy that tract of land which extends from Flat Bow Lake along the Columbia river to Kettle Falls; and many small tribes roam along the Columbia river from Kettle Falls down to Lake Cheikán, which, although independent of each other, and known under different names, are usually classified by Americans under the general term of Columbia Indians. The same is true of those other small tribes which are scattered all along from the mouth of the Okinagan river to the lake of the same name in the British possessions; they are all termed Okinagan or Okinakein. All these have undoubtedly sprung from the same family, speaking the same language and marked by the same characteristics, and consequently are all equally capable of the same education and civilization.⁽¹⁾

Although but few of the Indian tribes are to be found to-day in their aboriginal condition, still the semi-civilized manner in which the majority of them live is more akin to it than to the habits of civilized life. Some of them, the *Calispel* and the *Mitigani*, as well as the *Tekoratom* Indians and a portion of the Pend Oreille, are still nomadic and do not live in permanent settlements. The lodge is their portable home, and their ponies are always at hand to transport it wherever the master may direct. What they call their home, is the spot frequented by their fathers, or even a place of their own selection, merely because they happen to spend there a comparatively longer portion of time than elsewhere. The *Calispel*

⁽¹⁾ The tribes around the Columbia river and its tributaries derive their names from the streams whose banks they inhabit, all the way from their entrance into the Columbia river up to their respective sources. So the Cheikán, the Mitigani, the Snaicisti, the Spokane, the Sgolelpi, the Snligani, and the Nespelem are all to be found scattered along rivers of the same names. The *Cœur d'Alene*, who are at present settled in numerous farms on camas prairie, derive their name from the *Cœur d'Alene* river and mountains, where they dwelt before civilization became known to them. They belong to the same family and their Indian name is *Schizui*, St. Chitsui.

Indians, for instance, call the valley known by the name of *Calispel*, their home, and yet they live there only from late spring till early autumn. They make there, during the summer, their provision of camas and in the fall disperse about the mountains in pursuit of game. They spend the winter months in a place called by them *Esuiechotin*, where they have plenty of fuel and are well sheltered from the winter storms. In the spring they disperse again along the river and around the mountains of the Pend Oreille Lake to hunt during a few weeks.

CHAPTER I.

Pagan Indians.

The manners and costumes of the Pagan Indians are indeed most peculiar. Dancing and gambling hold so prominent a position among them as to first claim our attention. An Indian dance bears no resemblance whatever to the same amusement as practised among the whites; in fact, it is so totally unlike it, that they have entirely different words to express them. Towards the close of autumn, the Indians begin to gather into winter quarters, and at about Christmas or New Year the dances begin and are prolonged throughout the entire winter, the people passing from camp to camp, and from tribe to tribe for the purpose of taking part in them. They are undoubtedly a most successful means, invented by the devil, for the corruption of morals; since the licentious way in which they are conducted and the extraordinary concourse from other tribes, which crowds so many together in the same lodge, are fruitful sources of unspeakable evils. As an illustration of this, I will give some description of these scenes, omitting such details as would be offensive to christian modesty.

The tent for dancing, erected in a prominent position within the camp, is both long and wide, having the capacity of four or five lodges or more. That which I saw at the confluence of the Okinagan and the Columbia rivers, would measure more than thirty feet in length and over twenty in width. These tents are made by driving poles into the ground, and stretching around them skins or canvas, about the height of a man's head, or a little higher; the top is left entirely open. In a row down the centre are three places prepared for fires, and the space on each side of these, which is about eight or nine feet wide, is covered with branches of soft pine upon which are spread blankets and buffalo robes. This constitutes the dancing floor. The young wild Indians, although it was fearfully cold, the thermometer rang-

ing from 18° to 20° below zero, were clothed about the waist only, the rest of the body being painted either red, or in stripes; in such attire they enjoyed the wintry breezes. Their necks and wrists were adorned with strings of beads, whilst their heads were encircled with eagles' feathers, or sometimes a tall hat made of the skin of a coyote or polecat towered above them. Their horses also must have ornaments appropriate to the occasion; some of them were painted either bright or dark red; one had his ears cropped and another was bereft of his tail for beauty's sake. *Nmos-itse*, chief of the Cheiláns, a most powerful man but of very bad character, came to direct the spirit-dance in person. The preparations being complete, and the guests from the neighboring tribes having arrived, the proceedings were inaugurated by a supper, after which, at about nine o'clock, they adjourned to the dancing tent, and as it was not sufficiently capacious to accommodate them all, the very old people and children were excluded. Then young and old, mingling indiscriminately, without any distinction of sex, took their places. They were so closely packed, that it seemed to me impossible for anybody to move. I then learned that their dance did not mean movement, or turning around; they stood with their arms raised, and their thumbs touching their shoulders, the only motion being the moving of the upper part of the body, up and down from the knees. While this was going on and all eyes were watching with intense anxiety for the entrance of the "medicine man," a voice was heard in the distance, humming an Indian tune, that is to say, a song without words. As the spirit man approached, thus singing, those inside endeavored to catch up the same tune; this lasted a short time, until the song had been learned by all the people who, in wild confusion and with most uncouth sounds were screaming at the top of their voices. While all were singing, and the "medicine man" was going around the outside of the lodge, pretending to be a spirit in search of an entrance, another man, called by the Indians the interpreter, whose loud screaming sounded above the din of all the other voices, was telling the people what such a "medicine man" had received from the world of the spirits. When he at last entered, the scene at once changed, all turned towards him as hungry wolves upon their prey, extending their necks towards him and imitating the snapping of Indian dogs, whose bark, when they are angry, their song resembled. The "medicine man" stood in the midst of that pack of human hounds and took out the little bag in which he kept his sacred charm and shaking it, as if to stir up the spirit which it represented, com-

manded silence. Then he began to experiment with his superstitious performances, which we would call sorcery. A sick man was slipped into the tent among the people, so that they might witness the power of the spirit man and see for themselves, whether or not he was able to effect an instantaneous cure. The "medicine man" then began to shake his charm, or as the Indians call it *Somesh*, and to sing a song in order to invoke the power of the spirit. He spat all over the sick man, and then beginning to grow excited and wild, he rushed at him, seized him by the head with one hand and by the throat with the other as if to choke him, and finally approaching his mouth to that of the patient, he blew powerfully into it as though thus to communicate to him the healing virtue of the spirit which he himself possessed. By this time the sick man was worked up to the most excited condition; his hair stood on end as though charged with electricity, and with the strength imparted by the excitement he began to throw dirt at the spectators and to make use of the foulest language, until, at length, he fell back exhausted upon his buffalo robe. Meanwhile, the people watched the whole proceeding most attentively, anxious to see whether a cure would be effected.

Some one may be curious to know whether they ever did succeed in curing diseases. The Indians themselves certainly have great faith in the power of those who profess to have received the spirit and who are called "medicine men." If a cure results from their experiments they will receive a horse in payment; if not, then they have nothing for their trouble. One case fell under my notice. A boy of about eighteen years, named Theodore, was shot with an arrow by a young man to avenge his wife's honor; he was hit near the heart, and in drawing out the arrow the iron point remained in the wound, and while still bleeding, he was brought to my room to be shown to me. I saw the wound from which the blood was flowing freely, and after a while several people came to me saying that he was dying; no one thought that he could live. The next morning his friends called in a "medicine man," who applied his remedies and was paid with a horse. The second day after the occurrence, I saw young Theodore sitting on a fence and walking about as well as if he had never been hurt. I did not see, however, whether the wound had disappeared, nor whether the iron point had been extracted; neither did I see whether the cure had been effected by sucking the blood, as an Indian told me, or by the use of some instrument. What I do know is that these "medicine men" are a good deal smarter than the average Indian, and often possess cer-

tain tricks which, unknown to others, are published by them as a superior power derived from the spirit world. On account of the gifts attributed to them, they are looked upon with a certain awe and in many cases become chiefs of small tribes.

Dancing is quite an expensive piece of business, because people flocking in from all directions to take part in it, have to be fed at the cost of the camp in which it takes place; according to the best of my knowledge they are gotten up in the same camp only two or three times during the course of the winter.

Gambling.—Gambling is going on all the time and that to the fullest extent. Lodges for that purpose are to be found in almost every camp. Although carried on chiefly by men, it is not confined to them, women and children sometimes indulging in the same pastime. Men sometimes gamble with cards, but their favorite game is *Nzelalkom*, or the stick game, which is played in this way. The people assemble in a lodge, arrange themselves in a circle and then begin to sing the Indian tune, which is a prelude to the game. This done, one of the gamblers takes two small sticks, about one fourth of an inch thick and two inches long, to one of which a long thread is attached, and holds them, one in each hand, in such a way as to show the thread passing through the fingers of both hands. The others must then guess in which hand is the stick to which the thread is fastened. Excitement reaches a high pitch before guessing begins, and singing and yelling will go on for several minutes before anyone will venture to guess. The man who guesses right, gains one point and loses one if wrong, and when the number agreed upon is reached, the game is over.

In horse gambling they have the very peculiar custom of staking a part of the animal; for instance, they will begin with one foot, then with the other, and so on to the neck and head, which will transfer the whole animal to the winner. This occupation is continued throughout the night and is such a disturbance to the camp, on account of the screaming and yelling accompanying it, that those engaged in it are frequently sent off in disgust to a distance where they cannot be heard. This is a fearful passion among the Indians. They will first gamble away all their property, such as horses and stock, then the provisions which their wives have laid in, and even their very garments, so that they are left almost destitute of clothing. A man lost in this way all that he possessed, even his wife's wearing ap-

parel, and finally his own, so that he was left in an abandoned hut for a couple of days, exposed to the inclemency of the weather and made the laughing-stock of his companions. Once, when I was among the Okinagans an Indian staked and lost my saddle-horse. The winner started off to catch him as he was grazing upon the prairie, and was boldly riding away upon him when I happened to see him. I took hold of the bridle and tried to make the man get off, telling him that the horse was mine, but he claimed that he had won him in gambling. I then told him that whoever had gambled my horse was a thief, and if he did not jump off at once and let him alone, I would call the Catholic chief who would give him a good flogging. Hearing this, he concluded to get off and give up the horse to me.

It is curious to see how these gamblers make a living. From the numberless complaints made to me by the people, I ascertained that the tricks, to which they resort for this purpose, are most astonishing. They will watch until they know that all the grown people have left a lodge, and then they will walk in and carry off everything that they can lay their hands upon; fuel and eatables especially are sure to disappear, also blankets and sometimes buffalo robes. The thief will bring his booty to the gamblers' lodge and there he will either share it with his comrades, or else gamble it. They generally become pretty desperate cases, and if whiskey once gets among them they become the terror of the neighborhood; even the chiefs dare not proceed against them and often suffer theft and insult from them. Gambling is decidedly their worst passion, the root of more evils than even whiskey; it is the cause of stealing and quarreling and brings distress upon many families. The Indian who gambled my riding horse, and another who did the same with F. Louis Vanzina's coat, were scamps of the worst character. God afterwards punished them by the hands of human justice when, having been convicted of murder, they were executed by the sheriff.

A curious thing about this gambling is, that men seem more addicted to it at certain stages of life than at others. For instance, a boy, of from fourteen to sixteen years, might indulge in it perhaps occasionally, but only on the sly. If he wants to marry, he must abstain from it entirely, because no one would bestow a daughter in marriage upon a gambler. Widowers also, who are known to have been given to this vice, must refrain from it, sometimes even for years, before they can have any chance of marrying again; and if not sufficiently prudent in this respect, they run the risk of remaining single for the remainder of their lives. But once

married, and having behaved well for perhaps a year or two, they return, in most cases, to their old habits, and go on leading a bad life, until they reach about the age of forty. After that they begin to sober down and to behave well. Little by little they begin to be considered respectable among the Indians; so much so as to take part even in the direction of the affairs of the tribe. Sometimes they will cultivate a small piece of ground and raise a few bushels of potatoes, or some water-melons and onions. They will then be put down on the list as "good Indians."

Another peculiarity of this gambling is that it seems to grow with the seasons, and may be said to reach its height during the summer time, when the people collect in order to dig camas or to fish. Sometimes as many as a thousand Indians will be gathered about the mouth of the Okinagan river, at the time when the white salmon go up the Columbia river. All the old men, and sometimes the young also, fish steadily from early in the morning till late in the afternoon. There are two in each canoe; one keeps it steady in the water, and the other, with no other clothing than such as nature has provided, holding in his hand a long stick mounted with an iron point and hook, watches for the salmon to come up the river. As soon as one passes within his reach, he hooks it out of the water, or kills it first and then fishes it out. It is an interesting spectacle to see those wild children of the woods in their frail canoes, dotting the river banks, or, wherever the stream flows quietly, now watching with fixed earnest attention, now darting out with the swiftness of an arrow to follow the course of a dying salmon, until they drag it out with a loud wild shout of joy.

During the salmon season gamblers flock to the fisheries from all directions. During the day many an Indian spends his time in horse racing, and during the night in a game called *Nzelalkom*, the game of the sticks, which has already been explained. All the young men of the tribe, with few exceptions, will invariably take part in these races and are proud to measure the speed of their ponies with that of well known racers. Betting and stealing then prevail to a large extent, not unfrequently ending in a fight. Professional gamblers are rich to-day and poor to-morrow; but the only one, who to my knowledge ever made a fortune by gambling, was one of the chiefs of a tribe, who, many years ago, after having won a large number of horses, quit the profession to enjoy his winnings peacefully. Their racers are held at a very high value and often exchanged for as many as ten ordinary horses.

The women are somewhat industrious and attend to the

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raising of their children, in as much as they provide them with food and clothing, but they have no idea whatever of education, whether in morals or in religion. A child is perfectly free, tenderly loved by his mother, and is very seldom punished for misbehaviour; although now and then, if caught in some mischief, he may be reproved for it. The women are always decently clad, nor does it ever happen that they disregard modesty in the presence of others. No matter how wild the little girls may be whilst playing around, however, they are always careful to be modest. This regard for public decency might suggest the idea that Indian women, in their native state, are models of purity, and yet the case is just the reverse. They have not in their language the word purity, as meaning chastity, but only an expression which means *single*, *Stichmish*, which has been adopted by Christian tribes to signify chastity. One thing, which often surprised me, was to see parents proposing cows, horses and other animals to their children, as models for their actions. They kiss their little ones by licking them with the tongue. I once asked a woman why she did so, and she answered me that as the cow licks her own calf for love's sake, she seemed to think that she should do the same.

I can give not a few details of the ways of living during the spring. The Indians scatter about through the mountains to gather fruits or to hunt, and seldom meet in large numbers. Generally one, or at most two lodges, have their chosen spot, often very remote, which they call their lands, and where they spend this season. At such times gamblers are sure to rally from many tribes, and form centres all through the Indian country, in order to rob each other or to steal the provisions of some one who has made the first step towards civilization. They are such bad characters that it is better to avoid, than to have anything to do with them.

GOVERNMENT.

Having described the customs and amusements which represent, as nearly as possible, the present ways of uncivilized and pagan Indians, something about their ideas of government may be worth knowing. They are governed by a chief who is elected, and their laws are the customs and traditions handed down to them from their forefathers. When election time comes the old chief will generally use his influence to have his eldest son chosen as his successor which frequently happens. The assembly meets, and the qualities of the new candidate are minutely discussed. If there be not any hope of coming to a unanimous conclusion,

the debates are prolonged; and when the large majority, say nine-tenths of the men, and in some cases also of the married women, agree upon a candidate, each one is formally questioned by an Indian appointed for that purpose. Then each answers: "That is my chief," or "eu," which means yes, and when all have replied, the election is concluded. So very strong is their natural love of independence, that, when one or two dissent from the common decision, the general vote is not capable of overcoming them.

I was once talking with a man named *Naisietiku*, "the wolf of the water," and the conversation turning upon a certain chief, I happened to remark: "Well, he may be a good one." "Who made him a chief," said he, "I was not here when he was elected." So he refused to acknowledge his authority, and when he needed any help he would go to one of the sub-chiefs, whom he had elected himself. This incident shows how little the authority of the chief is really worth, although it is true the case is different, if he happens to be rich and is liberal in feeding the people. Under these circumstances, when he wishes to accomplish some purpose within the tribe, he assembles the most popular and influential men and gives them a good dinner, and then, while smoking their pipes afterwards, he easily persuades them to do what he wants.

A secondary chief, sometimes, by treating the people in this manner, can gain such an ascendancy over them, as to be in reality the head of the tribe. Thus *Seltis*, by his liberality, made himself the head of the Cœur d'Alene tribe and proved to be a very successful governor. But if the chief is poor, he has very little power among his own people, especially in matters pertaining to the internal government of the tribe. However, when questions arise with other tribes, then a sense of regard for authority seems to arise among them and the chief's word will be respected, be he rich or poor, old or blind, provided he be still capable of advising the tribe.

There is an illustration of this to be found in the "Flat-Head tribe," when there was question of their removal from Bitter-Root Valley to the Jocko Reservation. The chief, Charles Louis, would not set the example of moving, nor say a word to encourage the people to emigrate, so they remained in the valley. The other chief, *Arlee*, who removed to the reservation years ago, was considered by them as a usurper, although the government recognizes him as the head chief of the tribe. These circumstances have split the tribe without any hope of reunion. Except in such cases, where nature plainly indicates the necessity of unity for

mutual protection, the chief's authority amounts to very little unless sustained by accidental circumstances.

Gamblers steal from him and defy him with impunity; moreover, each one is as independent in his own ways, as though he were a chief himself. For the wild Indian there is no restraint of any kind, save such as proceeds from fear. Once a poor widow of the Sempuelsh tribe came to me, thinking that I could help her in her misfortunes, and told me that an Indian, by the name of Martin, had stolen from her a horse and all her winter provisions, and that she had a child who would starve, if these were not restored at once. "Why don't you go to your chief for help," said I. "It is useless," said she, "he cannot do anything." I did my very best to induce that man to restore, at least, a part of the provisions to the poor widow, but my efforts were unsuccessful.

Not only in case of robbery, but also in that of attempt at murder, the chief's authority is of very little account. When, for example, anyone has been wounded in a fight, the chief pays no attention to it, but the relatives of the wounded man rally and give chase to the adversary and the fear of this is the only check to acts of violence.

An instance of this kind happened among the Calispelem in the summer of 1877, when the son of the second chief of the tribe, to avenge his wife's honor, had injured a son of the chief of police. The relatives and friends of both families rallied around the two young men, all armed as if ready to go to war. I was very much surprised to see this and fearful lest serious trouble might ensue, especially, as the two parties had separated and set up their lodges apart from each other. So, as soon as I heard about the matter, I called Victor, the chief of the tribe, who was considered to have great influence, and by a few energetic words endeavored to arouse him to a sense of his duty. I told him to do justice to those who deserved it, but to put an end at once to such dissensions, which threatened to end in bloodshed. He assured me that he would not be heeded. Then I took up the subject in church, and by dint of alternate scolding and persuading, and by talking privately with some of the most influential men, I finally succeeded in inducing them to have a meeting and to settle the matter, that such a scandal might not go on any longer. I, moreover, assured them that I should refuse to admit them to the sacraments, if such enmity were not ended and peace and harmony restored. They had several meetings, and the result was a general flagellation for such as deserved it; bloodshed was thus avoided and peace and unity returned. The two young

men in question, though punished, did not make friends at that time, still they were powerless to break into open fight, because no longer sustained by their relatives. This instance shows even more forcibly, how little influence the chief has in his own tribe, as these people had already been Christians for several years, and were far more law-abiding than any of their pagan neighbors.

