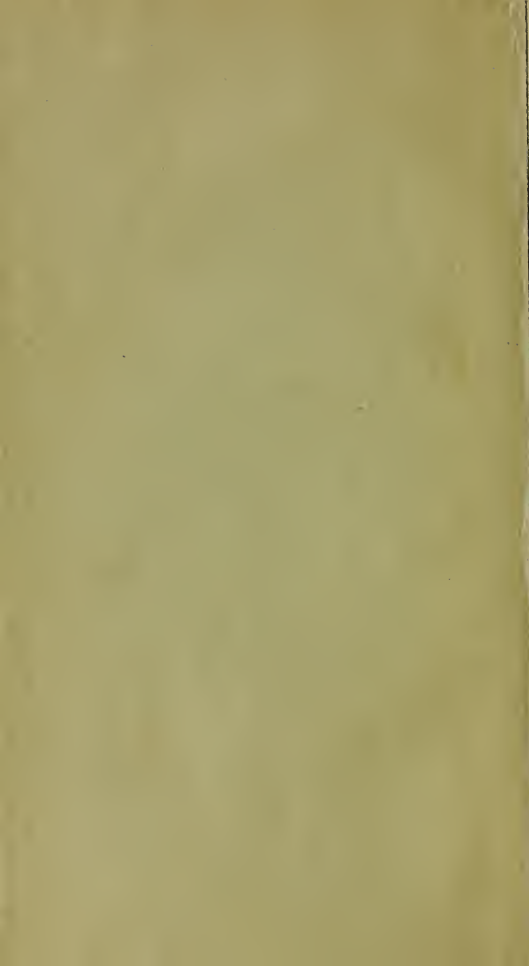


UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH



Darlington Memorial Library









ADVENTURES

OF THE

OJIBBEWAY AND IOWAY INDIANS

IN

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM;

BEING NOTES OF

EIGHT YEARS' TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE IN EUROPE

WITH HIS

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN COLLECTION,

BY GEO. CATLIN. 1796-1872.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

With numerous Engravings.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
AT HIS INDIAN COLLECTION, NO. 6, WATERLOO PLACE.
1852.

2156

Д ар
Ш 77
С 36 а
1852

P R E F A C E.

THE reader of this book, being supposed to have read my former work, in two volumes, and to have got some account from them, of the eight years of my life spent amongst the wild Indians of the "*Far West*," in the forests of America, knows enough of me by this time to begin familiarly upon the subject before us, and to accompany me through a brief summary of the scenes of eight years spent amidst the civilization and refinements of the "*Far East*." After having made an exhibition of my Indian Collection for a short time, in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, in the United States, I crossed the Atlantic with it—not with the fear of losing my scalp, which I sometimes entertained when entering the Indian wilderness—and entirely without the expectation of meeting with excitements or novelties enough to induce me to commit the sin of writing another book; and the thought of doing it would never have entered my head, had not another of those untoward accidents, which have directed nearly all the important moves of my life, placed in my possession the materials for the following pages, which I have thought too curious to be withheld from the world.

After I had been more than four years in England, making an exhibition of my collection, and endeavouring, by my lectures in various parts of the kingdom, to inform the English people of the true character and condition of the North American Indians, and to awaken a proper sympathy for them, three different parties of Indians made their appearance, at different dates, in England, for the purpose of exhibiting themselves and their native modes to the enlightened world, their conductors and themselves stimulated by the hope of gain by their exertions.

These parties successively, on their arrival, (knowing my history and views, which I had made known to most of the American tribes,) repaired to my Indian Collection, in which they felt themselves at home, surrounded as they were by the portraits of their own chiefs and braves, and those of their enemies, whom they easily recognised upon the walls. They at once chose the middle of my Exhibition Hall as the appropriate place for their operations, and myself as the expounder of their mysteries and amusements; and, the public seeming so well pleased with the fitness of these mutual illustrations, I undertook the management of their exhibitions, and conducted the three different parties through the countries and scenes described in the following pages.

In justice to *me*, it should here be known to the reader, that I did not bring either of these parties to Europe; but, meeting them in the country, where they had come avowedly for the purpose of making money, (an enterprise as lawful and as unobjectionable, for

aught that I can see, at least, as that of an actor upon the boards of a foreign stage,) I considered my countenance and aid as calculated to promote their views; and I therefore justified myself in the undertaking, as some return to them for the hospitality and kindness I had received at the hands of the various tribes of Indians I had visited in the wildernesses of America.

In putting forth these notes, I sincerely hope that I may give no offence to any one, by endeavouring to afford amusement to the reader, and to impart useful instruction to those who are curious to learn the true character of the Indians, from a literal description of their interviews with the fashionable world, and their views and opinions of the modes of civilized life.

These scenes have afforded me the most happy opportunity of seeing the *rest* of Indian character (after a residence of eight years amongst them in their native countries), and of enabling me to give to the world what I was not able to do in my former work, for the want of an opportunity of witnessing the effects which the exhibition of all the ingenious works of civilized art, and the free intercourse and exchange of opinions with the most refined and enlightened society, would have upon their untutored minds. The reader will therefore see, that I am offering this as *another Indian book*, and intending it mostly for those who have read my former work, and who, I believe, will admit, that in it I have advanced much further towards the completion of a full delineation of their native character.

I shall doubtless be pardoned for the unavoidable

want of system and arrangement that sometimes appears in minuting down the incidents of these interviews—for recording many of the most trivial opinions and criticisms of the Indians upon civilized modes, and also the odd and amusing (as well as grave) notions of the civilized world, upon Indian manners and appearance, which have got into my note-book, and which I consider it would be a pity to withhold.

I have occasionally stepped a little out of the way, also, to advance my own opinion upon passing scenes and events; drawing occasional deductions, by contrasting savage with civilized life (the modes of the “Far West” with those of the “Far East”); and, as what I have written, I offer as matter of history, without intending to injure any one, I do not see why I should ask pardon for any possible offence that may be given to the reader, who can only be offended by imagining what never was meant.

During the series of lectures which I had been giving in various parts of England, and in my own country, wherein I had been contending for the moral and religious elevation of the Indian character, many of my hearers have believed that I had probably been led to over-estimate it, from the fact that I had beheld it in the wilderness, where there was nothing better to contrast it with. But I venture to say, that hundreds and thousands who read this book, and who became familiar with these wild people whilst in the enlightened world, and in the centre of fashion, where white man was shaking the poor Indian by the hand, and watching for his embarrassment while he was drawing

scintillations from him, as the flint draws fire from the steel, will agree with me that the North American Indian rises highest in the estimation of his fellow-men, when he is by the side of those who have the advantage of him by their education, and nothing else.

Contemplated or seen, roaming in his native wilds, with his rude weapons, lurking after game or his enemy, he is looked upon by most of the world as a sort of wild beast; but when, with all his rudeness and wildness, he stands amongst his fellow-men to be scanned in the brilliant blaze of the Levée into which he has been suddenly thrown, the dignified, the undaunted (and even courteous) gentleman, he there gains his strongest admirers, and the most fastidious are willing to assign him a high place in the scale of human beings.

Into many such positions were these three parties of the denizens of the American forest thrown, during their visits to the capitals and provincial towns of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Belgium; and as I was by their side, their interpreter, at the hospitable boards, the Soirées and Levées to which they were invited by the gentry, the nobility, and crowned heads of the three kingdoms, I consider it due to them, and no injustice to the world, to record the scenes and anecdotes I have witnessed in those hospitable and friendly efforts of enlightened and religious people, to elicit the true native feelings of, and to commune with, their benighted fellow-men.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

The Author embarks at New York, with his Indian Collection, and cage with two grizzly bears, for England, in the fall of 1839—Packet-ship *Roscus*, Captain Collins—Gale in the middle of the ocean—A ship dismasted and in distress—The Captain and twenty-eight men taken off and saved—The shipwrecked Captain and his faithful dog—"My man Daniel"—Sailor's nose taken off by grizzly bear—Dr. Madden—Terrible gale—Sea-sickness of the grizzly bears—Alarm on deck—"Bears out of their cage"—Passengers rush below and close the hatches—A *supposed* bear enters the cabin!—Great excitement—The explanation—The gale subsides—Amusing mistake—The Author in the steerage—Two eccentric characters—Arrival in Liverpool Page 1

CHAPTER II.

Howling of the grizzly Bears—Alarm and excitement about the docks—Scuffle for luggage—Scene at the Grecian Hotel—Landing the grizzly bears—Author's journey to London—Ibbotson's Hotel—First sally into the streets—First impressions of London—Adventure in the fog and mud—Amusing occurrence in the street—Beggars at the crossings of the streets—Ingenious mode of begging—Rich shops—No pigs in the streets—Soot and smoke of London—Author returns to Liverpool—Daniel's trouble with the bears—Passing the Indian Collection and grizzly bears through the Customs—Arrival in London with Collection and bears—Daniel in difficulty—Howling of bears passing through the Tunnel—The "King of New York," and "King Jefferson" 12

CHAPTER III.

Letters of introduction—Driving a friend's horse and chaise—Amusing accidents—English driving—"Turn to the *right*, as the law directs"—A turn to the *left*—A fresh difficulty—Egyptian Hall—Lease for three years—Arrangement of Collection—Bears sold and removed to Regent's Park Zoological Gardens—Their fates 28

CHAPTER IV.

Indian Collection arranged for exhibition—Description of it—The Hon. Charles Augustus Murray—Collection opened to private view—Kindness of the Hon. Mr. Murray—Distinguished visitors—Mr. Murray's explanations—Kind reception by the Public and the Press—Kind friends—Fatigue of explaining and answering questions—Curious remedy proposed by a friend—Pleasures and pains of a friendly and fashionable dinner Page 34

CHAPTER V.

Author's illness from overtalking in his Collection—Daniel's illness from the same cause—Character of Daniel—His labour-saving plan for answering one hundred questions—His disappointment—Daniel travels to Ireland for his health—Author prepares to publish his Notes of Travel amongst the Indians—John Murray (publisher)—His reasons for not publishing the Author's work—His friendly advice—Author's book published by himself at the Egyptian Hall—Illustrious subscribers—Thomas Moore—Critical notices in London papers 45

CHAPTER VI.

The Author's wife and two children arrive in the British Queen, from New York—First appreciation of London—Sight-seeing—Author lectures in the Royal Institution—Suggests a *Museum of Mankind*—Great applause—Vote of thanks by members of the Royal Institution—The "*Museum of History*"—Author lectures in the other literary and scientific institutions of London—Author dines with the Royal Geographical Society, and with the Royal Geological Society—Mrs. Catlin's travels in the "Far West"—Her welcome, and kind friends in London 60

CHAPTER VII.

The Author dines with the Royal Highland Society—The Duke of Richmond presides—His Grace's compliment to the Author and his country—Sir David Wilkie—His compliment to the Author—Charles Augustus Murray and the Author at the Caledonian Ball (Almack's) in Indian costumes—Their rehearsal—Dressing and painting—Entering the ball—Alarm of ladies—Mr. Murray's infinite amusement (*incognito*) amongst his friends—War-dance and war-whoops—Great applause—Bouquets of flowers—Scalp-dance—Brooches and bracelets presented to the chiefs—Trinkets returned—Perspiration carries off the paint, and Mr. Murray recognised—Amusement of his friends—The "Indians" return to Egyptian Hall at seven in the morning—Their amusing appearance 66

CHAPTER VIII.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Coburg and Prince Ernest visit the Collection—His Royal Highness the (little) Duc de Brabant visits the Collection with the Hon. Mr. Murray—The Author presents him an Indian pipe and pair of mocassins—Visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to the Collection—His noble sympathy for the Indians—He smokes an Indian pipe under the wigwam—The Author takes breakfast with the Duke of Sussex in Kensington Palace—The Duke's dress and appearance—John Hunter, the Indian traveller—The Duke's inquiries about him—Monsieur Duponceau—Visit to the Bank of England—To Buckingham Palace—To Windsor Castle—Author visits the Polish Ball with several friends in Indian costumes Page 79

CHAPTER IX.

Consequent troubles for Daniel in the exhibition-rooms—Daniel's difficulty with an artist making copies—Takes his sketch-book from him—Tableaux vivans commenced—List of the groups—Hon. Mr. Murray attends, with His Royal Highness the Duc de Brabant—The Author presented to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by the Hon. Mr. Murray—Indian Collection removed to Liverpool—Biennial exhibition of Mechanics' Institution—22,000 children admitted free to the Indian Collection in one week—The Indian tableaux vivans in the provincial towns for six months—Collection opened in Sheffield—In Manchester—Nine Ojibbeway Indians arrive, in charge of Mr. Rankin—His proposal to the Author 90

CHAPTER X.

Difficulty of procuring lodgings for the Indians—The Author pays them a visit—Is recognised by them—Arrangement with Mr. Rankin—Crowds around their hotel—First visit of the Ojibbeways to the Author's Collection—Their surprise—Council held under the wigwam—Indians agree to drink no spirituous liquors—The old Chief's speech to the Author—Names of the Indians—Their portraits—Description of each—Cadotte, the interpreter 103

CHAPTER XI.

Ojibbeways visit the Mayor in Town-hall—They refuse wine—Distress of the kind and accommodating landlord—Indians' first *drive* about the town of Manchester—Their curious remarks—Saw some white people drunk—Many women holding on to men's arms and apparently not sick—Saw much smoke—Vast many poor people—Indians commence dancing in

the Author's Collection—Effects of the war-dance and war-whoop upon the audience—Various amusements of the evening—A rich present to the old Boy-Chief—And his speech—Numerous presents made—Immense crowd and excitement—Indians visit a great woollen-factory—Casts made from their heads by a phrenologist—Visit to Orrell's cotton-mill at Stockport—Their opinions of it—The party kindly entertained by Mr. Hollins and lady Page 111

CHAPTER XII.

Indians on the housetops—Great alarm—Curious excitement—People proposing to "take them" with ropes—Railway to London—The "Iron-horse"—"The Iron-horse (locomotive) stops to drink"—Arrive in London—Alarm of the landlady—Visit from the Hon. Mr. Murray—Interview with His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—Old Chief's speech—War-dance—The Duke gives them ten sovereigns and ten pounds of tobacco—Indians ride about the city in an "omnibus and four"—Remarks on what they saw—The smoke—"Prairies on fire"—Lascars sweeping the streets—Visit from the Reverend Mr. S.—Impatience to see the Queen—Great medicine-feast to gain Her Majesty's consent—Curious ceremony—Hon. Mr. Murray's letter comes in—The Queen's appointment to see them—Great rejoicing 123

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparations for visiting the Queen—Amusing interview with Sykes, the porter—Mistaken by the old Chief for Prince Albert—Meet the Hon. Mr. Murray—The waiting-room—The Author conducts the party before Her Majesty and the Prince in the Waterloo Gallery—Their reception—Introductions and conversations—Indians give the war-dance—A smoke—The old Chief's speech to the Queen—Pipe-dance—Her Majesty and the Prince retire—Indians at a feast in the waiting-room—Drinking the Queen's health in Champagne—Indians call it "*Chickabobboo*"—Story of *Chickabobboo*, and great amusement—Indians return to London—Evening-gossip about the Queen and her *Chickabobboo*—First evening of the Indians in Egyptian Hall—Great excitement—Alarm—Tremendous applause—Old Chief's speech—Hon. Mr. Murray's letter to the old Chief, enclosing £20 from the Queen and other presents—Speech of the War-chief—Pipe-dance—Shaking hands—Curious questions by the audience—Ale allowed to the Indians at dinner and after supper—Their rejoicing—They call it *Chickabobboo* 134

CHAPTER XIV.

Rev. Mr. S— and friend visit the Indians again—A day appointed for a *talk* about religion—Indians go to the Thames Tunnel—Give the medicine-dance (*wabeno*) under it—Kind treatment there, and *Chickabobboo*

—The exhibition—Egyptian Hall—Debate about the propriety of the Indians dancing to make money—Great crowd—Woman screaming and lifted on to the platform by Cadotte (afterwards called the “*jolly fat dame*”)—She gives Cadotte a beautiful bracelet—Her admiration of Cadotte—Evening gossip after their exhibition—The amusements of the evening and sights of the day—A clergyman asks an interview with the Indians and gets offended—Exhibition rooms at night—Great crowd—The “*jolly fat dame*” in full dress—She talks with Cadotte—Indians meet the Rev. Mr. S—— and friend by appointment—Old Chief’s speech to them—Gish-ee-gosh-e-ghee’s speech—Reverend gentlemen thank them and take leave Page 150

CHAPTER XV.

Exhibition rooms—Great crowd—The “*jolly fat dame*”—Her interview with Cadotte—She gives presents to all the Indians—Excitement in the crowd—Women kissing the Indians—Red paint on their faces and dresses—Old Chief’s dream and feast of thanksgiving—An annual ceremony—Curious forms observed—Indians invited to the St. George’s archery-ground—They shoot for a gold medal—They dine with the members of the club—The “*jolly fat dame*” and Cadotte—She takes him to his lodgings in her carriage—Cadotte (or the “*Strong-wind*”) gets sick—Is in love with another!—Daniel unfolds the secret to her—Her distress—She goes to the country—The “*jolly fat dame*” returns—Cadotte’s engagement to marry—Rankin promotes the marriage—The Author disapproves of it 167

CHAPTER XVI. ✓

Mr. Rankin resolves to take the Indians to the provincial towns—Exhibition advertised to close—the wedding in St. Martin’s church—Great excitement—Its object—Grand parade through the streets in omnibuses—Rankin advertises “*the beautiful and interesting bride*” to appear on the platform at the Indians’ exhibitions—Public disgust and indignation—Condemned by the Press—Rankin begins his exhibition—Denies Cadotte admission to the Indians’ rooms, and dismisses him from his service—Rankin leaves London with the Indians—Author getting out his large work—The Indian portfolio—The “*jolly fat dame*” makes a visit to Daniel in the exhibition rooms—A long dialogue—Illustrious subscribers to the Author’s large work—Emperor of Russia and Duke of Wellington review 10,000 troops at Windsor—The Emperor presents the Author a gold box—Author takes out a patent for “*disengaging and floating quarter-decks, to save lives on vessels sinking or burning at sea*” 185

APPENDIX—A.

Opinions of the Press	Page 205
---------------------------------	----------

APPENDIX—B.

Museum of History	246
-----------------------------	-----

A Descriptive Catalogue of Catlin's Indian Collection	248
---	-----

CATLIN'S NOTES IN EUROPE,

§c.

§c.

CHAPTER I.

The Author embarks at New York, with his Indian Collection, and cage with two grizly Bears, for England, in the fall of 1839—Packet-ship Roscius, Captain Collins—Gale in the middle of the ocean—A ship dismasted and in distress—The Captain and twenty-eight men taken off and saved—The shipwrecked Captain and his faithful dog—"My man Daniel"—Sailor's nose taken off by grizly bear—Dr. Madden—Terrible gale—Sea-sickness of the grizly bears—Alarm on deck—"Bears out of their cage"—Passengers rush below and close the hatches—A *supposed* Bear enters the cabin!—Great excitement—The explanation—The gale subsides—Amusing mistake—The Author in the steerage—Two eccentric characters—Arrival in Liverpool.

IN the fall of the year 1839 I embarked at New York on board of the packet-ship Roscius, Captain Collins, for Liverpool, with my Indian collection; having received a very friendly letter of advice from the Hon. C. A. Murray, master of Her Majesty's household, who had formerly been a fellow-traveller with me on the Mississippi and other rivers in America; and who, on his return to London, had kindly made a conditional arrangement for my collection in the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly.

Mr. George Adlard, an Englishman, residing in the city of New York, had also exerted a friendly influence for me in procuring an order from the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury for passing my collection into the kingdom free from the customary duties; and under these auspices I was launched upon the wide ocean, with eight tons freight, consisting of 600 portraits and other paintings which I had

made in my sojourn of eight years in the prairies and Rocky Mountains of America—several thousands of Indian articles, costumes, weapons, &c., with all of which I intended to convey to the English people an accurate account of the appearance and condition of the North American tribes of Indians.*

On board also, as a part of my heavy collection, and as a further illustration of the rude inhabitants of the "*Far West*," I had, in a huge iron cage, two *grizzly bears*, from the Rocky Mountains; forming not only the heaviest and most awkward part of my freight, but altogether the most troublesome, as will be seen hereafter.

The wind was kind to us, and soon drove us across the Atlantic, without more than an incident or two worth recording, which I had minuted down as follows:—About the middle of the ocean, and in the midst of a four or five days' heavy gale, we came suddenly upon a ship, partly dismasted, with signals of distress flying, and water-logged, rolling about at the mercy of the merciless waves. We rounded-to with great danger to our own craft, and, during the early part of the night, succeeded, with much difficulty, in taking off the captain and crew of twenty-eight men, just before she went down. This was a common occurrence, however, and needs no further notice, other than of a feature or two which struck me as new. When the poor, jaded, and water-soaked fellows were all safely landed on the deck of our vessel, they laid down upon their faces and devoutly thanked God for their deliverance; and last of all that was lifted on board from their jolly-boat was their keg of rum, the only thing which they had brought with them when they deserted the ship. "This," good Captain Collins said, "you will not want now, my boys," and he cast it into the sea.

Captain James, a bland and good-natured Scotsman,

If the reader has forgotten to read the Preface, it will take him but a moment to run his eye over it, and by turning back to it he will find it an useful key to what follows.—*Author*.

commander of the *Scotia*, the unfortunate vessel, was invited by Captain Collins to the cabin of the *Roscius*, and into his state-room, where he was soon put into a suit of dry and warm clothes, and afterwards seated at the table; where, suddenly, a sullen resistance to food, and contemplative tears rolling over his cheeks, showed his rough shell to contain a heart that was worthy of the fondest affections of a dear wife and sweet little ones—none of which was he blessed with, if I recollect aright. But when his grief found utterance, he exclaimed, “My God! I have left my poor dog tied to the mast of my old craft. There he is, poor fellow! When we took to the jolly-boat I never thought of my poor Pompey!”

The briny tears seemed to burn this veteran’s hardened features as they ran over his cheeks; and hunger and fatigue, and all gave way to them and grief, until sleep had dried them up, and taken the edge from his anguished mind.

The next morning, his recital of the affectionate deeds of the life of his faithful dog, “who had made eighteen voyages across the Atlantic with him, and who would always indicate land a-head by his nose sooner than the sailors could discern it from the mast-head—whom he had, in kindness, lashed to the mast for his safety, and in carelessness abandoned to his unavoidable fate,” brought tears of pity in my own eyes. Poor man! he often wept for his faithful dog—and I as often wept for him, on our way from the middle of the ocean to Liverpool. We were, at this time, still in the midst of the terrible gale, which was increasing in its fury, and had already become quite too much for the tastes and the stomachs of the *grizzlies*—a few words more of whom must go into this chapter.

These two awkward voyageurs from the base of the Rocky Mountains, which I had reared from cubs, and fed for more than four years—for whose roughness in clawing and “chawing” I had paid for half a dozen cages which they had demolished and escaped from, and the prices of as many dogs “used up” in retaking them, had now grown to the

enormous size of eight or ten hundred pounds each; requiring a cage of iron so large that it could not be packed amongst the ship's cargo below, but must needs occupy a considerable space on the deck, in the form and size somewhat of a small house.

The front of this cage was formed of huge iron bars, kindly indulging the bruins to amuse themselves with a peep at what was progressing on deck, whilst it afforded the sailors and steerage passengers the amusement of looking and commenting upon the physiognomy and manœuvres of these rude specimens from the wilderness of America. This huge cage, with its inmates, had ridden into and partly through the gale with us, when the bears became subjects of more violent interest and excitement than we had as yet anticipated or could have wished. What had taken (and was taking) place amongst the sick and frightened group of passengers during this roaring, whistling, thrashing, and dashing gale, was common-place, and has been a thousand times described; but the sea-sickness, and rage, and fury of these two grizzly denizens of the deep ravines and rocky crags of the Rocky Mountains, were subjects as fresh as they were frightful and appalling to the terrified crew and passengers who were about them, and therefore deserve a passing comment.

The immediate guardian of these animals was a faithful man by the name of Daniel Kavanagh, who had for several years been in my employment as curator of my collection, and designed to accompany me in my tour through England. This man has occupied a conspicuous place in my affairs in Europe, and much will be said of him in the following pages, and the familiar and brief cognomen of "Daniel" or "Dan" applied to him. On embarking with this man and his troublesome pets at New York, I had fully explained to Captain Collins their ferocious, and deceitful, and intractable nature, who had consequently issued his orders to all of his crew and to the steerage passengers not to venture within their reach, or to trifle with them. Notwithstanding

all this precaution, curiosity, that beautiful trait of human nature, which often becomes irresistible in long voyages, and able to turn the claws of the Devil himself into the soft and tapering fingers of a Venus or a Daphne, got the better of the idle hours of the sailors, who were amusing themselves and the passengers, in front of the iron bars, by believing that they were wearing off by a sort of charm the rough asperities of their grizly and grim passengers by shaking their paws, and squaring and fending off the awkward sweeps occasionally made at them by the huge paw of the *she* bear, which ^{she} could effectually make by lying down and running her right arm quite out between the iron bars. On one of these (now grown to be amusing) occasions, one of the sailors was "squared off" before the cage, inviting her grizly majesty to a sort of set-to, when she (seemingly aware of the nature of the challenge) gradually extended her arm and her huge paw a little and a little further out of her cage, with her eyes capriciously closed until it was out to its fullest extent, when she made a side-lick at his head, and an exceedingly awkward one for the sailor to parry. It was lucky for him, poor fellow, that he partly dodged it; though as her paw passed in front of his face, one of her claws carried away entirely his nose, leaving it fallen down and hanging over his mouth, suspended merely by a small piece of skin or gristle, by which alone he could claim it.

Here was a sudden check to the familiarity with the bears; the results of which were, a renewal of the orders of non-intercourse from Captain Collins, and a marked coolness between the sailors and steerage passengers and the grizzlies during the remainder of the voyage.

The sailor was committed to the care of Dr. Madden, in the cabin, the distinguished traveller in Africa and the West Indies, and now one of our esteemed fellow-passengers, who skilfully replaced and arranged his nose with stitches and splints, and attended to it during the voyage. The poor fellow continued to swear vengeance on the

bears when they should reach the land ; but I believe that when they were landed in Liverpool, his nose was not sufficiently secure to favour his design. This unlucky affair had happened some days previous to the gale which I have begun to describe ; and with the unsociable and cold reserve with which they were subsequently treated by all on board (visited only at stated periods by their old, but not yet confiding friend Daniel, who brought them their daily allowance), they had, as I have mentioned, become partakers and sufferers with us in the pangs and fears of the hurricane that was sweeping over the vessel and the sea about us.

The third day of the gale became the most alarming, and the night of that day closing in upon us, seemed like the gloomy shroud amidst the hurrying winds and the cracking spars, that was to cover us in death. Until this day, though swinging (and now and then jumping) from mountains to mountains of waves, the ship and the elements mingled our fears with amusement. When, however, this day's light was gone, curiosity's feast was finished, and fear was no longer chained under our feet—we had reached the climax of danger, and terror seemed to have seized and reigned through every part of the ship. The bears, in contemplative or other vein, had been mute ; but at this gloomy hour, seeming to have lost all patience, added, at first their piteous howlings, and then their horrid growls, to the whistling of the winds ; and next, the gnashing of their teeth, and their furious lurches, and bolts, and blows against the sides of their cage, to the cracking of spars and roaring of the tempest ! Curiosity again, in desperate minds, was resuscitated, and taking in its insatiable draughts even in the midst of this jarring and discordant medley of darkness—of dashing foam, of cracking masts, and of howlings and growlings and raging of grizly bears ; for when the lightnings flashed, men (and even women) were seen crawling and hanging about the deck, as if to see if they could discover the death that was ready with his weapons drawn to destroy them.

The captain had twenty times ordered all below, but to

no purpose, until in the indiscriminate confusion of his crew and the passengers, in the jet blackness of the gale, when his ship was in danger, and our lives, his trumpet announced that "the bears were on deck!"

"Good God!" was exclaimed and echoed from one end of the ship's deck to the other; "the grizzly bears are out! down with the hatches—down the hatches!" The scrambling that here took place to reach the cabins below can only be justly known to each actor who performed his part in his own way; and of these there were many. Some descended headlong, some sidewise, and others rolled down; and every one with a ghastly glance back upon the one behind him, as a grizzly bear, of course, that was to begin his "chawing" the next moment.

When the scrambling was all over, and the hatches all safe, all in the cabin were obliged to smile for a moment, even in the midst of the alarm, at the queer position and manœuvres of a plump little Irish woman who had slipped down the wrong hatchway by accident, and left her "other half" to spend a night of eelibacy, and of awful forebodings, in the stercage, where she would have gone, but to which her own discretion as well as the united voices of the cabin passengers decided her not to attempt to make her way over the deck during the night.

The passengers, both fore and aft, were now all snugly housed for the rest of the night, and the captain's smothered voice through his trumpet, to his hands aloft, and the stamping of the men on deck, while handling the ropes and shifting the sails, were all caught by our open ears, and at once construed into assaults and dreadful conflicts with the grizzly bears on deck.

In the midst of these conjectures some one of the passengers screamed and sprang from near the stairway entering the cabin, when it was discovered, to the thrilling amazement of all, that one of the bears had pawed open the hatchway, and was descending into the cabin! The ladies' salon, beyond the cabin, was the refuge to which the

instant rush was making, when the always good and musical sound of the captain's voice was recognized. "Why! you don't think I'm a grizzly bear, do you?" The good fellow! he didn't intend to frighten anybody. He had just raised the hatch and came down to get a little breath and a "drop to drink." He is as unlike to a grizzly bear as any one else in the world, both in looks and in disposition; but he happened to have on for the occasion a black oil-cloth hood or cap, which was tied under the chin; and a jacket covered with long fur on the outside, making his figure (which was of goodly size, and which just filled the gangway), with a little of the lively imagination belonging to such moments, look the counterpart of a grizzly bear. "Where's Catlin?" said he; "damn the bears!" "Are they out?" cried the passengers all together. "Out?—yes; they have eaten one man already, and another was knocked overboard with a handspike; he was mistaken for one of the bears. We are all in a mess on deck—it's so dark we can't see each other—the men are all aloft in the rigging. Steward! give me a glass of brandy-and-water—the ship must be managed, and I must go on deck. Keep close below here, and keep the hatches down, for the bruins are sick of the scene, and pawing about for a burrow in the ground, and will have the hatches up in a moment if you don't look to them. Where's Catlin?" "We don't know," was the reply from many mouths; "he is not in the cabin."

"Will, here, Mистер Captain, yer honour, I'll till ye," said a poor fellow, who in the general fright and flight had tumbled himself by accident into the cabin, and observed sullen silence until the present moment; "I'll jist till ye—I saw Mистер Cathlin (I sippose he's the jintleman that owns the bastes) and his mon Dan (for I've known Dan for these many a long year in ould Amiriky, and I now he has chargin o' the bears on board); I saw the two, God bliss them, when the bastes was about gettin their hinder parts out of the cage, stannin on the side jisth before 'em, Mистер Cathlin with his double-barrel gun, and his mon Dan pointin at 'em in the face,

with a pistol in each hand; and this was jist whin I heard they were outh, and I jimped down here jist in the wrong place, as I am after observin when it is too late, and I hope there is no offence to your honour."

"Catlin's gone then," said the captain; "he is swallowed!"

The captain was at his post again, the hatches closed, and in the midst of dozing, and praying, and singing (and occasionally the hideous howlings of the grizzlies whenever a wave made a breach over the deck of the vessel) was passed away that night of alarm and despair, until the rays of the morning's sun having chased away the mist and assuaged the fury of the storm, had brought all hands together on the deck, and in the midst of them the cheerful face of our good captain; and in their huge cage, which had been driven from one side of the deck to the other, but now adjusted, sitting upon their haunches, with the most jaded and humiliating looks imaginable, as they gazed between their iron bars, their two grizzly majesties, who had hurt nobody during the night, nor in all probability had meditated anything worse or more sinful than an escape, if possible, from the imprisonment and danger they considered themselves unfortunately in.

In the general alarm and scramble on deck in the forepart of the night, the total darkness having been such that it was impossible to tell whether the bears were out of their cage or not, and quite impossible to make one's way to the quarter-deck, unaccustomed to the shapes of things to be passed over, "Misther Cathlin" had dropped himself into the steerage as the nearest refuge, just before the hatch was fastened down for the night. Any place, and anything under deck at that time, was acceptable; and even at so perilous a moment, and amidst such alarming apprehensions, I drew a fund of amusement from the scenes and conversations around me. The circumstance of sixty passengers, men, women, and children, being stowed into so small a compass, and to so familiar an acquaintance, would have been alone, and under different circumstances, a subject of curious

interest for a stranger so suddenly to be introduced to; but to be dropped into the midst of such a group in the middle of the night, in the thickest of a raging tempest, and the hour of danger, when some were in bed—some upon their knees at their prayers—others making the most of the few remaining drops of brandy they had brought with them, and others were playing at cards and enjoying their jokes, and all together just rescued from the jaws and the claws of the bears over their heads, was one of no common occurrence, and worthy at least of a few passing remarks.

The wailings of the poor fellow whose wife had got into the cabin were incessant, and not much inferior to the howlings of the grizzlies on deck. She had been put into my berth, and I had had the privilege of "turning in" with her disconsolate husband, if I had seen fit to have done so, or if his writhings and contortions had not taken up full twice the space allotted to him. It was known and told to him by some of his comrades, that they saw his wife go into the cabin, and that she was safe. "Yis," said he, "but I'm unasy, I'm not asy about her, d'ye see; I don't fale asy as she's there, God knows where, along with those jintlemen."

Amongst the passengers in this part of the vessel I at once found myself alongside of at least two very eccentric characters. The one, I afterwards learned, was familiarly called by the passengers "the little Irishman in black," and the other "the half-Englishman, or broken-down swell."

The first of these two eccentrics was a squatty little gentleman of about four feet nine inches elevation, and between two and three feet breadth of beam, with a wrinkled face and excessively sharp features. To be all in black he showed no signs of a shirt, though he was decently clad, but in black from head to foot, being in mourning, as he said, for "his son who had emigratin to Amiriky fifteen years sin, and livin there jist long enough to become a *native*, had died and leaven of a fortin, which he had been over to sittle up and receivin, with which he was recrossin the ocean to his native country." He said he wished to be rispec-

table and dacent, havin received 12,000 dollars ; and as he thought the dacent thing was in "payin," now-a-days, he had paid for a berth in the cabin, but preferred to ride in the steerage. He made and found much amusement in that part of the vessel with his congenial spirits, and seemed peculiarly happy in the close communication with the other oddity of the steerage, whom I have said the passengers called the half-Englishman, or broken-down swell, who, I learned from my man Daniel, had laid in three barrels of old English porter, in bottles, when leaving the city of New York, and the last of which they were now opening and making the whole company merry with, as a sort of thanksgiving on their lucky escape from the grizly bears, who they firmly believed held possession of everything on the vessel outside of the hatchway.

This eccentric and droll, but good-natured gentleman, with the aid of porter made much amusement in the steerage, even in the hour of alarm ; and though I did not at that time know his calibre, or exactly what to make of him, I afterwards learned that he was an English cockney who had been on a tour through the States, and was now on his way back to his fatherland. He had many amusing notions and anecdotes to relate of the Yankees, and in his good-natured mellowness told a very good one of himself, much to the amusement of the Yankees on board, and the little Irishman in black, and my man Daniel. He said that "the greatest luxury he found in New York were the hoisters, and much as he liked them he had eaten them for two years before he had learned whether they were spelled with a haitch or a ho." Much valuable time would be lost to the reader if I were to chain him down to the rest of the incidents that happened between the middle of the ocean and Liverpool ; and I meet him there at the beginning of my next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Howling of the grizly Bears—Alarm and excitement about the docks—Scuffle for luggage—Scene at the Grecian Hotel—Landing the grizly Bears—Author's journey to London—Ibbotson's Hotel—First sally into the streets—First impressions of London—Adventure in the fog and mud—Amusing occurrence in the street—Beggars at the crossings of the streets—Ingenious mode of begging—Rich shops—No pigs in the streets—Soot and smoke of London—Author returns to Liverpool—Daniel's trouble with the Bears—Passing the Indian Collection and grizly Bears through the Customs—Arrival in London with Collection and Bears—Daniel in difficulty—Howling of Bears passing through the Tunnel—The "King of New York," and "King Jefferson."

ON nearing the docks at Liverpool, not only all the passengers of the ship, but all the inhabitants of the hills and dales about, and the shores, were apprised of our approach to the harbour by the bellowing and howling of the grizzlies, who were undoubtedly excited to this sort of *Te Deum* for their safe deliverance and approach to *terra firma*, which they had got a sight (and probably a smell) of.

The arrival of the *Roscius* on that occasion was of course a conspicuous one, and well announced; and we entered the dock amidst an unusual uproar and crowd of spectators. After the usual manner, the passengers were soon ashore, and our luggage examined, leaving freight and grizly bears on board, to be removed the next morning. From the moment of landing on the wharf to the Custom-house, and from that to the hotel where I took lodgings, I was obliged to "fend off," almost with foot and with fist, the ragamuffins who beset me on every side; and in front, in the rear, and on the right and the left, assailed me with importunities to be allowed to carry my luggage. In the medley of voices and confusion I could scarcely tell myself to which of these

poor fellows I had committed my boxes; and no doubt this (to them) delightful confusion and uncertainty encouraged a number of them to keep close company with my luggage until it arrived at the Grecian Hotel. When it was all safely landed in the hall, I asked the lad who stood foremost and had brought my luggage in his cart, how much was to pay for bringing it up? "Ho, Sir, hi leaves it to your generosity, Sir, has you are a gentleman, Sir; hit's been a werry cavy load, Sir."

I was somewhat amused with the simple fellow's careless and easy manner, and handed him eighteen pence, thinking it a reasonable compensation for bringing two small trunks and a carpet-bag; but he instantly assumed a different aspect, and refused to take the money, saying that no gentleman would think of giving him less than half-a-crown for such a load as he had brought. I soon settled with and dismissed him by giving him two shillings; and as he departed, and I was about entering the coffee-room, another of his ragged fraternity touched my elbow, when I asked him what he wanted. "Wo, Sir, your luggage there—" "But I have paid for my luggage—I paid the man you see going out there." "Yes, Sir; but then you secs, hi elped im put it hon; hand I elped im along with it, hand it's werry ard, Sir, hif Ise not to be paid has well as im." I paid the poor fellow a sixpence for his ingenuity; and as he left, a third one stepped up, of whom I inquired, "What do *you* want?" "Why, Sir, your luggage, you know, there—I am very sorry, Sir, to see you pay that worthless rascal what's just going out there—I am indeed sorry, Sir—he did nothing, but was hol the time hin our way—hit urts me, Sir, to see a gentleman throw is money away upon sich vagabonds, for it's hundoubtedly ard earned, like the few shillings we poor fellows get." "Well, my good fellow, what do you want of me?" "Ho, Sir, hit's honly for the cart, Sir—you will settle with me for the cart, Sir, hif you please—that first chap you paid ad my cart, hand I'll be bound you ave paid im twice has much has you hought."

"Well, to make short," said I, "here, take this sixpence for your cart, and be off." I was thus brief, for I saw two or three others edging and siding up in the passage towards me, whom I recollected to have seen escorting my luggage, and I retreated into the coffee-room as suddenly as possible, and stated the case to one of the waiters, who promised to manage the rest of the affair.

I was thus very comfortable for the night, having no further annoyance or real excitement until the next morning after breakfast, when it became necessary to disembark the grizly bears. My other heavy freight had gone to Her Majesty's Custom-house, and all the passengers from the cabin and steerage had gone to comfortable quarters, leaving the two deck passengers, the grizzlies, in great impatience, and as yet undisposed of. My man Daniel had been on the move at an early hour, and had fortunately made an arrangement with a simple and unsuspecting old lady in the absence of her "good man," to allow the cage to be placed in a small yard adjoining her house, and within the same inclosure, which had a substantial pavement of round stones.

This arrangement for a few days promised to be an advantageous one for each party. Daniel was to have free access and egress for the purpose of giving them their food, and the price proposed to the good woman was met as a liberal reward for the reception of any living beings that she could imagine, however large, that could come within her idea of the dimensions of a cage. Daniel had told her that they were two huge bears; and in his reply to inquiries, assured her that they were not harmless by any means, but that the enormous strength of their cage prevented them from doing any mischief.

The kind old lady agreed, for so much per day, to allow the cage to stand in her yard, by the side of her house, at least until her husband returned. With much excitement and some growling about the docks and the wharf, they were swung off from the vessel, and, being placed on a "float," were conveyed to, and quietly lodged and fed in,

the retired yard of the good woman, when the gate was shut, and they fell into a long and profound sleep.

The grizly bears being thus comfortably and safely quartered in the immediate charge of my man Daniel, who had taken an apartment near them, and my collection being lodged in the Custom-house, I started by the railway for London to effect the necessary arrangements for their next move. I had rested in and left Liverpool in the midst of rain, and fog, and mud, and seen little else of it; and on my way to London I saw little or nothing of the beautiful country I was passing through, travelling the whole distance in the night. The luxurious carriage in which I was seated, however, braced up and embraced on all sides by deep cushions; the grandeur of the immense stations I was occasionally passing under; the elegance and comfort of the cafés and restaurants I was stumbling into with half-sealed eyes, with hundreds of others in the middle of the night, with the fat, and rotund, and ruddy appearance of the night-capped fellow-travellers around me, impressed me at once with the conviction that I was in the midst of a world of comforts and luxuries that had been long studied and refined upon.

I opened my eyes at daylight at the terminus in the City of London, but could see little of it, as I was driven to Ibbotson's Hotel, in Vere-street, through one of the dense fogs peculiar to the metropolis and to the season of the year in which I had entered it. To a foreigner entering London at that season, the first striking impression is the blackness and gloom that everywhere shrouds all that is about him. It is in his hotel—in his bed-chamber—his dining-room, and if he sallies out into the street it is there even worse; and added to it dampness, and fog, and mud, all of which, together, are strong inducements for him to return to his lodgings, and adopt them as comfortable, and as a luxury.

I am speaking now of the elements which the Almighty alone can control, and which only we strangers first see, as the surface of things, when we enter a foreign land, and

before our letters of introduction, or the kind invitations of strangers, have led us into the participation of the hospitable and refined comforts prepared and enjoyed by the ingenuity of enlightened man, within. These I soon found were all around me, in the midst of this gloom; and a deep sense of gratitude will often induce me to allude to them again in the future pages of this work.

My breakfast and a clean face were the first necessary things accomplished at my hotel, and next to them was my first sally into the streets of the great metropolis, to inhale the pleasure of first impressions, and in my rambles to get a glance at the outer walls and the position of the famous Egyptian Hall, which I have already said my kind friend the Hon. C. A. Murray had conditionally secured, as the locale of my future operations. It is quite unnecessary, and quite impossible also, for me to describe the route I pursued through the mud and the fog in search of the Hall. Its direction had been pointed out to me at my start, and something like the distance explained, which, to an accustomed woodsman like myself, seemed a better guarantee of success than the names of a dozen streets and turnings, &c.; and I had "leaned off" on the point of compass, as I thought, without any light of the sun to keep me to my bearings, until I thought myself near its vicinity, and at a proper position to make some inquiry for its whereabouts. I ran against a young man at the moment (or, rather, he ran against me, as he darted across the street to the pavement, with a black bag under his arm), whom I felt fully at liberty to accost; and to my inquiry for the Egyptian Hall, he very civilly and kindly directed me in the following manner, with his hand pointing down the street in the opposite direction to the one in which I was travelling:—"Go to the *bottom*, d'ye see, sir, and you are at the *top*, of Piccadilly; you then pass the third turning to the left, and you will see the exhibition of the uge hox; that hox is in the Hegyptian All, and ee *his* a wapper, sure enough!" By this kind fellow's graphic direction I was soon in the Hall, got a glance of it and "the fat ox," and

then commenced my first peregrination, amidst the mazes of fog and mud, through the Strand, Fleet-street, and Cheapside; the names of which had rung in my ears from my early boyhood, and which the sort of charm they had wrought there had created an impatient desire to see.

I succeeded quite well in wending my way down the Haymarket, the Strand, and Fleet-street, slipping and sliding through the mud, until I was in front or in the rear (I could not tell which) of the noble St. Paul's, whose black and gloomy walls, at the apparent risk of breaking my neck, I could follow up with my eye, until they were lost in the murky cloud of fog that floated around them. I walked quite round it, by which I became duly impressed with its magnitude below, necessarily leaving my conjectures as to its elevation, for future observations through a clearer atmosphere.

I then commenced to retrace my steps, when a slight tap upon my shoulder brought me around to look upon a droll and quizzical-looking fellow, who very obsequiously proceeded (as he pointed to the collar of my cloak, the lining of which, it seems, had got a little exposed), "The lining of your cloak, sir; hit don't look very well for a gentleman, sir; hexcuse me, hif you please, sir." "Certainly," said I; "I am much obliged to you," as I adjusted it and passed on. In my jogging along for some distance after this rencontre, and while my eyes were intent upon the mud, where I was selecting the places for my footsteps, I observed a figure that was keeping me close company by my side, and, on taking a fairer look at him, found the same droll character still at my elbow, when I turned around and inquired of him, "What now?" "Ho, sir, your cloak, you know, sir; hit didn't look well, for a gentleman like you, sir. Your pardon, sir; ha sixpence, hif you please, sir." I stopped and gave the poor fellow a sixpence for his ingenuity, and jogged on.

The sagacity of this stratager in rags had detected the foreigner or stranger in me at first sight, as I learned in a

few moments, in the following amusing way. I had proceeded but a few rods from the place where I had given him his sixpence and parted company with him, when, crossing an intersecting street, I was met by a pitiable object hobbling on one leg, and the other twisted around his hip, in an unnatural way, with a broom in one hand, and the other extended towards me in the most beseeching manner, and his face drawn into a triangular shape, as he was bitterly weeping. I saw the poor fellow's occupation was that of sweeping the crossing under my feet, and a sixpence that I slipped into his hand so relaxed the muscles of his face, by this time, that I at once recognised in him the adjuster of the lining of my cloak; but I had no remedy, and no other emotion, at the instant, than that of amusement, with some admiration of his adroitness, and again passed on.

Casting my eyes before me I observed another poor fellow, at the crossing of another street, plying his broom to the mud very nimbly (or rather passing it over, just above the top of the mud), whilst his eye was fixed intently upon me, whom he had no doubt seen patronizing the lad whom I had passed. I dodged this poor fellow by crossing the street to the right, and as I approached the opposite pavement I fell into the hands of a young woman in rags, who placed herself before me in the most beseeching attitude, holding on her arm a half-clad and sickly babe, which she was pinching on one of its legs to make it cry, whilst she supplicated me for aid. I listened to her pitiable lamentations a moment, and in reproaching her for her cruelty in exposing the life of her little infant for the purpose of extorting alms, I asked her why she did not make her husband take care of her and her child? "Oh, my kind sir," said she, "I give you my honour I've got no husband; I have no good opinion of those husbands." "Then I am glad you have informed me," said I; "you belong to a class of women whom I will not give to." "Oh, but, kind sir, you mistake me; I am not a bad woman—I am *not* a bad woman—I assure you! I am a decent

woman, and God knows it: the child is not mine; it is only one that I hires, and I's obliged to pay eighteen pence a day for it; which is as true as God's holy writ; that's what it is." "Then," said I, "you are a wretch, to keep that innocent little thing here in the cold; and, instead of alms, you deserve to be handed over to the police." She gave me many hard names as I was stepping into a cab which I had beckoned up and directed to drive me to Ibbotson's Hotel, in Vere-street.

"Where, sir?" asked the cab-driver as he mounted his seat. "Vy, sir, didn't you ear the gentleman?" said a man with a large bronze medal hanging on his breast, who had one hand on the door; "drive im to Hibbotson's Otel, Were-street, Hoxford-street." "Who are you?" said I, as we were moving off, and he held the door open with one hand and his hat raised with the other; "what do you want?"

"I'm the vaterman, sir; you'll recollect the vaterman?" "Yes, I'll not forget you in a long time." So I shut the door without giving the poor man his ha'penny, not knowing the usual custom yet, and too much pressed for time to learn it at that moment.

I observed, in passing several equestrian and other statues in the streets, that they were all black; which seemed curious; and also, in every street, I saw what was new to me, and not to be seen in the streets of the American cities—meat-shops and fishmongers indiscriminately mingled along the same side-walks with dry goods—hosiers, china, and hardware—and fancy shops; and also performed the whole route, outward and homeward, without having seen a solitary pig ploughing the gutters, as we too familiarly meet them in many of the American cities, though the gutters, much of the way, would seem to have offered a tolerably rich field for their geological researches.

I met with evidences enough, however, that I was not out of the land of pigs, though they were not seen promenading or ploughing the streets. I passed several shops, all open in front, where poor piggies were displayed in a much less

independent way—hanging by their hind legs at full length, and the blood dripping from their noses upon the sills of the shops and pavements, to amuse the eyes of the silken and dazzling throng that was squeezing and brushing along by them; and whilst I easily decided which was the most cruel to the poor brutes, I was much at a loss to decide which mode was calculated to be the most shocking to the nerves that would be weak enough to be offended by either.

I was thus at the end of my first day's rambles in London, without at present recollecting any other occurrences worthy of note, excepting a little annoyance I had felt by discovering with my left eye, while walking in the street, something like a small black spot on the side of my nose, which, by endeavouring many times to remove by the brush of my hand across it, I had evidently greatly enlarged, and which, when I returned, I examined and found to have been at first, in all probability, a speck of soot which had alighted there, and by passing my hand over it had, as in other instances, on other parts of my face, mashed it down and given it somewhat the shape and tail of a comet, or the train of a falling star, though differing materially in brilliancy and colour.

I used the rest of this gloomy day in obtaining from the Lords of the Treasury the proper order for passing my collection through the Customs, which has been before mentioned, arranging my letters of credit, &c., and returned by the evening's train to Liverpool, to join my collection again, and Daniel and the grizly bears.

On my return to that city I found poor Daniel in a sad dilemma with the old lady about the bears, and the whole neighbourhood under a high excitement, and in great alarm for their safety. The bears had been landed in the briefest manner possible; exempted from the usual course that almost everything else takes through the Queen's warehouse; and, though relieved from the taxes of the customs, I soon found that I had duties of a different character accumulating that required my attention in another quarter. The agreement made by the old lady with

Daniel to keep them in her yard for so much per day, and for as long a time as he required, had been based upon the express and very judicious condition that they were to do no harm. From the moment of their landing they had kept up an almost incessant howling, so Rocky-Mountain-ish and so totally unlike any attempts at music ever heard in the country before, that it attracted a crowd night and day about the old lady's door, that almost defeated all attempts at ingress and egress. A little vanity, however, which she still possessed, enabled her to put up with the inconvenience, which she was turning to good account, and counting good luck, until it was ascertained, to her great amazement as well as alarm, that the bears were passing their huge paws out of the cage, between the iron bars, and lifting up the round stones of her pavement for the pleasure of once more getting their nails into the dirt, their favourite element, and which they had for a long time lost sight of.

In their unceasing pursuit of this amusement, by night and by day, they had made a sad metamorphosis of the old lady's pavement, as, with the strength of their united paws, they had drawn the cage around to different parts of the yard, totally unpaving as they went along. At the time of the poor old lady's bitterest and most vehement complaint, they were making their move in the direction of her humble tenement, the walls of which were exceedingly slight; and her alarm became insupportable. The ignorant crowd outside of the inclosure, who could get but a partial view of their operations now and then, had formed the most marvellous ideas of these monsters, from the report current amongst them that they were eating the paving-stones; and had taken the most decided and well-founded alarm from the fact that the bears had actually hurled some of the paving-stones quite over the wall amongst their heads, which were calling back an increased shower of stones and other missiles, adding fresh rage and fears to the growling of the bears, which altogether was threatening results of a more disastrous kind.

In this state of affairs I was very justly appealed to by the old lady for redress and a remedy, for it was quite evident that the condition of her agreement with Daniel had been broken, as the bears were now decidedly doing much harm to her premises; destroying all her rest, and (as she said) "her appetite and her right mind;" and I agreed that it was my duty, as soon as possible, to comply with her urgent request that they should be removed. She insisted on its being done that day, as "it was quite impossible to pass another night in her own bed, when there was such howling and groaning and grunting in her yard, by the side of her house." Daniel took my directions and immediately went through the town in search of other quarters for them, and was to attend to their moving whilst I was to spend the day in the Custom-house, attending to the examination of my collection of 600 paintings and many thousand Indian costumes, weapons and other curiosities, which were to be closely inspected and inventoried, for duties.

Immersed in this mystery of difficulties and vexations at the customs during the day, I had lost sight of Daniel and his pets until I was free at night, when I was assailed with a more doleful tale than ever about the bears. Troubles were gathering on all sides. Poor Daniel had positively arranged in several places for them, but when "their characters were asked from their last places," he met defeat in every case, and was obliged to meet, at last, the increased complaints of his old landlady, whose rage and ranting were now quite beyond control. She had made complaint to the police, of whom a *posse* had been sent to see to their removal. Daniel in the mean time had dodged them, and was smiling amidst the crowd at the amusing idea of their laying hold of them, or of even going into the yard to them. The police reported on the utter impossibility of removing them to any other part of the town, their "character" having been so thoroughly published already to all parts; and it was advised, to the utter discomfiture of the old lady, that it would be best for them to remain

there until they should be removed to London, and that I should pay for all damages. The poor old lady afterwards had a final interview with Daniel in the crowd, when she very judiciously resolved that if the bears did not move, *she must*—which she did that night, and placed Daniel in her bed, as the guardian of her property and of his pets, until the third or fourth day afterwards, when they were moved to the railway, and by it (night and day, catching what glimpses they could of the country they were serenading with their howls and growls as they passed through it under their tarpaulin) they were conveyed to the great metropolis.

Owing to the multiplicity of articles to be examined and inventoried in the customs, and the great embarrassment of the clerks in writing down their Indian names, my labours were protracted there to much tediousness; but when all was brought to a close by their proposing, most judiciously, to count the number of curiosities instead of wasting paper and time and paralysing my jaws by pronouncing half a dozen times over, and syllable by syllable, their Indian names, my collection of eight tons weight was all on the road and soon at the Euston station in London, where we again recognised the mournful cries of the grizzlies, who had arrived the night before.

On arriving at the station, I found Daniel at a small inn in the vicinity, where he seemed highly excited by some unpleasant altercation he had had with the landlord and inmates of the house, growing out of national and political prejudices, which had most probably been too strongly advanced on both sides. Daniel had suddenly raised a great excitement in the neighbourhood by his arrival with the grizzly bears, whose occasional howlings had attracted crowds of people, curious to know the nature of the strange arrival; and all inquirers about the station being referred to their keeper, who was at the inn, brought Daniel and his patience into notoriety at once.

Daniel (*Plate No. 2*) is an Irishman, who emigrated

to the United States some twenty years since, and, by dint of his industry and hard labour, had met with success in acquiring an humble independence, and had formed the most undoubted attachment to the Government and its institutions; and, from his reading, and conversation with the world, had informed himself tolerably well in political matters, which he was always ready to discuss; and being rather of a hasty and irascible temperament, he often got into debates of that nature, that led him into danger of unpleasant results. It was in the midst of one of these that I found him at the inn, surrounded by at least a hundred labouring men and idlers from the streets, who had been drawn around him at first, as I have said, to get some information of the bears, but who had changed their theme, and were now besieging him on all sides, to combat him on some political dogma he had advanced relative to his favourite and adopted country, the United States; or to taunt him with slaunts at his native country, all of which, with his native wit, he was ready to meet with ability, until, as he afterwards told me, "they were showered upon him so rapidly, and from so many quarters at once, that it became quite impossible to answer them, and that the stupid ignorance and impertinence of some of them had worn out all his patience, and irritated him to that degree, that I must excuse him for the excitement I had found him under when I arrived." With much difficulty I rescued him from the crowd that had enclosed him, and, retiring to a private room, after matters of business had been arranged, he gave me the following account of the difficulties he had just been in, and of the incidents of his journey from Liverpool to London with the bears.

At Liverpool he had had great difficulty in getting permission to travel by the luggage train, to keep company with the bears, the necessity of which he urged in vain, until he represented that, unless he was with them to feed them, their howlings and other terrific noises and ravings would frighten their hands all out of the stations, and even add probabilities to their breaking loose from the



№ 2.

cage in which they were confined, to feed upon the human flesh around them, and of which they were peculiarly fond. Upon these representations, he was allowed the privilege of a narrow space, to stand or to sit, in the corner of one of the luggage-trains, and thus bore the bears company all the way.

When they entered the first tunnel on their way, they raised a hideous howl, which they continued until they were through it, which might have been from a feeling of pleasure, recognizing in it something of the character of the delightful gloominess of their own subterranean abodes; or their outcries might have been from a feeling of dread or fear from those narrow and damp caverns, too much for their delicate tastes and constitutions. This, however, is matter for the bears to decide. At Birmingham, where they rested on the truck for the greater part of a day, their notification to the town had called vast crowds of spectators around them; and though their tarpaulin prevented them from being seen, many, very many, drew marvellous accounts of them from one another, and from the flying reports which had reached them several days before from Liverpool, of "two huge monsters imported from the Rocky Mountains, that had scales like alligators, with long spears of real flint at the ends of their tails; that they made nothing of eating paving-stones when they were hungry, and that in Liverpool they had escaped, and were travelling to the north, and demolishing all the inhabitants of Lancashire as they went along," &c. Their occasional howls and growls, with, once in a while, a momentary display of one of their huge paws, exhibited from under the tarpaulin, riveted the conviction of the gaping multitude as to the terror and danger of these animals, while it put at rest all apprehensions as to their being at large and overrunning the country. Poor Daniel had to stand between the crowd and his pets, to save them from the peltings and insults of the crowd, and at the same time, to muster every talent he had at natural history, to answer the strange queries and

10/1

theories that were raised about them. He was assailed on every side with questions as to the appearance and habits of the animals, and at last, about "the other animals," as they called them, "running on two legs, in America;" for many of them, from his representations, had come fresh from the coal-pits and factories, with ideas that Americans were a sort of savages, and that savages, they had understood, were "a sort of wild beastises, and living on raw meat." These conjectures and queries were answered amusingly for them, by Daniel; and, after he had a little enlightened them by the information he gave them, their conversation took a sort of political turn, which, I have before said, he was prone to run into; and thus, luckily, the time was whiled away, without any *set-to* to bother the bears and himself, which he had seen evidently preparing, until the whistle announced them and him on their way again for the metropolis.

The next morning he found himself and the bears safe landed at the terminus in London, where I have already said that I found him and released him from a medley of difficulties he had worked himself into.

The keeper of the inn had himself been the first to provoke poor Daniel, but when he found it for his interest, and advised a different course, he endeavoured to turn his criticisms into good nature, and had taken sides with him. Daniel, very amusingly however, describes his remarks as so excessively ignorant, that they excited his mirth more than anger, and he repeated several of them in the following manner:—He first provoked Daniel by inquiring "who his master was, and where he was at that time." Daniel replied to him, somewhat to his surprise, "I have no master, Sir; I live in a country, thank God, where we are our own masters. My 'boss' (if you will have it that way) is a Mr. Catlin, who I expect here in a few hours." Finding that Daniel and the bears were from America, of which country he had heard some vague accounts, he very innocently enquired who was the King in America at that time, apologizing, that by the treacherousness of his memory he

had lost the run of them. Daniel told him that they had no king in America. He then said “ he well recollected when the old fellow died, but he had equally forgotten the name of the Queen ; he recollected to have read of the King of New York.” Daniel soon put his recollection right, and in doing so had given umbrage to the poor man, which led to the long and excited political debate with which I found Daniel so much exasperated when I arrived.

Daniel had, in the beginning of this affair, explained to the bystanders around him the difference between a King and a President, and then had provoked his landlord by amusingly and pleasantly repeating the anecdote of “ King Jefferson ” (which is current in America) in reply to his questions about the “ King of New York ;” and in the following manner :—

“ During the presidency of Thomas Jefferson, who lived in the city of Washington, two poor emigrants from the county of Cork, in my own country, made their way to America in a vessel which landed them in Philadelphia ; they got ashore, and as they were taking their first stroll through the streets in the ‘ land of liberty and equality,’ without a shilling in their pockets, they began to ‘ sing out ’ ‘ Huzza for King George !’ This of course excited too much opposition to last long in the streets of a republican city, and a gentleman very kindly stopped the poor fellows, and to their great surprise informed them that he feared they would get into difficulty if they continued to huzza for the king, as King George was not the king of the country they were now in. He informed them that Mr. Jefferson was the great man in America—that he was President of the United States, and that it would not do for them to huzza for King George. They thanked him, and as they proceeded on they increased the volume of their voices in huzzas for ‘ King Jefferson!—huzza for King Jefferson!’ This soon excited the attention of the police, who silenced their bawling by ‘ putting them in the jug !’ ”

CHAPTER III.

Letters of introduction—Driving a friend's horse and chaise—Amusing accidents—English driving—"Turn to the *right*, as the law directs"—A turn to the *left*—A fresh difficulty—Egyptian Hall—Lease for three years—Arrangement of collection—Bears sold and removed to Regent's Park Zoological Gardens—Their fates.

HAVING landed all my effects safely at the terminus in London, the next thing was the final *locale*; and to decide on this, my letters of introduction, or a part of them at least, should be delivered; and for this and other dodgings about through the city for a few days, the first gentleman to whom I delivered a letter had the kindness to insist on my using his horse and chaise during certain portions of the day, when he did not use them himself. This was the kindest thing that he could have done for me, and I shall never forget the obligation he laid me under by doing so. His footman, who accompanied me, relieved me from all anxiety about the horse, which was a noble animal; and my long errands through the mud were most delightfully abridged.

As the fatalities of life seem to bring us more or less trouble in every step we take in it, I had mine, even in this new and independent arrangement. In my first dash through the streets with all the confidence and tact I had acquired from my boyhood in driving a similar vehicle in my own country, I was suddenly in the midst of fresh misfortune by "turning to the right, as the law directs" (the regulation and custom of the United States), which brought my horse into the most frightful collision with a pair that were driven by a gentleman, and who had reined

in the same direction under the English custom of "turn to the left."

This affair was not only one of imminent danger of harm, which we had all luckily escaped, but one of exceeding mortification to me from the circumstances which immediately followed.

The extreme care and skill in driving, with the fine training of horses in England (of which we have little idea in the United States), render accidents in the streets of London so exceedingly rare, that when they do occur they immediately attract an immense crowd, and into the midst of such an one was I thrown by the unfortunate accident which my ignorance rather than carelessness had just been the cause of.

By the violence of the concussion I had been landed in the street, and the gentleman, to whose harness I had done some injury, was suddenly in front of me with his whip in his hand; and in the hearing of the crowd that was hovering around, in the most excited manner, demanding of me what I meant by driving against him in that awkward manner, and threatening to hold me responsible for damages done by not turning the right way, whilst I felt every disposition to answer his questions respectfully, as I saw the injury was all on his side. I still felt that a little tenacity was allowable on my side; and I almost as peremptorily demanded of him why he did not rein to the right, as the law requires:—"Rein to the right!" said he, "who the devil ever heard of such a thing as turning to the right? Where are you from, I should like to know?" "I am from a country, sir, where the law directs all vehicles to 'turn to the right.'" "What country is that, I should like to know?" "North America, sir." "Ha! just about what I should have thought, sir:—I suppose I shall get pay for my coupling-lines about the time the States pay interest." "Most likely," said I, as we were mutually taking our seats, amidst the sullen remarks that I heard in various

parts of the crowd as I was driving off—"There 's a Yankee for you!—ee's a rum-looking fellow, ha?—There 's a Repudiator for you"—"I 'll be bound—" &c., &c., &c.

I drove off from this scene with some satisfaction that I had learned so important a fact at so little expense, and steered my way very safely amidst the thousands of vehicles of various sorts that I was passing and meeting, in which time I was very pleasantly receiving a brief lecture on the subject from my good-natured and very civil footman, who was behind me; in which (having silently learned in the disaster we had just witnessed that I was from a foreign country) he took especial pains to explain to me that "in Hengland it 's holays the abit to turn to the left." Just at that moment I found myself in a fresh difficulty, and some danger also, by one wheel of my chaise grinding against the curbstone, and a huge omnibus in full press against us, and driving us on to the pavement, where it had at that moment stopped and fastened us, whilst discharging a passenger. I demanded of the driver, a sullen-looking fellow, half covered with an apron or boot which protected him from the weather in front, and something like a feather-bed and bolsters tied around his neck and chin, and half concealing his bloated face, what he meant by reining in upon me in that way, and crowding me upon the pavement? to which he grumly replied as he snapped his whip, "I should like to know what business you have in there?" "Never mind," said I, "I shall go ahead." "No you woan't—ain't you old enough to know which side of a carriage to pass?" At that moment the conductor of the omnibus cried out "All right!" which was echoed by a policeman who had taken my horse by the bit. I was somewhat relieved, though a little surprised, at the verdict given by the conductor and the policeman at the same instant, that "all" (or both), as I at that moment understood it, "were right." I sat still of course till the omnibus had left us, nearly crushed, but luckily not damaged, when I said to

my footman, "Why, what does this mean?—what do you call the 'left side' in this country, I should like to know?" To this he very distinctly as well as amusingly explained, that the invariable custom in England is when *meeting* a vehicle, to turn to the *left*, and when *passing*, to turn to the *right*. But why did the policeman and the conductor say we were both right or "all right?" "Why, sir, you know wen the homnibus olds up to land a gent or a lady, or to take em hin, it would be wery hawkard to drive off wen the lady ad one leg hin the bus and the other hout; so wen they are both hout or both hin, and all right, the conductor ollows out 'Holl right!' and the bus goes hon, d'ye see, sir?" "Ah, yes, I thank you, Jerry, I understand it now." I was then growing wiser every moment amongst the incidents that were occasionally taking place in my drives with the goodnatured footman and his fine horse, which I used for several days, much to my satisfaction and amusement, without other accident or incident worth the reader's valuable time.

I called upon my kind friend the Hon. C. A. Murray, at his office in Buckingham Palace, where I was received with all that frankness and sincerity peculiar to him; and, with his kind aid, and that of Charles D. Archibald, Esq., of York Terrace, to whom I am also much indebted, the arrangements were soon made for my collection in the Egyptian Hall, which I took on a lease, for three years, at a rent of 550*l.* per annum.

My collection was soon in it, and preparing for its exhibition, while the grizzly bears were still howling at the Euston station, impatient for a more congenial place for their future residence. It was quite impossible to give them any portion of the premises I had contracted for in the Egyptian Hall, and the quarters ultimately procured for them being expensive, and the anxieties and responsibilities for them daily increasing upon me as they were growing stronger and more vicious in their dispositions, it was decided that they should be offered for sale, and dis-

posed of as soon as possible. For this purpose I addressed letters to the proprietors of zoological gardens in Liverpool, in Dublin, and Edinburgh, and several other towns, and received, in reply from most of them, the answer that they already had them in their gardens, and that they were so complete a drug in England that they were of little value. One proprietor assured me that he had recently been obliged to shoot two that he had in his gardens, in consequence of mischief they were doing to people visiting the grounds, and to the animals in the gardens.

My reply to several of these gentlemen was, that since the death of the famous old grizzly bear, that had died a few months before in Regent's-park, it was quite certain that there had not been one in the kingdom until the arrival of these, "and that if either of those gentlemen would produce me another living grizzly bear, at that time, in the kingdom, I would freely give him my pair." This seemed, however, to have little weight with the proprietors of wild beasts; but I at length disposed of them for about the same price that I had given for them four years before, when they were not much larger than my foot (for the sum of 125*l.*); and they went to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

A word or two more of them and the reader will have done with the grizzlies, who had been much obliged to me, no doubt, for four years' maintenance, and for a sight of the beauties of the ocean, and as much of the land of comforts and refinements as they were allowed to see through the bars of their cage, while they were travelling from the rude wilds of the Rocky Mountains to the great metropolis, the seat and centre of civilization and refinement. As in their new abode they were allowed more scope and better attendance, it was reasonable to suppose that their lives would have been prolonged, and their comfort promoted; but such did not prove to be the case. From the continual crowds about them, to which they had the greatest repugnance, they seemed daily to pine, until one of them died of exceeding disgust (unless a better cause can be

assigned), and the other with similar symptoms, added to loneliness perhaps, and despair, in a few months afterwards.

Thus ended the career of the grizzly bears, and I really believe there were no tears shed for them, unless they were tears of joy, for they seemed to extend their acquaintance only to add to the list of their enemies, wherever they went.

CHAPTER IV.

Indian Collection arranged for exhibition—Description of it—The Hon. Charles Augustus Murray—Collection opened to private view—Kindness of the Hon. Mr. Murray—Distinguished visitors—Mr. Murray's explanations—Kind reception by the Public and the Press—Kind friends—Fatigue of explaining and answering questions—Curious remedy proposed by a friend—Pleasures and pains of a friendly and fashionable dinner.

My business now, and all my energies, were concentrated at the Egyptian Hall, where my collection was arranged upon the walls. The main hall was of immense length, and contained upon its walls 600 portraits and other paintings which I had made during eight years' travels amongst forty-eight of the remotest and wildest tribes of Indians in America, and also many thousands of articles of their manufacture, consisting of costumes, weapons, &c. &c., forming together a pictorial history of those tribes, which I had been ambitious to preserve as a record of them, to be perpetuated long after their extinction. In the middle of the room I had erected also a wigwam (or lodge) brought from the country of the Crows, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, made of some twenty or more buffalo skins, beautifully dressed and curiously ornamented and embroidered with porcupine quills.

My friend the Honourable C. A. Murray, with several others, had now announced my collection open to their numerous friends and such others as they chose to invite during the three first days when it was submitted to their private view, and by whom it was most of the time filled; and being kindly presented to most of them, my unsentimental and unintellectual life in the atmosphere of railroads and grizzly bears was suddenly changed to a

cheering flood of soul and intellect which greeted me in every part of my room, and soon showed me the way to the recessed world of luxury, refinements, and comforts of London, which not even the imagination of those who merely stroll through the streets can by any possibility reach.

During this private view I found entered in my book the names of very many of the nobility, and others of the most distinguished people of the kingdom. My friend Mr. Murray was constantly present, and introduced me to very many of them, who had the kindness to leave their addresses and invite me to their noble mansions, where I soon appreciated the elegance, the true hospitality and refinement of English life. Amongst the most conspicuous of those who visited my rooms on this occasion were H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Wellington, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Robert and Lady Peel, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Duke of Rutland, Duke of Buckingham, Countess-Dowager of Dunmore, Countess-Dowager of Ashburnham, Earl of Falmouth, Earl of Dunmore, Lord Monteagle, Lord Ashley, Earl of Burlington, Sir James and Lady Clark, Sir Augustus d'Este, Sir Francis Head, and many others of the nobility, with most of the editors of the press, and many private literary and scientific gentlemen, of whose kindness to me while in London I shall have occasion to speak in other parts of this work.

The kindness of my friend Mr. Murray on this occasion can never be forgotten by me. He pointed out to my illustrious visitors the principal chiefs and warriors of the various tribes, with many of whom he was personally acquainted; explaining their costumes, weapons, &c., with all of which his rambles in the Indian countries beyond the Mississippi and Missouri had made him quite familiar. He led Duchesses, Countesses, and Ladies in succession upon his arm, into the wigwam of buffalo-hides, where he descanted, to the great satisfaction and amusement

of his friends, upon the curious modes of Indian life into which he had been initiated, and which he had long shared with these simple people, whilst he resided with them under roofs of buffalo-hides (like the one now over their heads) on the vast plains and prairies of the wilds of America.

This was evidently an opportunity affording him great satisfaction, of illustrating to his friends the styles of primitive life which he had witnessed in America, whilst his explanations and descriptions were exceedingly entertaining and amusing to them, and at the same time the strongest corroboration of the fidelity with which I had made them, and therefore the best recommendation of them and me to the consideration of the English community.

He was fully employed, as he led alternately the Duchess of Sutherland (with her lovely daughters by her side), and the Duchess of Buccleuch on his arm, and a numerous group around him, while he commented upon the features and disposition of his old friend *Wee-ta-ra-sha-ro*, who had taken him under his immediate protection and saved his life from the designs of some young men who had laid their plans to destroy him when in the country of the Pawnees.

He explained to them and the Bishops of London and Norwich, who were following in the wake of the ladies and giving ear, the religious ceremony of the Indians, their modes of warfare, of hunting, and throwing the lasso in catching the wild horse. He showed them the Indian cradles in which the squaws carry their papposes, slung on their backs. He took in his hands the lasso, and illustrated the mode of throwing it, with which he was familiar. He took also in his hands their war-clubs, their tomahawks and scalping-knives, and then the scalps from the heads of enemies slain in battle, and ably explained them all. With these he made lasting and thrilling impressions; but with more satisfaction to himself, and to the fair and tender Graces, whose sylph-like gracefulness formed a halo of loveliness around him, he pointed to my paintings of the

ever verdant and enamelled prairies—to the very copses and lawns through which, with his unerring rifle, he had stalked the timid antelope or the stately elk and shaggy bison, and, after quieting his raving stomach with their broiled delicacies, he had straightened his wearied limbs upon his spread buffalo robe, and, with the long, waving grass and bowing lilies stooping over his head, he had reflected upon London, upon Palaces and friends, as he had glided into that sweet forgetfulness that belongs peculiarly to the wearied huntsman, whose rifle has catered for his stomach, and whose quiet conscience starts him not at the rustling of the sweetened winds that are gently breezing over him.

I was also constantly engaged with surrounding groups, who were anxious to know the meaning and moral of this strange and unintelligible collection, while my man Daniel, with his rod in his hand, was enlightening another party at the end of the room, by pointing out the leading personages of the various tribes, explaining their costumes, weapons, &c., and answering the thousand questions which were put to him, and which several years of familiarity with the subject had abundantly qualified him to do.

Thus passed my first interview with the English aristocracy. *I* was in the midst and the best of it; and by it, on all sides, was met with the kindest feelings and condescension, while *I* received compliments from all (in the most undoubted sincerity) for the successful efforts *I* had thus made to perpetuate the records of an abused and dying race of human beings.

The reception that myself and my works met on these days, amongst the highest critics, the most refined and elevated of the world, was beyond description pleasurable to me, as *I* had arrived a stranger in a foreign land, where *I* had risked everything upon the value that should be set upon my labours; and that, where *I* had been told that national prejudices would labour to defeat me. My life had been a tissue of risks and chances, and *I* resolved to hazard again; and *I* am now pleased (and bound) to acknowledge

that I was frankly met with the most unprejudiced and congenial feelings; and, even more than that, with a settled and genuine sympathy for the benighted people whom my works were representing, and a disposition to reward my labours by kind and unexpected invitations to the hospitable boards of those who fill the highest and most enviable stations in life.

To this general feeling it affords me pleasure to respond in general terms, in this place; and I shall have occasion, in other parts of this work, to return my personal thanks for such spontaneous kindness, which my lasting gratitude will make it my duty to allude to.

The editors of the leading literary and scientific journals of London, and of the daily newspapers, were chiefly there, and with their very friendly and complimentary notices of my collection, with the usual announcements by advertisements, I opened it for the inspection of the public on the first day of February, 1840.*

Its commencement was flattering, from the numbers and high respectability of my visitors, and I was pleased, from day to day, to meet the faces and friendly greetings of those whom I had seen there at the private view.

I was pleased also with the freedom which is granted to exhibitions in London, leaving them entirely independent of tithing or taxation, as well as of licences to be obtained from the police, as is the case in France and some other countries. Under such auspices I very pleasantly commenced, with a rent of 550*l.* per annum, and continued it with reasonable success for the space of four years. The vicissitudes and incidents of that time it is not the object of this work to detail; but I shall connect the links of my narrative better, and, I trust, do no injustice to my readers, by reciting a few of the incidents that transpired in that

* The reader, by referring to Appendix A of this volume, will see the comments of the Press on this Collection, in *England, France, and the United States.*

time: and, while I am doing so, endeavouring to do the justice which gratitude prompts, to those persons whose kindness has laid me under peculiar obligations.

Amongst those kind friends I must be allowed at present to mention the names of the Hon. C. A. Murray, Sir Augustus d'Este, Charles D. Archibald, Esq., Sir James Clark, Sir Thomas Phillips, Mr. Petty Vaughan, Dr. Hodgkin, Capt. Shippard, Sir Francis Head, Lord Monteagle, John Murray, A. M. Perkins, and Sir David Wilkie; and there were many others with these who were very frequently at my rooms; and for their friendly and constant efforts to promote my interest they have my sincerest thanks.

Several of these gentlemen, and others, whose visits were so frequent to my rooms, having formed an acquaintance with the Indians in their own country, or, from feelings of sympathy for them, taken so deep an interest in the subject, relieved me much of my time from the fatiguing task which I had adopted of explaining around the rooms such subjects as I considered most curious and instructive, and of answering the thousands of questions which were naturally put in every part of the room for information on so novel and exciting a theme.

I had entered upon this, at first, not as a task but an amusement, from which I drew great pleasure whilst I was entertaining my visitors and cultivating their pleasing acquaintance. From an over desire and effort on my part to explain the peculiar and curious modes of those wild people, and from a determination on the part of my visitors to get these explanations from my own lips (although I had my man Daniel and several others constantly in the rooms for the same purpose), I was held in my exhibition rooms almost daily from morning until night.

My men were able to explain the meaning of everything in the collection, but this did not satisfy the public whilst I was present. All inquired for me: "Where's Mr. Catlin? he's the Lion; his collection is wonderful; but I would give more to see him than all the rest." "He is yonder, Madam,

at the farther end of the room, where you see a crowd of people around him."

I was generally in the midst of a crowd, who were densely packed around me; moving about the rooms whilst, with a rod in my hand to point with, I was lecturing or answering the numerous questions which were naturally put relative to these strange people and their modes. To lecture or to explain all day, following the current of one's thoughts, would have been a thing feasible, though fatiguing; but to stand upon one's feet and all day long to answer to interrogations, and many of those fifty times over, to different parties who were successively taking me in tow, I soon found was far more fatiguing than my travels and labours in the Indian wilderness; and I at length (at a much later period than my friends and my physician advised) gradually withdrew from the scene and this suicidal course, just before it might have been too late to have saved anything useful of me.

I followed the advice of my physician by going to my rooms at stated hours, but soon departed from it by failing to leave them with punctuality, and take recreation in the open air. The partial change I had adopted, however, was of advantage to me—talking part of the day and breaking off and leaving my men to do the talking for the other half.

Like most adventurers in wilderness life I was fond of describing what I had seen; and, having the works of several years around me, in their crude and unfinished condition, spread before the criticising world, and difficult to be appreciated, I was doubly stimulated to be in the collection, and with all the breath I could spare, to add to the information which the visitors to my rooms were seeking for. Under these conflicting feelings I struggled to keep away from my rooms, and did so for a part of the day, and that, as I soon found, only to meet a more numerous and impatient group when I re-entered.

All of the above-mentioned kind friends, and many others, repeatedly called to impress upon me the necessity of leaving my exhibition to my men, "to save my lungs—to save

my life," as they said. Some snatched me away from the crowd, and in the purest kindness hurled me through the streets in their carriages, still *yelling* answers to their numerous questions as we were passing over the noisy pavements; and then at their kind and festive boards, to which I had been brought as places of refuge and repose, I was, for an instance, presented as—"My dear, this is Mr. Catlin! (*Plate No. 3, next page.*)—Mother, you have heard of Mr. Catlin?—Cousins Lucy and Fanny, here 's the celebrated Mr. Catlin you have heard me speak of so often. Poor fellow! I have dragged him away from his exhibition, where they are talking him to death—he *must* have *repose*—and here we can entertain and amuse him. Here, my little chicks—come here all of you—here 's Mr. Catlin!—here 's the man who has been so long among the wild Indians! he will tell you a great many curious stories about them. Where 's sister Ellen, and Betty?" "Oh, they are in the garden with Mr. S. and his son, who has just returned from New Zealand." "Good, good; run for them, run for them, quick! Send the carriage for aunt W——n as swift as possible, and don't let her fail to stop on the way and bring Lady R——e: you know how fond she is of the Indian character—she was three years, you know, in Canada—and the poem she is now writing on the Indians! What a treat this will be to her! Won't it be delightful to see her and Mr. Catlin come together? She told me the other day she had a thousand questions she wished to put to Mr. Catlin—how interesting! Have the dinner up at *six*—no, say at *seven*; it will give us the more time for conversation, and for Professor D., the phrenologist, to get here, and whom I have invited—he 's always behind the time—and this treat will be so rich to him—I would not miss him for anything in the world."

My lecturing lungs and stomach being under a running engagement for dinner at three o'clock, the sound of "*six*"—then, "*no, seven,*" with the words "Indian poem," "phrenologist," &c., produced a most rebellious and faltering

sensation in my chest; the one entirely exhausted from its customary exertions until three o'clock, and the other, at that moment, completely in a state of collapse. The difficult trials I had lived through with the latter, however, in my wild adventures in the Indian wilderness, and the more recent proofs in the Egyptian Hall, of the elasticity of the other, inspired me with courage to enter upon the ordeal that was before me, and (even in distress) justly to appreciate what was so kindly preparing for me.

I here instantly forgot my troubles as the party entered from the gardens, when I was thus presented by my good friend:—"Ellen, my dear, and Betty, here's Mr. Catlin; and, Mr. S——n, I have the extreme pleasure of presenting to your acquaintance the famous Mr. Catlin, whose name and whose works are familiar to you: and now, Catlin, my dear fellow, I introduce you to Mr. J. S., the son of the gentleman with whom I have just made you acquainted. Mr. J. S. has just returned from amongst the natives of New Zealand, where he has spent three or four years; and your descriptions of all the modes and customs of the North American Indians, compared with his accounts of the New Zealanders, will be so rich a treat to us!—But, Catlin, you look pale! Are you not well? You look so fagged!" "Yes, yes; I am well." "Oh, that plagued exhibition of yours—it will be the death of you! You must keep away from it, or you will talk yourself to death there! My good friends, come, take seats! Catlin, my dear fellow, come, join us in a glass of good old sherry—it will give you an appetite for your dinner—Is it to your liking?" "I thank you, it is very fine." "Will you take another?" "No, I am much obliged to you." "My dear, look at the clock—what time is it?" "Quarter past five." "Ah, well, I didn't think it was so late—be sure to have the dinner up at seven—do you hear?"

Oh, Time and Paper! I will not tax you with the pains of kindness I was at that moment entering upon—I, who had been for eight years eating at the simple Indians' hos-



Nº 3.

pitiable boards, where eating and talking are seldom done together; or taking my solitary meals, cooked by my own hand, where I had no one to talk with—but will leave it to Imagination's exhaustless colours, which, for a harmless pastime, will paint the pleasures, perhaps, of the dragging hours of my lifetime that I sighed through from that until twelve o'clock at night (the last half-hour of which I had stood upon my feet, with my hat in my hand, taking affectionate leave, with, "My dear, charming Sir, you can't tell how happy we have all been—your accounts have been so interesting! You *must* come another evening and dine with us, and we will have Mr. G. and Mr. and Mrs. L——n; they will be so impatient to hear you tell all you have told us. Good night!—*good* night!—we shall all be in a party at your exhibition to-morrow at an early hour, at ten o'clock—mind, don't forget the hour—and it will be so delightful to hear you explain everything in your collection, which my dear husband has seen so often, and says are so curious and interesting. Poor fellow! he is quite knocked up—he has been up all day, and constantly talking, and was so completely worn out that he went off to bed an hour ago—you will know how to excuse him. We ladies can often entertain our friends long after *his* powers of conversation are fagged out. Good night—good night, my dear Sir—farewell!"

Thus and at that hour I took leave, when the busses and cabs were all still, and I had, from necessity, a solitary walk of three miles to my lodgings; and before I laid my head on my pillow, from an equal necessity, to feed my poor stomach with some substitute for *dinner*, which had been in abundance before my eyes, but which the constant exercise of my lungs had prevented me from eating. Such a rendezvous as had been appointed for ten o'clock the next day, and by so fair and so kind a lady, even the rough politeness of a savage would have held sacred.

At twelve o'clock on the following morning, and when I had nearly finished my descriptions of Indian modes to the

ladies, my kind friend who had taken me to his house the day before, and having a little overslept himself on that morning had taken a late breakfast at eleven, entered the rooms with three or four of his friends, and quite rapidly addressed his wife in the following manner:—"Come now, my dear, you and your party have kept poor Catlin talking and answering questions quite long enough; you will kill him if you don't let him rest once in a while. See how pale the poor man is. Go off and get home as quick as possible. See all this crowd waiting around to talk him to death when you are done with him. I have brought Mr. C., the famous mineralogist, and the two Mr. N.'s, the geologists, to whom I want him to explain the mineralogy and geology of those boundless regions, of the Missouri and Rocky Mountains, and I was to have had the famous botanist, Mr. D. S—, but he may come by and by; and after we have done here, I am going to take him, that he may have a little relaxation and repose, to the British Museum, which he has not seen yet, and to the Geological Society's rooms; and after that, I have got for him an invitation to dine with the Reverend Mr. O., who will have several reverend gentlemen, and the famous Miss E. and Mrs. W., who you know are all so anxious to learn about the Indians' religion and modes of worship." I was then introduced to my friend's three or four companions, but a few moments after was reminded, by one of my men, of an engagement which took me off for the remainder of that day.

CHAPTER V.

Author's illness from overtalking in his collection—Daniel's illness from the same cause—Character of Daniel—His labour-saving plan for answering one hundred questions—His disappointment—Daniel travels to Ireland for his health—Author prepares to publish his Notes of Travel amongst the Indians—John Murray (publisher)—His reasons for not publishing the Author's work—His friendly advice—Author's book published by himself at the Egyptian Hall—Illustrious subscribers—Thomas Moore—Critical notices in London papers.

IN this manner passed the time from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month; and as I was daily growing richer, I was daily growing poorer—*i. e.* I was day by day losing my flesh, not from the usual cause, the want of enough to eat, but from derangement of the lungs and the stomach, both often overworked, with a constant excitement and anxiety of the mind, the seat of which was not far distant.

I endeavoured, however, and gradually succeeded in dividing my time and my thoughts, giving a proper proportion to the public in my rooms, a portion to my friends, and (as it was then becoming a matter of necessity for the preparation of my notes of eight years' travel, which were soon to be published) decidedly the greater part to myself, leaving my exhibition mostly to the management of my men, of whom I had several, and all familiar enough with the meaning of everything in the collection to give a lucid description of its contents.

As I was gradually receding from the exhibition, the arduous duties began to thicken more strongly upon my man Daniel, of whom I have before often spoken. He had been longest associated with me and my collection, and having it more by heart than the rest, was the foremost

man in illustrating it, of which he had been curator for seven or eight years. I have before mentioned that he was of a quick and irascible disposition, exceedingly tenacious of national feelings, and those national prejudices mostly in favour of the country I said he had some twenty years since adopted—the United States. Though he was quick-tempered and violent in his prejudices, there was always the redeeming trait at the end, that his anger was soon over, and there was good nature and civility at the bottom.

Though I had often complaints made to me of the want of politeness or of the rudeness of my man Daniel, I generally found that they were instances where he had been provoked to it by some unnecessary allusions to the vices of his own country, or by some objections to his political opinions relative to the institutions of the United States, upon which subjects he holds himself exceedingly punctilious and very well prepared for debate. With whatever foibles he has, I have found him invariably and strictly an honest man; and many of his highest offences alleged to have been given to the public in my rooms, were given strictly in obedience to my orders for the support of the regulations of my exhibition, or for the protection of my property and the advancement of my interest. To those who entered my rooms respectfully for information, he was civil and communicative, and all such drew valuable information from him, and many became attached to him. His lungs were now labouring for me, while mine were getting a little rest; and from morning to night of every day he was conducting individuals and parties around the rooms, pointing out and explaining the leading peculiarities of the museum, and answering the thousand questions that were asked by all classes of society relative to the looks, the modes, and habits of the Indians—the countries they lived in—and also of Mr. Catlin, the proprietor and collector of the museum, whom all were anxious to see, and many of whom had been led to believe was himself an Indian.

In my own answering of these questions, many of which

were natural to be raised on so new and exciting a subject, I was often amused, and as often surprised at the novelty and ignorance of many of them, even amongst a polite and well-clad and apparently well-educated class of people. Many of the questions, which only excited a smile with me, elicited broad laughter from Daniel, which he could not help, and having laughed, could not well avoid expressing his surprise at, and his detection of, which gave umbrage, and sometimes was another cause of difficulties that he occasionally though seldom got into.

I observed, after a while, that the same causes which had affected me were emaciating him, and he finally told me that he was talking his lungs out—and that he could not bear it much longer at the rate he was going on. The questions which were constantly put to him in the room were so much of a sort, or class, that there was little variety or novelty in them to please or excite him ; almost every person putting the same ; much the greater part of them being general, and therefore irksome to him, as they were often asked a hundred or more times in the day and as often answered. He came to me one evening, seemingly much relieved from the painful prospect he had been suffering under, and which was still before him, by the hope that I would adopt a plan he had hit upon for obviating much of the difficulty, and of saving his lungs for the explanations of questions which might be casual, and not exactly reduced to rule. He said he had ascertained that there were about 100 questions which were commonplace—were put (and in the same way precisely) by the greater part of people who came in, and had time to ask them ; and that 50 of those, at least, were asked 100 times per day, the answering of which took the greater part of his time and the best part of his strength, which he thought might be reserved for giving more useful information, while these 100 questions, the most of which were extremely simple or silly, and of little importance to be known, might be disposed of by a printed table of answers placed around the rooms for every one to read as

they walked, without the loss of time and fatigue consequent upon the usual mode of asking and answering questions. Though I could not consent to adopt his mode, yet I was amused at its ingenuity; and I give here but a small part of his list, which commenced and ran thus:—

“The Indians have *no beards at all*, only may be one in twenty or so.”

“The Indians *don't* shave—they pull it out, when they have any beard.”

“Virtuous?—Yes. I should say they are quite as much so as the whites, if the whites would keep away from them and let them alone.”

“Ah, as amorous?—No. Mr. Catlin says they have not the spices of life and the imaginations to set them on, or I'll venture they would be quite as bad as the whites.”

“The Indians in *America are not* cannibals. Mr. Catlin says there is no such thing.”

“No, there are no tribes that go entirely naked; they are all very decent.”

“The Indians *don't* eat raw meat, they cook it more than the whites do.”

“Mr. Catlin was amongst the Indians eight years, and was never killed during that time.”

“The scalp is a patch of the skin and hair taken from the top of the head by a warrior when he kills his enemy in battle.”

“No, they don't scalp the living—it is not a scalp to count if the man is alive.”

“They *sometimes* eat a great deal, to be sure, but generally not so much as white people.”

“They *do* get drunk sometimes, but white people sell them rum and make them so, therefore I don't think we ought to call them drunkards exactly.”

“The Indians all get married—some have a number of wives.”

“Yes, they seem as fond of their wives as any people I ever saw.”

“The Indians never injured Mr. Catlin in any way.”

“Mr. Catlin *didn't* live on ‘raw meat;’ he was one time eighteen months with nothing but meat to eat, but it was well cooked.”

“The Indians know *nothing about salt*—they don't use it at all.”

“Reason! yes; why, do you think they are wild beasts? to be sure they reason as well as we do.”

“They *are* thieves, sometimes; but I don't think they thieve so often as white people do.”

“The Indians *do* lend their wives sometimes to white men, but it is only their old superannuated ones, who are put aside to hard labour, so it is a sort of kindness all around, and I don't see that there is much harm in it.”

“The Indians all have their religion, they all worship the Great Spirit.”

"They are *treacherous*, to be sure, towards their enemies only, and I'll be whipped if the white people an't just as bad."

"The Indians *are cruel*, there's no mistake about that; but it is only to their enemies."

"Sale? there *won't be* any sale; Mr. Catlin don't intend to sell his collection in this country."

"Mr. Catlin *is not* an Indian."

"No, he has *no* Indian blood in him."

"Mr. Catlin speaks the English language very well."

"The Indians *don't raise* tea."

"They *never eat* the scalps."

"The Indians that Mr. Catlin saw are not *near* Chusan, they are 3,000 miles from there, they are in America."

"You *can't come overland* from America."

"A scalping-knife is *any* large knife that an Indian takes a scalp with."

"A prairie is a meadow."

"The Indians speak *their own* language."

"A pappoose is an Indian baby while it is carried in the cradle."

"A prairie bluff is a hill that is covered with grass."

"The Rocky Mountains are in *America*, between New York and the Pacific Ocean, and *not* in the *Indies* at all."

"A snag is a large tree that is lying in the river, its roots fast in the mud at the bottom, and its trunk at the top, pointing down the stream."

"Sawyers *are not* alligators."

"An alligator is a sort of crocodile."

"The Chesapeake didn't take the Shannon, it was the Shannon that took the Chesapeake."

"The Americans are *white*, the same colour exactly as the English, and speak the same language, only they speak it a great deal better, in general."

"A stump is the but-end and roots of a tree standing in the ground after the tree is chopped down."

"It *is* true that all Indian women stay away from their husbands the seven days of their illness, and I think they are the decenterest people of the two for doing it."

"A squaw is an *Indian woman* who is married."

"The *Calumet* is a pipe of peace."

"Horns on a chief's head-dress have *no bad* meaning."

"Mr. Catlin *is not* a repudiator," &c., &c.

And thus went on poor Daniel's list to the number of about 100 commonplace questions which he had hoped to have disposed of by a sort of steam operation; but finding that they

must all continue to be "done by hand," as before, he returned to his post, which, from his disappointment in his unrealized hopes, seemed to drag more heavily than ever upon him, and so rapidly to wear him down that he was obliged to plan a tour to his own native land of Erin, where he went for some weeks, to restore his lungs and his strength. His labour-saving suggestion might have been a very convenient one for me in his absence, but it was dispensed with, and he was soon back at his post, recruited and assuming the command again, whilst I was busy in advancing the material for my forthcoming work.

The Notes of my Eight Years' Travels amongst Forty-eight different Tribes of Indians in America, to be illustrated with more than 300 steel plate illustrations, were nearly ready to be put to press; and I called on my good friend John Murray, in Albemarle Street, believing that he would be glad to publish them for me. To my surprise he objected to them (but without seeing my manuscript), for two reasons which he at once alleged: first, because he was afraid of the great number of illustrations to be embodied in the work, and secondly for (certainly) the most unfashionable reason, that "he loved me too much!" I had brought a letter of introduction to him from his old friend Washington Irving; and from the deep interest Mr. Murray had taken in my collection and the history and prospects of the poor Indians, my rooms (which were near his dwelling-house) were his almost daily resort, and I a weekly guest at his hospitable board, where I always met gentlemen of eminence connected with literature and art. Good and generous old man! he therefore "loved me too much" to share with me the profits of a work which he said should all belong to me for my hard labour and the risks of my life I had run in procuring it; and as the means of enlarging those profits he advised me to publish it myself. "I would advise you," said he, "as one of your best friends, to publish your own book; and I am sure you will make a handsome profit by it. Being an artist yourself, and able to make the drawings

for your 300 illustrations, which for me would require a very great outlay to artists to produce them, and having in your exhibition-room the opportunity of receiving subscriptions for your work, which I could not do, it will be quite an easy thing for you to take names enough to cover all the expenses of getting it up, which at once will place you on safe ground; and if the work should be well received by Mr. Dilke and others of the critical world, it will insure you a handsome reward for your labours, and exceedingly please your sincere friend, John Murray."

This disinterested frankness endeared me to that good man to his last days, and his advice, which I followed, resulted, as he had predicted, to my benefit. My subscription list my kind friend the Hon. C. A. Murray had in a few days commenced, with the subscriptions of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT,

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER,

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS,

H. M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS,

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,

H. R. H. LEOPOLD DUC DE BRABANT,

After which soon followed a complimentary list of the nobility and gentry, together with the leading institutions of the kingdom.

My work was published by myself, at the Egyptian Hall, and the only fears which my good friend John Murray had expressed for me were all dispersed by the favourable announcements by Mr. Dilke, of the Athenæum, and the editors of other literary journals, from which it will be seen that the subjoined notices are but very brief extracts.

It may not be improper also here to remark, that for all the Royal copies subscribed for above, the Hon. C. A. Murray

was ordered to remit me double the amount of the price of the work ; and that, on a subsequent occasion, when my dear wife and myself were guests at the dinner table of John Murray, he said to his old friend Thomas Moore, who was by our side, " That wild man by the side of you there, Mr. Catlin, who has spent enough of his life amongst the wild Indians (sleeping on the ground and eating raw buffalo meat) to make you and I as grey as badgers, and who has not yet a grey hair in his head, applied to me about a year ago to publish his Notes. I was then—for the first time in my life—too honest for my own interest, as well as that of an author ; and I advised him to publish it himself, as the surest way of making something out of it. My wife here will tell you that I have read every word of it through, heavy as it is, and she knows it is the only book that I have read quite through in the last five years. And I tell Mr. Catlin now, in your presence, that I shall regret as long as I live that I did not publish that work for him ; for as sincerely as I advised him, I could have promoted his interest by so doing, and would have done so, had I known what was in the work when he proposed it to me."

The reader will pardon me for inserting here the critical notices which follow :—

EDINBURGH REVIEW. *Fifteen pages.*

" Living with them as one of themselves ; having no trading purposes to serve ; exciting no enmity by the well-meant but suspicious preaching of a new religion, Mr. Catlin went on with his rifle and his pencil, sketching and noting whatever he saw worthy of record ; and wisely abandoning all search for the ancient history of a people who knew no writing, he confined his labours to the depicting exactly what he saw, and that only. Notes and sketches were transmitted, as occasion served, to New York, and the collected results now appear, partly in a gallery which has been for some time exhibited in London, containing some five hundred pictures of Indian personages and scenes, drawn upon the spot, with specimens of their dress and manufactures, their arts and arms ; and partly, as just stated, of the volumes under our hands, which display engravings of most of those specimens and pictures, accompanied by a narrative, written in a very pleasant, homely style, of his walks and wanderings in the '*Far West.*'

" The reader will find a compensation in the vigour of the narrative, which, like a diary, conveys the vivid impressions of the moment, instead of

being chilled and tamed down into a more studied composition. Such as the work is, we strongly recommend it to the perusal of all who wish to make themselves acquainted with a singular race of men and system of manners, fast disappearing from the face of the earth; and which have nowhere else been so fully, curiously, and graphically described."

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. *Twelve pages.*

"This is a remarkable book, written by an extraordinary man. A work valuable in the highest degree for its novel and curious information about one of the most neglected and least understood branches of the human family. Mr. Catlin, without any pretension to talent in authorship, has yet produced a book which will live as a record when the efforts of men of much higher genius have been forgotten. Every one in London has seen Mr. Catlin's unique gallery, and his attractive exhibition of living models at the Egyptian Hall; we cannot too strongly recommend them to our country friends. And here we take our leave of a work over which we have lingered with much pleasure, strongly recommending it to the reader, and hoping its extensive sale will amply repay Mr. Catlin for the great outlay he must have incurred."

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. *Fifteen pages.*

"Mr. Catlin's book is one of the most interesting which we have perused on the subject of the Indians. His pencil has preserved the features of races which in a few years will have disappeared; and his faithful and accurate observations may be considered as the storehouse from whence future writers on such topics will extract their most authentic statements."

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. *Two Notices, Twenty-two pages.*

"This is altogether an *unique* work. It may be considered as a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the numerous objects of art and curiosity which Mr. Catlin has collected in the course of his wanderings, and arranged in his Indian Gallery. The narrative of Mr. Catlin's personal adventures during the wandering years in which he was thus engaged, forms a work as unique in literature, as his collection of original portraits and curiosities is rare in art.

"Many curious traits of character and pictures of manners are exhibited in these large and closely-printed volumes, which will remain an interesting record of the Homeric age and race of North America, when, save a few wild traditions and scattered relics, and a few of the musical and sonorous Indian names of lakes, rivers, and hunting grounds, every other trace of the red man will have perished on that vast continent."

LITERARY GAZETTE, *London.* *Three Notices, Twenty-five Columns.*

"*Catlin's Book on the North American Indians.*—An *unique* work! A work of extraordinary interest and value. Mr. Catlin is *the* Historian of

the Red Races of mankind ; of a past world, or at least of a world fast passing away, and leaving hardly a trace or wreck behind. We need not recommend it to the world, for it recommends itself, beyond our praise.”

ATHENÆUM, *London.* *Four Notices, Thirty-one Columns.*

“The public have fully confirmed the opinion we formerly pronounced on Catlin’s Indian gallery, as the most interesting exhibition which, in our recollection, had been opened in London. The production of the *work* will, therefore, be most acceptable to those who have seen the exhibition, as serving to refresh their memories ; to those who have not, as helping to explain that of which they have heard so much ; to all as a pleasant narrative of adventure, and a circumstantial and detailed history of the manners and customs of an interesting people, whose fate is sealed, whose days are numbered, whose extinction is certain. The Americans should make much of Mr. Catlin for the sake of by-gone days, which his books, portraits, and collections will present to their grandchildren.”

ART UNION, *London.*

“We have rarely examined a work at once so interesting and so useful as this ; the publication of which is, in truth, a benefit conferred upon the world ; for it is a record of things rapidly passing away, and the accurate traces of which are likely to be lost within a brief time after they have been discovered. As a contribution to the history of mankind, these volumes will be of rare value long after the last of the persecuted races are with ‘the Great Spirit,’ and they may even have some *present* effect ; for they cannot fail to enlist the best sympathies of humanity on the side of a most singular people. The book is exceedingly simple in its style ; it is the production of a man of benevolent mind, kindly affections, and sensitive heart, as well as of keen perceptions and sound judgment. If we attempted to do justice to its merits, we should fill a *number* of our work instead of a *column* of it ; we must content ourselves with recommending its perusal to all who covet knowledge or desire amusement ;—no library in the kingdom should be without a copy.”

TIMES, *London.* *One Notice, Three Columns.*

“The reflection is almost insupportable to a humane mind, that the indigenous races of America, comprising numerous distinct nations, the original proprietors of that vast continent, are probably doomed to entire extermination—a fate which has already befallen a large portion of the red tribes. It is still more painful to think that this should be the effect of the spread of the civilized races, who thus become the agents of a wholesale destruction of their fellow-men. If these melancholy truths were capable of aggravation, it may be found in the dreadful fact that the process of destruction is not left to the slow operation of invisible and insensible causes,

but is hastened by expedients devised for that express end by civilized men, the tribes being stimulated or compelled to the destruction of each other, or provided with the means of destroying themselves.

“Mr. Catlin, the author of the work which has suggested these observations, has had better opportunities for studying the character of the North American Indians than most travellers since the early French writers.

“Mr. Catlin is an American, a native of Wyoming, and the publisher of his own work, at the Egyptian Hall.”

MORNING CHRONICLE, *London*.

“As a work intended merely for general amusement, and independently of the higher object to which it is devoted, Mr. Catlin’s book will be found exceedingly interesting. The salient or rugged points of its style have not been smoothed down by any literary journeyman. Mr. Catlin ventures alone and unaided before the public. What he has seen in the prairie, and noted down in its solitude, he sends forth, with all the wildness and freshness of nature about it. This, together with his free and easy conversational style, plentifully sprinkled with Americanisms, gives a peculiar charm to his descriptions, which are not merely animated or life-like, but *life* itself. The reader is made to believe himself in the desert, or lying among friendly Indians in the wigwam, or hurried along in the excitement of the chase. He is constantly surrounded by the figures of the red man, and hears the rustle of their feathers, or the dash of their half-tamed steeds as they bound by him.

“The work is ornamented with hundreds of engravings, taken from original pictures drawn by Mr. Catlin, of the persons, manners, customs, and scenes that he met with in his wanderings. They give an additional value to those volumes which are published, as the title-page informs us, by Mr. Catlin himself, at the Egyptian Hall. We wish him all the success to which his candour no less than his talents fully entitle him.”

MORNING HERALD, *London*.

“In the two ample volumes just published, and illustrated with more than 300 plates, Mr. Catlin has given to the world a lasting and invaluable memorial of the doomed race of the Red Man, which, after having from immemorial time held the unmolested tenancy of an entire continent, is now but too obviously hurried on to utter extinction. Mr. Catlin’s literary matter resembles his drawings; it has all the freshness of the sketch from nature. Through both he brings us into companionship with the red man, as if careering with him over the boundless plains, the primeval forests of his hunting grounds in the far West, or in the vicinity of his temporary village settlements, witnessing his athletic games, his strange, fantastic dances, and his spontaneous endurance of those revolting tortures by which he evinces his unflinching stoicism.”

MORNING POST, *London.*

“Upwards of three hundred very well executed etchings from the paintings, drawn by Mr. Catlin, adorn these volumes, and offer to the eye one of the most complete museums of an almost unknown people that ever was given to the public. The style of the narrative is diffuse, inartificial, and abounding in Yankeeisms ; but it is earnest, honest, and unpretending ; and contains most undoubted and varied information relative to the red savage of America, fresh from the wilds, and unembittered by border hostility or unfounded prejudice. These volumes are handsomely printed, and ‘brought out,’ in all respects, with much care and taste.”

SPECTATOR, *London. Five Columns.*

“The illustrative plates of these volumes are numbering upwards of three hundred subjects—landscapes, hunting scenes, Indian ceremonies, and portraits form a remarkable feature, and possess a permanent interest as graphic records. They are outline etchings from the author’s paintings, and are admirable for the distinct and lively manner in which the characteristics of the scenes and persons are portrayed : what is called a *style of art* would have been impertinent, and might have tended to falsify. Mr. Catlin, in his homely, but spirited manner, seizes upon the most distinguishing points of his subjects by dint of understanding their value, and every touch has significance and force : hence the number of details and the extent of view embraced in these small and slight sketches, hence their animation and reality.”

ATLAS, *London. Three Notices, Twelve Columns.*

“This publication may be regarded as the most valuable accession to the history of the fast perishing races of the aboriginal world that has ever been collected by a single individual. The descriptions it contains are minute and full, and possess the advantage of being wonderfully tested by the long experience of the writer, and verified by the concurrent testimonials of many individuals intimately acquainted with the scenes and races delineated. The engravings, which are liberal to an unprecedented extent, cannot be too highly praised for their utility as illustrations. To the readers who have never had an opportunity of visiting Mr. Catlin’s gallery, these engravings will form for them quite a museum of Indian curiosities in themselves ; while to those already familiar with the actual specimens, they will serve as useful and agreeable souvenirs. But we chiefly approve and recommend this work to universal circulation for the sake of the pure and noble philanthropy by which it is everywhere inspired. As the advocate of the oppressed Indian, now vanishing before the white man on the soil of his fathers, Mr. Catlin deserves the unmixed thanks of the Christian world. His volumes are full of stimulants to benevolent exertion, and bear the strongest testimony to the character of the races for whose preservation he pleads.”

UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE, *London.*

“Mr. Catlin is one of the most remarkable men of the age. Every one who has visited his singularly interesting gallery at the Egyptian Hall, must have been struck by his remarkable intelligence on every subject connected with the North American Indians; but of its extent, as well as of his extraordinary enthusiasm and thirst for adventure, we had formed no idea until we had perused these volumes. In the present *blazé* condition of English literature, in which hardly any work is published that is not founded more or less on other volumes which have preceded it, until authorship has dwindled to little more than the art of emptying one vessel into another, it is refreshing to come across a book which, like the one before us, is equally novel in subject, manner, and execution, and which may be pronounced, without hyperbole, one of the most original productions which have issued from the press for many years. It is wholly impossible, in the compass of a newspaper notice, either to analyze or afford even a tolerable idea of the contents of such a book; and for the present, at least, we must limit ourselves altogether to the first volume.”

CALEDONIAN MERCURY, *Edinburgh.*

“*Mr. Catlin's Lectures on the North-American Indians.*—We have much pleasure in publishing the following testimonial from a gentleman well qualified to pronounce an opinion, on the remarkable fidelity and effect of Mr. Catlin's interesting and instructive exhibition:—

‘Cottage, Haddington, 15th April, 1843.

‘Dear Sir,—I have enjoyed much pleasure in attending your lectures at the Waterloo-rooms in Edinburgh. Your delineations of the Indian character, the display of beautiful costumes, and the native Indian manners, true to the life, realised to my mind and view scenes I had so often witnessed in the parts of the Indian countries where I had been; and for twenty years' peregrinations in those parts, from Montreal to the Great Slave River, north, and from the shores of the Atlantic, crossing the Rocky Mountains, to the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific Ocean, west, I had opportunities of seeing much. Your lectures and exhibition have afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction, and I shall wish you all that success which you so eminently deserve, for the rich treat which you have afforded in our enlightened, literary, and scientific metropolis.

‘I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

‘*To George Catlin, Esq.*’

‘JOHN HALDANE.

“The following is an extract of a letter received some days since by a gentleman in Edinburgh, from Mr. James Hargrave, of the Hudson's Bay Company, dated York Factory, Hudson's Bay, 10th December, 1842:—

‘Should you happen to fall in with Catlin’s Letters on the North American Indians, I would strongly recommend a perusal of them for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the habits and customs of those tribes among whom he was placed. Catlin’s sketches are true to life, and are powerfully descriptive of their appearance and character.’”

THE WORLD OF FASHION, *London.*

“We venture to affirm of Mr. Catlin’s book, which can be said of very few others, that it is impossible to open it at any page, and not continue its perusal with unmingled satisfaction. It has too the rare quality of being written by a man who says nothing but that which he knows, who describes nothing but that which he has seen. We feel while reading the book as in the society of a man of extraordinary observation, of great talent, of wonderful accomplishments; and most cordially and earnestly do we recommend this invaluable book to the patronage of the public generally, and to the perusal of our readers in particular.”

WEEKLY DISPATCH, *London.*

“A person might well be startled and frightened at the appearance of two such large volumes as these on only the manners, customs, and condition of the North American Indians, a race of savages now almost extinct. With all this complaint against the immense bulk of a book, moreover, on such a subject, we are bound to confess that not only is it the least wearisome of large books that we have for a long time seen, but that it is at least one of the most amusing and animating amongst even the condensed publications that for a considerable period have been submitted to our perusal and judgment, and we can confidently recommend it to our readers.”

CHAMBERS’S EDINBURGH JOURNAL. *Two Notices, Four Columns.*

“Of all the works yet published on the subject of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, no one, it seems to us, can be compared in point of accuracy and extent of research with that of Mr. Catlin. In the course of eight years he traversed North America almost from end to end, saw and mixed with forty-eight Indian tribes, composing a large portion of the two millions of red people yet in existence, examined personally into all their peculiarities, and, finally, accumulated a noble gallery of portraits, and a rich museum of curiosities, calculated to form at once a lasting monument to himself and an invaluable record of Indian persons, manners, and habiliments.

“Mr. Catlin, combining all the qualities of the traveller, artist, and historian, merits no sparing notice. His two volumes, large octavo, and

closely printed, are full of most interesting matter, and contain, besides, upwards of three hundred beautiful illustrations, engraved from the original paintings."

"Légation des Etats-Unis, Paris, Dec. 8th, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—No man can appreciate better than myself the admirable fidelity of your drawings and book, which I have lately received. They are equally spirited and accurate; they are true to nature. Things that *are*, are not sacrificed, as they too often are by the painter, to things as in his judgment they should be.

"During eighteen years of my life I was superintendent of Indian affairs in the north-western territory of the United States; and during more than five I was Secretary of War, to which department belongs the general control of Indian concerns. I know the Indians thoroughly; I have spent many a month in their camps, council-houses, villages, and hunting grounds; I have fought with them and against them; and I have negotiated seventeen treaties of peace or of cession with them. I mention these circumstances to show you that I have a good right to speak confidently upon the subject of your drawings; among them I recognize many of my old acquaintances, and everywhere I am struck with the vivid representations of them and their customs, of their peculiar features and of their costumes. Unfortunately they are receding before the advancing tide of our population, and are probably destined, at no distant day, wholly to disappear; but your collection will preserve them, as far as human art can do, and will form the most perfect monument of an extinguished race that the world has ever seen.

"*To Geo. Catlin.*"

"LEWIS CASS.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author's wife and two children arrive in the *British Queen*, from New York—First appreciation of London—Sight-seeing—Author lectures in the Royal Institution—Suggests a *Museum of Mankind*—Great applause—Vote of thanks by members of the Royal Institution—The "*Museum of History*"—Author lectures in the other literary and scientific institutions of London—Author dines with the Royal Geographical Society, and with the Royal Geological Society—Mrs. Catlin's travels in the "*Far West*"—Her welcome, and kind friends in London.

My work being published under the flattering auspices explained in the foregoing pages, and now in the hands of the reading public, attracted additional numbers of visitors to my Rooms, greatly increasing the labours of poor Daniel, and calling also for more of my time and attention, which I could now better devote to it. My old friends were calling to congratulate me on the success of my book, and strangers to form an acquaintance with me and offer me the civilities of their houses.

Though every part of these calls upon my time, either in the labours of my exhibition or in the society of friends, was pleasing and gratifying to me, yet it became necessary for my health to evade a part of these excitements on either hand, and I subsequently endeavoured, by a limited indulgence in the pleasures of society, and a moderate endurance of the excitements and fatigue of my Rooms, to save my life; throwing the cares and labours of the exhibition, as much as possible, upon the broader shoulders and stronger lungs of Daniel and his assistants.

I felt now as if I had a sort of citizenship in London, and began to think of seeing its "sights;" and from this time may date the commencement of my real appre-

ciation of the elegances and comforts of London, its hospitalities, and the genuine English character.

It was an opportune moment, also, for the arrival of my dear wife and her two infant children, for whom I had written to New York, and who were just landing from the *British Queen*, in London, to share the kind attentions and compliments that were being paid to me, and also for seeing with me the sights and curiosities of the metropolis.

About this time I was highly complimented by an invitation to deliver a lecture in the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street. The venerable members of that institution were nearly all present, and every seat was filled. I had, on the occasion, several living figures, dressed in Indian costumes, with weapons in hand, as well as many of my paintings exhibited on my easel, as illustrations; and I was highly gratified with the attention and repeated applause, convincing me that the subject and myself were kindly received.

I endeavoured, in the compass of an evening's lecture, to give as comprehensive a view as I could of the motives which had led me into the Indian countries—of the time I had spent in them—of the extent and nature of the collection I had made—of the condition and numbers of the various tribes, and of their personal appearance and habits of life, which I illustrated by my numerous paintings, and by the curious manufactures of their own hands. I endeavoured also to delineate their true native character, as I had found it in its most primitive condition—and to explain the principal causes that have been, and still are, leading to their rapid declension.

I took advantage of this occasion likewise to introduce a subject which had been for many years my favourite theme, which had constantly stimulated me through my toils in the Indian country, and which, as I was the first to propose in my own country, I believe I was the first to suggest on this side of the Atlantic—a MUSEUM of MANKIND. A shout of en-

thusiastic applause burst from every part of the Hall when the subject was named, and rounds of applause followed every sentence when I proceeded to say, that in the toils and dangers of my remotest travels in the wilderness I had been strengthened and nerved by the hope and the belief, that if I lived to finish my studies and to return with my collection, I should be able to show to the world the plan upon which a Museum could be formed, to contain and perpetuate the looks and manners and history of all the declining and vanishing races of man, and that my collection would ultimately form the basis of such an institution.

I agreed with all the world as to the great interest and value of their noble collections of beasts, and birds, and reptiles, of fossils, of minerals, of fishes, of insects, and of plants, all of which can be gathered hundreds of years hence as well as at the present time; and I believed that all of the reasoning world who would give the subject a moment's thought, would agree with *me*, that there was one museum yet to be made, far transcending in interest and value all others yet designed, and which must needs be made soon, or it will be for ever lost—a museum containing the familiar looks, the manufactures, history, and records of all the remnants of the declining races of our fellow-men.

It occurred to me, and I said it then, that Great Britain has more than thirty colonies in different quarters of the globe, in which the numbers of civilized men are increasing, and the native tribes are wasting away—that the march of civilization is everywhere, as it is in America, a war of extermination, and that of our own species. For the occupation of a new country, the first enemy that must fall is *man*, and his like cannot be transplanted from any other quarter of the globe. Our war is not with beasts or with birds: the grizzly bear, the lion, and the tiger are allowed to live. Our weapons are not employed against them: we do not give them whiskey, and rum, and the small pox, nor the bayonet; they are allowed to live and thrive upon our soil, and yet their skins are of great value

in our museums; but to complete a title, man, our fellow-man, the noblest work of God, with thoughts, with sentiments and sympathies like our own, must be extinguished; and he dies on his own soil, unchronicled and unknown (save to the ruthless hands that have slain him, and would bury his history with his body in oblivion), when not even his *skin* has a place assigned it amongst those of the beasts and birds of his country.

From England, from France, and the United States, government vessels, in this age of colonization, are floating to every part of the globe, and in them, artists and men of science could easily be conveyed to every race, and their collections returned free of expense, were there an institution formed and ready to receive and perpetuate the results of their labours.

I believed that the time had arrived for the creation of such an institution, and that well-directed efforts to bring it into existence would have the admiration and countenance of all the philanthropic world.

There was but one expression of feeling from every part of the hall at the close of these remarks, and every voice seemed to say "Yes—the noble philanthropy of this Christian and enlightened and enlightening age calls for it, and it must be done before it is too late."*

A few days after my lecture was delivered, I received with much satisfaction from the secretary of the institution the following communication, which the reader will allow me the vanity of inserting here:—

"Sir,—I have the honour to return you the thanks of the members of the *Royal Institution of Great Britain* for your interesting account of your residence and adventures among the native tribes of North American

* The noble and unaided efforts of my best of friends, Captain Shippard, to bring into existence such an institution, are, I believe, too well known and appreciated by the English public to require more of me here, than barely to refer to his beautifully illustrated lectures on the "*Arabians*" and the "*Ruined Cities of America*;" and whilst wishing all success to his noble enterprise, I beg to refer the reader to Appendix B for a synopsis of his design.

Indians, with notices of their social condition, customs, mysteries, and modes of warfare—communicated at the weekly meeting of the members on Friday, the 14th February.

“ I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

“ EDWARD R. DANIELL, *Secretary.*”

“ *To Geo. Catlin, Esq.*”

Invitations from the other literary and scientific institutions of London afforded me the opportunity of repeating my lectures in most of their halls, where I was uniformly received with applause, which was also a source of much gratification to me. These interviews suddenly and delightfully led me into the society of literary and scientific men, and also into the noble collections and libraries under their superintendence. I was here at once ushered, as it were, into a new world—a new atmosphere—and in it was met and welcomed every where with the utmost cordiality and kindness; libraries, museums, laboratories, and lectures were free to me; and not only the private tables of the advocates of science, but their public tables in their banqueting halls, prepared a seat for me.

Thus were my labours being requited; and I was happy in the conviction that the claims of the poor Indians were being heard in the right tribunal, and that I was their advocate at the true source from which emanated most of the great and moral influences that govern and improve the world.

I was invited to the annual dinners of the Royal Geographical, Geological, and Historical Societies; and in responding to the compliments paid me at all of them, in proposing my health and the prosperity of my country, I was delighted to find that my advocacy of the rights of the poor Indian, and my scheme for a *Museum of Mankind*, were met and sanctioned with rounds of enthusiastic applause.

I have mentioned that my dear wife with her two children had arrived from New York, and the pleasures and endearments of my own little fireside, now transplanted into a foreign land, were stealing away their part of my

time, which, with the necessary attention to the kind civilities being paid us, our sight-seeing, our dinings-out, our drives, and my attendance in my rooms and lectures at night, was curiously divided and engrossed.

The advent of my dear Clara, with her two babes, was like the coming of the warm and gentle breezes of spring—she who, though delicate and tender, had been, during the three last years of my rambles in the Indian wilds, my indefatigable companion—She who had traced and retraced with me the winding mazes of the mighty Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, and the Arkansas—and with the lightness of the bounding antelopes that dwell upon their shores, had darted over their grassy banks and their green carpeted and enamelled slopes, and plucked their loveliest flowers—she who had also traced with me the shores of the great lakes of the north, and inhaled the glowing sweetness of Florida's lovely coast—and had kept her journal of thirteen thousand miles of wild rambles with her husband, and since her return to the land of her birth had blessed him in the richness of gift with two children, was now by his side (as I have said, like the coming of spring), to cheer him with the familiar sweet smiles and sounds in which he never knew guile.*

Thanks to the kind friends who took her fair hand and bade her welcome—for they were many, and ready to contribute to her happiness, which filled (at that moment at least) the cup of our mutual enjoyment.

* The reader will pardon these expressions, and others of a similar nature that may occasionally occur, for they apply to one who now rests with the silent dead, as will be explained in future pages of this work.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author dines with the Royal Highland Society—The Duke of Richmond presides—His Grace's compliment to the Author and his country—Sir David Wilkie—His compliment to the Author—Charles Augustus Murray and the Author at the Caledonian Ball (Almack's) in Indian costumes—Their rehearsal—Dressing and painting—Entering the ball—Alarm of ladies—Mr. Murray's infinite amusement (*incognito*) amongst his friends—War-dance and war-whoops—Great applause—Bouquets of flowers—Scalp-dance—Brooches and bracelets presented to the chiefs—Trinkets returned—Perspiration carries off the paint, and Mr. Murray recognised—Amusement of his friends—The "Indians" return to Egyptian Hall at seven in the morning—Their amusing appearance.

AMONG the many very friendly invitations extended to me about this time, there was one which I cannot omit to notice in this place.—I was invited to take a seat at the *Royal Highland Society's* annual dinner, at which his Grace the Duke of Richmond presided. The name of this society explains its character, and most of the guests at the table were in full highland dress, with their kilts, and with the badges and plaids of their peculiar clans. The scene was altogether a very picturesque one, and I observed that their chiefs wore the eagle's quills for the same purpose and in the same manner that the Indians do; but I did not see any of them painted red, as the Indians paint them, to adorn their heads as symbols of war when they are going to battle.

The banqueting hall was beautifully arranged, and two of Her Majesty's pipers from the Palace, in the most gorgeous Highland dress, were perambulating the table "in full blast" whilst we were eating.

The Duke of Richmond, who is an easy, affable, and entirely unostentatious man, and the best president at a convivial table that I ever saw, offered the customary healths, of

—the Queen—the Prince—the Duke, &c., which were drunk with the usual enthusiasm, and after that proceeded to pay his ingenious and judicious compliments to individuals at the table, by alluding, in the most concise and amusing manner, to their exploits or other merits, and then proposed their healths.

After we had all joined in the uproar of—Hip, hip, hips,—with one foot on our chairs and the other on the table, in a number of such cases, he arose and said—

“Gentlemen, I now rise quite confident of your approbation of the sentiment I am to propose, and the sentiments I am to offer. The nations of the earth, like the individuals in the different branches of a great family, stand in certain degrees of relationship towards each other; and as those degrees of consanguinity are more or less remote, so are the friendships and attachments of those nations for each other. Now, gentlemen, as an individual component part of one of the great nations of that great national family, I feel proud to say, that there are two of that family so closely related, not only in commercial interests, but by blood, as almost to identify them in an unity of existence.—The relationship that I speak of, gentlemen (and which I believe will be familiar to many of you, as married men), is that of parent and child.”

At this period commenced a tremendous cheering, and all eyes seemed to be in a rotary motion, endeavouring to fix upon the representative of that nearly related country on whom the next responsibility was to fall. His Grace proceeded :—

“Gentlemen, the term parent and child I have used to express the endearments of one stage of domestic relations; but there is another which lessens not the tie, but carries with it the respect that children do not win—I would call it father and son (*immense cheering*). I perceive, gentlemen, that you all understand me, and are preparing for the sentiment I am to offer; but I would remark, that when a distinguished individual from one of those nearly related countries pays a visit to the other, common courtesy demands that he should be treated with kindness and respect. If that individual, gentlemen, be one who, by the force and energy of his own mind, has struck out and accomplished any great undertaking for the advancement of science, or the benefit of mankind, he is a philanthropist, a public benefactor, and entitled to our highest admiration (*cheering*).

“Gentlemen, I have the satisfaction of informing you that there is at our table an individual whose name when I mention it will be familiar to most of you; who, contemplating several millions of human beings in his own country sinking into oblivion before the destructive influences of civilization,

had the energy of character, the courage and philanthropy, to throw himself, unprotected and unaided, into the midst of them, with his brushes and his pen, endeavouring to preserve for future ages their familiar looks, and all that appertained to their native modes and history. In this noble enterprise, gentlemen, this individual laboured eight years of his life; and having with incessant toil and hazard visited most of the native tribes of North America, he has brought home and to our city a collection (which I trust you have all seen) of vast interest and value, which does great honour to his name, and entitles him to our highest admiration and esteem. I now propose, gentlemen, the health of Mr. Catlin, and success to the great country that gave him birth!"

Whilst these compliments were applying to my country only, I was fully confident there was some one of my countrymen present better able than myself to respond to them; but when they became personal, and all eyes were fixed upon me, I saw there was no alternative, and that I must reply, as well as I could, to the unexpected compliment thus paid me and answered to with a bumper and many rounds of applause, every guest at the table, as before, with one foot on his chair and the other on the edge of the table. An awful pause for a moment, while my name was echoed from every part of the room, brought me upon my feet, and I replied: but I never shall recollect exactly how. I believe, however, that I explained the views with which I had visited the Indian tribes, and what I had done; and put in a few words, as well as I could, for my country.

His Grace next rose, and, after the most chaste and eloquent eulogium upon his works and his character, proposed the health of Sir David Wilkie, who, to my great surprise and unspeakable satisfaction, I found was sitting by my side and the next to my elbow. His health was drunk with great enthusiasm, and after he had responded to the compliment he begged to be allowed to express to his Grace and the gentlemen present the very great satisfaction he had felt in being able to join in the expression of thanks to so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Catlin, and whom it afforded him great pleasure to find was by his side. He stated that he had been many times in my exhibition rooms, but with-

out the good luck to have met me there. He commented at great length upon the importance and value of the collection; and, while he was according to me great credit for the boldness and originality of the design, he took especial pains to compliment me for the execution of my paintings, many of which, he said, as works of art, justly entitled me to the hands of artists in this country, and he was proud to begin by offering me his, in good fellowship, which he did, and raised me from my seat as he said it.

This was sanctioned by a round of applause, and as he resumed his seat I was left upon my feet, and bound again to reply, which I did as well as I could.

The reader can more easily imagine than I can describe, how gratifying to me was such a mode of acquaintance with so distinguished and so worthy a man as Sir David Wilkie, at whose elbow I was now placed, and, for the most part of the evening, in familiar conversation.

The pipers played, the wine flowed, many good songs were sung; a Highland dance was spiritedly flung by M'Ian, M'Donald, and several others, in Highland costume. An Indian song and the war-whoop were called for, and given—and with other good fellowship and fun this splendid affair was finished.

I was at this time devoting certain hours of the day to visitors in my Rooms, and I found my kind friend C. A. Murray almost daily bringing ladies of rank and fashion upon his arm, to take a peep into the mysteries of savage life, which he was so well prepared to explain to them, and to illustrate by my numerous paintings and works of Indian manufacture.

I met him here one day, however, on my entering, where he had been for some time waiting without acting the beau for any one, which was quite an unusual thing. He called me aside, and told me there was a chance for us to make a *sensation* if I felt disposed to join him in it, and to make a great deal of amusement for others as well as a dish of fun for ourselves—this was, to assume the Indian costume

and throw ourselves into the Caledonian ball, which was to be given at Almack's that evening, and for which he had procured the tickets. For the information of those who never have seen one of those annual balls, I will briefly say that they are decidedly the most brilliant and splendid affairs that can be seen in London—presenting the most gorgeous display of costumes and diamonds that the world can exhibit, short of royalty itself. It was but for Mr. Murray to propose—the finest costumes were taken from the walls of my Room—weapons, head-dresses, scalping-knives, scalps, &c.—and placed in one of the chambers of the Egyptian Hall: and three o'clock was the hour appointed for Mr. Murray to meet me again, to fit us with our respective dresses, and go through a sort of rehearsal in our songs, dances, &c., which we might be called upon to enact during the evening, and in which it would be a great pity for us Indian knowing ones to make any mistake.

Mr. Murray was punctual at the hour of three; and having proposed that my nephew, Burr Catlin, a young man of 21 years and then living with me, should be of the party, we entered the dressing-room, and were soon suited with our respective dresses and took our weapons in hand. My nephew, Burr, being six feet two inches, with a bold and Indian outline of face, was arrayed in a Sioux dress; and it was instantly agreed that he should be put forward as the Big Sioux—the Great Chief Wanon-ton. He happened to wear the identical head-dress of that distinguished chief, which was made of war-eagle's quills and ermine skins. He was to hold himself entirely mute upon his dignity, according to the customs of the country. I was dressed as a warrior of the *Sac* tribe, with head ornaments of red and white quills of the war-eagle, denoting, according to the custom of the country, my readiness for war or for peace. Mr. Murray had chosen a dress less rich, and more light and easy to act in, and a head-dress that was made much like a wig of long black hair spreading over his shoulders and falling down nearly to the calves of

his legs, surmounted by a solitary eagle's quill—giving himself more the appearance of a “Bois Brûlé,” as they are termed on the Indian frontiers of America—a race of half-castes, who are generally used as interpreters, speaking a little French and some “Americaine” (as they call the English language). These curious personages are generally the spokesmen for all parties of Indians travelling abroad or delegations to neighbouring tribes. This character exactly suited Mr. Murray, as he spoke the French and the German, and also a little of two or three Indian tongues; and, in the position of an interpreter for the party, he would be the vehicle of communication between the two chiefs and his numerous friends and relations, both ladies and gentlemen, whom he was to meet in every part of the Rooms.

The least discerning will easily see that he was most ingeniously laying his plans for a great deal of amusement; and if my readers could have seen the manner in which he was dressed out and metamorphosed for the occasion, they would have insured him, at a low premium, fun enough on that evening to have lasted him for a week. Having arrayed our persons in the respective costumes we had agreed upon, and arranged the different characters which we were to sustain, I took the Indian drum or tambour in my hand, and to the music of that and the chief's rattle, and our combined voices in concert in an Indian song, we practised the war-dance and scalp-dance of the Sioux, until we agreed that we could “do them” beyond (at least) the reach of civilized criticisms, in case we should be called upon to dance, which it was agreed should be at first met as a condescension that the chiefs could not submit to, but which it was understood we should yield to if the measure was to be very strenuously urged. Matters being thus arranged, we adjourned until nine o'clock, when we were to meet again, and make our final preparations for our *début* in the ball-room.

At nine we were drawing on our buckskin leggings, and mocassins fringed with scalp-locks and ornamented with

porcupine quills of various dyes ; our shirts or tuniques were also of deerskins richly ornamented, and their sleeves fringed, like the leggings, with locks of the hair of Indian victims slain in battle. We painted our faces and hands of a copper colour, in close imitation of the colour of the Indian, and over and across that, to make the illusion more complete, gave occasional bold daubs of vermilion and green or black paint, so that, with our heavy and richly garnished robes of the buffalo, thrown over our shoulders and trailing on the floor as we walked, with tomahawks and scalping knives in our belts, our shields of buffalo hides on our arms, with our quivers slung and our bows and arrows clenched in our hands, we were prepared for the sensation we were in a few minutes to make. We stood and smiled at each others' faces a few moments in curious anticipation, practising over each other's names, which we had almost forgotten to take. And having decided that the great chief was *Wan-ne-ton*, that the warrior's name was *Na-see-us-kuk*, and that of the interpreter *Pah-ti-coo-chee*, we seated ourselves in a carriage, and in three minutes were being ushered through the crowded halls leading to the splendid and brilliant array, into the midst of which a long Indian step or two more placed us !

There was a little cruelty in the suddenness of our approach, and a simultaneous yell which we gave, innocently mistaking the effect it might have upon the nerves of ladies standing near us, several of whom, on catching the sound and then the sight of us, gave sudden shrieks far more piercing and startling than the savage war-whoop that had been sounded over their shoulders. By this time we formed the centre of attraction in the room, and we stood in so dense a crowd to be gazed at, that nothing could be scanned of us lower down than our chins and shoulders. The big Sioux chief, however, who was a head taller than the crowd around him, flourishing his enormous head-dress of eagle's quills, was quietly rolling his eagle eyes around over the multitude, who were getting so satisfactory a view of him that it eased

us a little from the rush that otherwise would have been upon us.

We had made our entry into this world of fashion and splendour entirely unexpected by any one, and of course unknown to all. Here was truly a splendid field for my friend Mr. Murray, and the time for his operations had now arrived. All questions (and there were many, and in various languages) put to the big chief or the warrior were, by the understanding, answered only by frowns; and the interrogations referred to *Pah-ti-coo-chee*, the interpreter. This brought him at once into great demand, and he replied at first in Indian, and then strained a few distorted words of French and German into his replies, by which he made himself partially understood. Lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses of his acquaintance were in the room, and now gazing at his copper colour, bedaubed with red and black paint, and patiently listening to and endeavouring to translate his garbled French and German and Indian for some description of the grand personages he had in tow, without dreaming of the honourable gentleman upon whose visage they were actually looking. From a custom of the Prairie country, which he had wisely thought of, he carried a rifle-bullet in his mouth whilst he was talking, and his voice was thus as much a stranger as his face.

Amongst the gazers on, and those who questioned him, were many of his most familiar friends; and even his own brother, the Earl of Dunmore, drew some marvellous tales from him before he made himself known, which he did at last to him and a few others of his friends, that he might the better crack the good jokes he had come to enjoy.

The crowd, by this time, had completely wedged us in, so that there was no apparent possibility of moving from our position, yet it was not a crowd that was insupportable: it was, at least for a while, a pleasure to be thus invested, as we were, by silks and satins, by necklaces of diamonds and necks as fair as alabaster, by gold lace, and

golden epaulettes, chapeaux and small swords; but the weight of our bison robes at length brought us to the expedient that our ingenious interpreter put forth, which gained us temporary relief, and gave us locomotive powers by which we could show ourselves at full length, and occasionally escape investigations when they became too close for our good friend or ourselves.

It was a lucky thought of our interpreter, which he divulged to some of his confidential friends much to our advantage, that the paints which the Indians used were indelible colours, and he regretted to learn that some of the ladies had injured their costly dresses by being in too close contact with us. And again he feared that some of the scalp-locks on the dresses of the chief and the warrior were not quite dry, as they were fresh from the country where they had just been at war with the Sacs and Foxes. This had a delightful effect, and we were not again in danger of suffocation, though the space we had to move in was limited enough during the rest of the night for our warm dresses and our enormous buffalo robes.

The introductions I had on that night, to lords and ladies, and to dukes and duchesses, as *Na-see-us-kuk*, a famous warrior of the Sacs, and my nephew, as *Wan-ne-ton*, the great Sioux Chief, were honours certainly that he or I could never have aspired to under any other names; and our misfortune was, that their duration was necessarily as brief as the names and titles we had assumed.

In the midst of this truly magnificent scene, where our interpreter was introducing us as two dignified personages from the base of the Rocky Mountains, and enjoying his own fun with his friends as he moved around, and after a set of quadrilles had finished, it was announced through the rooms that the Indians were going to give the War Dance!

This of course raised a new excitement, and the crowd thickened, until at length a red rope or cord was passed around us three about as high as our waists. The bystanders were desired to take hold of this and walk back,

which they did in all directions until a large space was opened for us, and we were left standing in the centre. We found ourselves there in full display in front of the ladies patronesses of the ball, who were seated upon a platform, elevated several feet above the level of the floor, and who, it was stated to us, had expressed a desire to see the Indians dance.

Alas! poor Murray, he had then an off-hand use to make of his mongrel dialect, which seemed to embarrass him very much, and which he had found he got along with much better in the crowd. We were also pledged to hesitate about our dignity in case we were asked to dance, which here made a dialogue in Indian language indispensable, giving our interpreter fresh alarm; nevertheless, with enough of the same determination and firmness left that used to decide him to dash through the turbid rivers of the prairie, or to face the menacing savages that he met in the wilderness, he resolved to go through with it, and the Indian dialogue that he opened with me was never doubted, I believe, for it was never criticised. The objections raised by the chief and his warrior were translated in tolerable French (with the bullet accent), to their ladyships and the audience around us. The dignity of a Sioux Chief could not be lowered by such a condescension, and the dance could not be made without him. "Good Mr. *Pah-ti-coo-chee*," said her Grace the Duchess of — (who was the presiding patroness on the occasion), in excellent French, "do, I beg of you, do prevail on that fine old fellow to gratify us with a dance—don't let him look so distressed about it—tell him that he has just been looking on to see some of the greatest chiefs in our country dance, and he must not think it degrading to show us the mode in which the Indians dance; I dare say it is very fine. Oh, dear, what shall we do? they are fine-looking men—I wish I could speak to them—I dare say they know Charles A. Murray,—he was in their country—I have read his book. Where's Murray? he ought to be here to-night; I am sure he knows them. Do

you know Murray, my good fellows? Ah, no, they don't understand French, though."

Our interpreter smiled, and the Sioux chief and the Sac warrior came very near the misfortune also. The arguments of the duchess were translated to the chief and the warrior with great difficulty, when, after a few moments of silence, they began to put off their robes, which were very deliberately folded up and laid aside, to the great gratification of the ladies patronesses and the rest of the crowd.

By three dancers the war dance of the Sioux is given with considerable effect, and we were now ready to "go into it." The drum, which until this moment had been slung on Mr. Murray's back, was taken into my hands, the chief took his rattle in one hand and his war-club in the other, while the interpreter's shield skilfully manœuvred over his left shoulder and his tomahawk brandished in his right hand, which, with the shrill sounds of the war-song and the war-whoop, altogether suddenly opened a new era in the musical and dancing sphere of Almack's.

When it was done, the whole house rung with applause; bouquets of flowers were showered upon us, and many compliments were paid us by the most bewitching young ladies, but which, unfortunately for us, we could not understand. The crowd now thickened around us to shake hands with us and lavish their praises upon us; and among them a lovely little creature, whose neck seemed forged from a bouquet of white lilies, who was supported on the arm of an officer, with her languishing soft blue eyes, and breath sweeter than that of the antelope that jostles the first dew-drops of the morning from the violets of the prairie, was beseeching me to allow her to adjust on my wrist a magnificent bracelet which she had taken from her own lovely arm, and for which she wished only, as she made me understand by signs, a small scalp-lock from the seams of my leggings. To play our parts well it was necessary, for the time being, to do as an Indian warrior would do—I tore off the scalp-lock and gave it to her, and when her

fair hands had adjusted the precious trinket on my wrist, I raised the leathern shirt a little higher on my arm and showed her the colour of my skin. This unfolded a secret to her which compelled me to speak, and I said to her and her guardian, "Pray don't expose us; let us have our fun. Your precious trinket I will restore to you in a little time." This was answered with the sweetest of smiles, and, as my joke was thus ended, I turned round and found the ring prepared again for another dance. Fair hands had been lavish upon the other two Indians, who were already decorated with several keepsakes of beautiful and precious workmanship. The scalp-dance now commenced, and as I had brought with me a real scalp, according to the custom of a warrior, we gave it the full effect and fury of such scenes as they are acted in the wilderness. We entered upon this unfortunate affair with our prizes displayed in the fullest exultation, and no doubt might have gained many more but for the unforeseen misfortune which our over exertions to please and astonish had innocently brought upon us. The warmth of the rooms at this hour had become almost insupportable, and, in the midst of it, our violent exertions, under the heat of our Indian dresses, had produced a flow of perspiration which had carried away the paint in streaks from our foreheads to our chins, making us simple studies for the ethnologist, if any there were present, and easy of solution. Poor Murray! he had supplied himself with a red handkerchief, which he had often pressed upon his face, the consequence of which was—and it was funny enough—that his nose and his chin, and the other prominent points of his face, had all become white, long before he had finished his fun or been willing to acknowledge our true character and caste.

However, he had much merriment in receiving the cheerful congratulations of his friends (who now recognised him once more as the Honourable C. A. Murray), and in introducing my nephew and myself in our real names to many of his friends, we distributed scalp-locks and feathers

to all the fair hands whose trinkets we held and restored ; and after partaking of the good things that were in store for us, and looking and laughing at our white-washed faces in the mirrors, we made our way to the front door as the first step towards a retreat to the Egyptian Hall. We waited in vain full half an hour for a vehicle, such was the rush of carriages at the door. The only alternative seemed to be to take to our legs, and once resolved, we dashed out into the street, and made our way in the best manner we could. It was now past sunrise and raining in torrents, as it had been during the whole night. We wended our way as fast as possible through the mud, with our white and beautiful mocassins, and painted robes ; and the reader must excuse me here, and imagine, if he can, how we three looked when we arrived at the door of the Egyptian Hall, with the gang of boys and ragamuffins assembled around us, which the cry of "Indians, Indians!" had collected as we passed through the streets. The poor porter, who had waited up for us all night, happened *luckily to be* ready for our ring ; and thus, fortunately, we were soon safely withdrawn from the crowd assembling, to gaze and grin at each other, and deliberately and leisurely to scour ourselves back again to our original characters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Coburg and Prince Ernest visit the Collection—His Royal Highness the (little) Duc de Brabant visits the Collection with the Hon. Mr. Murray—The Author presents him an Indian pipe and pair of mocassins—Visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to the Collection—His noble sympathy for the Indians—He smokes an Indian pipe under the wigwam—The Author takes breakfast with the Duke of Sussex in Kensington Palace—The Duke's dress and appearance—John Hunter, the Indian traveller—The Duke's inquiries about him—Monsieur Duponceau—Visit to the Bank of England—To Buckingham Palace—To Windsor Castle—Author visits the Polish Ball with several friends in Indian costumes.

AMONG the distinguished visitors to my rooms about this time were their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Coburg, and Prince Ernest, the father and brother of Prince Albert, at that time on a visit to the Queen and the Prince. They were accompanied by Mr. Murray, who took great pains to explain the collection to the Duke, who took me by the hand when he left the room, and told me I deserved the friendship of all countries for what I had done, and pronounced it "a noble collection." His second visit was made to it a few days after, when he was also accompanied by Mr. Murray, and remained in the rooms until it was quite dark.

His Royal Highness the Duc de Brabant, the infant son of the King of the Belgians, on a visit to the Queen, was also brought in by Mr. Murray. He was an intelligent lad, nine or ten years of age, and was pleased with a miniature Indian pipe which I presented to him, and also a small pair of Indian mocassins suitable for his age.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, though in feeble

health, paid my collection his first visit. It was his wish, from the state that he was in, to meet me alone "in an Indian Council," as he called it. My first interview with him lasted for an hour or more, when he told me that if his strength would have permitted it, he could have been amused the whole day. To this fine old venerable man my highest admiration clung: he expressed the deepest sympathy for the Indians, and seemed to have formed a more general and correct idea of them and their condition than any person I had met in the kingdom. When he left my rooms he took me by both hands and thanked me for the rich treat I had afforded him, and assured me that for the benefits I was rendering to society, and the justice I was doing to the poor Indians, I should be sure to meet my reward in the world to come, and that he hoped I would also be recompensed in this.

The Duke of Sussex was a great amateur of pipes and good smoking, and took much interest in the hundreds of different designs and shapes of the carved pipes in my exhibition. He was curious to know what the Indians smoked, and I showed him their tobacco, a quantity of which I had brought with me. The Indians prepare it from the inner bark of the red willow, and when dried and ready for smoking, call it "k'nick-k'neck." I prepared and lit a pipe of it for His Royal Highness to smoke, with which he took a seat under the middle of the Indian wigwam, where our conversation was held at the moment; and as he drew the delicious fumes through the long and garnished stem which passed between his knees, with its polished bowl, carved in the red pipe stone, resting on the floor, he presented for a few moments the finished personification of beatitude and enjoyment. He pronounced the flavour delicious, wanting only a little more strength, which he thought the addition of tobacco would give it.

I told him that the Indians were always in the habit of mingling tobacco with it when they could afford to buy it:

“Good fellows (said he), they know what is good—their tastes are as good as ours are.” After he had finished his pipe, and we were moving towards the front door, the moment before taking leave of me as I have mentioned above, he asked me if I ever knew *John Hunter*, who wrote a work on the Indians of America, to which I replied in the affirmative. He seemed much pleased in learning this fact, and said to me, “You see what a feeble wreck I am at present; my strength is gone, and I must leave you; but you will take your breakfast with me at Kensington Palace to-morrow morning: I am all alone. I am too ill to see the world; they cannot find the way to me: but I will see *you*, and take great pleasure in your society. Your name will be made known to the servants at the back entrance to the palace.”

The next morning, at the hour named, found me at the door of the palace, where my name was recognised, and I at once was ushered into the apartment of the Duke, where I found him in his arm-chair, wrapped in his morning gown of white flannel, and his head covered with a cap of black velvet richly embroidered with gold. He rose and took me by the hand in the most cordial manner, and instantly led me to another part of the room, in front of a portrait hanging on the wall.—“There,” said he, “do you know that face?” “Very well,” said I; “that is the portrait of *John Hunter*; it is an admirable likeness, and looks to me like a picture by one of our American artists. If I had met it anywhere else but in this country I should have said it was by *Harding*, one of our most valued portrait painters.” “Well,” said he, “you know *that* portrait too, do you?” “Very well—that is his Royal Highness the Duke of *Sussex*.” “Well,” said the Duke, “now I will tell you, they were both painted by *Mr. Harding*. *Harding* is a great favourite of mine, and a very clever artist.”

I at this moment presented to the Duke the Indian pipe, through which he had smoked the day before, and also an

Indian tobacco-pouch, filled with the k'nick-k'neck (or Indian tobacco) with which he had been so much pleased.

He thanked me for the present, which he assured me delighted him very much; and, after showing me a great variety of curious and most ingenious pipes from various countries, we took our seats alone at the breakfast table. In the course of our conversation, which ran upon pipes—upon Indians and Indian countries, his Royal Highness said he had reasons for asking me if I had known Hunter, and should feel most happy if he found in me a person who had been acquainted with his history. He said he had known Hunter familiarly while he was in London, and had entertained him in his palace, and thought a great deal of him. He had thought his life a most extraordinary one, well entitling him to the attentions that were paid to him here—that he had been entertained and amused by his narrations of Indian life, and that he had made him several presents, amongst which was a very valuable watch, and had had his portrait painted, which he highly valued. He said he had learned, with deep regret, since Hunter had left here, that a learned French gentleman in Philadelphia, M. Duponceau, and some others, had held him up to the public, through the journals, as an impostor, and his narrations as fabulous. “This to me,” said the Duke, “you can easily see, has been a subject of much pain (as I took more pains to introduce him and his works in this country than any one else), and it explains to you the cause of my anxiety to learn something more of his true history.”

I replied to his Royal Highness that I had been equally pained by hearing such reports in circulation in my own country, and that my acquaintance with Hunter had not been familiar enough to enable me wholly to refute them. I stated that I had been introduced to Mr. Hunter in New Orleans, where he was well known to many, and that I had met him in two or three other parts of the United States, and since reading his work I had visited many of the Indian

villages, in which he lived, and had conversed with chiefs and others named in his work, who spoke familiarly of him. I felt assured, therefore, that he had spent the Indian life that he describes in his work; and yet that he might have had the indiscretion to have made some misrepresentations attributed to him, I was not able positively to deny. His work, as far as it treats on the manners and customs of the American Indians, and which could not have been written or dictated by any other than a person who had lived that familiar life with them, is decidedly the most descriptive and best work yet published on their every-day domestic habits and superstitions; and, of itself, goes a great way, in my opinion, to establish the fact that his early life was identified with that of the Indians.

I stated that I believed his character had been cruelly and unjustly libelled, and that I had the peculiar satisfaction of believing that I had justly defended it, and given the merited rebuke at the fountain of all his misfortunes, which I described as follows:—

“On my return from an eight years’ residence amongst the remotest tribes of Indians in America, and paying a visit to my old friends in the city of Philadelphia, M. Duponceau, of whom your Royal Highness has spoken, an old and very learned gentleman, and deeply skilled in the various languages of America, and who was then preparing a very elaborate work on the subject, invited me to meet several of his friends at his table to breakfast; which I did. He was at this time nearly blind and very deaf, and still eagerly grasping at every traveller and trapper from the Indian country, for some new leaf to his book, or some new word to his vocabularies, instead of going himself to the Indian fireside, the true (and in fact the only) school in which to learn and write their language.

“After our breakfast was finished and our coffee-cups removed, this learned M. Duponceau opened his note-book upon the table and began in this way,—‘My dear Sir (addressing himself to me), I am so delighted with such an

opportunity—I am told that you have visited some forty or fifty tribes of Indians, and many of them speaking different languages. You have undoubtedly in eight years learned to speak fluently; and I shall draw from you such a valuable addition to my great work—what a treat this will be, gentlemen, ha? Now you see I have written out some two or three hundred words, for which you will give me the Blackfoot, the Mandan, the Pawnee Pict, &c. You have been amongst all these tribes? ‘Yes.’ The old gentleman here took a pinch of snuff and then said, ‘In this identical place, and on this very table, it was, gentlemen, that I detected the imposture of that rascal Hunter! Do you know that fellow, Mr. Catlin?’ ‘Yes, I have seen him.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I was the first to detect him;—I published him to the world and put a stop to his impostures. I invited him to take breakfast with me as I have invited you, and in this same book wrote down the Indian translation of a list of words and sentences that I had prepared, as he gave them to me; and the next day when I invited him again, he gave me for one-third at least of those words a different translation. I asked for the translation of a number of words in languages that were familiar to me, and which he told me he understood, and he gave them in words of other tribes. I now discovered his ignorance, and at once pronounced him an impostor, and closed my book.’

“‘And now,’ said I, ‘M. Duponceau, lest you should make yourself and me a great deal of trouble, and call *me* an impostor also, I will feel much obliged if you will close your book again; for I am quite sure I should prove myself under your examination just as ignorant as Mr. Hunter, and subject myself to the same reproach which is following him through the world, emanating from so high an authority. Mr. Hunter and myself did not go into the Indian countries to study the Indian languages, nor do we come into the civilized world to publish them, and to be made responsible for errors in writing them. I can well under-

stand how Mr. Hunter gave you, to a certain extent, a different version on different days; he, like myself, having learned a little of fifteen or twenty different languages, would necessarily be at a loss, with many of his Indian words, to know what tribe they belong to; and our partial knowledge of so many tongues involves us at once in a difficulty not unlike the confusion at Babel, and disqualifies his responses or mine, as authority for such works as I hope you are preparing for the world. With these views (though I profess to be the property of the world, and ready and pleased to communicate anything that I have distinctly learned of the Indians and their modes), I must beg to decline giving you the translation of a single word; and at the same time to express a hope that you may verbally, or in the valuable works which you are soon to bequeath to posterity, leave a repentant word at least, to remove the censure which you say you were the first to cast upon Hunter, and which is calculated to follow him to the grave.’”