This lack of authority in the government makes the family association stronger than that proper to civilized society, and the want of protection from society is the chief explanation of their polygamy. This they look upon as the source of wealth and power, and, consequently, as the origin of their more perfect freedom and independence. If you were to ask a wild Indian whether he were rich, his answer would probably surprise you; for he would tell you that he was poor if he had but one wife and few children, and rich if he had several wives and many children. A man of the Sinkaensi tribe, by the name of "Little Wolf," who was quite well off for an Indian, told me that he was poor because he had only one wife and six children. In the way they live, the more wives they have, the more laborers there are to tan the skins of animals, and to prepare them for market; and the more numerous their children, the more profit they will derive from hunting and fishing, and the more soldiers they will have to protect their relatives in case of a collision of rights; for their strength increases in proportion to their numbers.

Once, as I was preaching against polygamy and trying to induce my hearers to abandon it, *Nmosize*, the chief of the Cheilán Indians, rose up among his people and gave me a good scolding, which confirms what I have just been saying. "You come here," said he, "to destroy us. Our polygamy is the inheritance which we have received from our forefathers. They were a glorious people, and had large numbers of hunters and fishermen and never knew what starvation was. In war, they were strong and defeated their enemies because they had many soldiers. You came among us and have persuaded some of my people. They keep only one wife and have few children. Our hunters and fishermen are disappearing, and in case of war we shall have no soldiers. This is the evil of your speech." This kind of strength inspires the weaker people with fear and commands the respect of strangers. A lack of protection from authority accounts for the tendency to civil disunion, which makes them naturally endeavor to strengthen family ties more and more.

Families will often separate from the bulk of the people,

and soon multiply to such an extent as to form new little tribes, all the more to be feared because of the consanguinity preserved amongst them. A man, by the name of *Koimtan*, had ten children; he then withdrew from the tribe of the *Sgoielpi*, obtaining land on the west side of the Columbia river near Kettle river, where the family married and increased to such numbers as to be almost independent of the main tribe, and the old man becoming their natural chief, reached what was the height of glory for him. There is another little tribe at about thirty-two miles from the Colville mission which originated very much in the same way. A man of the *Simpuelsh* tribe, whom I did not know personally, had nine children who married, and all remained in the same place, working together and protecting each other, so that now the grandchildren have multiplied to such an extent as to form an independent tribe, stationed along the banks of the Columbia river at a place called by them *Nzalim*.

Thus even in my time, tribes have split up and have increased, whilst others, on the contrary, have diminished. These facts, which I have explained, are sufficient to account for there being, at present, so many tribes independent of each other and yet so small, that the largest of them numbers hardly a thousand persons. Between the St. Mary's mission on the Bitter Root and Jakima, there are seventeen such tribes to be met with, which, no doubt, have all sprung from the same original family, as their language is radically the same, only diversified into different dialects.

LANGUAGE.

The study of the Indian language offers many points of interest to the linguist. For instance, the very difference of dialects is indicative of the direction taken by the tribes when, having separated from the parent stock, they scattered over the large tract of territory, which I have already described. The divergence from the mother tongue increases, going westward from the Flat-heads to Lake Cheilán; the last, however, is rather a mixture of the Calispelem and Jakima, many radicals having been found in the one whose meaning is identical with those in the other, indicating a common origin. You may be curious to know what their language is like? It is rather discordant, owing to the guttural g, and the wild Indians pronounce the *k* so harshly, that no description of the sound approaches the reality. It has also many mute vowels, but lacks several of our most common consonants such as; b, r, d, and f; and another peculiarity is that it contains very few abstract substantives.

These may be called its imperfections, but it possesses other qualities before which the prejudices naturally brought to a study of it, vanish quickly. Its copiousness is something wonderful.

The little dictionary which we have compiled and printed for our own use, and which contains about five thousand words, can give only some idea of it. Its regularity is surprising. There seem to be no exceptions to fixed rules for the formation of verbs, and these which govern substantives are almost equally exact, very few having any irregularity in the formation of the plural. Three points presented an especial attraction to my mind. The first is the union of different words into one by a combination of radicals made according to fixed rules, which is a beautiful peculiarity. The second is the capability of transforming all substantives, and even adverbs, into verbs, according to one or the other of the two conjugations, and is a point of great interest to the linguist. The third qualification, superior to the others and concerning the unique method of forming verbs, requires a few words of explanation. As the action expressed by a verb may be either transient or continued, so it has different ways of expressing this, and different forms for denoting whether the action terminates in a defined or expressed object, or whether in an object which I do not wish to express, but of which I intend to leave the mind of the hearer ignorant. Other forms express whether the action be done to a person directly or to him for the sake of a third person; moreover, a determined inflection upon the end of a word may mean the causality of the action, while the same stress upon the beginning of the word may indicate the moral obligation by which one is bound to perform such an action.

All these various forms which it would seem, might create confusion in the study of the language, after a little insight into its character, become quite clear and are used with facility, because of the fixed and positive rules by which they are governed. Moreover, it is so concise and exact in the meaning of its phraseology as not to admit of misunderstanding, so that an Indian must speak either truth or falsehood. So far as the knowledge of the language which I have acquired goes, I do not know of a single word which is susceptible of misinterpretation or which admits of two different meanings. Of course the Indians themselves have neither printed nor written language and no books of their own, therefore such rules as have been applied to its construction, have been devised by those who have first acquired a knowledge of it as spoken by the natives, from continued

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residence among them. The Indians have some knowledge of numbers and all their mathematical problems are solved upon their fingers.

The nature of their language, which evidently belongs to the Semitic family, shows conclusively that the ancestors of the Calispelem Indians must have come to America from Asia. But since no trace of history is to be found among them, we can only guess how they come and when they first set foot upon American soil. Perhaps it was by way of Behring Straits as the present Alaskan Indians go to Siberia. They cross the straits, during the dead of winter, as I have been told by an Alaskan missionary, when the waters are frozen so solid that they are able to walk from one continent to the other.

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

I will conclude my account of the ways and customs of pagan and semi-civilized Indians by giving a description of their ideas of the rights of property. Well behaved Indians among the pagans, that is, elderly persons with large families, urged by the spirit of independence, the desire to become chiefs, which is the very summit of glory in their eyes, frequently separate themselves from the main body of the tribe. Then they will begin to look around them for a suitable place where there is plenty of feed for their ponies, and where game and fish abound; and if there is no one living there already, they will locate themselves. Having done so, they will make known to others that they have got their land, and if the rest of the tribe see that they really do spend the greater portion of the year in the spot claimed by them, they will acknowledge the property to be theirs. But, if the claim be not founded upon the real occupation and habitation of the place, some one of the tribe, who perhaps has the same idea, may like to take it for himself, even after having allowed a sufficient time to elapse for the other party to establish himself there. The idea of occupation does not extend merely to the spot in which they actually live and its surroundings, but also to all which is needed for their stock as well as for their support in the way of feed and game.

There was such a case in the Nez Percé tribe. A chief, who had taken land in this way, had a good house and farm, yet he claimed for himself not only the land which he actually occupied, but also all the prairies and woods where his cattle grazed or his horses were pastured. Afterwards, another Indian came along and took up land on that prairie

for himself, thereupon the chief remonstrated and wanted to expel him. The excitement over this matter ran so high that had not the agent interfered, upholding the new settler, no one knows what the result might have been. However, unless the first occupant believes that he has actual need of what he calls his land, he will not usually object to others living upon it, although his having been the first there, is considered as giving him a sort of superiority over others.

With regard to the fisheries, the one who has first selected the spot and improved it, has to supply the implements, that is, the baskets to catch the fish; and he resides there or near by, so that his claim may be held good by the tribe. This property makes him who possesses it a chief, or sub-chief.

Kinkanaku chief of the *Sgoicpsi* and *Peter Kouchestitis*, sub-chief of the Catholic Spokanes, each has a fishery.

During the season, the work is general; the men are chosen in turn by the chief, some to make preparations and others to watch the baskets day and night, that they may not be overloaded; others to haul them out of the water and to kill and clean the salmon. Distribution is made by the chief among the different families present at the time, with some regard also to the work of individuals; and if the fish should be very abundant, people of other tribes who happen to be present are also supplied; but if they are scarce, then they are distributed according to the amount of assistance rendered by those who have caught them. An individual is forbidden to fish with a spear in any place which will disturb the salmon or prevent their taking the direction of the basket, but anyone may do so at a suitable distance where no harm will be done to the fishery, and in such case the profit is his own. An Indian unable to perform the required work, either on account of his age or for some other just reason, is supplied with almost as much salmon as those who work, because such persons are considered objects of common help or charity.

The laws governing the hunting grounds are different; they are held as private property and for individual profit during the hunting season, although at other times they are open to anybody. The hunting ground is called *istolign* or "my land." Sometimes, though not frequently, the owner may allow some one else to hunt there with himself, if the game should be very plentiful, and occasionally, such grounds are held in partnership; then both parties pitch their tents in the same place and course around the same mountain. In such cases the game belongs to the one who kills it.

In well behaved families the rights of property are quite curious. When a son is born, he will be presented with a

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horse or steer; if the child be a girl she will be given a mare or a cow, and the gift is made in such a way that in future no one will dare to touch it. The parents themselves so respect it, that if as the child grows up, he does not dispose of it himself, they will never sell it or trade with it. In case of need, however, if the parents were unable to supply the child with food and clothing, they might dispose of it for his benefit, even while he was too young to know anything about it.

Such is the raw material to be transformed by those put in charge of these tribes; a class of people whose aim is unbounded freedom, polygamous in their habits, gamblers and thieves in their youth, licentious in morals, hating subjection, and unwilling to listen to counsel. Is it possible for such a race to become Christian, and to live up to the precepts of the gospel? As an answer to this question, I shall now proceed to describe the habits of a tribe, which has been Christianized without any material civilization, nomadic in habits, and living upon the very same social footing as the pagans about them. I will leave my readers to judge for themselves whether, even in the forest, Christian morality and virtue cannot be practised.

CHAPTER II.

A Picture of an Indian Tribe Converted but not yet Civilized.

The Calispelem tribe presents a true picture of uncivilized Indians in what concerns temporal life; they are however all Catholics. Imagine yourself my companion during my visit to them about the beginning of November, the time when they gather into winter quarters at *Esnickotin* Ferry. There you would find an Indian camp, composed of twenty-five or thirty lodges, located upon the lower ridge of a range of mountains, covered with woods, pine, tamarac and red fir abounding, often clothed with a thick undergrowth and well supplied with game. An Indian would tell you that the winter was not very severe there, the spot being well sheltered from storms, with an abundance of fuel all around to keep them comfortable during the dreary weather. In front of the camp runs the Pend Oreille river, which here so spreads itself and flows so slowly as to have rather the appearance of a small lake. On the east side of the river a little house gives shelter to a ferry-man, who, from early spring until late in the fall is kept busy transporting the pack-trains, which convey supplies to the miners in the Kootenai country.

Crossing by this ferry, or, if you prefer, in an Indian canoe, and reaching the west bank, we shall find ourselves among these poor people. The first sound which will greet your ear, will be the word of welcome, "gest sgalgalt" "good day," and then you will behold the Chief, Victor, the very picture of laziness and dirt, issue forth from his tent and cry aloud: *Zguini Kuaialko Kolchiz*, "Come all: the black robe is among us." Hearing this all the inmates of the various wigwams will come out and slowly proceed to the chief's tent to shake hands with the priest. The women will bring their children, who are screaming with fright at the sight of a white man, and taking their little hands compel them to shake hands with me. Remember, that you are my companion, and do not be afraid if you see the Indians regarding you suspiciously, and if they walk around you, and standing at a certain distance, scan you from head to foot, now and then whispering a word among themselves. It might appear to you as though they wished to do you some harm, and yet they mean no ill will by such behavior; their natural diffidence, together with a certain awe inspired by the presence of a superior race, is what keeps them at a distance. Take courage, and approach them yourself; tell them that you would like to stay a little while with them, that you are interested in their welfare, and you will soon see that they will treat you with the same friendship they show me. The first introductions concluded, you might be curious to get a peep at the inside of their tents, but I give you a friendly warning that it is better to remain outside, for the filth, wretchedness and vermin to be found in there, are beyond description. Their poverty is something extraordinary; the little children have scarcely any clothing at all, and the men and women so little that it is pitiful to behold them. The perpetual blanket fastened at the waist, or a buffalo robe worn as a blanket, would give them a more decent appearance and make them more comfortable during such frosty weather.

With a view of learning something of their daily lives, suppose we pitch our tent for a short time and watch their proceedings. Early in the morning a blue smoke issuing from their tents betokens that their rest has ended, and before long you will hear the bell rung by the chief, calling them all to morning prayer. Then the "red skins" will be seen slowly coming forth from their smoky dwellings, and repairing, either to the chief's tent, or to the adjacent lodge, where they will say their prayers in common, after which they will sing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. This being over, the chief will address a few words to them, either re-

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proving them for misbehavior on some occasion or giving them timely advice. Going back to their tents they prepare their breakfast, of which they partake at about nine o'clock. They have all very good appetites, and if anyone has happened to be kept on short allowance the day before, this first meal is sure to make up for all that has been missed. After the meal is over, some few moments are spent in chatting and smoking pipes, after which the men generally get up in a hurry, fasten on their cartridge belts, and taking their rifles, start off hunting. If the season requires it, snow-shoes will be drawn out of their *parafleshes*, a kind of impervious wrapper, made of deer skin, and thus accoutred they set forth. A little later in the day you will hear the mother say to her eldest son, *Kukslaskagae* "go, look for the horses." The boy, without answering a word, gets up, takes his lariat and off he goes. In a short time he is back and several horses stand before the lodge. The same takes place in all the other lodges. Then the women come out, saddle the horses, and while many take axes and go for fuel, others remain at home sewing, washing, or tanning skins. You may also see some men starting for a trading post if it is good weather, and some going to visit friends in other tribes, however, the horses are driven to the lodges every morning for some purpose. After these departures the camp puts on quite a different appearance. The children, from eight to fourteen years of age, who have been left at home to keep the neighbors' dogs out of their own tents, that they may not steal the provisions their parents have laid in, will have their own sport, playing on the snow or shooting at objects with their arrows, or running about in games until their parents and sisters return from the woods. You will notice that the loads they bring back promise to last a couple of days and no longer. Often also, at about the same time, the men may be seen returning from their hunting expeditions, carrying perhaps dressed deer on their horses, or a canoe well laden with game will approach the river bank. The men leave their horses near the lodge or their canoes near the shore, as the case may be, go into the lodge, sit down, begin to smoke their pipes, and then say to their wives, "I have brought game." The wife and daughter then go out, unpack the game, bring it into the lodge, and by so doing make it their own property; they can sell it or trade it as they please. The fur however belongs to the man, although the woman has to tan and prepare it for market. After supper, which is taken early in the evening, the bell summoning to evening prayer is heard, and the people will either go to the chief's lodge, or say their prayers at home. Often

you will hear the chief from his lodge addressing his people, either upon some religious subject or in regard to fidelity to their own customs and traditions; then those in the other lodges will make their own remarks, and afterwards the evening is spent in conversation upon topics interesting only to themselves. Such is the plan of their ordinary life.

The great event of the winter with them, is a hunt, in which the entire tribe is engaged, the general direction of which belongs to the chief who designates the time for starting. They catch their horses and bring them in a few days beforehand, and on the day preceding their departure takes place the solemn ceremony of the burning of moccasins. All the old moccasins are collected and placed in a heap, which is then set on fire, while all standing around it say a prayer together that God may be propitious to them during the chase. When the moccasins are about half destroyed, they are taken still burning out of the fire and distributed among the hunters, each one of whom secures a good supply of them, and then starts off according to the directions he has received from the chief.

The meaning of this custom is illustrative of Indian sagacity and keenness of perception. The object of the hunt is to drive the deer in from their fastnesses to the valley or open prairie, but the number of men not being sufficient to accomplish this purpose the burned moccasins are made to serve instead. The Indians dispersed along a piece of country of seven or eight miles in diameter, carefully observe all the deer trails, and then hang their moccasins upon trees or sticks along the hunting ground, particularly on the trails. These moccasins from long usage have become so thoroughly impregnated with the Indian smell, that they will be readily scented by the deer, which, being such timid creatures and so shy of man's presence, will be sure either to go back or at least to keep at a distance from the moccasins. After having, in this way, forced all the deer trails on one side of a diameter, they will drive the creatures in from the opposite directions, and they, with their animal instinct, will avoid deep snow and follow the trails towards the deer enclosure. Driving them slowly, in this manner, the hunters will finally form quickly in a circle and, rushing in from all sides at once, with their dogs will give general chase.

The Spokane Indians, some years ago, killed in one day, as many as eighty-four deer. This mode of shooting is somewhat dangerous, and not unfrequently considerable damage is done by friendly bullets.

The chase is governed by special laws of its own, although, in the end, all the hunters appear to have about an

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equal share of plunder whether they have shot it themselves or not.

During the summer these Indians leave the mountains, where they have been hunting all through the spring, and collect in a large prairie which extends along both sides of the Calispelem river, where a plant called *Camas* grows profusely and propagates itself, without cultivation. It produces a vegetable which, when raw, is, in shape and color, like a young onion. This prairie is surrounded on all sides by a very picturesque range of mountains, and the land is a fertile meadow of beautiful grass, although in my judgment, not adapted to cultivation because subject to yearly floods, caused by the overflow of the Pend Oreille river during the month of June. The whole tribe will assemble on this spot and put up their lodges on both sides of the river; the Spokane and the Szikaecelim will collect there too, to secure provisions for the coming winter, so that Catholics, Protestants and Pagans are all united in the search for food.

The Calispelem, when associated with pagans, will hardly stand the trial to which they are subjected in witnessing their old customs and the un-Christian behavior of the neighboring gamblers. So, while I was among them, I thought it expedient to allow horse racing, provided there was no betting. This was found to work very well indeed, as it removed what was evil from a pastime so indispensable to an Indian. But what was still better, as I found out by my own experience, was to induce Catholic Indians to have their own horse races as an amusement among themselves, that in this way they might be prevented from coming in contact with pagan gamblers and thus enjoy the pleasure in a harmless way.

Still, in such large gatherings there were always some few young men who could not resist the attraction of gambling; but this evil was finally avoided and good behavior secured by the following plan. I persuaded the chief of the Catholic tribe, when he went with his people to the fishery or to the camas prairie, to have them put up their tents apart from the others; then they would be able to continue saying their prayers daily, and the chief by his timely advice could preserve the good behavior of his people.

So, for instance, when the Calispelem go, during the summer, to gather their crop of camas, they locate themselves near the chapel, and the Catholic Sgoielpi encamp about a mile below them, while the Protestant Spokane and the Szikaegilini are together about four miles away. In this way, gambling was altogether prevented, and the labor of digging gave occupation to them all. Early in the morning, soon

after prayers, some men would go out with a couple of ploughs to turn the soil, and a little later hundreds of Indians might be seen picking up the camas very much as farmers do their potatoes. The entire tribe, men, women and children are engaged in this occupation, and the consequence is, that when night comes, they are tired out, and thus perfect peace and rest are secured. Racing was made the sport for a couple of hours on a Sunday afternoon, all joining merrily in it with all their hearts, nor was there any less enthusiasm manifested because there was no quarrelling. It surprised me very much to see how exact they all were to be home before sunset, and get ready to go to church for the evening service. Everything went on so peacefully and orderly that it was a real consolation for me.