His Royal Highness was much interested and somewhat amused by this narrative, and agreed with me, that such men as M. Duponceau, and others, to whom the world is to look for a full and correct account of the Indian languages of America, should go themselves to the wigwams of the Indians, and there, in their respective tribes, open the books in which to record their various vocabularies, rather than sit at home and trust to the ignorant jargon that can be caught from the trapper and the trader and the casual tourists who make flying visits through the Indian countries. He related to me many curious anecdotes of poor Hunter, and as I left him enjoying his k'nick-k'neck through his Indian pipe, he said to me, “Your name, sir, will be familiar at my door, and I shall be delighted to see you again at the same hour, whenever you feel disposed to come.”

Amidst the many avocations that were now demanding and engrossing the most of my time, I was still able, by an effort, to allot certain portions of the day to the pleasures

that are found in the domestic circles of wives and little ones, and nowhere else; and with them spent the happiest moments of my life, notwithstanding the attentions of the world and the efforts to make my enjoyment complete. With my dear Clara I took my strolls and my rides to see what was amusing or instructive in the great metropolis, and we saw much that amused and still more that astonished us. Through the kindness of our untiring friend Mr. Murray, we got access to the palaces of St. James and Buckingham, and to the public and private rooms of Windsor Castle; we saw the "five tons' weight of gold plate" that are said to enrich that noble palace, and which but few eyes are allowed to gaze upon.

We visited the Royal Mint, the Tower, the noble mansions of the Dukes of Sutherland and Devonshire, and the Bank of England. I was surprised that we were allowed to pass through every part of this wonderful sanctuary of gold and silver, and still more so that a guide should stand ready to conduct us through all its numerous ramifications, and as he passed along from room to room, from office to office, and from vault to vault, to hear him lecture upon everything we passed, as if they feared we might not appreciate it in all its parts. It has been many times described and needs no further comment here, except an occurrence in one of the vaults which deserves a current notice. The Honourable Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia, was among our companions on the occasion, and as we were shown into this apartment, which I think was called a vault, though it was a large square room with the light of a dome over it, the gentleman having charge of it within received us in the most courteous manner, and as if it were a public exhibition which we had paid our shilling to see, he led us around the room and with his keys opened the iron safes which were all sunk in the walls, with double doors of iron, and showed us the amount of gold and notes contained in them, and on opening one that was filled with packages of Bank of England notes, he took a bundle of

them some ten or twelve inches in diameter, and smilingly placing it in the hands of my wife, asked her if she had any idea how much money she was holding. Her rough guess was a very moderate one: she was so much excited and so recently from New York, that she had forgotten pounds sterling, and replied "Perhaps a thousand *dollars*;" when he turned it the other side up and referred us to the label upon it—"two millions of pounds!" He then took out another parcel of equal size, and placing that on the top of it said to her, "Now, madam, you have four millions." Poor thing! she looked pale as she handed it back, saying, "Ah, well, I am glad it is not mine." The kind and gentlemanly attention shown to us, and the pains taken to explain everything as we passed along, were unexpected, and even a mystery in politeness which was beyond my comprehension. We were conducted from this room to the arched vaults, where we traced for a long distance the narrow aisles to the right and the left and to the north and the south, through phalanxes of wheelbarrows loaded with bars of silver and of gold, and all with their heads one way, seemed ready for a subterranean crusade in case of necessity.

We returned from this half-day's work, fatigued, and almost sorry that we had seen so much of the "shining dust" which our hands are labouring so hard through life to earn a pittance of.

There were several Americans with us on this day's expedition, and all agreed that we drew more pleasure from the gentlemanly politeness we met in the Bank of England than we did from its wonderful system (which was all explained to us), and from its golden riches which were all laid open to our view.

Our fatigue, when we got home, seemed enough for one day; but as it happened on that day, our sight-seeing was only begun; for it had been arranged that we were to go to the Polish ball at the Mansion House on that evening, and what was to make it a double task, it was arranged that we should all go, some five or six of us, in Indian costumes.

My Indian wardrobe was therefore laid under heavy contributions for that night. My nephew Burr and myself were dressed as chiefs, and two or three more of my friends were arrayed as warriors. My dear little *Christian Clara*, whose sphere it was not, and who never wore an Indian dress or painted her fair face before, becoming inspired with a wish to see the splendour of the scene, proposed to assume the dress of an Indian woman and follow me through the mazes of that night as an Indian squaw follows her lord on such occasions. I selected for her one of the prettiest and most beautifully ornamented women's dresses, which was made of the fine white skin of the mountain sheep; and with her hair spread over her back, and her face and her arms painted to the colour of a squaw, and her neck and ears loaded with the usual profusion of beads and other ornaments, and her fan of the eagle's tail in her hand, she sidled along with us amidst the glare and splendour, and buzz and din of the happy throng we were soon in the midst of, and dragging our awkward shields and quivers and heavy buffalo robes through, as well as we could. We took good care not to dance on that occasion, so we kept the paint on our faces, and by understanding no questions, answered none, and passed off with everybody as *real Indians*. We went resolved to gratify our eyes, but to give no gratification to others besides what they could take to themselves by looking at us. Our interpreter was true to his promise: he made out his own descriptions for us, and assured all who inquired, that we could not speak a word of English. French, German, Russian, and Italian were all tried in vain upon us; and as they turned away, one after another, from us, they exclaimed, "What a pity! how unfortunate the poor things can't speak English! how interesting it would be to talk with them! that's a noble-looking fellow, that big chief; egad, he is six feet and a half. I'll be bound that fellow has taken many a scalp. That's a nice-looking little squaw: upon my word, if she had a white skin she would be rather pretty!" and a thousand such remarks, as the reader can

imagine, while we were wending our tedious way through the bewildering mazes of this endless throng. The task for my poor Clara soon became more than she had anticipated before entering the room, and was growing too much for her delicate frame to bear: she had not thought of the constant gaze of thousands she was to stand in every moment of the evening; and another discipline (which she knew must be strictly adhered to, to act out the character she was supporting, and which had not occurred to her before she had commenced upon the toils of the evening) made her part a difficult one to act—that was the necessity of following in the wake of all the party of men when we were in motion, the place assigned to Indian women on the march, rather than by the side or on the arms of their husbands. This, in the street or in the wilderness or anywhere else would have been tolerable, she said, but in her present condition was insupportable. The idea was so ridiculous to her, to be the last of a party of Indians (who always walk in single file) so far behind her husband, and then the crowd closing in upon her and in danger of crushing her to death. We soon however were so lucky as to find a flight of several broad steps which led to a side room, but now closed, which furnished us comfortable seats above the crowd, which we took good care to hold until our curiosity was all gratified, and we were ready to return home. Our interpreter, in answer to all inquiries as to the locale of these strange foreigners, mentioned the Egyptian Hall; and for weeks after, Daniel testified to the increase of our receipts, and bore sad evidence too of the trouble he had in explaining the difficulty of showing to his visitors the “real Indians.” After having satiated our curiosity, and several of the youngest of the party having received some very pretty trinkets and other presents that had been forced upon them, we made our way home in good season to enjoy the joke, and part of a good night’s rest.

CHAPTER IX.

Consequent troubles for Daniel in the exhibition-rooms—Daniel's difficulty with an artist making copies—Takes his sketch-book from him—Tableaux vivans commenced—List of the groups—Hon. Mr. Murray attends, with His Royal Highness the Duc de Brabant—The Author presented to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by the Hon. Mr. Murray—Indian Collection removed to Liverpool—Biennial exhibition of Mechanics' Institution—22,000 children admitted free to the Indian Collection in one week—The Indian tableaux vivans in the provincial towns for six months—Collection opened in Sheffield—In Manchester—Nine Ojibbeway Indians arrive, in charge of Mr. Rankin—His proposal to the author.

POOR Daniel in the exhibition-rooms! I mentioned in the preceding chapter that our appearance at the Polish ball had greatly increased the number of shillings, but, at the same time, it was, as he said, doing great injury to the Collection, as people paid their shillings expecting to see the real Indians, and then, finding their error, revenged themselves upon poor Daniel by calling him and the whole concern hard names, and in various ways provoking him. Politics—Caste—Slavery—Truck-system—Poor-houses—Repeal—Oregon—and Repudiation were the exciting topics—all of which he was able and ready to discuss; and the kind of visitors I just now mentioned, under their disappointment at the rooms, were prepared to annoy him on these topics, and irritate him to such a degree that it made his duties doubly hard to him and their visits less pleasant to themselves than they would otherwise have been.

He had other things that annoyed him, amongst which were the constant efforts by artists and amateurs to make copies in the room for paintings and designs, which they somehow seemed to fancy. After having risked my life

and spent my little fortune in the wilderness to procure such exciting and such original studies, and bring them to England, I did not consider it fair that these gentlemen should step into my rooms just when they had an hour of leisure, and industry enough to use it, and copy whatever they could most easily convert into cash.

So many of these attempts had been made, that I was obliged to post a printed notice around the walls, that "*No copying was allowed in the rooms.*"

This had the desired effect with many, but there were some to whom the temptation was so great, that Daniel was obliged to refer them to the printed regulations; and one or two others for whom this was not enough, and who seemed to think that, in my absence, Daniel's authority was rather in imagination than any thing else; and when he had requested them to desist, they had given him the finish to their provocations by replying to him, that he was of no account—that if his *master* ordered them to stop they would do so, but not for him. One of these customers had troubled him very much for several days, and it was evidently affecting his spirits, and even his health, for he was growing pale and ghastly under the excitement. He said he had repeatedly taken the printed regulation and placed it before him, and he was at last told to "Go to the devil with it." He told me this man had some object in view, for he came every night, and sketched very rapidly, and made very exact copies; and he said to me, "If you don't see fit to come in and turn him out of the room to-night, I shall lay hold of him, for your own interest. I hate to do it, for he looks like a gentleman, though he don't act like one, and that's enough; and if you don't stop him, Mr. Catlin, I will." "That's right," said I, "Daniel. You have charge of the rooms, and your regulations, and of course it is your duty to stop him; and I am responsible for any damage you may do in putting an end to it." I was at that time occupying apartments opposite to the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, and on that night observing

the lamps burning at a much later hour than usual, was induced to step in to learn the cause. As I was passing through the Hall, and about to enter the exhibition-room, I heard a few half-stifled and hasty words, and then something like a struggle; and next, I heard distinctly Daniel's voice, in rather a stifled mood:—"No you won't. If you get that leg through, the deil a bit o' good will it do ye; for I'll be shot if you ever pass your neck any farther through this door until you give it up!"

"Let go of my collar, then!"

"No, I'll be blathered if I do that! I've got a good hold now, and I might not get it again. Lay down the book and I'll let you go, and not before."

"What business is it of yours? come, I should like to know; you are only a door-keeper." "That's what I am, you've got it right; and I'll show you, my boy, that I can *keep* a door, too."

I stood back during this conversation, easily understanding what the difficulty was, as I had a partial view of them, but was unobserved, as I was standing in the dark.

It seems that Daniel's friend the copyist had been as usual at work most of the evening, making sketches, and Daniel had allowed him to work, resolving to appropriate all his sketches at a haul, as he should be leaving the room. The gentleman had been intensely engaged, and not having been interrupted as usual, had kept at his work for half an hour or so after all visitors had left the room, and a full blaze of gas was burning at my expense and for his benefit. All these circumstances ripened Daniel's taste for laying an embargo on him; and when he had closed his book, and was about to take leave, he found Daniel standing with his back towards the door, which was open. On endeavouring to pass, Daniel civilly stopped him, and told him he should expect him on that evening to leave his sketch-book with him before he passed out. The gentleman seemed dreadfully insulted by such a suggestion, saying that he had paid for his admission and had the same

right to be in the room or to go out that *he* had; to which Daniel at once assented, saying he had not the slightest objection to his going out; "but," said he, "if that book goes out, it will be because you are a stronger man than I am."

At this crisis the artist had made a rush for the door, and Daniel had fastened his left hand into his cravat and shirt collar, whilst he had a similar grip upon Daniel with one hand, and his sketch-book in the other, when I discovered them on my approach to the rooms. How long they had been in this amusing predicament I was not yet able to ascertain; but as Daniel, who is of a quick and rather violent temper, was speaking quite cool and deliberate, I presumed they must have stood there at least long enough for his first excitement to have cooled off, which could not possibly have been effected in a few moments.

Immediately after their last dialogue that I had heard when approaching them, there commenced another scene of grunting, and sighing, and shoving about, that lasted for some minutes, when all was still again. The gentleman, however, broke silence at length, but in a very low and placid voice: "Why, you are a very curious fellow; I don't see why this thing should make you so wrathful. The pictures are not yours—come, don't clinch me so tight there, if you please." "I don't hurt you—I told you I didn't wish to hurt you; if you talk about my being 'wrathful,' you don't know what you are talking about—and the pictures I know are not mine; but my employer expects me to guard his property, and you may be sure I'll do it. If you had taken my advice two or three days ago it would have saved you all this fuss, and half an hour's time that we have been standing in the door." Another scuffle and struggle ensued here, and after much grunting, the gentleman exclaimed, "You have the advantage of me, for you have both hands to work with and I have only one! If it were not for the book I could upset you, damned quick!" Upon which Daniel made a grand lunge at the book, which he snatched from his hand, and exultingly exclaimed,

“There ! I’ll take the book, and let you try with both hands—and now, if you touch a finger to me again, I’ll lather you within an inch of your life. If your cloth be ever so much better than mine, you have behaved like anything but a gentleman ; and as I told you in the beginning, if ever you carry this book out at that door you will do it over my dead body.” At that instant he turned off the gas, giving the gentleman a good opportunity to depart in total silence, and for me to dodge him, as he passed by, and to withdraw myself, to enjoy Daniel’s account of the affair, which was amusingly given, as he handed me the sketch-book the next morning.

Daniel’s health and spirits improved very sensibly after this affair, and his duties were somewhat lightened about this time, though I added much to my own labours, by closing the exhibition at night, and giving my lectures on three evenings of the week in an adjoining hall, illustrating them with *tableaux vivans*, produced by twenty living figures in Indian costumes, forming groups of their ceremonies, domestic scenes, and warfare. These were got up and presented with much labour to myself, and gave great satisfaction ; as by them I furnished so vivid and life-like an illustration of Indian life as I had seen it in the wilderness.

For these tableaux I had chosen my men for some striking Indian character in their faces or figures, or action, and my women were personated by round-faced boys, who, when the women’s dresses were on them, and long wigs of horses’ hair spreading over their shoulders, and the faces and hands of all painted to the Indian colour, made the most complete illusion that could be conceived. I had furnished each with his little toilet of colours, &c., and instructions how to paint the face before a mirror, and how to arrange their dresses ; and then, with almost infinite labour, had drilled them through the Indian mode of walking with their “toes in,” of using their weapons of war and the chase, and of giving their various dances. songs, and the war-whoop ;

and I have no hesitation in saying, that when I had brought this difficult mode to its greatest perfection, I had succeeded in presenting the most faithful and general representation of Indian life that was ever brought before the civilized world. Many of these scenes were enlivened by action, and by the various instruments of music used by the Indians, added to their songs, and the war-whoop, giving a thrilling spirit to them, whilst they furnished scenes for the painter, of the most picturesque character, as will be easily imagined from the subjoined programme of them as announced at the time.

CATLIN'S LECTURES

WITH

TABLEAUX VIVANS ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS,

AT

THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

PROGRAMME FOR THE FIRST EVENING.

WAR SCENES.

No. 1.—*Group of Warriors and Braves, in Full Dress*, reclining around a fire, regaling themselves with the pipe and a dish of *pemican*. In the midst of their banquet the chief enters in full dress; the pipe is lighted for him—he smokes it in sadness, and breaks up the party by announcing that an enemy is at hand—that a number of their men have been scalped whilst hunting the buffalo, and they must prepare for war.

No. 2.—*Warriors Enlisting*, by “smoking through the reddened stem.” The chief sends “*runners*” (or *criers*) through the tribe with a pipe, the stem of which is painted red; the crier solicits for recruits, and every young man who consents to smoke through the reddened stem which is extended to him, is considered a volunteer to go to war.

No. 3.—*War Dance*. The ceremony of “*swearing in*” the warriors, who take the most solemn oath by dancing to, and striking the “reddened post” with their war-clubs.

No. 4.—*Foot War-Party on the March*, (“Indian file,”) armed with shields, bows, quivers, and lances—the chief of the party, as is generally the case, going to war in full dress.

No. 5.—*War-Party encamped at Night*, asleep under their buffalo

robes, with sentinels on the watch. The *alarm in camp* is given, and the warriors roused to arms.

No. 6.—*War-Party in Council*, consulting with their chief as to the best and most effective way of attacking their enemies, who are close at hand.

No. 7.—*Skulking*, or advancing cautiously upon the enemy to take them by surprise—a common mode and merit in war among the North American Indians.

No. 8.—*Battle and Scalping*; showing the frightful appearance of Indian warfare, and the mode of taking the scalp.

No. 9.—*Scalp Dance*, in celebration of a victory; the women, in the centre of the group, holding up the scalps on little sticks, and the warriors dancing around them, brandishing their weapons, and yelling in the most frightful manner.

No. 10.—*Treaty of Peace*. The chiefs and warriors of the two hostile tribes in the act of solemnizing the treaty of peace, by smoking mutually through the calumet, or pipe of peace, which is ornamented with eagles' quills; the calumet resting in front of the group.

No. 11.—*Pipe-of-Peace Dance*, by the warriors, with the pipes of peace, or calumets, in their hands, after the treaty has been concluded. This picturesque scene will be represented by the warriors all joining in the dance, uniting their voices with the beat of the Indian drum, and sounding the frightful war-whoop.

PROGRAMME FOR THE SECOND EVENING.

DOMESTIC SCENES.

No. 1.—*The Blackfoot Doctor, or Mystery-man*, endeavouring to cure his dying patient by the operation of his mysteries and songs of incantation.

No. 2.—*Mr. Catlin at his Easel, in the Mandan Village*, painting the portrait of *Mah-to-toh-pa*, a celebrated Mandan chief. The costumes of the chief and the painter the same that were worn on the occasion.

No. 3.—*An Indian Wedding*. The chief, who is father of the girl, is seated in the middle of the group, receiving the presents which are laid at his feet by the young man, who (when the presents accumulate to what the father deems an equivalent) receives the consent of the parent, and the hand of the girl, whom he leads off; and as she is the daughter of a chief, and admired by the young men, they are bestowing on her many presents.

No. 4.—*Pocahontas rescuing Captain John Smith, an English Officer*. "It had been decided in council, over which *Pow-ha-tan* presided, that Captain John Smith should be put to death, by having his head placed on a large stone, and his brains beaten out by two warriors armed with huge painted clubs. His executioners were standing with their clubs raised over him, and in the very instant for giving the fatal blow, when *Pocahontas*,

the chief's favourite daughter, then about thirteen years old, threw herself with folded arms over the head of the captain, who was instantly ordered by the chief to be released."

No. 5.—*Wrestling*. A favourite amusement among many of the tribes. For these scenes, several distinguished young men are selected on each side, and the goods bet being placed in the care of the stakeholders, the wrestling commences at a signal given, and the stakes go to the party who count the greatest number of men remaining on their feet.

No. 6.—*Ball Play*. The most beautiful and exciting of all Indian games. This game is often played by several hundreds on a side. The group represents the players leaping into the air, and struggling to catch the ball as it is descending, in their ball-sticks.

No. 7.—*Game of Tchung-kee*. The favourite play of the Mandans, and used by them as their principal gambling game.

No. 8.—*The Night Dance of the Seminoles*. A ceremony peculiar to this tribe, in which the young men assemble and dance round the fire after the chiefs have retired to rest, gradually stamping it out with their feet, and singing a song of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit; after which they wrap themselves in their robes and retire to rest.

One will easily see that this opened a new field of amusement and excitement for my old friends, who were now nightly present, with their companions, and approving with rounds of applause. Amongst these was my untiring friend Mr. Murray, who, among the distinguished personages whom he introduced, made a second visit with the little Leopold, Duc de Brabant, whom he brought in his arms from his carriage. His Royal Highness, as the curtain rose and I stepped forward to give a brief lecture, seemed not a little disappointed, by the speech that he suddenly made—"Why, that is not an Indian, that is Mr. Catlin, who gave me the Indian pipe and the moccasins." However, a few moments more brought forth red faces, and songs and yelps that seemed more sensibly to affect his Royal Highness's nerves, and at which Mr. Murray removed with him to a more distant part of the room, from which point he looked on with apparent delight.

About this time an incident of my Transatlantic life occurred, to which I shall ever recur with great satisfaction:—there was, standing in my exhibition-room, an elaborate model of the *Falls of Niagara*, which I had made

from an accurate survey of that grand scene some thirteen years before; and, in compliment for the accuracy and execution of which, a handsome silver medal had been struck, and presented to me by the American Institute in New York, at one of its annual exhibitions, where it had been exposed to public view. The Hon. Mr. Murray, whose familiarity with that sublime scene had enabled him to judge of the fidelity of the model, upon which he was often looking, with his friends, with intense interest, by his representations to Her Majesty and the Prince had excited in them a desire to see it; and he called upon me one morning to inform me that Her Majesty would be pleased to have me bring it to Windsor Castle the next day at one o'clock, at which hour I should be received.

The reader may imagine what pleasure this unexpected and unmerited honour gave me, and also to my dear Clara, who was in the habit of sharing with me the pleasures of many compliments, in the forms of which she could not join me.

I was at Windsor the next morning, with the model, and having placed and arranged it in Her Majesty's drawing-room, I took Mr. Murray's arm at the appointed hour of one o'clock, and, as we entered the drawing-room, we observed Her Majesty and His Royal Highness entering at the opposite door. We met by the side of the model—where I was presented, and received in the most gracious and kind manner. Her Majesty expressed a wish that I should point out and explain the principal features of the scene; which, with the vivid descriptions which Mr. Murray also gave, of going under the Horse-Shoe Fall, &c., seemed to convey a very satisfactory idea to Her Majesty and the Prince; they asked many questions about the characters and effects of this sublime scene, and also of the Indians, for whose rights they said they well knew I was the advocate, and retired, thanking me for the amusement and instruction I had afforded them.

Several months after this passed on in the usual routine of my business and amusements (my collection open during the days and my lectures and tableaux given at night) without incidents worth reciting, when I received an invitation from the Mechanics' Institute at Liverpool to unite my Indian collection to their biennial fair or exhibition, which was to be on a scale of great magnificence. They very liberally proposed to extend the dimensions of their buildings for the occasion, and I consented to join them with my whole collection for two months. My lease had expired at the Egyptian Hall, and my collection was soon on its way to Liverpool.

I was received with great kindness in that town, and my collection for the two months gained me great applause and some pecuniary benefit. During its stay there I kept several men in Indian costumes constantly in it, and twice a day gave a short lecture in the room, explaining the costumes and many of the leading traits of the Indian character, sung an Indian song, and gave the frightful war-whoop.

There were here, as in London, many pleasing incidents and events for which I cannot venture a leaf in this book, with the exception of one, which I cannot forbear to mention. During the last week of their noble exhibition, the children from all the charitable and other schools were admitted free, and in battalions and phalauzes they were passed through my room, as many hundreds at a time as could stand upon the floor, to hear the lectures (shaped to suit their infant minds), and then the deafening war-whoop raised by my men in Indian paint and Indian arms, which drove many of the little creatures with alarm under the tables and benches, from which they were pulled out by their feet; and the list that we kept showed us the number of 22,000 of these little urchins, who, free of expense, saw my collection, and having heard me lecture, went home, sounding the war-whoop in various parts of the town.

At the close of this exhibition I selected the necessary

collection of costumes, weapons, &c. for my lectures and tableaux, and calling together my old disciplined troop from the City of London, I commenced a tour to the provincial towns of the kingdom, leaving my collection of paintings behind. My career was then rapid, and its changes sudden, and all my industry and energies were called into action—with twenty men on my hands, and an average expense of twelve pounds per day. This scheme I pushed with all the energy I could, and in the space of six months visited, with varied success, the towns of *Chester, Manchester, Leamington, Rugby, Stratford-on-Avon, Cheltenham, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Hull, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, Belfast, and Dublin*. In all these towns I was received with kindness, and formed many attachments which I shall endeavour to cherish all my days. The incidents of such a tour can easily be imagined to have been varied and curious, and very many of them were exceedingly entertaining, but must be omitted in this place. On my return I was strongly urged by several friends in Manchester to open my whole collection of paintings, &c. in that town a while before leaving for the United States, for which I was then on the eve of embarking. I consented to this invitation, and, a hall being prepared for its reception, I removed it and my family there for a stay of two or three months.

The collection was soon arranged and on exhibition, and I found myself and my dear wife in the atmosphere (though of smoke) of kind friends who used their best endeavours to make our stay comfortable and pleasant. The strangers who sought our acquaintance and offered us their genuine hospitality were many, and will have our grateful thanks while we live.

My exhibition had been tolerably successful, and, strange and unexpected, like most of the turning points in my life, during the very week that I had advertised it as “positively the last in the kingdom, previous to embarking for New York,” an event suddenly occurred which brought me back to the metropolis, to the chief towns of the kingdom, to

France and to Belgium; and eventually led me through the accidents and incidents which are to form the rest and the most curious part of this work, upon which the reader will now enter with me.

The first intimation of the cause which was to change the shape of my affairs was suggested to me in the following letter:—

“Sir,—Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you, believing that its contents will show you a way of promoting your own interest, or at least be the means of my obtaining some useful advice from you.

“I have a party of nine Ojibbeway Indians, on the way, and about at this time to be landed at Liverpool, that I am bringing over on speculation; and, having been in London some weeks without having made any suitable arrangements for them, I have thought best to propose some arrangement with you that may promote our mutual interests. If you think of anything you could do in that way, or any advice you can give me, I shall be most happy to hear from you by return of post.

“Several persons in London conducting exhibitions have told me that they will do nothing unless they are under your management.

“I remain, yours, very truly,

“*To Geo. Catlin, Esq.*”

“ARTHUR RANKIN.

To this letter I answered as follows:—

“Sir,—I received your letter of the 4th, this morning, and hasten to reply. It will be directly opposite to my present arrangements if I enter into any new engagements such as you propose, as all my preparations are now made to embark for New York in the course of a fortnight from this time. I have always been opposed to the plan of bringing Indians abroad on speculation; but as they are in the country, I shall, as the friend of the Indians under all circumstances, feel an anxiety to promote their views and success in any way I can. I could not, at all events, undertake to make any arrangement with you until I see what kind of a party they are; and at all events, as you will have to meet them at Liverpool, you had better call on me in Manchester, when we can better understand each other's views.

“I remain, yours, &c.

“*To A. Rankin, Esq.*”

“GEO. CATLIN.

On the third day after the posting of this letter Mr. Rankin arrived in Manchester, and called upon me in my exhibition-rooms. After a little conversation with him, and without entering into any agreement, I advised him to lose

no time in proceeding to Liverpool to receive them when they landed ; and he took leave with the understanding that he would bring them to Manchester as soon as they arrived. The next evening, just after it was dark, my door-keeper, who was not yet in the secret, came running in and announced that there was a "honnibus at the door quite full of horrible looking folks, and ee really believed they were hindians!" At that moment Daniel whispered to me—"The Ojibbeways are here, and they are a pretty black-looking set of fellows: I think they will do." I saw them a moment in the bus, and sent Daniel with them to aid Mr. Rankin in procuring them suitable lodgings. A crowd followed the bus as it passed off, and the cry of—"Indians! real Indians!" was started in Manchester, which soon rung through the kingdom, as will be related.

CHAPTER X.

Difficulty of procuring lodgings for the Indians—The Author pays them a visit—Is recognised by them—Arrangement with Mr. Rankin—Crowds around their hotel—First visit of the Ojibbeways to the Author's Collection—Their surprise—Council held under the wigwam—Indians agree to drink no spirituous liquors—The old Chief's speech to the Author—Names of the Indians—Their portraits—Description of each—Cadotte, the interpreter.

AT the beginning of this chapter the reader turns a new leaf, or, opens a new book. He learns here the causes that begat this book, and I hope will find fresh excitement enough, just at the right time, to encourage him to go through it with me. He finds me turning here upon a pivot—my character changed and my occupation; travelling over old ground, and looking up old friends, of whom I had taken final leave, and who had thought me, ere this, safely landed on my own native shores.

The Ojibbeways were here; a party of nine wild Indians, from the back-woods of America. "Real Indians!" the "Ob-jub-be-ways," or "Hob-jub be-ways," as the name was first echoed through Manchester—and had gone into lodgings for the night, which Daniel had procured with some difficulty. He drove to the door of an hotel, and inquired of the landlord if he could entertain a party of nine Indians for the night and perhaps for a few days. "O yes, certainly; bring them in. Porter, see to their luggage." They were in his hall in a moment, having thoughtlessly sounded a yell of exultation as they landed on the pavement, and being wrapped in their robes, with their bows and arrows and tomahawks in their hands—as Indians are sure to be seen when entering a strange place—the landlord,

taking a glance at them as he passed out, called out to Daniel, "What the devil is all this? I can't take in these folks; you must load them up again. You told me they were Indians." "Well! they are," said Daniel. "No, they're not; they're wild men, and they look more like the devil than anything else. Every lodger would leave my house before morning. They've frightened the cook and my women folks already into fits.—Load them up as quick as you please." Daniel got them "on board" again, and drove to another hotel, which was just being opened to the public, and with a new landlord, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Here he was more successful, and, advising the Indians to keep quiet, had got them in comfortably and without much excitement. This very good and accommodating man, whose name I am sorry I have forgotten, being anxious to get his house and his name a little notoriety, seemed delighted at the thought of his house being the rendezvous of the Indians; and, upon Daniel's representations that they were a civil and harmless set of people, his family and himself all did the most they could to accommodate and entertain them.

Daniel told him that they would make a great noise in Manchester, and as they would be the "lions" of the day, and visited by the greatest people in town, the clergy and all, it would be a feather in his cap, and make his hotel more known in three days than it would otherwise be in three years. This had pleased the new landlord exceedingly, and he made Daniel agree that Mr. Catlin, in announcing their arrival in the papers, should say that they had taken lodgings at his house, which he thought would do him great service. The good man's wish was complied with the next morning, but there was scarcely any need of it, for the crowd that was already gathered and gathering around his new hotel, were certain to publish it to every part of the town in a very little time.

After they had been landed a while, and just when they were all seated around a long table and devouring the beef-

steaks prepared for them, I made my way with great difficulty through the crowds that were jammed about the door and climbing to look into the windows, and entered the room, to take the first look at them.

As I stepped into the room I uttered their customary ejaculation of "*How! how! how!*"—to which they all responded; and rising from their seats, shook hands with me, knowing from my manner of addressing them who I was, or at least that I was familiar with Indians. I requested them to finish their suppers: and whilst conversing with Mr. Rankin I learned, from giving ear to their conversation, that one of the young men of the party had seen me whilst I was painting the portraits of chiefs at a Grand Council held at Mackinaw a few years before, and was coming forward to claim acquaintance with me. He finished his meal a little sooner than the rest, and made a dart across the room and offered me his hand, with a "*How! how! how! ketch-e-wah!*" and then telling me, with the aid of the interpreter, that he knew me—that he was at Mackinaw at the Great Council, when I painted the portraits of Gitch-e-gaw-ga-osh, and On-daig, and Ga-zaw-que-dung, and others; and I recollected his face very well, which seemed excessively pleasing to him.

The poor fellows were exceedingly fatigued and jaded; and after a few minutes' conversation I left them, advising them to lie quiet for two or three days until they were rested and recruited after the fatigues of their long and boisterous voyage. Mr. Rankin, with the aid of my man Daniel, settled all the arrangements for this, and the next morning I met Mr. Rankin with a view to some arrangement for their exhibition in my collection, which was then open in the Exchange Rooms. He seemed alarmed about the prospects of their exhibition, from what had been told him in London, and proposed that I should take them off his hands by paying him 100*l.* per month.

I instantly stated my objections to such an arrangement, that by doing so I should be assuming all the responsibilities

for them while abroad; and as I had always been opposed to bringing Indians abroad on that account, as well as from other reasons, I should be unwilling to use them in any way that should release him from the responsibilities he had assumed in bringing them to this country. And I then said, "I will propose what I feel quite sure will be more for your pecuniary interest, and more satisfactory to my own feelings, and it is the only way in which I will be interested in their exhibition; for under such an arrangement both the Indians and the exhibition will be sure of having our mutual and united efforts, which they will stand in need of to ensure the success that I hope they may meet. I will agree to make my Indian collection the place for their exhibition (the appropriateness of which will do away all the objections that would in many places be raised to their dancing), and to conduct their exhibition in the best way I can, giving my lectures on them and their modes, sharing equally with you all expenses and all receipts from this day to the time they shall leave the kingdom, expecting you to give your whole attention to the travelling and care of the Indians while they are not in the exhibition-rooms."

To this proposition, which never was more than a verbal one, he at once agreed, and our arrangements were accordingly being made for the commencement of their dances, &c., in my exhibition-rooms. During the few days of interval between their arrival and the commencement of their exhibition, several editors of the leading journals, with other distinguished visitors to them, had examined them, and, being much pleased with their appearance, excited the public curiosity to see them, to an impatient degree; and the streets in the vicinity of their hotel became so completely besieged, that a strong party of police was necessary to keep back the crowds, who could only now and then get a glimpse of an eye and a nose of the Indians peeping out between the curtains of their windows.

Their first airing in Manchester was a drive in an omnibus, to my exhibition-rooms, which they had long wished to see.

The mayor of the city, with the editors of the *Guardian* and several other gentlemen, had been invited there to see the first effect it would have upon them. It proved to be a very curious scene. As they entered the hall, the portraits of several hundreds of the chiefs and warriors of their own tribe and of their enemies were hanging on the walls and staring at them from all directions, and wigwams, and costumes and weapons of all constructions around them : they set up the most frightful yells and made the whole neighbourhood ring with their howlings ; they advanced to the portraits of their friends and offered them their hands ; and at their enemies, whom they occasionally recognised, they brandished their tomahawks or drew their bows as they sounded the war-whoop.

This scene was truly exciting, and after our distinguished visitors had left the rooms, I spread some robes upon the floor, upon which we sat, and lighting an Indian pipe, opened our first council by saying :—

“ My Friends, I am glad to see you, and to offer you my hand in friendship. You see by the paintings around you, of your friends and of your enemies, that I am no stranger to Indians—and that I am their friend. I am very happy to see you in my room, and all well after crossing the great ocean. Your friend here, Mr. Rankin, tells me you have come to this country to give your dances, &c. ; and he has proposed that I should manage your exhibition, and have your dances all given in my rooms. This I have agreed to do, provided it meets your approbation.”

To which they all instantly ejaculated “ *How, how, how!* ” which is always an affirmative, literally meaning yes. When meeting a friend, it is the first salutation, meaning “ How goes it ? ” or “ How do you do ? ” and pronounced at the ends of sentences, when any one is speaking, implies assent, or approbation, as “ hear, hear ! ” is used in the English language.

“ My good Friends, I have agreed to this on two conditions : the first, that it shall please you ; and the second, that you will pledge your words to me that you will keep yourselves all the time sober, and drink no spirituous liquors while you are in the country. I make this condition because I know that the Indians are generally fond of strong drink, which wicked white men carry into their country and teach them to use. I know

that the Indians often drink it to excess, not knowing in their country the sin of doing so. I know that the people in England detest drunkards, and they have an idea that all Indians are drunkards; and that if you drink and get drunk in this country, it will ruin all your prospects, and you will go home poor and despised. (*How, how, how!*) You are a good-looking and well-behaved set of men, and I have no fears of any difficulties if you will keep sober. The English people are the friends of the Indians, and you will make many friends if you take and keep my advice.

"I will ask but one solemn promise of you, and that is, that you will drink no spirituous liquors while you are in this country, and your friend Mr. Rankin will perfectly justify me in this. (*How, how, how!*)"

"If you will keep sober, you shall have plenty of good tobacco to smoke and roast beef to eat, and there is no doubt that I will get you permission to see the Queen."

To this the old chief (Ah-quee-we-zaints, the boy chief) arose and replied:—

"My Friend, I give you my hand. The Great Spirit has been kind to us in keeping his eye upon us all in crossing the salt lake, and we are thanking Him that we are all here safe and in good health. We had heard much of you when in our own country, where all the Indians know you, and we are now happy to meet you. (*How, how!*)"

"My Friend, we are here like children in this strange country, and we shall feel happy and not afraid if you will be our father—the Great Spirit has put good counsel into your mouth, and we will follow it. (*How, how, how!*)"

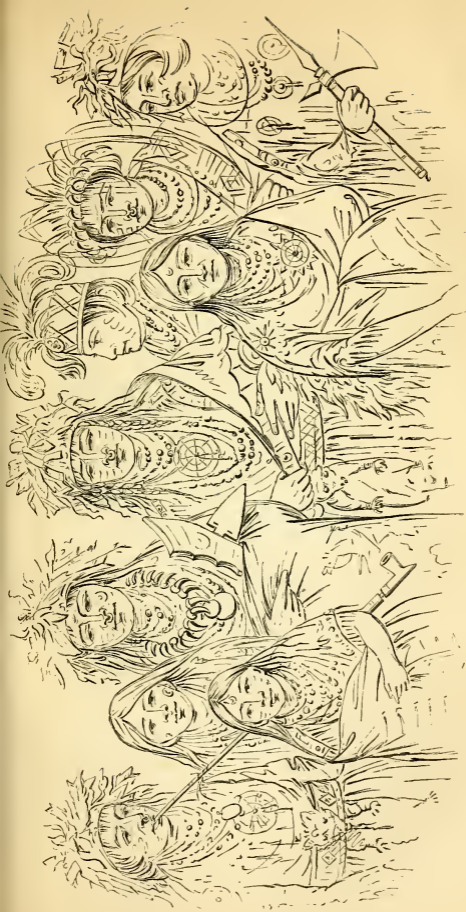
"We all know the dangers of fire-water; we have all been fond of it, and have been taught to drink it. We have been told that the Great Spirit sent it to us because he loved us—but we have learned that this is not true.

"We have learned that the English people do not drink it—they are wise; and we will all pledge our words to you in this council that we will not drink it while we are in this country, and we are ready to put our names on a paper. (*How, how, how!*)"

"My Friends," said I, "I don't require your names on a paper; I am satisfied; if you were white men, perhaps I might—but no Indian who ever gave me his word has deceived me. I will take your names on paper, however, for another purpose, that I may know how to call you, how to introduce you, and to have your arrival properly announced in the newspapers." (*How, how, how!*)

Their names were then taken as follows, and the business of our first council being finished, it broke up. (*See Plate No. 4.*)

1. Ah-quee-we-zaints (the Boy Chief).
2. Pat-au-a-quot-a-wee-be (the Driving Cloud), war-chief.



5. 9. 8. 1. 2. 6. 7. 3. 4.

Nº 4.

3. Wee-nish-ka-wee-be (the Flying Gull).
4. Sah-mah (Tobacco).
5. Gish-ee-gosh-e-gee (Moonlight Night).
6. Not-een-a-akm (Strong Wind), interpreter.
7. Wos-see-ab-e-neuh-qua, woman.
8. Nib-nab-ee-qua, girl.
9. Ne-bet-neuh-qua, woman.

After a stroll of an hour or so about my rooms, where they were inexpressibly amused with my numerous paintings, &c., they were driven awhile about the town, and landed at their hotel, where the crowd had become so general and so dense, that it was almost impossible to approach it. The partial glance that the public got of their red faces and wild dresses on this day, as they were moving through the streets, and passing to and from the carriage, increased the cry of "Ob-jubbeways!" in every part of the city, and established the fact as certain, that "*real Indians*" had made their appearance in Manchester.

It should be known to the reader by this time that this party were from the northern shore of Lake Huron, in Canada; therefore her Majesty's subjects, and part of one of the most numerous tribes in North America, inhabiting the shores of Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, and Lake Huron, numbering some 15,000 or 20,000, and usually (in civilized parlance) called Chippeways, a mere *refinement* upon their native name, O-jib-be-way. The appearance of these wild folks so suddenly in the streets of Manchester was well calculated to raise an excitement and the most intense curiosity. They were all clad in skins of their own dressing, their head-dresses of eagles' quills and wild turkeys' feathers; their faces daubed and streaked with vermilion and black and green paint. They were armed with their war-clubs, bows and quivers, and tomahawks and scalping knives, just as they roam through the woods in their country; and their yells and war-whoops, which were occasionally sounded in the streets at some sudden occurrence that attracted their attention, gave a new excitement amid the smoke and din of Manchester. The leading man of this

party, *Ah-quee-we-zaints* (the boy chief), was an excellent old man, of seventy-five years, with an intelligent and benignant countenance, and had been somewhat distinguished as a warrior in his younger days.

The next of consequence (*Pat-au-a-quot-a-wee-be*, the driving cloud), and called the war-chief (though I believe not a chief), was a remarkably fine man of thirty-five years of age, and had distinguished himself as a warrior in several battles in the war of 1812, having been engaged in the British lines, and in those engagements had been several times severely wounded, and of which he still carried and exhibited the most frightful scars.

Sah-mah (tobacco) and *Gish-ee-gosh-e-gee* (moonlight night) were two fine young men, denoted warriors, having their wives with them; *Wee-nish-ka-wee-be* (the flying gull) was a sort of doctor or necromancer to the party, and a young fellow of much drollery and wit. The Strong Wind, the interpreter, whose familiar name was *Cadotte*, was a half-caste, a young man of fine personal appearance and address, and the son of a Frenchman of that name who had long been an interpreter for the English factories in those regions.

By the patient and accommodating disposition of this young man, any conversation was easily held with these people; and through him, the interchange of feelings between the civilized world and these rude and curious people, which will appear in the subsequent chapters of this book, was principally effected.

CHAPTER XI.

Ojibbeways visit the Mayor in Town-hall—They refuse wine—Distress of the kind and accommodating landlord—Indians' first *drive* about the town of Manchester—Their curious remarks—Saw some white people drunk—Many women holding on to men's arms and apparently not sick—Saw much smoke—Vast many poor people—Indians commence dancing in the Author's Collection—Effects of the war-dance and war-whoop upon the audience—Various amusements of the evening—A rich present to the old Boy-Chief—And his speech—Numerous presents made—Immense crowd and excitement—Indians visit a great woollen-factory—Casts made from their heads by a phrenologist—Visit to Orrell's cotton-mill at Stockport—Their opinions of it—The party kindly entertained by Mr. Hollins and lady.

THE Indians having had a few days' rest, having made their first visit to my rooms, and settled all the preliminaries for their future operations, were now ready to step forth amongst the strange sights that were open and ready for their inspection in the new world that they had entered, all of which was yet before them.

The world's civilities towards them commenced in an invitation from the Mayor of Manchester to visit the Town-Hall, and they dressed and painted and armed for the occasion, not asking who the mayor was, or how near he might be in rank to the Queen herself, whom it was their greatest ambition to see; but upon the supposition, of course, that they were going to see a "great chief," as they called him.

They were moved through the streets in an omnibus, accompanied by Mr. Rankin, and I met them at the door of the hall, and conducted them to the presence of the mayor, whom they recognised, and were not a little surprised to find was one of the gentlemen to whom they had been introduced the day before. They were then presented by

the mayor to his lady, and a select party of ladies and gentlemen who had been invited to see them. By these they were received with much kindness, and after having been shown the various rooms, &c., were led into the mayor's court, then in session, where they stood a few minutes, and finding that all proceedings were stopped, and all eyes upon them while there, I beckoned to them to retire.

Various refreshments were prepared for them, to which they returned, and whilst the lady mayoress and ladies and gentlemen were proposing their health in wine which was poured out for them, they were surprised to receive smiles and thanks from the Indians as they refused to partake of it. To the inquiries raised for the cause of their refusing to drink, Mr. Rankin explained that they were under a solemn pledge not to drink spirituous liquors while in England, which was applauded by all present, and they received many presents in consequence of this information, which was the beginning of encouragement to keep their promise of sobriety and total abstinence.

After leaving the town-hall, Mr. Rankin got into the omnibus with them, and during a drive of half an hour or so, giving them a passing glance at the principal streets of Manchester and its suburbs, they returned to their hotel.

This excursion was calculated, of course, to bring around their hotel its thousands and even tens of thousands of the excitable and excited idlers that an extraordinary "turn out" had at that time thrown into the streets; and in endeavouring to pay them my customary visit that night, I was obliged to follow in the wake of a number of police, who had the greatest difficulty in making their way through the mass.

The object of my visit to them was to talk, as usual, upon the events of the day, and of our future operations. The first "talk" I had, however, was with the kind and good-natured landlord, who said that he had now got notoriety enough—he didn't think his house would be forgotten; and was exceedingly obliged to me, and was

pleased with the Indians, who gave him no trouble; alleging that they were ten times more civil and well-behaved than the people night and day crowded around his house. "It seemed to him as if the *savages* were all outside of his house and the gentlemen inside. His house, which was fresh painted but a few days, and not dry, was 'all done up,' as high as they could reach and climb, and must be done over again; and his windows were broken and window-shutters torn from their hinges; and it was impossible for him to keep them any longer without great damage to his interest, and he hoped I would provide some other place for them as soon as possible." It happened much to my satisfaction that I had already prepared an apartment for them in the Exchange Buildings, adjoining to the exhibition-rooms, which were elevated high above the gaze of the crowd, and to which they were to be removed the next morning. This gave the good man much relief, and he said he could manage to live through that night.

The conversation of the Indians that evening, while they were passing their pipe round and making their comments upon what they had seen, was exceedingly curious, and deserves to be recorded. They expressed great satisfaction at the kind manner in which they had been entertained by the mayor, understanding that he was the head man of the town of Manchester—"chief of that village," as they called him; "they saw him and his squaw, and many other beautiful squaws, all drinking; and they saw many people through the windows, and in the doors, as they passed along the streets, who were drinking; and they saw several persons in the streets who were quite drunk, and two or three lying down in the streets, like pigs; and they thought the people of Manchester loved much to drink liquor. They saw a great deal of smoke, and thought the prairies were on fire; they saw many fine-looking squaws walking in the streets, and some of them holding on to men's arms, and didn't look sick neither. They saw a great many large houses, which it seemed as if nobody lived in. They saw

a great many people in the streets, who appeared very poor, and looked as if they had nothing to eat. They had seen many thousands, and almost all looked so poor that they thought it would do no good for us to stay in Manchester."

I explained to them the extraordinary cause that had recently thrown so many thousands of poor people into the streets; that Manchester was one of the richest towns in the world; that the immense houses they had seen, and apparently shut up, were the great factories in which these thousands of poor people worked, but were now stopped, and their working people were running about the streets in vast numbers; that the immense crowd gathered around their hotel, from day to day, were of that class; that the wealthy people were very many, but that their dwellings were mostly a little out of town; and that their business men were principally shut up in their offices and factories, attending to their business whilst the idle people were running about the streets.

Such was a little of the gossip after their first visit and drive about the town—and the next morning, at an early hour, they were removed to their new lodgings in the Exchange Buildings, and the kind landlord effectually, though very gradually, relieved from the nuisance he had had around his house for some days past.

On the same evening, by our announcements, they were to make their first appearance in my exhibition, and at an early hour the Rooms were filled, and we were obliged to close the doors. I had erected a strong platform in the middle of my room, on which the Indians were to give their dances, and having removed all seats from the room, every part of the floor was covered as densely as it was possible for men and women to be grouped together. Into the midst of this mass the party dashed in Indian file, with shield and bow and quiver slung—with war-clubs and tomahawks in hand, as they sounded the frightful war-whoop and were endeavouring to reach the platform. The frightened crowd, with screams and yells as frightful nearly as those of the

Indians, gave way, and they soon had a free passage to the platform, upon which they leaped, without looking for the flight of steps prepared for them, and were at full length before the staring, gaping multitude. Mr. Rankin was by their side, and in a moment I was there also, to commence upon the new duties devolving on me under our recent arrangement. They were in a moment seated, and were passing their pipe around, while I was, by a brief lecture, introducing them, and the modes they were to illustrate, to the audience.

I described the country and the tribe they belonged to, and the objects for which they had crossed the Atlantic; and also expressed to the audience the happy opportunity it was affording me of corroborating the many assertions I had been heretofore making relative to the looks and modes of those people, many of which I was fully aware were difficult of comprehension. Having done this, I should leave the Indians to entertain the audience with such of their dances and other amusements as they might decide upon, and endeavour to stand by and explain each amusement as they gave it, feeling abundantly able to do so from a residence of eight years amongst the various tribes in America.

There was a shout of applause at the close of my remarks, and the most impatient anxiety evinced on all sides to see the commencement of the curious tricks which were just ready to be introduced. At this moment, with a sudden yell, the men all sprung upon their feet; their weapons brandished and their buffalo robes thrown back, while the women and children seated themselves at the end of the platform. Another shrill yell of the war-whoop, with the flourish of their weapons, and the Medicine-man or Doctor commenced with tambour (or drum), and his voice, upon the war-song; and they were all off in the dance.* At the first rest, when they suddenly stopped,

* All American Indians are poor in musical instruments, the principal of which, and the "heel inspiring" one, is the drum or tambour. This is

there was but one mingled roar of applause, which showed to the poor fellows that they had made "a hit," and were to be received with great kindness and interest. This stimulated them to finish it with spirit; and when it was done, and they were seated a few moments to rest, hundreds were ambitious to crowd up to them and offer them their hands. It was with great difficulty that I could get the audience quiet enough to hear my explanations of the war-dance—its meaning, and the objects and character of the war-whoop which they had just heard. I gained the patience of the crowd by promising them a number of dances and other amusements, all of which I would render instructive by my explanations, and afford all, in the remotest parts of the room, an opportunity to shake hands with the Indians when their amusements were finished.

After my explanations and their pipe were finished, they arose and gave the *Wa-be-no* dance, as they call it. *Wa-be-no*, in the Ojibbeway language, means mystery, and their mystery-dance is one of their choicest dances, only given at some occasion of their mystery-feasts, or for the accomplishment of some mysterious design. This dance is amusing and grotesque, and made much merriment amongst the audience. I explained the meaning of this also, and they afterwards gave some surprising illustrations of the mode of catching and throwing the ball in their favourite game of ball-play, with their ball-sticks in their hands. The astonishing quickness and certainty with which they throw and catch the ball in their rackets elicited immense applause; and after this they gave the "*scalp-dance*," which is given when a party returns from war, having

rudely, but ingeniously made, by straining a piece of raw hide over a hoop or over the head of a sort of keg, generally made by excavating the inner part of a log of wood, leaving a thin rim around its side. In the bottom of this they always have a quantity of water, which sends out a remarkably rich and liquid tone. Besides this, they use several kinds of rattles and whistles—some of which are for mystery purposes, and others merely for the pleasing and exciting effects they produce in their dances.

brought home scalps taken from their enemies' heads, and preserved as trophies by the victors. In this dance the women, occupying the centre, hold up the scalps, attached to the tops of little poles, while men who have come from war dance around in a circle, brandishing their weapons, gnashing their teeth, and yelling the war-whoop at the highest key of their voices. At the close of this terrifying dance, which seemed to come just up to the anxiety of the excited audience, there was a tremendous roar of applause, and, in the midst of the uproar, an old gentleman took from his pocket a beautifully chased silver tobacco-box, and handing it to me, desired me to give it to the old chief, and tell him to carry his tobacco in it. I handed it to the old man, and, as he had seen the hand that gave it, he sprang upon his feet, as if he were but a boy, and reaching out his hand, grasped, over the heads of the audience, the hand of the venerable old gentleman, who told him "he was happy to see him, and to make him a little present to recollect him by." The old chief straightened up and squared himself upon the platform, throwing his buffalo robe over his left shoulder and passing it forward under his right arm and into his left hand; and with the most benignant smile (as he turned his box a moment under his eye, and passed it into his left hand) commenced—"My friends, though I am old I thank the Great Spirit for giving me strength to say a few words to you. He has allowed me to live many years, and I believe it is because I thank him for all his gifts. His eye was upon us when we were on the great salt lake, and he has brought us here safe, for which we all are thankful. He has directed you all to come here this night and to be so kind to us, for we had done nothing to make you come. We have long heard of the *Sag-a-noshes*,* and we have been anxious to come and see them. We have fought for them and with them, and our fathers and brothers have bled for

* Englishmen.

them. There are many of the *Sag-a-noshes* amongst us, and we love them. The Great Spirit has smiled upon our undertaking, and he has guided the hand of my brother to make me this present. My friends, my heart is warm and I am thankful. We have now done our dancing and singing, and we offer you our hands in friendship." At this there was a rush towards the platform from every part of the room to shake the hands of the Indians, who had seated themselves on the front of the platform for the purpose.

These greetings for half an hour or so were exceedingly warm; and to make them more impressive, several persons deposited in their hands valuable trinkets and money, which they received with thanks. Thus ended the first night's exhibition of the amusements of the Ojibbeways; and it was quite impossible to bring it entirely to a close (such was the avidity with which the visitors were seeking to handle and examine every part of their costumes, their tomahawks, and scalping-knives, &c.) until the Indians took leave and retired to their private room. And even then there was almost an equal difficulty while I was in the exhibition-room, for crowds were gathering around me to know what they ate—whether they ate their meat raw—whether they were cannibals—what I brought them over for—whether they were easy to manage, &c.—until I gradually edged along towards the door, through which I suddenly slipped, when I had got completely out of breath, leaving the group to fall upon poor Daniel, who was lecturing in another part of the room.

Our first night's labour had taken us until eleven o'clock; and as I was wending my way home to my lodgings, I could hear the war-whoop squeaking and echoing in the streets in every part of the town.

On the following morning, at the very friendly invitation of the proprietor of an extensive woollen-factory in the vicinity of Bury, and who had sent a carriage with four horses for them, the whole party paid a visit to his extensive mills and to his mansion, where they partook of breakfast with him, and returned in great glee and spirits, each

one bearing a magnificent blanket of various colours, presented to them by his generous hand.

The second night of their exhibition went off much like the first: the room was filled long before they made their appearance; and in the roar and confusion of applause at the end of their amusements, there was a cry from the end of the room, "Let some of them come this way—we can't get near them—we can't tell whether they are in their own skins or in fleshings." And another hallooed out "Let that handsome little fellow come here (alluding to *Samah*, who was a very fine-looking young man); here is a lady who wants to kiss him!"

This being interpreted to him, he leaped into and through the crowd (as he would dash into the river that he was to ford), and had his naked arms around her neck and kissed her before there was any time for an explanation. The excitement and screaming and laughing amongst the women in that part of the room made kissing fashionable, and every one who laid her hand upon his arm or his naked shoulders (and those not a few) got a kiss, gave a scream, and presented him a brooch, a ring, or some other keepsake, and went home with a streak of red paint on her face, and perhaps with one or two of black or green upon her dress. The gallant little fellow squeezed himself through this dense crowd, kissing old and young as he went, and returned to the platform, from which he held up and displayed his trophies with much satisfaction.

I felt it my duty to reprimand him for his rudeness, and told him it was not fashionable in such crowds to kiss the ladies; to which he replied, that "he knew what he was about—the white ladies are very pretty and very sweet, and I gave my kisses only where they were asked for." The response all over the house was that "he had done right; good little fellow, he has done no harm."—A voice, "No, no harm, indeed; I'll kiss him again if he will come down, charming little fellow!"—He was in the act of leaping off, when Cadotte, the interpreter, seized him by the arm and

turned him back. The hour was come for closing, and the Indians moved off to their lodgings. The events of that day and evening furnished the Indians with rich materials for gossip, and I retired to their chambers to smoke a pipe of k'nick-k'neck with them, and join in the pleasures of their conversation. They had many fine presents to display, and some of these valuable, being taken from arms and necks and fingers, in the moments of enthusiasm, and given to the Indians. The little gallant *Samah* had been the most successful in this way, and also had received all the kisses of the pretty women. I have already mentioned that he had his wife with him. They were joking her about this affair, and she coolly said she did not care about it; "for the more kisses he gets from pretty women, the more presents I get, for he loves me enough to give them all to me." There was much commenting also on the great factory they had been to see in the morning, and on the gentleman's kindness in presenting the blankets, which they had now paraded and were examining and showing.

They were exulting much in their happiness and success, and were still expressing fears that, by jumping and yelling, and making so much noise in Manchester, they might give dissatisfaction to the Queen, who would not feel so well disposed to see them. They asked for my opinion on the subject; I told them to have no fears, the Queen would certainly be glad to see them.

I was waited on about this time by Mr. Bally, a gentleman of great eminence and skill in the science of phrenology, and who has one of the richest collections of casts from nature, in the world. Mr. Bally is one of the most rapid and skilful men in the operation of casting from the living face, and was extremely anxious to procure casts from the Ojibbeways; and, to a gentleman of so much worth to science, as well as for his amiable and gentle disposition, I felt bound to lend my best efforts in gaining for him the privilege. I had much difficulty to overcome their superstitions; but,

by assuring them that they were to be done as a present to me, and by their seeing the operation performed on one of my men, I succeeded in gaining their consent, and they were all taken with great success. They were a present to my collection; and a copy of them in the noble collection of Mr. Bally will, I hope, continue to be subjects of interest and value.

Kindnesses and attentions were now showering upon the Ojibbeways from all directions in Manchester; and amongst them many kind invitations, which it was impossible for them to comply with. They were invited to visit the mills of various kinds; and, amongst those that they went to, I must record a few words of the one they were most pleased with, and which they will talk the longest about.

I had received an invitation to bring them to Stockport, to examine the cotton-mill of Mr. Orrell, which is probably one of the finest in the kingdom, and availed myself of his kindness, by making a visit to it with them. With his customary politeness, he showed us through it, and explained it in all its parts, so that the Indians, as well as myself, were able to appreciate its magnitude and its ingenious construction.

Upon this giant machine the Indians looked in perfect amazement; though it is a studied part of their earliest education not to exhibit surprise or emotion at anything, however mysterious or incomprehensible it may be. There was enough, however, in the symmetry of this wonderful construction, when in full operation, to overcome the rules of any education that would subdue the natural impulses of astonishment and admiration. They made no remarks, nor did they ask any questions, but listened closely to all the explanations; and, in their conversations for weeks afterwards, admitted their bewildering astonishment at so wonderful a work of human invention.

After viewing, in all its parts, this stupendous work, we were shown through the not less ingenious bleaching-mills of Mr. Hollins; and then, in the kindest manner, conducted

under his hospitable roof, where his charming lady and lovely little ones united in their efforts to make us welcome and happy. The cloth was spread, and the luxuries of their house all heaped upon the table,—the substantial of life, and then its spices. It seemed cruel to see these poor fellows devouring the one, and rejecting the other—denying and denied the luxuries that *we* could not refuse, when our friends proposed to drink to our healths and our happiness. They were happy, however, and, good fellows, enjoyed what they partook, and we returned, wishing our kind-hearted friends, Mr. Hollins and his lady, many, many happy days.

CHAPTER XII.

Indians on the housetops—Great alarm—Curious excitement—People proposing to “take them” with ropes—Railway to London—The “Iron-horse”—“The Iron-horse (locomotive) stops to drink”—Arrive in London—Alarm of the landlady—Visit from the Hon. Mr. Murray—Interview with His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—Old Chief’s speech—War-dance—The Duke gives them ten sovereigns and ten pounds of tobacco—Indians ride about the city in an “omnibus and four”—Remarks on what they saw—The smoke—“Prairies on fire”—Lascars sweeping the streets—Visit from the Reverend Mr. S.—Impatience to see the Queen—Great medicine-feast to gain Her Majesty’s consent—Curious ceremony—Hon. Mr. Murray’s letter comes in—The Queen’s appointment to see them—Great rejoicing.

ON our return from Stockport we found two reverend gentlemen, who had been waiting nearly all day for an interview with the Indians (which had been appointed, but forgotten), to talk upon the subject of religion. They had come several miles, and seemed somewhat vexed, as night was near approaching, and the old chief told them that they were going to London in a few days, and should be very busy in the meantime; and again, that they were expecting to see the Queen, and would rather wait until after they had seen her Majesty. They had learned, also, that London was the *great city* of England, and thought that anything of that kind had better be deferred until they were in London, and the subject was therefore postponed.

The exhibitions at night were progressing much as I have above described—the hall invariably full, and the Indians, as well as the public, had their own amusement in the room, and also amusing themes for conversation after retiring to their own quarters.

In the midst of our success and of their amusement and enjoyment, an occurrence took place that was near getting us into difficulty, as it raised a great excitement in the neighbourhood and no little alarm to many old women and little children.

As I was leaving my exhibition-rooms one morning, I met, to my great surprise, an immense crowd of people assembled in front, and the streets almost completely barricaded with the numbers that were rapidly gathering, and all eyes elevated towards the roof of my building. I asked the first person I met what was the matter?—supposing that the house was on fire—to which he replied, “I believes, sir, that the Hob-jib-be-ways has got loose; I knows that some on em is hout, for I seed one on em runnin hover the tops of the ouses, and they’l ave a ard matter to catch em, hin my hopinion, sir.”

It seems that the poor fellows had found a passage leading from their rooms out upon the roof of the house, and that, while several of them had been strolling out there for fresh air, and taking a look over the town, a crowd had gathered in the street to look at them, and amongst the most ignorant of that crowd the rumour had become current that they “had broke loose, and people were engaged in endeavouring to take them.”

I started back to my room as fast as I could, and to the top of the house, to call them down, and stop the gathering that was in rapid progress in the streets. When I got on the roof, I was as much surprised at the numbers of people assembled on the tops of the adjoining houses, as I had been at the numbers assembled in the streets. The report was there also current, and general, that they had “broke out,” and great preparations were being made on the adjoining roofs, with ropes and poles, &c., to “take them,” if possible, before any harm could be done. About the time I had got amongst them, and was inviting them down, several of the police made their appearance by my side, and ordered them immediately into their room, and told me that in the

excited state of the town, with their mills all out, such a thing was endangering the peace; for it brought a mob of many thousands together, which would be sure not to disperse without doing some mischief. I was ordered by the police to keep them thereafter in the rooms, and not to allow them to show themselves at the windows, so great were their fears of a riot in the streets, if there was the least thing to set it in motion. As an evidence of the necessity of such rigour, this affair of about fifteen minutes' standing had already brought ten or fifteen thousand people together, and a large body of the police had been ordered on to the ground, having the greatest difficulty during the day to get rid of the crowd.

Mr. Rankin, about this time, was getting alarming apprehensions that our delay in Manchester was calculated to affect our prospect of going before the Queen, and at his urgent request I announced our last night in Manchester, after an exhibition of ten days. On the last night, as on each of the preceding ones, the room was quite full, and even so many were necessarily forbidden entrance, that they began a most ruinous warfare on the door from the outside, and to such a degree, that I was obliged to put the entrance to my premises in charge of the police, for protection. We were now prepared to move off to the metropolis, and I showed to Mr. Rankin, by his share of the profits of ten days, that he had already received more than he would have got in two months by the plan he had proposed, to hire the party to me for 100*l.* per month.

This seemed to please him very much, and we moved off pleasantly on our way to London, leaving the ungratified curiosity that remained in Manchester until a future occasion, when we might return again.

For our passage to London we had chartered a second-class carriage to ourselves, and in it had a great deal of amusement and merriment on the way. The novelty of the mode of travelling and the rapidity at which we were going raised the spirits of the Indians to a high degree, and they

sang their favourite songs, and even gave their dances, as they passed along. Their curiosity had been excited to know how the train was propelled or drawn, and at the first station I stepped out with them, and forward to the locomotive, where I explained the power which pulled us along. They at once instituted for the engine, the appellation of the "Iron-horse;" and, at our next stopping-place, which was one where the engine was taking in water, they all leaped out "to see the *Iron-horse drink*."

Their songs and yells set at least a thousand dogs barking and howling on the way, and as we came under the station at Birmingham, called up a fat old gentleman, who opened our door and very knowingly exclaimed, "What the devil have you got here? some more of them damned grisly bears, have you?" He was soon merged in the crowd that gathered around us, and, with doors closed, the Indians sat out patiently the interval, until we were under weigh again. Arrived at the Euston station, in London, an omnibus conveyed them suddenly to apartments in George-street, which had been prepared for them. They were highly excited when they entered their rooms, talking about the Queen, whom they believed had just passed in her carriage, from seeing two footmen with gold-laced hats and red breeches and white stockings, standing up and riding on a carriage behind, with large gold-headed canes in their hands: it proved, however, to have been the carriage of Lady S——n, familiarly known in that neighbourhood; and the poor fellows seemed wofully disappointed at this information.

The good landlady, who took a glance of them as they came in, was becoming alarmed at the bargain she had made for the rooms, and came to Mr. Rankin, expressing her fears that the arrangement would never answer for her, as "she did not expect such wild, black-looking savages from the Indies." Mr. Rankin assured her that they were quite harmless, and much more of gentlemen than many white men she might get in her house, and he would be responsible for all damage that they would ever do to her property,

even if she left the whole of it unsecured by lock and key. So she said she would venture to try them for a week, and see how they behaved. They were now in the midst of the great city of London, which they had been so anxious to see; and, upon putting their heads out of the windows to take a first peep, the smoke was so dense that they could see but a few rods, when they declared that the "prairies must be on fire again."

Daniel was, at this time, remaining in Manchester to take down and bring on my collection, which it was agreed should be re-opened in London. I was busy effecting a new arrangement for the Egyptian Hall, which I took for six months, and in a few days my collection was being replaced upon its walls.

The first visitor who came to see the party, and to wish them success in London, was my excellent friend the Hon. C. A. Murray, who was much pleased with them, and learning their desire to gain an audience of Her Majesty, he proposed, as the surest way to bring it about, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge should have an interview with them first, and then it would be easy to get Her Majesty to see them. This plan was agreed to, and the next day Mr. Murray addressed me a note, saying that the Duke would meet them the next morning in the Queen's drawing-room, Hanover-square Concert-rooms. I immediately made the arrangement with the proprietor of the rooms, and at the appointed hour the next morning was there with them, and met His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with the Hon. Mr. Murray and Baron Knesebeck, in attendance. The Duke met them in the most familiar and cordial manner, offering them his hand, and smoking the Indian pipe with them. He conversed a great deal with them through their interpreter, Cadotte; and, after closely examining their costumes, weapons, &c., took a seat to see them dance. They amused him with the war-dance and the *Wa-be-no* dance, giving several songs and the war-whoop; after which they seated themselves on the

floor, and after a few minutes' rest, having passed the pipe around, the old chief arose and said—

“Father, we are glad to see you and to take your hand; we know that you are uncle to our *great mother* the Queen, and we are happy to see you. (*How, how, how!*) We thank the Great Spirit for this; he has kept us in good health and safe over the great salt lake, and His eye is on us now, we know, or we should not see our great father this day. We are poor, ignorant children, and yet we hope the Queen, your niece, will be willing to see us, when our hearts will be happy. (*How, how, how!*)”

“Father, my years, you see, are nearly spent. I have carried my weapons and hunted for your enemies many years, and my warriors here have many wounds they received in fighting for the Sag-a-noshes. (*How, how, how!*)”

“I have no more words to say at present. (*How, how, how!*)”

His Royal Highness graciously received the old Chief's speech, and then examined the wounds pointed out on the body of the War Chief; after which he replied to the old man—

“My friends, I meet you here to-day with great pleasure, and I thank the Great Spirit also, that He has guarded you and kept you safe over the ocean. I hope your visit to England may be pleasant and profitable to you, and that you may all get back safe to your children. (*How, how, how!*)”

“My friends, I will make known your wishes to the Queen, and I think you will see her. (*How, how, how!*)”

The Duke most kindly took leave of them, presenting to the old chief ten sovereigns, which he divided equally among the number, and sent them on the following day ten pounds of the choicest smoking tobacco. On leaving the Rooms he also thanked me for the treat I had afforded him, and said, “Oh, the good fellows! yes, the Queen will see them.”

The announcement of the arrival of the Ojibbeways which had been made in the public papers, and the notice also of their interview with the Duke of Cambridge, were now gaining them a notoriety with the public; and amongst my personal friends, was announcing that I had returned to London, which altogether brought me a flood of applicants for private interviews with them. We had resolved not to

make any exhibition of their modes to the public, until after they had seen the Queen, and the month that we remained idle, and waiting for her Majesty's command, was rendered tedious and troublesome from the above causes. We were daily and hourly importuned for permissions to see them, which were in part granted, until it became quite necessary that I should absent myself from them, leaving instructions at the door that no communication could be had with them at present. Mr. Rankin during this time stayed constantly with them, and I occasionally spent an evening of gossip and smoked a pipe with them. We made use of most of the time in endeavouring to show them as much of the great city as possible, driving them out in a bus during the day, and several times taking them into the country to spend a day running over the fields for the benefit of their health.

After one of their first drives about the City, when they had been passed through Regent Street, the Strand, Cheapside, Oxford Street and Holborn, I spent the evening in a talk with them in their rooms, and was exceedingly amused with the shrewdness of their remarks upon what they had seen. They had considered the "prairies still on fire," from the quantity of smoke they met; one of the women had undertaken to count the number of carriages they passed, but was obliged to give it up; "saw a great many fine houses, but nobody in the windows; saw many men with a large board on the back, and another on the breast, walking in the street—supposed it was some kind of punishment; saw men carrying bags of coal, their hats on wrong side before; saw fine ladies and gentlemen riding in the middle of the streets in carriages, but a great many poor and ragged people on the sides of the roads; saw a great many men and women drinking in shops where they saw great barrels and hogsheads; saw several drunk in the streets. They had passed two *Indians* in the street with brooms, sweeping away the mud; they saw them hold out their hands to people going by, as if they were begging for money: they saw many

other poor people begging, some with brooms in their hands and others with little babies in their arms, who looked as if they were hungry for food to eat." They had much to say about the two Indians they had passed. "It could not be that white people would dress and paint themselves like Indians in order to beg money, and they could not see how Indians would consent to stand in the streets and sweep the mud away in order to beg for money." They appealed to me to know whether they were really Indians, and I said "Yes; they are natives from the East Indies, called Lascars. They are naturally, most probably like yourselves, too proud to work or to beg; but they have been left by some cruel fate, to earn their living in the streets of London, or to starve to death, and, poor fellows, they have preferred begging to starvation." The Indians seemed much affected by the degradation that these poor fellows were driven to, and resolved that they would carry some money with them when they went out, to throw to them.

I had about this time several communications from the Reverend Mr. S——, who was desirous, if possible, to have an interview with the Indians for the purpose of learning from them what notions they had of religion, if any; and to endeavour to open their minds to a knowledge of the Christian religion, which it was the wish of himself and many others of his friends to teach to them for their eternal welfare. I at once wrote to those reverend gentlemen and assured them that their kind endeavours would be aided in every possible way by Mr. Rankin and myself; and I appointed an hour at once, when they could converse with the Indians on the subject. Their visit was made at the hour appointed, and the conversation was held in my presence. The reverend gentlemen most kindly and humanely greeted the Indians on their safe arrival in this country, where they were glad to meet them as brothers. They called upon them not in any way to interfere with their amusements or objects for which they had come to England, but to wish them all success, and at the same time to learn from them

whether as poor children of the forests they had been kept in the dark, and out of the light of the true Christian religion, which it was their desire to make known to their minds. The old chief had lit his pipe in the meantime, and having taken a few moments to smoke it out, after the reverend gentleman had stopped, said (without rising up to speak) that he was much pleased to see them, and shake hands with them, for he knew their views were good and friendly. He said that they had heard something about the white man's religion in the wilderness where he lived, but they had thought it too difficult for them to understand. He said he was much obliged to them for offering to explain it at this time, but that they would take a little time to think of it first; and as they had not yet seen the Queen, they thought it best to do no more about it at present.

Poor fellows, they were daily asking for reports from the Palace, becoming impatient for the permission to see her Majesty. They had waited so long that they were beginning to think that their application had failed, and they were becoming dispirited and desponding.

I said to them one morning, "Now, my good fellows, don't despair—you have not tried what you can do yourselves yet; in your own country, if you wish it to rain, you have *Rain-makers* who can make it rain; if you wish it to stop raining, you have *Rain-stoppers*, who cook up a grand medicine feast and cause it to stop raining. If buffalos are scarce, your medicine-men can make them come: why not 'put on the Big Kettle,' and see what you can do in the present dilemma?—You have your *Medicine-man* with you, and your *Medicine-drum* and your *Shi-she-quoi* (mystery rattle); you are all prepared; go to work—you will certainly do no harm, and I fully believe you will bring it about.'

As I was leaving the room their interpreter overtook me, and said that the medicine man wanted the money to buy five fat ducks—that they had resolved on having a *medicine feast* that afternoon, and that they would expect me to be of the party to partake of it.

I came in at the hour appointed, and found them all with their faces painted black on one side and red on the other (their mode of ornamenting when they supplicate the Great or other Spirit for any gift or favour), and prepared to take their seats at the feast, which was then smoking, on the floor in the adjoining room. Buffalo robes were spread upon the floor, on which we were seated, when the following dialogue took place between their kind (and now no longer terrified) landlady and the interpreter Cadotte:—"Why," said she (as she was completing the last arrangement for our feast upon the floor), "you have left no room for the women, poor things." "Women!" said Cadotte, "why, do you suppose that women can eat at a *medicine feast*?" "Why not?" said the landlady, "are they not as good as the men? They are a nice set of women, and that little girl is a dear little creature. I cooked the ducks as much for them as I did for you, and I think it would be cruel not to invite them to eat with you; you are no better now than you were this morning; they ate with you then. If I had known this, I would have kept one of the ducks for them." "Devil a bit!" said Cadotte, "do you know what *medicine* is?" "No, I don't suppose I do; but there are the three women all crying now in the other room, poor creatures." "And there they are *obliged* to cry while we are in a *medicine feast*, or we have no luck." "Oh, dear me, what a strange set of beings!" said the old lady, as she returned to the kitchen, "I won't interfere with them; they must take their own way."

With closed doors we went through all the peculiar solemnities of this feast; and, having devoured all the ducks, leaving "none for the poor women," the medicine man took about a quarter of an hour to recite a sort of prayer or thanks to the Great Spirit, which, from the extreme rapidity with which he repeated it, I supposed to be some established form peculiar to such occasions. After this, and while the last pipe was passing around, my man

Daniel (in pursuance of my previous instructions) entered the room, and delivered to me a large letter, which he said he thought was from Mr. Murray, as it had the household stamp upon it. The most impatient excitement prevailed until I broke the seal and read as follows:—

“ Buckingham Palace, Thursday morning.

“ Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing you that Her Majesty has expressed a desire to see the party of Ojibbeway Indians, and has appointed Thursday next, at two o'clock, as the hour when she will receive you with the party, in the Waterloo Gallery, Windsor Castle. I pray that you will be punctual at the hour, and I will meet you at the threshold, rendering all the facilities that may be in my power.

“ Yours, sincerely,

“ To Geo. Catlin, Esq.”

“ C. A. MURRAY,

“ Master of H. M. Household.

The reader can readily imagine what was the *pleasure* of these poor people when they heard this letter read; but it would be difficult to know what were their feelings of *surprise*, that the efficacy of their *medicine* should have brought it in at that opportune moment. The reader will also suppose, what their superstition prevented them from ever imagining, that this letter was in my pocket several hours before the ducks were bought, and therefore cost me about twenty shillings.

A pipe was here lit by the old chief, and passed around, and smoked to the kind *Spirit* they had successfully invoked, and with it all the anxieties of this day passed away.

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparations for visiting the Queen—Amusing interview with Sykes, the porter—Mistaken by the old Chief for Prince Albert—Meet the Hon. Mr. Murray—The waiting-room—The Author conducts the party before Her Majesty and the Prince in the Waterloo Gallery—Their reception—Introductions and conversations—Indians give the war-dance—A smoke—The old Chief's speech to the Queen—Pipe-dance—Her Majesty and the Prince retire—Indians at a feast in the waiting-room—Drinking the Queen's health in Champagne—Indians call it "*Chickabobboo*"—Story of *Chickabobboo*, and great amusement—Indians return to London—Evening-gossip about the Queen and her *Chickabobboo*—First evening of the Indians in Egyptian Hall—Great excitement—Alarm—Tremendous applause—Old Chief's speech—Hon. Mr. Murray's letter to the old Chief, enclosing £20 from the Queen and other presents—Speech of the War-chief—Pipe-dance—Shaking hands—Curious questions by the audience—Ale allowed to the Indians at dinner and after supper—Their rejoicing—They call it *Chickabobboo*.

A NEW chapter commenced here with the Indians, as it commences with my book. All "omnibus drives" were postponed for the present; all communications with the world entirely interdicted; and all was bustle and preparation for the grand event which was to "cap the climax" of their highest ambition—the point to which they had looked ever since they had started, and beyond which, it is not probable, their contemplations had as yet visibly painted anything.

Colours, and ribbons, and beads, of the richest hues, were called for, and procured from various parts of the city; and both night and day, all, men and women, were constantly engaged in adding brilliancy and richness of colour to their costumes.

The old chief was painting the stem of his pipe of peace (or calumet) sky-blue, emblematical of the feelings they carried

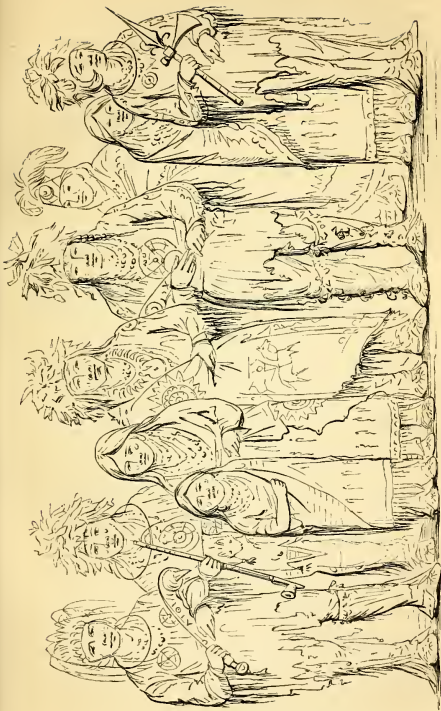
in their breasts; and decorating it also with blue and red ribbons, as a suitable gift to royalty. The little girl, *Nib-nab-e-qua*, was crying, as she embroidered with red and white porcupine-quills, fearing that her new mocassins would not look so brilliant as she had sometimes made them. Her mother was arranging black mourning plumes in the cradle in which her infant had died, and which, by the custom of the country, she was obliged yet to carry on her back. The War-chief was repainting his shield, and arranging his scalps on a little hoop, to give proper effect to the scalp-dance. The *Medicine-man* was preparing his *wa-be-no* drum. *Gish-ee-gosh-ee-gee* was stringing beads with his wife; and *Sah-mah* was brightening his tomahawk and his scalping-knife for a glittering effect in the war-dance. Cadotte, during this time, was parading before the mirror, examining, arranging, and re-arranging the ostrich-plumes in his cap, and the fit of a laced frock he had just had made; and (I had almost forgotten myself) I was anxiously awaiting the arrival of a new coat I had ordered at my tailor's for the occasion.

On the morning appointed, all were satisfactorily prepared, and, being seated in an omnibus posted with four horses, we were on our way, and soon after that arrived at the gates of Windsor Castle. Descending from the carriage, the poor old chief, whose eyes were getting a little dim with age, was completely nonplused at beholding the magnificent figure (in scarlet and gold lace and powdered wig) of (his apparent Majesty) Sykes, the well-known porter of the palace, who had him by the elbow, and was conducting him and his heavy paraphernalia towards the door. The good old chief turned round and gave him his hand, not knowing as yet what to say, as they had none of them contemplated anything so brilliant and dazzling, short of Majesty itself. He was at this moment, however, saved from committing himself or bestowing his pipe of peace by the sudden approach of several others of the household in liveries equally splendid, who conducted us into the hall, at which moment we met our friend the

Honourable Mr. Murray, whom we followed to the waiting-room adjoining to the Waterloo Gallery, in which our reception was to take place. Here we were seated, and awaited the anxious moment when it was to be announced that her Majesty was ready to see us.

The Indians were here parading before the large and splendid mirrors and adjusting their feathers and ornaments, and suggesting many surmises about the long table which was dressed out in the room where we were, and which they supposed was the place where the Queen and all her officers about her took their dinners. This, as the sequel will show, was a very great error, as it was preparing for another and entirely different purpose.

After waiting half an hour or so, an officer in full dress came into the room and informed us that the Queen was in the adjoining room, and ready to receive us, and showed us the way. There was a moment of jingling and rattling of trinkets as the Indians were throwing on their robes and gathering up their weapons; and when they responded to my question "if they were all ready?"—by their "*how! how! how!*" I led the way, and they followed into the Waterloo Gallery. They were now all at full length before her Majesty and the Prince, who most graciously received them. (*Plate No. 5.*) The Queen arose from a sofa in the middle of the room, having her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent by her side; and advancing towards the Indians, was joined by H. R. H. Prince Albert and the Hon. Mr. Murray. Her Majesty desired that the interpreter and myself should advance nearer to her, and at her request I introduced each individually by their appropriate names, explaining their costumes, weapons, &c. Her Majesty beckoned the little girl up to her, and held her some time by both hands, evidently much pleased with her appearance, and also the woman with the cradle on her back, in whom she seemed to take much interest. She asked many questions, as well as the Prince, relative to their costumes, modes, &c., and they then



took their seats on the sofa to witness the dances which the Indians had come prepared to give.

The Indians were at this time seated in a circle on the floor, when the *Medicine-man* gradually commenced tapping on his drum and singing in a low tone. In a few moments the house jarred with the leap of the War-chief, who was upon his feet, and after him all the party, in the din of the war-dance. (*Plate No. 6.*)

This dance finished, they were again seated on the floor, when the old chief, seventy-five years of age, having lighted his pipe and passed it around, arose and made the following address to her Majesty :—*

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

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

The War-chief then rose, and in a very energetic manner made the following speech, which was also literally interpreted to her Majesty :—

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

“ Mother—We have been often told that there was a great fire in this country—that its light shone across the great water ; and we see now where

* The poor old chief met with a sudden embarrassment at this moment that he had not thought of, and was not prepared consequently to know how to proceed. He had, according to the custom of his country, prepared and brought with him a beautiful calumet or pipe of peace to present, and on rising to make his speech (the moment when it is customary to present it) it for the first time occurred to him that he was about to present it to a woman, the impropriety of which was evident to him. He thought of the Prince, but as the pipe of peace can only be given to the highest in power, he had another misgiving ; and, unlike to orators in the Indian countries, continued to hold it in his hand while he was speaking, and brought it away with him.

this great light arises. We believe that it shines from this great wigwam to all the world.

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

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

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

“Mother—Our hearts are glad at what we have this day seen—that we have been allowed to see your face. And when we get home our words will be listened to in the councils of our nation.

“This is all I have to say.”

After his speech the War-chief resumed his seat upon the floor; and as her Majesty could not be supposed to reply to his speech, she called upon the Prince, who thanked them for the amusement they had afforded her Majesty, who felt a deep interest in their welfare, and thankful to the old chief for the noble and religious sentiments expressed in his remarks.

After this the Indians rose and gave their favourite, the PIPE DANCE, which seemed to afford much amusement to the Royal party. The Queen and the Prince then graciously bowed and took leave, thanking them, through the interpreter, for the amusement they had afforded them. The Indians at the same moment shouldered their robes and retired, sounding their war-whoop to the amusement of the servants of the household, who had assembled to the amount of some hundreds in the galleries of the hall.

They were now in the waiting-room again, where, to their surprise (and no little satisfaction), they found that the table they had seen so splendidly arranged was intended for their own entertainment, and was now ready for the “set-to.” Mr. Murray announced it as ready, and we all went to work. Mr. Rankin, who had been seated in the gallery during the presentation, having joined the party,



had now taken his seat with them at the table. With his usual kindness, Mr. Murray insisted on carving the roast-beef and helping them around, and next in drinking the Queen's health, which is customary at all public dinners. For this the first bottle of champagne was opened; and when the cork flew and the wine was pouring into glasses, the Indians pronounced the word "*Chick-a-bob-boo!*" and had a great laugh. A foaming glass of it was set before each Indian; and when it was proposed to drink to Her Majesty's health, they all refused. I explained to Mr. Murray the promise they were under to drink no spirituous liquor while in the kingdom. Mr. Murray applauded their noble resolution, but said at the same time that this was not *spirituous liquor*—it was a light wine, and could not hurt them; and it would be the only time they could ever drink to Her Majesty so properly, and Her Majesty's health could not be refused by Her Majesty's subjects. When again urged they still refused, saying "We no drink—can't drink." They seemed however to be referring it to me, as all eyes were alternately upon me and upon their glasses, when I said to them—"Yes, my good fellows, drink; it will not hurt you. The promise you have made to Mr. Rankin and myself will not be broken—it did not contemplate a case like this, where it is necessary to drink the Queen's health. And again, this is *champagne*, and not *spirituous liquor*, which you have solemnly promised to avoid."—"How! how! how!" they all responded, and with great delight all joined in "health to the Queen!" And as each glass was emptied to the bottom, they smacked their lips, again pronouncing the word "*Chick-a-bob-boo! Chick-a-bob-boo!*" with a roar of laughter among themselves.

Mr. Murray and I becoming anxious to know the meaning of *chick-a-bob-boo*, it was agreed that the War-chief (who had a dry but amusing way of relating an anecdote) should give us the etymology of the word *chick-a-bob-boo*, which they said was manufactured but a few years since in their country. The old Boy-chief, who was not a stranger to *chick-a-*

bob-boo, nor to good jokes, said that the "War-chief couldn't tell a story well unless his lips were kept moist;" and he proposed that we should drink Mr. Murray's health before he commenced. So the champagne was poured again, and, the Hon. Mr. Murray's health being drank, the War-chief proceeded by saying—that "Only a few years since, when the white men were bringing so much rum and whiskey into the little village where he lives, that it was making them all sick, and killing a great many, the chiefs decided in council that they would tomahawk every keg of whiskey the white men should bring in; and it had the effect of keeping them away, and their people, who had been drunk and sick, were getting well.

"Not long after that," continued he, "a little old man with red hair, who used to bring us bags of apples, got in the way of bringing in one end of his bag a great many bottles filled with something that looked much like whiskey, but which, when we smelled it, and tasted it, we found was not *fire-water*, and it was much liked by the chiefs and all; for they found, as he said, it was good, and would not make Indians drunk. He sold much of this to the Indians, and came very often; and when he had carried it a great way on his horse, and in the sun, it sometimes became very impatient to get out of the bottles; and it was very amusing to see the little old man turn a crooked wire into the bottle to pull out the stopper, when one was holding a cup ready to catch it. As he would twist the wire in, it would go *chee—e—*; and when he poured it out, it would say, *pop-poo, pop-poo*.* This amused the women and children very much, and they called it at first *chee-pop-poo*, and since, *chick-a-bob-boo*. And this the old man with red hair told us at last was nothing but the juice of apples, though we found it very good; and yet it has made some very drunk."

* This word must be *whispered*, as the War-chief gave it, and not *spoken*, to be appreciated—after the mode of Indians in their imitations, or exclamations of surprise.

This story of the War-chief amused Mr. Murray very much, and he ordered one of the waiters to "twist the crooked wire" into the neck of another bottle or two of the *chick-a-bob-boo* and "pull out the little stoppers," for he was going to propose that we all drink to the health of Prince Albert, who could never be neglected when her Majesty's health was drunk. This was done with enthusiasm; and the old chief soon proposed to drink Mr. Rankin's health, and my health, which were attended to; and he at length thought of the fat porter in scarlet and gold lace, whom he had passed at the door, and who at this moment, with several others in gold lace and powdered hair, were gathering around the table to take a glass or two of *chick-a-bob-boo* with them. This happened at a good time, and Mr. Rankin commenced the anecdote of the old chief having mistaken the porter Sykes for Prince Albert just as Mr. Murray and I withdrew from the room to proceed to town.

I visited the Indians in their rooms that evening, and found them in good spirits, having been well pleased by her Majesty's kind reception, and also delighted with the *chick-a-bob-boo*, and the liberal construction that had been put upon their sacred engagement "not to drink spirituous liquors." Mr. Rankin gave me an amusing account of the old chief's second interview with the porter Sykes, and their manner of taking leave when they were parting to meet no more. "Their pipes," he said, "were lit when they took their omnibus to return, and their joyful songs and choruses made it a *travelling music-box* the whole way to town."

I had come upon them at the moment when they were taking their coffee—a habit they had got into as one of the last things before going to bed. When they finished their coffee they lit the pipe, and there were many comments from different parts of the room upon what they had seen during the day. The Queen was of course the engrossing theme for their thoughts and their remarks; and though so well pleased with her kindness to them, they were evidently disappointed in her personal appearance and dress. Her

Majesty was attired in a simple and unadorned dress of black, and wore apparently no ornaments whatever at the time of their presentation, affording the poor fellows nothing either in her stature or costume to answer to the fancied figure of majesty which they had naturally formed in their minds, and were convinced they were going to see. They had, on first entering the room, taken the Duchess of Kent for the Queen, and said they were not apprised of their error until they heard me address the Queen as "Her Majesty."

They were advancing many curious ideas (over the pipe) as to the government of the greatest and richest country in the world being in the hands of a woman, and she no larger than many of the Indian girls at the age of twelve or thirteen years. I explained to them the manner in which she was entitled to the crown, and also how little a king or queen has actually to do in the government of such a country; that it is chiefly done by her ministers, who are always about her, and men of the greatest talents, and able to advise her. And the old chief, who had been listening attentively to me, as he was puffing away at his pipe, said, he was inclined to think it was the best thing for the country. "I am not sure," said he, "but it is the safest way; for if this country had a king instead of a queen, he might be ambitious as a great warrior, and lead the country into war with other nations: now, under her government there is peace, and the country is happy."

Many jokes were passed upon the old chief for having mistaken the porter Sykes for Prince Albert, and for having brought his pipe of peace back, having been afraid to present it. They had many remarks to make also upon the little girl whom her Majesty took by the hand; they told her she turned pale, and they were afraid she would grow up a white woman. They now, for the first time, thought of the Queen's little children, and wondered they had not seen them: they thought they ought, at least, to have seen the Prince of Wales. Daniel, they said, had

long since told them how old he was, and that he was to be the next king of England. He had also read to them his long names, which had pleased them very much, which they never could recollect, but would have written down.

The conversation again, and for some time, ran upon the deliciousness of her Majesty's chickabobboo, and also upon the presents which they had imagined would have been made to them, and which I assured them they might feel quite easy about, as they would come in due time according to the custom. So were they whiling away the evening of this memorable day, and I left them.

The grand point having been made, their visit to the Queen, the Indians seemed in good spirits to meet the greetings of the public, amongst whom the daily paragraphs in the papers, and their occasional drives through the streets, had excited the most intense curiosity. The place for their operations was prepared for them in the Egyptian Hall; and in the midst of my Indian collection, as in Manchester, a platform was erected on which their dances and other amusements were to be given.

Having been without any exciting occupation for more than a month, in daily anticipation of their visit to the Queen, the Indians had become, as well as the public, impatient for the opening of their exhibition, which seemed requisite for their amusement as well as necessary for their accustomed bodily exercise.

Their first evening's amusements being announced, the large room of the Egyptian Hall was filled at an early hour, and the Indians received with a roar of applause as they entered and advanced upon the platform. I came on by their side, and after they had seated themselves upon the platform, entered upon my duty, that of explaining to the audience who these people were, whence they came, and what were their objects in visiting this country. I also introduced each one personally by his name, to the audience, and briefly described their costumes, weapons, &c., and they were then left to commence as they chose, with their dances

and other amusements. Indian looks and Indian costumes, &c., were supposed to have been pretty well understood before this, by most of the audience, who had studied them at their leisure in my rooms on former occasions; but Indian dances and Indian yells, and the war-whoop, had been from necessity postponed and unappreciated until the present moment, when the sudden yell and scream of the whole party (as they sprang upon their feet) announced the war-dance as having commenced. The drum was beating, rattles were shaking, war-clubs and tomahawks and spears were brandishing over their heads, and all their voices were shouting (in time with the beat of the drum and the stamps of their feet) the frightful war-song!

With the exception of some two or three women (whose nerves were not quite firm enough for these excitements, and who screamed quite as loud as the Indians did, as they were making a rush for the door) the audience stood amazed and delighted with the wildness and newness of the scene that was passing before them; and, at the close of the dance, united in a round of applause, which seemed to please the Indians as much as seeing the Queen.

Like all actors, they were vain of their appearance, and proud of applause, and (rather luckily for them, and unlike the painful excitements that fall to the lot of most actors' lives) they were sure of the applause which sympathy brings, and exempt from that censure which often falls heavily upon those whose acting the audience is able to criticise.

According to their custom, after the war-dance was finished, the Indians seated themselves upon the platform and lit their long pipe, which they were almost constantly smoking. This pipe was filled with their own native tobacco (k'nick-k'neck), and passed around from one to the other for a few whiffs, according to the usage of all the American tribes. I took this opportunity of explaining to the audience the meaning of the war-dance, the war-whoop, &c., and whilst I was up, was so overwhelmed with questions (all of which

I felt disposed to answer) that I found it exceedingly difficult to sit down again. These questions were put for the purpose of gaining information which it was my wish to give; and having patiently answered a number of them, I stated to the audience that I believed the explanations I should throw out in the course of the evening in my own way, would answer nearly every question that they would be disposed to put, and I begged they would allow me as much time and opportunity to give them as possible. This was responded to by acclamation all around the room, and the exhibition proceeded by the Indians wishing me to announce that they were to give the *wa-be-no* (or mystery) dance. This eccentric and droll dance caused much merriment among the audience, and gained them hearty applause again; after which, they being seated as usual, with the pipe passing around, I proceeded with my explanation, which done, I was requested by the interpreter to announce that the old chief had something which he wished to say to the audience, and was going to make a speech. There was a great expression of satisfaction at this, evinced among the crowd, which seemed to give fire to the eye, and youth to the visage of the old man as he rose and said,—

“ My friends—It makes our hearts glad when we hear your feet stamp upon the floor, for we know then that you are pleased, and not angry.”
(Great applause.)

The old man then straightened himself up in the attitude of an orator, and, throwing his buffalo robe over his shoulder, and extending his right arm over the heads of his audience, he proceeded:—

“ My friends and brothers—These young men and women and myself have come a great way to see you, and to see our GREAT MOTHER THE QUEEN. The Great Spirit has been kind to us, for we are all well, and we have seen her face. (*How, how, how!*)”

“ My friends—We know that the Saganoshes in our country all come from this place; they are our friends there, and we think they will not be our enemies here. (*How, how, how!* and immense applause, with ‘Hear, hear, hear,’ from the audience.)

“ My friends—You see I am old, and my words are few ; some of my younger men may talk longer than I can. I hope our noise is not too great. (‘ No, no,’ from every part of the room : ‘ The more noise the better, my good fellows.’)

“ Brothers—My young men will finish their dances in a little while, when we will be glad to give you our hands.” (“ *How, how, how !*” great applause, and “ Hear, hear.”)

The venerable old man then resumed his seat ; and at that moment, as the pipe was preparing, Daniel was making his way through the crowd, with one hand raised above the heads of the audience, conveying a large square letter, which he was endeavouring to hand to me. On opening the letter and reading, I found it was from the Honourable Mr. Murray, and, with permission of the audience, I read thus :—

“ Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure to inform you that I am instructed by Her Majesty to transmit to you the enclosed 20*l.* note to be given to the Ojibbeway chiefs ; and also to say that Her Majesty has instructed me to order to be made, as soon as possible, an entire piece of plaid, of Her Majesty’s colours, which is also to be presented to them in her name, as an evidence of Her Majesty’s friendship for them, and solicitude for their welfare. I have transmitted the order for the plaid, and as soon as it can be prepared I shall send it to them.

“ I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours, &c. &c.

“ CHAS. AUG. MURRAY,

“ *Master of Her Majesty’s Household, Buckingham Palace.*

“ *To Geo. Catlin, Esq.*”

The reading of this letter called forth a round of applause, which the Indians did not seem to understand until its contents were interpreted to them by Cadotte, when they received the bank-note with a yell or two, and then gathered around it to examine it, and to make out, if they could, how it could be a present of 20*l.*, or (in American currency, which they were a little more familiar with) 100 dollars. That they might better appreciate it, however, I sent Daniel to the door with it, who in a few moments brought back twenty sovereigns, which were placed in the chief’s hand, and, being better understood, were soon divided

equally, and put into the pouches which were attached to their belts.

The War-chief (who was not much of an orator, and always seemed embarrassed when he spoke) then rose, and advanced to the front of the platform to offer his acknowledgments. He held his long pipe to his lips, and, drawing several deep breaths of smoke to his lungs, and pouring it out through his nostrils, at length began:—

“ My friends—I can't speak—I never speak. (Great applause, and he smoked again.)

“ My friends—My heart and my tongue were never made to live together. (Roar of applause, and ‘*How, how, how!*’) Our chief is old, and his words few: he has told you that the Great Spirit has been kind to us, and that we have seen the face of our Great Mother the Queen. We have all thanked the Great Spirit for this, and we all wish to thank our Great Mother now for the presents she has sent us. She is not here, and we can't thank her; but we see these presents pass through your hands, and we wish to thank you. (‘*How, how, how!*’ and ‘*Hear.*’)

“ Brothers—I have no more to say, but I shall be glad in a little time to offer you my hand.” (“*How, how, how!*” and applause.)

The audience were now prepared, and the Indians also, for the *pipe-dance*, one of the most spirited and picturesque of their dances, and which they gave with great effect. It was then announced that the Indians would seat themselves on the front of the platform, where all the visitors who desired it might have an opportunity to advance and shake hands with them. This afforded the visitors a gratifying opportunity of getting nearer to them, and disposed many to be liberal to them, who gave them money and trinkets to a considerable amount.

Thus passed their first night of exhibition in London. The audience gradually drew off, and the Indians, at length seeing a space through which they could pass, gathered up their weapons, &c., and retired to their private rooms, leaving Daniel to answer to, and explain, all the curious surmises and questions that had been raised in the minds of the audience during the evening, and not explained; amongst whom (he told me the next day) there were at least a dozen

who wished to know "in what way the Indians were *taken*—whether with a lasso or in a sort of pit," as they had heard of their taking wild oxen, &c. Half a dozen inquired what part of the Indies they were from ; twenty or more "whether Cooper's descriptions of the Red Indians were true ;" several "whether they eat the scalps ;" and one desired to be informed "if it was actually necessary to cross the ocean to get to America, or whether it was not attached to the mainland." Several ladies were waiting to inquire "whether the Indians actually had no beards ;" and a great number of women after these, some of whom lingered patiently until all other questions had been answered, begged to know "whether the interpreter and the handsome little fellow *Sah-mah* were married."

Mr. Rankin and myself, as usual, went into the Indians' apartments to smoke a pipe with them after the fatigues of the evening were over, and we found the poor fellows in an unusually pleasant humour, counting over and showing the money and trinkets which they had received from the visitors, and also the money sent by the Queen, which, to be divided more exactly *per capita* (their mode of dividing presents), they had got changed into silver.

Their high excitement and exhilaration convinced us that it was the very sort of life they required to lead to secure their health ; and their remarks upon the incidents that had transpired in the room, as well as things they discovered in the crowd, were exceedingly amusing and caused them a great deal of merriment whilst they were repeating them over. In the midst of all this they often uttered the exciting word *Chickabobboo* ; and it occurred to Mr. Rankin and myself as a suitable occasion to explain to them that we had no objection to their having each a glass of ale at their dinner, and also after the exceeding fatigues of their dances at night. We told them "that, in binding them in the promise they had made, and so far kept, it never entered our heads that they were not to be allowed an occasional glass of wine or ale—luxuries of which nearly all

the good people of England, ladies as well as gentlemen, and even divines, partook in a moderate way. We believed that they would use as much discretion in taking those things as English fashionable people did, and felt quite sure they would keep their promise with us. I told them that this ale which I had just mentioned was a very fine drink, and we thought that, though it was not quite as good as the Queen's *chickabobboo*, yet they would like it, and that a glass of it at dinner, and also after their night's fatigues, would give them strength and be of service to them. I told them also that we had just sent for a jug of it (at that moment coming in), that they might try it, and see whether they liked it." "*How, how, how!*" resounded through the whole house; and each, as he emptied his glass, shouted "*Chickabobboo! chickabobboo! ne-she-sheen! ne-she-sheen!*" (good, good). So we agreed that, if on the next morning they should pronounce its effects to be pleasing, they should be allowed a similar quantity every day at dinner, and also at night, instead of the strong coffee they were accustomed to drink before going to bed.

We then left them; and thus finished our first day's labours and excitements at the Egyptian Hall.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rev. Mr. S—— and friend visit the Indians again—A day appointed for a *talk* about religion—Indians go to the Thames Tunnel—Give the medicine-dance (*wabeno*) under it—Kind treatment there, and *Chickabobboo*—The exhibition—Egyptian Hall—Debate about the propriety of the Indians dancing to make money—Great crowd—Woman screaming and lifted on to the platform by Cadotte (afterwards called the “*jolly fat dame*”)—She gives Cadotte a beautiful bracelet—Her admiration of Cadotte—Evening gossip after their exhibition—The amusements of the evening and sights of the day—A clergyman asks an interview with the Indians and gets offended—Exhibition rooms at night—Great crowd—The “*jolly fat dame*” in full dress—She talks with Cadotte—Indians meet the Rev. Mr. S—— and friend by appointment—Old Chief’s speech to them—Gish-ee-gosh-e-ghce’s speech—Reverend gentlemen thank them and take leave.

THE morning after their first interview with the public at the Egyptian Hall having been deemed a proper time for a visit to them, the Rev. Mr. S—— and a friend called on me with a view to a further conversation with them on the subject of religion, which had been postponed at their request until after they had seen the Queen, which honour they had now had. I spoke to the chiefs about it, and they said, “It is very difficult now, for we have not time. Mr. Rankin has gone for the carriage, and we are just going out to ride, but you can bring them in.”

The old chief received them very kindly, and gave them seats, when the Rev. Mr. S—— addressed them through the interpreter in the most kind and winning manner. “My friends, I have been delighted to see by the papers that your Great Mother the Queen has graciously received you and made you some valuable presents; and I hope the time is come now when your minds are at ease, and we can have

some conversation on that great and important subject that I proposed the other day."

The old man was at that moment painting his face with vermilion and bear's grease, as he sat on the floor with a small looking-glass between his knees, and the palms of both hands covered with his red paint, which he was plastering over his face, and impressing on his naked arms and shoulders. He was not in a condition or mood to make a speech, or to hold a long talk; but he replied in a few words: "You see, my friends, that it is impossible to talk long now, for my young men, like myself, are all dressing and painting to take our ride, which we take every morning at ten. We are going now to the show of wild beasts, and we can't wait long; if we do, we may not see them." The reverend gentleman very pleasantly and patiently said to him, that he did not wish to take up any of their time when they had amusements or exercise to attend to; but he hoped they would keep the subject in mind, and give them some leisure hour when they could listen to him; and proposed the next day at twelve o'clock. The old man said, "No; at twelve they were to give their exhibition, which was, after that day, to be given in the day and evening also."—"Well, at two?"—"At two we dine."—"Well, what do you do after dinner?"—"Sleep."—"Not all the afternoon?"—"Pretty much."—"Well, in the morning, at eight?"—"In bed at eight."—"What time do you breakfast?"—"About nine."—"Well, then, say ten?"—"Well, ten."—"To-morrow?"—"No, next day." The reverend gentleman then said, "Well, my good friends, we will come and see you the day after to-morrow, at ten; and we hope you will think of this important subject in the mean time." The chief said, "He would be glad to see them, as he had promised; but they had so much to see and to think of, that it was not probable they could have much time to think about it; and as the Queen did n't say anything to them about it, they had n't given it any thought since they last met."

The Indians took their customary omnibus drive —

not on this morning, as the old chief anticipated, to the menagerie, but to the Thames Tunnel and London Bridge. To these they were accompanied by Mr. Rankin, and looked upon them both as the wondrous works of white men's hands, which they could not comprehend. When they entered the Tunnel, and were told that they were under the middle of the Thames, and that the great ships were riding over their heads, they stood in utter astonishment, with their hands over their mouths (denoting silence), and said nothing until they came out. They called it the "*Great Medicine Cave*," and gave the medicine (or *wa-be-no*) dance at the entrance of it. Mr. Rankin made a speech here to the thousands assembled, which I believe was never recorded. They were met with much kindness at that place, where they received some fine presents, and were treated, they said, to some very good *chickabobboo*.

The scene at the Egyptian Hall on this evening was again very exciting, the Hall being as full as it could pack, and the Indians in great glee, which insured much amusement. I accompanied the Indians on to the platform as before, and, as usual, introduced them to the audience, and explained the objects for which they had come to this country, &c.: they then proceeded with their amusements by giving a dance, accompanied by their customary yells and the war-whoop, which was followed by thundering applause. They then seated themselves and smoked their pipes, while I explained the nature and object of the dance they had just given. While I was thus engaged, some decided opposition to the nature of the exhibition manifested itself, which might well exist in the minds of persons unacquainted with the relative position in which these Indians and myself stood; and which objections I felt quite willing to meet at that moment.

The first interruption that I met with was from a man who had taken his position in front of me, and whom I had seen several times endeavouring to obtain a hearing. He at length took an opportunity when he could be distinctly

heard, and addressed me thus:—"Do you think it right, Sir, to bring those poor ignorant people here to dance for money?" There was a cry of "Put him out! put him out!" but as soon as I could restore silence I said, "No, my friends, don't put him out; I wish to answer such questions." At that moment another rose in an opposite part of the room, and said—

"I think it is degrading to those poor people to be brought here, Sir, to be shown like wild beasts, for the purpose of making money; and I think, more than that,—that it is degrading to *you*, Sir, to bring them here for such a purpose; and the sooner it is stopped the better."

The audience, at my request, had held silence until this speech was finished, when there was a general cry of "Turn him out! turn him out! Shame! shame!" &c.

I waited as patiently as I could until silence was restored, when I was enabled to get every ear in the house to listen to me; and I then said—

"My friends, I beg that there may be no more disposition to turn any one out, for, if I can be heard a few moments, I will save all further trouble, and, I venture to say, make those two gentlemen as good friends to the Indians, and to myself, as any in the room. The questions which they have naturally put are perfectly fair questions, and such as I am anxious everywhere to answer to. The position in which I stand at present is not, I grant, ostensibly, the one in which my former professions would place me. I have been several years known to the British public, from my labours and my professions, as an advocate for the character and the rights of American Indians. This position I have taken, and still claim, from a residence of eight years amongst the various tribes where I have travelled, at great expense, and hazard to my life, acquainting myself with their true native dispositions, whilst I was collecting the memorials of these abused and dying people, which you see at this time hanging around us. In the eight years of my life which I have devoted to this subject, I have preserved more historical evidences of these people, and done more justice to their character, than any man living; and on these grounds I demand at least the presumption that I am acting a friendly part towards them, who have in their own country treated me with genuine hospitality. (Hear, hear! and immense applause.)

"My friends, we come now to the facts, which it is my duty to mention, and which I presume those two gentlemen are not acquainted with. In the first place, I did not bring these people to this country, but have

always been opposed to such parties going to a foreign country for such an object.* These Indians are men, with reasoning faculties and shrewdness like to our own, and they have deliberately entered into a written agreement with the person who has the charge of them, and who is now in the room, to come to this country, stimulated by the ambition of seeing Her Majesty the Queen, whose lawful subjects they are, and make, if possible, by their humble and honest exertions, a little money to carry home to their children. (Immense applause.)

“ These people are the avowed friends of the English in their own country, and several of them are here to show the frightful wounds they received in fighting Her Majesty’s battles in the war of 1812. (Applause, and Hear!)

“ When they arrived, their first object was to see my collection, which is known (at least by report) to almost every Indian to the Pacific coast; and when they were in it, they decided that there was the appropriate place for their dances, &c., and insisted upon my conducting their exhibitions. By this it is seen that I met these persons in this country; and in the belief that my countenance and aid would render them subjects of greater interest, and therefore promote their views, I have undertaken to stand by them as their friend and advocate—not as wild beasts, but as men (though perhaps ‘ degraded,’ as civilized actors degrade themselves on foreign boards) labouring in an honest vocation, amid a world of strangers, wiser and shrewder

* On a subject of so much importance to me, I deem proof admissible and necessary, and therefore offer to the reader the following letter from the former Secretary at War, Mr. Poinsett, to whom I had written on the subject of an expedition, fitting out in the United States, for such a purpose, several years since:—

My dear Sir,

Washington City, October 19th, 1839.

I received your letter of the 11th instant, and am much obliged to you for the information of the contemplated speculations with Indians in foreign countries. I have taken precautions to defeat all such enterprises, and will prosecute the speculators, and saddle them with heavy costs, instead of gains, if I can detect them. I consider such proceedings are calculated to degrade the Red Man, and certainly not to exalt the whites engaged in them.

With great regard,

Yours very truly,

To Geo. Catlin, Esq.

J. R. POINSETT, Sec. at War.

A few days after I received the above letter an order was issued from the department of war to all the surveyors of Atlantic ports, prohibiting Indians from being shipped to England, or other foreign countries, for the purposes of exhibitions, without the consent of the Government of the country.

than themselves, for the means of feeding their wives and little children. (Hear, hear, hear.)

“These people are here at an enormous expense, and the gentleman to whom they have intrusted themselves has a tremendous responsibility on his hands, for he must return them safe home, at his own expense, after sharing the receipts of the expedition with them. They are free men, and not slaves; and in a free country like this, who will have the cruelty to say to them, ‘Stop your vocation, and go to the streets, like the poor Lascars, with brooms in your hands;’ or the kindness to say, ‘Quit your dancing, and we will pay your expenses to the shores of Lake Huron, and give you money to buy blankets and food for your wives and little children?’ (Hear, hear! and applause.)

“As for ‘degradation,’ I only hope, my friends, that I may always live as free from it as I consider myself whilst by my exertions I am promoting the honest views of these simple and unoffending people; and for the name and honour of civilization I only wish that the thousands of the enlightened world who are led into the Indian countries by the passion to make money, would make it in as honest a way, and as free from degradation, as the one in which these poor fellows are labouring here to make a little.” (Cheers and immense applause, and cries of “No reply, no reply!”)

My two opponents by this time had lowered their heads and were lost sight of amidst the crowd, and no other objections were heard from them; and the poor Indians, who had enjoyed a good pipe in the mean time, without knowing the nature of our debate, were rested and prepared for their next dance. The audience at this time were all standing, and wedged together, as it were, in every part of the room; and amongst such a crowd, so closely packed, there were many occurrences in the course of the evening which afforded much amusement to the Indians, who were overlooking the whole of it from their platform. The screams of one woman, who announced that “she should faint unless she could get out,” stopped all proceedings for a few moments. It was decided on all hands to be impossible for her to reach the door; and, being near the platform, she was at length lifted on to it by the joint aid of the Indians and those below, and she then took a conspicuous seat, as she supposed, for the rest of the evening. Another now halloed for help and fresh air, and, not being so

near the platform, was told that it was entirely impossible to get out, unless she was lifted over the heads of the crowd. "Never mind," said she, "I must go!" So she was raised by many hands, amidst a roar of laughter and fun, every one over whose head she was passed, being quite willing and ready to lend a hand, with a "Lay hold here! pass her along," &c. The "jolly fat dame" (as she was afterwards called), who had escaped from the surges and squeezes of the mass below, now comfortably seated on the edge of the platform, and briskly plying her pocket-handkerchief by way of fan, began to imagine her condition in no way improved, inasmuch as her back was towards her friends the Indians, and her jolly red face, of necessity, under the intense glare of the chandelier, and exposed to the gaze of the audience, who she imagined were passing their criticisms on her "good looks." (*Plate No. 7.*) More and more annoyed every moment at the idea that her ruddy face was growing redder and redder as it was just in the focus of all eyes in the room, and at the instant thought also that (considering she was only coming into a crowd) her stays had been left off, and her new poplin dress, with lace frill in front, not prudent to wear, she had silently and unadvisedly resolved upon resuming her old position, and with that view unceremoniously launched herself, feet foremost, amongst the crowd of gentlemen below. Owing to several circumstances—the density of the crowd, her rotund and unwedge-like form, &c.,—there was an insurmountable difficulty (which she probably had not anticipated) in bringing down with her feet to the floor, or anywhere in that direction, the voluminous paraphernalia with which she was circumvested. This state of semi-suspension (her toes merely occasionally feeling the floor) became instantly alarming to her, as well as conspicuous and amusing to the Indians and the audience; and whilst she was imploring one party in the name of Heaven to lift, and the other to pull, the strong and muscular arms of the interpreter, Cadotte, gracefully raised her out of the abyss below, and, leading her across to the back



part of the platform, gave her a comfortable seat, squatted behind, and in the shadow of the Indian group, amongst shields and war-clubs, and other implements used by the Indians in their various amusements.

All was mirth and amusement during the remainder of the evening; and the last position of the "jolly fat dame" (who it would seem had strolled in on the occasion alone) proved exceedingly gratifying to her, as it afforded her an opportunity of a few words of conversation now and then with Cadotte, and of bestowing upon him a very splendid bracelet which she took from her own arm, saying, as she gave it, "Look here; you will always know me in a crowd, for on my left arm I have the fellow to it, and I will always wear it for your sake, that you may not lose sight of me." This gush of kindness had suffused the uninvaded soul of this simple and fresh-grown young man, and, when the exhibition had closed, gained her the kindness of his strong grip again in easing her down upon the floor. His backwoods gallantry could not allow her to wander about alone and uninstructed, and he glided down from the platform on his soft mocassined feet, and, with his eagle and ostrich plumes waving six feet and a half from the floor, was strolling around by her side as the audience were withdrawing from the room, and enlightening her by his descriptions of the paintings and Indian curiosities covering the walls of the Hall.

The Indians in the mean time had shaken hands with the audience, and received many fine presents, and having gathered their robes and their weapons, and Mr. Rankin having announced to Cadotte that "the carriage was ready," the poor fellow turned upon his heel and said, "I am obliged to go." "I am so sorry," she exclaimed; "but look ye, can you read?" "Yes, ma'am." "But can you read writing?" "Yes, a little." "Oh, well, never mind, I'm going to be here every night—oh! it is so charming to me! Good night, good night!"

The Indians were now off to their lodgings, and the

greater part of the audience also, leaving poor Daniel, as usual, in the midst of some dozen or two of the most inquisitive and knowledge seeking and devouring, to answer the accustomed routine of inquiries reserved for this (to them) most profitable part of the exhibition.

He was assuring the crowd around him that "these people were *not* taken with a lasso, nor were they taken in a pit (as some had conjectured), but that they had *come in* of their own accord," &c. He was also showing the *real lasso*, and explaining that it was only a cord with a noose at the end of it, which the Indians throw over the wild horses' necks to catch them, and not "a *net* or a *hammock*," to both of which he pointed, and which it seems many had mistook for lassoes.

He had also commented upon several *real scalps* which he had taken down and was holding in his hand, saying, "Gentlemen, what nonsense to talk about Indians eating the scalps! You see the scalp is nothing but a small piece of the skin from the top of the head, with the hair on it, and dried as hard as a bit of sole-leather: there couldn't be any pleasure in eating a thing of that sort."

About this time the "jolly fat dame," having edged up in his vicinity, touched Daniel on the shoulder, and at her nod and wink he followed her to the other side of the room, when she said, "Well, you know *me*, don't you, Daniel?" "Yes, madam, I recollect you very well; you used to come here, some months ago, very often, to see the collection and the tableaux." "Well, now," said she, "look here: those shoats there will worry you to death; I'd let them alone; they'll go in a minute. Ah, what a delightful scene this has been to-night! The *real Indians* after all! what I never expected to see. I never was so happy and so much delighted before—oh, dear me! they are *such fine* fellows! I shall be here every night. I can't keep away. How happy they seem! they are clever—ah, that they are! I venture to say they are very clever men. That Interpreter!—what's his name? for I have for-

gotten." "His name is Cadotte, madam." "Ah, yes; stop a moment till I write it down, lest I should forget. I don't like to forget things — I can't say that I like to forget. How do you say? Cado—with two t's, or one?" "I believe it is spelt with two t's, madam." "Yes, I dare say—*Cadotte!*—now I have it! Well, it is wonderful! What a fine-looking fellow that Cadotte is—ha!—what a tremendous powerful man! Oh, law me! he made nothing of taking me up there. I suppose you saw him?" "No, madam, I was 'tending door; but I heard of it." "Why, bless me! I was no more than a pocket-handkerchief to him as he lifted me on to the platform; and you see I'm not a thing for the wind to blow away—oh dear!—and what a tremendous hand he has! I never saw the like. When he took hold of my arm it seemed as if he could have crushed it in a moment. I am sure he is six feet and a half high." "No, not quite that, madam, but pretty near it." "Well, really he is a giant, almost; and yet I am sure he is young—not over 20 I am quite sure!" "No, madam, he is but just turned 18 I believe." "Oh, charming! and how wonderful! But you are jesting, Daniel?" "No, madam, I may be mistaken, but I believe I am right." "He can't be married yet?" "Oh, no, you may be sure of that—I don't suppose he ever thought of a woman yet." "Bless me!—ah, well!—did you see the present I made him, Daniel?" "No, madam, I have not." "Look there! I gave him the fellow to that. He'll recollect me, won't he? I took it off, and tried to buckle it on his wrist myself; but, law me, what a tremendous arm he has got! it wouldn't go much more than half way around! I thought *I* had a pretty lusty arm, Daniel?—feel it—clasp it round—take hold higher up—up there—I never wear sleeves!—that's lusty, is'nt it?" "Yes, by jolly!" said Daniel, as he was making a careful estimate of it; "that's a stout arm, madam." "Well, mine is a baby's arm to that 'boy's,' as you call him. Ah, well, Daniel, I am taking up your time, and I must go. I shall be here every night, I assure

you ; and you will always let me in early ? You see I am not half dressed to-night. I want to get as near that corner of the platform as possible when I come." "I understand." "Good night !" "Good night ! madam."

At this moment, or a moment after, Daniel closed the door upon the last remaining visitors, and I stepped out from behind a green curtain at one end of the platform, forming a little retreat into which I was in the habit of withdrawing myself to avoid the crowd at the close of the exhibition. Owing to this little accident, therefore, the reader is in possession of the above ejaculatory conversation between the "jolly fat lady" and Daniel ; for as, in taking him to the "other side of the room," she had most fortunately placed her back within a few inches of the screen that was before me, bringing poor Daniel's eye to mine directly over her shoulder, I was enabled to record, *verbatim et literatim* (which it might have puzzled poor Daniel to have done from recollection, after the excitement of her jolly fat arm), precisely all that was said and done on the occasion, as above related.

"Why," said I, "Daniel, that lady seems to be quite 'taken' with Cadotte." "Taken ! she's more than that—she's dead *in love* with him. I'll be shot if ever I saw the like in my life—the woman is perfectly mad after him—and she's the same lady that used to come to the *tableaux* so often when you gave them in the Egyptian Hall, and was repeatedly asking (as you'll recollect I told you) whether you were actually married ; and when I told her you were, she wouldn't believe it. She's the same identical woman. I knew her in a moment, for I have talked hours with her in the exhibition rooms ; and didn't you hear her call me Daniel when she spoke to me to-night ? She appears to be quite a lady. She used to come in quite a respectable carriage ; and I'll venture to say it has been standing at the door all the evening, and I'll be shot but it will be there every night for a fortnight to come."

"Well, it is quite a curious case ; but let us treat her re-

spectfully, and with politeness, on all occasions." "Oh, yes, certainly; she is very civil and polite, and you may be sure, Mr. Catlin, that she will receive no other treatment from me."

Under an agreement with Mr. Rankin and the Indians to meet them at their lodgings after the exhibition, I repaired to their rooms, and found them just finishing their beefsteaks and their jug of *chickabobboo*. They were all in a merry humour, talking over the curious scenes they had witnessed in the crowd. They said they thought the Englishwomen loved to be squeezed in a crowd, for there were a great many there, and they seemed to be very happy and goodnatured. They were sure that they saw several persons quite drunk in the room, and also believed that many of the ladies there must have been drinking *chickabobboo*. They had several hearty laughs about the poor woman who was passed over the people's heads; and also about the "jolly fat dame," who was lifted on to the platform by Cadotte; and they teased him a long time with their jokes about her, and the beautiful present he had received from her, and which they had seen her a long time trying to fasten on to his arm.

Their jokes, which they were thus innocently enjoying, and their *chickabobbo*, seemed to make them cheerful and happy; and I returned home, myself pleased, and went to bed.

My desk was now becoming loaded with communications relative to the Ojibbeway Indians, with more inquiries about their domestic habits and warfare than I could possibly find time to answer, and more invitations to dinners and parties than they could attend to; and on the next day, amongst numerous applications for private interviews, were two notes from reverend gentlemen, wishing opportunities to converse with them. To them I answered that I should feel much satisfaction in affording them every opportunity and every facility in my power, and I recommended that they should come the next day at ten o'clock, when the Indians were, by

appointment, to meet several clergymen to converse upon the subject of religion. One of those reverend gentlemen replied to my note, saying, that "he should prefer a different audience from that which I had named, and should feel as if I had acted entirely up to the professions of my first note if I would use my endeavours to obtain it;" to which I answered that "my only reason for recommending that occasion was, that, as they had already had several short interviews with clergymen, and had fixed upon that morning for a final interview, I thought it probable it would be the only opportunity he could have of hearing them state their religious belief." I never received any further communication from this reverend gentleman, nor did he attend the meeting named; and if I gave him any offence, it was done while I was giving him what I thought to be the most friendly advice.

The next night of their exhibition at the Egyptian Hall passed off much like the preceding one; the Hall was crowded, and in the midst of the crowd, at the end of the platform (as she had desired it), appeared the "*jolly fat dame*" in *full dress*, and fully equipped and prepared for any emergency. She was in her "*stays*" and her *poplin* and *lace*, and loaded with trinkets; and although it was now the middle of winter, that she might not suffer quite so much as she had done the night before, she had brought a large fan, which the heat of the room and its excitements made it necessary to keep constantly in motion. Daniel had placed her where she could get some support by leaning on the platform, and once in a while whisper a word to Cadotte, whose beautifully embroidered mocassins were near to her nose when he leant forward to listen to her, with the eagle plumes and ostrich feathers of his cap falling gracefully down over her shoulders. She looked altogether more lovely and "killing" that night than on the first; and, while she kept more cool and considerate, was not lessening the progress which her fascinations were making upon the heart of poor Cadotte, nor curtailing the draughts of admi-

ration which she was taking in at every breath she inhaled, and at every glance that she had of his manly and herculean figure as it moved before her.

What transpired in the bosom and the brain of this fair dame during the evening, none but herself can exactly know; but, from the lustre of her eyes, and the pleasure beaming from every part of her jolly face, it was evident that peace and happiness, for the time, reigned within.

The dances and other amusements of the evening pleased all of the audience well, and the "jolly fat dame" *supremely*. The Indians returned to their apartments, and delighted themselves by counting over their money and trinkets, with which they were well pleased, and drinking their *chickabobboo*.

The next morning at ten o'clock, the hour appointed, the Rev. Mr. S—— and friend called, and were conducted by me to the Indians' apartments. They were met with cordiality by the Indians and by Mr. Rankin; and when the kind and reverend gentleman reminded them of the promise made him for that morning, they all responded "*How, how, how!*"

They then, at the order of the chief, all spread their robes upon the floor, upon which they took their seats, and at once were in *council*.

The reverend gentleman then, in a tone and a manner the most winning, and calculated to impress upon them the sincerity of his views, told them "he was aware that they were religious, that they all worshipped the Great Spirit, but that he did not exactly know in what way; that he did not come here to tell them anything to give them offence, but with the hope of learning something more of their belief and modes of worship, of which he confessed he was ignorant, and also of explaining to them what he and the other divines in the civilized world believed to be the best, if not the only true religion." (Here the old chief lighted his pipe, which he commenced smoking.)

The reverend gentleman then explained, in the briefest manner possible, and in the mode the best calculated for their understanding (and which was literally interpreted

them), the system of the Christian religion and the mode of redemption.

When the reverend gentleman had finished his remarks, the old chief filled his pipe again, and, sitting with his eyes cast down until he had smoked it partly out, he handed it to the War-chief, and (instead of rising, as an Indian does to speak on any other subject) the old man rested his elbows on his knees and answered as follows :—*

“ My friends—We feel thankful for the information and advice which you come to give us, for we know that you are good men and sincere, and that we are like children, and stand in need of advice.

“ We have listened to your words, and have no fault to find with them. We have heard the same words in our own country, where there have been many white people to speak them, and our ears have never been shut against them.

“ We have tried to understand white man's religion, but we cannot—it is *medicine* to us, and we think we have no need of it. *Our* religion is simple, and the Great Spirit who gave it to us has taught us all how to understand it. We believe that the Great Spirit made our religion for us, and white man's religion for white men. Their sins we believe are much greater than ours, and perhaps the Great Spirit has thought it best therefore to give them a different religion.

“ Some white men have come to our country, and told us that if we did not take up white man's religion, and give up our own, we should all be lost. Now we don't believe that; and we think those are bad or blind men.

“ My friends—We know that the Great Spirit made the red men to dwell in the forests, and white men to live in green fields and in fine houses; and we believe that we shall live separate in the world to come. The best that we expect or want in a future state is a clear sky and beautiful hunting-grounds, where we expect to meet the friends whom we loved; and we believe that if we speak the truth we shall go there. This we think might not suit white people, and therefore we believe that their religion is best for them.

* The numerous conversations held on the subjects of religion and education with the three different parties of Indians, in various parts of England, as well as on the continent, I consider form one of the most interesting features of this work; and as I have been present at them all, I have taken down all the Indians' remarks on those occasions, and I have inserted them in all cases in this book as I wrote them from their lips, and not in any case from recollection.—АВТОРЪ.

“ If we follow the religion of our fathers we shall meet them again : if we follow a different religion we are not sure of it.

“ My friends—We are here but a few, and we are a great way from our homes, and we shall have but little time to waste in talking on this subject. When a few white men come into our country to make money, we don't ask them to take up our religion. We are here away from our wives and children to try to get some money for them, and there are many things we can take home to them of much more use than white man's religion. Give us guns and ammunition, that we can kill food for them, and protect them from our enemies, and keep whisky and rum sellers out of our country.

“ My friends—We love you, and give you our hands ; but we wish to follow the religion of our fathers, and would rather not talk any more on the subject.” (‘ *How, how, how !* ’)

When the old man had thus closed his remarks, *Gish-ee-gosh-ee-gee* took the pipe and puffed away a few minutes as hard as he could, when he spoke as follows :—

“ My friends—The words of our chief, which you have just heard, are good—they are the words of nearly all of our nation. Some of the Ojibbeways say that the words of the white people are the best ; but we believe that they have two tongues.

“ My friends—A few years ago a *black-coat* came amongst us in the town where I live, and told us the same words as you have spoken this morning. He said that the religion of the white men was the only good religion ; and some began to believe him, and after a while a great many believed him ; and then he wanted us to help build him a house ; and we did so. We lifted very hard at the logs to put up his house, and when it was done many sent their children to him to learn to read, and some girls got so as to read the ‘ good book,’ and their fathers were very proud of it ; and at last one of these girls had a baby, and not long after it another had a baby, and the *black-coat* then ran away, and we have never seen him since. My friends, we don't think this right. I believe there is another *black-coat* now in the same house. Some of the Indians send their boys there to learn to read, but they dare not let their girls go.

“ My friends, this is all I have to say.” (‘ *How, how, how !* ’)

The reverend gentlemen kindly thanked the Indians for their patience, and, telling me that it would be cruel and useless, under their present circumstances, to question them longer, thanked Mr. Rankin and myself for the kind assistance we had rendered them, and retired, leaving with them as a present several very handsome Bibles. As I was leaving

the room I heard the old chief complaining that talking made his lips very dry, and Mr. Rankin ordered for them a jug of *chickabobboo*.*

* The minds of the Indians had been so much engrossed for several days with the subject of religion, that the inventive powers of the little *Sah-mah* (Tobacco) had been at work ; and when I called on them the next morning one of them handed me his ideas, as he had put them on paper with a lead pencil, and I give them to the reader (Plate No. 8) as near as my own hand could copy them from his original sketch now in my portfolio. If the reader can understand the lines, he will learn from it something of the state of the arts in the Indian country, as well as their native propensity to burlesque.



CHAPTER XV.

Exhibition rooms—Great crowd—The “jolly fat dame”—Her interview with Cadotte—She gives presents to all the Indians—Excitement in the crowd—Women kissing the Indians—Red paint on their faces and dresses—Old Chief’s dream and feast of thanksgiving—An annual ceremony—Curious forms observed—Indians invited to the St. George’s archery-ground—They shoot for a gold medal—They dine with the members of the club—The “jolly fat dame” and Cadotte—She takes him to his lodgings in her carriage—Cadotte (or the “Strong-wind”) gets sick—Is in love with another!—Daniel unfolds the secret to her—Her distress—She goes to the country—The “jolly fat dame” returns—Cadotte’s engagement to marry—Rankin promotes the marriage—The Author disapproves of it.

THE reader will easily imagine the position of the Indians at this time to have been a very pleasant and satisfactory one to themselves—all in good health; having seen and pleased the Queen; having met the public several times in the great city of London, where their Hall was crowded every night, and was likely to continue so; where everybody applauded, and many bestowed on them presents in trinkets and money; with plenty of roast beef, and withal indulged in their *chickaboboo*. The old chief had finished his talks on religion, and Cadotte was in the delightful state of incubation under the genial warmth of the wing of the jolly fat dame.

The Hall on this evening was as overflowing as on the previous nights. The “jolly fat dame” had been the first one at the door, and, by the power of her smiles upon Daniel’s gallantry, she had passed in before the hour for admitting the public. This had most luckily (and *bewitchingly*, as she did not expect it) allowed her a delightful *tête-à-tête* of a few minutes with Cadotte, who happened to be saunter-

ing about in the half-lighted hall of the exhibition, while the Indians were in an ante-chamber, putting on their streaks of paint, and arranging their locks of hair and ornaments for the evening. Lucky, lucky hour! What passed there in these few minutes nobody knows. *One thing*, however, we may presume, *did pass* in that short time. Upon Daniel's authority she had a letter in her hand when she entered, and which was never identified on her person afterwards, though a similar one poor Cadotte was seen poring over for several subsequent days, at odd spells, like a child at its task in its spelling-book. As she was first in, she took her old position, which had afforded her so much pleasure the evening before. As her heart was more smitten, her hand became more liberal: she had come this night loaded with presents, and dealt them out without stint to the whole party. As each one received his brooch, or his pin, or his guard-chain, he held it up and gave a yell, which made the good lady's kindnesses subjects of notoriety; and we believed, and *feared* also, that her vanity was such, that, to make the most of the occasion, she drew upon some of the most costly of the ornaments that adorned her own ample person. During the excitement thus produced by the distribution of her trinkets, some female in the midst of the crowd held up and displayed a beautiful bracelet "for the first one who should get to it." Three or four of the young fellows, with their naked shoulders and arms, leaped with the rapidity almost of lightning into the screaming mass. The little *Sah-mah*, who was the *beau-ideal* of Indian beauty among them, bore off the prize. As there was not the same inducement for retracing their steps, and they were in the midst of strong inducements to stay in the crowd, it became exceedingly difficult to get them back, and to resume the amusements of the evening. Many ladies were offering them their hands and trinkets: some were kissing them, and every kiss called forth the war-whoop (as they called it, "a *scalp*"). The women commenced it as *Sah-mah* had dashed into the crowd; and as he was wending his way back, finding it

had pleased so well, he took every lady's hand that was laid upon his naked arm or his shoulder as a challenge, and he said that he kissed every woman that he passed. This may or may not be true; but one thing is certain, that many there were in the room that evening who went home to their husbands and mothers with streaks of red and black paint upon their cheeks, which nothing short of soap and water could remove. And, curious to relate, when the amusements were finished, and the audience nearly withdrawn, and the "jolly fat dame" was strolling about the room, she met her two maids, to whom she had given their shillings, and told them to "go and see the Indians." These two buxom young girls had been in the midst of the crowd, and, both of them having met with the accident I have mentioned above, the good-natured fat lady glowed into a roar of laughter as she vociferated, "Why, girls, you husseys, you have been kissing those Indians! Bless me, what a pretty figure you cut! why, your faces are all covered with red paint!" "And *your* face, mistress! Look here! all one side of your face, and on your neck! Oh, look at your beautiful new lace!" And *it was even so*; but *how* it happened, or where, or in what part of the excitement, or by whom, is yet to be learned.

Leaving these excitements for a while, which were now become of nightly occurrence, we come to one of a different character and of curious interest. It is impossible for me to recollect the day, but it was about this time, the old chief related to Mr. Rankin a dream which he had had the night before, which made it incumbent upon them to make a feast, and of course necessary for Mr. Rankin and myself to furnish all the requisite materials for it.

In his dream (or "vision," as he seemed disposed to call it) he said the Great Spirit appeared to him, and told him that he had kept his eye upon them, and guarded and protected them across the great ocean, according to their prayers, which he had heard; that he had watched them so far in this country; that they had been successful in

seeing their Great Mother the Queen, and that they were now all happy and doing well. But in order to insure a continuance of these blessings, and to make their voyage back across the ocean pleasant and safe, it now became necessary that they should show their thankfulness to the Great Spirit in giving their great annual Feast of Thanksgiving, which is customary in their country at the season when their maize is gathered and their dried meat is laid in and secured for their winter's food.

This injunction, he said, was laid upon him thus, and he could not from any cause whatever neglect to attend to it; if he did, he should feel assured of meeting the displeasure of the Great Spirit, and they should all feel at once distressed about the uncertainty of their lives on their way back. This Feast of Thanksgiving must be given the next day, and they should wish us to procure for them a whole goat, or a sheep, and said that it must be a *male*, and that they would require a place large enough to cook it without breaking a bone in its body, according to the custom of their country.

The request of this good old man was of course granted with great pleasure; and Mr. Rankin, in a short time, returned from the market with the sheep, which, on close inspection, seemed to please them; and a large chamber in the Egyptian Hall, which Mr. Clark, the curator of the building, had placed at their service, was decided on as the place where the feast should be prepared and partaken of. Mr. Clark and his wife, who are kind and Christian people, afforded them all the facilities for cooking, and rendered them every aid they could in preparing their feast; and the next day, at the hour appointed, it was announced to Mr. Rankin and myself that the "feast was ready, and that we were expected to partake of it with them."

When we entered the room we found the feast arranged on the floor, in the centre of the large hall, and smoking, and the men all seated around it on buffalo robes; and the only two guests besides ourselves, my man Daniel and Mr.

Clark, who were also seated. Two robes were placed for Mr. Rankin and myself, and we took our seats upon them. The three women of the party came in after we were all arranged, and, spreading their robes, seated themselves in another group at a little distance from us. A short time before the feast was ready, they sent Cadotte to me to request that I would buy for them a small cup of whisky, which was to be partaken of, "not as *drink* for the *belly*, but as drink for the *spirit*," which by the custom of their country was absolutely necessary to the holding of their Feast of Thanksgiving. In this they were also, of course, indulged; and when we were seated, we found the whisky standing in front of the medicine-man in a small pewter mug.

Everything now being in readiness, the pipe was lit by the war-chief, who rose up with it, and, presenting its stem towards the *north* and the *south*, the *east* and the *west*, and then upwards to the Great Spirit, and then to the earth, smoked through it himself a few breaths, and then, walking around, held it to the lips of each one of the party (the women excepted), who smoked a whiff or two through it; after which he made a short and apparently vehement appeal to the Great Spirit to *bless* the food we were then to partake of. When he had taken his seat, the medicine-man took his *wa-be-no* (*medicine-drum*) and commenced beating on it as he accompanied its taps with a *medicine* song to the Great Spirit. When the song was finished he arose, and, shaking a rattle (*she-shee-quoïn*) in his left hand, and singing at the same time, he handed the cup of whisky around to the lips of each guest, all of whom tasted of it; it was then passed to the women, who also tasted it, and returned it to its former position but partially emptied.

The War-chief then rose upon his feet, and, drawing his large knife from his belt, plunged the thumb and fore finger of his left hand into the sockets of the sheep's eyes, by which he raised the head as he severed it from the body with his knife, and held it as high as he could reach. At this

moment he returned his knife to its scabbard, and, seizing the *she-shee-quin* (or rattle) in his right hand, he commenced to sing a most eccentric song as he shook his rattle in one hand and brandished the sheep's head in the other, and danced quite round the circle between the feast and the guests, going so slow as to require some eight or ten minutes to get round. Having got round to his seat, he gave a frightful yell, and, raising the sheep's head to his mouth, bit off a piece of it, and again danced until he had swallowed it. He then laid the head and the rattle at the feet of another, who sprang upon his feet, and, taking the sheep's head and the rattle, performed the same manœuvre, and so did a second and a third, and so on until each male of the party had performed his part. After this, the flesh was carved from the bones by the War-chief, and placed before us, of which we all partook. Parts of it were also carried to the women, and after a little time the greater part of the flesh of the carcase had disappeared.

It is worthy of remark, also, that at this strange feast there was nothing offered but the flesh of the sheep; but which was cooked in a manner that would have pleased the taste of an epicure.

When the eating was done, the war-chief took the rattle in his hand, and, lightly shaking it as a sort of accompaniment, took at least a quarter of an hour to repeat a long prayer, or return of thanks, to the Great Spirit, which was spoken (or rather *sung* than *spoken*) in a very remarkable and rapid manner. After this the pipe was lit, and, having been some three or four times passed around, the feast was finished, and we took leave.

I leave this strange affair (having described it as nearly as I possibly could) for the comments of the curious, who may have more time than I can justly devote to it at this moment, barely observing that the old chief, after this, seemed quite contented and happy that he had acted in conformity to the sacred injunction of the Great Spirit, and strictly adhered, though in a foreign country, to one of the

established and indispensable customs of his race; for which, and for another cogent reason (that "his lips were getting very dry after eating so much"), he thought we would be willing (as of course we were) to let Daniel go for a jug of *chickabobboo*.

The whole party now seemed to be completely happy, and in the midst of enjoyment. They were excited and amused every night in their exhibitions, which afforded them wholesome exercise; and during the days they took their drives through the city and into the country, and beheld the sights of the great metropolis, or reclined around their rooms on their buffalo robes, enjoying their pipes and counting their money, of which they had received some thirty or forty pounds, presented to them in the room at various times, independent of that received from her Majesty, and their wages, and trinkets, and other presents.

Of their drives, one of the most exciting and interesting that they had or could have in London was about this time, when her Majesty rode in state to the opening of Parliament. They were driven through the immense concourse of people assembled on the line and along Parliament-street, and conducted to a position reserved for them on the roof of St. Mary's chapel, near Westminster Abbey. From this elevated position they had a splendid bird's-eye view of the crowd below, and the progress of the Queen's state carriage, as it rolled along on its massive wheels of gold, and drawn by eight cream-coloured horses. So grand a pageant filled their rude, uncultivated minds with the strangest conjectures, which were subjects for several evenings' curious gossip. And what seemed to please them most of all the incidents of the day was, as they said, "that her Majesty and the Prince both most certainly looked up from their golden carriage to see them on the top of the church."

They were also most kindly invited by the members of the St. George's Archery Club to witness their bow-and-arrow shooting on one of their prize-days. This was calculated to engage their closest attention; and at night they

returned home in great glee. They had been treated with the greatest kindness by the gentlemen of that club. They had put up a gold medal for the Indians to shoot for, which was won by *Sah-mah* (Tobacco), and other prizes were taken by others of the party.* The first shot made by the young man who bore off the golden prize was said to have been one of the most extraordinary ever made on their grounds; but in their subsequent shooting they fell a great way short of it, and also of that of the young gentlemen belonging to the club. After the shooting of the Indians, and also of the members of the club, contending for their valuable prizes, the Indians were invited to their table, where a sumptuous dinner was partaken of. Many toasts were drunk, and many speeches made; and, to their agreeable surprise, as they said, they had plenty of the *Queen's chickaboboo!*

They continued their amusements nightly, much in the same way as I have above described, with full houses and similar excitements, all of which and their effects we will imagine, as I pass over a week or two of them without other notice than merely to say that the "jolly fat dame" still continued to visit them, as she had promised, and nightly to strengthen the spell she seemed

* It was stated in some of the papers of the day that the Indian won the golden prize from the members of the club, which was not the case. It was put up, most liberally, by the young men of the society for the Indians to shoot for among themselves, and won in this way, not from the members of the club.

There are no Indians in North America who can equal the shooting of these young gentlemen, who practise much this beautiful and manly exercise. I have often, at their kind invitations, visited their grounds, and I have had the opportunity of seeing the shooting amongst most of the American tribes. The Indian tribes who use the bow and arrow at the present time are mostly the Prairie tribes, who are mounted, and, from their horses' backs, at full speed, throw their arrows but a very few paces, and use a short bow of two feet or two feet and a half in length, and therefore never practise at the target at the distance of one or two hundred yards. Their skill and power, however, in that mode of using the bow is almost inconceivable, and might puzzle the best archers in England or in the world to equal.

to be working upon the heart of poor Cadotte. She was elegant, but rather fat. She rode in a good carriage. She bestowed her presents liberally, and on all; and insisted the whole time that "it was the most interesting exhibition she ever saw," and that "Cadotte was almost a giant!" "She could not keep away, nor could she keep the Indians out of her mind." All were inquiring who she could be, and nobody could tell. She had delivered three or four letters into Cadotte's hand in the time; and, though "her carriage could put him down at his door quite easy," she had driven him home but one night, and then he was landed quite quick and quite safe. The Indians talked and joked much about her, but Cadotte said little. He was young, and his youth had had a giant growth in the timid shade of the woods. He was strong; but he knew not the strength that was in him, for he had not tried it. He was like a mountain torrent—dammed up but to burst its barriers and overflow. The glow of this fair dame upon him was a sunshine that he had never felt, and, like the snow under a summer's sun, he was about to have melted away. In the simplicity of his native ambition, he had never aspired to anything brighter than his own colour; and few were dreaming till just now that the warrior Cupid was throwing his fatal arrows across the line. Nor did those who suspected them (or even *saw* them), from the source that has been named, know more than half of the shafts that were launched at the "*Strong-wind*" at this time, nor appreciate more than half the perplexities that were wearing away his body and his mind. *He* knew them, poor fellow, and had *felt* them for some time; but the world saw no symptom of them until his treatment of this fair dame on one night set them inquiring, when they found that she, with her little *archer*, was not alone in the field.

Reader, we are now entering upon a drama that requires an abler pen than mine, which has been used only to record the dry realities of Indian life, stripped of the delicious

admixture which is sometimes presented when Cupid and civilization open their way into it.

I regret exceedingly that I cannot do justice to the subject that is now before us; but, knowing the facts, I will simply give them, and not aspire to the *picture*, which the reader's imagination will better paint than my black lead can possibly draw.

On the unlucky evening above alluded to the "jolly fat dame" had made her appearance at the rooms half an hour before the doors were to open; and, with Daniel's usual indulgence, she passed into the room, in the hope, as she said, to have a few words with the Indians, and shake hands with them all, and bid the good fellows good by, as she was going into the country for a few days. She loitered around the room until it began to fill with its visitors for the evening, without the good luck to meet the "*Strong-wind*," as she had been in the habit of doing, before the chandelier was in full blaze, and while the Indians were in their adjoining room, putting on their paint and ornaments. This disappointment, for reasons that she probably understood better than we can, seemed to embarrass her very much, and most likely, even at that early stage, carried forebodings of troubles that were "brewing." In the embarrassment of these painful moments, not being able to spend the evening in the exhibition, as usual, but under the necessity of returning to pack her things and complete her preparations for her journey, she was retreating towards the door as fast as the audience filled in in front, determined to hold a position in the passage where she could shake hands with the Indians as they passed in, and drop a little billet into the hands of the "*Strong-wind*," which, if received, was intended only to stop a sort of palpitation there would be in the side of her breast, in case she should have gone off to the country without informing the "*Strong-wind*" of it, and that she was to return again in a very few days.

Unlucky device! The Indians all passed by, excepting

the "*Strong Wind*," and, as each one shook her hand, he saluted her with a yelp and a smile. All this was gratifying to her, but added to the evident fever that was now coming on her. She paced the hall forward and back for some time, living yet (and thriving) upon the hope at that moment raised in her mind, that he ("noble fellow!") was hanging back in order to have a moment of bliss alone with her in the hall, after the gazing visitors had all passed by. This hope sustained her a while, and she many times more walked the length of the passage, but in vain. At this moment the sound of the drum and the echoing of the war-whoop through the hall announced their exhibition as commenced; and the liberal dame, advancing to the door, and standing on tiptoe, that she might take a peep once more at the good fellows over the heads of the audience, beheld, to her great astonishment, the noble figure of the "*Strong-wind*," swinging his tomahawk, as he was leading the dance! Unhappy dame! the room was closely stowed, and not the possibility left of her getting half way to her old stand by the end of the platform, if she tried.

This dilemma was most awful. The thought of actually "going off to the country, as she had promised, for several days, without the chance to say even good bye, or to shake hands, was too bad,—it was cruel!" She went to the door to see Daniel, and said, "Well, this is very curious; I wanted to have seen Cadotte for a moment before I went away, and I can't stay to-night. I shook hands with all the rest as they went in, but I did not see Cadotte. I don't understand it." "Why," said Daniel, "the poor fellow is not here to-night; he's getting sick: he was here when you first came in, but he *shot out* a few moments afterwards, and told me to tell you, if you came, that he was too unwell to be here to-night. He is looking very pale and losing flesh very fast, and his appetite is going. He has only danced once or twice in the last week." "Poor fellow! I am sorry. What a pity if he should get sick! I don't see what they would do without him; he is worth more than the whole party besides. He's

a fine young man. What an immense fellow he is! Did you examine his hand? What a grip he has got—ha! I *may* not go to-morrow, but if I *do*, it will only be for a few days. I have *promised* to go, and you know it is wrong to break promises, Daniel. If anything should prevent me from going to-morrow I shall certainly be here again to-morrow night. Poor fellow! I *hope* he won't get sick: I think a little ride in the country would do him good. Mr. Catlin ought to send him into the country for a while. That's what he should do, shouldn't he? I won't stand here too long, Daniel; it's rather a cold place: so good night."

It was a *fact* that the "*Strong Wind*" was getting sick; and a fact also that Daniel thought he had gone home, as he told the good lady; and two other facts followed the next day—the one was, that the journey to the country was not made that morning; and the other, that the "jolly fat dame" was at the Hall at an early hour of the evening as usual. Her visit was carefully timed, so as to allow her a little time for gossip with Daniel at the door, and to subject her to the delightful possibility of accidentally meeting the "*Strong Wind*," as she had sometimes done, in the half-lighted hall.

"You see, Daniel, that I didn't get off this morning; and when I am in London I cannot keep away from those curious fellows, the Indians. They are here, I suppose, before this?" "Yes, madam, they have just come in in their bus." "Well, how is Cadotte? he is *my* favourite, you know." "Well," said Daniel, "I don't think he's any better: I believe there is but one thing that will cure him." "Bless me, you don't say so! What do you think is the matter with him?" "Why, I think he is in love, madam; and I don't believe there is anything under heaven else that ails him." "Oh! now, but you *don't think* so, do you, really?" "I do, indeed, madam; and I don't wonder at it, for there are charms that are lavished upon him that are enough to——" "Oh! come, come, now, Daniel, don't give us any of your dry compliments. He's a fine man, certainly—that

I *know*, and I should be sorry if he should get sick. He will be in the exhibition, I suppose, to-night?" "No, madam, I saw him a few minutes since, and he had lain down on his buffalo robe on the floor, and I heard him tell Mr. Rankin that he should not go into the room to-night; that he did not feel well enough." "So, you cruel man, you think the poor fellow is in love, do you?" "I am *sure* of it, madam: in the next house to where the Indians lodge there is one of the most beautiful black-eyed little girls that I have seen since I have been in London, and, by putting her head out of the back window to look at the Indians, and by playing in the back yard, she long since showed to everybody who saw her that she was fascinated with Cadotte. She used to kiss her hand to him, and throw him bouquets of flowers, and, at last, letters." "Pshaw!" "It's true! And, finally, she and her sisters got in the habit of coming in to see the Indians, and, at last, the father, and mother, and brother; and they all became attached to Cadotte, and invited him to their house to take tea with them and spend the evenings; and he has at last become so perfectly smitten with the girl that he is getting sick: that is the reason why he is not at the Hall more than three evenings in the week; he spends his evenings with her, and often don't get home before twelve and one o'clock." "Oh, but you shock me, you *shock* me, Daniel—but I don't believe it—I *can't* believe it—he *couldn't* be led away in that silly manner—I *don't* believe a word of it. You say he is in the dressing-room?" "Yes, madam, I know he is there." "You don't think he'll come into the exhibition-room to-night?" "No, I know he will not." "You don't think he would come out a minute? I can't stay to-night, and I shall certainly go in the morning. I *must* go—you *don't* think he would come out?" "I don't know, madam; I will ask him if you wish." "Well, *do*, Daniel; come, that's a good fellow—or, stop!—look here—just hand him this note; it is merely to say good bye: give it to him, and only tell

him I am here, will you, and going out of town to-morrow morning?"

Daniel took in the note to the "*Strong Wind*," who was lying on his robe, and in a minute returned with the note and this awful message:—"Tell her she *may* go out of town—I don't wish to see her." This was as much of his un gallant message as Daniel could venture to bear to the good lady, though the "*Strong Wind*" continued to say, "Take the note back to her: she is making too free with me, and all the people see it. She wants a husband too bad, and I hope she will soon get one." Daniel returned the note, and apologized for being the bearer of such a message to her; but he said, as he had carried her message to Cadotte, he felt bound to bring his message back. "Certainly, certainly," said she; "I can't blame you, Daniel; but this is strange—all this is strange to me; it's quite incomprehensible, I assure you. The crowd is coming in, I see, Daniel; and I can't possibly be here through the evening. I'll be here as soon as I come back. Good night."

One can easily imagine how the peace of the bosom of this good-natured unoffending lady was broken up by the abrupt way of the "*Strong Wind*," and how unhappy might have been the few days she was to spend in the country, and which she could not then fail to do, as she had made a promise to friends, that she could not break. By her absence from the exhibition-room for a week or more, it was evident that she was accomplishing her visit to the country; and, though her little *archer* was unemployed in her absence, it would seem as if the very show of so many bows and arrows in the great city of London had suddenly called into existence, or into service, a reinforcement of those little marksmen, who were concentrating their forces about this time, and seemed to be all aiming their shafts at the breast of the "*Strong Wind*." There were several fair damsels who nightly paid their shillings, and took their positions near the platform, in a less conspicuous way, though not less

known to the "*Strong Wind*," than our friend who had "gone for a while to the country." From the fair hands of these he had received, unobserved, many precious and sly gifts, and amongst them several little billets of the most sentimental nature, containing enclosures of beautiful little stanzas, and cards of address, &c.