The difference in conduct between the Catholics and pagans, or even Protestants, was so striking, that very frequently good men among the latter would ask my permission to put up their tents among the Catholics and remain with them while the season lasted. I never made any difficulty about this, provided they were willing to comply with three conditions: first, not to quarrel or talk about religion, nor to make any disturbance during the time of prayer; secondly, not to take any part in the gambling of their tribes; thirdly, to work, no one exempted, in digging camas, otherwise their bad example would be injurious to discipline. If they were willing to make these promises they were welcome to remain; if not, they were no loss.

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horse or steer; if the child be a girl she will be given a mare or a cow, and the gift is made in such a way that in future no one will dare to touch it. The parents themselves so respect it, that if as the child grows up, he does not dispose of it himself, they will never sell it or trade with it. In case of need, however, if the parents were unable to supply the child with food and clothing, they might dispose of it for his benefit, even while he was too young to know anything about it.

Such is the raw material to be transformed by those put in charge of these tribes; a class of people whose aim is unbounded freedom, polygamous in their habits, gamblers and thieves in their youth, licentious in morals, hating subjection, and unwilling to listen to counsel. Is it possible for such a race to become Christian, and to live up to the precepts of the gospel? As an answer to this question, I shall now proceed to describe the habits of a tribe, which has been Christianized without any material civilization, nomadic in habits, and living upon the very same social footing as the pagans about them. I will leave my readers to judge for themselves whether, even in the forest, Christian morality and virtue cannot be practised.

CHAPTER II.

A Picture of an Indian Tribe Converted but not yet Civilized.

The Calispelem tribe presents a true picture of uncivilized Indians in what concerns temporal life; they are however all Catholics. Imagine yourself my companion during my visit to them about the beginning of November, the time when they gather into winter quarters at *Esnickotin* Ferry. There you would find an Indian camp, composed of twenty-five or thirty lodges, located upon the lower ridge of a range of mountains, covered with woods, pine, tamarac and red fir abounding, often clothed with a thick undergrowth and well supplied with game. An Indian would tell you that the winter was not very severe there, the spot being well sheltered from storms, with an abundance of fuel all around to keep them comfortable during the dreary weather. In front of the camp runs the Pend Oreille river, which here so spreads itself and flows so slowly as to have rather the appearance of a small lake. On the east side of the river a little house gives shelter to a ferry-man, who, from early spring until late in the fall is kept busy transporting the pack-trains, which convey supplies to the miners in the Kootenai country.

Crossing by this ferry, or, if you prefer, in an Indian canoe, and reaching the west bank, we shall find ourselves among these poor people. The first sound which will greet your ear, will be the word of welcome, "gest sgalgalt" "good day," and then you will behold the Chief, Victor, the very picture of laziness and dirt, issue forth from his tent and cry aloud: *Zguivi Kuaialko Kolchiz*, "Come all; the black robe is among us." Hearing this all the inmates of the various wigwams will come out and slowly proceed to the chief's tent to shake hands with the priest. The women will bring their children, who are screaming with fright at the sight of a white man, and taking their little hands compel them to shake hands with me. Remember, that you are my companion, and do not be afraid if you see the Indians regarding you suspiciously, and if they walk around you, and standing at a certain distance, scan you from head to foot, now and then whispering a word among themselves. It might appear to you as though they wished to do you some harm, and yet they mean no ill will by such behavior; their natural diffidence, together with a certain awe inspired by the presence of a superior race, is what keeps them at a distance. Take courage, and approach them yourself; tell them that you would like to stay a little while with them, that you are interested in their welfare, and you will soon see that they will treat you with the same friendship they show me. The first introductions concluded, you might be curious to get a peep at the inside of their tents, but I give you a friendly warning that it is better to remain outside, for the filth, wretchedness and vermin to be found in there, are beyond description. Their poverty is something extraordinary; the little children have scarcely any clothing at all, and the men and women so little that it is pitiful to behold them. The perpetual blanket fastened at the waist, or a buffalo robe worn as a blanket, would give them a more decent appearance and make them more comfortable during such frosty weather.

With a view of learning something of their daily lives, suppose we pitch our tent for a short time and watch their proceedings. Early in the morning a blue smoke issuing from their tents betokens that their rest has ended, and before long you will hear the bell rung by the chief, calling them all to morning prayer. Then the "red skins" will be seen slowly coming forth from their smoky dwellings, and repairing, either to the chief's tent, or to the adjacent lodge, where they will say their prayers in common, after which they will sing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. This being over, the chief will address a few words to them, either re-

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proving them for misbehavior on some occasion or giving them timely advice. Going back to their tents they prepare their breakfast, of which they partake at about nine o'clock. They have all very good appetites, and if anyone has happened to be kept on short allowance the day before, this first meal is sure to make up for all that has been missed. After the meal is over, some few moments are spent in chatting and smoking pipes, after which the men generally get up in a hurry, fasten on their cartridge belts, and taking their rifles, start off hunting. If the season requires it, snow-shoes will be drawn out of their *parafleshes*, a kind of impervious wrapper, made of deer skin, and thus accoutred they set forth. A little later in the day you will hear the mother say to her eldest son, *Kukslaskagae* "go, look for the horses." The boy, without answering a word, gets up, takes his lariat and off he goes. In a short time he is back and several horses stand before the lodge. The same takes place in all the other lodges. Then the women come out, saddle the horses, and while many take axes and go for fuel, others remain at home sewing, washing, or tanning skins. You may also see some men starting for a trading post if it is good weather, and some going to visit friends in other tribes, however, the horses are driven to the lodges every morning for some purpose. After these departures the camp puts on quite a different appearance. The children, from eight to fourteen years of age, who have been left at home to keep the neighbors' dogs out of their own tents, that they may not steal the provisions their parents have laid in, will have their own sport, playing on the snow or shooting at objects with their arrows, or running about in games until their parents and sisters return from the woods. You will notice that the loads they bring back promise to last a couple of days and no longer. Often also, at about the same time, the men may be seen returning from their hunting expeditions, carrying perhaps dressed deer on their horses, or a canoe well laden with game will approach the river bank. The men leave their horses near the lodge or their canoes near the shore, as the case may be, go into the lodge, sit down, begin to smoke their pipes, and then say to their wives, "I have brought game." The wife and daughter then go out, unpack the game, bring it into the lodge, and by so doing make it their own property; they can sell it or trade it as they please. The fur however belongs to the man, although the woman has to tan and prepare it for market. After supper, which is taken early in the evening, the bell summoning to evening prayer is heard, and the people will either go to the chief's lodge, or say their prayers at home. Often

you will hear the chief from his lodge addressing his people, either upon some religious subject or in regard to fidelity to their own customs and traditions; then those in the other lodges will make their own remarks, and afterwards the evening is spent in conversation upon topics interesting only to themselves. Such is the plan of their ordinary life.

The great event of the winter with them, is a hunt, in which the entire tribe is engaged, the general direction of which belongs to the chief who designates the time for starting. They catch their horses and bring them in a few days beforehand, and on the day preceding their departure takes place the solemn ceremony of the burning of moccasins. All the old moccasins are collected and placed in a heap, which is then set on fire, while all standing around it say a prayer together that God may be propitious to them during the chase. When the moccasins are about half destroyed, they are taken still burning out of the fire and distributed among the hunters, each one of whom secures a good supply of them, and then starts off according to the directions he has received from the chief.

The meaning of this custom is illustrative of Indian sagacity and keenness of perception. The object of the hunt is to drive the deer in from their fastnesses to the valley or open prairie, but the number of men not being sufficient to accomplish this purpose the burned moccasins are made to serve instead. The Indians dispersed along a piece of country of seven or eight miles in diameter, carefully observe all the deer trails, and then hang their moccasins upon trees or sticks along the hunting ground, particularly on the trails. These moccasins from long usage have become so thoroughly impregnated with the Indian smell, that they will be readily scented by the deer, which, being such timid creatures and so shy of man's presence, will be sure either to go back or at least to keep at a distance from the moccasins. After having, in this way, forced all the deer trails on one side of a diameter, they will drive the creatures in from the opposite directions, and they, with their animal instinct, will avoid deep snow and follow the trails towards the deer enclosure. Driving them slowly, in this manner, the hunters will finally form quickly in a circle and, rushing in from all sides at once, with their dogs will give general chase.

The Spokane Indians, some years ago, killed in one day, as many as eighty-four deer. This mode of shooting is somewhat dangerous, and not unfrequently considerable damage is done by friendly bullets.

The chase is governed by special laws of its own, although, in the end, all the hunters appear to have about an

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During the summer these Indians leave the mountains, where they have been hunting all through the spring, and collect in a large prairie which extends along both sides of the Calispelem river, where a plant called *Camas* grows profusely and propagates itself, without cultivation. It produces a vegetable which, when raw, is, in shape and color, like a young onion. This prairie is surrounded on all sides by a very picturesque range of mountains, and the land is a fertile meadow of beautiful grass, although in my judgment, not adapted to cultivation because subject to yearly floods, caused by the overflow of the Pend Oreille river during the month of June. The whole tribe will assemble on this spot and put up their lodges on both sides of the river; the Spokane and the Szikaezelin will collect there too, to secure provisions for the coming winter, so that Catholics, Protestants and Pagans are all united in the search for food.

The Calispelem, when associated with pagans, will hardly stand the trial to which they are subjected in witnessing their old customs and the un-Christian behavior of the neighboring gamblers. So, while I was among them, I thought it expedient to allow horse racing, provided there was no betting. This was found to work very well indeed, as it removed what was evil from a pastime so indispensable to an Indian. But what was still better, as I found out by my own experience, was to induce Catholic Indians to have their own horse races as an amusement among themselves, that in this way they might be prevented from coming in contact with pagan gamblers and thus enjoy the pleasure in a harmless way.

Still, in such large gatherings there were always some few young men who could not resist the attraction of gambling; but this evil was finally avoided and good behavior secured by the following plan. I persuaded the chief of the Catholic tribe, when he went with his people to the fishery or to the camas prairie, to have them put up their tents apart from the others; then they would be able to continue saying their prayers daily, and the chief by his timely advice could preserve the good behavior of his people.

So, for instance, when the Calispelem go, during the summer, to gather their crop of camas, they locate themselves near the chapel, and the Catholic Sgoielpi encamp about a mile below them, while the Protestant Spokane and the Szikaegilini are together about four miles away. In this way, gambling was altogether prevented, and the labor of digging gave occupation to them all. Early in the morning, soon

after prayers, some men would go out with a couple of ploughs to turn the soil, and a little later hundreds of Indians might be seen picking up the camas very much as farmers do their potatoes. The entire tribe, men, women and children are engaged in this occupation, and the consequence is, that when night comes, they are tired out, and thus perfect peace and rest are secured. Racing was made the sport for a couple of hours on a Sunday afternoon, all joining merrily in it with all their hearts, nor was there any less enthusiasm manifested because there was no quarrelling. It surprised me very much to see how exact they all were to be home before sunset, and get ready to go to church for the evening service. Everything went on so peacefully and orderly that it was a real consolation for me.

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looking at me, exclaimed, "We are lost!" Without knowing how it could have happened, he had discovered an opening in the bottom of the boat and the water was coming in. "Take a short cut" said I, while dipping my handkerchief into the water and squeezing it over the side, I strove to bale the boat. He began to row as fast as he could, and in a few minutes we were in shallow water, when he worked a little slower and succeeded in reaching the shore, before the opening became large enough to be very dangerous. There we landed and made a little fire, and a supply of pitch, which the guide had with him, supplied us with a speedy remedy for the boat. Having thus repaired the canoe we travelled pleasantly for two hours longer and reached the place where my horse was waiting for me.

During this visit, the children were instructed twice a day in catechism, among whom was a boy noted for his regular attendance and good behavior. He knew that I was not feeling very well, because at that time my only food was a few camas and marshy water, and he had noticed that I was suffering from the effects of this diet. The next day he was missed from catechism, but in the evening, he returned bringing some fish, and said to me: "I saw you starving, and I have been out fishing the whole day; I caught only three fish; two of them are very bony and unfit for you, but please take this trout, it is not bony and it is nice eating." What a fine character was that small boy, brought up in the woods! What I admire in that tribe is their docility and respect, as well as the sincerity of their faith, which they have preserved constantly from the beginning. The spirit of charity has succeeded to the love of vengeance.

Wars among them used to be very frequent; it would seem that their chief glory consisted in scalping each other and in keeping up perpetual enmities among themselves. At present, among the Catholic tribes there are no more wars, and there never have been any since they first became Christians, when there were a few battles between Catholic and pagan tribes. The Flat-Heads had a fight with the Snake Indians and the Blackfeet; and the Pend Oreilles with the Blackfeet also, but only when the enemy came to surprise them on their own land. Except these there is no other case; on the contrary, at present they treat each other very kindly.

When tribes of Indians go to the Colville Mission for the Feast of *Corpus Christi* to celebrate the solemnity in that church, they are received with great attention. The Calispelem, for instance, and also the Okinagans, send a message

one day ahead, stating that at such an hour they will be at the church; the chief then notifies the tribe to be in readiness to receive their friends, and at the appointed hour they all proceed to the church. As soon as the Calispelians come in sight, they fire a salute, which is answered from the plateau in front of the church, and as they advance on horseback towards the mission the firing is continued. The Colville Indians coming out of the church, and bearing their flag, proceed in a double row to meet their guests. At about three hundred yards from the foot of the hill, the visitors dismount, and having fastened their horses to the fences around the mission fields, they advance in a double row, with their chief at their head to meet the other tribe. Nearing them, they fall into one line which passes the line of the Colville Indians, as it moves towards the church, so that each one shakes hands with the whole tribe in a very short time. They then go into the church, where they receive some good advice concerning their duty, and what should be their behavior on such an occasion, so as to preserve this friendly intercourse among them.

Such is the change produced by religion, even in its very infancy, upon these wild Indians; their conduct is such as to make other Indians wonder at seeing such mutual charity existing and practised among Catholics and finally induces many pagans to join them. It seems to me that if religion produced no other effect than this, it would be in itself a great deal, considering the untamed nature of those poor savages.

But how can the priest effect such a change in their feelings and habits, and be able to maintain a Christian spirit among them? The undertaking is an arduous one, I grant, and the sacrifices made by the missionary are quite exceptional.

To present some idea of what he must undergo, in order to visit, instruct, and train these wild creatures in the faith of Christ, I will give an account of one of the journeys which, while I was in charge of the Colville Mission, I was in the habit of making twice a year, among those farthest removed from the influence of the mission.

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CHAPTER III.

Tour of a Missionary.

People, who form their opinion of missionary journeys from books written for pastime or from newspaper anecdotes, have very little knowledge of the real state of things and small appreciation of their trials and hardships. It is very romantic, one may say, to pass the summer travelling along magnificent rivers of transparent water, sheltered by thick woods from the scorching rays of the sun, and refreshed by the bracing breezes that sweep down from the Rocky Mountains. Apart from the busy hum of towns, and with no care to disturb the heart, it must be pleasant for a man to spend his life among the picturesque spots of nature. Many may have such ideas and may look upon the life of the missionary as one of ease, rather than of self-sacrifice and self-denial. But, in reality, although to some it may appear poetic and romantic, it is to the last degree prosaic and full of trials and privations for those who embrace it. A missionary does not travel for a few weeks, or months, but during the entire year; not in favored spots, but all about the country; not for pleasure's sake, but in the discharge of stern duty; not provided with every comfort,

but often destitute of even the necessities of life. I have had experience of this kind of life for about ten years, and I know that it is not only hard, but about the hardest life that can be imagined. Permit me here to relate a winter's excursion which I made from Colville Mission to the mouth of the Okinagan, from there to Lake Sooyons and thence back to Colville, that you may judge for yourself, kind reader, how poetic and pleasant is the daily life of a missionary among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains.

Colville Mission is situated upon an elevated table-land in Washington Territory, about four miles from Kettle Falls. Its church, ninety-five feet long and sixty wide, stands on the top of a hill commanding the narrow flat irrigated by the Colville River. At the foot of this hill begins an Indian Settlement which extends along the Columbia River for several miles. I left this mission December 2, 1879, for my winter trip among the Indians. It is rather a long journey, requiring from three and a half to four months, and the roads are somewhat dangerous; therefore, it was necessary for me to secure a good, faithful Indian guide, whose services would be all the more useful to me, because I had barely recovered strength after a long attack of mountain fever during the autumn. I called upon a pious Indian, by the name of Edward, and asked him whether he would accompany me on my winter trip. "Those poor creatures," said I, "hardly ever see a priest, so that they have no chance to go to confession nor to be instructed; we ought to take pity on them and give them, this year, an opportunity of going to their duties. Now, my good man, you can help them if you go with me on this expedition." He rather hesitated saying that the journey was a long one; "but," said he, "let me go and see if my wife has provisions for the winter; if she is willing, I will go with you." After three days he returned to tell me that he had arranged everything and was ready to start. Then I got together my provisions, consisting of a sack of flour, a few pounds of bacon, some tobacco to pay the ferry on the Columbia River; also a buffalo robe and two blankets for bedding and a case containing everything requisite for saying Mass. We started, as I have said, on December 2. I took the lead wherever there were Indian Settlements; because, according to Indian customs, the guide should follow and not go ahead; and my Indian would have been reprov'd by the others had he been seen in front of me, so he drove the pack-horse. The snow was not more than six inches deep on the little flat adjoining the mission hill, and, after travelling a mile and a half, we entered the woods, which are densely supplied,

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mostly with pine and red fir, which would furnish an immense amount of lumber for building purposes. When we had travelled something like six miles, I saw an Indian coming along, who, taking off his hat, went to speak to the guide, whom, by this time, I had sent on ahead. He said to Edward; "Tell the father to come to my house to-night, I would be glad to see him." Edward brought the message to me. I inquired why he did not come and speak to me himself. Then Edward told me; "He is too much ashamed of himself, because, last summer, when he had been drinking, he wounded one of his friends in a fight. After getting sober he despaired of recovering his good name among the Indians, but he was so sorry for what he had done, that he went to see his friend and gave him fifty dollars, with a good horse and sleigh, by way of satisfaction. For over three months afterwards, he was still ashamed to show himself in public. So, father, do go and see him; you may do him some good." "Well," I answered, "ride up to his house, I will see if I can do anything with him." At sunset I reached the door of the Indian's hut, and he received me very kindly. After remaining for some time in silence, he began: "Father, I was very bad last summer, while I was working with the whites. I had several chances to drink and I did so with some other Indians, disregarding your advice and your reproof. We became intoxicated, and not knowing what we were about, we had a fight. This ended with my cutting one of my friends badly with a knife. I am very bad, father, and I do not know what to do. My friend has forgiven me the injury I did to him and I have given him what satisfaction I could, yet I feel so bad that I have no courage to do anything even for the support of my family." "Poor man," said I, "I feel very sorry for you, but you must learn hereafter to listen to the priest. You know very well that if you had minded me and kept away from the town, you would not have brought yourself to this misery from which arises such fearful remorse of conscience. Make your peace now with God; go to the church and listen to the instructions which the father there is giving the people, and then on the feast of the Immaculate Conception you can go to confession. After that, arrange matters with the chief, for a permanent peace between you and the family of the wounded man, and begin to live again in an upright manner as you were doing last summer. God will have mercy on you if you are sincerely sorry for the wrong you have done and are earnest about amending your ways." He answered, "I must do so," and I learned on my return that he had followed my advice. The next morning seeing that

my riding horse was lame he came to me saying: "Father, that horse cannot carry you through such a journey; let me lend you mine." So he went out, caught and saddled it for me, and with a feeling of gratitude for my short visit to his family he bade me good-bye.