Among this jealous group of inveterate gazers and admirers was always, though most coy and least noticed, the sweet little "black-eyed maiden" of whom I have said Daniel gave some account to the good lady who has gone to the country, as having "kissed her hand and thrown bouquets of flowers" to the "*Strong Wind*" from the back windows of her father's house in George-street. The whole soul of the "*Strong Wind*," which, until now, had been unchained and as free as the mountain breeze, was completely enveloped in the soft and silken web which the languishing black eyes, the cherry and pulpy lips, and rosy cheeks of this devouring little maid had spun and entwined about it. He trembled when he straightened his tall and elegant figure above the platform, not that he was before the gazing world, but because *her* soft black eyes were upon him. His voice faltered and his throat was not clear when he brandished his glistening tomahawk and sounded the shrill war-whoop. This was not that the ears of hundreds, but that the ears of ONE, were open to catch the sound.

His heart was now free, for a few days at least, from the dangers of the first siege, the guns of which for the time were all silent. The glances of his eyes and his occasional smiles were less scrupulously watched; and now and then they could be welcomed by sweet returns. He had now but one *real* enemy in the field, and *his* shafts, though they went to his inmost soul, were every one of them welcome messengers of peace and love.

Thus besieged, thus pierced and transfixed, the "*Strong Wind*" did as much as he could to continue his natural existence, to eat his accustomed meals, and to act his customary parts in the dance; but efforts all seemed in vain.

The sweet and balmy sleep that had been the pleasure of his untaught youth had fled; roast beef and plum-puddings, his favourite bits, had ceased to please him; sighs and long breaths had taken all the place of peaceful and equal respiration; the paleness of his face showed there was trouble within; his noble frame and giant strength were giving way; and, save the devouring pleasure that was consuming him, nothing was acceptable to him but seclusion and his occasional mugs of *chickabobboo*.

All things at the Egyptian Hall went on as usual for several days, the Indians giving their nightly entertainments, but without the aid of the "*Strong Wind*," and consequently without the presence of the "languishing little black eyes" that used to be seen peeping over the corner of the platform. The reader (who has heard already that the "*Strong Wind*" loved to ride home with this sweet little creature—that he took his dishes of tea in her father's house, which was next door—and that he often stayed there until twelve and one o'clock at night) can easily understand how the time now passed with the "*Strong Wind*," and how hopeless were to be the chances of the good dame who had "gone to the country but for a few days, where she had promised to go, but from which she was soon to return." The reader who is old enough will easily understand also why the "*Strong Wind*" grew pale; how it was that everything ceased to taste good—beautiful things to look pretty; and why I had to translate, as well as I could, the speeches of the Indians, who now had no better interpreter.

The exhibition-room continued to be filled night after night without the presence of the "*Strong Wind*;" and at length, on one of these occasions, the "jolly fat dame," who had gone to the country for a few days, presented herself at the door as usual before the audience had assembled. She was admitted by Daniel's kindness; and as she got into the passage, the party of Indians came in from their omnibus, and, passing her, gave her their hands, and as they passed

on each one gave a hideous yell. She seemed delighted at this, and, turning to Daniel, said, "Oh, did you hear the poor fellows rejoicing? they are delighted to see me back again." "Why, madam," said Daniel, "that was the *war-whoop*; and when that is given, the tomahawk always follows." She seemed a little startled at this; "But," said she, "the good fellows, I have lots of fine presents here for them to-night; I can make it all right with them I think. But I don't see Cadotte—I hope he's not sick—he's a splendid fellow—I have not seen a man like him in all my travels in the country, and I have been a great way. I have a nice present for him, d'ye see?—is'n't that a fine brooch? I know he'll like it." "But I fear you are too late, madam—I believe it is all over with him." "What! you don't mean to say that he is dead?" "No, he's not dead, but he's nearly as bad—he don't come here at all—he don't eat or drink—he's pining away for that pretty little girl I told you of. It's been all her doing: the foolish girl fell in love with him, and is determined to have him, and I believe he will marry her." "Oh, pshaw! fie on it! I don't believe a word of it;—they will get over it all in a day or two." The kind lady after this took her position in the Hall as usual, and during the exhibition smiled on all the group, and dealt out her presents to them, and went home as usual well pleased.

Most curiously, all this affair of Cadotte's and the sweet-mouthed, black-eyed little girl, had passed unnoticed by me, and I had of course entirely mistaken his malady, having sent my physician to attend him. His symptoms and the nature of his disease were consequently fully understood by examinations of the patient and others who had watched closely all the appearances from the commencement of his attack. Getting thus a full report of the case, I held a conversation with Mr. Rankin, who at once told me that it had been well understood by him for some time, and that Cadotte had asked for his consent to marry the young lady, and that he had frankly given it to him. I told him I

thought such a step should be taken with great caution, for the young lady was an exceedingly pretty and interesting girl, and, I had learned, of a respectable family, and certainly no step whatever should be taken in the affair by him or me without the strictest respect to their feelings and wishes. He replied that the mother and sisters were in favour of the marriage, and had been the promoters of it from the beginning; that the father was opposed to it, but he thought that all together would bring him over. I told him that I did not know either the father or the mother, but that, as long as there was an objection to it on the part of the father, I thought it would be cruel to do anything to promote it; and that, much as I thought of Cadotte, I did not feel authorized to countenance an union of that kind, which would result in his spending his life in London, where his caste and colour would always be against him, and defeat the happiness of his life; or she must follow him to the wilderness of America, to be totally lost to the society of her family, and to lead a life of semi-barbarism, which would in all probability be filled with excitements enough for a while, but must result in her distress and misery at last. To these remarks his replies were very short, evidently having made up his mind to let them raise an excitement in London if they wished, and (as I afterwards learned) if he could possibly bring it about.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Rankin resolves to take the Indians to the provincial towns—Exhibition advertised to close—the wedding in St. Martin's church—Great excitement—Its object—Grand parade through the streets in omnibuses—Rankin advertises "the beautiful and interesting bride" to appear on the platform at the Indians' exhibitions—Public disgust and indignation—Condemned by the Press—Rankin begins his exhibition—Denies Cadotte admission to the Indians' rooms, and dismisses him from his service—Rankin leaves London with the Indians—Author getting out his large work—The Indian portfolio—The "jolly fat dame" makes a visit to Daniel in the exhibition rooms—A long dialogue—Illustrious subscribers to the Author's large work—Emperor of Russia and Duke of Wellington review 10,000 troops at Windsor—The Emperor presents the Author a gold box—Author takes out a patent for "disengaging and floating quarter-decks, to save lives on vessels sinking or burning at sea."

At the commencement of this chapter we find the Indians still proceeding with their amusements at the Egyptian Hall, riding out during the day for fresh air and to see the city, and enjoying their roast beef and *chickabobboo*; the interpreter laid up, as described, and Mr. Rankin labouring to promote, and preparing for, an event that was to give greater notoriety to himself and his party, and ensure more splendid success through the kingdom, as the sequel will show.

My opposition to his views in promoting the marriage of this love-sick pair afforded him the suitable occasion of calling on me one morning and advising me of a course which "he had been, he said, recommended by many of his friends to pursue, which was, that (as he had now heard me lecture on the modes of the Indians until the subject had become sufficiently familiar to him to enable him to give the lectures well enough himself) he could promote his

own interest much better by taking the Indians to the provincial towns, meeting all the expenses, and taking all the receipts, instead of sharing with a second person, which his friends thought was a great pity he should any longer do." He represented that by such a course he could afford to do better by the Indians, and he thought it would be decidedly for the interest of both, and he had resolved to do it. I said to him that it was, to be sure, a resolve which he could easily make, as we were under no other than a verbal agreement, and entirely confidential, so that, if his interest urged it sufficiently strong, there was no doubt that he could do as he pleased, and that, under any circumstances, I should have but one anxiety, and that would be for the welfare of the Indians under his charge. I had so far done all I could to introduce them and him properly. I had added my collection to their exhibition, to give it additional interest. I had devoted my best efforts in lecturing on them and their customs, and had succeeded (after lying still with them for a month in London) in getting for them an audience of the Queen. By these means I had rendered him and them a service, for which I wanted no other return than the assurance that, wherever he went with them, he should take good care of and protect them.

He said he had made up his mind to take them on his own hands in that manner after an exhibition for ten days longer in the Egyptian Hall, when he was to leave London on a tour to the provincial towns; and he wished me to advertise these exhibitions positively to close on a certain day. I then informed him that I should do so, and should freely yield to his proposition to sever in the manner he had proposed, on account of the accomplishment of the marriage, which he had assured me was just at hand, and in the responsibility of which I was determined to take no part. This I told him was an argument sufficiently strong, without further comment, to incline me to meet his proposition without the slightest objection.

I therefore advertised, as he had suggested, that the

Indians could only be seen in London that number of days ; and from night to night announced the same thing from the platform when giving my lecture ; and to the last day, at his request, stated that the Indians were positively to leave London at that time. The next morning after we had made this final close, and I had announced it as such to the audience, advertisements appeared in the papers that "he had rented the adjoining room to Mr. Catlin's, and on the same floor, for two months—a much finer room, where ladies and others would be much better accommodated ; where the lectures in future would be given by Mr. Rankin, *himself*, who had *lived all his life among the Indians.*" And in his advertisements, a few days after, he had the imprudence to state that "*hereafter the beautiful and interesting bride of the 'Strong Wind,' the interpreter, will make her appearance on the platform with the Indians, and preside at the piano.*"

This extraordinary advertisement, which of course was after the consummation of the marriage, was inserted in all the London daily journals, and was at once a key to all the absurd and disgusting efforts that had been used to create an excitement on the occasion of the wedding. It had been carefully announced that the wedding was to take place at a certain hour in the day in St. Martin's church, that ten thousand people might be waiting there for a chance to see the novel spectacle of a beautiful London girl married to an Indian from the wilds of America, and then to trumpet it through the city and through the land where they were going, that the shillings might the more abundantly pour in for a sight of the extraordinary pair that were united in St. Martin's church in London, and the "beautiful and interesting bride who was to preside at the piano" while the Indians danced.

To make this affair more exciting, and its disgusting humbug more complete, several omnibuses and coaches, drawn by four-in-hand, were employed to convey the "beautiful and interesting bride" and bridegroom, and Mr. Rankin and his attendants, through the streets to and from the

church where the ceremony took place. Each of these splendid affairs was decorated with evergreens, ribands, &c. ; and on their tops, bands of music playing through the streets, and other attendants, covered with belts and ribands, waving flags of various and brilliant colours. These carriages were directed to be driven through the principal thoroughfares of London, that the excitement and hubbub might be the more complete, and that the greater number of shillings might be turned into the exhibition-room.

The scheme, as a business one, was not without some ingenuity, but, most unluckily for its projector, it did not exactly succeed. There was too much sagacity in the London people and the London press not to detect the object of the scheme, and too much good taste to countenance and patronise it. The result was, and deservedly so, that it was condemned by the press, and the project and its projectors held up to public view in the light that they deserved.

The next day after his advertisement that "the beautiful and interesting bride was to appear and preside at the piano," he put forth another advertisement, stating that the bride *would not* appear, as announced the day before, owing to objections raised by some of her friends, &c. These friends were nearly all the press in London, as well as her father and her husband, who had never been consulted on the subject, who were indignant at the step he had taken, and ordered him to countermand his advertisement.

He then commenced his exhibition of the Indians in his new quarters, and under the new auspices, necessarily without the additional attraction of the new and beautiful bride, and also without the aid of his interpreter Cadotte, whom he had turned out of his employment, and to whom he had refused admission to the house to see his fellow Indians or to hold any communication with them. Cadotte was thus driven to his father-in-law's house, where he took up his residence, and Mr. Rankin proceeded with his exhibitions, himself lecturing on their customs and *interpreting* their speeches to the audience, and all the various com-

munications of the audiences and the public to them, wherever they went, without knowing five words of their language.

The extraordinary announcement which he had put in the papers of the appearance of the "beautiful and interesting bride upon the platform" had drawn a great crowd together at his first exhibition under the new arrangement, and, from the odd mixture of people it had brought together, begat some very amusing incidents worth recording. On ascending the platform for his first lecture, amidst a room densely packed, chiefly with working men and working women, whose application to their tasks during the day had prevented them from getting a glimpse of the beautiful bride of the "*Strong Wind*," and had now handed in their hard-earned shillings, he soon found himself in the midst of difficulties which it would seem that he had not anticipated.

In such a city as London there are always enough who do not read the *contradictions* of announcements (with those who won't believe them if they do read them) to fill a room; and of such was his room chiefly filled on this occasion—all impatient to see the beautiful bride of the Indian, and full of expectation, though his second advertisement had announced that "she would not appear." One can easily imagine the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and the perplexing materials with which he was about to contend in presenting himself as the expounder of Indian modes, and that in the absence of the "beautiful bride."

Curiosity to hear him give his first lecture on the customs of the Indians, "who had spent all his life amongst them," led me into the crowd, where I caught the following amusing incidents, which are given as nearly as I could hear them amidst the confusion that soon took place. Mr. Rankin had proceeded but a few sentences in his elucidations when a voice from a distant part of the room called out, "Rankin! Mr. Rankin!" "Well," inquired the lecturer, "what's wanted of Mr. Rankin?" "Why, Sir, Mr. Rankin is advertised to lecture, and we expect to hear him." "My name is

Rankin—I am Mr. Rankin, Sir.” “No, you are not Mr. Rankin neither: why do you tell us that nonsense? Come now, *Arthur*; you know me, old fellow: don’t set yourself up for Mr. Rankin here; you’ll get yourself into trouble if you do.” (Uproar, and cries of “Turn him out, turn him out.”) The voice continues, “Mr. Rankin! Mr. Rankin! what has lived all his life with the Indians!” (Uproar.) “I am Mr. Rankin, Sir: what do you want?” “You are *not* Mr. Rankin; are Mr. Arthur Jones, or was so when I knew you in New York.” (Cries of “Turn him out—shame, shame! the bride, the bride!” and hisses.) The lecturer here advanced to the front of the platform and endeavoured to frown the crowd into silence, but got nothing in return but “The bride, the bride!” and hisses from various quarters. One of the men in his employment unluckily at that moment seized hold of a little square-shouldered working-man, standing just before me, who was hissing, and was hauling him towards the door. The little man gathered himself up, and brought his antagonist to a halt before he was half way to the door. While grasping each other by the collar, the little man, who was nearly lost sight of in the crowd, demanded the cause of this violence on his person. “Why, Sir, you was hissing the lecturer, and I was ordered to put you out of the room—that was all.”

“So I did iss im, Sir, hand I’ll iss again, hif I choose—ands hoff! hif you please!” “You must go out, Sir.” “Hout, Sir! [in a tremendous voice.] I’ll hax this haudience hif I am to go hout, or whether they would prefer to ear the hob-observations I hintend to make.” There was a general uproar here for a few moments, and the friends of the little man seemed to predominate as they were gathering around him, and the cry of “Hands off!” freed him from the difficulties with which he had been beset, and encouraged him to demand an audience for a moment, which was carried by acclamation all around the room. By stepping on to the end of a bench near by, he become conspicuous above the heads of the audience, and continued:—

“Ladies hand Gentlemen, I opes I ave your haprobation?” (Shouts of approbation from all parts of the room; the Indians seated on the platform, and Mr. Rankin allowing the little working gentleman to proceed.)

“My friends, I am a poor and to speak, and I did not hanticipate, an event hov this sort. I came ere, like the rest of you, an ard-working man, to spend my shilling, hand for wot? To be umbugged, gentlemen? (Great applause.) To be oaxed, gentlemen? I calls it an impudent oax! I olds iu my and the adwertisement of that gentleman, haxing us to pay our shillings to see the bride of the Hindian wot was married yesterday; and we are now told that she is not to be ere, and that this is ol nothink. —I say it is *somethink*, gentlemen. (Great applause.) Wen it was said that this couldn't be elped, I issed im, and ee *hought* to be issed, for I saw we was oaxed: I was then dragged by the andkerchief in a wiolent manner, but I hescaped unurt, and I am thankful that my voice can now be eard.

“Hif this gentleman is really Mr. Rankin, or hif ee is not, its hol the same—wot's the hods? he as invited us ere, to inale the ot hatmosphere of the Hegyptian All, to see the ‘beautiful bride,’ oom ee as been hinstrumental in leading up to the halter of Ymen, after making a great ubbub about it; and I esitate not to pronounce it an underanded business, that umbles a man in my hestimation, and I think it would ave been better for im to ave ushed up the wole think holtogether. (Applause.)

“Gentlemen, I am appy to see that I ave your haprobation. Wen I look around me, I see that you are all working men like myself, and able to hunderstand me. You all know it's werry ard to be oaxed out of our shillings—wen prowisions is igh—wen work is scarce—wen we ave little to heat, and hobliged to lie hidle.” (Applause, and Hear, hear.) A voice. “Mr. Rankin! Mr. Rankin!” A hundred voices! “The bride! the bride!—Turn him out!—Bagh!—The Indians! the Indians!—The workee! hear him out!—Mr. Rankin!—The Indians! the Indians! Police! the police!—Turn him out!—The bride! the bride! the bride! the bride!” &c. &c.

In the midst of all the din and confusion which it seemed now impossible to suppress, the sudden expedient of Mr. Rankin succeeded, and was probably the only one that could have done it. He thought of his Indians, who were quietly seated on the platform, and prepared for the war-dance; and the signal given, and “Sound trumpets, sound!” they all sprang upon their feet and soon drowned the din and confusion in the screams and yells of the war-dance.

By the time the brandishing of tomahawks and spears and war-clubs and scalping-knives of this noisy affair was done, the attention of the visitors had become so much engrossed with the spirit and novelty of the scene, that they seemed generally disposed to dispense peaceably with the expected treat of seeing the beautiful bride, and were quiet. The little pugnacious working-man, however, arose again, as soon as silence was restored, to resume his speech; and, asking "if he should go hon," the response from every part of the house was, "No! no!" to which he pertinaciously replied, "Well, then, I'll go ome, and see if I can hearn hanother shilling in the place hov the one I ave given to see those ill-looking wild hanimals, the Hindians."

The reader can easily understand why Mr. Rankin's stay with the Indians in London after this was very short. Of his career and theirs in the provincial towns, other historians will probably give some account, and I refer the reader to them, being unable to give more than a very imperfect account of it myself.

This sudden break-up of our establishment at the Egyptian Hall, just at the commencement of the fashionable season, when considerable outlay had been made, and the receipts daily increasing, was disastrous to all parties, and particularly so to me, who had the Hall, at a heavy rent, for three months longer, left on my hands. The excitement of the exhibition being thus removed, my Indian collection, which had already been three years in the same building, scarcely drew visitors enough to meet its expenses, and I left its management entirely to my faithful man Daniel, while I devoted my time, in an adjoining room, to getting out my second book, shortly after published at the Egyptian Hall—a large illustrated work, entitled '*Catlin's Hunting Scenes and Amusements of the North American Indians.*' Several months being necessary for the completion of this work, I resolved to hold my collection in the Hall, as it was, until the expiration of my lease, and then pack it up and return to the United States.

I was then, for a while, free again from the yells and stamps of the Indians, and the excitements and anxieties attending their exhibitions; and my exhibition room became a quiet and pleasant salon in which to meet my friends, who frequently called, and I found were glad to see me, even though I had no Indians with me. My work was advancing fast, and I devoted my whole time to it, excepting when old friends or persons of distinction called, when I endeavoured to be with them, leaving the management of the room and entertainment of visitors mostly to Daniel, who by this time was a perfect key to everything in the room, provided he was turned the right way. He had all sorts of visitors however—those who came for useful information, and others merely to hear the war-whoop, and see the war-dance, supposing the Indians to be still there. These, feeling provoked at their disappointment, often took revenge on poor Daniel, by torturing him with questions about the Yankees, repeal, &c., which would lead at last to most exciting discussions on slavery, poor-laws and poorhouses, United States Bank, national debt, annexation, wars in Afghanistan, the Oregon question, the income-tax, and repudiation. As I have before said, Daniel, with a strong mind, and well fortified with the facts and dates relative to these subjects, was quite able to surprise his assailants with his information on all these points, and of course to provoke them in return. The consequence was that these debates often ran too high, and, as soon as they arrived at a pitch of indiscretion, I generally heard something of them in the adjoining room, and, leaving my work, showed myself in the exhibition, which brought them to an amicable issue.

There were others, again, who came to talk and learn more about the Indians, whom they knew had gone away. Among such was one day the "jolly fat dame," who stepped in merely to have a little chat with Daniel; and, as will be seen, she was lucky in finding him alone, and just in the humour to talk with her. There happened to be no cart or carriage passing at the moment, to prevent me from

hearing her melodious voice, as she entered, and rolled along, with her parasol swinging in her hand.—“Well, Daniel” (who happened to be at the farther end of the room), “I am so lucky to find you all alone for once, for you always have such a possee around you! Daniel, you know you and I have always agreed very well.” “Yes, madam, I don’t know why you and I should have a falling-out.” “Ah, well, we’ll drop that, Daniel—I believe I’ll take a chair, I am so fatigued with those plaguy stairs. Well, oh, but what a wonderful collection this is—Ha? what a curiosity that man is—Mr. Catlin, I mean—what a life he *has* led, to be sure! Don’t you think he has been married to some of those little squaws? I’ll be bound he has.” “No, madam, I should doubt whether he has. I think Mr. Catlin went into the Indian country, determined to make this collection and to immortalize himself; and I have many a time heard him say that he resolved never to get into any difficulty with them about their women; and I think it was one reason why he succeeded, and was everywhere treated with friendship.” “Ah, well! may be so. But, look ye, Daniel; that’s been a sad affair with poor Cadotte, has it not? what a foolish man, ha!”

“Why, I don’t see that it was so foolish on his part as on that of the girl.”

“Oh, tush! but she’s a silly little thing. She’s pretty enough; but what’s that to such a man as Cadotté? She’s no substance. He’s a giant, almost—what a grip!—I never felt the like in my life! Ah, well, I am sorry—I felt quite an interest in Cadotte.”

“I feel more sorry for the foolish girl,” said Daniel, “for falling in love with him—it was all her doing—she would have him, and wouldn’t take ‘No’ for an answer. I never saw the like in my life. She seemed crazy for him; and they both cried like children about it for weeks, and he was good for nothing else. She has got him now; and, as I said before, I pity her, for she don’t know what country she is going to, nor what society she will have instead of that of

her parents, and sisters, and friends in London. The girl don't know what she will come to, and therefore I pity her."

"Well, I don't pity her a bit. Ah, yes, I am sorry she has been so silly; but I pity *him* the most. I care nothing about her; or—that is—she ought to know better; but she's, as I told you, a silly little thing. Ah, well, I have only been one night to see them since they left Mr. Catlin. What a foolish thing that was! It will be the ruin of them all. I am afraid they will come to want, poor things! I have only been there one night! Cadotte was not there."

"No, madam, he won't join them any more. Rankin has turned him out of the house, and out of his employ, because he wouldn't let his wife appear in the exhibition and play the piano, as he had advertised."

"Noble fellow! I like him for that. Isn't that a fine spirit? I knew he had it. But that little silly thing, she can't play. What do the public care about a foolish girl's playing upon the piano?—Ridiculous! Well, they have all gone, I suppose?"

"All but Cadotte and his wife, madam; they have not gone."

"What! you don't say so? Cadotte has not gone?"

"No; they are living together with the girl's father. Rankin has left him, without anything but his wife, to get home to his own country in the best way he can."

"Well, there's a brute for you; isn't he—that Rankin? I always hated his looks, d'ye see. Not gone, ha? What is he to do here? Will he stay in London? Can't Mr. Catlin do something for him? He'd be just a good hand now, to help you here, Daniel—to explain: you can't always be here—there should be two of you. He comes here occasionally?"

"Oh, yes, he's here every day,"

"Well, look ye, Daniel, I'll call again and see Mr. Catlin about it. Something should be done. Mr. Catlin is a good fellow I know. I want a long talk with him; he shall

know my whole mind on this affair. I can't stay now—I must go; but what a pity—ha, Daniel! Good day.”

“Good day.”

She was very near discovering me as she turned round and passed my door; but Daniel smiled after she had gone out, and said he was quite sure she had not seen me, as he had kept her conversation directed to him, so that she should not turn her face round suddenly on me.

I was sorry that I had overheard this dialogue; but, as it had fallen thus into my possession, I resolved to make the most prudent use of it, believing it to contain the sum total of all she wished to say in her “long talk” with me; and I directed Daniel, when she should call to see me, to announce me “out of town,” and himself to engross all that she had to say, saving me from entering again upon an unpleasant subject, which I considered now at an end.

Thus continued my labours and Daniel's, each one in his department, for three months or more after the Indians had left, by which time my large work was ready for publication (like the first one, “to be published by the Author, at the Egyptian Hall, price five guineas in printed tints, and eight guineas coloured), with a subscription-list headed by the illustrious names of—

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
 LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH,
 THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,
 THE KING OF THE BELGIANS,
 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
 AND MANY OF THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND.

The Emperor of Russia was at this time paying his visit to the Queen of England; and my dear wife and myself took the occasion of the grand pageant when the Emperor, with Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington, reviewed 10,000 troops at Windsor, to obtain a view of his Imperial Majesty, which we did during the review, and, still more to

our satisfaction, after it was over, from behind the post of the gate opening into the great park, where we had stationed ourselves, and where his Imperial Majesty passed within reach of us. When the Emperor and suite had passed by, I suddenly perceived in the passing thron'g J. W. Webb, Esq., editor of the 'New York Inquirer,' and endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to overtake him.

A few days after this, the Honourable Mr. Murray was kind enough to deliver to the Emperor the copy of my work subscribed for by his Majesty; and, in a few weeks after that, sent me the following very flattering communication :—

" Dear Sir,

" Buckingham Palace, June 14th, 1844.

" The Emperor of Russia, having inspected your PORTFOLIO OF INDIAN HUNTING AND OTHER SCENES, was so much pleased with their spirit and execution, that he desired Count Orloff to send me a gold snuff-box, to be presented to you as a mark of his Majesty's gratification derived from the efforts of your pencil.

" I acquit myself of this agreeable commission by sending you here-with a Russian box of gold and blue enamel, set in pearls, which will, I trust, prove to you a gratifying reminiscence of the Emperor's visit to England.

" I am, my dear Sir,

" Very faithfully yours,

" To Geo. Catlin, Esq."

" C. A. MURRAY.

This most gratifying testimony of the Emperor's satisfaction with my work was unexpected by me; and future pages will show that I received evidences equally flattering from their Majesties the King of the French and the King of the Belgians.

My large work being now published in London, and, like my former one, kindly noticed and highly approved by the press, I felt as if my labours in England were coming near to a close; and, having a little leisure, I was drawing my little children (of whom I now had four) nearer to me than ever, and with my dear Clara was endeavouring to see the remainder of the sights of London before our departure for our native land. This desired event was yet to be delayed a little, however,

by a circumstance that I must here narrate, not to leave the reader in the dark as to the curious incidents and impulses of this transatlantic part of my chequered life.

About this period occurred an unparalleled destruction of life at sea: the "Solway" and other noble vessels striking on sunken rocks, and going down in smooth water in sight of land, and hundreds of human beings sinking with them to eternity. Human invention, roused by human sympathy, was everywhere labouring to devise means for the preservation of life in such cases; and my brain, like the brains of hundreds of others, was busy in the same cause, when a plan suddenly suggested itself, which appeared more practicable the more I contemplated it. I deliberated on it much, and threw in my own way all the arguments I could possibly raise against it; and amongst them, as the strongest, the blind and deaf enthusiasm, which leads too many inventors to ruin. No objections that I then raised or can yet raise, however, have created in my mind a doubt of the feasibility of my plan, or of its immense and never-ending importance to the human race. And, as the sequel will show, I give the following information concerning it to the world, not on my own account, but for those who may possibly be benefited by it, or whom it may in any way concern.

On mature deliberation I decided, like other inventors, to avail myself of a patent for my discovery; and, with that view, called upon a patent-agent, who had been recommended to me by the highest authority. On stating to him the object of my visit, I was invited to a private room, where he stated that it was necessary that he should hear a distinct description of my invention before he could tell whether it was new, and whether it was a fitting subject of a patent. I replied as follows:—"I believe, Sir, that there is but one effectual way of saving the lives of the greater number of persons on board steamers and other vessels sinking or burning at sea, and that an invention applicable, for such a purpose, to all vessels (as there is never to be an end to the increase of vessels and exposure

of life on the ocean) would be of the greatest importance to mankind, and would most richly repay the inventor. A plan has suggested itself to me which I think will have this effect; and if, after hearing it explained, you should decide that it is new and of sufficient consideration, I beg you to procure me a patent for it as soon as it can be obtained."

I then proceeded—"The patent I should ask for would be for '*disengaging and floating quarter-decks of steamers and other vessels for the purpose of saving human lives at sea.*' These I would propose to build of solid timber or other material, resting upon and answering all the purposes of quarter-decks; and, in case of the sinking of a vessel, to be disengaged by means which I would set forth in the specification, and capable of floating, as rafts, with all the passengers and crew upon them. These rafts might easily be made of sufficient strength to resist the force of the most violent sea; and their shape being such as to prevent them from capsizing, there would be little difficulty in preserving life for many days upon them. They might be made to contain within them waterproof cases of sheet iron or tin, to carry provisions and liquors, and also rockets for signals, valuable papers, money, &c.; and, when driven on shore, would float safely over a reef, where vessels and life-boats go to pieces and the greatest loss of life generally takes place. In case of a vessel on fire at sea, when it should be found that all exertions to extinguish the flames were unavailing, all hands might retreat to the quarter-deck, and the vessel be scuttled and sunk by slinging a gun and firing a shot through her bottom, or by other means; and as she goes down the flames of course are extinguished, and her passengers and crew, and valuables, might be saved on the raft, as I have described."

When I had thus explained the nature of my invention, I asked the agent whether he considered it new, and fit to be patented, to which he at once replied, "You may rely on it, Sir, it is entirely new: nothing of the kind has been

patented; and it is a subject for which I think I can get you what we call a 'clean patent.'" Upon this I at once authorized him to proceed and procure the patent in the quickest manner possible, saying that the money required for it should be ready as fast as he should call for it. After this, and in further conversation about it, he said, "I think remarkably well of the invention, and, though I am not in the habit of giving encouragement to my employers, I say to you, frankly, that I believe that when we have obtained the patent, the Admiralty will buy it out of your hands and give it for the benefit of the world at large."

Being thus authorized, he proceeded, and the patent was obtained in the space of two months, and for which I paid him the sum of 130*l*. After I had received my patent, I met a friend, Mr. R——, to whom I explained the nature of my invention; and, when I had got through, he asked me who had been my agent in the business, and I told him; to which he replied that it was very strange, as he believed that a friend of his, a Captain Oldmixon, had procured a patent, in London, for a similar thing, some five or six years before. He said he was quite confident that it was the same thing, for he had heard him say a great deal about it, and recollected his having advertised and performed an experiment on a vessel in the river below the city; and advised me to call on my agent and put the question to him. I did so, and he referred to the published lists of patents for ten or twelve years back, and assured me that no such name was on the list of patentees, and that I might rest satisfied that no such patent had ever been taken out.

I then returned to my friend Mr. R——, and informed him of this, telling him that he *must* be mistaken. To which he replied, "No; since you have been absent I have recollected more. I have found the address of Captain Oldmixon's attorney who procured the patent for him, which I give you; and I wish you would call on him, and he will correct me if I am wrong."

I took the address and called on the attorney, whom

I found in his office. I asked him if he had taken out a patent for Captain Oldmixon five or six years ago, and he replied that he had. I asked him if he would be kind enough to tell me the nature of it, and he instantly replied that it was for "disengaging and floating quarter-decks for saving life." I then asked him if he had completed his patent by putting in his specification, and he replied that he had, and that if I would ask for it in a registry of patents in Chancery-lane I could see it. I then inquired if it had been published in the manner that the law requires, and he assured me it had. He further stated that he had been for several years, and still was, engaged with it for Captain Oldmixon before the Committee on Shipwrecks, with a prospect of getting the Admiralty to take it up. With this information I returned immediately to my agent, and, having explained it to him, he accompanied me to the registry in Chancery-lane, where, on being asked if they had the specification of a patent in the name of Captain Oldmixon, one of the clerks instantly replied "Yes," and unrolled it upon the counter.

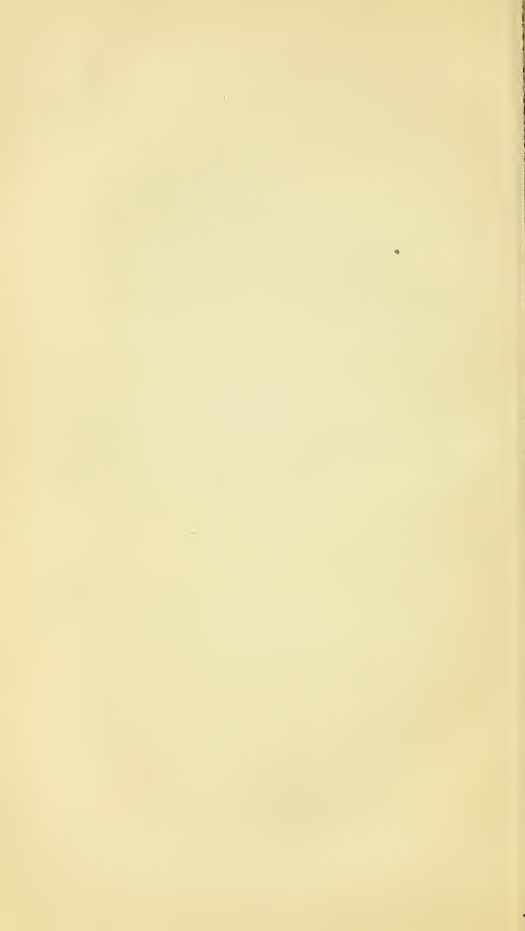
I read it over, and, finding it almost word for word like my own, and the invention exactly the same, I said to my agent, "I have nothing more to say or to do, but to go home and attend to my business." Nor have I ever taken further pains about it. My agent, at a subsequent period, wrote me a letter, expressing his regret that such a thing should have happened, and enclosing a 10*l.* note, the amount, he said, of his fees; stating that the rest had all been paid into different offices, for which there was no remedy.

I have mentioned the above circumstance, as forming one of the many instances of ill luck that have been curiously mixed with the incidents of my life; and also to show the world how much circumspection and caution are necessary in guarding one's interest, even amidst the well-regulated rules and formalities of this great and glorious country.

Captain Oldmixon has my hearty wishes for the success of his invention; and I hope that my allusion to it in the above manner will do him no injury, but may be the cause of turning the attention of the world towards it as a means of benefiting the human race.

I have informed the reader already that, just before completing the above adventure, the Ojibbeways having left London, and my large work being published to the world, I was turning my eyes to my native country again, where, with my little ones and my collection, I was preparing to go; but even this *was not to be* as we had designed it, for it was announced, just then, that another party of fourteen Indians had arrived in Liverpool, and were on their way to the metropolis! Life has its chapters, like the chapters of a book; and our days are like the leaves we turn in reading it. We peruse one page ignorant of what is contained in the next; and, as the chapters of life are often suddenly cut short, so this chapter of my book must end here; and the reader will start with me afresh, in a second volume, which commences with a new enterprise.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.—(A.)

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN MUSEUM.

THE following are a few of the very numerous eulogiums which the Press has passed upon the merits of this Collection, in England, France, and the United States, where it has been exhibited.

LONDON PRESS.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MR. CATLIN'S object in visiting England with his Indian Gallery, it would seem, is to sell his collection to our Government, and we most sincerely hope that his reliance on the magnanimity of the British people will not be disappointed. As a man of science, of enterprise, and of true philanthropy, he is justly entitled to be considered as a citizen of the world; and, although he reflects especial honour upon the intelligent nation to which he is so proud to declare that he owes his birth, yet, for that very reason, we are confident, a generous feeling will universally exist to receive him with liberality here.

But, leaving the worthy artist's own interests completely out of the question, and in the cause of science casting aside all party feeling, we submit to Lord Melbourne, to Sir Robert Peel, to Lord Lansdowne, to Sir R. Inglis, and to all who are deservedly distinguished among us as the liberal patrons of the fine arts, that Mr. Catlin's Indian collection is worthy to be retained in this country as the record of a race of our fellow-creatures whom we shall very shortly have swept from the face of the globe. Before that catastrophe shall have arrived, it is true, a few of our countrymen may occasionally travel among them; but it cannot be expected that any artist of note should again voluntarily reside among them for seven years, as competent as Mr. Catlin, whose slight, active, sinewy frame has peculiarly fitted him for the physical difficulties attendant upon such an exertion.

Considering the melancholy fate which has befallen the Indian race, and which overhangs the remnant of these victims to our power, it would surely be discreditable that the civilized world should, with heartless apathy, decline to preserve and to transmit to posterity Mr. Catlin's graphic delineation of them ; and if any nation on earth should evince a desire to preserve such a lasting monument, there can be no doubt that there exists none better entitled to do so than the British people ; for with feelings of melancholy satisfaction, we do not hesitate to assert that throughout our possessions on the continent of America, we have, from the first moment of our acquaintance with them to the present hour, invariably maintained their rights, and at a very great expense have honestly continued to pay them their annual presents, for which we have received from them, in times of war as well as of peace, the most unequivocal marks of their indelible gratitude. Their respect for our flag is unsullied by a reproach—their attachment to our sovereign is second only in their breasts to the veneration with which they regard their "Great Spirit"—while the names of Lord Dalhousie, of Sir Peregrine Maitland, and of Sir John Colborne, who for many years respectively acted towards them as their father and as their friend, will be affectionately repeated by them in our colonies until the Indian heart has ceased to beat there, and until the Red Man's language has ceased to vibrate in the British "wilderness of this world." Although European diseases, and the introduction of ardent spirits, have produced the lamentable effects we have described, and although as a nation we are not faultless, yet we may fairly assert and proudly feel that the English government has at least made every possible exertion to do its duty towards the Indians ; and that there has existed no colonial secretary of state who has not evinced that anxiety to befriend them which, it is our duty to say, particularly characterized the administration of the amiable and humane Lord Glenelg.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery, Egyptian Hall.—We have now to announce the opening of this exhibition, from visits to which every class of the community, old as well as young, will reap much instruction and gratification. Having recently described, from an American journal, Mr. Catlin's seven or eight years' sojourn among the red races of North America, we need now only say that his representation of them, their country, their costumes, their sports, their religious ceremonies, and in short their manners and customs, so as to enable us to form a complete idea of them, is deserving of the utmost praise. There are above 500 subjects in these spacious rooms, from a wigwam to a child's rattle ; and everything belonging to the various Indian tribes are before the spectator in their actual condition and integrity. There are, besides, a multitude of portraits of the leading warriors, &c. &c., and other pictures of dances, ball-play, ambuscading, fighting ; and the whole supplying by far the most ample and accurate history of them that has

ever been published to the world. No book of travels can approach these realities; and after all we had read of the red men, we confess we are astonished at the many new and important points connected with them which this Gallery impressed upon us. We saw more distinctly the links of resemblance between them and other early and distant people; and we had comparisons suggested of a multitude of matters affecting the progress of mankind all over the earth, and alike illustrated by similitudes and dissimilarities. Indeed the philosophical inquirer will be delighted with this exhibition, whilst the curious child of seven years of age will enjoy it with present amusement and lasting instruction.

THE ATHENÆUM.

The Indian Gallery.—This is the collection mentioned heretofore by our American correspondent (No. 609), and a most interesting one it is. It contains more than 300 portraits of distinguished Indians, men and women of different tribes, all painted from life; and in many instances the identical dress, weapons, &c. are exhibited which they wore when their portraits were taken; and 200 other paintings, representing Indian customs, games, hunting-scenes, religious ceremonies, dances, villages, and said to contain above 3000 figures: in brief, it is a pictorial history of this interesting and fast-perishing race. It includes, too, a series of views of the Indian country; and we have seen nothing more curious than some of the scenes on the Upper Missouri and Mississippi, the general accuracy of which is beyond question. Mr. Catlin has spent seven years in wandering among the various tribes, for the sole purpose of perfecting this collection. As he observes, "it has been gathered, and every painting has been made from nature, by my own hand; and that, too, when I have been paddling my canoe or leading my packhorse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of life. The world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them as they have been intended, as true and fac-simile traces of individual and historical facts, and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition as works of art."

The value of this collection is increased by the fact that the red men are fast perishing, and will probably, before many years have passed, be an extinct race. If proof of this were wanting, we have it in the facts recorded in the catalogue, of the devastation which the smallpox has lately spread among them. Of one tribe, the hospitable and friendly Mandans, as Mr. Catlin calls them, 2000 in number when he visited them and painted their pictures, living in two permanent villages on the Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi, not one now exists! In 1837 the smallpox broke out among them, and only thirty-five were left alive; these were subsequently destroyed by a hostile tribe, which took possession of their villages: and thus, within a few months, the race became extinct—not a human being is believed to have escaped.

THE ART-UNION.

Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Circumstances have hitherto prevented our noticing this most admirable exhibition ; but we have examined it in all its parts with very minute attention, and have been highly gratified, as well as much informed, by doing so. Mr. Catlin's collection is by no means to be classed among the ephemeral amusements of the day ; it is a work of deep and permanent interest. Perceiving that the rapid destruction of the aboriginal tribes by war, disease, and the baneful influence of spirituous liquors, would soon cause all traces of the red men to be lost, Mr. Catlin determined on proceeding through their still untrodden wildernesses, for the purpose of gaining an intimate acquaintance with their manners and customs, and of procuring an exact delineation of their persons, features, ceremonies, &c., all which he has faithfully and perfectly accomplished at no small hazard of life and limb. It was not a common mind that could have conceived so bold a project, nor is he a common man who has so thoroughly accomplished it.

The arms, dresses, domestic implements, &c. &c. collected by the industry of this most energetic of explorers are precisely as they have been manufactured and used by their Indian owners, and form a collection which every succeeding year will render more and more valuable. The portraits of distinguished warriors, &c., the representations of religious ceremonies, war-dances, buffalo-hunts, &c. &c., are depicted by Mr. Catlin himself, and that with a force and evident truth that bring the whole detail of Indian life in eloquent reality before the eyes of the spectator. We have no hesitation in saying that this gallery supplies the most effective and valuable means for acquiring an exact acquaintance with the great American continent that has ever been offered to the hunger and thirst after knowledge, so prevailing a characteristic of the age. Mr. Catlin is about to publish the details of his eight years' sojourn among the interesting people with whom his portraitures have made us so familiar ; and we have no doubt that this work will render the stores of information he has opened to us in his gallery entire and complete. As works of art their merit depends chiefly on their accuracy, of which no doubt can be entertained.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Mr. Catlin's Gallery of North American Indians.—Of all the exhibitions that have been brought forward for the amusement of the public, we must give this of Mr. Catlin the preference in every point of view ; it possesses not only present but future interest, for perhaps not many generations may flourish and fade before nearly the whole of the aboriginal tribes will be wholly extirpated. Wherever the imprint of the white man's foot has flattened the grass of the prairie, it may be looked upon as an ominous token to the unsuspecting native. The broad lands of the owners of the soil

are daily passing into the hands of the stranger, and desolation comes where lowly comfort dwelt.

As historical records, these pictures, from the faithful pencil of Mr. Catlin, are invaluable, inasmuch as they may be considered, in all probability, the last and almost the only authentic remains of ancient tribes, that are slowly but surely leaving nothing but a name behind.

THE TIMES.

Mr. Catlin's North American Indian Gallery.—A very curious exhibition is opened in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It consists of above 500 portraits, landscapes, views of combats, religious ceremonies, costumes, and many other things illustrative of the manners and customs, and modes of living and of battle, &c. of the different tribes of North American Indians. Some of these pictures are exceedingly interesting, and form a vast field for the researches of the antiquary, the naturalist, and the philosopher. The numerous portraits are full of character; they exhibit an almost endless variety of feature, though all bearing a generical resemblance to each other. The views of combats are very full of spirit, and exhibit modes of warfare and destruction horribly illustrative of savage life. The method of attacking buffaloes and other monsters of the plains and forests are all interesting; the puny process of a fox-chace sinks into insignificance when compared with the tremendous excitement occasioned by the grappling of a bear or the butting of a bison. These scenes are all accurately depicted, not in the finished style of modern art, but with a vigour and fidelity of outline, which arises from the painter having actually beheld what he transmits to canvas. The most curious portion of this exhibition is, however, the representations of the horrible religious ceremonies of several of the Indian tribes, and the probationary trials of those who aspire to be the leaders amongst them. These representations disclose the most abhorrent and execrable cruelties. They show to what atrocities human nature can arrive where the presence of religious knowledge is not interposed to prevent its career. The exhibition also contains tents, weapons, dresses, &c. of the various tribes visited by Mr. Catlin. These are curious, but of secondary importance. The catalogue, which is to be had at the exhibition-room, is a very interesting *brochure*, and will afford a great deal of novel but important information.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

The Aboriginal Tribes of North America.—A pictorial exhibition of a singularly interesting description has just been opened in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It consists of portraits, landscapes, costumes, and other representations of the persons, manners, and customs of the North American

Indians, painted by Mr. Catlin, an American artist, during eight years' travel amongst their various tribes.

On Monday a numerous assemblage, comprising many distinguished members of the fashionable as well as the literary world, visited this extraordinary collection, and listened with the utmost curiosity and interest to the details and explanations given by Mr. Catlin in illustration of some of its most remarkable objects.

Mr. Catlin modestly apologizes for the unfinished character of his pictures, considered as works of art. They are sketches rapidly and roughly executed, as might be expected from the circumstances under which they were made; but they are freely drawn with a strong tone of colour; and being drawn and coloured immediately from nature, there is a graphic truthfulness about them which places, as it were, the very objects themselves before the eye of the spectator, and fills the imagination with images of these ancient lords of the western continent, now reduced to scattered remnants and fast disappearing from the earth, a thousand times more distinct and vivid than could be produced by volumes of description.

THE MORNING POST.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This is a very extraordinary collection, consisting of an immense number of portraits, landscapes, costumes, and representations of the manners and customs of the North American Indians, among whom the artist-collector travelled for eight years, extending his researches through forty-eight tribes, the majority of whom speak different languages. The long room on the groundfloor of the Egyptian Hall is covered from the roof to the floor, and nearly the floor itself, by some thousands of specimens, real as well as pictorial, of these interesting races, many of whom are now, alas! nearly extinguished, under the civilizing influences of fire-water, smallpox, and the exterminating policy of the government of the United States, in which treachery has recently played a counterpart to the most gratuitous despotism. "I have seen them in their own villages," says Mr. Catlin, "have carried my canvas and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c. from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the gallery."

The collection contains 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes in the British, United States, and Mexican territories; and 200 other paintings descriptive of river, mountain, forest, and prairie scenes; the village games, festivals, and peculiar customs and superstitions of the natives, exhibiting in all above 3000 figures; all, Mr. Catlin assures us, were taken from nature, and all by his own hand! a truly Herculean undertaking, and evidently sustained by an enthusiastic spirit, as well as a share of unconquerable perseverance, such as falls to the lot of few artists in any country to boast of.

THE MORNING POST.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This valuable collection of portraits, landscapes, scenes from savage life, weapons, costumes, and an endless variety of illustrations of Indian life, real as well as pictorial, continues to attract crowds of spectators. We are happy to find our prediction fully borne out by fact, that the exhibition only required to be fully made known to the public to be properly appreciated. The most pleasing attention is paid by Mr. Catlin and his assistants to gratify the curiosity of visitors, to point out to notice the peculiarities of the various subjects through which they wander, and to explain everything which strikes the eye and attracts the observer to inquire into its use or meaning. During our visit on Saturday the company were startled by a yell, and shortly afterwards by the appearance of a stately chief of the Crow Indians stalking silently through the room, armed to the teeth and painted to the temples, wrapped up in a buffalo robe, on which all his battles were depicted, and wearing a tasteful coronet of war-eagle's quills. This personation was volunteered by the nephew of Mr. Catlin, who has seen the red man in his native wilds, and presents the most proud and picturesque similitude that can be conceived of the savage warrior. His war-whoop, his warlike appearance and dignified movements seem to impress the assemblage more strikingly with a feeling of the character of the North American Indian than all the other evidences which crowded the walls. Subsequently he appeared in another splendid costume, worn by the braves of the Mandan tribe, also remarkable for its costly and magnificent head-dress, in which we see "the horns of power" assume a conspicuous place. The crowds that gathered around him on each occasion were so dense that Mr. Catlin could scarcely find space to explain the particulars of the costumes; but we are glad to find he is preparing a central stage where all may enjoy a full and fair sight of "the Red Man" as he issues from his wigwam, clad in the peculiar robe and ornaments of his tribe, to fight, hunt, smoke, or join in the dances, festivals, and amusements peculiar to each nation.

THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER.

Indian Knowledge of English Affairs.—Mr. Catlin, in one of his lectures on the manners and customs of the North American Indians, during the last week, related a very curious occurrence, which excited a great deal of surprise and some considerable mirth amongst his highly respectable and numerous audience. Whilst speaking of the great and warlike tribe of Sioux or Dahcotas, of 40,000 or 50,000, he stated that many of this tribe, as well as of several others, although living entirely in the territory of the United States, and several hundred miles south of her Majesty's possessions, were found cherishing a lasting friendship for the English, whom they denominate Saganosh. And in very many instances they are to be seen wearing

about their necks large silver medals, with the portrait of George III. in bold relief upon them. These medals were given to them as badges of merit during the last war with the United States, when these warriors were employed in the British service.

The lecturer said that whenever the word Saganosh was used, it seemed to rouse them at once; that on several occasions when Englishmen had been in his company as fellow-travellers, they had marked attentions paid them by these Indians as Saganoshes. And on one occasion, in one of his last rambles in that country, where he had painted several portraits in a small village of Dahcotas, the chief of the band positively refused to sit, alleging as his objection that the Pale-faces, who were not to be trusted, might do some injury to his portrait, and his health or his life might be affected by it. The painter, as he was about to saddle his horse for his departure, told the Indian that he was a Saganosh, and was going across the Big Salt Lake, and was very sorry that he could not carry the picture of so distinguished a man. At this intelligence the Indian advanced, and after a hearty grip of the hand, very carefully and deliberately withdrew from his bosom, and next to his naked breast, a large silver medal, and turning his face to the painter, pronounced with great vehemence and emphasis the word Sag-a-nosh! The artist, supposing that he had thus gained his point with the Indian Sagamore, was making preparation to proceed with his work, when the Indian still firmly denied him the privilege—holding up the face of his Majesty (which had got a superlative brightness by having been worn for years against his naked breast), he made this singular and significant speech:—"When you cross the Big Salt Lake, tell my Great Father that you saw his face, and it was bright!" To this the painter replied, "I can never see your Great Father, he is dead!" The poor Indian recoiled in silence, and returning his medal to his bosom, entered his wigwam, at a few paces distant, where he seated himself amidst his family around his fire, and deliberately lighting his pipe, passed it around in silence.

When it was smoked out he told them the news he had heard, and in a few moments returned to the traveller again, who was preparing with his party to mount their horses, and inquired whether the Saganoshes had no chief. The artist replied in the affirmative, saying that the present chief of the Saganoshes is a young and very beautiful woman. The Sagamore expressed great surprise and some incredulity at this unaccountable information; and being fully assured by the companions of the artist that his assertion was true, the Indian returned again quite hastily to his wigwam, called his own and the neighbouring families into his presence, lit and smoked another pipe, and then communicated the intelligence to them, to their great surprise and amusement; after which he walked out to the party about to start off, and advancing to the painter (or Great Medicine, as they called him) with a sarcastic smile on his face, in due form, and with much grace and effect, he carefully withdrew again from his bosom the polished silver medal, and turning the face of it to the painter, said, "Tell

my Great Mother that you saw our Great Father, and that we keep his face bright!"

THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER.

North American Indians.—An exhibition has been opened consisting of portraits, landscapes, costumes, implements of war, articles of commerce, and a variety of curiosities, illustrating the manners, habits, and customs of forty-eight different tribes of the North American Indians. The collection, which must prove highly interesting to all who take an interest in the various modes of life existing among our fellow-creatures in the different states and stages of savage life, or comparative civilization, consists of 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different Indian tribes, and 200 other paintings descriptive of Indian countries, villages, sports, and pastimes; the whole of which were painted by Mr. Catlin during a residence of eight years among the different tribes. An additional interest is given to the paintings by the various implements used by the natives, such as bows, arrows, tomahawks, and scalping knives. There are even human scalps, which illustrate one of the paintings representing the scalp dance, in which the victors of one tribe exhibit, in one of their war dances, the scalps of another whom they have vanquished. Among the most spirited of the paintings, as works of art, may be enumerated those of the voluntarily inflicted torments to which some of the tribes subject themselves as proofs of their courage; those of the buffalo hunts, buffalo fights, and of the prairies, which are all highly characteristic productions. In speaking of the different items of interest in this exhibition, Mr. Catlin and the cicerone should not be forgotten, as they amuse the visitors with many of those interesting personal anecdotes which travellers always abound in.

THE SPECTATOR.

CATLIN'S Indian Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is a museum of the various tribes of North American Indians.

Mr. Catlin is an enterprising American artist, who has devoted eight years to the delineation of scenes and persons, and the collection of objects to form a permanent record of the characteristic features and customs of the different tribes of Indians in North America, now fast becoming extinct by the combined operation of smallpox, spirit-drinking, and war. The walls of a room 106 feet in length are entirely covered with portraits of Indian men, women, and children, in their respective costumes, some small whole-lengths, others busts the life-size, to the number of 310; and 200 views of landscape scenery, native villages, games, customs, and hunting-scenes, all painted on the spot. Besides the pictures, the dresses worn by several tribes, and a numerous collection of weapons, pipes, ornaments, &c., are arranged round the room; and in the centre is set up a wigwam of the "Crow"

tribe, a conical tent twenty-five feet high, made of buffalo-skins, dressed and painted, supported by thirty poles meeting at the top, and capable of sheltering eighty persons.

To attempt anything like a detailed description of the contents of such a museum would require a volume; to characterize it generally in our limited space is difficult. It would require hours of attentive study to become fully acquainted with the multifarious articles. The several tribes are distinguished in the catalogue: the dresses are all so fantastic, and the physiognomies so varied, that it would be difficult to class them.

The dances and other amusements appear anything but gamesome; and the religious ceremonies of the Mandans, of which there are four scenes, are horrible in the extreme. It is their annual custom to assemble the young men in the "Medicine" or "Mystery" Lodge—the medicine-men are a sort of mixture of the doctor, priest, and sorcerer—and after being starved for four days and nights, they are tortured in the most cruel manner to test their powers of endurance. The animal character, sharpened and sometimes ennobled by the influence of moral qualities, is strongly expressed in all the heads.

The scenery on the Missouri and Mississippi is remarkable for the mixture of beauty and desolation, and an appearance of cultivation in the wildest parts. Mr. Catlin's views bear the impress of fidelity that belongs to pictures painted on the spot; and their freshness and characteristic spirit more than atone for any defects of execution. The scenes of buffalo-hunting are full of movement and energy; and the groups of Indians are sketched with so much life and action, that the scene appears to pass before you. Numerous certificates attest the accuracy of the portraits and views. The robes and the tent covering exhibit come curious specimens of the pictorial skill of the Indians, which reminds one of the Egyptian and Mexican paintings; the outline being strongly defined, and with attention to the characteristic points. The dresses are very tastefully decorated with heads, feathers, and skins; and the pipes, war-clubs, lances, bows, quivers, and shields are profusely ornamented: the cradles are really beautiful.

Mr. Catlin is about to publish an account of his expedition, in which the various objects in his museum will be more fully explained than in the catalogue; previously to which he intends giving a sort of lecture in the room descriptive of the people. In the mean time, a visit to this "Indian gallery" will give a more lively and distinct idea of the aborigines of North America, than a whole course of reading.

THE CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This is, we believe, the first time that the British public have had a fair opportunity, upon an extensive scale, of making themselves acquainted with the personal appearance of the various tribes of North American Indians, once constituting the noblest race of savages that are mentioned in history, but of late years sinking into all the depravity

which the wicked race of white traders has inflicted on them. These manly natives of the woods and prairies of America, "the red men," as they are properly denominated, are sinking fast in character, and gradually fading from human existence, through the sordid and base traffic of the "pale-faces," who drive an infamous trade by bartering the execrable "fire-waters" (rum and whisky) amongst these children of the wood, for the furs and other produce of their bunting expeditions. Once these vile poisons are swallowed by the aborigines, they lose all their manly and martial energies, become sottish, feeble, and enervated in mind and body, and appear as if conscious of their self-debasement.

With respect to the subjects of exhibition, they are chiefly portraits of the most noted chiefs of the various tribes that formerly roamed at large over the vast territory of which they were the natural proprietors. There are also some of the females of note and others in early life, who display attractions of feature and expression which would not discredit the most civilized people. Amongst the chiefs of greatest notoriety here is the celebrated chief "Black Hawk," on whose keen eye and determined brow "no compromise" is plainly written by the hand of nature. The eldest and second sons of this chief are here also, and are worthy of the sire from whom they sprung. There are also several other distinguished warriors of this tribe, which is denominated the Sacs (Sauskies). There also are distinguished chiefs and warriors of the following nations: the Konzas, Osages, Camanchees, Pawneepts, Sioux, Missouries, Mandans, Black Feet, A's-sin-ne-boins, Delawares, Choctaws, Cherokees, &c., amounting to some hundred portraits; besides views of fine scenery, buffalo-hunting, war and other dances; a variety of weapons, dresses, some scalps, a wigwam, &c. We hope soon to give a few interesting details.

ATLAS.

Catlin's Indian Gallery, Egyptian Hall.—A room 106 feet in length and of proportionate breadth and height, is occupied exclusively with this most interesting exhibition. Its pictorial portion consists of a vast series of portraits of the chiefs, the braves, the medicine-men, and squaws of the numerous tribes and nations of Indians—the aborigines of North America. Another lengthened series consists of landscape views of scenery, the rivers, mountains, and prairies—the homes and hunting-grounds of the Red Men. Illustrations of manners and customs, including some of the most curious and valuable portions of the gallery, form a third series of pictures, and these efforts of the pencil extend to upwards of 500. They are not offered as specimens of the art, although in that light they are by no means unworthy of attention, but as a pictorial history of nations about to be swept by the tide of civilization from the surface of the earth. As these bold sketches were executed in the wigwam, in the tent, in the steam-boat, in the forest, in the canoe, in storm and sunshine, amid strife and smoke,

and every possible variety of interruption and annoyance, their existence is a miracle, and the artist may be proud of the fire and spirit, the truth and energy, yes, and the freedom and power with which he has, under such circumstances conveyed to canvas the vivid impress of the ancient nobles of the forest and the prairie.

In eight years Mr. Catlin visited 48 tribes, including 300,000 Indians; has painted 310 portraits from life, and all the scenic accounts we have noticed. For the sake of the pictures, of the exhibition itself, which is intensely interesting, and yet more for the important lesson it teaches, we earnestly recommend the Indian Gallery to the attention of the reader.

THE BRITANNIA.

Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The suite of apartments composing this unique building has been opened for the exhibition of Catlin's Gallery of North American Indians, which comprises a museum of the various articles used in domestic life and in war by the aborigines who inhabit the Texas and adjoining country. Besides the articles of dress and ornament, the instruments of chase and warfare, the walls of the apartment are hung with a collection of 500 paintings, which represent the figures of living Indian chiefs, their battles, festivities, and domestic habits, as well as the scenery of the country in the "far west," and the animals which inhabit it, being a faithful representation of those distant regions.

At the farther end of the room is a wigwam of buffalo-hide, pitched in the manner in which the natives arrange it; namely, in the form of a tent, but somewhat more conical. The owner of this interesting exhibition, Mr. Catlin, spent several years among the Pawnee, Sioux, Crow, and other tribes, for the purpose of taking accurate delineations of the noble races of Indians who still wander through the extensive prairies in all their primary freedom and independence. The exhibition will amuse the mere loungeur as much as it will interest the curious and reflecting.

EAST INDIA CHRONICLE.

North American Indians.—Of late years Cooper's American novels, and various works of travels; and, more recently, the Hon. Mr. Murray's and Captain Marryat's attractive volumes, have deeply interested us respecting the Red Indians of North America, their derivation, manners, customs, &c. Mr. Catlin, however, who has devoted eight years of his life to these miscalled savage people, who are now rapidly fading away from the face of the earth, sad victims of oppression, European vice and European disease, is enlightening us still further upon the subject. He has opened an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in which are assembled (all of his own painting) about 500 portraits of Indian chiefs, warriors, squaws,

&c. ; landscapes and other scenes, illustrating their warlike and religious ceremonies, their customs, dances, buffalo hunts, &c. The portraits, many of them valuable even as works of art, excite a strong and vivid interest from the almost exhaustless variety and force of character which they display. Many of the heads are bold and highly intellectual, and remarkable for their phrenological developments. Several of the young squaws, too, have considerable pretensions to beauty, with abundance of archness, vivacity, and good humour. Then again there is an immense collection of their weapons, pipes, musical instruments, dresses, &c. ; amongst them a child's cradle, or whatever it may be termed, in which the women carry their children at their backs. It is impossible for persons of any age to find themselves otherwise than instructed and gratified by this exhibition. Besides what we have mentioned, Mr. Catlin lectures thrice a week in the evening, with the assistance of living figures for additional illustrations.

THE JOHN BULL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Mr. Catlin is an American artist, who, after eight years' toilsome travel, during which he visited forty-eight tribes of the aborigines of his native land, and traversed many thousands of miles, appearing to have crossed in nearly every direction the vast plains which lie between the semi-civilized border and the Rocky Mountains, has succeeded in forming a collection which he truly terms "unique," and which ought to be so secured by the purchase of some Government or other, as to be rendered what he fondly calls it, "imperishable." He thus explains the motives which induced him to undertake this labour:—"Having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians, and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full pictorial history of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages, I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a gallery, unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages."

A proof of the utility of his undertaking is the fact that one of the most singularly interesting tribes which he visited, the Mandans, who numbered 2000 souls in 1834, have been since wholly destroyed, not a remnant of their race left—name, and line, and language utterly extinct. Of the other tribes, too, many thousands have perished since the period of his visit by the smallpox, which deadly disease aweps them off by wholesale ; by the ardent spirits, still deadlier, introduced among them by the traders, and by war. The red man seems doomed to inevitable destruction ; and despite the philanthropist, no long period of time, it is to be feared, will elapse before he will exist only by the aid of the "brush and pen."

Mr. Catlin has made 310 portraits of distinguished individuals of the various tribes, and 200 other paintings illustrative of their manners, games, religious and other customs, as well as portraying some of the most remarkable scenery of the prairies and wilderness. They are roughly executed, but are the more valuable as being evidently faithful transcripts from the life. They occupy the entire of the large room of the Egyptian Hall, covering the walls on either side, whilst in the centre a long table is covered with Indian habiliments and weapons, which likewise hang with bears' and other skins in profusion from the ceiling, whilst the whole is crowned by a wigwam, a veritable wigwam, brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Will or can any one with a spark of curiosity, not to name enthusiasm, in his composition, begrudge a shilling for the sight?

THE COURT JOURNAL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We must confess that, after the many failures of exhibitions analogous to this, we did not go to it prepared either to be pleased or to glean from it any novelty of information; but we were most agreeably disappointed, and can assure our readers that a more attractive exercise for the mind could not well have been devised. We may, without hesitation, describe this immense collection of portraits, landscapes, costumes, and representations of manners and customs, as embracing a view of all the North American Indian tribes (resident in the British and Mexican territories, and those of the United States) now unexterminated! Out of the entire nations swept away by whiskey, smallpox, and the aggressions of the whites, about 300,000 souls remain; and of these the numbers become every year more and more reduced, so that ultimately we may calculate with certainty that they will

“Leave not a wreck behind.”

Under this impression Mr. Catlin has done well and wisely to “devote more than eight years of his life to the accomplishment of so great a design” as that of creating their pictorial history.

Mr. Catlin states that every painting has been made from nature, and by his own hand, many of them in the intervals of paddling a canoe, or leading a packhorse through trackless wilds, at the hazard of his life; that he has visited these people in their own villages, and painted their portraits (certificated by the United States authorities) on the spot.

The room in which this exhibition takes place is on the ground-floor of the Egyptian Hall, and is 106 feet in length. In the centre is a very handsome “Crow lodge or wigwam,” brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It is made of buffalo-skins garnished and painted. The pine-poles are thirty in number, and the interior will hold eighty persons. On a table near this tent are lances, calumets, tomahawks, scalping-knives, and scalps; and above, men's and women's dresses, bows, spears, shields,

moccasins, war-clubs, drums, &c. Around are hung the numerous paintings in oil, comprising portraits, landscapes, ceremonies, games, manual occupations, hunting excursions, councils, and feasts.

The portraits are very characteristic, the men being for the most part ugly, with one or two striking exceptions, and the young women remarkably handsome. The landscapes are clearly painted, and the ceremonies are very amusing in some instances and very horrible in others. Those which please us most are the hunting and travelling sketches, and one or two of "the fury of the fight!" For instance, No. 486, "Bogard, Batiste, and I, chasing a herd of buffalo in high grass, on a Missouri bottom," is one of the most spirited things that can be imagined; and so also is No. 471, "A Camanchee warrior lancing an Osage at full speed."

The great merit of these oil sketches is their manifest correctness, not to a line or the mere making out of a horse's head or some portion of dress, but to the action and the scene. Not only the portraits, but the landscapes and groups, have a certificate of identity.

We recommend to all the "Descriptive Catalogue," which is very amusing, and is necessary to the elucidation of customs and localities. At the private view to which we were invited on Tuesday there was a very numerous assemblage of persons of distinction.

NEW COURT GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This interesting exhibition consists chiefly of portraits of the most distinguished warriors and chiefs of the various tribes, besides views of fine scenery, buffalo hunting, war and other dances; a vast variety of weapons, dresses, some scalps, a wigwam, &c. The collection also contains some of the females of note, who display attractions of feature and expression which would not discredit the most civilized people. Amongst the chiefs of greatest notoriety here is the celebrated chief "Black Hawk." The eldest and second sons of this chief are here also, and are worthy of the sire from whom they sprung. There are several other distinguished warriors of this tribe and others, amounting to some hundred portraits. We can strongly recommend our readers to attend; they will then, for the first time, become acquainted with the real manners and customs of these "before-misrepresented people," who are fast sinking from the face of the earth.

LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery.—In visiting it, indeed, the town-bred admirer of the freedom and grandeur of "savage life" might find somewhat, at first sight, to feed his sentimental fancies. Round the room, on the walls, are portraits of Indians, remarkable specimens of the true animal

man; arrayed in their holiday dresses, tricked out in all the variety of savage fancy, and many of them as evidently and consciously "sitting for their portraits," as the most pedantic and affected superficialist of civilization. With these we have many glimpses of the scenery and state of existence connected with "life in the wilds." The far-stretching prairie; the noble river and its "reaches," and "bluffs," and waterfloods; the shaggy bison, whose tremendous aspect makes him fearful, even in the stillness of a picture; the more terrible grisly bear; the Indian "at home," and the the Indian "abroad," with stirring hunting scenes, enough to rouse one's blood, and to make an unfledged adventurer long to dash away, and try one's skill and courage in an encounter with horned monsters, or even that "ugly creature" before whom the "strongest bull goes down."

KIDD'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery, Egyptian Hall.—By a visit to this exhibition, every class of the community, old as well as young, will derive much instruction and gratification. Mr. Catlin's representation of the red races of North America, their country, their costumes, their sports, their religious ceremonies, and, in short, their manners and customs, so as to enable us to form a complete idea of them, is deserving of the utmost praise. There are above 500 subjects in these spacious rooms, from a wigwam to a child's rattle; and everything belonging to the various Indian tribes are before the spectator in their actual condition and integrity. There are, besides, a multitude of portraits of the leading warriors, &c., &c., and other pictures of dances, ball-play, ambuscading, fighting; the whole supplying by far the most ample and accurate history of them that has ever been published to the world. No book of travels can approach these realities; and after all we had read of the red men, we confess we are astonished at the many new and important points connected with them which this gallery impressed upon us. We saw more distinctly the links of resemblance between them and other early and distant people; and we had comparisons suggested of a multitude of matters affecting the progress of mankind all over the earth, alike illustrated by similitudes and dissimilitudes.

SCOTSMAN—EDINBURGH.

Mr. Catlin's Lectures on the North American Indians.—Numbers of fashionable persons still continue to attend the Rotunda to inspect the varied curiosities belonging to this interesting tribe. We have much pleasure in publishing the following testimonial from a gentleman well qualified to pronounce an opinion, on the remarkable fidelity and effect of Mr. Catlin's interesting and instructive exhibition:—

“Cottage, Haddington, 15th April, 1843.

“DEAR SIR,—I have enjoyed much pleasure in attending your lectures at the Waterloo Rooms in Edinburgh. Your delineations of the Indian character, the display of beautiful costumes, and the native Indian manners, true to the life, realised to my mind and view, scenes I had so often witnessed in the parts of the Indian countries where I had been; and for twenty years’ peregrinations in those parts, from Montreal to the Great Slave River north, and from the shores of the Atlantic, crossing the Rocky Mountains, to the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific Ocean, west, I had opportunities of seeing much. Your lectures and exhibition have afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction, and I shall wish you all that success which you so eminently deserve, for the rich treat which you have afforded in our enlightened, literary, and scientific metropolis.

“I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

“To George Catlin, Esq.”

“JOHN HALDANE.”

The following is an extract of a letter received some days since by a gentleman in Edinburgh, from Mr. James Hargrave, of the Hudson’s Bay Company, dated New York Factory, Hudson’s Bay, 10th December, 1842:—

“Should you happen to fall in with ‘Catlin’s Letters on the North American Indians,’ I would strongly recommend a perusal of them for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the habits and customs of those tribes among whom he was placed. Catlin’s sketches are true to life, and are powerfully descriptive of their appearance and character.”

UNITED STATES PRESS.

THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

Catlin’s Indian Gallery.—The conception and plan of this gallery are in a high degree ingenious and philosophical. While it seems to the careless visitor to be only a very animated representation of some of the most striking incidents in Indian life, it is in fact so contrived as to contain an intelligent and profound exposition of all that characterizes the savage in mind, in memory, and in manners; a revelation of the form and qualities of his understanding, of the shape and temper of his passions, of his religious impressions and the traditions which have given them their hue, and of the mingled ferocity and fun, barbarity and *bonhomie*, which streak his character. These are the matters that are brought out by a study of these pictures; and they show, on the part of the originator of this museum, a comprehension and reach of understanding which of themselves merit the name of genius. The execution is as happy as the purpose is judicious. No

artist in this country possesses a readier or more graphic pencil ; perhaps no one, since Hogarth, has had in so high a degree the faculty of seizing at a moment the true impression of a scene before his eyes, and transferring it to the canvas. And as a refined and finished portrait-painter, his large picture of Osceola alone sets him on a level with the most accomplished professors in any part of the States, and shows what eminence and what emolument might have been achieved by him had he devoted himself to that narrower branch of his art. The great and unshared merit of these sketches lies in the circumstance that there is nothing either in the grouping or the detail in anywise imaginary, but that every scene which his collection contains was copied by him from life, while the original was before him. Of the tribes thus represented, some have already, in the interval since these drawings, been entirely swept away from the earth, and it is plain that others, who escape that fate, will, as they are more nearly approached by the whites, lose much that is distinctive in their character and habits, and in a few, probably a very few years, the only memorial of the bravery, the sufferings, the toils, sports, customs, dresses, and decorations of the Indians, will be Catlin's Gallery.

We feel great pride in stating that Mr. Catlin is a native of Pennsylvania. His birthplace, we are informed, is the valley of the Wyoming. There, probably, he acquired that fondness for the free wild life of the huntsman and forester that has led him so far from the tame continuance of cities, and has made the privations of that remote existence tolerable. There, too, he must have imbibed in early youth that love of the chase, and that sympathy with its noble excitements, which has made him out of sight the best exhibitor of the sports of the West that ever yet employed pen or pencil in illustration of the magnificent diversions that gave a dash of sublimity to the occupation of those dwellers by the sources of the Father of Waters. We, too, have seen something of that stirring Western life, and have had a taste of its delights and dangers, though we pretend not to a tithe of the lore here brought out. We know, perhaps, enough to judge of what is well done in this department, and we can testify strongly to the prodigious superiority of Mr. Catlin in the conception of the hunting-scenes, in the appreciation and selection of its strongest points and most interesting moments, and in the vigour and power with which the whole is presented, over Mr. Irving. Mr. Irving's style is, at all times, nicer and more fastidious than suits our taste ; certainly it is too dainty to be capable of expressing the roughness and energy of those exhibitions. It may be that we ought not to have Indian life at all, but if we are to have it, let us have something of the heartiness and strength which make it what it is, and let there be some harmony between the subject and the manner. In Irving's dialect there are no terms for the utterance of what is most peculiar on those occasions ; the harp-like gentleness of his tones and regularity of his pauses cannot present the hurry, helter-skelter dash and drive of those impetuous onsets and those breathless contests. His descriptions of the buffalo-hunt remind us of Finden's engraving of a ragged peasant, wherein the ravelled coat seems

fringed with lace, and the cap seems tasselled with flakes of the ermine. Catlin brings forward the scene in all the rudness and the raciness of reality.

Upon the whole, Mr. Catlin has accomplished a work which will for ever associate his name in the highest rank of honour, with a subject that will interest the civilized world every year more and more through all coming time. We have learned with great regret that he will certainly take his museum to England in the course of a few weeks. We know too well how it will be valued there, to imagine that it will ever be permitted to come back.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We cannot notice this collection too often. It is one of those productions which illustrate, in an eminent degree, the observation of Playfair, that when the proper time has arrived for some great work to be performed, some individual is raised up by Providence whose position and character and capacity precisely fit him for accomplishing the design. For reasons that will be appreciated by the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the theologian, as well as considerations that address themselves to the curiosity of the man of general knowledge, it was particularly desirable that a full and authentic record should be given to the world of the national characteristics of a race whose history is so peculiar, whose condition is so curious, and whose speedy extinguishment is so certain, as those of the North American Indians. Accordingly, when it is plain that the moment has arrived beyond which the portraiture of their state cannot any longer be delayed, if it would be known that they are in that native predicament which has been in nowise modified by European intercourse, a man appears whose birth in a spot of which the traditions are so strongly interfused with the memory of the Indian (the Wyoming Valley), has caused his imagination to be deeply impressed, even from his earliest youth, by the character and actions of this people; who is endowed by nature with the hand and eye of a painter, and who passes through a professional education which advances his talent to the skill of an accomplished artist, and who has inherited a fortitude of spirit, an elevation of purpose, and a vigour of limb, which render him competent to encounter the dangers, the discouragements, and the difficulties which of necessity lie along the path to the object in question. The man is willing to devote the best years of his life to the task of working out a great picture of those tribes of savages which are separated by 2000 miles from the farthest settlement of his nation.

One of the most remarkable tribes which has yet been found on this continent was that of the Mandans. They were more advanced in the knowledge of domestic comforts, and were distinguished for more intelligence and a higher sense of honour than any of their brethren. They possessed certain very extraordinary and interesting annual religious celebrations,

which were in part a commemoration of the Deluge, and contained, amongst other things, an allusion to the twig which the dove brought back from Noah to the earth. Mr. Catlin was the first white man who was ever admitted to inspect these ceremonies in the sacred hall in which they were performed for four days. He made several large and very copious paintings of the scenes which were presented to him; and he sketched almost all that was striking in the character of this tribe. The next year the whole of this nation was swept away by the smallpox; not an individual man, woman, or child survives; and the world possesses no other knowledge of this people or their traditions than is contained in these pictures in the gallery of Catlin. Fortunately they present us with as full and satisfactory a representation as could be desired.

We believe that all who have visited this collection have formed but one opinion as to its interest and excellence. We would remind our readers that this gallery will remain open for their inspection but a short time longer before its final removal to England.

Mr. Catlin's Gallery of Indian Paintings.—We congratulate our citizens on the opportunity they have now presented to them of witnessing the results of Mr. Catlin's labours and travels among the tribes of Aborigines inhabiting the Rocky Mountains and the prairies of "the far West." Mr. Catlin spent many years among these tribes, at the imminent risk of his life, and at an incalculable cost of comfort, solely with the view of taking likenesses and sketches from life and nature, and of representing these "children of the forest" in their own peculiar costumes, and as he found them in their own native wilds.

Of the accuracy of his likenesses we have the most undoubted testimony; and of the sketches of scenery, dances, hunting parties, &c., we may venture to say they are graphic, bold, and free. We know of nothing from which one who has never seen the Indian in his untamed character can derive so accurate a knowledge of these fast-disappearing natives of the soil as from this gallery.

We would throw in a word in favour of the young—let them by all means see this gallery.

THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY MESSENGER.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—Mr. Catlin's gallery of Indian pictures and curiosities has recently been opened at the Arcade for the inspection of the citizens of Philadelphia. In common with other lovers of amusement, we have visited this collection, and have found that it fully justifies whatever has been said by those who visited it in Boston and New York, and described it as the most surprising, entertaining, and instructive exhibition which the efforts of American genius have ever brought before the country. . . .

In this stage of human knowledge Catlin resolved to devote the labours

of his life to exploring the condition, customs, character, and conduct of this people, and to bring home a record of their being, which should be to the world a possession for ever. He has fulfilled this purpose. He has lifted the veil on which was written "ignorance," and he has shown to his countrymen the peculiarities of a life which is competent to instruct philosophy with conclusions that it has never dreamt of, and entertain curiosity beyond the compass of the wildest fables.

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING POST.

The subjects of Mr. Catlin's pencil, his histories and delineations, are of a noble race. The Camanchees, the Mandans, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows, Assiniboins, Omahaws, &c. &c., who have not yet sunk beneath the withering associations of white people, who on their native prairies stalk with noble pride and independence, who manufacture their own dresses from the skins of the mountain sheep and buffalo, and use their spears, bows and arrows, in preference to fire-arms, and with courtly pride and hospitality welcomed the artist, and honoured him for his talents of delineation, as a nobleman of nature, infinitely superior to the mercenary race of traders and Indian agents, who plunder and cheat them when opportunity offers.

The Indian is truly fortunate in having so faithful and industrious a champion, historian, and painter as Mr. Catlin, who will no doubt rescue their name from the mass of trading libellers that have so long corrupted and then slandered them. With a remarkable assiduity and perseverance he has devoted many years of his life, and much pecuniary means, in preparing a magnificent collection of their dresses, instruments, ornaments, portraits, &c. For ourselves, we anticipate one of the most original and curious works that has been issued from the press for many years, for Mr. Catlin has struck out a new path to fame and fortune, and while he leaves a memorial of the true Indian uncorrupted native character, he makes a lasting name for himself.

THE NEW YORK EVENING STAR.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We would remind those who have not yet visited this extraordinary collection, that it will be closed after the lapse of a single week, and that it will never again be exhibited in America. There will never be presented to our citizens an opportunity of inspecting one of the most remarkable and entertaining works that the genius and labour of an individual has created in this age and country; and those who neglect this occasion of examining this most curious monument of talent and enterprise will have missed for ever one of the noblest spectacles at which patriotism can refresh its pride, or reason can inform its curiosity. Mr. Catlin has received permission from the English Chancellor of the

Exchequer to import his museum into England free from duty, a saving to him of about two thousand dollars. He will sail for that country in the course of the summer, and the indifference of America will have surrendered to her rival what the labour of an American had created for herself.

In our opinion nothing could redound more to the patriotism, national pride, and honour of our country, than the purchase by Congress of this rare collection of aboriginal curiosities, to enrich a national museum at Washington. Such an object is by no means unworthy the attention of the nation; and as in the lapse of a few more years all traces of this interesting people will have passed away, or but a small remnant of them remain in their wilderness asylum almost beyond the ken of civilized man, such a depository of the relics peculiar to this wonderful people would possess an interest which would be immeasurably enhanced when their existence as a nation was for ever blotted out, as from present indications it inevitably must be. Located at the capital, members of Congress and public-spirited citizens of the far West could from time to time contribute to the common stock, until, in the course of a few years, a national museum of Indian curiosities would be formed to perpetuate their manners, customs, and costumes, that would be a monument to the taste and public spirit of the nation to the latest generation. The facilities possessed by the Government for the successful prosecution of so noble a design commends it forcibly to the consideration of Congress. And as it is not yet too late, we trust, to secure the co-operation of Mr. Catlin in furtherance of an object so congenial with his views, and which would at the same time ensure him a just reward for his enthusiastic devotion to this noble enterprise, without being compelled to seek it in a foreign land, we would fain hope that his stay among us would be prolonged until measures were taken to call the attention of Congress to the subject. Should this suggestion be favourably received, and it be found that the engagements of Mr. Catlin do not preclude its being carried out, we trust the project will enlist warmly the interest of our public-spirited and patriotic citizens at an early day.

We have already spoken once or twice at some length of the value and interest of this exhibition. It addresses itself to the feelings of the rudest observer, and engages the imagination of the idlest visitor, by revealing, with amazing copiousness, the whole interior life and customs of a people singular and striking beyond the speculations of romance, and so separated by position, by distrust, and enmity, that no one has ever before seen what this man has sketched. To the philosopher, the philanthropist, the moralist, and the man of science, it presents matter equally attractive and important, in those higher regards with which they are conversant, with that which amuses the fancy of the rude. By all it will be found a storehouse of wonders, which will surprise the mind in present observation, and gratify the thoughts in all future recollection.

THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—I am grieved to see that this noble product of American genius is in a few days to leave its native soil, without any effective efforts having been made to ensure its permanent return.

I did hope that individual disposition would be matured into common action, and that at any price a treasure so honourably, so peculiarly American, would be kept from passing into European hands.

Is it yet too late to avert such a result? Cannot we yet prevent such a spot upon our city's bright escutcheon?

With what feelings will our descendants enter some department of the British Museum, or some *Palais* or *Musée* in the city of Bourbons, to see a treasure thus surrendered by their fathers? Can they boast of Catlin's powers as a national glory? Others can point to the possession of the *fruits* of them as our national disgrace.

Whether in justice or in wrong, our treatment of the Indian nations has been a reproach to us through the world. Let it not be in a stranger's power to show how noble and how elevated a race we are thus accused of having injured.

Let it not be said that while America has extirpated them from existence, France or England has preserved the only memorial of what they were.

It is at all events yet in the power of each to *visit* the collection in his own country. Let no man who bears the honoured name of an American fail to do so. He has no idea of what the rude forefathers of his forests were. He has never had Indian existence in its varied forms presented to him in such life-like reality, never before so much relating to this people so systematically brought together. In the labours of Catlin's hand and in the achievements of his pencil, we and our descendants must now look for the history of our national ancestry.

THE AMERICAN SENTINEL.

Catlin's Gallery.—Mr. Catlin's extraordinary exhibition of Indian curiosities and paintings will be closed, as we learn from his advertisement, in the course of a few days. This is the last exhibition that will be made of this wonderful collection in the United States, as it will be taken to England at once and there be disposed of. We trust that every one who has a spark of rational curiosity or national pride will visit a work which, above every other that we are acquainted with, is fitted to gratify both.

We do not think that, all the circumstances being taken together, there has been produced in this age any work more wonderful or more valuable. The hardy enterprise of the forest-born adventurer must unite with the tact and skill a very accomplished diplomatist to carry a man through the

scenes which Catlin has visited ; and the observation of a philosophical genius must be joined to the ready skill of a thoroughly furnished artist, to bring back from those scenes of savage life such illustrations as Catlin now presents. This age will send forth no such man ; and should such appear at any future period, he will be too late for the performance of this task.

This museum possesses in itself more to amaze and delight than any work to which we can point. The very spirit of savage existence is unsphered before us as we contemplate these graphic sketches. We feel the freedom and enthusiasm which mark the life of the hunter and the warrior of the west, fascinating above all the attractions of civilized being. We are pleased, astonished, charmed by the variety and strangeness of the spectacles brought before us.

No parent should suffer himself to feel that he has done justice to his children until he has taken them to view this gallery, which will never again be open to their inspection. No citizen should suffer it to leave the country until he has fully possessed himself of all that it reveals respecting the aborigines of his country.

THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

Mr. Catlin's Views of the Far West.—There can be no mistake or exaggeration in pronouncing the exhibition of these views of the scenery and natural history of the western country the most important and interesting object for public attention which has ever been offered to the eastern division of the United States.

It has been with a fascinating degree of feeling and adventure that Mr. Catlin has gone over the immense plains of the west, and employed himself with pallet and pencil among all the scenes he could select of landscape and natural history, and with the western natives, and to sketch people, views, and objects which have formed so much of its distinctive character, by which he may rescue and retain the almost incredible appearances and habits of a race of men and animals now fast disappearing in the march of civilization, upon the remembrance and record of history.

The collection of Portraits, made of upwards of 300 persons, forms a representation from forty-eight Indian nations, chiefly between the settled part of our country and the Rocky Mountains, among which are the Sacs, Osage, Pawnee, Camanchee, Sioux, Mandans, Blackfeet, Shawnee, Chero-kee, Seneca, and Seminoles ; and of these, the portraits of Osceola, Micanopeah, Keokuk, Black Hawk, Io-way, Red Jacket, Co-ee-ha-jo, King Philip, John Ross, with several of their wives and children, will always be prominent in the references of American history.

In addition to these important objects of personal consideration, the peculiar and correct representations and appearances of the general

western country are prominent, and are all of a highly novel and beautiful character.

The views of rivers, towns, settlements, mountains, prairies, and waterfalls, and animals, are generally those which have never been before presented to us. They have been taken in upwards of 200 oil paintings coloured to nature, and consist of the most important localities reaching to the Rocky Mountains, finished on the spot with a fidelity of delineation and picturesque effect which would be creditable to an artist of very high attainments with all the "appliances and means" afforded by the best accommodation and leisure.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—In a late number we took notice of the vast and wonderful assemblage of pictures and curiosities by which Mr. Catlin has contrived to bring before our eyes the fullness of the life of the Western Indians. We would again urge upon our citizens, as Americans, and as valuing curious information and refined pleasure, to give this gallery a visit. There is not in our land, nor in any part of Europe which we have visited, anything of the kind more extraordinary or more interesting. The galleries illustrative of national character and antiquities which are to be found in London, Paris, Florence, and other cities, have been collected by the power of great kings; and the outlay of immense treasure, and the apparatus of negotiations, and special ministers, and resident consuls, and agents innumerable, have been requisite to their completion. This is the work of a single individual, a man without fortune and without patronage, who created it with his own mind and hand, without aid and even against countenance; and who sustained the lonely toils of eight years in a region fearful and forbidding beyond the conceptions of civilized life, in order to present his countrymen with a work which he knew they would one day value as the most remarkable thing they owned, and which he was assured that no spirit and no skill but his own could accomplish. He may point to his magnificent collection, which now receives the admiration of every eye, and may say with honest pride, "Alone I did it!" But without the abatement of a reference to the circumstances of the case and without any qualification of any sort, we declare that if this museum is less gorgeous and less stately than those imperial galleries which give fame even to the capitals of England and France, it is not less instructive or entertaining than the greatest of them. Of the enterprise, the free genius, the noble self-dependence, the stern endurance, and indomitable perseverance which our republican system glories in inspiring and cherishing, there is no nobler, and there will be no more abiding monument, than Catlin's Indian Gallery.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Catlin's Indian Gallery—We have visited it repeatedly, and have studied its contents with close attention, as the best exposition of savage character and life that has ever been given to the world; and the result of our impressions is, that whether we regard the historical and philosophic value of this museum, its strangeness and interest as matter of entertainment, or the wonderful toil and difficulty that must have attended its formation, there is not in our country a work more honourable to its author, or more deserving of the esteem and admiration of the community. The hardships of Indian existence are brought before us with a bold effect; the few refinements by which it is comforted are impressively presented; the labours by which it is sustained are shown; and the romance which makes it charming is brilliantly and copiously exhibited. The gallery is a complete and fascinating panorama of savage life; and all who have the smallest interest in the wild and stirring existence of the Indian hunter should hasten to contemplate this splendid picture. No man has tasted these scenes of daring and peril with half the sympathy and understanding of Mr. Catlin; and neither in the delicate touches of Irving, nor the more vigorous drawings of Hoffman, is there anything like the intelligence and interest of these animated sketches. Whoever would know to what sounds of glee and exultation the northern forests, even at this hour, are echoing, or with what spectacles of merriment or toil the flatness of the prairie is enlivened, must view and ponder over this collection.

Mr. Catlin intends to remove this museum to England very soon, and from that country it will probably never return. This, therefore, is the last opportunity which Americans will have of ever inspecting this most curious assemblage. We exhort every one who is a lover either of rare entertainment or strange knowledge to lose no time in visiting this gallery.

THE AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—The collection embraces a wonderful extent and variety of national history, likewise an exact and discriminating range throughout the different tribes. They are all classed with the method and arrangement of a philosopher, developed and associated with the vivacity of a dramatist, and personated, defined, and coloured with the eye and hand of a painter. Rarely, indeed, would one man be found who could do all this; still more rarely a man, who to these various offices and talents would add the courage, the patience, and the taste to become an eye-witness of his subjects, and above all, would possess the industry and the veracity to represent them to others, and thus to command credibility and admiration.

I hope my fellow-citizens will give this exhibition their repeated atten-

tion. They will find in it much more than has ever been combined before. It will greatly abridge their labours in reading, nay, it will tell them what books do not teach; and it will impress upon their senses and upon their memories the living portraits of a race, distinguished by inextinguishable ardour, unbounded ingenuity, and indomitable determination—a race now fast eluding the projects of the politician, the researches of the curious, and soon to cease from demanding even the sympathies of the humane and conscientious.

We learn that Mr. Catlin is soon to embark for England, where encouragement is offered to his remarkable talents and energy, and we sincerely wish him the rewards due to native genius, exemplary diligence, and moral integrity and refinement.

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

Catlin's Gallery.—We called the attention of our readers some days ago to Catlin's Indian Gallery, now exhibiting in this city. This collection is in every respect so remarkable and interesting, that we again bring it before the notice of the community.

Mr. Catlin visited nearly fifty different tribes of Indians, and resided familiarly among them for several years. He made their habits and character his exclusive study. With the eye of a poet, the judgment of a man of rare sagacity, and the hand of an accomplished artist, he saw and scrutinized, and sketched the forms, the feats, the entire style of life of the varied nations with whom he had made his home. The general features of this strange and most interesting people are presented to us in this collection with a copiousness and variety which could only be attained by one who had devoted the enthusiasm of years to a task, to which he had, in the first instance, brought extraordinary talents. Whatever met his watchful glance that was striking or peculiar in the religious ceremonies, the warlike demonstrations, the festive celebrations of peace and leisure, the separate acts and social habits of the wanderers of the distant wilds of the west, was instantly transferred to his canvas, and fixed in living colours on the very spot where the scene was shown. Accordingly we have here illustrations of the mode in which almost every thing, which is common or curious, usual or occasional, among the tribes is performed. The chase, which there has no meaner object than the "stately buffalo," is before us in full and numerous portraiture; the rousing of the herd in the centre of some endless prairie, the reckless vehemence of the pursuit by the wild horse and the wilder hunter, the mad dashing of the fearless sportsman into the midst of the monstrous throng, with nothing but bow and knife; the unhorsing of some, who roll trampled under foot, and of others who are tossed high into the air; the final capture and death of the huge victim of the sport, all these are presented to us in the freshness and freedom of the very scenes themselves of this

magnificent excitement. Then there are dances of an art and an intricacy that might instruct Almack's itself; the bear dance, in which, clothed in skins, they imitate the postures and movements of that animal; the buffalo dance, in which they are masked in the skulls which they have taken in the hunt; the eagle dance, which mimics the attitude of that bird; the dance on the snow in peculiar shoes; and the numerous dances of war. Then we have bold and admirable sketches of the scenery of the prairies and the hills 2000 miles above St. Louis, presenting a richness and brilliance of verdure of which the Atlantic resident has never formed a conception. In short, it would be difficult to point out a single particular in which the sketches of this ardent and able painter do not furnish the fullest and most valuable information about the western continent and its inhabitants. There are portraits, likewise, of all the remarkable persons whom the artist encountered in his rambles, painted on the spot, in their actual dresses and natural positions, certified as rigidly accurate, in every instance, by officers of the United States, who were present at the time.

But sketches are not all that this unique collection consists of. There is a large number of the dresses of the chiefs and women, rich and curious to a very great degree, implements of war and of social life—articles by which friendship is promoted and leisure is amused.

PHILADELPHIA HERALD AND SENTINEL.

Catlin's Indian Gallery is one of the most curious and interesting collections ever brought before the public. The portraits of the chiefs and warriors constitute perhaps the least striking portion of the gallery; although the natural freedom and boldness of the attitudes, and the life-like variety and expression of the countenances, caught with a rare felicity by the accomplished artist, render them immeasurably superior in attraction and value to anything of that kind ever before presented to the community. They were all sketched on the spots of their residence, and in the characteristic attire of their tribes; and the certificates of different United States officers, attached to the back of each picture, testify to the accuracy and completeness of each individual portraiture. The largest and by far the most engaging and peculiar part of the collection, consists of sketches of groups occupied in the various games, sports, and diversions, by which the monotony of savage life is amused.

Mr. Catlin visited forty-eight different tribes, and was domesticated amongst them for eight years; and whenever any spectacle of merriment, or business, or religion was got up, the painter drew apart from the company, and producing the canvas which was always in readiness, seized with an Hogarthian quickness and spirit the outlines and the impression of the scene before him, and has perpetuated for the gratification of posterity the faithful and vivid likenesses of some of the most extraordinary

acts and incidents which the history of man can exhibit. Sketched with a distinctness and a particularity which indicate an uncommon degree of talent and skill on the part of the artist, we find among these paintings almost everything that is characteristic in the life and conduct of the Indian: the energetic dance, marked by a science and a significance, unknown to the amusements of more cultivated nations,—the hunt of the buffalo, with its impressive incidents of danger and daring—the religious rite—the military council—the game—the fight—the voluntary torture by which the “Stoic of the woods” displays his hardihood of nerve and spirit—and the grotesque gaiety which marks the occasional mirthfulness of a nature usually so much restrained. All these are brought before us with a fidelity of delineation attested by the certificates of the most competent and reputable witnesses, and animation and interest acknowledged by all who have approached them.

This collection is not only unique, as it concerns the particular people whose state and character it illustrates; but, as throwing light upon a grade and condition of the human race of which little has ever been known, it possesses an importance novel and unparticipated: for it has never happened, in the history of the world, that a savage people has been approached and depicted with this intelligent completeness. He who would learn what are the dispositions and the faculties which belong to the mind and heart of man, in the mere rudeness of his natural state, will find more satisfactory sources of information in this Indian gallery than in the fullest descriptions of travellers or the astutest schemes of metaphysicians.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—It is a remarkable circumstance, and one very characteristic of the energy of this age, that the same year and almost the same month should have witnessed the completion of three independent collections, each of which, after its way, gives us a complete portraiture of the nation to which it refers. What Mr. Dunn's figures have accomplished for China, and Mr. Wilkinson's drawings have done for Egypt, Mr. Catlin's paintings have performed for the Indian tribes. The first of these has excited the admiration of America, the second has won the applause of Europe; if the last is less brilliant than the one, it is more lively than the other, and it is not less complete than either. It is not merely a minute and thorough description of a nation whose situation and history render everything that relates to it in the highest degree curious and personal to Americans, but it addresses itself to the admiration and instruction of every philosophic mind as an encyclopædia picture of the savage state. While no histories present us with such copious information of the characteristics of those particular tribes, which are intimately and eternally connected with our annals, no speculative treatises contain anything like the

knowledge here garnered of the qualities and attributes of that condition which is called the state of nature. The eye of childhood and the mind of age are alike astonished and informed by the spectacles here strikingly presented by this unrivalled work.

Mr. Catlin is a native of Pennsylvania, and has therefore peculiar claims upon the attention of Philadelphians. We know and are persuaded that when this Museum, after the very few days allotted to its continuance here, is closed and removed for ever from our land, it will be a matter of deep and permanent regret to all who now fail to visit it, that they have lost the sight.

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING STAR.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—This interesting museum of curiosities, collected by Mr. Catlin, during a residence of more than eight years among forty tribes of Indians, and of sketches painted by him, illustrative of their habits and customs, is now exhibited at the Arcade in this city. It is an eloquent and illustrious witness of the genius, disinterestedness, and toil of the person who brought it together. Those productions of Mr. Catlin's pencil, which were given to the world many years since, evinced his ability to rank, at some day, with the first artists of this country; but instead of devoting himself to those lucrative branches of his profession, which would have gained him a sure return of wealth, he resolved, at the bidding of an enthusiasm, perhaps inspired by the legends of his native valley of Wyoming, to dedicate his life to the great and generous purpose of presenting to his countrymen a satisfactory portraiture of a nation which had so interesting a connexion with their own history, and whose condition has always produced so strong an impression upon the imagination of Americans. Alone and unsupported, save by a dauntless spirit, he turned towards the western forests to seek the Indian in his boundless home.

“The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Whose nature owns a nation for her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild.”

The perils of more than a Ulyssean voyage were encountered before the artist could feel that his object was accomplished, and before he would permit himself to return to his family and friends.

We have devoted much time and a close attention to the sketches which Mr. Catlin has brought back; and we are convinced that, severe as were the labours and privations to which he was subject, they were less than the value of this collection. Whoever will study the numerous and varied representations here given of savage life, and will reflect how complete a picture is presented of a most peculiar and unknown race, will be persuaded, we think, that no greater accession has been made to the sum of human knowledge and human entertainment, in this age and country, than is produced by this Museum. The philosophy of Indian character is revealed

with curious distinctness by one portion of the paintings, while another class presents the picturesque of that existence with singular spirit. Many striking suggestions for the history of civility, and many valuable metaphysical considerations, are prompted by a survey of these illustrations of the intelligence and the instincts of this people; and any man who would taste the poetry of this wild life, will find enough to satisfy him in the animated exhibitions of the hunt, the march, and the fight, which are here brought before his eyes. In Mr. Irving's very graphic descriptions of the amusements of the prairie, there is nothing half so bold and stirring as the noble pictures which here bring the adventures of the buffalo-hunt before us, or the terrors of the fight with the grisly bear.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We alluded briefly a few days since to Catlin's Indian Gallery, now open in the saloon at the Arcade, and we again call attention to it as one of the most gratifying exhibitions of the day, to all who feel the slightest interest in the aborigines of our country, or desire to become acquainted with the topographical features of the great western wild. This collection is the result of years of toil and privation, sustained by a rare and commendable enthusiasm. Mr. Catlin, who is an artist of much ability, and is likewise in other respects well fitted for the task which he volutarly assumed, devoted himself to a study of the Indian character, and steadily followed out his great object for a considerable length of time. He has visited many of the tribes who yet roam in their native wildness, and he became as it were domesticated among them to study their habits and dispositions, encountering all the perils and privations which necessarily attend an enterprise of this nature. In the course of his rambles, he made paintings of every thing calculated to give a vivid impression to others of the persons, events, and scenes which fell under his notice, and the result is a magnificent collection of portraits and views of the most interesting character, made still more attractive by an immense variety of Indian dresses, arms, and utensils of many kinds, which, with the illustrative scenes, give a clear idea of aboriginal characteristics, and form a pleasing evidence of the results which can be achieved by the untiring perseverance of a single man. Mr. Catlin has in this way made a contribution to American history which must gain for him an enduring fame. It should form the nucleus of a national museum, that posterity may have some relics of a people doomed to speedy destruction, as much by their own inflexible nature as by the rolling tide of civilization.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—We could scarcely recommend a more pleasing and instructive collection than this to the notice of the community. It is

what only a Catlin, with his enthusiasm and perseverance, could have accomplished. To him the study of nature is most appropriate in her great hall or cathedral :—

“ That vast cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
Its choir the winds and waves ; its organ thunder ;
Its dome the sky.”

The boundless woods have been his home, and dwellers of the wilderness the sitters for his art. So far as Indian life is concerned, the reader will find a little of every thing in Catlin's gallery ; not of faces merely, but of grand western life and scene.

THE WORLD.

Catlin's Indian Gallery.—I visited this collection with expectations very highly excited by the strong and renewed expressions of admiration which it had received from the press in New York and Boston ; but my anticipations had fallen below the reality in degree as much as they had differed from it in kind. I had supposed that it was merely an assemblage of the portraits of distinguished Indian chieftains, instead of being, as we find that it is, a very complete and curious tableau of the life and habits of the strange and interesting races which once inhabited the soil we now possess. Mr. Catlin's advertisement does no justice to the character of his collection. He does not state himself. He is a person of lofty genius and disinterested ambition, and he has abhorred to tarnish the purity of his self-respect by even claiming his own.

Mr. Catlin spent eight years in the most intimate intercourse with the tribes which occupy the territory lying 2000 miles above St. Louis. His only purpose in visiting these remote and secluded nations was to transfer to his canvas faithful representations of those scenes of conduct which were most characteristic of that people, and those personal traits which would best transmit the memory of the savage to times which would no longer witness his existence. This design he fulfilled by copying on the spot pictures of the sports, fights, business, and religious ceremonies which passed before his sight ; and the gallery which he now opens to the community, revives before the gaze of refinement, the whole condition and qualities of the wild and far-roaming occupants of the prairies and forests. An attentive examination of his museum has led us to the opinion that this is one of the most striking triumphs that the pencil has ever achieved ; for while the brush of Lawrence preserves the likeness of an individual, that of Catlin has perpetuated the portraits of a nation. Let every American visit this exhibition ; let every one who would be informed or entertained give it his protracted study. The more it is examined the more it will gratify.

FRENCH PRESS.

CONSTITUTIONNEL du 22 Juin.

Le musée Catlin est une des collections les plus curieuses qu'on ait vues à Paris, tant à cause du caractère naïf de la peinture, qu'à cause de l'originalité des sujets qu'elle représente.

M. Catlin a donc rapporté de son voyage aux Montagnes Rocheuses quatre à cinq cents toiles, portraits ou paysages, tous peints d'après nature. Parmi ces portraits, il y a des figures d'une beauté, d'une élégance superbes. Il y a des profils, le croirait-on, qui rappellent le type grec ou l'Autinoïis. Bien plus, dans les scènes de danse ou de combat, dans les fêtes ou les assemblées de tribus, on remarque très souvent des personnages dont la pose, l'attitude, le geste, ressemblent tout-à-fait à l'antique. Cela n'est pas, d'ailleurs, si surprenant pour qui veut réfléchir au caractère de la beauté antique. Qu'est-ce donc qui distingue l'art grec entre tous les arts ? n'est-ce pas la simplicité et le naturel ? Les artistes grecs avaient le bonheur de trouver d'abord autour d'eux toutes les conditions premières de race, de climat, de civilisation, qui favorisent le développement de la beauté ; et secondement, ils laissaient faire la nature et ne torturaient jamais le mouvement de leur modèle. Il n'y a dans toute la statuaire grecque que cinq ou six poses peut-être qui sont le type de tous les autres mouvemens. Les hommes rapprochés de la nature ne se tortillent pas comme les civilisés. Le calme est d'ordre naturel ; et c'est là un des premiers élémens de la beauté antique qu'on retrouve dans la *beauté sauvage*.

Les paysagistes pourraient bien aussi étudier avec profit la peinture facile et vraie de M. Catlin qui n'est pourtant initié à aucun des procédés scabreux de l'art civilisé. M. Catlin peint tranquillement du premier coup, en mettant un ton juste et franc à côté d'un autre, et il ne paraît pas qu'il revienne jamais ni par glacis ni par empâtement. Mais son sentiment est si vif et en quelque sorte si sincère, son exécution si naïve et si spontanée, que l'effet, vu juste, est rendu juste. Il a fait ainsi des ciels d'une transparence et d'une lumière bien difficile à obtenir, même pour les praticiens les plus habiles des lointains d'une finesse rare et bien balancés entre la terre et le ciel. En présence de cette nature toute nouvelle, de ces formes singulières du pays, de cette couleur du ciel et des arbres, si originale, un peintre de profession se serait bien tourmenté pour exprimer toutes ces belles choses, et il y aurait sans doute mis beaucoup trop de ses préjugés et de sa personnalité civilisée. Il est très heureux que M. Catlin ait été seulement assez peintre pour faire tout bonnement sur la toile ce qu'il voyait, sans parti pris d'avance et sans convention européenne. Nous avons ainsi des steppes dont nous ne nous faisons pas une image, des buffles prodigieux, des chasses fantastiques, et une foule d'aspects et de scènes plus intéressantes l'une que l'autre. Ici, c'est un marais vert tendre, entouré d'arbres sveltes et légers. Là, c'est la plaine infinie avec ses grandes herbes mouvantes comme les vagues d'une mer sans repos, et l'on aperçoit une course diabolique de quel-

ques animaux dont on a peine à distinguer la forme et qui fendent l'immensité. C'est un buffle poursuivi par un cavalier penché sur la crinière de son cheval sauvage ; mais au-dessus des herbes profondes, on ne voit que les épaules bossues du buffle et les oreilles dressées du cheval. Quel drame ! Où vont-ils ? où s'arrêteront-ils ? Quelques autres tableaux présentent les aventures de la navigation et de la guerre, des chasses où les hommes, couverts de peaux de loup, s'avancent à quatre pattes pour surprendre les buffles, où les chevaux sauvages sont enveloppés de lacets perfides, des cérémonies religieuses où de volontaires martyrs se font pendre et torturer en l'honneur du Grand Esprit.

LE CHARIVARI, Paris, 1845.

Il y avait là une magnifique collection, un musée rare, que dis-je ? unique et précieux, amassé à grands frais, à grand'peine, par un artiste passionné et patient, par M. Catlin, voyageur aussi intrépide que peintre naïf et que sincère historien. Ce musée est à la fois une collection d'objets d'art et un recueil de notes scientifiques sur une classe d'hommes qui diminue de jour en jour devant les empiètemens de la civilisation, et qui dans cinquante ans aura complètement disparu du globe. C'est le portrait aussi fidèle que possible, le daguerréotype d'un monde qu'on ne retrouvera plus, et le gouvernement l'a laissé partir, l'a laissé perdre ; il n'a pas même senti la nécessité de l'acquérir. Il n'a fait ni une offre ni un prix à l'artiste qu'il eût récompensé ainsi qu'il devait l'être de dix ans d'études et d'efforts. Tout le monde y aurait gagné : le peintre qui craint de voir éparpiller un jour le résultat de tant de peines et de travaux, eût été heureux de le voir conservé, concentré, consacré à jamais, en lieu sûr, à la science et à l'art.

L'OBSERVATEUR, Oct. 9, 1845.

Le Musée-Indien de M. Catlin.—Lorsque la civilisation recule partout les bornes de son horizon et resserre dans un étroit espace les peuplades nomades et sauvages qui se refusent au joug de la domination européenne, ce n'est pas sans un certain intérêt qu'on visite le Musée Indien de M. Catlin. En voyant la collection du célèbre touriste, l'esprit se refuse à croire que ce soit là l'œuvre d'un seul homme. Et cependant, rien n'est plus vrai. Explorateur hardi, M. Catlin a passé huit années de sa vie à parcourir les Montagnes Rocheuses et les parties les plus reculées de l'Amérique septentrionale ; artiste enthousiaste, il a bravé les dangers, supporté les fatigues et les privations de toutes sortes pour mener à bonne fin son audacieuse entreprise. Il a visité les Indiens dans leurs wig-wams ; il les a suivis dans leurs chasses ; il a étudié leurs mœurs, leurs coutumes, ne se laissant arrêter par aucun obstacle, tenant quelquefois son pinceau d'une main, tandis qu'il conduisait son canot de l'autre. Aussi, ne nous montrerons nous pas d'une

grande sévérité à l'égard de ses tableaux ; ce n'est, pour la plupart, que des esquisses faites à grands traits et dont le mérite consiste dans la vérité des costumes et des sites et dans la ressemblance parfaite des portraits, ainsi que l'attestent les certificats les plus flatteurs délivrés au hardi voyageur, sur les lieux mêmes, par des personnes dont la véracité et la compétence ne sauraient être mises en doute.

La collection que M. Catlin a rapportée de ses excursions est d'autant plus curieuse qu'elle est unique en son genre. Elle se compose de plus de cinq cents tableaux représentant des portraits, des paysages, et des scènes de mœurs qui sont comme une histoire descriptive de ces races primitives, que la guerre et la chasse déciment chaque jour, et qui disparaîtront sans doute bientôt de la surface du globe.

Quant à M. Catlin, nous devons à ses explorations et à sa collection de ne pas voir tomber dans l'oubli les mœurs, les costumes, et la physionomie de ces races, qui dans quelques siècles n'existeront peut-être plus qu'à l'état de souvenir.

MONITEUR DE L'ARMÉE.

M. Catlin, c'est le nom de cet artiste plein de résolution et de persévérance, a passé huit années au milieu des villages Indiens et sur la prairie ; il a connu tous les chefs des tribus et les guerriers les plus renommés ; il a assisté aux chasses dangereuses, aux jeux animés et quelquefois sanglans des sauvages ; il a observé leurs coutumes et leurs superstitions ; il a recueilli leurs traditions orales, et tout ce qu'il a vu, sous les yeux des Indiens, ses hôtes, et souvent au péril de sa vie, il l'a représenté sur la toile, écrivant ainsi d'après nature toute l'histoire de populations que la guerre, et surtout les liqueurs fortes et la petite vérole, font décroître d'année en année dans une progression si rapide, que l'on peut prévoir que d'ici à cinquante ans, la civilisation les pressant d'ailleurs et les refoulant vers les montagnes, il ne restera peut-être plus d'elles que de très petits groupes ou des individus isolés destinés à disparaître bientôt de la terre. Les peaux rouges ne pouvant laisser aucune trace durable de leur passage sur le globe,—car si quelques tribus ont des cabanes de terre, aucune n'a élevé de monumens qui puissent témoigner de leur existence auprès des générations à venir—les résultats que M. Catlin a si heureusement obtenus dans une entreprise si hasardeuse ne sauraient être trop appréciés par les amis de la science, les ethnographes et les artistes.

QUOTIDIENNE, Paris.

M. Catlin est un peintre plein de conscience et de talent, et un voyageur aussi intrépide qu'intelligent, qui a passé huit ans de sa vie à explorer les tribus sauvages du nord de l'Amérique et les rives du Missouri. Les efforts et les travaux de cet Américain méritent qu'on les examine avec attention, et qu'on les recommande à l'appréciation des artistes et des savans.

GALIGNANI, 1845.

The Catlin Museum.—The utter strangeness of this remarkable exhibition—displaying, it may be said, a living *tableau* of the customs and habitudes of a race who, while the march of time has been effecting the most extraordinary changes in the great family of mankind, still remain in a primitive state of nature—at first misunderstood by the Parisian public, has now become an object of general and intense curiosity. Mr. Catlin's collection of the arms and utensils of the various tribes, with their wigwams, the identical habitations which have ere now sheltered them from the tempest in the depths of some North American forest, they carry back the mind, as it were, to the infancy of the human species, “when wild in woods the noble savage ran.” The illusion, for it nearly amounts to that, is wonderfully aided by an examination of Catlin's sketches, taken upon the spot, and often in the midst of the dangers he has depicted with spirited fidelity. These paintings, boldly and rapidly thrown off, are illustrative of every phase of savage existence. We have to thank Mr. Catlin for an insight into the lives and history of this most interesting race, which has all the charms of the wildest romance, but which books can never supply.

GAZETTE DE FRANCE.

Grace à M. Catlin, l'anéantissement de ces intéressantes peuplades n'est plus possible : leurs mœurs, leurs coutumes, leurs usages, seront sans doute de sa part l'objet d'un travail consciencieux et approfondi, en même temps que ces pinceaux conserveront les traits et la physionomie de ces Peaux Rouges, que déjà le célèbre romancier Américain nous avait fait connaître. Non content d'avoir transporté en Europe les armes, les costumes, les tentes, et tous les instrumens qui servent à l'usage des Indiens, et qui forment un singulier contraste avec notre civilisation, M. Catlin a voulu que des monumens plus durables conservassent le souvenir de ces sauvages de l'Amérique du Nord ; il a dessiné lui-même les portraits des Indiens les plus remarquables, leurs danses, leur manière de faire la chasse, et leurs expéditions guerrières.

On ne peut assez admirer comment un homme a pu tracer tant de figures et de paysages, pris sur les lieux mêmes, dans des courses souvent très longues et très fatigantes. C'est là un prodige de la science. Assis au milieu des sauvages, M. Catlin employait son temps à retracer sur la toile tout ce qu'il voyait. Aussi peut-on être assuré d'avoir sous les yeux la représentation exacte des costumes des sauvages du Nouveau-Monde. Si quelques-uns de ces portraits ne sont pas des œuvres d'art, du moins les savans leur doivent-ils l'histoire d'une tribu sauvage, détruite entièrement par les ravages de la petite-vérole. Sans M. Catlin, on ne saurait plus maintenant si elle a existé, et son pinceau l'a sauvée de l'oubli.

L'ILLUSTRATION.

La présence à Paris des Indiens Y-o-Ways donne de l'à-propos au compte rendu suivant d'un voyage chez les Indiens de l'Amérique du Nord, voyage dû à M. Geo. Catlin, auquel un séjour de huit années parmi ces diverses peuplades a permis de s'initier d'une manière complète à leurs mœurs et à leurs habitudes. Dans un livre plein d'intérêt, de faits curieux, de révélations si extraordinaires qu'on croit rêver en les lisant, il a consigné les résultats de ses investigations et des observations qu'il a recueillies sur une race d'hommes qui va s'éteignant de jour en jour, et dont, sur l'affirmation de l'auteur, il ne restera plus vestiges d'ici à peu d'années. Au charme de ces récits, M. Geo. Catlin a ajouté des dessins d'une scrupuleuse exactitude, des portraits des principaux chefs de tribus, dans leurs riches costumes que nous aurons occasion de décrire, des paysages d'un effet saisissant, des esquisses de jeux, de chasses, de cérémonies religieuses, de combats, etc., etc. On peut donc dire que le livre de M. Catlin est écrit aussi bien pour les hommes sérieux que pour les grands enfants qui aiment tant les images, comme nous avouons les aimer, et qui s'amuseront de la bizarrerie des costumes de tous ces bons sauvages.

REVUE DE PARIS.

Galerie Indienne de M. Catlin.—La salle Valentino, transformée en une sorte de Musée Indien, au moyen des cinq à six cents peintures et esquisses, exécutées toutes, d'après nature, par M. Catlin, cet énergique et courageux voyageur, durant une pérégrination de huit années, à travers l'immense territoire qui s'étend des Montagnes Rocheuses aux derniers établissemens Américains ou Mexicains,—cette salle offrait déjà un spectacle fort intéressant. M. Catlin a visité, en bravant mille obstacles et souvent au péril de sa vie, quarante-huit des tribus qui résident dans la prairie, où elles vivent dans un état de guerre perpétuel. Installé sous le wigwam de l'Indien Corbeau ou du Mandan, dans la cabane du Chérokee ou de l'Ariccara, il a exécuté chacun des tableaux de cette immense collection ayant la nature sous les yeux ; aussi les présente-t-il au public plutôt comme des *fac-similes* identiques de la vie Indienne que comme des œuvres d'art. Ces *fac-similes* sont on ne peut plus expressifs et curieux.

La collection des peintures de M. Catlin se compose de trois cent dix portraits de chefs Indiens et de personnages de distinction, hommes ou femmes de différentes tribus, et de deux cents esquisses représentant les sites les plus remarquables des contrées qu'il a visitées, les danses et les cérémonies des peuplades qui les habitent, et des scènes de guerre et de chasse. C'est donc à la fois une représentation fidèle de la physionomie du pays et des mœurs et coutumes de ses habitans, représentation d'autant plus précieuse qu'elle a pour objet une race qui s'éteint (*dying people*), et qui s'éteint avec une rapidité qui tient du prodige.

MONITEUR INDUSTRIEL, Nov. 16, 1845.

Parmi tous les voyageurs qui ont exploré l'Amérique du Nord, aucun ne s'est occupé des races Indiennes autant que M. Catlin. Presque seul dans un canot d'écorce, il a suivi tout le cours du Missouri, et pendant huit années il en a parcouru en tous sens l'immense bassin, s'en allant de tribu en tribu, comme autrefois Hérodote, le père de l'histoire, s'en allait de ville en ville, de région en région, s'enquérant des mœurs, des traditions et des idées des populations lointaines.

M. Catlin est encore dans la force de l'âge, mais ses traits pâlis portent l'empreinte d'une vie déjà longuement et péniblement éprouvée. Son abord est froidement poli, son visage sévère et pensif, comme celui d'un homme qui a vu beaucoup de choses. Toute sa personne révèle une indomptable énergie. En public, il parle l'Anglais avec une remarquable puissance; il y a dans son accentuation quelque chose du magnifique enthousiasme d'un poète.

Le grand ouvrage de M. Catlin est un beau monument élevé à la science; il faut espérer qu'on songera à en donner une traduction Française. Chemin faisant, M. Catlin a dessiné et peint une étrange collection de vues, de scènes naturelles, de portraits d'indigènes et de scènes de mœurs. Cette nombreuse collection de toiles doit nécessairement se sentir de la rapidité forcée du travail, et des circonstances difficiles d'exécution où s'est trouvé l'artiste dans un voyage à travers les déserts de l'Ouest. On demeure, au contraire, étonné que le courageux explorateur ait pu mettre dans de telles peintures autant de mouvement et de vérité. Ici, c'est un troupeau de bisons surpris par des chasseurs qui se traînent en rampant, couverts de peaux trompeuses; là, c'est un guerrier à cheval, poursuivant son ennemi dans une course, sans hyperbole, vraiment échevelée; plus loin, c'est une danse frénétique, excitation à la volupté ou au carnage; ou bien des scènes de tortures qui semblent copiées dans l'enfer.

INDEPENDANCE, BRUSSELS, JAN. 4, 1846.

Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, by G. Catlin (Lettres et Notes sur les Mœurs, les Coutumes, et l'État Social des Indiens du Nord de l'Amérique, par George Catlin). 2 vol. ornés de plusieurs centaines de planches.

Fils d'un homme de loi, élevé lui-même pour figurer au barreau, devenu enfin avocat, M. Catlin aimait trop le grand air et les voyages pour se laisser claquemurer dans l'antre de la chicane. Deux passions d'ailleurs se partageaient sa vie: la pêche et la peinture. Quand il n'était pas au bord d'une rivière, il était devant une toile, et vice-versâ. Il apprit la peinture sans maître, y devint habile après trois ou quatre ans d'études, et se demandait à quel but il dévouerait son existence, et l'esprit un peu enthousiaste qui l'animait, lorsqu'arrivèrent à Washington, des pays bien loin à l'Ouest,

une douzaine d'Indiens au port noble et majestueux, accoutrés de leurs vêtements bizarres, mais pittoresques, la tête ornée de leur casque, le bras chargé de leur bouclier, le corps ceint de la tunique de peau d'antilope, les épaules couvertes du manteau de buffle.

Ces braves gens firent l'admiration des gamins et du beau monde de Washington et donnèrent beaucoup à réfléchir à notre peintre. Il se dit que les vêtements de la civilisation ne servaient pas seulement à voiler, mais à gêner la grâce et la beauté naturelles, que l'homme non garrotté dans les liens de l'art, devait offrir à l'artiste le plus magnifique modèle, et que l'histoire et les coutumes des peuplades sauvages étaient des sujets dignes d'occuper la vie d'un homme.

Ces réflexions étaient à peine achevées que M. Catlin prit son parti. Il consulta bien pour la forme quelques amis qui essayèrent de le détourner de son projet ; ils lui représentèrent les dangers auxquels il allait s'exposer, les fatigues inouïes qu'il aurait à supporter et bien d'autres arguments auxquels il fut insensible. M. Catlin fit ses paquets qui n'étaient pas lourds, et qui se composaient de toiles roulées, de brosses, de couleurs, de papier et de crayons ; il mit sa carabine en bandoulière ; et le bâton blanc à la main il partit pour l'Ouest en quête d'aventures, de Peaux-Rouges, de buffles et de prairies.

Mais au train dont marchent les Yankees, il avait long à aller avant d'atteindre les vastes solitudes où sont encore disséminées les peuplades sauvages. La civilisation le poursuivait partout ; là où il espérait voyager en canot, il était forcé de prendre le bateau à vapeur ; là où il se croyait au milieu des sauvages, il se trouvait avec des compatriotes ; l'Ouest, but de son voyage, semblait le fuir à mesure qu'il en approchait. Il maudissait les pionniers qui avec leur bêche et leur marteau ont implanté la civilisation dans les parties les plus reculées de l'Amérique, et il désespérait de rencontrer les Peaux-Rouges qui devenaient un mythe pour lui, lorsqu'il tomba au milieu d'un village Mandan. Sa joie fut un peu calmée en apercevant que la civilisation avait encore passé par là sous la forme d'un agent de la compagnie des fourrures du Missouri. Mais il restait assez de sauvagerie dans la localité pour le satisfaire provisoirement. Quand il eut bien vu et bien observé, quand il eut bien fumé le calumet de paix ; bien vécu sur un quartier de buffle braisé, bien dormi sous le wigwam hospitalier, et "pourtraicté" le chef Mandan, revêtu de son grand costume de guerre, depuis les cornes de buffle dont il s'orne le front jusqu'à ses mocassins brodés de paille, y compris la longue bande de plumes d'aigle qui descend depuis le derrière de la tête jusqu'aux talons, M. Catlin reprit sa course vers les régions inconnues, en s'arrêtant en route chaque fois qu'un site ou quelques aventures ou des figures d'Indiens fournissaient des sujets à son pinceau.

M. Catlin est resté huit ans en voyage ; il a visité quarante-huit tribus dont la population totale s'élevait à plusieurs centaines de mille individus. Il a rapporté chez lui 350 portraits à l'huile d'Indiens, 200 tableaux représentant des vues de leurs villages, leurs wigwams, leurs jeux, et leurs cérémonies religieuses, leurs danses, leurs chasses, des paysages admirables, et

enfin une nombreuse et très-curieuse collection de leurs costumes et vêtements, et d'autres objets de leur fabrique, depuis une de leurs maisons jusqu'à de petits riens qui leur servent de jouets.

Toute cette collection avec les portraits et les tableaux figurent au Louvre où le Roi Louis-Philippe leur a fait donner une place. La galerie Indienne de l'Amérique du Nord, de M. Catlin, est bien connue et montre le résultat auquel peut arriver un homme entreprenant, patient et ferme qu'inspirent le goût de l'art et une certaine dose d'enthousiasme.

C'est l'histoire de cet intéressant voyage que M. Catlin a écrite dans une série de lettres au nombre de 58, et accompagnées de 310 gravures au trait et de cartes géographiques. Ces lettres étaient écrites sur les lieux et envoyées par des Indiens jusqu'aux bureaux de postes placés par cette maudite civilisation jusqu'aux frontières les plus reculées de l'Ouest.

Peu de livres ont plus d'intérêt que celui de M. Catlin. On lit cet ouvrage avec le plaisir que l'on prendrait à la lecture d'un bon roman, s'il y avait encore de bons romans pour servir de point de comparaison. On suit M. Catlin dans ses courses vagabondes, on aime avec lui ces Indiens qu'il a toujours trouvés francs et hospitaliers, généreux et dignes. Ces Indiens si méconnus ont, quoique sauvages, toutes les qualités qui distinguent l'épicier le plus civilisé de la rue Saint-Denis, caporal de la garde nationale ; comme celui-ci, ils sont bons pères, bons époux, amis dévoués ; la seule différence entr'eux, c'est qu'ils ne payent pas très-exactement leurs contributions par la raison qu'on ne leur en demande pas, et qu'ils ne montent pas assidument leur garde, par l'autre raison qu'on ne connaît pas les guérites dans ce pays.

Une Odyssée de huit ans a fait apprécier à M. Catlin les mérites et les vertus des sauvages ; et, après avoir lu son livre, j'ai fini par croire avec Jean-Jacques Rousseau que l'homme, tel que nous avons le malheur de le connaître, est un animal dépravé par la civilisation.

Rien de plus touchant que l'apologie des Indiens faite par M. Catlin, dans sa neuvième lettre ; partout où il peut mettre en saillie la noblesse de leur caractère, M. Catlin le fait avec bonheur ; il se souvient du bon temps passé au milieu d'eux, des marques d'affection qu'ils lui ont données, et il les venge du mépris que les civilisés déversent sur ces pauvres et braves gens, contents de leur sort, sans regret du passé, sans souci de l'avenir, sans autres lois que celles de l'honneur qui est tout puissant chez eux.

Tous ceux qui ont lu les admirables romans de Cooper retrouvent dans l'ouvrage de M. Catlin les scènes, mais cette fois vraies, animées, vivantes, décrites avec tant de talent par le fécond romancier Américain. M. Catlin a décrit aussi l'embranchement des prairies, et pouvait dire : *Quorum pars magna fui* ; car il ne dut qu'à la vitesse de son "pony" Indien d'échapper à la flamme immense qui courait sur lui avec plus de rapidité qu'une locomotive lancée à fond de train. J'étais en sûreté, dit-il, que je tremblais encore. Une autre fois, plus de 2000 buffles se jettent à l'eau pour atteindre le canot dans lequel il nageait, et c'est à grand-peine qu'il se sauve et que le canot ne chavire pas, soulevé par le dos d'un de ces animaux ; une autre

fois encore, il se rencontre nez à nez avec une ourse grise accompagnée de ses deux petits, bête énorme de la taille d'un rhinocéros et qui vous dépèce un homme en un tour de main, à l'aide de ses ongles longs d'un décimètre et larges à la base de cinq centimètres pour finir par la pointe la plus aiguë.

Un des plus agréables épisodes de ce voyage, c'est la rencontre que fait M. Catlin, dans un immense désert et au détour d'un bois, d'un trappeur Canadien qui sifflait entre ses lèvres un vaudeville Français du temps de Louis XIV. et se mit à entrer en conversation avec M. Catlin, moyennant un langage dans lequel le Français, l'Anglais et l'Indien entraient chacun pour un tiers. L'honnête Baptiste, descendant d'un de ces hommes que les racoleurs allaient *presser* sur le quai de la Ferraille pour en faire des colons *volontaires* destinés à peupler le Canada, devint le compagnon de voyage de M. Catlin, le Vendredi dévoué de ce nouveau Robinson de terre ferme, et n'est pas le personnage le moins intéressant de la relation.

M. Catlin, indépendamment de son mérite d'écrivain et de dessinateur, aura celui d'avoir donné l'histoire la plus complète des mœurs de ces peuplades que la civilisation balaye devant elle et qu'elle tue avec de l'eau-de-vie et la variole. Ces peuplades, autrefois maîtresses du grand continent du nord de l'Amérique, s'éteignent rapidement; leur mémoire s'éteindrait même si de hardis voyageurs n'allaient pas recueillir parmi elles les renseignements qui peuvent la préserver de l'oubli. Au nombre de ces voyageurs il faut citer au premier rang l'honorable M. Catlin, qui a rectifié bien des idées erronnées et fait connaître bien des faits jusqu'ici ignorés.

APPENDIX—(B).

MUSEUM OF HISTORY.

Established 1844.

THIS institution is intended to illustrate the History of Man by means of popular Lectures, aided and enforced by scenery, maps, and national costumes, adding every scenic attraction to the higher views of instruction, and combining art, history, philology, and geography; the audience, as it were, being thus transported to the sites themselves.

It is also in contemplation to add *gradually*, as funds shall accumulate—

1. Models and coloured portraits of the races of man.
2. A gallery of architectural models.
3. A cabinet of coins and inscriptions.
4. Collection of views and drawings.
5. Collection of objects illustrative of the arts, sciences, navigation, commerce, agriculture, amusements, and domestic economy of ancient and modern nations.
6. Specimens of manufactures.
7. A library and reading-room, to contain the principal British and foreign periodicals and newspapers, and without distinction of party; as also the latest publications on subjects connected with the objects of the institution.

The transactions of the institution will be published.

Illustrated lectures will be given on ancient and modern history, as also on New Zealand and Australia, embracing the modern settlements, and their capabilities for the colonist or emigrant.

Amongst the illustrated lectures to be given will be the following:—

On the Grecians.	On the Romans.
On the Byzantines.	On Russia and Siberia.
On the Modern Greeks.	On New Zealand.
On the Egyptians.	On Japan.
On the Arabians.	On the Ruined Cities of America.

With the aid of transparent maps (on a scale never before attempted) the spectator can follow the historian or traveller step by step, and with the advantages and beauties of scenery combined, is enabled to locate, classify, define, and retain the knowledge thus acquired.

The scenery and machinery have been so constructed, that whilst one series is used in London, others may be speedily sent to Edinburgh and elsewhere, where branch societies will be formed.

The management of the institution to be vested in a council elected by the subscribers, two of whom to retire annually, who may however be eligible for re-election.

TERMS.

For permanently reserved places at the lectures, five guineas per annum.

Ordinary subscribers, two guineas per annum.

Authors, artists, ladies, members of learned societies, and foreigners, one guinea per annum.

Ambassadors, foreign ministers, consuls, and secretaries of learned societies *only* can become honorary members.

Admission to the public, two shillings for reserved places at the lectures; one shilling for ordinary visitors.

Subscribers to possess the right to be present at all lectures.

Subscribers to meet annually.

Trustees and auditors to be chosen by the subscribers.

All communications may be addressed to W. H. SHIPPARD, Esq., Turnham Green.

Museum of History,
28th April, 1845.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
OF
CATLIN'S INDIAN COLLECTION;
CONTAINING
PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, COSTUMES, ETC.,
AND
REPRESENTATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

COLLECTED AND PAINTED ENTIRELY BY MR. CATLIN,
DURING EIGHT YEARS' TRAVEL AMONGST FORTY-EIGHT TRIBES, MOSTLY SPEAKING
DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

*Exhibited three years, with great success, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly,
London.*

I wish to inform the visitors to my Collection that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians; and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full *pictorial history* of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I sat out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a *Gallery unique and imperishable*, for the use and benefit of future ages.

I devoted eight years of my life exclusively to the accomplishment of my design, and that with more than expected success.

I visited with great difficulty, and some hazard to life, forty-eight tribes (residing within the United States, British, and Mexican Territories), containing about half a million of souls. I have seen them in their own villages, have carried my canvas and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c., from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the Gallery.

The collection contains (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures) near six hundred paintings, 350 of which are *Portraits* of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 250 *other Paintings*, descriptive of *Indian Countries*, their *Villages*, *Games*, and *Customs*; containing in all above 3000 figures.

As this immense collection has been gathered, and *every painting has been made from nature*, BY MY OWN HAND—and that too when I have been paddling my canoe, or leading my pack-horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life—the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them, as they have been intended, as *true and fac-simile traces of individual life and historical facts*, and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition as works of art.

GEO. CATLIN.

INDIAN PORTRAITS.

CERTIFICATES.

I hereby certify that the persons whose signatures are affixed to the certificates used below, by Mr. Catlin, are officers in the service of the United States, as herein set forth: and that their opinions of the accuracy of the likenesses, and correctness of the views, &c., exhibited by him in his "Indian Gallery," are entitled to full credit.

J. R. POINSETT, Secretary of War, Washington.

With regard to the gentlemen whose names are affixed to certificates below, I am fully warranted in saying, that no individuals have had better opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the persons, habits, costumes, and sports of the Indian tribes, or possess stronger claims upon the public confidence in the statements they make respecting the correctness of delineations, &c., of Mr. Catlin's "Indian Gallery;" and I may add my own testimony, with regard to many of those Indians whom I have seen, and whose likenesses are in the collection, and sketched with fidelity and correctness.

C. A. HARRIS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington.

I have seen Mr. Catlin's collection of Portraits of Indians, many of which were familiar to me, and painted in my presence; and, as far as they have included Indians of my acquaintance, the *likenesses* are easily recognised, bearing the most striking resemblance to the originals, as well as faithful representations of their costumes.

W. CLARK, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, St. Louis.

I have examined Mr. Catlin's collection of the Upper Missouri Indians to the Rocky Mountains, all of which I am acquainted with, and indeed most of them were painted when I was present, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them correct likenesses, and readily to be recognised. And I consider the *costumes*, as painted by him, to be the *only correct representations* I have ever seen.

JOHN F. A. SANFORD,

U. SS. Indian Agent for Mandans, Rickarees, Minatarees,
Crows, Knisteneaux, Assiniboins, Blackfeet, &c.

Having examined Mr. Catlin's collection of Portraits of Indians of the Missouri and Rocky Mountains, I have no hesitation in pronouncing them, so far as I am acquainted with the individuals, to be the best I have ever seen, both as regards the expression of countenance and the exact and complete manner in which the costume has been painted by him.

J. L. BEAN, S. Agent for Indian Affairs.

I have been for many years past in familiar acquaintance with the Indian tribes of the Upper Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and also with the landscape and other scenes represented in Mr. Catlin's collection, and it gives me great pleasure to assure the world that, on looking them over, I found the likenesses of my old friends easily to be recognised, and his sketches of Manners and Customs to be portrayed with singular truth and correctness.

J. PILCHER, Agent for Upper Missouri Indians.

It gives me great pleasure in being enabled to add my name to the list of those who have spontaneously expressed their approbation of Mr. Catlin's collection of Indian Paintings. His collection of materials places it in his power to throw much light on the Indian character; and his portraits, so far as I have seen them, are drawn with great fidelity as to character and likeness.

H. SCHOOLCRAFT, Indian Agent for Wisconsin Territory.

Having lived and dealt with the Blackfeet Indians for five years past, I was enabled to recognise *every one* of the portraits of those people, and of the Crows also, which Mr. Catlin has in his collection, from the faithful likenesses they bore to the originals.

St. Louis, 1835.

J. E. BRAZEAU.

Having spent sixteen years in the continual acquaintance with the Indians of the several tribes of the Missouri represented in Mr. Catlin's Gallery of Indian Paintings, I was enabled to judge of the correctness of the likenesses, and I *instantly recognised every one of them*, when I looked them over, from the striking resemblance they bore to the originals; so also of the landscapes on the Missouri.

HONORE PICOTTE.

The portraits in the possession of Mr. Catlin of Pawnee Picts, Kioways, Camanches, Wecos, and Osages, were painted by him *from life*, when on a tour

to their country with the United States Dragoons. The *likenesses* are good, very easily to be recognised, and the *costumes* faithfully represented.

HENRY DODGE, Col. of Drag.	D. PERKINS, Capt. of Drag.
R. H. MASON, Major of ditto.	M. DUNCAN, ditto.
D. HUNTER, Capt. of ditto.	T. B. WHEELLOCK, Licut. ditto.

We have seen Mr. Catlin's Portraits of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, many of which are familiar to us: the likenesses are easily recognised, bearing a strong resemblance to the originals, as well as a faithful representation of their costumes.

November 27th, 1837.

J. DOUGHERTY, Indian Agent.

J. GANTT.

We hereby certify that the portraits of the Grand Pawnees, Republican Pawnees, Pawnee Loups, Tappage Pawnees, Otoes, Omahaws, and Missouries, which are in Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery, were painted from life by Mr. George Catlin, and that the individuals sat to him in the costumes precisely in which they are painted.

New York, 1837. J. DOUGHERTY, I. A. for Pawnees, Omahaws, and Otoes.
J. GANTT.

I have seen Mr. Catlin's collection of Indian Portraits, many of which were familiar to me, and painted in my presence at their own villages. I have spent the greater part of my life amongst the tribes and individuals he has represented, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them correct likenesses, and easily recognised; also his sketches of their *manners* and *customs*, I think, are excellent; and the *landscape views* on the Missouri and Mississippi are correct representations.

K. M'KENZIE, of the Am. Fur Co., Mouth of Yellow Stone.

We hereby certify that the portraits of Seminoles and Enchees, named in this catalogue, were painted by George Catlin, from the life, at Fort Moultrie; that the Indians sat or stood in the costumes precisely in which they are painted, and that the likenesses are remarkably good.

Fort Moultrie, Jan. 26, 1838.

P. MORRISON, Capt. 4th Inf.
J. S. HATHAWAY, 2nd Lieut. 1st Art.
H. WHARTON, 2nd Lieut. 6th Inf.
F. WEEDON, Assistant-Surgeon.

In addition to the above certificates, nearly every portrait has inseparably attached to its back an *individual* certificate, signed by Indian agents, officers of the army, or other persons, who were present when the picture was painted. The form of these certificates is as follows:—

No. 131, BLACKFOOT, PE-TOH-PE-KISS (THE EAGLE-RIBS).

I hereby certify that this portrait was painted from the life, at Fort Union, mouth of Yellow Stone, in the year 1832, by George Catlin, and that the Indian sat in the costume in which it is painted.

JOHN F. A. SANFORD, United States Indian Agent.

DEAR SIR,

Légation des Etats Unis, Paris, Dec. 8, 1841.

No man can appreciate better than myself the admirable fidelity of your drawings and book which I have lately received. They are equally spirited and accurate—they are true to nature. Things that *are* are not sacrificed, as they too often are by the painter, to things as in his judgment they should be.

During eighteen years of my life I was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the north-western territory of the United States; and during more than five I was Secretary of War, to which department belongs the general control of Indian concerns. I know the Indians thoroughly—I have spent many a month in their camps, council-houses, villages, and hunting-grounds—I have fought with them and against them—and I have negotiated seventeen treaties of peace or of cession with them. I mention these circumstances to show you that I have a good right to speak confidently upon the subject of your drawings. Among them I recognise many of my old acquaintances, and everywhere I am struck with the vivid representations of them and their customs, of their peculiar features, and of their costumes. Unfortunately they are receding before the advancing tide of our population, and are probably destined, at no distant day, wholly to disappear; but your collection will preserve them, as far as human art can do, and will form the most perfect monument of an extinguished race that the world has ever seen.

LEWIS CASS.

To George Catlin.

DEAR SIR,

Cottage, Haddington, 15th April, 1843.

I have enjoyed much pleasure in attending your lectures at the Waterloo Rooms in Edinburgh. Your delineations of the Indian character, the display of beautiful costumes, and the native Indian manners, true to the life, realised to my mind and view scenes I had so often witnessed in the parts of the Indian countries where I had been; and for twenty years' peregrinations in those parts, from Montreal to the Great Slave River north, and from the shores of the Atlantic, crossing the Rocky Mountains, to the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific Ocean, west, I had opportunities of seeing much. Your lectures and exhibition have afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction, and I shall wish you all that success which you so eminently deserve for the rich treat which you have afforded in our enlightened, literary, and scientific metropolis.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

To George Catlin, Esq.

JOHN HALDANE.

The following is an extract of a letter received some days since by a gentleman in Edinburgh, from Mr. James Hargrave, of the Hudson's Bay Company, dated York Factory, Hudson's Bay, 10th December, 1842:—

"Should you happen to fall in with Catlin's Letters on the North American Indians, I would strongly recommend a perusal of them for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the habits and customs of those tribes among whom he was placed. Catlin's sketches are true to life, and are powerfully descriptive of their appearance and character."

CATLIN'S INDIAN COLLECTION

INDIAN PORTRAITS.

SACS (SÁU-KIES).

A TRIBE OF INDIANS residing on the Upper Mississippi and Desmoines rivers. Present number (in 1840) about 5000. The smallpox carried off half their population a few years since; and a considerable number were destroyed in the "Black Hawk War" in 1832-3. This tribe shave the head, leaving only a small tuft of hair on the top, which is called the "scalplock."

[The acute accent is used in the spelling of the Indian names merely to denote the emphasis.]

1. *Kee-o-kúk*, the Running Fox; present Chief of the Tribe. Shield on his arm and staff of office (sceptre) in his hand; necklace of grisly bear's claws, over the skin of a white wolf, on his neck.

This man, during the Black Hawk War, kept two-thirds of the warriors of the tribe neutral, and was therefore appointed chief by General Scott, in treaty, with the consent of the nation.

2. *Múk-a-tah-mish-o-káh-kaik*, the Black Hawk; in his war dress and paint. Strings of wampum in his ears and on his neck, and his *medicine-bag* (the skin of the black hawk) on his arm.

This is the man famed as the conductor of the Black Hawk War. Painted at the close of the war, while he was a prisoner at Jefferson Barracks, in 1832.

3. *Náh-se-ús-kuk*, the Whirling Thunder; eldest son of Black Hawk.

A very handsome man. He distinguished himself in the Black Hawk War.

4. *Wa-saw-me-saw*, the Roaring Thunder; youngest son of Black Hawk.

Painted while a prisoner of war.

5. (), wife of *Kee-o-kúk* (No. 1); in a dress of civilized manufacture, ornamented with silver brooches.

This woman is the eldest of seven wives whom I saw in his lodge, and, being the mother of his favourite son, the most valued one. To her alone would he allow the distinguished honour of being painted and hung up with the chiefs.

6. *Me-sou-wahk*, the Deer's Hair; the favourite son of Kee-o-kúk, and by him designated to be his successor.
7. *Wah-pe-kée-suck*, White Cloud, called the "Prophet;" one of Black Hawk's principal warriors and advisers.
Was a prisoner of war with Black Hawk, and travelled with him through the Eastern States.
8. *Náh-pope*, the Soup; another of Black Hawk's principal advisers; and travelled with him, when he was a prisoner of war, to the Eastern cities.
He desired to be painted with a white flag in his hand.
9. *Ah-móu-a*, the Whale, one of Kee-o-kúk's principal braves; holding a handsome war-club in his hand.
10. *Wa-quóth-e-qua*, the Buck's Wife, or Female Deer; the wife of Ah-móu-a.
11. *Pash-ee-pa-hó*, the Little Stabbing Chief; holding his staff of office in his hand, shield and pipe.
A very venerable old man, who has been for many years the first civil chief of the Sacs and Foxes.
12. *I-o-wáy*, the Ioway; one of Black Hawk's principal warriors; his body curiously ornamented with his "war-paint."
13. *Pam-a-hó*, the Swimmer; one of Black Hawk's warriors.
Very distinguished.
14. *No-kúk-qua*, the Bear's Fat.
15. *Pash-ee-pa-hó*, the Little Stabbing Chief (the younger); one of Black Hawk's braves.
16. *Wáh-pa-ko-lás-kuk*, the Bear's Track.



FOXES.

On the Desmoines River; present number (in 1840), 1500.

17. *Aih-no-wa*, the Fire; a doctor or "medicine" man; one half of his body painted red, and the other yellow.
18. *Wéc-sheet*, the Sturgeon's Head; one of Black Hawk's principal warriors; his body most singularly ornamented with his *war-paint*.
This man held a spear in his hand, with which, he assured me, he killed four white men during the war.
- 19, 20, 21. Three in a group; names not known.



KON-ZAS.

A tribe of 1560 souls, residing on the Konza river, sixty or eighty miles west of the Missouri. Uncivilized remains of a powerful and warlike tribe. One-half died with the smallpox a few years since. This tribe shave the head like the Osages, Sacs, and Foxes.

22. *Shó-me-kós-see*, the Wolf; one of the Chiefs; his head curiously ornamented, and numerous strings of wampum on his neck.
23. *Jee-hé-o-hó-shah*, He who cannot be thrown down; a warrior.
24. *Wá-hón-ga-shee*, No Fool; a very great fop.
Used half the day in painting his face, preparing to sit for his picture.
25. *Meach-o-shín-gaw*, Little White Bear; a spirited and distinguished brave, with a scalping-knife grasped in his hand.
26. *O-rón-gás-see*, the Bear-catcher; a celebrated warrior.
27. *Chésh-oo-hong-ha*, the Man of Good Sense; a handsome young warrior; style of his head-dress like the Grecian helmet.
28. *Hón-je-a-pút-o*, a woman; wife of O-rón-gás-see.

O-SÁGE, OR WA-SÁW-SEE.

A tribe in their primitive state, inhabiting the head-waters of the Arkansas and Neosho or Grand Rivers, 700 miles west of the Mississippi. Present number of the tribe, 5200; residing in three villages; wigwams built of barks and flags, or reeds. The Osages are the tallest men on the continent, the most of them being over six feet in stature, and many of them seven. This tribe shave the head, leaving a small tuft on the top, called the "scalp-lock."

29. *Cler-mónt*, ————; first Chief of the tribe; with his war-club in his hand, and his leggins fringed with scalp-locks taken from his enemies' heads.
This man is the son of an old and celebrated chief of that name, who died a few years since.
30. *Wáh-chee-te*, ————; woman and child; wife of Cler-mónt.
31. *Tchong-tas-sáb-bee*, the Black Dog; second Chief of the Osages; with his pipe in one hand and tomahawk in the other; head shaved, and ornamented with a crest made of the deer's tail, coloured red.
This is the largest man in the Osage nation, and blind in his left eye.
32. *Tál-lee*, ————; an Osage warrior of distinction; with his shield, bow, and quiver.
33. *Wa-ho-béck-ec*, ————; a brave; said to be the hand-

somest man in the nation ; with a profusion of wampum on his neck, and a fan in his hand made of the eagle's tail.

34. *Mun-ne-pús-kee*, He who is not afraid. }
 35. *Ko-ha-túnk-a*, the Big Crow. } group.
 36. *Nah-cóm-ee-shee*, Man of the Bed. }

Three distinguished young warriors, who desired to be painted on one canvas.

37. *Moi-één-e-shee*, the Constant Walker.
 38. *Wa-másh-ee-sheek*, He who takes away. }
 39. *Wa-chésh-uk*, War. } group.
 40. *Mink-chésk*, ————.

Three distinguished young men, full length.

41. *Tcha-tó-ga*, Mad Buffalo ; bow and quiver on his back.

This man was tried and convicted for the murder of two white men, under Mr. Adams's administration, and was afterwards pardoned, but is held in disgrace in his tribe since.

42. *Wash-ím-pe-shee*, the Madman ; a distinguished warrior ; full length.
 43. *Pa-hú-sha*, White Hair ; the younger ; with lance and quiver. Chief of a band, and rival of Cler-mónt.
 44. *Shin-ga-wás-sa*, the Handsome Bird ; a splendid-looking fellow, six feet eight inches high ; with war-club and quiver.
 45. *Cáh-he-ga-shín-ga*, the Little Chief ; full-length, with bow and quiver.

CA-MÁN-CHEES.

One of the most powerful and hostile tribes in North America, inhabiting the western parts of Texas and the Mexican provinces, and the south-western part of the territory of the United States near the Rocky Mountains ; entirely wild and predatory in their habits ; the most expert and effective lancers and horsemen on the continent. Numbering some 25,000 or 30,000 ; living in skin lodges or wigwams ; well mounted on wild horses ; continually at war with the Mexicans, Texians, and Indian tribes of the north-west.

46. *Eé-shah-hó-nee*, the Bow and Quiver ; first Chief of the tribe. Boar's tusk on his breast, and rich shells in his ears.
 47. *Ta-wáh-que-nah*, the Mountain of Rocks ; second Chief of the tribe, and largest man in the nation.

This man received the United States Regiment of Dragoons with great kindness at his village, which was beautifully situated at the base of a huge spur of the Rocky Mountains : he has decidedly African features, and a beard of two inches in length on his chin.

48. *Ish-a-ró-yeh*, He who carries a Wolf ; a distinguished brave ;

so called from the circumstance of his carrying a *medicine-bag* made of the skin of a wolf: he holds a whip in his hand.

This man piloted the dragoons to the Camanchee village, and received a handsome rifle from Colonel Dodge for so doing.

49. *Kots-o-kó-ro-kó*, the Hair of the Bull's Neck; third grade Chief; shield on his arm and gun in his hand.
50. *Is-sa-wáh-tám-ah*, the Wolf tied with Hair; a Chief, third rate: pipe in his hand.
51. *His-oo-sán-chees*, the Little Spaniard; a brave of the highest order in his tribe; armed as a warrior, with shield, bow and quiver, lance fourteen feet long, and war-knife.

This was the first of the Camanchees who daringly left his own war-party and came to the regiment of dragoons, and spoke with our interpreter, inviting us to go to their village. A man of low stature, but of the most remarkable strength and daring courage.—See him approaching the dragoons on horseback, No. 489.

52. *Háh-nee*, the Beaver; a warrior of terrible aspect.
- 53-54. Two Camanchee Girls (sisters), showing the wigwam of the Chief, his dogs, and his five children.

PAW-NEE PÍCTS (TOW-EE-AHGE).

A wild and hostile tribe, numbering about 6000, adjoining the Camanchees on the north. This tribe and the Camanchees are in league with each other, joining in war and in the chase.

55. *Wee-tá-ra-shá-ro*, ———; head Chief; an old and very venerable man.

This man embraced Colonel Dodge, and others of the dragoon officers in council, in his village, and otherwise treated them with great kindness, theirs being the first visit ever made to them by white people.

56. *Shy-se-ró-ka*, ———; second Chief of the tribe.

A fine-looking and remarkably shrewd and intelligent man.

57. *Kid-á-day*, ———; a brave of distinction.

58. *Káh-kée-tsee*, the Thighs. }

59. *Shé-de-ah*, Wild Sage. }

Both of these women were prisoners amongst the Osages; they were purchased by the Indian Commissioner, and sent home to the nation by the dragoons.

60. *Ah'-sho-cole*, Rotten Foot; a noted warrior.

61. *Ah'-re-hah-na-có-chee*, the Mad Elk; a great warrior.

KÍ-O-WA.

Also a wild and predatory tribe of 5000 or 6000, living on the west of the Pawnee Picts and Camanchees, and also in alliance with those war-

like and powerful tribes. They inhabit the base of, and extend their wars and hunts through a great extent of the Rocky Mountains: and, like the Camanchees, are expert and wonderful horsemen.

62. *Téh-tóot-sah*, ———, first Chief.

This man treated the dragoons with great kindness in his country, and came in with us to Fort Gibson; his hair was very long, extending down as low as his knees, and put up in clubs, and ornamented with silver brooches.

63. *Kotz-a-tó-ah*, the Smoked Shield; a distinguished warrior; full-length.

64. *Bón-són-gee*, New Fire; Chief of a band; boar's tusk and war-whistle on his breast.

65. *Quáy-hám-kay*, the Stone Shell; a brave, and a good specimen of the wild untutored savage.

66. *Túnk-aht-óh-ye*, the Thunderer (boy).

67. *Wun-pán-to-mee*, the White Weasel (girl).}

This boy and girl, who had been for several years prisoners amongst the Osages, were purchased by the Indian Commissioner; the girl was sent home to her nation by the dragoons, and the boy was killed by a ram the day before we started. They were brother and sister.