I then travelled along the Columbia River, making about twenty miles that day. I invited all the people, as I went along the road, to come to the church the next morning, as I intended to say Mass in a little chapel which had been built in the year 1878 by a chief of a little tribe of Sem-puelsh. I reached there towards evening and the chief meeting me said: "Good evening, father, it is quite cold; come into my house. I will keep you warm." I readily accepted this invitation and passed the night there. After supper, while giving me some information with regard to his people, he told me: "Father, you know the Indian L. P.; well, since last autumn he has been gambling and he has collected gamblers even from the Spokane Indians, in spite of you." "Why so?" said I. "You know," he replied, "that L. P. some time ago became dissatisfied with his wife and accused her of a crime to the chief of the Sgoielpi last summer. We had our court, and found her innocent; yet he insisted that we should have punished her. From inquiries made we found out that he had been anxious for us to condemn her, because this would have made her appear as guilty before the people and thus have furnished him with a pretext for killing her. So the chief went to see you and you said that it was not lawful to punish an innocent woman. This made him angry against you and in his wrath he swore to kill you. So I warn you, father, not to go down where L. P. is, because he is so exasperated at not having succeeded in his plans that he may kill you." I told him that I was astonished to hear all this and that on the morrow, after church, I would see what I should do. I had service the next morning, gave an instruction and administered about thirty communions. Then, after taking a light repast, I called a man by the name of Timothy and I said to him; "Let us go to see L. P. and his gamblers." I saddled my horse and went three miles down the Columbia River with Timothy. When we had come to within about thirty yards of the gambling lodge I asked Timothy to go and call them out, and tell them all that I wished to see them. After a while, he came out and told me that they did not want to see me. I bade him go back again and tell them that I was waiting in L. P's house to see them all. At last they came; there were about fourteen or fifteen of them, sitting on the floor, and they surrounded me, with L. P. just

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in front of me. Standing in their midst and addressing L. P. I said: "Now here I am, alone, without arms, surrounded by your men; get up, take your bow or your revolver, and shoot me." For a moment there was silence, then he got up and said: "Yes, that was my wish and I had sworn to kill you, but now my mind is different." "Then," said I, "the injury you would have done to me by killing me would have been great, but yet not so great as the offence you have already given the Sacred Heart of Jesus by your criminal behavior and threats of killing me; your words have been so many arrows wounding the Divine Heart, and your continued anger has been the cause of its bleeding. You all here are enemies of Jesus, because you have transgressed His law by gambling and drinking, and much more by threatening His Minister in my person. He has been merciful to you, but you have been ungrateful to Him. Now, the road lies before you; whosoever wishes to follow Jesus Christ, let him come with me to the church, and do penance for his sins, and whoever wishes to follow the devil, let him go with that chief L. P." I went out, mounted my horse and took my way slowly back to the church, but I could see that all the men, women and children were following me. I went into the church, and after saying some prayers, preached quite a long time and with a good deal of strength, and then I told them that they were to walk their three miles every morning and evening for five days, that they might hear God's word explained. I gave them a little mission, which was more fruitful than I anticipated. During those days they had several meetings with the chief, a man of faith and of experience, who helped considerably to restore the good order and morality of that infant tribe. The mission induced about fifty to go to confession and communion; all but L. P. showed signs of repentance, and good order prevailed in that locality for some time. After that, L. P. found himself left alone and consequently he began to stop gambling and drinking and to behave better.

This mission caused me a delay of about six days, so that I had to hurry on to visit the other tribes. We travelled about thirty miles the next day, reaching the mouth of the Spokane River, where a few lodges of Protestant Indians were set up. I found there a man named *Gulguizulem*, "The Living Bull," with two lodges of relatives. They perceived at once that I was a priest, and, although I wanted to talk with them, I found them very sullen. I then asked them if they would not help me across the Spokane River Ferry, but none of them wanted to do it. I offered to pay a squaw for the use of her canoe, but she only looked at me indignantly

and answered, "Never!" I then walked away telling my guide to go and speak to them while I offered a silent prayer to God that He would touch their hearts and make them treat their fellow Christians, at least, humanely. After a few minutes Edward returned saying: "It is no use; they hate you and would not ferry you across for any amount of money." "Well," said I, "let us cheer up, God will help us." Then I made one more effort, saying to the squaw: "I will pay you in money, if you will let me have the use of your canoe." "Never," said she, "the priest is our deadly foe, never!" While I was debating what in the world we should do, happening to look around we saw an Indian chasing horses. Approaching him, we discovered him to be one of those poor people of the Nezami, the elder brother of L. P. We called him and asked him to help us to cross the river. "Yes," said he, "let us go a couple of miles down stream and we shall find a canoe there belonging to one of my relatives, we can cross there and swim the horses." We followed this suggestion and so got across that same night. Next day, we started again, and, after a few miles, we found a little camp of Indians, five lodges in all, of the Sempuelsh tribe. Here again trouble awaited us. A woman of that tribe had married a white man, who kept a little store, and professed to be what the pagans call a dreamer. I went into the house to buy a kettle to boil my flour, because the one I brought with me from the mission had begun to leak. As soon as this woman saw me she became like one in a fury. "Why have you come here among us? To convert us, I suppose! You are always preaching against our dreaming, but your own religion is worse than ours. I know how to read; I have been to Portland, and I know that you priests are thieves! Where do you get your coat, your pants, your clothing?" and so she carried on in such an insulting way that it required Job's patience to listen to her. I kept cool and let her talk until her breath gave out; then, said I; "Did you ever know me to ask anything from you? or from any Indian that you know? If I go around, it is only for God's sake and to help those who wish to become good and upright; those, however, who prefer to remain pagans and dreamers are never molested by me." This answer seemed to exasperate her and she began again worse than before; so much so that her children interfered and endeavored to quiet her down. But now, my Indian, having lost his patience said: "Shut your mouth; I am just tired of this." Seeing that the adventure might end badly, owing to my guide's growing too excited: "Come," said I, "let us push on a little further" So we started and made

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several miles more, satisfied that on the two preceding days, if there had been no gain of souls, there had been at least some trials patiently endured. We next camped at White Stone, where the snow was about fourteen inches deep. While preparing our evening meal, we laughed over the crazy fit of that learned Sempuelsh woman, until Edward cried out "all is ready," and we sat down on the soft snow to take our supper. By the way, perhaps you would like to know what my fare was! It was very wholesome. First we melted some snow in our kettle and then poured into it a couple of handfuls of flour; this we stirred quickly and when it had boiled and thickened a little, we poured the contents into two tin dishes, and cheerfully swallowed it. We acquired such proficiency in this manner of cooking, that after the snow had melted, it took but a few minutes to prepare our meal. The same bill of fare served for breakfast, dinner and supper. Boiling the melted snow destroyed all the impurities, but the odor was very disagreeable. Besides this, we had a little tea nearly every day, and we thought it a feast when we could get a little dried venison or fish. However, in summer we change our food, as the Indians do, and eat their roots with them, especially their camas, which are nourishing and not bad when fresh. Once, while among the Calispelem, I had nothing else but camas to live upon, with some bad water scarcely fit for human beings. At that time I was preaching to them four times a day, and this work, upon such fare, impaired my health. I became quite ill, and the Indians thinking I was going to die, went to Colville Mission to ask for a father. One came with some provisions, so I got better. Still my case was not so bad as what happened to Fr. Joset among the Cœur d'Alene. Whilst on one of his journeys, as he told me himself, he was so destitute of food that he lived for about two weeks on the moss which grows on black pine trees.

But this is a digression; to return to my story. We put up our tent and endeavored to make it as comfortable as possible. We removed the snow from a spot in the centre, to make a place to build a fire; then taking some pieces of bark, we spread them over the snow to keep the moisture away from our feet and bed, and lastly having spread our buffalo robes and a pair or two of blankets, our night's shelter was prepared. Early the next morning, soon after prayer, we made ready to cross, by the short Indian trail, the prairie which is called the "Grand Cully Country," or sometimes, the "Big Bend of the Columbia." The land is good, and bunch-grass grows all over it; still there is lack of water for such an immense district, and lack of woods, so that travel

is dangerous there in both winter and summer. You must know all about the few willow-springs and the few willow-thickets to be found in it, or else you will be liable to suffer from thirst in summer, or to be frozen during the winter. This land is now beginning to be settled very rapidly, its great fertility being an attraction for emigrants notwithstanding the difficulties to be overcome. From the place where we then were, it was necessary to travel at least forty-five miles, before reaching any of those willow-thickets, even going by the shortest trail. We started and went along briskly for about three hours, but, at half-past nine or ten o'clock, a snow-storm, which had been threatening since the evening before, came down so heavily, that the woods behind us, as well as the mountains on our right, were soon lost to view. After a while the beaten trail began to disappear, so that, being unable to follow it, our horses were plunging in the deep snow and could hardly make any headway against it. Consulting with the guide, I said; "What are we to do now? There is no fuel here; it is very stormy; we cannot camp for no tent can stand the blowing of the wind across this open prairie; we have lost the road and cannot hope to find any landmark in this blinding snow." "Well, really," he replied, "I do not know what to say; the river must be on our right though." Stopping for a moment, and looking around, imagining that I saw something, I said, "There is a wagon coming, how is that?" Looking sharply my guide answered: "there is no wagon at all to be seen." It proved to be that some deer running before the storm had scented us and disappeared behind a hill, leaving a trail which helped us greatly. We stopped for about half an hour until the storm had somewhat abated, so that we could get a glimpse of the mountains of the Columbia. Taking that direction, and going down hill, it became clear enough for us to observe a tree about three quarters of a mile distant, approaching which we found some fallen timber and encamped there, at about three o'clock P. M. Towards evening, when the sky cleared up a little, we found ourselves beside the Columbia at about four miles from its banks, just in front of the mouth of the Sempuelsh River. "Now here we are, among our enemies again," said I to Edward. He answered: "I will go down and see the camp of Kolaskan and ask them to take us across the Columbia." "Well," said I, "if you succeed in that you will be a great man." He went and came back about dark, telling me that all his efforts had been fruitless. "Kolaskan," said I, "is a poor wretch who has greatly deceived his own people. He is a dreamer who sometimes shuts himself up

in his tent and allows no one to see him. Then he comes out and tells his people that he has had a revelation from heaven during his seclusion." The revelation he had a few years ago was this: There will be a great flood over the whole earth; all human beings shall be destroyed; but the Sempuelsh Indians shall be saved, if they do what I command them. Then he told them to set to work and build a large boat in which they were to take refuge as soon as the flood began, which would be in the course of eight years from the time of his revelation. The people began to saw lumber with the whip-saw and had prepared about three thousand feet of it for the building of such a boat. He endeavored to persuade some Catholics to do the same; they informed me and I spoke several times to the people to caution them against such nonsense. Then he began to preach against the priest and the Catholic religion, and has excited his own people so much, that at present it is impossible to do anything with that tribe, nor is it safe for a priest to go among them. When Fr. Vanzina went to visit them, Kolas-kan, crippled as he was, took a knife and tried to strike him, while he was preaching, seeing which Fr. Vanzina jumped on his horse and rode off. "So," said I to my guide, "if that learned woman, the faithful servant of such a man, abused us so furiously at White Stone, what will he do to us himself? It will be better for us to go on to other pagans, who may be willing to hear the word of God, than to lose our time here." So the next day we travelled along the Columbia, and after two more days' journey reached camp Okinagan. There I found the commanding officer so kind to me that I began to forget all past hardships. He invited me to stay a while with him, but I was obliged to decline his pressing invitation in order that the faithful discharge of my duty towards the Indians may not have given him any annoyance. I saw at about a quarter of a mile from the camp two lodges of pagans of Moses's tribe. I went to see them and to manifest the object of my visit. I assembled some of the people in a tent, where I began to explain the Apostles' Creed, telling them that it contained the whole of our faith. While looking around upon the assembly during my speech, I noticed a little girl so seriously ill, that she seemed to have but a short time to live and I was very anxious to give her the life of grace through the saving waters of Baptism. However, I concealed my desire for the time being. Her father, whose name was "Little Wolf," told me that he could not be the first to become a Christian and was very desirous that I should speak with their chief; "for" said he, "if you can convert him, you may be able to do

something with the rest of us." I thought such an answer friendly enough and took leave of him, saying: "to-morrow I will see you again." The next day I visited him twice and pressed him to allow me to baptize the little girl; "her soul will become as white as snow," I added, "and if she dies, will enjoy eternal happiness." He told me that as yet he could not permit me to do such a thing, because, as there were then no Christians at all in the tribe, Moses would be angry with him if he were to be the first to let a priest baptize children." Finding that I could do nothing, I left, saying: "I will send for Moses and see what I can do with him." The next day I saw that the little girl was worse so I suggested going for the doctor of the garrison and speaking to him about her. To this the father agreed and seeing that I took so much interest in the sick child said to me: "When she is going to die, I will send for you and then you may baptize her, if you please." Finally, on Christmas eve, the father said to me: "I give her to you." This expression meant a great deal in the case of Baptism, for it signified that, not only would he permit me to baptize the child, but that he himself would not interfere with her Catholic education, and would do his best to see that she observed whatever her religion might require of her. So, I called in my good Edward to be her godfather, and with as much solemnity as possible I baptized her. Six days later, the father sent a messenger to the mouth of the Okinagan, telling me that Mary was dead. Poor little creature! how much happier she is now than she would have been in her poor home! And how consoling the thought that the first flower of the Sinkaensi has been safely transplanted to a garden where it will never fade!

Meanwhile the winter took a very bad turn. Wind-storms raged all over the mountains and through the valleys, uprooting the most gigantic trees; and frequent and heavy snows covered the ground, while the thermometer for two weeks had been ranging from 18° to 29° below zero. This extreme cold caused great destruction among the cattle and horses, and the rivers Smilgami and Okinagan were frozen over. Even the swift Columbia was frozen, with the exception of about fifteen or twenty feet in the channel. This sudden change caused a return of my fever and there I was prostrate upon the snowy bank of the Columbia. About the 27th or 28th of December, it being a bright day and the thermometer indicating only 10° below zero, I said to my guide: "I am feeling somewhat better to-day and think that we had better hurry on. It is impossible to cross the river here, so we must go further down and ask help from the

Indians ; most of my work is on the other side of the river." We set out and travelled six miles when kind Providence directed us to go to a place on the Columbia where five men were at work hauling fuel for the soldiers. The cold was so intense, that they were forced to work to keep themselves warm ; and though their huts were mostly under ground, they kept a large fire constantly burning to avoid being frozen to death. I requested them to be kind enough to help me to cross. They said that it was impossible as there was no place to land on the other side. "Well," said I, "let us try it at all events. To-morrow being Sunday, you will be free to do this great act of charity ; for God's sake, help me to cross. The salvation of many souls depends upon this act of kindness on your part, and you may be assured that God will not fail to reward you for it, upon your death-bed." Touched by my earnest entreaties, they all volunteered to assist me. The next day it was not so cold when they set to work ; they had a large scow for hauling timber ; and after cutting away all the ice around it and opening a channel in the middle of the river, they went down the bank to see if they could recognize a fit landing-place on the other side. A mile below, they discovered upon the opposite side a large bay with ice-banks, and they thought that if they could only get into that bay with their scow, it would be easy to land the horses. As it was somewhat late in the afternoon when they returned, they were afraid to venture out again into the icy current in the darkness, so they decided to wait over night. The next morning, the ice, newly formed in the open channel, was hardly a quarter of an inch thick, so it was quickly broken, and taking my four horses, they put out into the stream. As soon as they were in the current, they were carried down rapidly and after working hard succeeded in entering the bay. One of the men jumped upon the ice and secured the boat with a cable to the bank. They then opened a new channel for a few yards, until they found the ice solid enough to bear the horses, and thus easily transferred them to the other side. But, coming back, the four rowers, and two men with a rope, had very hard work to pull the scow up against the strong current and a worse time still in getting back to the landing to take me across in turn. I was glad enough to get into that scow, but to take me across was no easy matter ; however, by about noon it was all accomplished. How kind these men were to me ! My guide remarked that but for their charitable assistance, we should have been drowned in crossing, for the floating ice would inevitably have upset any of the Indian canoes.

We packed our horses at once and proceeded on our journey. Old black Jim, going over the steep bank of the river, missed his footing and tumbled down so clumsily that he slid upon the ice of the river for five or six yards, but the snow and the pack protected him sufficiently, so that with our help he got up again and went on unhurt. We travelled about six miles, the weather becoming very cold again, when towards the close of the afternoon we reached "Fort Okinagan," where the Hudson Bay Company used to keep a trading post. There I found a camp of wild Indians, about five hundred in number, of the Sinkaensi, Tecoratem and a portion of the Mitgawi tribes. They were indeed the real Indians of old. Here I saw that spirit-dance of which I have already given a description. The next day I rang the bell for church, but nobody came; they were all too tired. I then sent my guide to call them to my lodge. There were about ten Catholics who had assisted at the spirit-dance; these came to see me and then little by little some of the pagans came in and among them the chief himself, Nmosize, who seemed to have the intention of getting something out of me. When they were all there I began to speak to them. "Last night," said I, "was for the devil, let to-day be for God." Hardly had I said these words when Nmosize got up, furious, saying to me: "Go away from my land; you always come here to reprove us for our customs. Your Americans spent New-Year's day worse than we did. I saw them drunk and still drinking, quarrelling and fighting. You are worse than we are, and yet you come here and urge us to become Christians." I told him that those who spent New-Year's day, as he described, either were not Christians, or if they were, then they were not living up to their religious belief. Hence, even though their behavior were as bad as he represented it, no discredit was thereby thrown upon their religion. He interrupted me by saying: "Now give me your buffalo robe, it is very cold here." "No," said I, "for if I give it away I shall be frozen to death." "Do you answer the chief in that way?" "Yes," said I, "for I, too, am a chief. But now let me talk to the people. I came here for the purpose of teaching them the word of God and of giving them the opportunity of embracing the Christian religion." He then said: "I will not allow you to talk to them: nobody asked you to come here; we do not want your religion, we follow that of our forefathers. You heard our prayer last night, you saw our customs; these we learned from our fathers who were a noble and glorious people. If we follow their example, we shall be as they were. And you have come here to tell us that these customs are bad,

that we should give them up. You are an imposter." Then he added, to change the subject; "Now give me your buffalo robe and I will give you two horses." I replied: "I value my life more than the two horses you offer me; even were you to give me your whole herd of horses, I would not let the buffalo robe go." "Now," answered he, "I have caught you, I gave you the right name when I called you an imposter. You call yourself a father and you say that we are your children, I never saw a father refuse his children either clothing or food. I am freezing, and I asked you for a robe to cover myself, and you deny it to me. You are deceiving us; you are not our father, go away from our land." "Nmosize," said I, "you know better; you are making use of this pretext to excite the feelings of your people against me. You know very well that I am poor and that my only object in coming here is that you may embrace the Christian religion. Your people know this too, and if you were not present they would come to hear the instruction I am waiting to give them. Then, after having thought the matter over, some of them, perhaps many, would bring their children to be baptized and, in a short time, would make up their minds to become Christians themselves. You alone will be to blame that God's will is not manifested to them. Before long you will appear before God's judgment-seat to give an account of your wrong-doing, and I assure you that God will deal with you as you deserve. If you had not been here, there would have been no scandal last night and all these people would have listened to my words. I will go now because I have no time to lose in idle and unprofitable talk, but next summer I will go down the Cheilán where your people live and I will build a chapel among them." He said again: "Go away, and do not trouble me any longer," and so the meeting ended. I kept my word, however, and the next summer, I went to the Cheilán and built a chapel, while he was absent, where I had two baptisms and made many friends among the people. When he returned and saw what I had done, he became so enraged that he set fire to the chapel and destroy it.

At this time the chief of the Mitgawi Indians, Kolossas-kat, approached me saying: "These people are bad, they do not want the priest; come to see us, we are nearly all Catholics." I said: "very well, get ready, I will start with you." It was then the 4th of January, and I was about two hundred miles from the mission; my provisions were getting low, and my horses growing thin, and I was still about a hundred miles from the central object of my mission among the Catholic Indians. I soon started and travelled

about twelve miles north along the Okinagan River, and at dark I reached the small tribe of Kolossaskat. The Indians had seen me at some little distance and so came out of their lodges and were waiting to welcome me. Dismounting, I shook hands with every one of them; and they put up my tent, brought me fuel, and after half an hour I rang the bell for prayer. There were about seventy souls, all told; some of them had not seen a priest for two years and were very anxious that I should remain a week with them, but I could not, my time was too limited. I told them I would remain three days, spending the feast of the Epiphany with them. I preached to them four times a day and spent the rest of the time in private instruction. I was truly edified to see those wild creatures so earnest to do right. Although their chief was a man of no account, and a few pagans among them were rather immoral, still the general tendency of the tribe was very edifying. All day long, between my instructions, men and women filled my tent, to learn how to baptize children in danger of death, or when the Ember-days would fall, or when Lent would begin; or what kind of work should be avoided on Sunday, and what was allowed. They listened to my explanations with great eagerness and divided themselves into three different parties, each in its own way to mark those things either in the mind or on some sticks. Some had strings, made of deer skin; in one they made as many knots as the number of weeks to elapse before Lent began, and in the other the number of days. They were very anxious to learn their prayers and their catechism, and they knelt whilst learning their prayers. After having repeated them so many times with me, they would go home and spend all their time saying them over and over again, until they had learned them by heart. On the day of the Epiphany I baptized three boys, calling them by the respective names of the Three Magi; one of these was the son of a pagan. I said Mass and had about twenty-five communicants and they were all very sorry that I could remain among them only so short a time.

When I left they helped me to cross the Okinagan which was frozen, though insecure at some points on the other side. The road was bad on account of deep snow, still the Indian trail was sufficiently visible and we were able to advance that day twelve or fifteen miles north-west along the frozen river. The fever which had returned was troubling me greatly; the quinine I took seemed to do me no good, but only to affect my head very disagreeably. Some snow began to fall the next day, and in the evening we had such a great wind-storm that it was impossible to keep a fire in-

side our tent ; for the little time we had it we were in great danger of a conflagration. We travelled another day along the Okinagan, and then my trials began to be very severe. There was no fuel to be had but some willow-brush, in the midst of which we camped and to which we tied our tents ; there was no feed for the horses and the snow was deep. The guide said to me : " Father, the horses are giving out, I am afraid we may have trouble." Looking around, we spied on the other side of the river some wild rye sticking out above the snow and we drove our horses over there. I shall never forget that place ; the mountain on the east side of the river is rocky, perpendicular and almost bare, with a space of about twenty yards between its base and the shore. The river forks, and forms an island which is over-spread with very thick brush. To the north, there is a narrow passage between two immense rocks ; this is the spot where the Okinagan used to lie in wait to fall upon the white man and surprise him, as he peacefully passed through the country on his way to the gold regions. As soon as he was in that narrow passage, they would rush down upon him, rob him and kill him. These things happened many years ago when there had been trouble and war with the north-western tribes, which was put an end to by Colonel Wright. If what my guide told me be true, the Indian, who was chief at that time, put a stop to such lawlessness in a very summary manner. He knew of an Indian who had murdered a white man, and there also happened to be a white man around there who had murdered an Indian, so he took them both and hanged them, the Indian at the northern entrance to that gap and the white man at the southern. This proceeding spread all through that part of the country and put an end to such deeds. It was a gloomy spot, and in my feverish condition suggested the thought that this would probably be my last trip. In the evening, my Indian guide said to me : " Why did you ever leave the mission for such a horrible journey as this ; here we are in danger and our horses all giving out." " Do not be afraid," said I, " God is with us." During the night, more snow fell and as we were about to start the next morning the storm increased. I was so exhausted by fever and was so very dizzy that I could not mount my horse without great distress and the assistance of my guide, and then I found that I could not keep my seat in the saddle. Our animals refused to face the storm that was raging, and so we could not make any headway, but were doomed to spend another day in that sad spot. The following day, however, we started again ; the snow was so deep that often our horses were obliged to plough

through it chest-deep. After going on for about two miles, we came upon the trail made by a herd of cattle moving southward to avoid the storm, which was coming from the north. As they came from the quarter to which we were going, we thought that to retrace their footsteps would lead us in the right direction, but after going on for about two miles or more we discovered that we were wrong. We then turned and crossed the prairie, and after being in the saddle from half-past eight in the morning till after three in the afternoon, we had made but six miles headway owing to the difficulties which we had encountered. We were in a gulch, that is to say, a narrow strip of prairie, about an eighth of a mile in width, bordered on the west by the steep and rocky range of the Smilgami Mountains, and on the east by hills whose summits were sufficiently uncovered to allow the bunch-grass upon them to be seen. Here we stopped to camp. My horses were so exhausted that I gave them some flour, which they ate very eagerly. When I let them loose to graze, thinking they would not go far away. I was mistaken, for while we were putting up our tent and preparing our fuel, they, scenting a coming storm, set their faces southward, and how they disappeared is more than I can say. We had pitched our tent on level ground in the midst of a pine-grove, nor had we any thought that it might be a dangerous place. During the night we had another heavy fall of snow with a high wind, and in the morning all trails and all traces of the horses had disappeared. My guide went out to search for them and was gone the whole of that gloomy day; at night he came back crying. I was lying prostrate with the fever, seeing which he said to me: "Father, you are already a dead man; our horses have disappeared, leaving no trace behind; the cold is intense, our provisions are nearly gone and we are very far from the nearest Indian house." "Don't fear," said I, "God's will be done! He will help us." Then I began to talk to him and to prepare him for any event, and what he said to me in reply showed his piety and spirit of sacrifice. "I am ready to die; I thought of this when I started, and I am glad to give up my life for the sake of Christ and for the salvation of the Indians." He then began to prepare supper, thinking all the time what he had better do; but seeing no means of escape he kept repeating: "Poor priest! You must die!" After supper, quite late in the night, he awoke me, telling me that the next day I must chop wood all day long, and he would go out to reconnoitre the place, and try to find out which direction to take in order to reach the nearest Indians and to send them to my rescue; and on the follow-

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ing day he would start off for help to save himself and me. I told him that I would rather follow him than remain alone in that wilderness, but he said; "No, it is better for you to die here in peace than after a long struggle to be buried in the snow." The next morning, right after prayer, he went off and when he came back in the evening and looked at the little pile, which I had split with such labor and difficulty, he was surprised to find it so small. "I have enough here," said I. "Now tell me the result of your observations." "I think we are about thirty-five miles from François (one of the chiefs of the Okinagan), and it will take me three days to reach there. To-morrow morning I will set forth, and if God helps me not to miss my footing in the snow, I will see you again; if not, then you will never hear of me and I shall see you no more." He baked all the flour we had into three little cakes, upon which two people were to subsist for three or four days. Looking at the cakes, he began to cry, saying: "O, father! You will die! No fuel! No provisions! How can you live?" "God will take care of me," said I. "You must take two of the cakes for your provision, one is enough for me." Early the next morning he said to me: "My heart is all right now and I am ready to die; let me make my confession and start out; if God helps me, you shall see me again; if not, I am satisfied. pray for me!" I tried to conceal my emotion, but his words fell heavily upon my heart and my fever was increasing. After he had made his confession, we partook of a portion of the bread together with some tea. Then he took the axe and two blankets, and making all into a little bundle, fastened it on his shoulders with straps. Then he took a long slender rod to sound the snow in dangerous places, and kneeling down before me, asked my blessing, saying: "pray for me, father." Getting up he grasped my hand, saying: "I leave you alone, but if God helps me I will come back for you; otherwise we shall never hear of each other again, but my heart is good." I watched him until he disappeared from my sight, tears flowing freely from my eyes. Good, faithful Indian guide, who willingly ventured his own life to save mine!

Imagine for a moment what must have been my feelings, when first left to that unbroken solitude, afflicted as I was with that burning fever. However, summoning all my courage, I began to prepare myself for any event. The first night I passed alone was a sleepless one. Every time that I adverted to the roaring of the wild wind upon the moun-

tains and the constantly increasing depth of the snow, my heart sank at the thought of the fate that might befall my devoted guide. As for myself, being in a thick pine-grove I was sufficiently sheltered, nor had I any thought of what might be under the snow, but the idea of Edward's danger caused me great anxiety. The next day, towards evening the weather took a sudden change; the air grew warmer, so warm, in fact, that I perspired under my heavy covering of buffalo robe. The whole night the south wind, which is called *chinook*, melted a great deal of snow, so that on the third morning of my solitude I awoke to find my feet in water, and I discovered from the water running through my tent that I had encamped upon the bed of a creek. I got up in a hurry and taking my bedding, saddle and all the rest of my traps, went and hung them upon the small pine-trees to dry. Then, with very great effort, as I was so weakened by fever, I pulled down my tent and brought it over to the slope of the hill. I lost several articles in the water, among others my spectacles, so I was worse off than I was before. By working hard for several hours I was able to save some of the fuel and my bedding. I put up my tent the best way I could, and then quite exhausted I lay down upon the ground.

Meanwhile, my good guide with undaunted courage was facing the snow and the wind, and having found his direction, travelled upon the frozen bed of the Okinagan and in two days reached the house of François, one of the chiefs of the tribe. He told the people of the danger in which he had left me and urged them to lose no time in going to my rescue. Two men, asking information as to where I was to be found, started at once; but they missed the place and sought for me on the other side of the hill, about two miles from where I was. Seeing no traces of any human being, they came to the conclusion that the powerful wind had blown down my tent, and had buried me in a drift. As they were very much attached to me, they remained in that place for two days, removing the snow all around to see if they could find any trace of my person, but they did not succeed. Another Indian left the next morning for the Smilgami, about seventy miles from that place, to give the news to Father Pandosi, of the Oblates, and to tell him to be ready to come down for my burial, as every one said I certainly could not be alive. This news spread immediately among the Indians and produced a great sensation; they mourned over me and said to each other: "The father died for our sins."

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The chief, François, having heard my guide's story, said to his eldest son: "Look for the horses before daybreak; pick out five of the best of them, also the easiest and gentlest riding pony." Then to his wife; "bake bread now." So she baked three loaves in a Dutch oven. Then he prepared a quarter of a yearling, he had dressed that day, and made everything ready for an early start. He told Edward to be off the next morning as soon as they could get ready, and not to mind the horses; "drive fast enough to make the trip in one day; if they die, they will be sacrificed to save our father's life." Thus they came to my rescue.

Meanwhile, I was lying upon my buffalo robe with very little hope of being saved. Towards evening I imagined that I heard the voice of a human being, and starting immediately out of the lodge, I cried aloud so as to be heard at a distance; but no answer came back save the echo of the mountains and so I went back to rest again. After a while I thought I heard the trot of horses, and placing my ear to the ground I heard it more distinctly, and just as I was preparing to go out, I heard a voice calling me by name; "*Oh, Alexa!*" It was François with my faithful guide. As soon as they saw me looking so much better than they had expected, they greatly rejoiced, and as for me I could not help weeping for joy over such evidences of the charity of my spiritual children. They immediately began to arrange my tent in a more comfortable way and drew out the provisions they had brought to refresh me. I was surprised to see so much and asked; "why all this bread and meat?" François replied: "You have been starved for three days, and we want you to do as we do in such cases, and that is, to make up in one meal for all you have missed." I laughed at the idea, but still it showed their good feeling towards me. He then tied his horses to trees for fear of losing them, but they had nothing to eat that night. He said they were destined to die to save me, and they could not do it any better than in that way. After supper he related to me all that I have told above and early the next morning we left. The snow was deep only in places, but the horses were pushed on so fast that they scarcely had a chance to see where they were going. One of them fell down a little precipice and we had a great time to get him up, and one of his legs was so badly hurt that it bled all the time. By evening we reached François' house, and there I found about forty Indians, who had come from their farms around to see the success of the expedition. They were all sorry for my misfortunes, and all said that it was for their sins that I was

suffering. Poor people! they were very good considering the few opportunities they had, not seeing a priest more than three times a year. I recited prayers with them, and then gave a short instruction, telling them that the next Sunday they must all come to Mass at Michael's place. The next morning I said Mass in François' house, where about twelve persons received Holy Communion, and I passed the rest of the day there to recruit a little, going on the following morning to Michael's. This Indian had always been very good to me and had put up a very nice little room adjoining his own house, with a comfortable chimney for the use of the priest. As soon as I reached there, he set word to the Indians all around, and for a couple of days my house was filled with them, coming and going. Seeing my destitute condition, they brought me such quantities of provisions, flour, sugar, tea, meat and fruits, that when I started again I could not take half of the gifts away with me. My past hardships were now forgotten. I had church for two days, Saturday and Sunday; and I remained there about a week to help and instruct the Indians. I had about fifty Communions; and in order to spare me, as I was not very strong yet, they brought the sick people to my house for confession. These Indians are doing wonderfully well; they all live in good substantial houses, have good farms of their own and are well advanced in civilization. The kindness they showed on this occasion was truly wonderful.

These Catholic Indians are really very nice, indeed, in their ways. Nearly all of them are settled upon farms and raise wheat, oats and vegetables, not only for their own use, but also for market. They live in good, substantial houses, have cooking stoves and utensils; some of them are so far advanced in civilization as to be as well supplied in this respect as their white neighbors. One striking feature of their civilization is neatness, to which they pay great attention. I once accompanied an army officer, who was traveling on duty through that Reservation. He could scarcely credit what I told him regarding the civilization of these Indians, and when he saw it for himself he hardly believed his own eyes. "This house or that," he would say, "must belong to a white man?" "No sir," was my answer, "it belongs to such an Indian." He needed oats for his pack-train, and provisions for his escort, so he inquired whether there were any whites around from whom he could purchase supplies. I told him there were a couple of old settlers there, with their families, but I did not know whether they

could serve him, but I was sure that any of the Indians could supply him. He went to see the two families whom I mentioned but they could do nothing for him. When he came back in the evening, I said to him, "you can get what you want from any of the Indians along the road." He said: "well, to-morrow we will try it." The next day we reached an Indian house, and I suggested that we should try there, so I knocked at the door, but no answer came. I opened it and we went in. The officer was astonished to find everything so nice and clean and in such good order. "Father," said he, "you don't tell me that this is an Indian's house? This family surely must be full-blooded American." "Well," said I, "they are, no doubt, full-blooded Americans, but of the race which was here before the discovery of the continent." I went out to the field, where the Indians were at work, and called them; they came in, and supplied him with all the things he asked, and as much as he wanted. This seemed to make an impression upon the officer, and while we were at supper, he remarked to me: "Here we are in the Indian country; we find white men, who have been settled here for twenty-five or thirty years, that have not so much as a grain of oats nor a pound of butter to sell, whereas the Indians have enough not only for themselves, but to help the traveller." "Well," said I, "it appears that these Indians are just as capable, and more so, of civilization, as the class of whites so long settled among them." Such is the condition of these Catholic Indians called Okinagan; the difference in behavior and customs between them and the neighboring tribes of Snipkein (American head) and the northern tribe of Nespelem is very striking. These latter live almost altogether in lodges, and make little or no progress in tilling the soil or in earning a livelihood by farming. If we could have had means to establish a mission and school among the Okinagan, they would by this time hold a foremost rank among civilized Indians. What a pity that some generously disposed persons cannot be found to supply this need and thus enable the missionaries to go on with their work of Christianizing and civilizing such a large number!

My next journey extended farther north, across the boundary line above Lake Sooyons, to visit a small but noble tribe of which *Tekomtiken* is chief. Towards evening, I reached their little town, which is situated a few miles above the line. They have a nice little chapel and around it twenty-five or thirty dwellings. As soon as they saw me, they all came to welcome me and received me with much pleas-

ure and kindness. I learned from them how they spend their winters there, for the rest of the year they work on their farms. Father Pandosi, of the order of the Oblates, who lived not far away, came down from the Smilgami to see his own Indians, so we met and spent two weeks together. He was unable to say Mass for several days on account of having sprained his foot by a fall from his horse, so I had to preach daily to the Indians. The Okinagan from below the line also came to spend Sunday and we had some sixty or more communicants. From there I went back to Michael's house and then started off for the Smilgami, to keep my word to the chief *Zagzagpakein* "the bare or bald head." When I met him travelling along the Okinagan he said to me: "Black robe, do not fail to go to see my tribe; there are many Catholics there waiting for you, to go to confession. I am not one myself, nor are my three wives, but all my children are. I have a baby to be baptized, so go there by all means." So I went to a place on the western side of the Smilgami River about four miles from the 49th parallel. The mountains are very lofty and steep, and the southern slope generally bare or with very little vegetation. The country extending from there down along the western bank of the Okinagan is not generally very good soil for farming, compared with that of Washington Territory or Idaho, but it is one of the best stock-raising ranges that I ever saw. The ground is covered all the way through with bunch-grass; the powerful winds, which blow nearly every day during the winter season, keep the tops and the sides of the hills clear of snow, while the many gulleys, which run in every direction, afford good shelter for cattle during heavy storms. As many as twelve thousand head of cattle have been herded in this place at one time. The Smilgami Lake is about four miles from the Indian settlement, which I reached at about dark, and spent some time with Mr. Phelps, who had his headquarters there, so as to watch over his immense herds of cattle. While there, the son of one of the chiefs of the tribe came to call me, and to tell me that his father was dying and wanted to see me. The man's lodge being near, I did not take a horse, but went on foot. There was a creek to be crossed, about sixteen or eighteen feet wide, which was not frozen, but was flowing very rapidly, and seeing that a tree laid across, as I supposed, I ventured to go over on it. When part way over, I discovered, what I had not perceived in the darkness, that the tree reached only to the middle of the stream, and in trying to turn back, my foot slipped and I tumbled into the

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creek. I then found the current so strong, that I was in danger of being carried away by it, but fortunately, before being drawn under the tree, I managed to seize hold of it, and it was only after some time and with much difficulty that I succeeded at last in drawing myself out. I found by experience that a winter bath in that region was not so pleasant. While I was getting dry by the fire, the chief's son came again to ask me to hurry up and come to see his father. I told him that I did not care for a second bath, and that if he wanted me he must take me over. He agreed, but there being no other way to do it he was obliged to carry me on his back to the other side. When I entered the sick man's lodge, he got up and asked me to take his place. Then he addressed me in this way: "Black-robe, my soul is black and I am afraid of burning in hell; have pity on me and baptize me now, and make my soul as white as snow. All my children are Catholics; they say their prayers daily and have taught them to me. When I first heard the black-robe, I was struck by the holiness of the Christian religion, and I wished to embrace it, but it was too hard for me, as I had walked so far along the muddy road. Still the beauty and holiness of prayer was always before me, and I tried my best to become good and to be baptized. Then I began to keep Lent and to abstain on Fridays, and to say my prayers regularly. I went to see the priest about being baptized, but he required of me to promise to avoid all evil. I began to think that if I should make that promise and then fail in it afterwards, I should be unfaithful to God and a liar to Him, and this frightened me greatly. I came home, dismissed one of my wives and tried my best to be a good man, and for four years, now, I have not failed in anything grievously. Sometimes I tell the children a small lie, or talk loud (get mad) with the men; but that is all. So I think, now, that I am fit to become a Christian, and I beg you to baptize me." "Very well," said I, "if you are ready, to-morrow morning I will do so." The next morning, after I had baptized him and his wife, he said; "I am very glad now that the whole family belongs to Jesus Christ." In the afternoon he came to tell me that, although he was very glad in one half of his heart, he was wrong in the other half. The reason of this was that his daughter was dying, had already received the last sacraments, and he thought she could not live more than two or three days longer. "I wish," continued he, "that God would restore my daughter to health." I told him that the day of Baptism was a great day, and that, as God had bestowed such a

favor upon him as to make him his adopted child and heir of Heaven, perhaps, if he prayed very hard, He would give him the additional grace of his daughter's restoration to health. "Then," he said, "I will pray and you pray for me." He did so with great faith, and on the third day, as I was making my preparations for departure on the following day, he came to me saying: "My heart is all good now; my child is well; come to see her." I went and saw her playing with other children apparently in good health. This good man died some time after I had left the Okinagan country, to go back to the mission.