WÉE-CO.

A small tribe, living near to, and under the protection of, the Pawnee Picts, speaking an unknown language; probably the remnant of a tribe conquered and enslaved by the Pawnee Picts.

68. *U'sh-ee-kitz*, He who fights with a Feather. Chief of the tribe.

This man came into Fort Gibson with the dragoons; he was famous for a custom he observed after all his speeches, of *embracing* the officers and chiefs in council.

SIÓUX (DAH-CÓ-TA).

This is one of the most numerous and powerful tribes at present existing on the continent, numbering, undoubtedly, some 40,000, occupying a vast tract of country on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and extending quite to the base of the Rocky Mountains. They live in skin lodges, and move them about the prairies, without any permanent residence. This tribe lost about 8000 by smallpox a few years since.

69. *Ha-wón-je-tah*, the One Horn; first Chief of the tribe; *Mee-ne-cow-e-gee* band, Upper Missouri; hair tied on his head in form of a turban, and filled with glue and red earth, or vermilion.

The Sioux have forty-one bands; every band has a chief, and this man was head of all: he has been recently killed by a buffalo-bull.

70. *Wá-nah-de-túnk-ah*, the Big Eagle, or Black Dog; at the Falls of St. Anthony. Chief of the *O-hah-kas-ka-toh-y-an-te*, or *Long Avenue* band.
71. *Tchán-dee*, Tobacco; second Chief of the nation, of the *O-gla-la* band, Upper Missouri.
72. *Wán-ee-ton*, ———; Chief of the *Sus-se-ton* band, Upper Missouri; full-length, in a splendid dress; head-dress of war-eagle's quills and ermine, and painted robe.
- One of the most noted and dignified, as well as graceful chiefs of the Sioux tribe.
73. *Tóh-to-wah-kón-da-pee*, the Blue Medicine; a noted "medicine-man," or doctor, at the St. Peter's, of the *Ting-ta-to-ah* band; with his *medicine* or mystery drum and rattle in his hands, his looking-glass on his breast, his rattle of antelope's hoofs, and drum of deer-skins.
- These "*medicine-men*" are conjurers as well as physicians, paying their dernier visits to the sick, with their *mysteries*, endeavouring and pretending to cure by a charm.
74. *Ah-nó-je-nahge*, He who stands on both Sides; and
75. *We-chúsh-ta-dóo-ta*, the Red Man; the two most distinguished ball-players of the Sioux tribe, in their ball-play dress, with their ball-sticks in their hands.
- In this beautiful and favourite game, each player is adorned with an embroidered belt, and a tail of beautiful quills or horse-hair; the arms, legs, and feet are always naked, and curiously painted. (See two paintings of ball-plays, and further description of the game, under *Amusements*, Nos. 428, 429, 430, and the ball-sticks among the manufactures.)
76. *Ka-pés-ka-da*, the Shell; a brave of the *O-gla-la* band.
77. *Táh-zee-keh-dá-cha*, the Torn Belly; a very distinguished brave of the *Yank-ton* band, Upper Missouri.
78. *Wúk-mi-ser*, Corn; a warrior of distinction, of the *Ne-caw-ee-gee* band.
79. *Chá-tee-wah-née-che*, No Heart; a very noted Indian. Chief of the *Wah-ne-watch-to-nee-nah* band.
80. *Ee-áh-sá-pa*, the Black Rock; Chief of the *Ne-caw-ee-gee* band; a very dignified chief, in a beautiful dress, full length, head-dress of eagles' quills and ermine, and horns of the buffalo; lance in his hand, and battles of his life emblazoned on his robe.

81. *Wi-lóoh-toh-eeh-tcháh-ta-máh-nee*, the Red Thing that touches in Marching; a young girl; and the daughter of *Black Rock* (No. 80), by her side—her dress of deer-skin, and ornamented with brass buttons and beads.
82. *Toh-kí-e-to*, the Stone with Horns. Chief of the Yank-ton band, and principal orator of the nation; his body curiously tattooed.
83. *Mah-tó-rah-rísh-nee-ééh-ée-rah*, the Grisly Bear that runs without Regard; a brave of the *Onc-pah-pa* band.
84. *Mah-tó-che-ga*, the Little Bear; a distinguished brave.
85. *Shón-ka*, the Dog; Chief of the *Bad Arrow Points* band.
86. *Táh-téck-a-da-háir*, the Steep Wind; a Brave of the *Ca-za-zhee-ta* (or *Bad Arrow Points*) band.

These three distinguished men were all killed in a private quarrel (while I was in the country), occasioned by my painting only *one-half* of the face of the first (No. 84); ridicule followed, and resort to fire-arms, in which that side of the face which I had left out was blown off in a few moments after I had finished the portrait; and sudden and violent revenge for the offence soon laid the other two in the dust, and imminently endangered my own life. (For a full account of this strange transaction, see Catlin's 'Letters and Notes on North American Indians.')

87. *Heh-háh-ra-pah*, the Elk's Head; Chief of the *Ee-ta-sip-show* band, Upper Missouri.
88. *Máh-to-eeen-náh-pa*, the White Bear that goes out; Chief of the *Black Foot Sioux* band.
89. *Tchón-su-móns-ka*, the Sand Bar; woman of the *Te-ton* band, with a beautiful head of hair; her dress almost literally covered with brass buttons, which are highly valued by the women, to adorn their dresses.
90. *Wá-be-shaw*, the Leaf; Upper Mississippi, Chief of a band, blind in one eye; a very distinguished man, since dead.
91. *Shón-ga-tón-ga-chésh-en-day*, the Horse-dung; Chief of a band; a great conjurer and magician.
92. *Tah-tón-ga-mó-nee*, the Walking Buffalo; Red Wing's son.
93. *Múz-za*, the Iron; St. Peters; a brave of distinction, and a very handsome fellow.
94. *Te-o-kún-ko*, the Swift.

An ill-visaged and ill-natured fellow, though reputed a desperate warrior.

PÚN-CAH.

A small tribe residing on the west bank of the Missouri River, 900 in number, reduced one-half by the smallpox in 1824-5.

95. *Shoo-de-gá-cha*, the Smoke; Chief of the Tribe.
A very philosophical and dignified man.
96. *Hee-láh-dee*, the Pure Fountain; wife of Shoo-de-gá-cha (No. 95).
97. *Hongs-káy-dee*, the Great Chief; son of the Chief.
This young fellow, about 18 years of age, glowing red with vermilion, signalised himself by marrying *four wives in one day*, whilst I was in his village! He took them all at once to his wigwam, where I saw them, and painted one of them.
98. *Mong-shóng-sha*, the Bending Willow; one of the four wives of Hongs-káy-dee (No. 97), about 13 years old, and wrapped in a buffalo robe, prettily garnished.

PÁW-NEES,—OF THE PLATTE.

A wild and very warlike tribe of 12,000, occupying the country watered by the river Platte, from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. This once very powerful tribe lost one-half of their numbers by the small-pox in 1823: they are entirely distinct from the Pawnee Piets, both in language and customs, and live 1000 miles from them. This tribe shave the head like the Sacs and Foxes.

FIRST BAND.—GRAND PA'WNEES.

99. *Shón-ka-ki-he-ga*, the Horse Chief; head Chief of the tribe.
This chief, and a number of his braves, visited Washington in 1837.
100. *La-dóo-ke-a*, the Buffalo Bull; his *medicine* or *totem* (the head of a buffalo bull) painted on his face and breast, his bow and arrow in his hands.
101. *Ah-sháw-wah-róoks-te*, the Medicine Horse; a brave, or soldier.

SECOND BAND.—TAP-PA'HGE PA'WNEES.

102. *La-kée-too-wi-rá-sha*, the Little Chief; a great warrior.
103. *Loo-rá-wée-re-coo*, the Bird that goes to War.

THIRD BAND.—REPUBLICAN PA'WNEES.

104. *A'h-sha-la-cóots-ah*, the Mole in the Forehead; Chief of his band; a very distinguished warrior.
105. *Lá-shah-le-stáw-hix*, the Man Chief.

106. *La-wée-re-coo-re-shaw-wee*, the War Chief.
 107. *Te-ah'-he-ra-lée-re-coo*, the Chayenne; a fine-looking fellow, with a pipe in one hand and his whip in the other.

FOURTH BAND.—WOLF PA'WNEES.

108. *Le-sháw-loo-láh-le-hoo*, the Big Elk; Chief of the band.
 109. *Lo-lóch-to-hóo-lah*, the Big Chief; a very celebrated man.
 110. *La-wáh-he-coots-la-sháw-no*, the Brave Chief; impressions of hands painted on his breast.
 111. *L'har-e-tar-rúshe*, the Ill-natured Man; a great warrior.

—+—
 O-MÁ-HAS.

The remains of a numerous tribe, nearly destroyed by the small-pox in 1823, now living under the protection of the Pawnees: their numbers, about 1500.

112. *Man-sha-quí-ta*, the Little Soldier; a brave.
 113. *Ki-hó-ga-waw-shú-shee*, the Brave Chief; Chief of the tribe.
 114. *Om-pah-tón-ga*, the Big Elk; a famous warrior, his tomahawk in his hand, and face painted black, for war.
 115. *Sháw-da-mon-nee*, There he goes; a brave.
 116. *Nóm-ba-mon-nee*, the Double Walker; a brave.

—+—
 OTE-TOES.

These are also the remains of a large tribe, two-thirds of which were destroyed by small-pox in 1823: they are neighbours and friends of the Pawnees, numbering about 600.

117. *Wah-ro-née-sah*, the Surrounder; Chief of the tribe, quite an old man; his shirt made of the skin of a grisly bear, with the claws on.
 118. *Nón-je-níng-a*, No Heart; a distinguished brave.
 119. *No-wáy-ke-súg-gah*, He who Strikes Two at Once. Sketch quite unfinished; beautiful dress, trimmed with a profusion of scalp-locks and eagles' quills; pipe in his hand, and necklace of grisly bears' claws.
 120. *Ráw-no-way-wóh-krah*, the Loose Pipe-stem; a brave (full length); eagle head-dress, shirt of grisly bear's skin.
 121. *Wée-ke-rú-law*, He who Exchanges; beautiful pipe in his hand.
- +—

MIS-SÓU-RIES.

Once a very numerous and powerful nation, occupying the States of Illinois and Indiana. Reduced in wars with Saes and Foxes, and lastly by the small-pox in 1823; now merged into the Pawnee tribe. Numbers at present, 400; twenty years ago, 18,000.

122. *Háw-che-ke-súg-ga*, He who kills the Osages; Chief of the tribe; an old man, necklace of grisly bears' claws, and a handsome carved pipe in his hand.

RÍC-CA-REES.

A small but very hostile tribe of 2500, on the west bank of the Missouri, 1600 miles above its junction with the Mississippi; living in one village of earth-covered lodges.

123. *Stán-au-pat*, the Bloody Hand; Chief of the tribe. His face painted red with vermilion, scalping-knife in his hand; wearing a beautiful dress.
124. *Káh-béek-a*, the Twin; wife of the Chief (No. 123).
125. *Pshán-shaw*, the Sweet-scented Grass; a girl of twelve years old, daughter of the Chief (No. 123), full length, in a beautiful dress of the mountain-sheep skin, neatly garnished, and robe of the young buffalo.
126. *Páh-too-cá-ra*, He who Strikes; a distinguished brave.

MÁN-DANS,

(SEE-PO'HS-KA-NU-MA'H-KA'-KEE,) PEOPLE OF THE PHEASANTS.

A small tribe of 2000 souls, living in two permanent villages on the Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi. Earth-covered lodges; villages fortified by strong piquets, eighteen feet high, and a ditch. [*This friendly and interesting tribe all perished by the small-pox and suicide in 1837 (three years after I lived amongst them), excepting about forty, who have since been destroyed by their enemy, rendering the tribe entirely extinct, and their language lost, in the short space of a few months! The disease was carried amongst them by the traders, which destroyed in six months, of different tribes, 25,000!*]

127. *Ha-na-tá-nu-maúh*, the Wolf Chief; head of the tribe, in a splendid dress, head-dress of raven-quills, and two *calumets* or pipes of peace in his hand.
128. *Máh-to-tóh-pa*, the Four Bears; second Chief, but the favourite and popular man of the nation; costume splendid, head-dress of war-eagles' quills and ermine, extending quite to the ground, surmounted by the horns of the buffalo and skin of the magpie.

129. *Mah-tó-he-ha*, the Old Bear; a very distinguished brave; but here represented in the character of a *Medicine Man* or Doctor, with his *medicine* or *mystery* pipes in his hands, and foxes' tails tied to his heels, prepared to make his last visit to his patient, to cure him, if possible, by *hocus pocus* and magic.
130. *Mah-táhp-ta-a*, He who rushes through the Middle; a brave, son of the former Chief, called "the Four Men." Necklace of bears' claws.
131. *Máh-to-tóh-pa*, the Four Bears; in *undress*, being in mourning, with a few locks of his hair cut off. His hair put up in plaits or slabs, with glue and red paint, a custom of the tribe.
The scars on his breast, arms, and legs, show that he has several times in his life submitted to the propitiatory tortures represented in four paintings, Nos. 505, 506, 507, 508.
132. *Seehk-hée-da*, the Mouse-coloured Feather, or "*White Eyebrows*;" a very noted brave, with a beautiful pipe in his hand; his hair quite yellow.
This man was killed by the Sioux, and scalped, two years after I painted his portrait: his scalp lies on the table, No. 10.
133. *Mi-néek-ee-súnk-te-ka*, the Mink; a beautiful Mandan girl, in mountain-sheep skin dress, ornamented with porcupine-quills, beads, and elk's teeth.
134. *Sha-kó-ka*, Mint.
A very pretty and modest girl, twelve years of age, with *grey hair*! peculiar to the Mandans. This unaccountable peculiarity belongs to the Mandans alone, and about one in twelve, of both sexes and of all ages, have the hair of a bright silvery grey, and exceedingly coarse and harsh, somewhat like a horse's mane.
135. *Ūn-ka-hah-hón-shee-kow*, the Long Finger-nails; a brave.
136. *Máh-tah'p-ta-hah*, the One who rushes through the Middle.
- 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142. *San-ja-ka-kó-koh*, the Deceiving Wolf; and five others, in a group; names not preserved.

SHI-ENNE.

A small but very valiant tribe of 3000, neighbours of the Sioux, on the west, between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains: a very tall race of men, second in stature to the Osages.

143. *Né-hee-ó-ee-wóo-tis*, the Wolf on the Hill; Chief of the

tribe ; a noble and fine-looking fellow : this man has been known to own 100 horses at one time.

144. *Tis-se-wóo-na-tís*, She who bathes her Knees ; Wife of the Chief (No. 143) ; her hair in braid.

FLAT HEADS, or NEZ PERCÉS.

On the head-waters of the Columbia, west of the Rocky Mountains.

145. *Hee-oh'ks-te-kin*, the Rabbit's Skin Leggings ; a brave, in a very beautiful dress.
146. *H'co-a-h'co-a-h'cotes-min*, No Horns on his Head ; a brave, a very handsome man, in a beautiful dress.
147. () Woman and Child ; showing the manner in which the heads of the children are flattened.

CHIN-OOK.

On the lower parts of the Columbia, near the Pacific Ocean.

148. *Hee-doh'ge-uts*, ——— ; a young man, eighteen years of age.

BLACK FEET.

A very warlike and hostile tribe of 50,000, including the *Peagans* *Cotonnés* and *Gros-ventres de Prairies*, occupying the head-waters of the Missouri, extending a great way into the British territory on the north, and into the Rocky Mountains on the west. Rather low in stature, broad chested, square shouldered, richly clad, and well armed, living in skin lodges. 12,000 of them destroyed by smallpox within the year 1838 !

149. *Stu-mick-o-súcks*, the Buffalo's Black Fat ; Chief of the tribe, in a splendid costume, richly garnished with porcupine-quills, and fringed with scalp-locks.
150. *Eeh-nís-kim*, the Crystal Stone ; wife of the Chief (No. 149).
151. *In-ne-ó-cose*, the Buffalo's Child ; a warrior, full-length, with *medicine-bag* of otter-skin.
152. *Peh-tó-pe-kiss*, the Eagle's Ribs ; Chief of the "*Blood Band*," full-length, in splendid dress ; head-dress of horns of the buffalo and ermines' tails ; lance in his hand and two *medicine-bags*.
153. *Mix-ke-móte-skin-na*, the Iron Horn ; warrior, in a splendid dress.
154. *Peh-no-máh-kan*, He who runs down the Hill.

155. *Ah'-kay-ee-p'ix-en*, the Woman who Strikes Many; full-length; dress of mountain-sheep skin.
156. *Méh-tóom*, the Hill.
157. *Tcha-dés-sa-ko-máh-pee*, the Bear's Child, with war-club.
158. *Wún-nes-tou*, the White Buffalo; a *medicine-man* or *doctor*, with his *medicine* or *mystery* shield.
159. *Tcha-aés-ka-ding*, ————; boy, four years old, wearing his robe made of the skin of a racoon: this boy is grandson of the Chief, and is expected to be his successor.
160. *Peh-tó-pe-kiss*, the Eagle's Ribs; Chief of the Blood Band; splendid dress.

This man boasted to me that he had killed eight white men (trappers) in his country; he said that they had repeatedly told the traders that they should not catch the beaver in their country, and if they continued to do it they would kill them.

161. () ————, a *medicine-man*, or *doctor*, performing his *medicines* or *mysteries* over a dying man, with the skin of a yellow bear and other curious articles of dress thrown over him; with his mystery rattle and mystery spear, which, he supposes, possess a supernatural power in the art of healing and curing the sick.

CROWS (BEL-ANT-SE-A.)

A tribe of 7000, on the head-waters of the Yellow Stone River, extending their hunts and their wars into the Rocky Mountains—inveterate enemies of the Black Feet; tall, fine-limbed men, graceful and gentlemanly in deportment, and the most richly and tastefully clad of any Indians on the continent. Skin lodges, many of which are tastefully ornamented and painted like the one standing in the room.

162. *Cháh-ee-chópes*, the Four Wolves; a Chief, a fine-looking fellow; his hair reaching the ground; his *medicine* (mystery) *bag* of the skin of the ermine.
- This man was in mourning, having some of his locks cut off.
163. *Eé-hée-a-duck-cée-a*, He who ties his Hair before; a man of six feet stature, whose natural hair drags on the ground as he walks.
164. *Pa-rís-ka-róo-pa*, the Two Crows; Chief of a band; his hair sweeps the ground; his head-dress made of the eagle's skin entire; he holds in his hand his lance and two *medicine*-bags, the one of his own instituting, the other taken from his enemy, whom he had killed in battle.

165. *Hó-ra-tó-a*, ————; a brave, wrapped in his robe, and his hair reaching to the ground; his spear in his hand, and bow and quiver slung.
166. *Oó-je-en-á-he-a*, the Woman who lives in the Bear's Den; her hair cut off, she being in mourning.
167. *Duhk-gits-o-ó-see*, the Red Bear.
168. *Pa-ris-ka-róo-pa*, the Two Crows (the younger), called the "Philosopher."
- A young man distinguished as an orator and wise man, though the character of his face and head would almost appear like a deformity.
169. *Bi-éets-ee-cure*, the Very Sweet Man.
170. *Ba-da-ah-chón-du*, He who jumps over Every One; on a wild horse, with war-eagle head-dress on his horse's and his own head; with shield, bow, quiver, and lance; his long hair floating in the wind.

GROS-VENTRES

(MIN-A-TAR-REES), PEOPLE OF THE WILLOWS.

A small tribe, near neighbours and friends of the Mandans, speaking the Crow language, and probably have, at a former period, strayed away from them; numbering about 1100.

171. *Eh-toh'k-pah-she-pée-shah*, the Black Mocassin; Chief; over a hundred years old; sits in his lodge, smoking a handsome pipe; his arms and ornaments hanging on a post by the side of his bed. (Since dead.)
172. *E'e-a-chín-che-a*, the Red Thunder; the son of the Black Mocassin (No. 171), represented in the costume of a warrior.
173. *Pa-ris-ka-róo-pa*, the Two Crows; with a handsome shirt, ornamented with ermine, and necklace of grisly bears' claws.
- This man is now the head Chief of the tribe.
174. (), ————; woman, the wife of the Two Crows (No. 173).
175. *Seet-sé-be-a*, the Mid-day Sun; a pretty girl, in mountain-sheep skin dress, and fan of the eagle's tail in her hand.

CREES (KNIS-TE-NEUX).

A small tribe of 4000, in *Her Majesty's dominions*, neighbours of the Black Feet, and always at war with them; desperate warriors; small and light in stature. Half of them have recently died of the smallpox since I was amongst them.

176. *Eeh-tow-wées-ka-zeet*, He who has Eyes behind him; one of the foremost braves of the tribe, in a handsome dress.

This man visited Washington with the Indian agent, Major Sanford, a few years since.

177. *Tsee-mouint*, a Great Wonder; woman carrying her Infant in her robe.

178. *Tow-ée-ka-wet*, ———; woman.

AS-SIN-NE-BOINS (STONE BOILERS).

A tribe of 8000, occupying the country from the mouth of the Yellow Stone River to Lake Winnepeg, in her *British Majesty's dominions*, speaking the Sioux or Dahcota language, ranging about, like them, in skin lodges, and no doubt a severed band of that great nation. 4000 of these people destroyed by the smallpox in 1838, since I was amongst them.

179. *Wi-jún-jon*, the Pigeon's Egg Head; one of the most distinguished young warriors of the tribe.

He was taken to Washington in 1832 by Major Sauford, the Indian agent; after he went home he was condemned as a liar, and killed, in consequence of the *incredible* stories which he told of the whites.—(See him on *his way to, and returning from, Washington*, No. 475.)

180. *Chin-cha-pee*, the Fire Bug that creeps; wife of *Wi-jún-jon* (No. 179); her face painted red, and in her hand a stick, used by the women in those regions for digging the “*pomme blanche*,” or prairie turnip.

181. (); woman and child, in beautiful skin dresses.

CHIP-PE-WAYS (OJIBBEWAYS).

A very numerous tribe, of some 15,000 or 20,000, inhabiting a vast tract of country on the southern shores of Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, and the Athabasca, extending a great way into the British territory; residing in skin and bark lodges.

182. *Sha-có-pay*, the Six; Chief of the Ojibbeways living north of the mouth of Yellow Stone River; in a rich dress, with his battles emblazoned on it.

183. *Kay-a-gís-gis*, ———; a beautiful young woman pulling her hair out of braid.

184. *Háh-je-day-ah'-shee*, the Meeting Birds; a brave, with his war-club in his hand.
185. *Kay-ée-qua-da-kúm-ee-gísh-kum*, He who tries the Ground with his Foot.
186. *Jú-ah-hís-gaw*, ———; woman, with her child in a cradle or "crib."
187. *Cáh-be-múb-bee*, He who sits everywhere; a brave.
188. *O-tá-wah*, the Ottaway; a distinguished warrior.
189. *Ka-bés-hunk*, He who travels everywhere; a desperate warrior; his war-club in his left hand and a handsome pipe in his right; strikes with his left hand; eight quills in his head stand for eight scalps he had taken from the heads of the Sioux, his enemies.
190. *Ohj-ká-tchee-kum*, He who walks on the Sea.
191. *Gítch-ee-gáw-ga-osh*, the Point that remains for ever; a very old and respectable Chief. (Since dead.)
192. *Gaw-záv-que-dung*, He who halloos. Civilized.
193. *O'n-daig*, the Crow; a beau or dandy in full array, called by the Ojibbeways, *sha-wiz-zee-shah-go-tay-a*, a *harmless man*.
194. *I-an-be-w'ah-dick*, the Male Carabou; a brave, with a war-club in his hand.
195. (), ———; woman.

I-RO-QUOIS.

A small remnant of a tribe who were once very numerous and warlike, inhabiting the northern part of New York; only a few scattered individuals now living, who are merged in the neighbouring tribes.

196. *Nót-to-way*, a Chief, a temperate and excellent man, with a beautiful head-dress on.
197. *Chée-ah-ká-tchéé*, ———; woman, wife of Nót-to-way (No. 196).

ÓT-TA-WAS.

A subdued and half-civilized tribe of 5500, speaking the Ojibbeway language, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Agricultural and dissipated.

198. *Shin-gós-se-moon*, the Big Sail; a Chief, blind in one eye.
- The effects of whisky and civilization are plainly discernible in this instance.

WIN-NE-BÁ-GOES.

A very fierce and warlike tribe, on the western shores of Lake Michigan, greatly reduced of late years by repeated attacks of the smallpox and the dissipated vices of civilized neighbours; number at this time 4400.

- 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206. *Du-cór-re-a*, —; Chief of the tribe, and his family; a group of eight.
207. *Wah-chee-háhs-ka*, the Man who puts all out of Doors, called the "Boxer;" the largest man of the Winnebagoes; war-club in his hand, and rattle-snake skins on his arms.
208. *Won-de-tów-a*, the Wonder.
209. *Náw-káw*, Wood; formerly the head Chief, with his war-club on his arm. (Dead.)
210. *Káw-haw-ne-chóo-a*, ———; a brave.
211. *Wa-kon-chásh-kaw*, He who comes on the Thunder.
212. *Naw-naw-páy-ee*, the Soldier.
213. *Wah-kón-ze-kaw*, the Snake.
214. *Span-e-o-née-kaw*, the Spaniard.
215. *Hoo-w'a-ne-kaw*, the Little Elk.
216. *No-ak-chóo-she-kaw*, He who breaks the Bushes.
217. *Naugh-háigh-hee-kaw*, He who moistens the Wood.

ME-NÓM-O-NIES.

Like the Winnebagoes, mostly destroyed by whisky and smallpox, and now numbering about 3500, and in a miserable state of dependence; on the western side of Lake Michigan.

218. *Mah-kée-mee-teuv*, the Grisly Bear; Chief of the nation, and chief of a delegation to Washington city in 1829 (since dead); handsome pipe in his hand, and wampum on his neck.
219. *Mee-chéet-e-neuh*, the Wounded Bear's Shoulder; wife of the Chief (No. 218).
220. *Chee-me-náh-na-quet*, the Great Cloud; son of the Chief (No. 218), a great rascal.
221. *Ko-mán-i-kin-o-haw*, the Little Whale; a brave, with his *medicine-wand*, his looking-glass, and scissors.
222. *Sha-wá-no*, the South; a noted warrior.
223. *Másh-kee-wet*, ———; a great beau, or dandy.
224. *Pah-shee-náw-shaw*, ———; a warrior.

225. *Tcha-káuks-o-ho-máugh*, the Great Chief (boy).
 226. *Ai-nah-kwet-to-hau-páy-o*, the One sitting in the Clouds ; a fine boy.
 227. *Aúh-ka-nah-paw-wáh*, Earth Standing ; an old and very valiant warrior.
 228. *Ko-mán-i-kin*, the Big Wave, called the "Philosopher ;" a very old and distinguished Chief.
 229. *O-ho-páh-sha*, the Small Whoop ; a hard-visaged warrior, of most remarkable distinction.
 230. *Ah-yaw-ne-tah-cár-ron*, ——— ; a warrior.
 231. *Au-wáh-shew-kew*, the Female Bear ; wife of the above (No. 230).
 232. *Coo-coo-coo*, the Owl ; a very old and emaciated Chief ; sits smoking a handsome pipe.
 233. *Wáh-chees*, ——— ; a brave.
 234. *Chésh-ko-tong*, He who sings the War-Song.
 235, 236. Two in a group, names not known ; one with his war-club, and the other with his lute at his mouth.

POT-O-WÁT-O-MIE.

Once a numerous tribe, now numbering about 2700, reduced by small-pox and whisky—recently removed from the state of Indiana to the western shores of the Missouri : semi-civilized.

237. *On-sáv-kie*, the Sac ; in the act of praying ; his prayer written in characters on a maple stick.
 238. *Na-pów-sa*, the Bear Travelling in the Night ; one of the most influential Chiefs of the tribe.
 239. *Kée-se*, ——— ; a woman.

KÍCK-A-POO.

On the frontier settlements ; semi-civilized ; number about 600 ; greatly reduced by smallpox and whisky.

240. *Kee-án-ne-kuh*, the Foremost Man, called the "*Prophet*." Chief of the tribe, in the attitude of prayer.

This very shrewd fellow engraved on a maple stick, in characters, a prayer which was taught him by a Methodist Missionary ; and by introducing it into the hands of every one of his tribe, who are enjoined to read it over every morning and evening as service, has acquired great celebrity and respect in his tribe, as well as a good store of their worldly goods, as he manufactures them all, and gets well paid for them.

241. *Ah-tón-we-tuck*, the Cock Turkey; repeating his prayer from the stick in his hand, described above.
242. *Ma-shée-na*, the Elk's Horns; a Sub-Chief, in the act of prayer, as above described.
243. *Ke-chím-qua*, the Big Bear; wampum on his neck, and red flag in his hand, the symbol of war or "blood."
244. *A'h-tee-wát-o-mee*, —————; woman, with wampum and silver brooches in profusion on her neck.
245. *Shee-náh-wee*, ————.

KAS-KAS-KIA.

Once famed, numerous, and warlike, on the frontier, but now reduced to a few individuals by smallpox and whisky.

246. *Kee-món-saw*, the Little Chief; Chief; Semi-civilized.
247. *Wah-pe-séh-see*, —————; a very aged woman, mother of the above.

WÉE-AH.

Remnant of a tribe on the frontier; semi-civilized; reduced by whisky and disease; present number 200.

248. *Go-to-ków-páh-ah*, He who Stands by Himself; a brave of distinction, with his hatchet in his hand.
249. *Wah-pón-jee-a*, the Swan; a warrior; fine-looking fellow, with an European countenance.
250. *Wah-pe-say*, the White.

PE-O-RI-A.

Also a small remnant of a tribe on the frontier, reduced by the same causes as above; present number about 200.

251. *Pah-mee-ców-ee-tah*, the Man who tracks; a Chief; remarkably fine head.
This man would never drink whisky.
252. *Wap-sha-ka-náh*, —————; a brave.
253. *Kee-mo-rá-nia*, No English; a beau; his face curiously painted, and looking-glass in his hand.
-

PI-AN-KE-SHAW.

A frontier tribe, reduced, as *above*; present number 170.

254. *Ni-a-có-mo*, to Fix with the Foot; a brave.
 255. *Men-són-se-ah*, the Left Hand; a fierce-looking warrior, with a stone hatchet in his hand.

 Í-O-WAY.

A small tribe on the frontier, reduced by smallpox and their enemies; living on the Missouri; number about 1400. Uncivilized fine-looking men.

256. *Notch-ee-níng-a*, No Heart, called "White Cloud;" Chief of the tribe; necklace of grisly bears' claws, and shield, bow and arrows in his hand.
 257. *Pah-ta-cóo-chee*, the Shooting Cedar; a brave, with war-club on his arm.
 258. *No-o-mún-nee*, He who walks in the Rain; warrior, with his pipe and tobacco-pouch in his hand.
 259. *W'y-ee-yogh*, the Man of Sense; a brave, with a handsome pipe in his hand, and bears' claw necklace on his neck.
 260. *Wos-cóm-mun*, the Busy Man; a brave.
 262. *Mún-ne-o-ye*, —————; woman.

 SEN-E-CAS.

Near Lake Erie, State of New York. 1200, semi-civilized and agricultural. One of the tribes composing the great compact called the "Six Nations."

263. *Red Jacket*, Head Chief of the tribe; full-length, life size, standing on the "Table Rock," Niagara Falls.

This man was chief for many years, and so remained until his death, in 1831. Perhaps no Indian Sachem has ever lived on our frontier whose name and history are better known, or whose talents have been more generally admitted, than those of Red Jacket: he was, as a savage, very great in *council* and in *war*.

264. (), Deep Lake; an old Chief.
 265. (), Round Island; warrior, half-blood.

A very handsome fellow.

266. (), Hard Hickory; a very ferocious-looking, but a mild and amiable man.
 267. (), Good Hunter; a warrior.

268. (), — String; a warrior, renowned.
 269. (), Seneca Steele; a great libertine. Hatchet in his hand.

O-NEI-DA.

Remnant of a tribe, State of New York, one of the "Six Nations;" present number, 600.

270. (), Bread; the Chief, half-blood, civilized.
 A fine-looking and an excellent man.

TUS-KA-RÓ-RA.

New York, remnant of a numerous tribe, one of the confederacy of the "Six Nations;" present number, 500; semi-civilized.

271. *Cú-sick*, ———; son of the Chief. Civilized and Christianized.
 This man is a Baptist preacher, and quite an eloquent man.

MO-HEE-CON-NEU, OR "MO-HE-GAN," THE GOOD
 CANOEMEN.

Now living near Green Bay; numbers, 400 or 500; formerly of Massachusetts; a band of the famous tribe of Pequots; now semi-civilized.

272. *Ee-tów-o-kaum*, Both Sides of the River; Chief of the tribe, with a psalm-book in one hand, and a cane in the other. *Christianized*.
 273. *Wau-naw-con*, the Dish (John W. Quinney); missionary preacher. *Civilized*.

DEL-A-WARES.

Remains of a bold, daring, and numerous tribe, formerly of the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and the terror of all the eastern tribes. Gradually wasted away by wars, removals, small-pox, and whisky; now living on the western borders of Missouri, and number only 824; lost by small-pox, at different times, 10,000.

274. *Bód-a-sin*, ———; the Chief; a distinguished man.
 275. *Ni-có-man*, the Answer; the second Chief, with bow and arrows in his hand.
 276. *Non-on-dá-gon*, ———; a Chief, with a ring in his nose.
-

SHA-WÁ-NO (SHAW-NEE).

Remains of a numerous tribe, formerly inhabiting part of Pennsylvania, afterwards Ohio, and recently removed west of the Mississippi River. Number at present about 1200; lost one-half by small-pox at different times. Semi-civilized; intemperate.

277. *Lay-láw-she-haw*, He who goes up the River; a very aged man, Chief of the tribe; his ears slit and elongated by wearing weights in them, according to the custom of the tribe, and his hair whitened with age.
278. *Ká-te-quaw*, the Female Eagle; a fine-looking girl, daughter of the above Chief.
279. *Ten-squat-a-way*, the Open Door; called the "Shawnee Prophet," brother of Tecumseh; blind in one eye, holding his *medicine* or mystery fire in one hand, and his "*sacred string of beans*" in the other; a great *mystery-man*.
280. *Pah-te-cóo-saw*, the Straight Man. Semi-civilized.
281. *Lay-lóo-ah-pee-ái-shee-haw*, Grass, Bush, and Blossom. Half civil, and *more than half* drunk.
282. *Cóo-ps-saw-quáy-te*, ———; woman (the Indescribable).

 CHER-O-KEES.

Formerly of the State of Georgia, recently removed west of the Mississippi to the head-waters of the Arkansas. This tribe are mostly civilized and agriculturists; number, 22,000.

283. *John Ross*, a civilized and well-educated man, head Chief of the nation.
284. *Túch-ee*, called "Dutch;" first War-chief of the Cherokees; a fine-looking fellow, with a turbaned head.
- I travelled and hunted with this man some months, when he guided the regiment of dragoons to the Camanchee and Pawnee villages: he is a great warrior and a remarkable hunter.
285. *Cól-lee*, ———; Chief of a band of the Cherokees. (Since dead.)
286. *Teh-ke-néh-kee*, the Black Coat; a Chief, also of considerable standing.
287. *Ah-hee-te-wáh-chee*, ———; a very pretty woman, in civilized dress, her hair falling over her shoulders.

MUS-KÓ-GEE (CREEK).

Recently removed from Georgia and Alabama to the Arkansas, 700 miles west of the Mississippi. Present number, 21,000; semi-civilized and agricultural.

288. *Steeh-tcha-kó-me-co*, the Great King, called, "Ben Perryman;" one of the Chiefs of the tribe.
289. *Hól-te-mál-te-téz-te-néek-ee*, ———, "Sam Perryman;" brother of the Chief above, and a jolly companionable man.
290. *Wat-ál-le-go*, ———, a brave.
291. *Hose-put-o-káw-gee*, ———; a brave.
292. *Tchow-ee-pút-o-kaw*, ———; woman.
293. *Tel-maz-há-za*, ———; a warrior of great distinction.

 CHOC-TAW.

Recently removed by Government from the States of Georgia and Alabama to the Arkansas, 700 miles west of the Mississippi. Present number, 15,000; semi-civilized.

294. *Mó-sho-la-túb-bee*, He who puts out and kills; first Chief of the tribe.
A gentlemanly-looking man (died recently of small-pox).
295. *Kút-tee-o-túb-bee*, How did he kill? A noted brave.
296. *Há-tchoo-túc-knee*, the Snapping Turtle; half-bred and well-educated man.
297. ———, woman; hair in braid; remarkable expression.
298. *Tul-lock-chísh-ko*, He who drinks the Juice of the Stone.
299. *Tul-lock-chísh-ko*, Full-length, in the dress and attitude of a ball-player, with ball-sticks in his hand, and tail, made of white horse-hair, attached to his belt.

 SEM-I-NÓ-LEE (RUNAWAY); 3000.

Occupying the peninsula of Florida; semi-civilized, partly agricultural. The Government have succeeded in removing about one-half of them to the Arkansas, during the last four years, at the expense of 32,000,000 dollars, the lives of 28 or 30 officers, and 600 soldiers.

300. *Mick-e-no-páh*, ———; first Chief of the tribe; full-length, sitting cross-legged.

This man owned 100 negroes when the war broke out, and was raising large and valuable crops of corn and cotton.

301. *Os-ce-o-lá*, the Black Drink ; a warrior of very great distinction.
Painted only five days before his death, while he was a prisoner of war at Fort Moultrie. This remarkable man, though not a chief, took the lead in the war, and was evidently (at the time he was captured) followed by the chiefs, and looked upon as the *master-spirit* of the war.
302. *Ee-mat-lá*, King Philip ; an old man, second Chief.
Like Osceola, he died while a prisoner, soon after I painted him.
303. *Ye-hów-lo-gee*, the Cloud ; a Chief who distinguished himself in the war.
304. *Co-ee-há-jo*, ———— ; a Chief, very conspicuous in the present war.
305. *Láh-shee*, the Licker ; a half-breed warrior, called "Creek Billey."
306. *How-ee-dá-hee*, ————. a Seminolee woman.
307. () ———— ; a Seminolee woman.
308. *Os-ce-o-lá*, the Black Drink. Full-length, with his rifle in his hand, calico dress, and trinkets, exactly as he was dressed and stood to be painted five days before his death.

EU-CHEE.

Remnant of a powerful tribe who once occupied the southern part of the peninsula of Florida, were overrun by the Creeks and Seminolees, the remnant of them merging into the Seminolee tribe, and living with them now as a part of their nation. Present number, 150.

309. *Etch-ée-fix-e-co*, the Deer without a Heart, called "*Euchee Jack* ;" a Chief of considerable renown.
310. *Chee-a-ex-e-co*, ———— ; quite a modest and pretty girl, daughter of the above Chief.

LANDSCAPES, SPORTING SCENES, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

CERTIFICATES.

The Landscapes, Buffalo-hunting Scenes, &c., above mentioned, I have seen, and, although it has been thirty years since I travelled over that country, yet a considerable number of them I recognised as faithful representations, and the remainder of them are so much in the peculiar character of that country as to seem entirely familiar to me.

WM. CLARK, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

The Landscape Views on the Missouri, Buffalo Hunts, and other scenes, taken by my friend Mr. Catlin, are correct delineations of the scenes they profess to represent, as I am perfectly well acquainted with the country, having passed through it more than a dozen times. And further I know that they were taken on the spot, from nature, as I was present when Mr. Catlin visited that country.

JOHN F. A. SANFORD, U. SS. Indian Agent.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to pronounce the Landscape Views, Views of Hunting, and other scenes taken on the Upper Missouri, by Mr. Catlin, to be correct delineations of the scenery they profess to represent; and although I was not present when they were taken in the field, I was able to identify almost every one between St. Louis and the grand bend of the Missouri.

J. L. BEAN, S. Agent of Indian Affairs.

I have seen Mr. Catlin's collection of *Indian Portraits*, many of which were familiar to me, and painted in my presence in their villages. I have spent the greater part of my life amongst the tribes and individuals he has represented, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them correct likenesses and easily recognised; also the sketches of their *Manners* and *Customs* I think are excellent, and the *Landscape Views* on the *Missouri* and *Mississippi* are correct representations.

K. M'KENZIE, of the Am. Fur Company, Mouth of Yellow Stone.

I have examined a series of paintings by Mr. Catlin, representing *Indian Buffalo Hunts, Landscapes, &c.*; and from an acquaintance of twenty-seven years with such scenes as are represented, I feel qualified to judge them, and do unhesitatingly pronounce them good and unexaggerated representations.

JNO. DOUGHERTY, Indian Agent for Pawnees, Omahs, and Otoes.

LANDSCAPES.

311. St. Louis (from the river below, in 1836), a town on the Mississippi, with 25,000 inhabitants.
312. View on Upper Mississippi, beautiful prairie bluffs, everywhere covered with a green turf.
313. "Bad Axe" battle-ground, where Black Hawk was defeated by General Atkinson, above Prairie du Chien. Indians making defence and swimming the river.
314. Chippeways gathering wild rice near the source of St. Peter's; shelling their rice into their bark canoes, by bending it over, and whipping it with sticks.
315. View near "Prairie la Crosse," beautiful prairie bluffs, above Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi.

316. "Cap o'lail" (garlic cape), a bold and picturesque promontory on Upper Mississippi.
317. Picturesque Bluffs above Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi.
318. "Pike's Tent," the highest bluff on the river, Upper Mississippi.
319. View of the "Cornice Rocks," and "Pike's Tent," in distance, 750 miles above St. Louis, on Upper Mississippi.
320. "Lover's Leap," on Lake Pepin, Upper Mississippi, a rock 500 feet high, where an Indian girl threw herself off a few years since, to avoid marrying the man to whom she was given by her father.
321. Falls of St. Anthony, 900 miles above St. Louis; perpendicular fall eighteen feet: Upper Mississippi.
322. Madame Ferrebault's Prairie from the river above; the author and his companion descending the river in a bark canoe, above Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi; beautiful grass-covered bluffs.
323. "Little Falls," near the Falls of St. Anthony, on a small stream.
324. "La Montaigne que tremps l'Eau," Mississippi, above Prairie du Chien.
325. Cassville, below Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi; a small village just commenced, in 1835.
326. Dubuque, a town in the lead-mining country.
327. Galena, a small town on Upper Mississippi, in the lead-mining district.
328. Rock Island, United States Garrison, Upper Mississippi.
329. Beautiful Prairie Bluffs, ditto.
330. Dubuque's Grave, ditto.
Dubuque was the first miner in the lead-mines under the Spanish grant. He built his own sepulchre, and raised a cross over it, on a beautiful bluff, overlooking the river, forty years ago, where it now stands.
331. River Bluffs, magnificent view, Upper Mississippi.
332. Fort Snelling, at the mouth of St. Peter's, U. S. Garrison, seven miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, Upper Mississippi.
333. Prairie du Chien, 500 miles above St. Louis, Upper Mississippi, United States Garrison.
334. Chippeway Village and Dog Feast at the Falls of St. Anthony; lodges built with birch-bark: Upper Mississippi.

335. Sioux Village, Lake Calhoun, near Fort Snelling; lodges built with poles.
336. "Coteau des Prairies," head-waters of St. Peter's. My companion, Indian guide, and myself encamping at sunset, cooking by our fire, made of buffalo-dung.
337. "Pipestone Quarry," on the Coteau des Prairies, 300 miles N. W. from the Falls of St. Anthony, on the divide between the St. Peter's and Missouri.

The place where the Indians get the stone for all their red pipes. The mineral, *red steatite*, variety differing from any other known locality—wall of solid, compact quartz, grey and rose colour, highly polished as if vitrified; the wall is two miles in length and thirty feet high, with a beautiful cascade leaping from its top into a basin. On the prairie, at the base of the wall, the pipeclay (steatite) is dug up at two and three feet depth. There are seen five immense granite boulders, under which there are two squaws, according to their tradition, who eternally dwell there—the guardian spirits of the place—and must be consulted before the pipestone can be dug up.

338. Sault de St. Mary's—Indians catching white fish in the rapids at the outlet of Lake Superior, by dipping their scoop nets.
339. Sault de St. Mary's from the Canadian Shore, Lake Superior, showing the United States Garrison in the distance.
340. View on the St. Peter's River, twenty miles above Fort Snelling.
341. View on the St. Peter's—Sioux Indians pursuing a Stag in their canoes.
342. Salt Meadows on the Upper Missouri, and great herds of buffalo—incrustation of salt, which looks like snow.

Salt water flows over the prairie in the spring, and, evaporating during the summer, leaves the ground covered with muriate as white as snow.

343. Pawnee Village in Texas, at the base of a spur of the Rocky Mountains—lodges thatched with prairie-grass.
344. View on the Canadian, in Texas.
345. View of the junction of Red River with the False Washitta, in Texas.
346. Camanchee Village, in Texas, showing a spur of the Rocky Mountains in the distance—lodges made of buffalo-skins. Women dressing robes and drying meat.
347. View on the Wisconsin—Winnebagoes shooting ducks, in bark canoe.
348. Lac du Cygne (Swan Lake), near the Coteau des Prairies.

A famous place, where myriads of white swans lay their eggs and hatch their young.

349. Beautiful Savannah in the pine-woods of Florida.
One of thousands of small lakes which have been gradually filled in with vegetation.
350. View on Lake St. Croix, Upper Mississippi.
351. View on the Canadian—Dragoons crossing, 1834.
352. Ta-wa-que-nah, or Rocky Mountain, near the Camanchee Village, Texas.
353. Camanchee Village, and Dragoons approaching it, showing the hospitable manner in which they were received by the Camanchees. Camanchee warriors all riding out and forming in a line, with a white flag, to receive the Dragoons.
354. White Sand Bluffs, on Santa Rosa Island; and Seminoles drying fish, near Pensacola, on the Gulf of Florida.
355. View of the "Stone Man Medicine," Coteau des Prairies.
A human figure of some rods in length, made on the top of a high bluff, by laying flat stones on the grass. A great *mystery* or *medicine* place of the Sioux.
356. Fort Winnebago, on the head of Fox River, an United States outpost.
357. Fort Howard, Green Bay, an U. S. outpost.
358. Fort Gibson, Arkansas, an U. S. outpost, 700 miles west of Mississippi river.
359. The "Short Tower," Wisconsin.
360. Passing the "Grand Chute" with bark canoe, Fox River.
361. View of Mackinaw, Lake Michigan, an U. S. outpost.
362. View in the "Cross Timbers," where General Leavenworth died on the Mexican borders.
363. View on Lower Missouri—alluvial banks falling in, with their huge cotton-woods, forming raft and snags, 600 miles above St. Louis.
364. View on Upper Missouri—the "Blackbird's Grave."
Where "Blackbird," Chief of the Omahas, was buried on his favourite war-horse, which was alive; 1100 miles above St. Louis.
365. View on Upper Missouri—"Blackbird's Grave," a back view; prairies enamelled with wild flowers.
366. View on Upper Missouri—"Brick Kilns," volcanic remains, clay bluffs, 200 feet, supporting large masses of red pumice, 1900 miles above St. Louis.
367. View on Upper Missouri—Foot war-party on the march, beautiful prairie—spies and scouts in advance.

- 368 View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Bluffs at sunrising, near mouth of Yellow Stone.
369. View on Upper Missouri—Mouth of the Platte; its junction with the Missouri, 900 miles above St. Louis.
370. View on Upper Missouri—Magnificent Clay Bluffs, 1800 miles above St. Louis; stupendous domes and ramparts, resembling some ancient ruins; streak of coal near the water's edge; and my little canoe, with myself and two men, Bogard and Bâtiste, descending the river.
371. View on Upper Missouri—Cabane's trading-house; Fur Company's establishment: 930 miles above St. Louis, showing a great avalanche of the bluffs.
372. View on Upper Missouri—View in the Grand Détour, 1900 miles above St. Louis. Magnificent clay bluffs, with red pumice-stone resting on their tops, and a party of Indians approaching buffalo.
373. View on Upper Missouri—Beautiful Grassy Bluffs, 110 miles above St. Louis.
374. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Meadows burning, and a party of Indians running from it in grass eight or ten feet high.
- These scenes are terrific and hazardous in the extreme when the wind is blowing a gale.
375. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Bluffs burning.
376. View on Upper Missouri—"Floyd's Grave," where Lewis and Clarke buried Serjeant Floyd thirty-three years since; a cedar post and sign over the grave.
377. View on Upper Missouri—Sioux encamped, dressing buffalo-meat, and robes.
- 378 View on Upper Missouri—"The Tower," 1100 miles above St. Louis.
379. View on upper Missouri—Distant view of the Mandan Village, 1800 miles above St. Louis.
380. View on Upper Missouri—Picturesque Clay Bluff, 1700 miles above St. Louis.
381. View on Upper Missouri—"Belle Vue"—Indian Agency of Major Dougherty, 870 miles above St. Louis.
382. View on Upper Missouri—Beautiful Clay Bluffs, 1900 miles above St. Louis.

283. View on Upper Missouri—Minatarree Village, earth-covered lodges, on Knife River, 1810 miles above St. Louis. Bâtiste, Bogard, and myself ferried across the river by an Indian woman, in a skin canoe, and Indians bathing in the stream.
384. View on Upper Missouri—Fort Pierre, Mouth of Teton River—Fur Company's trading-post, 1200 miles above St. Louis, with 600 lodges of Sioux Indians encamped about it, in skin lodges.
385. View on Upper Missouri—Nishnabottana Bluffs, 1070 miles above St. Louis.
386. View on Upper Missouri—Riccree Village, with earth-covered lodges, 1600 miles above St. Louis.
387. View on Upper Missouri—South side of "Buffalo Island," showing the beautiful buffalo-bush, with its blue leaves, and bending down with fruit.
388. View on Upper Missouri—Mouth of Yellow Stone—Fur Company's Fort, their principal post, 2000 miles above St. Louis, and a large party of Knisteneux encamped about it.
389. View on Upper Missouri—the "Iron Bluff," 1200 miles above St. Louis, a beautiful subject for a landscape.
390. View on Upper Missouri—View in the "Big Bend," 1900 miles above St. Louis; showing the manner in which the conical bluffs on that river are formed; table-lands in distance, rising several hundred feet above the summit level of the prairie.
391. View on Upper Missouri—View in the Big Bend—magnificent clay bluffs, with high table-land in the distance.
392. View on Upper Missouri—Back view of the Mandan Village, showing their mode of depositing their dead, on scaffolds, enveloped in skins, and of preserving and feeding the skulls; 1800 miles above St. Louis. Women feeding the skulls of their relatives with dishes of meat.
393. View on Upper Missouri—Prairie Buffs, 1100 miles above St. Louis.
394. View on Upper Missouri—"The Three Domes," 15 miles above Mandans. A singular group of clay bluffs, like immense domes, with skylights.
395. View on Upper Missouri—the "Square Hills," 1200 miles above St. Louis.

396. View on Upper Missouri—River Bluffs and White Wolves in the foreground.
397. View on Upper Missouri—Beautiful Prairie Bluffs, above the Puncaks, 1050 miles above St. Louis.
398. View on Upper Missouri—Look from Floyd's Grave, 1300 miles above St. Louis.
399. View on Upper Missouri—River Bluffs, 1320 miles above St. Louis.
400. View on Upper Missouri—Buffalo herds crossing the river. Bâtiste, Bogard, and I, passing them in our bark canoe, with some danger to our lives. A buffalo scene in their *running season*.
401. View on Upper Missouri—Clay Bluffs, 20 miles above the Mandans.
402. View on Upper Missouri—Nishuabottana Bluffs.
403. View on Upper Missouri—Indians encamping at sunset.

SPORTING SCENES.

404. Buffalo Bull, grazing on the prairie in his native state.
405. Buffalo Cow, grazing on the prairie in her native state.
406. Wounded Buffalo, strewing his blood over the prairies.
407. Dying Buffalo, shot with an arrow, sinking down on his haunches.
408. Buffalo Chase—single death; an Indian just drawing his arrow to its head.
409. Buffalo Chase—surround; where I saw 300 killed in a few minutes by the Minatarrees, with arrows and lances only.
410. Buffalo Chase—numerous group; chasing with bows and lances.
411. Buffalo Chase—numerous group; chasing with bows and lances.
412. Buffalo Chase—Cow and Calf; the bull protecting by attacking the assailants.
413. Buffalo Chase—Bulls making battle with men and horses.
414. Buffalo Hunt under the wolf-skin mask.
415. Buffalo Chase, Mouth of Yellow Stone; animals dying on the ground passed over; and my man Bâtiste swamped in crossing a creek.

416. Buffalo Chase in snow drift, with snow shoes.
417. Buffalo Chase in snow drift, with snow shoes; killing them for their robes, in great numbers.
418. Attack of the Bear (Grisly); Indians attacking with lances on horseback.
419. Antelope Shooting—decoyed up.
420. Sioux taking Musk-rats, near the St. Peter's; killing them with spears. Women and dogs encamped.
421. Bâtiste and I, running Buffalo; Mouth of Yellow Stone; a frog's leap.
422. "My turn now;" Bâtiste and I, and a Buffalo Bull, Upper Missouri.
423. Dying Bull in a snow drift.
424. Buffalo Bulls fighting, in *running season*, Upper Missouri.
425. Buffalo Bulls in their "*wallow*;" origin of the "*fairie circles*" on the prairie.
426. Grouse shooting—on the Missouri prairies.

AMUSEMENTS AND CUSTOMS.

427. Ball-play Dance, Choctaw.—Men and women dance around their respective stakes, at intervals, during the night preceding the play—four conjurors sit all night and smoke to the Great Spirit, at the point where the ball is to be started—and stakeholders guard the goods staked.
428. Ball-play of the Choctaws—*ball up*—one party painted white; each has two sticks with a web at their ends, in which they catch the ball and throw it—they all have tails of horse-hair or quills attached to their girdles or belts.
Each party has a limit or bye, beyond which it is their object to force the ball, which, if done, counts them one for game.
429. Ball-play—same as 428, excepting that the ball is *down*, which changes the scene.
430. Ball-play of the women, Prairie du Chien.—Calicoes and other presents are placed on a pole by the men—the women choose sides and play for them, to the great amusement of the men.
In this play there are two balls attached to the ends of a string eighteen inches in length: the women have a stick in each hand, on which they catch the string and throw it.

431. Game of "*Tchung-kee*" of the Mandans, the principal and most valued game of that tribe.

A beautiful athletic exercise, and one on which they often bet and risk all their personal goods and chattels.

432. Horse-Racing, Mandan, on a Race-Course back of the Village, in use on every fair-day.

433. Foot-Race, Mandans, on the same ground, and as often run.

434. Canoe-Race—Chippeways in Bark Canoes, near the Sault de St. Mary's; an Indian *Regatta*, a thrilling scene.

435. Archery of the Mandans.

The strife is to prove who can get the greatest number of arrows flying in the air at a time, before the first one reaches the ground. The most of these are *portraits* closely studied from nature. I have seen some of them get eight arrows in the air at one time.

436. Dance of the Chiefs, Sioux.

A very unusual thing, as the dancing is generally left to the young men; given to me expressly as a compliment by the chiefs, that I might make a painting of it.

437. Dog Dance, Sioux.

The dog's liver and heart are taken raw and bleeding, and placed upon a crotch; and, being cut into slips, each man dances up to it, bites off and swallows a piece of it, boasting, at the same time, that he has thus swallowed a piece of the heart of his enemy, whom he has slain in battle.

438. Scalp Dance, Sioux—Women in the centre, holding the scalps on poles, and warriors dancing around, brandishing their war-weapons in the most frightful manner, and yelping as loud as they can scream.

439. Begging Dance, Sacs and Foxes, danced for the purpose of getting presents from the spectators.

440. Buffalo Dance, Mandans, with the mask of the buffalo on.

Danced to make buffalo come, when they are like to starve for want of food. Song to the Great Spirit, imploring him to send them buffalo, and they will cook the best of it for him.

441. Ball-play Dance, Choctaws.

442. Dance to the Berdash, Sac and Fox.

An unaccountable and ludicrous custom amongst the Sacs and Foxes, which admits not of an entire explanation.

443. Beggars' Dance, (Sioux,) for presents.

444. Dance to the Medicine Bag of the Brave, Sacs and Foxes.

Warriors returned from battle, with scalps, dance in front of the widow's lodge, whose husband has been killed. They sing to his medicine-bag, which is hung on a bush, and throw presents to the widow.

445. Braves' Dance, Boasting, &c., Sioux.

446. Green Corn Dance, Minnatarree—Sacrificing the first kettle to the Great Spirit.

Four medicine men, whose bodies are painted with white clay, dance around the kettle until the corn is well boiled; and they then burn it to cinders, as an offering to the Great Spirit. The fire is then destroyed, and new fire created by rubbing two sticks together, with which the corn for their own feast is cooked.

447. Bear Dance, Sioux—Preparing for a Bear Hunt—Song to the Great Spirit, praying for success.
448. Discovery Dance, Sacs and Foxes—A Pantomime; pretending to discover game, or an enemy.
A very picturesque and pleasing dance.
449. Eagle Dance, Choctaw—Holding the eagle's tail in the hand, and bodies painted white.
Given in honour of that valiant bird.
450. Slave Dance, Sacs and Foxes.
A society of young men, who volunteer to be slaves for two years, and elect their chief or master; they are then exempt from slavish duties during the remainder of their lives, and are allowed to go on war-parties.
451. Snow-shoe Dance, Ojibbeway—danced at the first fall of snow, with snow shoes on the feet.
Song of thanks to the Great Spirit.
452. Brave's Dance, Ojibbeway—bragging and boasting.
453. Pipe Dance, Assineboins.
Each dancer is "smoked" by the chief, who sits smoking his pipe, and then pulled up into the dance.
454. Straw Dance, Sioux.
Children made to dance with burning straws tied to their bodies, to make them tough and brave.
455. Sham Fight, Mandan Boys—School of practice every morning at sunrise, back of the village—iustructed in it by the chiefs and braves.
456. Sham Scalp Dance, by the Mandan Boys—danced in the village when they come in, in honour of a sham victory.
457. War Dance of the Sioux.
Each warrior, in turn, jumps through the fire, and then advances shouting and boasting, and taking his oath, as he "strikes the reddened post."
458. Foot War Party in Council, Mandan.
Stopping to rest and take a smoke; chief with a war-eagle head-dress on; their shields and weapons lying on the ground behind them.
459. Camanchee War Party—the Chief discovering the enemy and urging on his men, at sunrise.
460. Religious Ceremony; a Sioux, with splints through his flesh, and his body hanging to a pole, with his medicine-bag in his hand, looks at the sun from its rising to its setting.

A voluntary cruel self-torture, which eutiles him to great respect for the remainder of his life, as a *medicine* or *mystery* man.

461. Dragoons on the March, and a band of Buffalo breaking through their ranks, in Texas, 1835.

462. Prairie Dog Village.

Myriads of these curious little animals sometimes are found in one village, which will extend several miles. The animals are about twice the size of a rat, and not unlike it in appearance and many of their habits. They dig holes in the ground, and the dirt which is thrown up makes a little mound, on which they sit and bark when danger approaches. They feed upon the grass, which is their only food.

463. "Smoking Horses," a curious custom of the Sacs and Foxes.

Foxes, going to war, come to the Sacs, to beg for horses; they sit in a circle and smoke, and the young men ride around them, and cut their shoulders with their whips until the blood runs, then dismount and present a horse.

464. Mandans attacking a party of Riccarees, whom they had driven into a ravine, near the Mandan village, where they killed the whole number.

465. Chippeways making the portage around the Falls of St. Anthony, with two hundred bark canoes, in 1835.

466. Camanchees moving, and Dog Fight—dogs as well as horses drag the lodge-poles with packs upon them.

These fights generally begin with the dogs, and end in desperate battles amongst the squaws, to the great amusement of the men.

467. White Wolves attacking a Buffalo Bull.

468. Ditto, ditto—a parley.

469. *My horse "Charley" and I*, at sunrise, near the Neosho, on an extensive prairie, encamping on the grass; my saddle for a pillow, two buffalo-skins for my bed, my gun in my arms; a coffee-pot and tin cup, a fire made of buffalo-dung, and Charley (a Camanchee clay-bank mustang) picketed near me.

With him alone I crossed the prairie from Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas, to St. Louis, 550 miles.

470. *Sioux worshipping at the Red Boulders*. A large boulder and two small ones, bearing some resemblance to a buffalo cow and two calves, painted red by the Indians, and regarded by them with superstitious reverence, near the "Coteau des Prairies."

471. *Camanchee Warrior lancing an Osage*, at full speed.

472. *Camanchees giving the Arrows to the Medicine Rock*.

A curious superstition of the Camanchees: going to war, they have no faith in their success, unless they pass a celebrated painted rock, where

they appease the spirit of war (who resides there), by riding by it at full gallop, and sacrificing their best arrow by throwing it against the side of the ledge.

473. "*Batiste, Bogard, and I,*" approaching *Buffalo*, on the Missouri.

474. *Wi-jun-jon (an Assinneboin Chief), going to and returning from Washington.*

This man was taken to that city in 1832, in a beautiful Indian dress, by Major Sanford, the Indian agent, and returned to his country the next spring, in a Colonel's uniform. He lectured a while to his people on the customs of the whites, when he was denounced by them for telling lies, which he had learned of the whites, and was, by his own people, put to death at the mouth of the Yellow Stone.

475. "*Butte de Mort,*" Upper Missouri, a great burial-place of the Sioux, called by the French "*Butte de Mort,*" Hill of Death.

Regarded by the Indians with great dread and superstition. There are several thousand buffalo and human skulls, perfectly bleached and curiously arranged about it.

476. "*Rain-making,*" amongst the Mandans, a very curious custom. Medicine-men performing their mysteries inside of the lodge, and young men volunteer to stand upon the lodge from sunrise until sundown, in turn, commanding it to rain.

Each one has to hazard the disgrace which attaches (when he descends at sundown) to a fruitless attempt; and he who succeeds acquires a lasting reputation as a *Mystery or Medicine man*. *They never fail to make it rain!* as this ceremony continues from day to day until rain comes.

477. "*Smoking the Shield.*" A young warrior, making his shield, invites his friends to a carouse and a feast, who dance around his shield as it is smoking and hardening over a fire built in the ground.

478. "*The Thunder's Nest*" (Nid du Tonnerre), and a party of Indians cautiously approaching it, Coteau des Prairies.

Tradition of the Sioux is that in this little bunch of bushes the thunders are hatched out by quite a small bird, about as large (say their *Medicine-men*, who profess to have seen it) as the end of a man's thumb. She sits on her eggs, and they hatch out in claps of thunder. No one approaches within several rods of the place.

479. *Sac and Fox Indians sailing in canoes*, by holding up their blankets.

480. *Grand Tournament of the Camanchees*, and a Sham Fight in a large encampment, on the borders of Texas.

481. *Bogard, Batiste, and I, travelling through a Missouri bottom*, grass ten feet high.

482. *Band of Sioux*, moving.
483. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, descending the Missouri River.
484. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, eating our breakfast on a pile of drift wood, Upper Missouri.
485. *Medicine Buffalo* of the Sioux, the figure of a buffalo cut out of the turf on the prairie, and visited by the Indians going on a buffalo-hunt.
486. *Bogard, Bâtiste, and I*, chasing a herd of buffalo in high grass, on a Missouri bottom.
487. Feats of Horsemanship.
 Camanches throwing themselves on the side of their horses, while at full speed, to evade their enemies' arrows—a most wonderful feat.
488. Camanche War Party meeting the Dragoons; and one of their bravest men advancing to shake hands with Colonel Dodge, with a piece of white buffalo-skin on the point of his lance. On the Mexican frontier, 1835.
489. An Indian Wedding, Assiniboine—young man making presents to the father of the girl.
490. Crow at his Toilette, oiling his long hair with bear's grease.
491. Crow Lodge, of twenty-five buffalo-skins, beautifully ornamented.
 This splendid lodge, with all its poles and furniture, was brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains.
492. Pawnee Lodge, thatched with prairie grass, in form of a straw beehive.
493. Camanchee Lodge, of buffalo-skins.
494. Dog Feast, Sioux; a religious feast.
 Given to Mr. Sanford (Indian agent), Mr. Chouteau, Mr. M'Kenzie, and myself, in a Sioux village, 1400 miles above St. Louis, 1833. The only food was dog's meat, and this is the highest honour they can confer on a stranger.
495. An Indian Council, Sioux—Chiefs in profound deliberation.
496. Camanchee War Party, mounted on wild horses, armed with shields, bows, and lances.
497. Scalping, Sioux; showing the mode of taking the scalp.
498. Scalping, Mandans—"Conqueror conquered."
 From a story of the Mandans—took place in front of the Mandan village.
499. Wild Horses at Play, Texas, of all colours, like a kennel of hounds.
500. Throwing the Laso, with a noose, which falls over the horse's neck.

501. Breaking down the Wild Horse, with hobbles on his fore feet, and the laso around his under jaw.

502. *A Bird's-Eye View of the Mandan Village*, 1800 miles above St. Louis, on the west bank of the Missouri River.

The lodges are covered with earth, and so compactly fixed by long use, that men, women, and children recline and play upon their tops in pleasant weather.

These lodges vary in size from forty to fifty feet in diameter, and are all of a circular form. The village is protected in front by the river, with a bank forty feet high, and on the back part by a piquet of timber set firmly in the ground. Back of the village, on the prairie, are seen the scaffolds on which their dead bodies are laid to decay, being wrapped in several skins of buffalo, and tightly bandaged.

In the middle of the village is an open area of 150 feet in diameter, in which their public games and festivals are held. In the centre of that is their "Big Canoe," a curb made of planks, which is an object of religious veneration. Over the Medicine (or mystery) Lodge are seen hanging on the tops of poles several sacrifices to the Great Spirit of blue and black cloths, which have been bought at great prices, and there left to hang and decay.

503. *The Interior of a Mandan Lodge*, showing the manner in which it is constructed of poles, and covered with dirt.

The Chief is seen smoking his pipe, and his family grouped around him.

At the head of each warrior's bed is seen a post with his ornaments hanging on it, and also his *buffalo-mask*, which every man *keeps to dance* the buffalo-dance. Some of these lodges contain thirty or forty persons, and the beds are seen extending around the side of the lodge, all with *sacking bottoms*, made of a buffalo-skin, and the frames of the bed covered with dressed skins.

. Reader, the hospitable and friendly Mandans, who were about 2000 in number when I was amongst them and painted these pictures, have recently been destroyed by the small-pox. It is a melancholy fact, that only thirty-one were left of the number, and these have been destroyed by their enemy, so that their tribe is extinct, and they hold nowhere an existence on earth.

Nearly twenty of their portraits can be seen on the walls, and several other paintings of their games and amusements.

MANDAN RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

CERTIFICATE.

We hereby certify that we witnessed, in company with Mr. Catlin, in the Mandan village, the ceremonies represented in the four paintings to which this certificate refers, and that he has therein faithfully represented those scenes as we saw them transacted, without any addition or exaggeration.

J. KIP, Agent Amer. Fur Company.

L. CRAWFORD, Clerk.

ABRAHAM BOGARD.

Mandan Village, July 20th, 1833.

504. Interior View of the *Medicine* (or *Mystery*) Lodge of Mandans, during the first three days of an *Annual Ceremony*.

This ceremony continues four days and nights in succession, in commemoration of the subsiding of the *flood*; and also for the purpose of conducting all the young men, as they arrive at manhood, through an ordeal of *voluntary torture*, which, when endured, entitles them to the respect of the chiefs, and also to the privileges of going on war-parties, and gaining reputation in war. The floor and sides of the lodge are ornamented with green willow-boughs. The young men who are to do penance, by being tortured, are seen lying around the sides of the lodge, their bodies covered with clay of different colours, and their respective shields and weapons hanging over their heads. In the middle of the lodge lies the old *Medicine-man*, who has charge of the lodge: he cries to the Great Spirit all the time, and watches these young men, who are here to fast and thirst for four days and nights, preparatory to the torture. Behind him, on the floor, is seen a scalping-knife and a bunch of splints, which are to be passed through the flesh; and over their heads are seen also the cords let down from the top of the lodge, with which they are to be hung up by the flesh.

On the ground, and in front of the picture, are four sacks (containing several gallons each of water), made of the skin of the buffalo's neck, in form of a large tortoise, lying on its back. These are objects of veneration, and have the appearance of great antiquity.

By the side of them are two *she-she-quoi*, or rattles, which are used, as well as the others, as a part of the music for the dance in the next picture.

505. This picture, which is a continuation of the ceremonies, is a representation of the Buffalo Dance, which they call *Bel-lohck-nah-pick* (the Bull Dance).

To the strict observance of which they attribute the coming of Buffalo to supply them with food during the season. This scene is exceedingly grotesque, and takes place several times in each day outside the lodge, and around the curb, or "Big Canoe," whilst the young men still remain in the lodge, as seen in the other picture. For this dance, however, the four sacks of water are brought out and beat upon, and the old *medicine-man* comes out and leans against the "Big Canoe" with his medicine-pipe in his hand, and cries. The principal actors in this scene are eight men dancing the Buffalo Dance, with the skins of buffalo on them, and a bunch of green willows on their backs. There are many other figures, whose offices are very curious and interesting, but which must be left for my *Lectures* or *Notes* to describe. The black figure on the left they call *O-hee-hee-de* (the Evil Spirit), who enters the village from the prairie, alarming the women, who cry for assistance, and are relieved by the old *medicine-man*; and the Evil Spirit is at length disarmed of his lance, which is broken by the women, and he is driven by them in disgrace out of the village. The whole nation are present on this occasion as spectators and actors in these strange scenes.

506. Represents what they call *Pohk-hong* (the Cutting Scene).

It shows the inside of the Medicine Lodge, the same as is seen in the first picture (505).

This is on the fourth day of the ceremonies, in the afternoon. A number of the young men are seen reclining and fasting, as in the first picture; others of them have been operated upon by the torturers, and taken out of the lodge; and others yet are seen in the midst of those horrid cruelties. One is seen smiling whilst the knife and the splints are passing through his flesh. One is seen hanging by the splints run through the flesh on his

shoulders, and drawn up by men on the top of the lodge. Another is seen hung up by the pectoral muscles, with four buffalo-skulls attached to splints through the flesh on his arms and legs; and each is turned round by another, with a pole, until he faints, and then he is let down. One is seen as he is lowered to the ground; and another, who has been let down and got strength enough to crawl to the front part of the lodge, where he is offering to the Great Spirit the little finger of the left hand, by laying it on a buffalo-skull, where another chops it off with a hatchet. In the right of the picture are all the chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe looking on.

507. Represents what they call the "Last Race."

After they have all been tortured in the lodge in the above manner, they are led out of it with the weights, buffalo-skulls, &c. hanging to their flesh. Around the "Big Canoe" is a circle of young men formed, who hold a wreath of willow-boughs between them, and run round with all possible violence, yelling as loud as they can.

The young fellows who have been tortured are then led forward, and each one has two athletic and fresh young men (their bodies singularly painted), who step up to him, one on each side, and take him by a leathern strap, tied round the wrist, and run round, outside of the other circle, with all possible speed, forcing him forward till he faints, and then drag him with his face in the dirt until the weights are all disengaged from him, by tearing the flesh out, when they drop him, and he lies (to all appearance a *corpse*) until the Great Spirit gives him strength to rise and walk home to his lodge.

In this scene also the *medicine-man* leans against the "Big Canoe" and cries, and all the nation are spectators. Many pages would be required to give to the world a just description of these strange scenes; and they require to be described minutely in all their parts in order to be fully appreciated and understood. (A full account of these in my *Notes and Letters*.)

NINE OJIBBEWAYS,

WHO VISITED LONDON IN 1845.

508. *Ah-quee-we-zaints*, the Boy Chief; a venerable man of 72 years.
509. *Pat-au-a-quot-a-wee-be*, the Driving Cloud; a war-chief.
510. *Wee-nish-ka-wee-be*, the Flying Gull; a medicine-man.
511. *Sah-mah*, Tobacco.
512. *Gish-ee-gosh-e-gee*, the Moonlight Night.
513. *Not-een-a-akm*, the Strong Wind.
514. *Wos-see-ab-e-neuh-qua*; a woman.
515. *Nib-nab-ee-qua*; a young girl.
516. *Nc-bet-neuh-quat*; a woman.

FOURTEEN IOWAYS,

WHO VISITED LONDON AND PARIS IN 1845 AND 1846.

517. *Mew-hew-she-kaw*, the White Cloud; first Chief of the nation.
 518. *Neu-mon-ya*, the Walking Rain; War-chief.
 519. *Se-non-ti-yah*, the Blistered Feet; a medicine-man.
 520. *Wash-ka-mon-ya*, the Fast Dancer; a warrior.
 521. *Shon-ta-yi-ga*, the Little Wolf; a famous warrior.
 522. *No-ho-mun-ya*, One who gives no Attention.
 523. *Wa-ton-ye*, the Foremost Man.
 524. *Wa-ta-wee-buck-a-na*, the Commanding General.

WOMEN.

525. *Ru-ton-ye-wee-ma*, the Strutting Pigeon; wife of White Cloud.
 526. *Ru-ton-wee-me*, Pigeon on the Wing.
 527. *O-kee-wee-me*, Female Bear that walks on the Back of another.
 528. *Koon-za-ya-me*, Female War Eagle.
 529. *Ta-pa-ta-me*, Wisdom; girl.
 530. *Corsair*; a pappoose.

TWELVE OJIBBEWAYS,

WHO VISITED LONDON AND PARIS IN 1845 AND 1846.

531. *Maun-gua-daus*, a Great Hero; Chief, 41 years old.
 532. *Say-say-gon*, the Hail Storm; 31 years old.
 533. *Kee-che-us-sin*, the Strong Rock; 27 years old.
 534. *Mush-ee-mong*, King of the Loons; 25 years old.
 535. *Au-nim-muck-kwa-um*, the Tempest Bird; 20 years old.
 536. *A-wun-ne-wa-be*, the Bird of Thunder; 19 years old.
 537. *Wa-bud-dick*, the Elk; 18 years old.
 538. *Ud-je-jock*, the Pelican; 10 years old.
 539. *Noo-din-no-kay*, the Furious Storm; 4 years old.
 540. *Min-nis-sin-noo*, a Brave Warrior; 3 years old.

541. *Uh-wus-sig-gee-zigh-gook-kway*, the Woman of the Upper World ; 38 years old.
542. Pappoose, born in Salle Valentino, Paris.

-
543. *Death of the White Buffalo*. A feat of the Mandan Chiefs.
544. *A Sioux War Council*. The Chief Waneton speaking, and asking of the head Chief a war-party to go against the Sacs and Foxes.
545. *Battle between the Sioux and Sacs and Foxes*. The Sioux Chief killed and scalped on his horse's back. An historical fact.
546. *The Death of Ha-wan-je-tah*, the One Horn ; head Chief of the Sioux.

Having been the accidental cause of the death of his only son, he threw himself in the way of a buffalo-bull. (See Catlin's *Notes*, vol. ii., for a full account.)

547. *The Long Speech*.

It is an invariable rule amongst Indians, that while any one speaks in council no one can rise. *See-non-ty-a* (the Blistered Feet), a great *medicine-man*, made his favourite boast, that when he once rose in an loway council of war it happened unfortunately for the council that "he began to speak just as it began to snow."