The time for my return to the mission was now approaching. Rock Creek Mountain, over which the 49th parallel passes, was covered with snow about five feet deep, but not hard enough to bear the weight of the horses. I was at a loss how to plan out my trip and so I had recourse to the Okinagan Indians. The chief told me that it would not be possible for me to cross there then and advised me to wait awhile. I told him that I must be back by the 18th of March and therefore hoped he would find some way for me to get over that mountain. He left me and after three days returned saying: "Get ready to-day, and to-morrow you are to start." At about noon, five Indian guides, each one provided with a tall gentle horse, a pair of snow-shoes in his hand, and a herd of about fifteen horses, not yet broken for riding, came to my door saying: "we are starting now and you will follow us to-morrow." So they left and made not quite four miles. When I went after them the next day, the snow was not yet so deep as to prevent me from riding, and I reached the party at about five miles from Michael's house, the place I left. Then I became aware what a tremendous effort those poor Indians were making. One led the way, walking on snow-shoes, and his gentle horse, seeing their prints, ventured to put his own foot there, and then began to plunge in the snow, which was deep enough to cover his body, often only his head appearing above it. The little band of horses followed slowly, and so they opened a trail in which I walked, it being altogether impossible for me to ride, as the trail was only the width of the body of a horse. The snow was so deep, that, for about three miles, I could not see above the wall of it on either side of me, and when from the roughness of the trail I lost my balance, it held me up and kept me from falling. The direction was hard to find, and consultations among my guides were frequent. The cold was so intense that, although walking and struggling to get along, we were obliged to set fire to sev-

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eral pitch trees to warm ourselves and be able to go on. By noon the worst was over; but we dared not stop for dinner, because unless we got through that day we should be exposed to the danger of losing our horses, which had gone without food the previous night. So by struggling the whole day, before sunset we came in sight of the mountains east of Rock Creek and just at dark arrived there. We refreshed our horses as best we could, but the anxiety about them in such cases is very great, since our lives depend upon their strength and good order. I visited that little tribe of Indians and then left for the mission arriving there just on the 18th of March.

From all this it will be seen that the conversion and civilization of the Indians is no small undertaking. The fruit of this journey appears very small; the Baptism of three adults and five children; 250 Communions and about 300 Confessions. The field is vast, the pagans are numerous, and often, in spite of all our efforts, we can see but a small portion of our Catholics in each journey, on account of the difficulties arising from the season and the state of the roads and streams. Yet our labors have had a sufficient result. We first started the mission of the Flat-heads, who all became Catholics. After they were settled, we opened the St. Ignatius Mission among the Pend Oreille and they, too, all became Catholics, taking in the small tribe of the Kotonie below the line, camping above and along the Flat-head Lake. From there we went among the Cœur d'Alene, and these, too, without exception, became an addition to the Church. Then the Calispelem were all gained to Christ, and from there the Colville Indians and Snaiseesti and Kettle River Indians embraced Christianity. The Colville Mission has been our advanced post for conquering the Sempuelsh and Okinagan Indians, and with no small progress, as the northern Okinagans and Smilgana have all been gained. The difficulty of their conversion suggested the idea of opening another mission at the furthest end of this family, admitting also the Jakima Indians to share the fruits of our labors. Yet, pagans are quite numerous between the Colville and Jakima Missions, with small hope in the near future of conquering their hearts to Jesus Christ. Besides these, we have some Catholics among the Spokane Indians, the Nez Percés and the Jakima, so that west of the Rocky Mountains we have been blessed by kind Providence. To the east the field of our labors was barren for many years; at present, God seems to have touched the minds and hearts of those wild beings and to have opened them to the influence

of his grace. The conversion of the Blackfeet, Assiniboin, and Crow Indians has far exceeded our expectations, notwithstanding all outside difficulties arising from the malice of interested parties. Two other missions among them are greatly needed, and two more missionaries stationed in their midst would find more than sufficient to keep them employed. Besides this, the west, too, needs a new mission in the Colville Reservation, as Catholics there have multiplied to such an extent as to require a resident priest and schools. Whoever knows anything about our missions, will see that my statements are really below the truth, still, I have said enough to show that our work is going on rather fairly under God's favor and providence.

A question, though, which the general reader may consider more important, is this. Admitting that missionaries have converted numbers of Indians; have they hitherto succeeded in civilizing any of them? The next chapter shall be the answer to this question, by giving an account of the tribe which has, at present, made the greatest advances in civilization.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE CŒUR D'ALENE. — A PICTURE OF THE TRIBE WHICH HAS NOW MADE THE GREATEST ADVANCES IN CIVILIZATION.

The Cœur d'Alene, whose progress in civilization I am about to describe, were formerly considered very wild Indians, and very difficult to be managed. The traders of the Hudson Bay Company called them Cœur d'Alene, or "pointed hearts," on account of their savage disposition and excitable nature. They did not dare attempt to live among these Indians, and no white man could go through their country unmolested. Their boast was that they had fought with all the neighboring tribes and conquered them. The missionaries had a hard time among them in the beginning, for the duplicity of their character presented great obstacles in the way of religion. At first they were tamed a little by the distribution of a large alms; by giving them dinners two or three times a year; by furnishing medicine for the sick and taking care of the aged and helpless. Having gained them over in this way, so that it became safe for the missionary to remain among them, he began to give them instruction in the Christian religion, and after a while a few were baptized. Religious principles repeated to them morning and evening began slowly to work their way, the fathers grew to be respected, and conversions were made.

In the year 1876, I was sent among them and when, towards the middle of August I reached the mission, I could see how much our missionaries had already obtained. They had collected the people upon a hillside, which comprised about a hundred acres, at the foot of which ran the Cœur d'Alene River, surrounding it by a graceful bend from east to west, and copiously supplied with mountain trout. To the south, east and north lay mountain ranges, some bare and rocky but most of them covered with thick and extensive woods; pine, tamarack, cedar, birch and red fir grew plentifully in that wild region, the home of the bear and the

wolf. To the eastward of the hill was a small patch of land, something like eighty or a hundred acres, where the soil was very rich and well adapted to cultivation, producing year after year an abundant crop of timothy and some grain, and to the north of the hill extended a piece of land which also contained some good soil. The climate generally was not extremely cold, although in winter the snow was quite deep and remained upon the ground from the end of November until the end of March or the beginning of April. The prairie along the river was under water to a considerable extent during the entire spring, and often in summer was swampy in places, and could not be cultivated, although the soil was very fertile and productive, and, in its natural condition, yielded an abundant crop of timothy; while in the autumn it became the home of the deer. Such was the spot upon which God's providence had selected to bestow a knowledge of the Christian religion and with it, the rudiments of civilization upon those poor creatures.

The first step, and also the most difficult one, but which proved to be the source of all their future advancement, was to induce them to abandon their roving habits, and to accomplish this, there was no real and efficacious means save religion. It was, therefore, deemed necessary to build a large church in a place where the Indians could put up their log-houses around it and at the same time find in the neighborhood a supply of game and fish, so that they should not give as a pretext for roving about, the need of providing themselves with the means of living. And so, gently but surely they were influenced to adopt a more civilized manner of life. A church capable of containing five hundred people was built in a very pretty locality in the centre of a narrow level spot crowning the hill. The Indians were allowed to assist in building it as a reward of good moral conduct and were prevented from doing so as a punishment of any misdeeds. Their co-operation increased their interest, and after the church was finished, by the advice of the missionaries and under their direction they built some houses for themselves, about twenty in number, forming a nice square in front of the church. All this was a great step forward, but the next thing was to get them to live in these houses; religious duties and instruction were the very means to secure this end. They were exhorted to be present at instructions twice a day, the children also were requested to attend catechism daily, and every effort was made by the missionaries that all should attend faithfully on these occasions. These repeated services kept them constantly around the church and consequently at home. Such was their fer-

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vor that they would not absent themselves without permission both of the chief and of the priest. So, when they were going hunting, they would leave their wives and children at home for continued instruction while they were gone, and, for the same reason, they would seldom absent themselves for more than a few weeks at a time. These methods, followed for several years, had gradually accustomed them without their perceiving it, to live under a roof, to remain in one place for the greater part of the year, and taught them to begin to appreciate the comforts of home. There was one thing more for them to give up, and that was going off in the winter to hunt buffalo with the Blackfeet Indians. Every year quite a number of the young men had the hunting fever and must go after buffalo, which was endangering the plan of civilization. I took up the subject in a religious point of view, exposing the immoralities of which they were guilty while passing the winter among the Blackfeet, the danger of dying without confession and the reception of the last sacraments, as well as the loss which their souls incurred by remaining half a year without the help of religion. This made a great impression upon them, and the chiefs came to me saying that the whole tribe had already determined that the year 1876 should be the last in which they would join a buffalo hunt.

The success of their first efforts had so greatly encouraged our fathers that they frequently consulted together as to what more was to be done in order to bring these Indians into complete civilization. The people, generally, were made to work now and then for a few hours at a time or to do a short day's labor, and this was considered as a part of their duty of helping the church, although at the same time they were liberally rewarded for it with vegetables, flour, potatoes and meat. For heavier work blankets, plows, harness or work-horses were given to them according to the condition of the persons and the hope they gave of using farming implements. Young men, under pretext of teaching them to read and write, were taken into a house called a college where they were mainly employed in manual labor, such as would fit them to manage a farm of their own at some future day. In this way, progress, if slow, was general, and so our missionaries had gone on for many years, chiefly directing their attention to these two points; to destroy the habit of roving, and to induce the whole tribe to labor, and this without any diminution in their numbers, but rather with a slow but constant increase of population.

Up to the year 1876 it had been deemed by many an impossibility to make the whole tribe take up land and settle

down as farmers, although others, well acquainted with them, were of a different opinion, provided that the thing could be properly managed. But the place they then occupied and where so much had already been accomplished, seemed now to be unsuitable for a permanent Indian settlement, partly because there was not land enough for each to have his own farm and become, in time, self-supporting, and partly because it was liable to be occupied by the whites at no very distant day. They, therefore, were in favor of transferring the whole tribe to a place about sixty miles below, called Nilgoalko. This was a beautiful and fertile prairie, lying partly within their own reservation and then stretching away miles and miles beyond it, to the north and west, while, on the south and east it was surrounded by ranges of mountains well supplied with timber, pine, tamarack and fir. This land was beautiful, well watered, very productive and covered with tall bunch-grass. It held the moisture well during the dry season and, as it was all a rolling country, it was not much affected by rainy weather. In this prairie, which was their own land, because a part of their reservation, all the different camps of the Cœur d'Alene, as well as people from the surrounding tribes, had been accustomed to assemble during the summer season to dig camos. They had built themselves a small, rather rough chapel for the temporary use of the missionary, who was in the habit of coming to pass a few weeks with them during the camos season. It was now proposed to make, around this spot, the chief and permanent settlement of the whole tribe. Many and grave difficulties were to be met with in carrying out this plan.

The Indians of this tribe were now located in camps scattered over a radius of fifty miles. The larger portion was settled over at the old mission, where about twenty-five families were living in good substantial houses, built by themselves under the direction of two chiefs. Another camp was located on the Snake River, about fifteen miles from the mission, and a third at Spokane Bridge, where from ten to twelve families were living under the direction of a chief. Besides these, there were many small camps dispersed all through the country. It was apparently a very difficult task to induce these Indians to leave their homes, which constituted almost their entire property, and the land of their homes, to go and live on a prairie where only very hard work would procure them the means of living. Most of them would naturally prefer to remain where they were, and the few who would be willing to move, would only render the tribe still more scattered, and therefore the management and government of the whole yet more complicated than it

already was. Moreover, the missionaries would have their work to begin over again, build a new church, a new residence, a school for girls, and another for boys; and all this without the least prospect of the means to undertake and carry on such a work. Their numbers, too, would be quite insufficient, since they would be obliged to reside in both places; the old mission, which could not be abandoned, and the new mission, where the spiritual welfare of the Indians would require their attention. So the plan of transferring the tribe to its present location, presented so many difficulties and dangers that many thought it more prudent to abandon the project altogether, than to run the risk of losing the fruit of so many years' labor.

However, the reasons which actuated the move were no less weighty, on the part of both missionaries and Indians. First, the present mission was situated in a very isolated place, most difficult of access. This, besides the inconvenience of communication with the outside world, made it a heavy burden to attend to sick calls, and to provide for the spiritual wants of the Indians. Again, it was too far from market, three months being required to make the round trip with loaded teams to Walla Walla, the nearest trading place, that the missionaries might be provided with the necessities of life. Two of the fathers and one brother were now far advanced in years and worn out by hard labor and might at any time require the assistance of a doctor, which it would be absolutely impossible to procure in case of need. So far as the Indians were concerned, it was not simply a question of improving their condition, but of preserving their very existence, because if this part of the country should come to be settled by the whites, the only chance for the Indian to subsist, would be in becoming self-supporting and living upon the fruits of his own labor. It is true that, at the time, the idea of the settlement of that part of the country did not seem very probable, and yet it actually took place within a few years, growing with astonishing rapidity and attracting the attention of many a new comer. Allow me to insert a few lines, written some time ago for the *Spokane Chronicle*: "Among the new towns called into existence and prominence by the discovery of gold mines in the mountains of northern Idaho, none has a brighter prospect before it for steady growth and permanent prosperity than Mission City. It lies almost under the shadow of the old mission church, built half a century ago, upon a level plateau overlooking the river. It is the natural entry port to the mines, and the head of present navigation, the old Mullan road from Fort Cœur d'Alene to Fort Missoula also

crosses the town, making it the centre of travel for all routes to the mines and the upper Cœur d'Alene country. Lots have been engaged and arrangements made for erecting a large two-story hotel. A saw mill will be erected at once and other branches of business follow as soon as the buildings can be put up. It is proverbial that the foresight of the Catholic fathers has invariably been correct, and the sites selected in those early days for their missions have almost in every instance proved to be the natural points at which commerce centres, and necessitates a commercial city to accommodate the business centering around the points chosen years ago by those who built better than they knew." We have been led into this digression to show that the subsequent course of events proved not only the wisdom but the necessity of this move.

It looked also probable, that the difficulties to be met with in moving would be overcome by proper management. One of the missionaries made several remarks on this subject. "As these Indians," he said, "are now so respectful and so religious, they probably would not be stubborn about remaining where they are, especially if they see the fathers moving and the church transferred. This seems the more likely, because a few of their influential men have gone away already for the very reason that they could not make a living here. In regard to the church, mission buildings and fields, these improvements have served their purpose, which was to keep the Indians together, and make them relinquish their roving habits, but they are not adapted for further progress. They shall not be abandoned, but will remain in their present condition. With regard to our own support, the expenses of going to Walla Walla from this place are such as to consume nearly all our means; by moving below, near Colfax, we should save a good deal which we could turn to our advantage. This will compensate in part for the loss we shall meet with by moving, which will deprive us of the produce of a well established farm, but in the course of time we could start a new one and improve our condition." Whilst this discussion was going on things took such a turn as to decide in favor of moving the Indians to Camos prairie. It happened in this way. The newspapers began to speak of the North Pacific Railway as an undertaking to be accomplished in the near future, and much was said about passing by the Cœur d'Alene divide. Moreover, some new settlers had come in, past the boundary line of the Cœur d'Alene reservation, taken up land and improved it. The consequence (well understood by all the fathers without difference of opinion) then was, that no effort should be

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spared to save those Indians by inducing them to take up land and live as farmers. This plan and these conditions were accepted, and moving decided upon; instructions were given me to prepare the people for it during the winter. My superior, Father Giorda, told me to be careful not to hurt the feelings of the Indians, but by slow persuasion and steady determination to strive to bring about the desired result. I told him that, as I had not been long among them, I was not so well acquainted with their character, still, I would do what I could. I began, now, to realize that the task imposed upon me was no easy one. The difficulties encountered by the U. S. Government in attempting to remove Indian tribes from spots dear to them of its own selection, will give an idea of those involved in my undertaking. I was satisfied that, so soon as I began to speak to them on the subject, I should incur their displeasure and indignation; that they would turn away from me, and yet without their co-operation there was no hope of carrying out the plan. Still, I had only to obey orders, which I did, fully convinced that, if I could succeed, I should secure the future existence and prosperity of the Cœur d'Alene, committed to my care. So, I made up my mind to omit nothing that success might crown my efforts.

I then began to study my plans, in which I was greatly assisted by some existing circumstances, especially the following:—The Cœur d'Alene Indians had seen the schools which had been established among the Sgoicpi and the Pend Oreilles, and being greatly attached to their children, had come to me officially to ask if they also could not have the Sisters to teach their children. I told them that such was undoubtedly my own desire, but that I did not see how it was possible to have them in the place where we were then living. "They are very far away from here," said I, "and do not know how to ride; and nobody can come here in a wagon because there are no roads. Besides, where can we build a schoolhouse? The ground is all occupied by our present buildings; on one side, there is the river and then swamps and mountains, on the other, the prairie is for many weeks in the spring covered with water so that it is impossible to build a house there. If we were in another place the thing would be quite easy, but I am afraid we cannot do it here." They thought I did not like them because I had answered in that way. When I discovered this, I called them together again a few days later, and told them they must dictate to me a letter to be sent to the Sisters. The chief Seltis composed a very touching letter, in substance as follows: "We are poor ignorant people and we do

not see (know nothing); we wish that you would have pity on us and on our children. We love them very much and we are grieved to see that they are ignorant, that their hands are dead (do not know how to work), that their clothing is shabby. Have pity on us; come to teach our children and bring them up well instructed, that they may be a help to us in our old age." I sent this letter, with some remarks of my own, and told them they must wait for the answer. While waiting, their desires increased and almost every week they inquired whether it had come. Seeing this, I assembled them again, and told them that if the Sisters came, they would need something to live upon, and could not be expected to come unless they knew how they were to be supported. Then I proposed the way in which they should do this, telling them they ought to give the Sisters a mile square of good tillable land and promise to work, or have it worked, as much as was necessary to provide for the maintenance of the children. Besides this, they had better have a collection now and see what they could do. "Go now," said I, "and have a long talk together and then tomorrow we will have the collection, after which we will write again to the Sisters of Providence in Canada.

So they did have a long talk over the matter and the next afternoon I went with Father Joset to the chief's house and there addressed the people, saying: "This is a serious matter, and being a bargain which binds in conscience, it cannot be broken without sin, therefore, no one must promise what he cannot in future fulfil. You know my poverty," continued I, "still, to help you and your children, I will head the list by contributing two work horses and two good milch cows and calf." The Indians then subscribed twelve milch cows and a bull; they also bound themselves to supply beef, flour, groceries and clothing as they should be required by the Sisters. "And what about the farm?" said I. No answer was made. "Very well," said I, "have a talk among yourselves and see what you can do in this respect." After a while they said they would put up a fence of something like six thousand rails; that they would plough and sow the ground and harvest it for two years; and besides, they would build a house according to my directions. This concluded, I wrote the letter for them, reading distinctly twice over, all the items, as above described, and then with great solemnity it was signed by five chiefs in presence of the council. Again and again I repeated to them the obligations contained in that letter and reminded them that, when once mailed, there would be no possibility of changing or destroying the contents. I closed it in their presence, and

then gave it to them to think over better and better, telling them, that if they once sent it, they would certainly have the school. The next day they despatched a carrier to Spokane Bridge, and I congratulated myself that a great step towards moving had been successfully taken without the Indians perceiving it.

A few days after, the chiefs came to me complaining that two white settlers had passed the boundary line and ought to be sent away. "Yes," said I, "I know that, but I know a little more too, which I think I had better tell you as soon as you are ready to come in a body and hold council in my house." This excited them a little, so after prayers the chief called a meeting and they all came in. Then I began to tell them. "Far away, there are as many whites as there are grain of sand upon the hill, or blades of grass on this prairie; they are making a road to come through here and occupy all the land you can see from here to Yakima and from here to the Crows. They go as swiftly as the wind, and travel as far in one day as you can in a week, even going on a race horse. I have had news that they are coming; that they will take up all the land which has not been cut by the plough; that they will mow all the grass as I have mowed my field. If you are wise, and listen to my words, you will become a great people; the whites will eat with you and they will give you money; they will buy your wood and you will be supported. But if you do not heed me, your children will starve, your wives and daughters will be unsafe; you, yourselves, will disappear. Do you wish to die? Then remain here; live by hunting and fishing; spend your time in smoking and idle talk, and, in a few years, the church will be in mourning, she will look for her children and have no comfort because they are gone. Do you wish to be a great people? Go to the beautiful land, break the sod, sow grain, plant vegetables, and your children will live, your wives will be safe and well dressed, and you will have plenty. Before you lies the road; make your choice now, and do not say afterwards that I was good for nothing, and kept from you what I should have told you." A long silence ensued; the Indians as if thunderstruck did not know what to say. At last Augustine, a good man, but over fond of his native place, said: "You are our father, but your words sound strangely to-day. Have we to leave this beautiful church which we have built with our own hands, and which has given us the knowledge of God; where we have been taught how to live morally; where the hungry have received food, the sick medicine and the poor clothing? Must we leave this land, where the bones of our

fathers mingle with those of our children? these woods which have supplied us with fuel and game? this prairie which has fed our horses? this river which has given us trout and beaver? We are healthy; our children are fat; our wives comfortable in our log-houses. We are not like you; you need bread, we have camos; you require good clothing, we are satisfied with deer skins and buffalo robes. We can live comfortably on what you would think poor and wretched."

After such an answer as this they left, and I began to realize the difficulty of the task imposed upon me. Still, I knew that I must carry my point, so I took up the matter in church and made it a point of conscience to move. The subject of my morning and evening instructions was this. They were bound to move, first, for self-preservation; secondly, for the education of their children; thirdly, for the preservation of their religion and especially for the morality of the women. These headings, expounded daily in one way or another, began to open the eyes of many of the Indians; moreover, all the objections made in the various councils were answered one by one. I told them we were not leaving our land, because the prairie to which we were going did not belong to strangers, but to us; that we were going to occupy that portion of our land upon which, as they themselves had told me, strangers were already encroaching; that we were not giving up either farm, or church, or graveyard; they would still be ours, a guardian would be placed there to remain and to keep everything in good order and to carry on the work of the farm. Every year we would come in a body on All Souls' day to pray for our dead, and to pray in the church, which will be for us a place of pilgrimage. I told them, moreover, that they must not rely upon their woods, the great settlement which was to be made would soon cause the game to disappear. Neither should they depend upon the river, which would soon be filled with boats and rafts and logs for fuel which would cause the fish to migrate to safer and quieter places. This discussion went on from November until the following February, and little by little they were coming to reason. Some of the Indians who left the mission for their homes, were well disposed to move, seeing which, I was anxious to test their dispositions and wind up the matter as soon as possible by binding the majority of the tribe to settle in the spot designated.

I therefore agreed with two or three of the chiefs that on Ash-Wednesday we should begin to pray in the new place. "Ask God," said I, "to be propitious to us, and to touch

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the hearts of the people, that they may be awakened to a sense of self-preservation." It was then the end of February or the beginning of March; the place in question was not accessible by the old Mullan Road, but by the new one which was longer and very rough. Still, I started undeterred by difficulties. My object was to see Seltis, chief of one of the camps, who was not altogether unfriendly to my plan, and try, if possible, to induce him to accompany me to the new site. The prairie, between the mission and the north range of mountains, was under water, which in some places was frozen and in others quite deep. Travelling was very bad, on account of the half-melted ice often not strong enough to bear the weight of the horse, and the snow upon the mountains was still very deep. By pushing on the whole day, I reached Wolf Lodge, where I camped very poorly and uncomfortably indeed. My guide had thought that we could easily reach the Spokane Bridge in one day, so I had taken with me neither tent, nor axe, nor provisions, except a piece of bread which was to serve for my lunch along the road. But I had not thought about eating during the day, having been too much occupied with trying to extricate myself and my horse from either the deep snow or the half-melted ice, so in the evening I shared the bread with my guide under a tree. Then we made a good fire to dry our clothes which were becoming very stiff, for the cold towards dark had grown very intense and we did what we could to protect ourselves during the night.

We left Wolf Lodge early the next morning and, by riding as fast as we could, reached Spokane Bridge at about 3 P. M. Going into the store, I found an Indian from Seltis' camp, who was just going home, so I sent word by him, to Seltis, to send me a fresh horse and a guide that I might come to spend the night among his people. The guide and the horses reached me at about nightfall, and then I took leave of the Indian from the mission, who had so far accompanied me. He then discovered the object of my journey, and being much opposed to the moving of the tribe, said to me: "If I had suspected that you were going to Camos Prairie to work out your plan of moving, I would never have accompanied you." "Never mind," said I, "there is no use talking about that now," and so we parted. I told my guide that I wished to reach Seltis' camp before it grew entirely dark, but to do this we had to go so fast that there was no time to look out for the icy places, and after a few miles, my horse fell and threw me. I was not hurt; but we had hard work to pull the horse up, which was helpless

on account of not being shod. At last we reached Seltis' camp, and the chief and the people came out to welcome me. They had prepared a good meal, which made me forget the poor one of the preceding night. After the repast, in spite of my fatigue, we had a long talk. I was not too tired to repeat my old saying; "Either work and live, or remain here and starve." I told the chief that I wanted him and his people to come with me the next day to Camos Prairie. In a day and a half we could reach *Nilgoalko*, where we would begin our Lent, and during its course labor to put up a schoolhouse for the girls. He answered, "the weather is bad and the road dangerous." "Is it any worse than the one I came over yesterday?" said I. "Be not as delicate as a woman." He understood the sarcasm but still hesitated. "My children are very small and my wife is nursing; how can I leave?" "Take them along with you, for you have plenty of good horses." "Very well," said he, at last, "we will go." We reached *Nilgoalko* at about noon on the day before Ash-Wednesday; and going into the church I heard many confessions, and the next morning gave communion to about a hundred. I praised the people, not only for their presence there in such bad weather, but still more for their good sense in having understood the necessity for moving, and I told them that I hoped all the people of the Skutleti, of the Bridge and of St. Joe would soon join us, if we only showed that we were in earnest about working for the welfare of our children. In the afternoon, with the chief and several good men, I went around to select a good location for our school, and then in the evening we had a meeting, after church. About fifteen able-bodied men were present and I told them that the next morning, after Mass, they were to come each with an axe, and the chief, they and I would all go to the woods and cut down as many trees as should be required for the erection of the schoolhouse. "How big will it be?" inquired one Indian. "I will give you the dimensions," I replied, "it will be sixty feet long, thirty wide and twenty-two high." The next morning we went as had been agreed upon, and the people worked hard and with such good will that many a fine tree fell that day. As soon as one came down, four or five men attacked it to cut away the branches, sawed it the right length and trimmed it off. The work went on for four or five days splendidly, and seeing such earnestness, I concluded that my presence there was no longer required, so I returned to the mission.

The process of moving had now advanced so far, that I thought the greatest difficulties had been overcome. Still,

I determined to stop at Spokane Bridge again on my way back, to see the chief of that camp and try to persuade him to let his people move. This man, who was, by right, the head chief of the entire tribe, had been doing my work much injury, for political purposes. He had a comfortable home and did not want to leave it; nor did he want the people so far away from him lest he might lose his influence with the tribe and be superseded by Seltis. So, the previous Christmas he had sent his son to the mission, to get up a strong party against moving and, together with the Skutloti chiefs, was causing a great deal of trouble. He was a good business man, of mild disposition, shrewd and generous too, especially when he could make a display of his wealth. His great ambition was to have a large farm of his own, and the spot he had chosen did not satisfy his desires. He had about five or six families under him, each claiming a certain land as its own, and he was frequently getting into trouble with these families on account of damages done by their stock in his fields. I determined that it would be best to leave him where he was, because, as he had already advanced further in civilization than any of the others, it seemed likely that he would prosper. But this would make no difference with regard to moving the other families. The journey that I made for this object, was one of the hardest I had yet attempted.

I left Nilgoalko very early in the morning, and at about nine o'clock it began to rain heavily and the road was so slushy and slippery, that we had great difficulty in making the fifteen miles to reach what is now Rock Creek. There we found a very old couple in a lodge. The creek had already passed its banks, and the water was rising so rapidly that the prairie was flooded, up to within a few rods of the lodge. It was still raining very hard. Our road lay across a torrent that came roaring down a gulch into the creek. I told my friends in the lodge that I would like to have something to eat. They gave me a few potatoes and some trout; then I put up my tent and retired. The next day it was still raining and the torrent in the gulch was so swollen, that my guide, Felicien, told me that it would be impossible to cross, for the current was running so swiftly that it would carry away the horses. I did not know the place, but said I thought that if the horse could get a footing on the bottom, we should be able to cross in safety. "No," said he, "the landing-place is very narrow and, if the horse should be carried down the stream a few feet, he would not succeed in getting up the bank." "Well," said I, "consult with the old man; this is his land; he ought to know all about it."

The old Indian said : " It is very dangerous, but, if you must go, it is better to do so now than later, when it will be worse on account of the thaw." So we had our breakfast of camos and dried fish, at the Indian's lodge and then the old man told us to wait and he would come and help us. He came out attired in his blanket. Reaching the place, he said to the other Indian : " You take the horses across, trying to keep against the current. Leave the father here." Felicien told me to take off my boots and stockings, tie them to the pommel of the saddle and then dismount. I did as I was bid and there I stood in about a foot of cold water. The horse, the one Seltis had given me, was very tall. Felicien mounted him, fastened his own pony to the saddle, and so crossed safely, although with difficulty. The large horse was just suited to the occasion, because being so tall, his feet always touched bottom, while the pony was obliged to swim part of the way. A few yards below the crossing, a majestic pine tree, which had been uprooted by the storm of the preceding night, had fallen across the stream, reaching from bank to bank. It would seem as if a kind Providence had prepared for us a means of crossing that stream. Felicien returned upon the fallen tree, and called to me to cross back with him. I answered, " It is too dangerous ; the tree is not steady ; the water keeps moving it up and down in such a way that I should not be able to stand upon it." " Wait," said the old man. Then taking off his blanket and hanging it on the branch of a tree, he advanced into the water at about fifteen or twenty yards below the fallen pine, saying ; " Now, I am ready ; go over upon the tree ; if you should fall, I will catch you and save your life." Then Felicien said : " put your arms around me and hold fast ; don't be afraid, look at the opposite shore and follow me." We said a prayer and then started to walk over upon the tree ; and as we advanced, I felt the motion more and more, and forgetting myself began to look at the water which was running so swiftly as to make my head dizzy at once. It seemed to me that I was being carried away by the current, which frightened me so that I called out to Felicien. He stopped, saying ; " close your eyes, don't be afraid ; we are safe." I did as he told me, and after a few seconds, was all right again and told him to go on. When we reached a little stump coming out of the water, the old man cried out ; " I am glad ; you have crossed safely." Such was my first experience in crossing torrents after this fashion, and the remembrance of my success encouraged me, two years after, to try the same thing in another place, where I tumbled in, as I have already related.

We travelled that day forty-five miles, reaching the place where the chief, whom I wanted to see, lived. He received me kindly and treated me well. I told him I should have church that evening and the next morning; but before then I had a talk with him privately, and said; "It is true you are by right the first chief, but you must use your authority only for the welfare of your people. If you do anything (as you have done) for your own private interest which might result in the destruction of the tribe, you will commit a sin. Now, by opposing the moving of the Indians and preventing them from becoming civilized and self-supporting, you are doing what will surely destroy them, and you will be no better than a murderer and will be deservedly punished by God hereafter. You think this opposition will increase your authority and do not see that it will cause you to lose it entirely; for all these people have relatives among those who are moving, and their influence will persuade them to do the same and thus you will lose all control over them. You are injuring your own interests, because, if these people move away from here, you can buy out their improvements for little or nothing, enlarge your farm, use their houses for granaries, etc., and you will have twice as much for the reward of your labors as you have now." The man was shrewd enough to understand at once the force of this last reasoning; and looking at me keenly to see whether I was in earnest, he then said, "I do not object to their moving." "Very well, then," said I, "after my instruction you will speak to the people; tell them to take up land, and become civilized and live comfortably in Nilgoalko. He promised me to do so and he kept his word. So, when the people saw that the chief and the priest agreed upon the subject of moving, a meeting was held and the most influential man of that little tribe promised me that he would move in two or three weeks' time, which he accordingly did. I thought this a great gain, because it would leave the Skutloti Indians alone, who, although stubborn, would hardly stand the loss of their fellow tribesmen, but many would change their minds and move.

The next day, by travelling forty-five miles I reached the mission. I had well instructed my Indian guide, a good reliable man, that he should talk to the people of what had happened at Nilgoalko; the work done there for the school; the promise of moving given by Seltis, and the encouragement to do so which the chief at the Spokane Bridge had given his people. Felicien did as I had told him and had matter of conversation for several evenings. Meanwhile, I was keeping as quiet as possible, apparently attending to

the temporal concerns of the mission, but in reality keeping a close watch how they would act in such a position. The two chiefs of the Skutlotti (the people around the old mission) held several meetings, and determined to send some of their best men around to persuade the Indians to remain in their places. Discovering this, I was afraid that they might succeed in inducing some, who had promised, to change their minds, so I sent Fr. Joset, a venerable old missionary, who had spent thirty-eight years among the Cœur d'Alene, to the new place, and told him to encourage the people to take up land not so very near the church but scattered around in the prairie, so that each family could, in time, take up a large tract and be independent. Fr. Joset's presence there not only neutralized the influence of the Skutlotti agents, but was most disastrous to it, for the people, seeing that the priest began to reside there, and that it was a good deal easier to get to the new place than to come to the old one, began to frequent that chapel in preference to the other. They dispersed around and took up land in various directions upon the prairie, and thus the settlement was fairly begun. Then the Skutlotti Indians, seeing that they could not succeed in dissuading me from moving, and that all their plans had been frustrated, had recourse to another means. They plotted together to refuse the mission any help, and as we were far away from any other Indians, they thought we should not be able to do our work and make preparations to leave. Besides, they knew that an Indian from any other place would not dare to work there, where all the people would be against him. Moreover, they knew that the fathers sometimes yielded to their wishes for the sake of preventing greater evils and now, they said, the fathers will abandon this idea of moving so as not to give such dissatisfaction to that large part of the tribe.

This plan caused me a great deal of trouble, and would have succeeded, had it been devised six or seven months sooner. I was obliged to work in the field myself; to help load and unload the hay, drive the mower and the reaper, in a word, to become all at once a farmer; and when, tired out and exhausted, I begged assistance from anyone, for some pretext or another, it was denied me. The only persons to help me were two brothers and the guide that I had brought with me from Nilgoalko; the Skutlotti Indians did not molest him, because they respected the bargain he had made to work for the mission till after harvest. To disabuse them of the idea that I could be induced to yield, I took the two statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, as well as the church ornaments, and putting them in two Indian

canoes, which had been fastened together by planks nailed to the sides, the brother, the guide and myself, took them to the new mission, rowing for two days down the Cœur d'Alene River and across the Cœur d'Alene Lake. The extreme irksomeness of this journey was somewhat relieved by the great beauty of the scenery which the Cœur d'Alene River for the first time presented to my gaze; the many windings and turns afforded an endless variety of charming pictures, now of one deep mountain, rising abruptly from the water's edge, rocky and barren, and again of another whose gentler slopes were thickly clothed with pine and red fir. On our right, as we went down, lay a beautiful prairie, covered, even during the hot summer, with long green grass, and on our left a more elevated plateau, yielding a plentiful crop of wheat, oats and vegetables, so that many things as we passed along, beguiled my attention from the very fatiguing, and to me, most unusual labor of rowing.

At length we reached a point where, in low water season, the current runs so very slowly, that its direction is scarcely perceptible. "Here," said Felicien, "we must pay our taxes." "What do you mean by that?" I inquired, "have you an old story to tell me?" He blushed, being now somewhat ashamed of the old Indian tales, since he had come to be so fully persuaded of their foolishness. However, I encouraged him to tell me the story for a little diversion of mind. "Here," said he, "is the home of the spirit that rules over the waters. Formerly, whenever an Indian passed here, he would take something, either canoes, or dried meat, or the skin of an animal, and throw it into the water, thinking thus to propitiate the spirit, by paying toll. Their fear of passing through here by night was so great, that no one dared to do so without paying well." "Whose spirit is it?" I inquired, "that of an animal, or of some man?" "The spirit of Amotkan," said he. "What!" said I, "do you suppose the spirit of the President of the United States is here?" I had misunderstood, because they used to apply that word Amotkan—meaning one who stays in a place and does not roam around—to the president. "Oh! no," said he, "the Indians had their Amotkan; he was a monstrous being, like a man, stationed at the head of the river and ruling over the waters. Once he denied water to the people, because he was angry with them, and they died of thirst, and there were no more men left upon the earth. One day a little wolf (the favorite hero of Indian stories) was going around in search of water, and seeing a little bird carrying a drop to his young ones, asked him where he found it. The little bird answered, 'I found it where Amotkan dwells, but I had

to wait until he was asleep to take away this little drop, because he is so angry with the people that he has refused to give them any.' 'Then,' said the little wolf, 'show me the way and I will go and kill him, because otherwise all creatures will be destroyed.' So they went, and the little wolf killed Amotkan while he was asleep, and then the water began to flow and kept on so powerfully that it flooded the whole country and covered everything." "But," said I, "how does it happen that there are any men on earth now, if they were all destroyed, either by thirst or by water?" "Well," said he, "the Indians thought that Amokan's body was carried down by the waters and when they dried up, the little wolf, which was always strolling around, discovered it on the shore in this very place. Then he cut it into pieces, and threw the heart into our land and from this sprung our people called 'pointed hearts', or *Cœur d'Alene*; from the other parts sprang other people such as the *Nez Percés* and the *Sgoielpi*. The *Spokane*, however, came into existence in this way. After the little wolf had finished this work, he cleaned his paws with some straw, which he then threw into the *Spokane* land, and from this came those people whom we call derisively 'Men of Straw.'" "What nonsense," said I, "aren't you ashamed of it?" "We were a poor ignorant people," said he, "before the priest came here." "Well, now," said I, "tell me, did you believe that man's soul lived after death?" "We had very little knowledge about that, but still we thought that it did live, and now and then some of the old people would say; 'I saw such and such a one, some one who had been dead a long time.'" "How did they see them?" "I do not know, perhaps in a dream." "Did you believe in a supreme spirit?" "Our people believed in spirits a good deal, and thought they dwelt in everything, trees, stones, mountains and animals. When anyone went out hunting, he would embrace whatever he met in his way, praying to the spirit and saying; 'let me find game.' Also each one tried to make friends with some spirit." "How could you do that, if you did not see, or hear them?" said I. "We would do it in this way. A girl, when she reached the age of about twelve years, would leave her home and go into the woods; boys would do the same at about fourteen years of age; they would walk on in search of the spirit and not drink water, nor taste fruit and roots until they found him. After a day or two they would fall asleep and then they would see the spirit who taught them a song and gave them something to keep sacred; then they would come home persuaded that they had found a friend who would always protect them during life." "What would the

spirit give to be kept in remembrance of him?" "Various things according to the different ways in which he presented himself. Sometimes we would see a bear, and then he would give us one of his claws to keep; sometimes a deer, and then he would give a hoof; again a bird, and then we would kill another just like it and keep either its feathers, or its head, or even the whole bird; sometimes a snake, and then we would keep a snake skin or rattle always with us. Wherever we went, we always kept our 'Somes' (as they called it) but never showed it." "Did the people never get mad with the spirit and throw the Somesh away?" "Before the priest came, the Somesh was considered the most sacred gift, and an unfailing means of assistance in any distress or difficulty; the people believed that if they parted with it the spirit would be offended and kill them." Such was all their religious code. Does it not seem almost incredible that human beings could be degraded to such a state of ignorance and superstition?

But while this conversation was going on we were rowing down towards the Clear d'Alene Lake which we at last reached and crossed to Priest's Landing. There we unloaded our church goods, and by the help of the Indians who had come from Nilgoalko, we brought this first trip to a successful conclusion. When this was done, the moving went on peacefully, so far as the Indians were concerned, and the settlement increased and improved very rapidly. The only difficulty remaining to be overcome, was the resistance of the Skutloti people settled around the old mission. I saw that it would be impossible to conquer the stubbornness of the two chiefs and the old people, so I turned my attention to the young men who were their help and support. I assembled them three times in my house, but secretly, so, as not to arouse the suspicions of the others, and I said to them: "The priest, your father, is abandoned by his people; they wish to live poorly and miserably and run to their own destruction, so they left me, and now I have recourse to you. From this day forward you will be my hands; you will be the saviours of your people. Look at your brethren; their land is large, the grass is high, their horses are fat, and their cattle increasing. Next year they will have an abundant crop; they will trade it to the whites and have plenty, because they have listened to me. You are young and able to do as much as they, and see your children well educated at the school, and your house well supplied with comforts, if you will go to Nilgoalko and join your brethren." At first, I spoke to very little purpose, but after calling each one in particular, and promising help and

support in as much as I could, I, at last, succeeded in sending them down to the prairie, where they marked out their future homes. This done, the old people found themselves left alone, and they had either to follow the young men, who were their support, or else starve. So, although they talked about me, and had some hard feelings about what I was doing, still, in November of 1877 the whole tribe, with the exception of three old men, had gathered in the camos prairie of Nilgoalko, and I saw the beginning of their civilization.

In justice to these Indians, I must here state that their feelings towards me are now entirely changed; in the beginning, they could not understand my reasons for moving, and hence their opposition and dislike. Not long after the change was made, I was sent to another mission, but after three years' absence I came back to pay a visit to De Smedtville, as it is now called. One of the most influential chiefs, beloved by everyone on account of his uprightness and good behavior, but who had for a time opposed me, came to see me. He knocked at the door, and hearing the usual "come in" (Zuelgush), he opened it, knelt down and without any prelude began: "Father, we have been very bad, and acted wrongly towards you. But, because you were so determined, our children are now fleshy, our cattle in good condition, our wives well dressed, and we have plenty. We should, indeed, have starved and died out, if you had done as we wanted. Forgive us, we are poor Indians." Is not this a fine trait of character, such a readiness to acknowledge a mistake and apologize for misbehavior?

This change of location was, for those Indians, the beginning of a new life, and our hopes have been realized by beholding them, to-day, a well behaved and wealthy people. Their soil is fertile, they cultivate it successfully; the low land yields a beautiful timothy crop, while the hillside seldom produces less than thirty-five or forty bushels of wheat to the acre and fifty or more of oats. Looking over the prairie from a hill near the mission, you will see many fine farms well fenced and containing from eighty to a hundred or more acres; four especially will attract your attention, having within fences from a half to a full section of land. If you feel inclined to make a tour of inspection, you will come across some picturesque spots, and just at the foot of the hill a good substantial house with barn, stable, chicken-house and everything requisite for a well established farm. If you take the trouble to go into the barns, you will find most of them provided with the best machinery, self-binders and mowers, and both walking and sulky ploughs. There

are but very few who have not either reaper or mower, but, generally, with the exception of a threshing-machine, they have all kinds of farming implements. In a word, with the exception of one or two families, all the rest farm extensively.

In 1831, I think it was, that little tribe raised fifty thousand bushels of wheat and sixty thousand of oats, besides poultry, vegetables, and swine. They hire white labor; frequently during harvest time several whites may be seen working for Indians at monthly wages. They hired a saw-mill to provide the lumber for building their frame houses, and they sawed over one million feet of it. Their roads are good, and over Hangman's Creek they have built two substantial bridges. One piece of swampy ground has been drained, and bridged in several places, with a corduroy road between, and all this is the fruit of their own labor without assistance from anyone. They began the work of educating their children by building a schoolhouse themselves for this purpose. Within the last few years, however, the government, seeing their spirit of enterprise, has given them some means for educating a limited number of their children in boarding schools. In a word, these Indians have reached this point of civilization by their own unaided efforts, for, with the exception of the school, the help they have had from anybody is not worth mentioning.

Until the year 1876, they neither knew they had an agent nor that the government had made any provision in their behalf, and Father Giorda informed me that, in 1877, Seltis told the commissioner of the government not to give him an agent, nor an annuity, so as to avoid all kind of trouble. As soon, however, as they were established in Camos Prairie, and it became possible for the agent to do them justice, he has taken a great interest in them and has co-operated with the fathers to their further civilization and improvement, and this very successfully. Their habits are completely changed; hunting and fishing are no longer looked upon as business but pleasure; and in the fall, when they have a little time, some of them will hunt for at most a couple of weeks, before the winter sets in. They no longer allow their stock to roam at large, but during the winter take care of it and feed it. The women work, but not as slaves, they help their husbands in the field, and sometimes, during harvest, with machinery, but the heavier work, such as ploughing, chopping wood, etc., is done by men only. Three years after the change had been made, I once spoke to the chief and told him that it was not proper for him to make his wife run the self-binder; he ought to do that him-

self and let her work in the kitchen. He replied; "I began to do it, but I very soon broke a piece and had to lose two days going to Colfax to replace it. My wife is a good deal smarter about that than I am, she can do it very well; I do not think it is too heavy work for her, nor does she complain of it."

Their government also has improved a good deal with their habits; they have unity and power. A little body of policemen prevent crime or punish it when it happens. Their morals are excellent; cases of drunkenness are rare and punished when discovered. Marriages are all based upon the Catholic doctrine and are so much respected and thought of, that a single case of concubinage which happened some years ago, was so much talked of and discountenanced, that the man, to escape it, left his wife and went to live with the Protestant Spokane. Parents attend very carefully to the education of their children, not only sending them to school, but watching over their morals with a keen eye when they are at home.

Americans in that part of the country have a high opinion of the honesty of these Indians in trading. Stealing has become so shameful an action that I can truly say it has been banished altogether from the tribe. Mechanics, working at the mission, were surprised to find that they could leave their tool boxes open out of doors and nothing ever disappeared. In trading, they are not only well behaved, but very business-like in their ways; they are careful to avoid credit, or if they take it, will always pay on the appointed day, no matter if they lose by it. I have many a time seen a Indian sell stock or produce at half-price, just to liquidate a cash debt when it fell due. Dealers were so pleased with such trading that competition arose between the largest firms of Colfax, Spokane Falls, and Farmington, each holding out special inducements to the Indians to trade with them. When I asked why this was, they answered, "The Indian trade is a ready cash trade, and no chances are taken in their small credits." Other traders told me, "I have lost several hundred dollars with other people, but not half a dollar yet with the Indians."

Another fact, highly creditable to this tribe and showing the refinement of their feelings, is this. In the year 1877 there was a war between the U. S. Government and Joseph's tribe of the Nez Percés. The Palouse Indians, who were allies of Joseph, were with the Nez Percés, in the Cœur d'Alene reservation, digging camos, and tried to induce the Cœur d'Alene to take part in the war. Seltis, however, told them repeatedly that he would never do so, as he had

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no motive for injuring the whites, who had done him no harm. While these things were going on the war broke out, and news of it reached the Indians early the next day. Then Seltis was roused to action, and after a meeting of his people, sent a message to the Palouse and the Nez Percés to leave his reservation immediately, or else he would force them to do so. They had to obey and the next morning were out of Seltis' land. They went into the land of the whites, made raids upon them, killed some persons, pillaged the houses of the farmers, broke down the fences around the fields, which let the strolling stock in to destroy the crop, and even burned some fields and barns. The whites fled, to save their lives and their families, leaving their crops and stock entirely unprotected. News of all this soon reached Seltis, and without loss of time, he collected such men as were at hand and hastened to the scene of destruction; he found, however, that the mischievous warriors had disappeared to join the main body on the Clear Water Mountains. He then distributed his men to put up the fences, so as to protect the crops from the stock, and to keep the houses of the poor sufferers from further invasion. Then he sent expressmen to the neighboring towns, to call back the farmers who had disappeared, assuring them not only of his friendship, but even of his protection. The people, trusting to his good reputation, came back to their homes, and with the exception of the damage done by the enemy, found everything in good order. The whites did not fail to show their gratitude to these Indians. At first they prepared a great feast and banquet in one of their towns, and invited the whole tribe to come and make merry. This invitation, however, was declined by the Indians, on the ground that they had exposed their lives only for the sake of justice and the protection of their friends. They asked of the whites, instead, this favor; that as the Indians had so effectually protected their land, they too would extend them mutual protection in return, and sign a petition to the government not to move them from their present reservation. I heard that this was done, so that their land may be called at present also the fruit of their generosity in protecting these white settlers.

The conduct of these Indians on this last occasion shows a refinement of civilization, not easy to be found even among superior classes. These may expose their lives for the protection of their own people, but I do not think they would spontaneously, and without hope of compensation, help those who for years had been an obstacle to the peaceful possession of their land. And this is what these Indians did,

thus showing how deeply the principles of christian charity have taken root in their hearts.

This last trait of friendly feeling towards the whites is not uncommon among the Catholic Indians of that family, whether partly or wholly civilized. There is no instance of an entire tribe, altogether Catholic, of the Calispelem family, having declared war against the government. The case which happened in 1857, if I recollect well the year, when the Cœur d'Alene surrounded a small body of soldiers commanded by Stepto, was neither the doing of the whole tribe, nor mainly of Catholics, but only of some wild young Indians who joined the Palouse and the Nez Percés, as I have been told by those who were at the mission at the time, and who succeeded in keeping two-thirds of the whole tribe at home, and out of the battlefield. Nay, more, so thoroughly have Christian principles been instilled throughout our missions, that they have been strong enough to control these Indians, even in presence of facts urging them imperatively to war. Joseph's success in his warfare was rather surprising. Having, as we have seen, failed to gain the Cœur d'Alene, he next tried the Flat Heads, and called on Sharlo, that is Charles Louis; but this noble hearted Indian refused to shake hands with him, saying: "I do not take a hand which is stained with the blood of the whites." The council terminated, as I have been told, with these words: "If you fight the whites within the limits of my land, I am bound to protect them against you." Many lives have been spared to our citizens and many millions to our treasury by the christian conduct of the Catholic Indians. Nay, more, no Indian of the Catholic portion of the Nez Percés tribe of which Web is chief, took any part in the war but, on the other hand, many rendered service to the government as scouts, mail-carriers, etc. And, yet, before they became Christians, they formed a portion of Joseph's tribe, where they had still many friends and relatives who did their best to induce them to join in the fight.

I have now endeavored to describe the beautiful fruits produced by Christian civilization among the Cœur d'Alene, but which, however, are not by any means confined to them. In other tribes similar results have been obtained as the following extract from the Munich Allgemeine Zeitung, written by a German Protestant, giving an account of the Flat Head Mission, will sufficiently prove:—

"From the church we were escorted to the boys' school, where fifty little Indians are taught reading and cyphering in the Indian and the English tongues. We were exceedingly interested in the youngsters, and could not help seeing

that teaching them the language was no mere rote exercise, but a work which showed very careful and zealous training. All of the children read well, although with a slight accent approaching somewhat to the Italian. They are surpassingly quick at figures, particularly the children of mixed blood. We were then invited to dinner with two fathers, and the two Bandini brothers, who spoke English rather indifferently, whilst the Father Superior conversed elegantly in French, English and German. After dinner the brother accompanied us to the garden, which is his special department, and whilst he entertained us with his dear Indians, we were greatly pleased with the simple honest pride he took in pointing out his massive thickly set cabbages, lovely cauliflowers and rich Indian corn. These Indians are peaceable, harmless and amiable, avoiding the very shadow of a quarrel with the whites. All the young lads in the mission are required to learn a trade; some are carpenters, others shoemakers, others again millers; all, however, have to take a turn at the plough, that they may turn out good useful citizens and their inclination to roam about is kept down. Farming is certainly a big job here, where the process of irrigation is a daily necessity. But the example of the Jesuit Fathers is powerful and always finds imitators. In the afternoon we visited the girls' school, which numbers forty-five pupils, under the charge of seven Sisters of the Congregation of Providence (mostly Canadians). Here, too, good results are shown, more satisfactory, even, than those we witnessed in the boys' school, whilst we noticed, here, as elsewhere, the superiority of the mixed bloods over those of the pure Indian type. Returning at about sunset we passed through the numerous Indian estates, with their beautiful fields, and the old Indian thatch replaced by dwellings of solid beam. As we went along, we were courteously greeted by the natives, who conversed and answered all our questions, leaving us most favorably impressed. Losing sight at last of our interesting Indians, we came away with the picture of a noble Christian work present to our minds, fondly hoping that the civilization as carried on by the Jesuits in St. Ignatius Mission, may be crowned with the happiest and most successful results."

From what has been said, it may be seen that, although the Indians of this family in their native state have but a low grade of morals and feelings, still they possess natural qualities which, under a careful and judicious training, may be developed and cultivated until they are transformed into good citizens and excellent Christians, virtuous, honest and well behaved, as the members of any other community.

All this should be sufficient to convince any reflecting mind, how great is the work which the Catholic religion has accomplished among these poor children of the forest, and especially may the people of the North-West congratulate themselves upon the trouble spared them by the toils of the missionary. If more has not been done, it is because of want of means and of laborers in this portion of the vineyard, together with outside difficulties, of which every American must be aware. Also, the methods adopted by us have been successful without tending to decrease the Indian population. We made them first our friends, and then Christians; next, after inducing them to labor, we transferred them to good lands, where we made them practical farmers. We, then, with some help from the government, gave them schools, and so gradually trained them to the habits of civilized life. In this way have we carried on the work intrusted to us; may God, who has hitherto blessed our undertaking, continue to prosper it forever.

I now understand that a new line of policy with regard to the Indians is under consideration, which consists in binding them to take up their land in severalty, become citizens and be protected by the laws of the state; this plan is thought to ensure their civilization. Judging from my ten years' experience, during which I have lived alternately among the wildest and the most civilized tribes, with those as yet remote from all contact with the whites, as well as those intermingled with white settlers, I think that this plan will not obtain the desired effect. 1st, Because the Indians look upon the land as their own, both by treaty and by the peaceful occupation of generations; consequently they look upon this plan as a flagrant injustice, and they will struggle and die for the preservation of their rights. 2nd, An Indian has not been brought up with the manners and customs of the whites; he is ignorant of their laws; and while in his native condition is incapable, all at once, of providing for the necessities of life by tilling the soil or working for wages. He would be like a fish out of water, which, after a few useless struggles, dies. 3rd, Taxes are something which he looks upon as an unbearable imposition, savoring of slavery, rather than a necessary means for the support of society. Even civilized Indians consider them an intolerable burden, especially when they are at all heavy, and when they will be bound to pay taxes, no wonder if they will give trouble. 4th, They believe that there has never been an instance of an Indian gaining a suit in court over a white man, but that he must always be guilty, even when in the right. 5th, The Indians are fully persuaded that their white neighbors aim

only at grasping their land and property, and that they can be good Indians, only by allowing the stronger to take with impunity whatever they possess. Hence, they have a saying that to the whites "a good Indian is a dead Indian." The result, therefore, of such a law would naturally be to drive them to despair, and if they find no other place to go to, they will inevitably be destroyed.

It seems to me that the management of the Indians would be improved, if the result of the labors of those who have been more successful in the civilization and preservation of the race, would only be considered without predjudice, and their efforts encouraged and seconded by at least sufficient means. I have shown, if I mistake not, that an Indian is capable of civilization; that some tribes have actually been civilized, whilst others are well advanced towards it, and in no distant future may be brought to the desired end, and become gradually American citizens. Would it not, therefore, seem advisable to help those who have already volunteered to labor for the welfare of the race, and who have purchased the knowledge of the best manner of doing this at the sometimes dear price of painful experience? To urge the Indian too far is like applying a tension of a hundred weight to a string strong enough to bear only ten.

It is said that the constantly increasing pressure of our population in that direction is so great that it is necessary the road should be opened. But what if this were in regard to the people of the United States; would they be protected by the authorities, or would the weaker be left in the hands of the stronger? Is it, moreover, a pressure for the prosecution of right, or is it not rather one which looks arbitrary and even against those feelings which the hand of nature has implanted in every human breast? Should the policy now talked of be carried out, time, I think, will show a different result from the one intended. Are the Indians subjects? Then, why not protect them? Are they independent? Then, why disturb them? I think, however, that the best remedy to be applied in these circumstances is to leave to the Indians as much land as it is necessary for their own use and their stock, and let them have sufficient time to acquire the habits of civilization, without compelling them to have land in severalty. So, the whites will stop their clamors, and the Indians may have a chance to survive.