548. *Battle of the Buffalo Bulls*.
549. *Buffaloes crossing a Ravine in a snow-drift*.
550. *Buffaloes crossing the Missouri on the ice*.
551. *Grisly Bears attacking a Buffalo Bull*.
552. *Indians spearing Salmon at Night by Torchlight*.
553. *Deer-hunting by Moonlight*.
554. *Deer-hunting by Torchlight, in bark canoes*.
555. *War Party attacked in their Camp at Night*.

INDIAN CURIOSITIES AND MANUFACTURES.

Amongst this most extensive and valuable collection of them in existence, a few of the most remarkable are

A CROW LODGE, OR WIGWAM.

A very splendid thing, brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, twenty-five feet in height, made of buffalo-skins, gar-

nished and painted. The poles (thirty in number) of pine, cut in the Rocky Mountains, have been long in use, were purchased with the lodge, and brought the whole distance. This *wigwam* stands in the middle of the gallery, and will shelter eighty or more persons.

Indian Cradles, for carrying their papposes. *Lances*, *Calumets* or *Pipes of Peace*, *Ordinary Pipes*, *Tomahawks*, *Scalping Knives*, and *Scalps*.

A very full and valuable collection of *Men and Women's Dresses* from the different tribes, garnished and fringed with scalp-locks from their enemies' heads, *Bows*, *Quivers*, *Spears*, *Shields*, *War-Eagle and Raven Head-dresses*, *Necklaces*, *Moccasins*, *Belts*, *Pouches*, *War-Clubs*, *Robes*, *Mantles*, *Tobacco-Sacks*, *Wampums*, *Whistles*, *Rattles*, *Drums*, *Indian Saddles*, *Masks for their Mystery Dances*, &c. &c.

Amongst the immense collection of Indian curiosities, &c., too numerous to be described in the catalogue, there are *Skulls* from different tribes, of very great interest; and particularly several from the *Flat-heads*, showing perfectly the character of this unaccountable custom, and also the *Flat-head cradles*, illustrating the process by which these artificial distortions are produced.

Indian Cloths, *Robes*, &c., manufactured by the Indians from the mountain sheep's wool, and from wild dogs' hair, beautifully spun, coloured, and woven.

END OF VOL. I.

ADVENTURES

OF THE -

OJIBBEWAY AND IOWAY INDIANS

IN

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM;

BEING NOTES OF

EIGHT YEARS' TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE IN EUROPE

WITH HIS

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN COLLECTION,

BY GEO. CATLIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

With numerous Engravings.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
AT HIS INDIAN COLLECTION, NO. 6, WATERLOO PLACE.

1852.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival of fourteen Ioway Indians in London—Their lodgings in St. James's Street—The Author visits them—Their portraits and names—Mr. Melody, their conductor—Jeffrey Doraway, their interpreter—Landlady's alarm—Indians visit the Author's Collection in the Egyptian Hall—Arrangement to dance in the Collection—The Doctor (Medicine or Mystery man) on top of the Hall—Their first drive in a bus—Doctor's appearance outside—Indians' first impressions of London—Lascars sweeping the streets—Man with a big nose—The Doctor lost, and found on the housetop—Their first exhibition in Egyptian Hall—Eagle-dance—The Doctor's speech—Great amusement of the ladies—His description of the railroad from Liverpool to London—War-dance, great applause—The "jolly fat dame"—She presents a gold bracelet to the Doctor by mistake—Her admiration of the *Roman-nose*—War-whoop—Description of—Approaching-dance—Wolf-song, and description of—Great amusement of the audience—Shaking hands—Mistake with the bracelet Page 1

CHAPTER XVIII.

Character of the Doctor (*mystery or medicine man*)—An omnibus-drive—The Doctor's admiration of the "jolly fat dame"—Jealousy—War-dress and war-paint of the *Roman-nose*—His appearance—He leads the War-dance—The Welcome-dance, and Bear-dance—Description of—Pipe-of-peace (or Calumet) dance, and Scalp-dance—*Chip-pe-ho-la* (*the Author*)—Speech of the War-chief—The "jolly fat dame"—She presents a gold bracelet to *Roman-nose*—Jealousy and distress of the Doctor—She converses with Daniel—Two reverend gentlemen converse with the Indians about religion—Reply of White-cloud and War-chief—Questions by the reverend gentlemen—Answers by the War-chief—Indians invited to breakfast with Mr. Disraeli, M.P., Park Lane—Indians' toilette and dress—The Doctor and Jim (*Wash-ka-mon-ya*) fasting for the occasion 27

CHAPTER XIX.

Kind reception at Mr. Disraeli's—View of Hyde Park from the top of his house—Review of troops, and sham fight—Breakfast-table—The Doctor missing—The Author finds him in the bathing-room—Champagne wine—Refused by the Indians—*Chickabobboo*: *Chippahola* tells the story of it—The Indians drink—Presents—The "big looking-glass"—The Doctor smiles in it—Speech of the War-chief—Shake of hands, and return—Exhibition-room, Egyptian Hall—Doctor presents a string of wampum and the "*White-feather*" to the "jolly fat dame"—Indians talk about *chickabobboo*—The Rev. Mr. G—— calls—A different religion (a Catholic)—Interview appointed—Two Methodist clergymen call—Indians refuse to see them—The giant and giantess visit the Indians—The Doctor measuring the giantess—The talk with the Catholic clergyman Page 47

CHAPTER XX.

The Doctor and Jim visit several churches—The Indians in St. Paul's—In Westminster Abbey—The exhibition at the Hall—The Doctor agrees to go in the carriage of the "jolly fat dame"—Mr. Melody objects—The Doctor's melancholy—Indians stop the bus to talk with Lascars—Make them presents of money—Indians discover *chickabobboo-ags* (gin-palaces)—and ladies lying down in their carriages reading books—*Chim-e-gotch-ees* (or fish)—Jim's story of "Fish"—Experiments in mesmerism—Wash-ka-mon-ya (Jim) mesmerized—The Doctor's opinions on mesmerism—Ioways in Lord's Cricket-ground—Archery and ball-playing—Encampment—Wigwams—Indians invited by Mrs. Lawrence to Ealing Park—Their kind reception—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—The Princess Mary—The Duchess of Gloucester—The Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess, and other distinguished guests—Amusements—Beautiful grounds—Indians dine on the lawn—Roast beef and plum-pudding—*Chickabobboo*—Alarm of the parrots—Doctor's superstition—*Chickabobboo* explained—Speech of the War-chief—Taking leave—Fright of the poor birds—Handsome presents—Conservatory—The Doctor's ideas of it—Indians visit Surrey Zoological Gardens—Fright of the birds and animals—Indians sacrifice tobacco to the lion and the rattle-snakes 63

CHAPTER XXI.

Indians' remarks on the Zoological Gardens—Their pity for the poor buffalo and other animals imprisoned—Jim's talk with a clergyman about

Hell and the hyænas—Indians' ideas of astronomy—Jim and the Doctor hear of the hells of London—Desire to go into them—Promised to go—Indians counting the gin-palaces (*chickabobboo-ags*) in a ride to Blackwall and back—The result—Exhibition in the Egyptian Hall—A sudden excitement—The War-chief recognises in the crowd his old friend "Bobasheela"—Their former lives on the Mississippi and Missouri—Bobasheela an Englishman—His travels in the "Far West" of America—Story of their first acquaintance—The doomed wedding-party—Licut. Pike—Daniel Boone and Son—Indians visit a great brewery—Kind reception by the proprietors—Great surprise of the Indians—Immense quantities of *chickabobboo*—War-dance in an empty vat—Daniel commences Jim's book of the statistics of England—Indians visit the Tunnel—Visit to the Tower—The Horse Armoury—The Royal Regalia—Indians' ideas of the crowns and jewels—"Totems" (arms) on the fronts of noblemen's houses—Royal arms over the shops—Strange notions of the Doctor—They see the "man with the big nose" again—And the "great white War-chief (the Duke of Wellington) on horseback, near his wigwam" Page 90

CHAPTER XXII.

The Ioways in Vauxhall Gardens—Surrey Theatre—Carter in the lions' cage—Astonishment of the Indians—Indians in the Diving Bell, at the Polytechnic Institution—Indians riding—Shooting at target on horseback—Ball-play—"Jolly fat dame"—Ladies converse with the Doctor—His reasons for not marrying—Curious questions—Plurality of wives—Amusing scene—The Author in Indian costume—A cruel experiment—Ioways arrive in Birmingham—The Author's arrival there—Society of Friends—Indians all breakfast with Mr. Joseph Sturge—Kind treatment—Conversation after breakfast about religion and education—Reply of the War-chief—The button-factory of Turner and Sons—Generous presents to the Indians—*Bobasheela* arrives—Indians dividing their buttons—Doctor found on top of the Shakespeare Buildings—Indians' kindness to a beggar-woman—Poorhouses—Many Friends visit the Indians—Indians' visit to Miss Catherine Hutton—Her great age—Her kindness—Dinner—Her presents to them in money—Parting scene—The War-chief's speech to her—Her letters to the Author—Indians present to the two hospitals 370 dollars—Address read by the Presidents to the Indians—Doctor's reply—Indians start for York—A fox-hunt—Curious notions of Indians about it—Visit to York Minster—Ascend the grand tower—Visit to the castle and prison—Museum of the instruments of murder—Alarm of the Doctor—Kindness of the governor of the castle and his lady—Indians' ideas of imprisonment for debt, and punishment for murder 117

CHAPTER XXIII.

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Indians' alarms about jails—Kind visits from Friends—Mrs. A. Richardson—Advice of the Friends—War-Chief's reply—Liberal presents—Arrive at Sunderland—Kindness of the Friends—All breakfast with Mr. T. Richardson—Indians plant trees in his garden—And the Author also—The Doctor's superstition—Sacrifice—Feast—Illness of the Roman Nose—Indians visit a coalpit—North Shields—A sailors' dinner and a row—Arrive at Edinburgh—A drive—First exhibition there—Visit to Salisbury Crag—To Arthur's Seat—Holyrood House and Castle—The crown of Robert Bruce—The "big gun,"—"Queen Mab"—Curious modes of building—"Flats"—Origin of—Illness of Corsair, the little *pappoose*—The old Doctor speaks—War-chief's speech—A feast of ducks—Indians' remarks upon the government of Scotland—"The swapping of crowns"—The Doctor proposes the crown of Robert Bruce for Prince Albert—Start for Dundee—Indians' liberality—A noble act—Arrival at Dundee—Death of little Corsair—Distress of the Little Wolf and his wife—Curious ceremony—Young men piercing their arms—Indians at Perth—Arrival in Glasgow—Quartered in the Town-hall—The cemetery—The Hunterian Museum—The Doctor's admiration of it—Daily drives—Indians throw money to the poor—Alarm for *Roman Nose*—Two reverend gentlemen talk with the Indians—War-chief's remarks—Greenock—Doctor's regret at leaving Page 155

CHAPTER XXIV.

Arrival in Dublin—Decline of the *Roman Nose*—Exhibition in the Rotunda—Feast of ducks—First drive—Phoenix Park—Stags—Indians' ideas of game-laws and taxes—Annual expenses of British government—National debt—Daniel enters these in Jim's book—Indians called "Irishmen"—Author's reply—Speech of the War-chief—Jim's rapid civilization—New estimates for his book—Daniel reads of "Murders, &c.," in Times newspaper—Jim subscribes for the Times—Petition of 100,000 women—Society of Friends meet the Indians in the Rotunda—Their advice, and present to the chiefs 40*l.*—Indians invited to Zoological Gardens—Presented with 36*l.*—Indians invited to Trinity College—Conversation with the Rev. Master on religion—Liberal presents—They visit the Archbishop of Dublin—Presents—All breakfast with Mr. Joseph Bewly, a Friend—Kind treatment—Christian advice—Sickness of *Roman Nose*—Various entertainments by the Friends—A curious beggar—Indians' liberality to the poor—Arrival at Liverpool—Rejoicing and feast—Council—*Roman Nose* placed in an hospital—Arrival in Manchester—Exhibition in Free Trade Hall—Immense platform—Three wigwags—Archery—Ball-play, &c.—Great crowds—*Bobasheela* arrives—Death of the *Roman Nose*—Forms of burial, &c. 178

CHAPTER XXV.

The Author arrives in Paris—Victoria Hotel—Mr. Melody and his Indians arrive—Doctor missing, and found on the top of the hotel—Alarm of servants—First drive in Paris—Visit to Mr. King, the American ambassador—French *chickabobboo*—M. Vattemare—Indians visit the Hôtel de Ville—Préfet de Police—Magnificent salons—The “big looking-glasses”—The Préfet’s lady—Refreshments and *chickabobboo*—Speech of the War-chief—Reply of the Préfet—Salle Valentino taken for the exhibition—Daniel arrives with the Collection from London—Indians visit the King in the palace of the Tuileries—Royal personages—Conversation—War-chief presents the calumet—His speech to the King—Eagle-dance—War-dance—Little Wolf presents his tomahawk and whip to the King—His speech—Refreshments and “Queen’s *chickabobboo*”—Drinking the King’s and Queen’s health, and health of the Count de Paris—“Vive le Roi”—Jim’s opinion of the King—An Indian’s idea of descents—Presents in money from the King—Mode of dividing it—A drive—Ladies leading dogs with strings—The number counted in one drive—The Indians’ surprise—An entry for Jim’s book—Jim laments the loss of the Times newspaper and *Punch*—He takes Galignani’s Messenger—Indians dine at W. Costar’s—The Doctor’s compliment to a lady’s fine voice—Indians visit the Royal Academy of Sciences—Curious reception—M. Arago—Indians’ suspicions and alarms—Jim’s remarkable speech—Opening of the exhibition in Salle Valentino—Great excitement—Speech of the War-chief—Shaking hands—Public opinion of the Author’s Collection Page 203

CHAPTER XXVI.

Indians at Madame Greene’s party—Their ideas of waltzing—The Doctor’s admiration of the young ladies—The King’s fête, 1st of May—Indians in the Palace—Royal Family in the balcony—Grand and sublime scene on the river—Indians in a crowd of nobility in the Duc d’Aumale’s apartments—Messenger to Indians’ apartments with gold and silver medals—Medals to the women and children—Consequent difficulties—Visit to the Hospital of Invalids—Place Concorde—Column of Luxor—The fountains—Visit to the Triumphal Arch—Jim’s description of an ugly woman—Victor Hugo—Madame Georges Sands—Indians visit the Louvre—M. de Cailleux—Baron de Humboldt—Illness of the wife of Little Wolf—A phrenologist visits the Indians—The phrenologist’s head examined—Two Catholic priests visit the Indians—Indians visit the Garden of Plants—Alarm of the birds and animals—The “poor prisoner buffalo”—Visit to the *Salle aux Vins*—Astonishment of the Indians—The war-whoop—*Chickabobboo*—Cafés explained—Indians visit *Père la*

Chaise—A great funeral—A speech over the grave—Hired mourners—Visit the *School of Medicine*—and “*Dupuytren’s Room*”—Excitement of the Doctor—Visit to the *Foundling Hospital*—Astonishment and pity of the Indians—Entries in Jim’s note-book, and Doctor’s remarks—Visit the *Guillotine*—Indians’ ideas of *hanging* in England, and *beheading* in France—Curious debate—Visit to the *Dog Market*—Jim’s purchase and difficulty—The *Dog Hospital*—Alarm of the “*petites malades*”—Retreat—*Bobasheela* arrives from London—Great rejoicing—Jim’s comments on the Frenchwomen—The *little foundlings* and the *little dogs* Page 232

CHAPTER XXVII.

La Morgue—The Catacombs—The Doctor’s dream—Their great alarm—Visit to the *Hippodrome*—Jim riding M. Franconi’s horse—Indians in the Woods of Boulogne—Fright of the rabbits—Jim and the Doctor at the *Bal Mabilite*, Champs Elysées—At the *Masquerade, Grand Opera*—Their opinions and criticisms on them—Frenchwomen at confession in St. Roch—Doctor’s ideas of it—Jim’s speech—“*Industrious fleas*”—Death of the wife of Little Wolf—Her baptism—Husband’s distress—Her funeral in the Madeleine—Her burial in Montmartre—Council held—Indians resolve to return to America—Preparations to depart in a few days—*Bobasheela* goes to London to ship their boxes to New York—He returns, and accompanies the Indians to Havre—Indians take leave of *Chippewola* (the Author)—M. Vattemare accompanies them to Havre—Kindly treated by Mr. Winslow, an American gentleman, at Havre—A splendid dinner, and (*Queen’s*) *Chickabobboo*—Indians embark—Taking leave of *Bobasheela*—Illness of the Author’s lady—His alarm and distress—Her death—Obituary—Her remains embalmed and sent to New York 261

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Eleven Ojibbeway Indians arrive from London—Their exhibitions in the Author’s Collection—Portraits and description of—Their amusements—Their pledge to sobriety—*Chickabobboo* explained to them—Birth of a *Pappoose*—M. Gudin; Indians and the Author dine with him—His kind lady—The Author breakfasts with the Royal Family in the palace at St. Cloud—Two Kings and two Queens at the table—The Author presented to the King and Queen of the Belgians by Louis Philippe, in the salon—Count de Paris—Duc de Brabant—Recollects the Indian pipe and mocassins presented to him by the Author in the Egyptian Hall—Duchess of Orleans—The Princess Adelaide—The King relates anecdotes of his life in America—Washington’s farewell address

—Losing his dog in the Seneca village—Crossing Buffalo Creek—Descending the Tioga and Susquehanna rivers in an Indian canoe to Wyoming, the Author's native valley—The King desires the Author to arrange his whole Collection in the Louvre for the private views of the Royal Family—He also appoints a day to see the Ojibbeways in the Park at St. Cloud—Great rejoicing of the Indians—*A dog-feast*—The Indians and the Author dine a second time at M. Gudin's . . Page 278

CHAPTER XXIX.

Indians' visit to the Palace of St. Cloud—The Park—Artificial lake—Royal Family—Prince de Joinville—Recollected seeing the Author and Collection in Washington—King and Queen of Belgians—The *regatta*—The birch-bark canoe, and the Prince de Joinville's "Whitehaller"—War-dance—Ball-play—Archery—Dinner prepared for the Indians—M. Gudin and the Author join them—Indians' return—Gossip at night—Their ideas of the King and Royal Family—Messenger from the King, with gold and silver medals and money, to the Indians—The War-chief cures a cancer—Author's Collection in the *Salle de Séance*, in the Louvre—The Indians and the Author dine with M. Passy, Member of Deputies—Kind treatment by himself and lady—King visits the Collection in the Louvre—The Author explains his pictures—Persons present—An hour's visit—The King retires—Second visit of the King and Royal Family to the Collection—The Author's four little children presented to the King—His Majesty relates the anecdote of bleeding himself in America, and his visit to General Washington at Mount Vernon—His descent of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in a small boat, to New Orleans—Orders the Author to paint fifteen pictures for Versailles 287

CHAPTER XXX.

The Author leaves his Collection in the Louvre, and arrives with the Indians in Bruxelles—Indians at the *soirée* of the American Minister in Bruxelles—Author's reception by the King in the Palace—Small-pox among the Indians—Indians unable to visit the Palace—Exhibition closes—Seven sick with small-pox—Death of one of them—His will—A second dies—His will—The rest recover—Faithful attentions of Daniel—The Author accompanies them to Antwerp, and pays their expenses to London on a steamer—Death of the War-chief in London—His will—The Author raises money by subscription and sends to them—Letter from the survivors, in England, to the Author—Drawings by the War-chief—The Author stopped in the streets of London and invited to see the skeleton of the War-chief!—His indignation—Subsequent deaths of four

others of this party in England—The three parties of Indians in Europe—Their objects—Their success—Their conduct—Their reception and treatment—Things which they saw and learned—Estimates and statistics of civilized life which they have carried home—Their mode of reasoning from such premises—And the probable results Page 294

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Author returns to his little children in Paris—His loss of time and money—The three Indian speculations—His efforts to promote the interests of the Indians, and the persons who brought them to Europe—His advice to other persons wishing to engage in similar enterprises—The Author retires to his atelier, and paints the fifteen pictures for the King—The pleasure of quiet and retirement with his four little children around him—He offers his Indian Collection to the American Government—And sends his memorial to Congress—Bill reported in favour of the purchase—The Author has an interview with the King in the Tuileries—Delivers the fifteen pictures—Subjects of the pictures painted—Conversations with the King—Reflections upon his extraordinary life—The Author's thoughts, while at his easel, upon scenes of his life gone by—And those that were about him, as he strolled, with his little children, through the streets and society of Paris—Distressing and alarming illness of the Author's four little children—Kindness of sympathizing friends—Death of "little George"—His remains sent to New York, and laid by the side of his mother—A father's tears and loneliness—The Author returns with his Collection to London 311

APPENDIX—A.

Extracts of Letters from the Ioway Mission, Upper Missouri . . . 327

APPENDIX—B.

Experiments in Horse-taming 332

CATLIN'S NOTES IN EUROPE,

8c.

8c.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival of fourteen Ioway Indians in London—Their lodgings in St. James's Street—The Author visits them—Their portraits and names—Mr. Melody, their conductor—Jeffrey Doraway, their interpreter—Landlady's alarm—Indians visit the Author's Collection in the Egyptian Hall—Arrangement to dance in the Collection—The Doctor (Medicine or Mystery man) on top of the Hall—Their first drive in a bus—Doctor's appearance outside—Indians' first impressions of London—Lascars sweeping the streets—Man with a big nose—The Doctor lost, and found on the housetop—Their first exhibition in Egyptian Hall—Eagle-dance—The Doctor's speech—Great amusement of the ladies—His description of the railroad from Liverpool to London—War-dance, great applause—The "jolly fat dame"—She presents a gold bracelet to the Doctor by mistake—Her admiration of the *Roman-nose*—War-whoop—Description of—Approaching-dance—Wolf-song, and description of—Great amusement of the audience—Shaking hands—Mistake with the bracelet.

THE event which I spoke of at the close of my last chapter—the arrival of another party of Indians—was one which called upon me at once for a new enterprise, and I suddenly entered upon it, again deferring the time of my return to my native land.

The "fourteen Ioway Indians," as report had said, had arrived, and were in apartments at No. 7, St. James's Street, with their interpreter. This party was in charge of Mr. G. H. C. Melody, who had accompanied them from their own country, with a permission gained from the Secretary at War to bring them to Europe, which permission was granted in the following words:—

DEAR SIR, *War Department, Washington City, Sept. 14th, 1843.*

In answer to your application relative to Mr. Melody's making a tour to Europe with a party of Ioway Indians, as well as to a similar one on his behalf from the Rev. Wm. P. Cochran, of Marian County, Missouri, I beg leave to say, that it has not been usual to grant any permissions of the kind, and the verbal instructions to the Agents, Superintendents, &c. have been against permitting such tours, for the reason, I presume, that the persons having them in charge are usually men who merely wish to make money out of them by exhibitions, without taking any care of their habits or morals, or inducing them to profit by what they see and hear upon their route.

In the present case, however, I do not think that the evils usually to be apprehended will occur, from the character of Mr. Melody, and the mode in which the Indians are proposed to be selected. This I understand is to be done by the Chief, White Cloud, with the full assent of the individuals thus selected, and their continuance on the tour to be their own act.

Under all the circumstances, I suppose all the Department can do, is to allow Mr. Melody and the Chiefs of the tribe to do as they please, without imposing the usual or any prohibition.

I am, yours, very truly,

J. M. PORTER,

Secretary at War.

Vespasian Ellis, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Washington City, Sept. 1843.

Under this letter you are authorised to make any arrangement with the Chief of the tribe of Indians that you and he may please to make; and the War Department agrees, in consideration of your well-known integrity of character, not to interfere with the arrangement which you and the Chief or the Indians may make.

Your obedient Servant,

VESPASIAN ELLIS.

Mr. Melody.

Mr. Melody called upon me immediately on his arrival in London, and I went with him to see his party, several of whom I at once recognized as I entered their rooms. On seeing me they all rose upon their feet and offered me their hands, saluting me by their accustomed word, "How! how! how! *Chip-pe-ko-la!*" and evidently were prepared for great pleasure on meeting me. *White Cloud*, the head chief of the tribe, was of the party, and also the war-chief *Neumon-ya* (the Walking Rain). These two chiefs, whose portraits were then hanging in my collection, had stood before me for their pictures several years previous in their

own village, and also one of the warriors now present, whose name was *Wash-ka-mon-ya* (the Fast Dancer). These facts being known, one can easily imagine how anxious these good fellows had been, during a journey of 2000 miles from their country to New York, and then during their voyage across the ocean, to meet me in a foreign land, who had several years before shared the hospitality of their village, and, to their knowledge, had done so much to collect and perpetuate the history of their race. They had come also, as I soon learned, in the full expectation to dance in my collection, which they were now impatient to see.

This first interview was during the evening of their arrival, and was necessarily brief, that they might get their night's rest, and be prepared to visit my rooms in the morning. A few pipes were smoked out as we were all seated on the floor, in a "talk" upon the state of affairs in their country and incidents of their long and tedious journey, at the end of which they now required rest, and I left them.

By entering the city at night, they had created little excitement or alarm, except with the landlady and her servants, where they had been taken in. Their rooms had been engaged before their arrival, but the good woman "had no idea they were going to look so savage and wild; she was very much afraid that their red paint would destroy her beds," not yet knowing that they were to wash the paint all off before they retired to rest, and that then they were to spread their buffalo robes upon the floor and sleep by the side of, and under her beds, instead of getting into them. These facts, when they became known, amused her very much; and Mr. Melody's representations of the harmlessness and honesty of the Indians, put her at rest with respect to the safety of her person and her property about her house.

The objects of these being the same as those of the former party, of seeing the country and making money by their exhibitions, I entered into a similar arrangement

with Mr. Melody, joining with my collection, conducting their exhibitions, and sharing the expenses and receipts of the same, on condition that such an arrangement should be agreeable to the Indians.

Their first night's rest in London being finished, they were all up at an early hour, full of curiosity to see what was around them; and their fourteen red heads out of their front windows soon raised a crowd and a novel excitement in St. James's. Every body knew that the "Indians had gone," and the conjectures amongst the crowd were various and curious as to this strange arrival. Some said it was "the wedding party returned;" others, more sagacious, discovered the difference in their appearance, and pronounced them "the real cannibals from New Zealand;" and others said "their heads were too red, and they could be nothing else than the real *red-heads*—the man-eaters—that they had read of somewhere, but had forgotten the place."

The morning papers, however, which are the keys for all such mysteries, soon solved the difficulty, but without diminishing the crowd, by the announcement that a party of fourteen Ioway Indians, from the base of the Rocky Mountains, had arrived during the night and taken up their lodgings in St. James's Street.

After taking their breakfasts and finishing their toilets, they stepped into carriages and paid their first visit to my collection, then open in the Egyptian Hall. Instead of yelling and shouting as the Ojibbeways did on first entering it, they all walked silently and slowly to the middle of the room, with their hands over their mouths, denoting surprise and silence. In this position, for some minutes (wrapped in their pictured robes, which were mostly drawn over their heads or up to their eyes), they stood and rolled their eyes about the room in all directions, taking a general survey of what was around them, before a word was spoken. There was an occasional "she-e" in a lengthened whisper, and nothing more for some time, when at length a gradual and almost imperceptible conversation commenced about por-

traits and things which they recognized around the room. They had been in a moment transferred into the midst of hundreds of their friends and their enemies, who were gazing at them from the walls—amongst wig-wams and thousands of Indian costumes and arms, and views of the prairies they live in—altogether opening to their view, and to be seen at a glance, what it would take them years to see in their own country. They met the portraits of their chiefs and other friends, upon the walls, and extended their hands towards them; and they gathered in groups in front of their enemies, whom the warriors had met in battle, and now recognized before them. They looked with great pleasure on a picture of their own village, and examined with the closest scrutiny the arms and weapons of their enemies. One may easily imagine how much there was in this collection to entertain these rude people, and how much to command their attachment to me, with whom they had already resolved to unite.

A council was held and the pipe lit under the Crow wig-wam, which was standing in the middle of my room, when Mr. Melody explained to the Indians that he had now got them safe across the ocean as he had promised, and into the midst of the greatest city in the world, where they would see many curious things, and make many good and valuable friends, if they conducted themselves properly, which he was confident they would do.

“You have met,” said he, “your old friend *Chip-pe-ho-la*, whom you have talked so much about on the way; you are now in his wonderful collection, and he is by the side of you, and you will hear what he has to say.” (“*How! how! how!*”)

I reminded the White-cloud of the time that I was in his village, and lived under his father's tent, where I had been kindly treated, and for which I should always feel grateful. That in meeting them here, I did not meet them as strangers, but as friends. (“*How! how! how!*”) That they had come a great way, and with a view to make something to carry home to their wives and little children; that Mr.

Melody and I had entered into an arrangement by which I was in hopes that my efforts might aid in enabling them to do so. (“*How ! how ! how !*”) That I was willing to devote all my time, and do all that was in my power, but the continuation of my exertions would depend entirely upon their own conduct, and their efforts to gain respect, by aiding in every way they could, and keeping themselves entirely sober, and free from the use of spirituous liquors. (“*How ! how ! how !*”)

Mr. Melody here remarked that they had pledged their words to him and their Great Father (as the condition on which they were allowed to come), that they would drink no ardent spirits while absent, and that he was glad to say they had thus far kept their promise strictly. (“*How ! how ! how !*”)

I told them I was glad to hear this, and I had no doubt but they would keep their word with me on that point, for every thing depended on it. We were amongst a people who look upon drunkenness as low and beastly, and also as a crime ; and as I had found that most white people were of opinion that all Indians were drunkards, if they would show by their conduct that such was not the case, they would gain many warm and kind friends wherever they went. (“*How ! how ! how !*”) I told them that the Ojibbeways whom I had had with me, and who had recently gone home, gave me a solemn promise when they arrived that they would keep entirely sober and use no spirituous liquors,—that they kept that promise awhile, but I had been grieved to hear that before they left the country they had taken up the wicked habit of drinking whiskey, and getting drunk, by which they had lost all the respect that white people had for them when they first came over. (A great laugh, and “*How ! how ! how !*”)

Neu-mon-ya (the war-chief) replied to me, that they were thankful that the Great Spirit had kept them safe across the ocean and allowed them to see me, and to smoke the pipe again with me, and to hear my wise counsel, which

they had all determined to keep (*“How! how! how!”*). He said that they had been very foolish to learn to drink *“fire-water”* in their country, which was very destructive to them, and they had promised their Great Father, the President, that they would drink none of it whilst they were abroad. He said he hoped I would not judge them by the Ojibbeways who had been here, *“for,”* said he, *“they are all a set of drunkards and thieves, and always keep their promises just about as well as they kept them with you.”* (A laugh, and *“How! how! how!”*)*

This *talk*, which was short, was ended here, to the satisfaction of all parties, and the Indians were again amusing themselves around the room, leaving the wig-wam and further conversations to Mr. Melody, the interpreter, and myself. Mr. Melody, though a stranger to me, bearing the high recommendations contained in the letter of the Secretary at War, already published, at once had my confidence (which I am pleased to say his conduct has kept up) as an excellent and honest man.

Their interpreter, Jeffrey Doraway (a mulatto), and who had been one of the first to recognize and hail me when I entered their rooms, had been an old and attached acquaintance of mine while travelling in that country, and that acquaintance had several times been renewed in St. Louis, and New York, and other places where I had subsequently met him. He had been raised from childhood in the tribe, and the chiefs and all the party were very much attached to him, and his interest seemed to be wholly identified with that of the tribe. He was of a most forbearing and patient disposition, and of temperate habits, and as he was loved by the chiefs, had great influence with them, and control over the party.

I related to Mr. Melody and Jeffrey the difficulties that laid before us; the prejudices raised in the public mind by

* Some allowance will be made for the freedom with which the Ioways occasionally speak of their predecessors, the Ojibbeways, as these two tribes have lived in a state of constant warfare from time immemorial.

the conduct of Mr. Rankin with his party of Ojibbeways, and the unfortunate season of the year at which they had arrived in London. That the middle of July was the very worst season in which to open an exhibition, and that it might be difficult to raise a second excitement sufficiently strong to pay the very heavy expenses we must incur; but that I had resolved to unite my whole efforts to theirs, to bring their party into notice; which formed so much more complete and just a representation of the modes and appearance of the wild Indians of America than the Ojibbeways had given.

Finishing our conversation here, we found the Indians adjusting their plumes, and their robes, and their weapons, preparing to step into their "omnibus and four," to take their first rapid glance at the great City of London, in "a drive," which was to pass them through some of its principal thoroughfares for their amusement. At this moment of excitement it was suddenly announced that one of the party (and a very essential one), the "*Doctor*" (or *medicine man*), was missing! Search was everywhere making for him, and when it was quite certain that he could not have passed into the street, Jeffrey inquired of the curator of the Hall if there was any passage that led out upon the roof? to which the curator replied, "Yes." "Well then," said Jeffrey, "we may be sure that he is there, for *it is 'a way that he has:'* he always is uneasy until he gets as high as he can go, and then he will stay there all night if you will let him alone." I went immediately to the roof, and found him standing on one corner of the parapet, overlooking Piccadilly,—wrapped in his buffalo robe, and still as a statue, while thousands were assembling in the streets to look at him, and to warn him of the danger they supposed him in.

The readers who have not had the pleasure of seeing this eccentric character, will scarcely be able to appreciate the oddity of this freak until they become better acquainted with the Doctor in the following pages. I invited him down from his elevated position, which he seemed reluctant to leave, and

he joined his party, who passed into their carriage at the door. In this moment of confusion, of escaping from the crowd and closing the door, heads were counted, and the old Doctor was missing again. A moment's observation showed, however, that his *ascending* propensity had gained him a position over their heads, as he had seated himself by the side of the driver, with his buffalo robe wrapped around him, the long and glistening blade of his spear passing out from underneath it, near to his left ear, and his vermilioned face surmounted by a huge pair of buffalo horns, rising out of a crest of eagle's quills and ermine skins. Thus loaded, and at the crack of the whip, and amidst the yelling multitude that had gathered around them, did the fourteen Ioways dash into the streets, to open their eyes to the sights and scenes of the great metropolis.

An hour or so in the streets, in a pleasant day, enabled them to see a great deal that was unlike the green prairies where they lived; and the "old Doctor," wrapped in his robe, and ogling the pretty girls, and everything else that he saw that was amusing as he passed along, raised a new excitement in the streets, and gave an extensive notification that "the wedding party had actually got back," or that another party of *red skins* had arrived. They returned to their lodgings in great glee, and amused us at least for an hour with their "first impressions" of London; the *leading, striking* feature of which, and the one that seemed to afford them the greatest satisfaction, was the *quantity of fresh meat* that they saw in every street hanging up at the doors and windows—pigs, and calves, and sheep, and deer, and prairie hens, in such profusion that they thought "there would be little doubt of their getting as much fresh meat as they could eat." Besides this, they had seen many things that amused them, and others that excited their pity. They laughed much about the "black fellows with white eyes" who were carrying bags of coal, and "every one of them had got their hats on the wrong side before." They had seen many people who seemed to be very poor, and looked

as if they were hungry: for they held out their hands to people passing by, as if they were asking for something to eat. "They had passed two *Indians*, with brooms in their hands, sweeping the dirt in the streets!"

This occurrence had excited their greatest anxieties to know "what *Indians* they could be, that would be willing to take a broom in their hands and sweep the dirt from under white men's feet, and then hold out their hands to white people for money to buy food to eat." They all agreed "that *Ioways* would not do it, that *Sioux* would not, that *Pawnees* would not;" and when they were just deciding that their enemies, the *Ojibbeways*, might be slaves enough to do it, and that these were possibly a part of the *Ojibbeway* party that had been flourishing in London, I explained the mystery to them, by informing them that their conjectures were wrong—that it was true they were *Indians*, but not from North America. I agreed with them that no North American *Indian* would use that mode of getting his living, but that there were *Indians* in different parts of the world, and that these were from the East Indies, a country many thousands of miles from here; that these people were *Indians* from that country, and were of a tribe called *Lascars*; that many of them were employed by the captains of English ships to help to navigate their vessels from that country to this; and that in London they often come to want, and are glad to sweep the streets and beg, as the means of living, instead of starving to death. It seemed still a mystery to them, but partly solved, and they made many further remarks among themselves about them. The good landlady at this moment announced to Mr. Melody and Jeffrey that the dinner for the *Indians* was ready, and in a moment all were seated save the Doctor; he was missing. "That old fool," said Jeffrey, "there's no doubt but he has found his way to the top of the house." I was conducted by one of the servants through several unoccupied rooms and dark passages, and at last through a narrow and almost impassable labyrinth that brought me out upon

the roof. The "Doctor" was *there*; and, wrapped in his buffalo robe, with his red face and his buffalo horns, was standing like a *Zealand penguin*, and smiling upon the crowds of gazers who were gathering in the streets, and at the windows, and upon the house-tops, in the vicinity.

For the several days succeeding this, while the Indians were lying still, and resting from their long and tedious voyage, and I was announcing in the usual way their arrival, and the time of the commencement of their exhibitions, I held many curious and amusing conversations with them about things they had already seen, and scenes and events that were yet in anticipation and before them. These are subjects, however, that must be passed over for events that were before us, and fuller of interest and excitement.

They had much amusement at this time also, about a man they said they had seen, with a remarkably big nose, which they said looked like a large potato (or *wapsapinnakan*), and one of the women sitting near the door of the omnibus declared "that it was actually a *wapsapinnakan*, for she could distinctly see the little holes where the sprouts grow out." The bus, they said, had passed on rather too quick for all to have a fair look, but they believed they would at some future time meet him again, and take a good look at him.

The evening for their first appearance before the public having arrived, the Ioways were prepared in all their rouge and fine dresses, and made their *début* before a fashionable, but not a crowded audience. Their very appearance, as they entered the room, was so wild and classic, that it called forth applause from every part of the hall. The audience was composed chiefly of my friends, and others who had been familiar with the other group, and who were able to decide as to the comparative interest of the two parties; and it was proclaimed in every part of the room, that they were altogether more primitive in their appearance and modes, and decidedly a finer body of men. I had

accompanied them on to the platform, and when they had got seated, and were lighting their pipe, I introduced them by stating, that in the exhibition of this party of Indians, I felt satisfied that I was bringing before the eyes of the audience the most just and complete illustration of the native looks and modes of the red men of the American wilderness, that had ever been seen on this side of the Atlantic; and that I should take great pleasure in introducing them and their modes, as they so satisfactorily illustrated and proved what I had been for several years labouring to show to English people, by my numerous paintings and Indian manufactures which I had collected, as well as by my notes of travel amongst these people, which I had recently published :

That the *Ioway* was one of the remote tribes, yet adhering to all their native customs and native looks; and that this party, composed, as it was, of the two principal men of the tribe, and several of its most distinguished warriors, not only conveyed to the eyes of people in this country the most accurate account of primitive modes, but was calculated to excite the deepest interest, and to claim the respect of the community. That the position of this tribe being upon the great plains between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, 1000 miles farther west than the country from which the Ojibbeways came, their modes and personal appearance were very different, having as yet received no changes from the proximity of civilization :

That I had visited this tribe several years before, during my travels in the Indian countries, and that I had there formed my first acquaintance with the two chiefs who were now here, and which acquaintance, from the hospitable manner in which they had welcomed me in their humble wig-wams, I now felt great pleasure in renewing: (“*Hear, hear,*” and *applause.*)

That these facts being known, with others which would be incidentally given, I felt fully assured that they would meet with a kind reception in this country, and that the

audience were prepared for the introduction I was now to make of them and their modes.* (*Great applause.*)

I then pointed out and explained to the audience, the characteristic differences between the appearance and modes of this party and the Ojibbeways, whom they had seen, and which will be obvious to the reader in the annexed illustration (*Plate No. 9*). The Ioways, like three other tribes only, in North America, all adhere to their national mode of shaving and ornamenting their heads. This is a very curious mode, and presents an appearance at once that distinguishes them from the Ojibbeways and other tribes, who cultivate the hair to the greatest length they possibly can, and pride themselves on its jet and glossy black. Every man in the Ioway tribe adheres to the mode of cutting all the hair as close as he can, excepting a small tuft which is left upon the crown, and being that part which the enemy takes for the scalp, is very properly denominated the "*scalp-lock*." He then rouges with vermilion the whole crown of his head (and oftentimes his whole face), and surmounts his *scalp-lock* by a beautiful crest, made of the hair of the deer's tail, dyed of vermilion red.

The chief man of this party, the "*White Cloud*," the son of a distinguished chief of the same name, who died a few

* *Names of the Indians.*

1. Mew-hew-she-kaw (the white cloud), first chief of the nation.
2. Neu-mon-ya (the walking rain), war-chief.
3. Se-non-ti-yah (the blistered feet), the medicine man (or Doctor).
4. Wash-ka-mon-ya (the fast dancer).
5. Shon-ta-yi-ga (the little wolf).
6. No-bo-mun-ya (one who gives no attention), or Roman Nose.
7. Wa-ton-ye (the foremost man).
8. Wa-ta-we-buck-a-na (commanding general).

Women.

9. Ru-ton-ye-wee-ma (strutting pigeon), wife of White Cloud.
10. Ru-ton-wee-me (pigeon on the wing).
11. O-kee-wee-me (female bear that walks on the back of another).
12. Koon-za-ya-me (female war-eagle sailing).
13. Ta-pa-ta-me (wisdom), girl.
14. Corsair (pap-poose).

years since, was 35 years of age, and hereditary chief of the tribe. By several humane and noble acts, after he received his office of chief, he gained the admiration and friendship of the officers of the United States Government, as well as of his tribe, and had therefore been countenanced by the Government (as has been shown) in the enterprise of going abroad.

Neu-mon-ya (the Walking Rain), and war-chief of the tribe, was 54 years of age, and nearly six feet and a half in height. A noble specimen of the manly grace and dignity that belong to the American wilderness, and also a man who had distinguished himself in the wars that he had led against his enemies.

Se-non-ti-yah (the Blistered Feet), the *Medicine* or *Mystery Man*, was a highly important personage of the party, and held a high and enviable position, as physician, soothsayer, and magician, in his tribe.

These personages are found in every tribe, and so much control have they over the superstitious minds of their people, that their influence and power in the tribe often transcend those of the chief. In all councils of war and peace they have a seat by the chiefs, and are as regularly consulted by the chiefs, as soothsayers were consulted in ancient days, and equal deference and respect is paid to their advice or opinions, rendering them *oracles* of the tribe in which they live.

A good illustration of this was given by this magician, while on their voyage to this country, a few weeks since, when near the land, off the English coast. The packet ship in which the Indians were passengers, was becalmed for several days, much to the annoyance of the Indians and numerous other passengers, when it was decided, by the Indian chief, that they must call upon the *Medicine Man*, to try the efficacy of his magical powers in the endeavour to raise a wind. For this purpose he very gradually went to work, with all due ceremony, according to the modes of the country, and after the usual ceremony of a mystery feast,



6
9
1
8
2
10
4
12
7
11
5
14
3

Nº 9.

and various invocations to the *spirit* of the *wind* and the *ocean*, both were conciliated by the sacrifice of many plugs of tobacco thrown into the sea ; and in a little time the wind began to blow, the sails were filled, and the vessel soon wafted into port, to the amusement of the passengers, and much to the gratification of the Indians, who all believed, and ever will, that the vessel was set in motion by the potency of the Doctor's mysterious and supernatural powers.

Of the *Warriors*, *Shon-ta-yi-ga* (the Little Wolf) and *No-ho-mun-ya* (called the "Roman Nose") were the most distinguished, and I believe the world will agree with me, that it would be an act of injustice on my part, should I allow the poor fellows to carry through this country, without giving them publication, the subjoined documents,* by

* KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That *Shon-ta-yi-ga* or the *Little Wolf*, an Ioway brave, is well entitled to be called a brave, from the fact of his having been engaged in many expeditions against the enemies of his tribe: in all such excursions he has, I am informed, universally behaved bravely. But especially is he entitled to the love and confidence of all men, whether white or red, on account of his humanity and daring conduct in arresting from the cruel nation of which he is a member, a party of *Omahaws*. On last Sabbath day he saved from the tomahawk and scalping-knife ten unoffending *Omahaws*: one of the party was decoyed out of sight and murdered; the other ten consisting of the well-known and much-loved chiefs *Big Elk*, *Big Eyes*, and *Washkamonnia*, one squaw and six young men. This party was on a visit of friendship, by special invitation from the Ioways. When they arrived within ten miles of this post, they were seen and conversed with by the son in law of *Neu-mon-ya*, a chief of the Ioways, who undertook to bring the *tobacco* and *sticks* to the Ioway chiefs, as is a custom of Indians when on a begging expedition. This young man proved treacherous, and failed to deliver his message to his chiefs, and gave information of the approach of the *Omahaws* to a man who was preparing to go on a war party. He and two-thirds of the nation started out to murder their visitors, and were only prevented by the timely assistance and interference of the *Little Wolf*, or *Shon-ta-yi-ga*, and one other Ioway, whose name is the *Roman Nose*.

This man (the *Little Wolf*) interfered, as he says, and doubtless he tells the truth, because he considered it treacherous and cowardly to strike a brother, after having invited them to visit their nation. Such treachery is rare indeed among the wildest North-American Indians, and never occurred with the Ioways before. I met him and *Jeffrey*, the Ioway inter-

which it will be seen that they saved, in a humane manner, and worthy of warriors of better *caste*, the lives of ten unarmed and unoffending enemies.

preter, together with two other Ioways, guarding the Big Elk and his party on to my agency, in a short time after this occurrence took place.

I cannot close this communication without expressing my sincere thanks to the Little Wolf and his comrade for their good conduct; and I most respectfully beg leave to recommend them to the kind attention of their great father, the President of the United States, and all gentlemen to whom this paper may be shown.

W. P. RICHARDSON.

Great Nemahaw Sub-Agency, Oct. 23, 1843.

SIR, *Office of Indian Affairs, St. Louis, Missouri, April 10, 1844.*

Permit me to introduce to you the bearer, No-ho-mun-ya (Roman Nose), an Ioway brave. Roman Nose, in company with Shon-ta-yi-ga, or Little Wolf, in October last defended and rescued from impending death by a party of his own nation, ten Omahaw Indians, consisting of four respected chiefs, braves, and squaws, under circumstances highly flattering to their bravery and humanity.

I would recommend that a medal be presented to No-ho-mun-ya (Roman Nose) as a testimonial of his meritorious conduct on the occasion referred to. Medals from the Government are highly esteemed by the Indians; and if bravery and humanity are merits in the Indian, then I think Roman Nose richly merits one. His character in every respect is good.

A notice by the Government of meritorious acts by the Indians has a happy tendency in making a favourable impression in reference to the act that may be the cause of the notice.

I have presented Little Wolf with a medal that was in the office. On receiving it, he very delicately replied, that "he deserved no credit for what he had done—that he had only done his duty, but was gratified that his conduct had merited the approbation of his nation and his father."

I have the honour to be, very respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. HARVEY, Sup. Ind. Aff.

To his Excellency John Tyler, President of the
United States, Washington City.

I concur with Mr. Harvey in thinking this Indian Chief entitled for his bravery and humanity to a medal.

June 8, 1844. J. TYLER, Presid. U. States, Washington City.

Medal delivered accordingly to Mr. Geo. H. C. Melody, for the Chief.
June 8, 1844. J. HARTLEY CRAWFORD.

Okee-wee-me (the wife of the Little Wolf) is the mother of the infant pappoose, called Corsair. This child is little more than three months old, and slung in the cradle on the mother's back, according to the general custom practised by all the American tribes, and furnishes one of the most interesting illustrations in the group.

All tribes in America practise the same mode of carrying their infant children for several months from their birth upon a flat board resting upon the mother's back, as she walks or rides, suspended by a broad strap passing over her forehead, or across her breast. By this mode of carrying their children, the mothers, who have to perform all the slavish duties of the camp, having the free use of their hands and arms, are enabled to work most of the time, and, in fact, exercise and labour nearly as well as if their children were not attached to their persons. These cradles are often, as in the present instance, most elaborately embroidered with porcupine quills, and loaded with little trinkets hanging within the child's reach, that it may amuse itself with them as it rides, with its face looking *from* that of its mother, while she is at work, so as not to draw upon her valuable time.

This rigid, and seemingly cruel mode of binding the child with its back to a straight board, seems to be one peculiarly adapted to Indian life, and, I believe, promotes straight limbs, sound lungs, and long life.

I having thus introduced the party to their first audience in England, and left other remarks upon them for their proper place, the Indians laid by their pipe, and commenced their evening's amusements by giving first their favourite, the *Eagle-Dance*. The *Drum* (and their "*Eagle-Whistles*," with which they imitate the chattering of the soaring eagle), with their voices, formed the music for this truly picturesque and exciting dance. At their first pause in the dance, the audience, who had witnessed nothing of this description in the amusements of the Ojibbeways, being excited to the highest degree, encouraged the strangers with rounds of applause. The song in this dance is addressed to

their favourite bird the war-eagle, and each dancer carries a fan made of the eagle's tail, in his left hand, as he dances, and by his attitudes endeavours to imitate the motions of the soaring eagle. This, being a part of the war-dance, is a *boasting* dance; and at the end of each strain in the song some one of the warriors steps forth and, in an excited speech, describes the time and the manner in which he has slain his enemy in battle, or captured his horses, or performed some other achievement in war. After this the dance proceeds with increased spirit; and several in succession having thus excited their fellow-dancers, an indescribable thrill and effect are often produced before they get through.

In the midst of the noise and excitement of this dance the Doctor (or *mystery-man*) jumped forward to the edge of the platform, and making the most tremendous flourish of his spear which he held in his right hand, and his shield extended upon his left arm, recited the military deeds of his life—how he had slain his enemies in battle and taken their scalps; and with singular effect fitting the action to the word, acting them out as he described.

The thrilling effect produced by the Doctor's boast brought him showers of applause, which touched his vanity, and at the close of the dance he imagined all eyes in admiration fixed upon him, and no doubt felt himself called upon for the following brief but significant speech which he delivered, waving his right hand over the heads of the audience from the front of the platform where he stood, and from which he dropped his most humble and obsequious smiles upon the groups of ladies who were near him, and applauding at the end of every sentence:—

“My Friends,—It makes me very happy to see so many smiling faces about me, for when people smile and laugh, I know they are not angry—”

Jeffrey, the *Interpreter*, now made *his* *début*; the Doctor had beckoned him up by his-side to interpret his speech to the audience, and when he explained the above sentence, the “Doctor” received a round of applause, and particularly from the ladies, who could not but be pleased

with the simple vanity of the speaker and the self-complacent smiles which he always lavished upon the fair sex who were around him. The Doctor, though advanced to the sound and efficient age of 45, had never taken to him a wife; and, like too many of his fraternity, had always lived upon the excessive vanity of believing that he was the *beau idéal* of his tribe, and admired too much by all to be a legitimate subject of exclusive appropriation to any particular one. And more than this (which may not have quite fallen to the happy lot of any of his brother bachelors in the polished world), from the sort of *charitable* habit he had of spreading his glowing smiles upon the crowds about him, one would almost be of opinion that in his own community, under the aids and charms of his profession, he in a measure had existed upon the belief that his smiles were food and clothing for the crowds upon whom they were bestowed.

The Doctor yet stood, the concentration of smiles and anxious looks from every part of the room, and at length proceeded (*Plate No. 10*):—

“My Friends,—I see the ladies are pleased, and this pleases me—because I know, that if they are pleased, they will please the men.”

It was quite impossible for the Doctor to proceed further until he had bowed to the burst of laughter and applause from all parts of the room, and particularly from the ladies. This several times ceased, but suddenly burst out again, and too quick for him to resume. He had evidently made a “hit” with the ladies, and he was braced strong in courage to make the best use of it, although the rest of his comrades, who were seated and passing the pipe around, were laughing at him and endeavouring to embarrass him. One of the party, by the name of *Wash-ka-mon-ya*, and a good deal of the *braggart*, had the cruelty to say to him, “You old fool, you had better sit down, the white squaws are all laughing at you.” To which the Doctor, deliberately turning round, sarcastically replied, “You badger, go into your burrow backwards: I have said more in two sentences than

you ever said in your life." He then turned round, and calling Jeffrey nearer to his side, proceeded—

"My Friends,"—[here was a burst of irresistible laughter from the ladies, which the drollness of his expression and his figure excited at the moment, and in which, having met it all in good humour, he was taking a part, but continued]—

"My Friends,—I believe that our dance was pleasing to you, and that our noise has not given you offence. (*Applause.*)

"My Friends,—We live a great way from here, and we have come over a great salt lake to see you, and to offer you our hands. The Great Spirit has been kind to us; we know that our lives are always in his hands, and we thank him for keeping us safe. (*How, how, how!* from the Indians, and applause, with *Hear, hear, hear!*)

"My Friends,—We have met our friend *Chip-pe-ho-la* here, and seen the medicine things that he has done, and which are hanging all around us, and this makes us happy. We have found our chiefs' faces on the walls, which the Great Spirit has allowed him to bring over safe, and we are thankful for this. (*How, how, how!*)

"My Friends,—This is a large village, and it has many fine wig-wams; we rode in a large carriage the other day and saw it all. (*A laugh, and Hear!*) We had heard a great deal about the people on this side of the water, but we did not think they were so rich; we believe that the *Saganoshes* know a great deal. (*How, how, how!*)

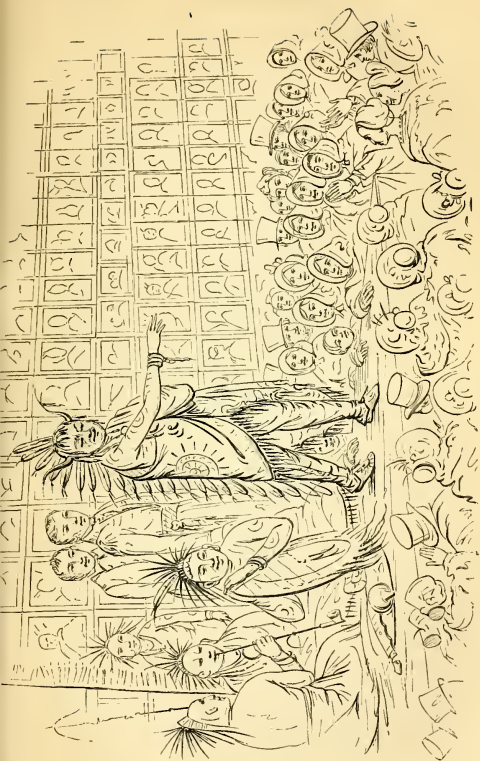
"My Friends,—We have come on your great *medicine road*, and it pleased us very much. When we landed from our ship, we came on your *medicine road*, and were told it would be very fine; but when we started, we were all very much alarmed; we went in the dark; we all went right down into the ground, under a high mountain; we had heard that a part of the white people go into the ground when they die, and some of them into the fire; we saw some fire; there was a great hissing, and a great deal of smoke coming out of this place,* and we could not get out; we were then somewhat afraid, my friends and I began to sing our '*death-song*;' but when we had commenced, our hearts were full of joy, we came out again in the open air, and the country was very beautiful around us. (*How, how, how!* and great applause.)

"My Friends,—After we got out from under the ground, we were much pleased all the way on the *medicine road* until we got to this village. There were many things to please us, and I think that before the trees were cut down, it was a very beautiful country. My friends, we think there were Indians and buffalos in this country then. (*How, how, how!*)

"My Friends,—We think we saw some of the '*k'nich k'neck* † as we came

* The railway tunnel at Liverpool.

† The red willow, from the inner bark of which the Indians make their substitute for tobacco.



along the *medicine road*, and some *quash-e-gon-eh-co*,* but we came so fast that we were not certain; we should like to know. My Friends, this is all I have to say." (*How, how, how!* and great applause.)

The Doctor's speech, which would have been terminated much sooner if he had been allowed to proceed unmolested, had a very pleasing effect upon the audience, and had allowed abundant time for the rest of the party to prepare for the next *dance*.

I now announced to the audience that the Indians were about to give the *Warrior's-dance*, as performed by their tribe. I explained the meaning of it, the circumstances under which it was given, and the respects in which it differed from the War-dance as given by the Ojibbeways. After which they were all upon their feet, and, with weapons in hand, proceeded to give it the most exciting, and even *alarming* effect.

They received great applause at the end of this dance, and also a number of presents, which were handed and thrown on to the platform. This created much excitement and good cheer among them, and I was not a little surprised, nor was I less amused and gratified, to discover at this moment, that the (so-called) "*jolly fat dame*," of Ojibbeway notoriety, was along side of the platform, at her old stand, and, in her wonted liberality, the first one to start the fashion of making the poor fellows occasional presents. I regretted, however, that I should have been the ignorant cause of her bestowing her first present upon a person for whom she did not intend it. The finest-looking man of the party, and one of the youngest, was *No-ho-mun-ya* (the *Roman-nose*), upon whom it seems this good lady's admiration had been fixed during the evening, notwithstanding the smiles that had been lavished by the Doctor, and the eloquence which he had poured forth in his boastings and speeches.

The elegant limbs, Herculean frame, and graceful and

* A medicinal herb, the roots of which the Indians use as a cathartic medicine.

terrible movements of this six foot and a-half young man, as she had gazed upon him in this last dance, had softened her heart into all its former kindness and liberality, and she had at this moment, when I first discovered her, unclasped a beautiful bracelet from one of her arms, and was just reaching over the platform to say to me as she did, "Wonderful! wonderful! Mr. Catlin; I think it one of the wonders of the world! Will you hand this to that splendid fellow, with my compliments—give him my compliments, will you—it's a bracelet for his arm (Cadotte has got the other, you know). Oh! but he is a splendid fellow—give him my compliments, will you. I think them a much finer party than the other—oh, far superior! I never saw the like; hand it to him, will you, and if he can't put it on, poor fellow, I will show him how."

All this had been run over so rapidly that I scarcely could recollect what she said, for several were speaking to me at the same time; and at that unfortunate moment it was that I committed the error, for which I was almost ready to break my own back when I found it out. I presented it by mistake to the Doctor, who, I supposed, had of course been winning all the laurels of the evening, and with them the good lady's compliments, which it would have been quite awkward on her part and mine also to have *unpresented*. The Doctor raised up the bracelet as high as he could reach, and made the house ring and almost tremble with the war-whoop, which he several times repeated.* What could be done? *She* was too gallant, and *I* did not yet know the mistake. The Doctor happened to know how to put it on—it fitted to his copper-coloured arm above his elbow—and his true politeness led him to bow and to smile

* The frightful war-whoop is sounded at the instant when Indians are rushing into battle, as the signal of attack. It is a shrill sounded note, on a high key, given out with a gradual swell, and shaken by a rapid vibration of the four fingers of the right hand over the mouth. This note is not allowed to be given in the Indian countries unless in battle, or in the war or other dances, where they are privileged to give it.

a thousand thanks upon the fair dame as he bent over her from the platform.

The *Approaching-dance** was now given, in which the Doctor took the lead in great glee, and of course with great effect. He tilted off with a light and elastic step, as he was "following the track of his enemy," and when he raised his brawny arm to beckon on his warriors to the attack, he took great pains to display the glistening trinket which he had accepted with such heartfelt satisfaction.

This dance finished, they all sat down upon the platform and passed the pipe around, whilst I was further explaining upon their appearance and modes, and the dance which they had just given. I asked them what amusement they proposed next, and they announced to me, that as the Doctor was taking all the honours and all the glory to himself on that night (and of whom they all seemed extremely jealous), they had decided that he should finish the amusements of the evening by singing the "*Wolf-song*." He was so conscious of having engrossed the principal attention of the house that he at once complied with their request, though at other times it required a great effort to get him to sing it. I had not myself heard this song, which seemed, from their preparations, to promise some amusement, and

* The Approaching Dance is a spirited part of the *War Dance*, in which the dancers are by their gestures exhibiting the mode of advancing upon an enemy, by hunting out and following up the track, discovering the enemy, and preparing for the attack, &c., and the song for this dance runs thus:—

O-ta-pa!

I am creeping on your track,
 Keep on your guard, O-ta-pa!
 Or I will hop on your back,
 I will hop on you, I will hop on you.

Stand back, my friends, I see them;
 The enemies are here, I see them!
 They are in a good place,
 Don't move, I see them!

&c. &c. &c.

which Jeffrey told me belonged exclusively to the Doctor, he having composed it. The Doctor was ready to commence, and wrapping his robe around him, having his right arm out, he shook a rattle (she-she-quoïn) in his right hand, as he tilted about the platform, singing alone; at the end of a sentence he commenced to bark and howl like a wolf, when another jumped upon his feet and ran to him, and another, and another, and joined in the chorus, with their heads turned up like wolves when they are howling. He then sang another strain as he moved about the platform again, all following him, singing, and ready to join in the deafening chorus. This strange and comic song drew roars of laughter, and many rounds of applause for the Doctor, and left him, sure enough, the lion of the evening.*

After he had finished his song, he traversed the platform

* WOLF SONG.—This amusing song, which I have since learned more of, and which I believe to be peculiar to the Ioways, seems to come strictly under the province of the *medicine* or *mystery* man. I will venture to say, that this ingenious adaptation will excite a smile, if not some degree of real amusement, as well as applause, whenever it is fairly heard and understood by an English audience. The occasion that calls for this song in the Ioway country is, when a party of young men who are preparing to start on a war excursion against their enemy (after having fatigued the whole village for several days with the war dance, making their boasts how they are going to slay their enemies, &c.) have retired to rest, at a late hour in the night, to start the next morning, at break of day, on their intended expedition. In the dead of that night, and after the vaunting war party have got into a sound sleep, the serenading party, to sing this song, made up of a number of young fellows who care at that time much less about taking scalps than they do for a little good fun, appear back of the wig-wams of these "*men of war*," and commence serenading them with this curious song, which they have ingeniously taken from the howling of a gang of wolves, and so admirably adapted it to music as to form it into a most amusing duet, quartet, or whatever it may be better termed; and with this song, with its barking and howling chorus, they are sure to annoy the party until they get up, light the fire, get out their tobacco, and other little luxuries they may have prepared for their excursion, which they will smoke and partake with them until daylight, if they last so long, when they will take leave of their morning friends who are for the "*death*," thanking them for their liberality and kindness in starting, wishing them a good night's sleep (when night comes again) and a successful campaign against their enemies.

a few times, lavishing his self-complacent smiles upon the ladies around the room, and then desired me to say to the audience, that on the next evening they were going to give the *Pipe of Peace-dance*, and the *Scalp-dance*, which he wished all the ladies to see, and that *now* the chiefs and himself were ready to shake hands with all the people in the room.

This of course brought a rush of visitors to the platform, anxious to welcome the new comers by giving them their hands. A general shake of the hands took place, and a conversation that occupied half an hour or more, and much to the satisfaction of the Indians as well as to those who came to see them.

Much curiosity was kept up yet about the Doctor. The impression that his countenance and his wit had made upon the women had secured a knot of them about him, from whom it was difficult to disengage him: some complained that they were sick, and desired him to feel their pulse; he did so, and being asked as to the nature of their disease, he replied that "they were in love,"—and as to the remedy, he said, "Get husbands, and in a day and a night you will be well." All this they could have got from other quarters, but coming from an Indian, whose naked shoulders were glistening around the room, it seemed to come with the freshness and zest of something entirely new, and created much merriment.

The amusements of their first night being over, the Indians were withdrawn from the room, and the audience soon dispersed. Daniel, as usual, had been at his post, and his report of a few moments' chat with the "jolly fat dame" gave me the first intelligence of the awful error I had committed in giving her bracelet to the Doctor instead of the Roman-nose, for whom she had intended it. She had said to him, however, that "it was no matter, and the error must not be corrected; she would bring one on the following evening for the Roman-nose, and begged that the Doctor might never be apprised of the mistake which had resulted to his benefit."

“They are a splendid set of men, Daniel—far superior to the others. It is the greatest treat I ever had—I shall be here every night. You’ll think by and by that I am a pretty good customer; ha, Daniel? That *Roman-nose* is a magnificent fellow—he’s got no wife, has he, Daniel?” “No, Madam, he is the youngest man of the party.” “He is an *elegant* fellow—but then his *skin*, Daniel. Their skins are not so fine as the others—they are *too* black, or red, or what you call it; but Cadotte! what a beautiful colour he was, ha? But I dare say a little *washing* and living in a city would bring them nearly white? These people love Mr. Catlin—he’s a curious man—he’s a *wonderful* man; these are his old acquaintance, he has boarded with them; how they love him, don’t they? Ah, well, good night, good night.” She was the last of the visitors going out of the door, and did not know that I was so close behind her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Character of the Doctor (*mystery or medicine man*)—An omnibus drive—The Doctor's admiration of the "jolly fat dame"—Jealousy—War-dress and war-paint of the *Roman-nose*—His appearance—He leads the War-dance—The Welcome-dance, and Bear-dance—Description of—Pipe-of-peace (or Calumet) dance, and Scalp-dance—*Chip-pe-ho-la* (*the Author*)—Speech of the War-chief—The "jolly fat dame"—She presents a gold bracelet to *Roman-nose*—Jealousy and distress of the Doctor—She converses with Daniel—Two reverend gentlemen converse with the Indians about religion—Reply of White-cloud and War-chief—Questions by the reverend gentlemen—Answers by the War-chief—Indians invited to breakfast with Mr. Disraeli, M.P., Park Lane—Indians' toilette and dress—The Doctor and Jim (*Wash-ka-mon-ya*) fasting for the occasion.

ON paying a visit to the lodgings of the Indians, after they had returned from the exhibition, I found them in a merry mood, cracking their jokes upon the Doctor, who had put himself forward in so conspicuous a manner, to the great amusement of the ladies. During the exhibition, it would have appeared, from his looks and his actions, that he was to be perfectly happy for a twelvemonth at least; but he now appeared sad and dejected as he listened to their jokes, and turned his splendid bracelet around with his fingers. Several of the women had received brooches and other trinkets of value, and all had been highly pleased.

It seemed that the War-chief was looked upon by the rest of the party as their orator; and, on an occasion like that which had just passed by, it was usual, and was expected, that he would have arisen and made a speech; and it was as little expected that the Doctor, who, they said, was a very diffident and backward man on such occasions, should have had so much, or anything to say. But the Doctor was a man of talent and wit, and with an

exorbitant share of vanity and self-conceit, which were excited to that degree by the irresistible smiles of the ladies, that he was nerved with courage and ambition to act the part that he did through the evening. Under the momentary excitement of his feelings, he had, to be sure, but innocently, stepped a little out of his sphere, and in the way of the chiefs, which had somewhat annoyed them at the time, but of which they were now rather making merry than otherwise. The Doctor was a good-natured and harmless man, and entirely the creature of impulse. He was always polite, though not always in good humour. The two leading traits in his character, one or the other of which was always conspicuous, were extreme buoyancy of spirits and good humour, when he smiled upon everybody and everything around him, or silent dejection, which bade defiance to every social effort. In either of these moods he had the peculiarities of being entirely harmless, and of remaining in them but a very short time; and *between* these moods, he was like a *spirit level*, exceedingly difficult to hold at a balance.

The jokes that had been concentrated on the Doctor had been rather pleasant and amusing than otherwise, though there had been so many of them from the chiefs, from the warriors, from the squaws, and also from Mr. Melody, and Jeffrey and Daniel, all of whom were laughing at his expense, that I found him, and left him, sitting in one corner of the room, with his robe wrapped around him, in stoic silence, occasionally casting his eyes on his gold bracelet, and then upon the smoking beef-steaks and coffee which were on the table for their suppers, and of which he partook not.

Whilst the rest were at the table, he silently spread his robe upon the floor, and wrapped himself in it. In the morning he washed, as usual, at the dawning of day, spent an hour or so in solitary meditation on the roof of the house, and afterwards joined with a pleasant face at the breakfast table, and through the amusements of the day and evening.

Mr. Melody had, with my cordial approbation, employed an omnibus with four horses, to drive them an hour each day for the benefit of their health; and, at the same time, to amuse and instruct them, by showing them everything that they could see in the civilized world to their advantage. The Doctor joined, in good spirits, in the "drive" of that day; and, as on the day before, was wrapped in his buffalo, and seated by the side of the driver, with the polished blade of his lance glistening above his head, as many Londoners who read this will forcibly recollect.

From their drive, in which they had seen many strange things, they returned in good spirits, and received in their chambers a private party of ladies and gentlemen, my esteemed friends, and several editors of the leading journals of London. A long and very interesting conversation was held with them on several subjects, and the clear and argumentative manner in which their replies were made, and the truly striking and primitive modes in which they were found, at once engaged the profound attention of all, and procured for them, besides some handsome presents at the time, the strongest recommendations from the editors of the press, as subjects of far greater interest than the party of Ojibbeways, whom they had before seen. Amongst these visitors they recognized with great pleasure, and shook hands with, my kind friend Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, at whose hospitable board they had, a few days before, with the author, partaken of an excellent dinner prepared for them. This was the first gentleman's table they were invited to in the kingdom, and probably the first place where they ever tried the use of the knife and fork in the English style.

Dr. Hodgkin being of the Society of Friends, they received much kind and friendly advice from him, which they never forgot; and from the unusual shape of his dress, they called him afterwards (not being able to recollect his name) *Tchon-a-wap-pa* (the straight coat).

At night they were in the Hall again, and around them, amidst a greatly increased audience, had the pleasure of

beholding nearly all the faces they had seen the night before; and the Doctor, in particular, of seeing the smiling ladies whom he had invited to see the *scalp-dance* and the *scalps*, and, to his more identical satisfaction, of beholding, at the end of the platform where he had taken pains to spread his robe and seat himself, the fair dame of *gushing* charms, to whom he was occasionally gently turning his head on one side and smiling, as he presented to her view his copper-coloured arm, encompassed with the golden bracelet.

This kind lady's goodness was such that she could not but respond to the bows and the smiles of the Doctor, though (within herself) she felt a little annoyed at the position which he had taken, so immediately between her place, which the crowd prevented her from changing, and that of the splendid "*Roman Nose*," who was now much more an object of admiration than he had been the night before, and more peremptorily called for all her attention. He had been selected to lead in the *scalp-dance* which was to be given that night; and for this purpose, in pursuance of the custom of the country, he had left off his shirt and all his dress save his beautifully garnished leggings and mocassins, and his many-coloured sash and kilt of eagle's quills and ermine around his waist. His head was vermilioned red, and dressed with his helmet-like red crest, and surmounted with a white and a red eagle's quill, denoting his readiness for peace or for war. His shoulders and his arms were curiously streaked with red paint, and on his right and his left breast were the impresses, in black paint, of two hands, denoting the two victims he had struck, and whose scalps he then held attached to his painted tomahawk, which he was to wield in triumph as he had in the *scalp-dance*. Thus arrayed and ornamented, he appeared in his "war dress," as it is termed; and as he arose from his seat upon the platform, and drew his painted shield and quiver from his back, shouts of applause rung from every part of the hall, and, of course, trepidation increased in the veins of the fair

dame, whose elbows were resting on the edge of the platform, while she was in rapture gazing upon him, and but partly concealing at times a beautiful trinket, the sparkling of which the sharp eyes of the Doctor had seen, as she endeavoured to conceal it in her right hand.

The Doctor could not speak to this fair lady except with his eyes, with the softest expressions of which he lost no time or opportunity; and (for several combined reasons, no doubt) he seemed quite unambitious to leave his seat to "*saw the air*," and strike for a repetition of the applause he had gained the night before.

Unfortunately in some respects, and as fortunately no doubt in others, the splendid "*Roman Nose*" held his position at the farther end of the platform during the greater part of the evening; and the Doctor, for the several reasons already imagined, remained in the close vicinity of the fair dame, whose over-timidity, he feared, held her in an unnecessary and painful suspense.

In this position of things and of parties, the amusements allotted for the evening had commenced, and were progressing, amidst the roars of applause that were ready at the close of each dance. They commenced by giving the "*Welcome Dance*" and song,* peculiar to their tribe. The sentiment of this being explained by me, gave great pleasure to the audience, and prepared them for the dances and amusements which were to follow.

They next announced the "*Bear Dance*," and amused the audience very much in its execution. This curious dance is given when a party are preparing to hunt the *black bear*, for its delicious food; or to contend with the more

* This peculiar dance is given to a stranger, or strangers, whom they are decided to welcome in their village; and out of respect to the person or persons to whom they are expressing this welcome, the musicians and all the spectators rise upon their feet while it is being danced.

The song is at first a lament for some friend, or friends, who are dead or gone away, and ends in a gay and lively and cheerful step, whilst they are announcing that the friend to whom they are addressing it is received into the place which has been left.

ferocious and dangerous “*grizly bear*,” when a similar appeal is made to the *bear-spirit*, and with similar results, (*i.e.*) all hands having strictly attended to the important and necessary form of conciliating in this way the good will and protection of the peculiar *spirit* presiding over the destinies of those animals, they start off upon their hunt with a confidence and prospect of success which they could not otherwise have ventured to count upon. In this grotesque and amusing mode, each dancer imitates with his hands, alternately, the habits of the bear when running, and when sitting up, upon its feet, its paws suspended from its breast.

It was customary with them to be seated a few minutes after each dance, and to pass around the pipe; and in the interval they were thus filling up after this dance, the Indians, as well as the audience, were all surprised at the appearance of a large square parcel handed in, and on to the platform, by a servant in livery, as a present to the Indians from his anonymous mistress. “Curiosity was on tip-toe” to know what so bulky a parcel contained; and when it was opened, it was found to contain 14 beautifully bound Bibles—the number just equal to the number of Indians of the party; and a very kind letter addressed to them, and which was read, exhorting them to change the tenor of their lives, to learn to read, and to profit by the gifts enclosed to them.

The Bibles being distributed amongst them, the War-chief arose, and in the most respectful and appropriate manner returned his thanks for the liberal present and the kind wishes of the lady who gave them; he said he was sorry he did not know which lady to thank, but by thanking all in the room, he considered he was taking the surest way of conveying his thanks to her.

After this, the *ne plus ultra* (as the Doctor would undoubtedly call it), the frightful “*Scalp Dance*,”* was an-

* This barbarous and exciting scene is the Indian mode of celebrating a victory, and is given fifteen nights in succession, when a war party returns from battle, having taken scalps from the heads of their enemies. Taking

nounced. All parties, the modest *squaws* (of whom they had four with them) as well as the men, were arranging their dresses and implements to take part in it. The drums struck up, and the "splendid *Roman Nose*" led off, waving his two scalps on the point of a lance, until he was once around the circle, when they were placed in the hands of a squaw to carry, whilst he wielded his tomahawk and scalping-knife, and showed the manner in which his unfortunate enemies had fallen before him. This was probably the first time that the Scalp Dance, in its original and *classic* form, was ever seen in the city of London, and embellished by the presence of real and *genuine scalps*.

This exciting scene, with its associations, had like to have been too much for the nerves and tastes of London people; but having evidently assembled here for the pleasure of receiving shocks and trying their nerves, they soon seemed reconciled, and all looked on with amazement and pleasure, whilst they were sure for once in their lives, at least, that they were drawing information from its true and native source. This dance was long and tedious, but when it was finished, it was followed by a deafening round of applause, not of approbation of the shocking and disgusting custom, but of the earnest and simple manner in which these

the scalp is practised by all the American tribes, and by them all very much in the same way, by cutting off a patch of the skin from a victim's head when killed in battle; and this piece of skin, with the hair on it, is the scalp, which is taken and preserved solely for a trophy, as the proof positive that its possessor has killed an enemy in battle, and this because they have no books of history or public records to refer to for the account of the battles of military men. The scalp dance is generally danced by torch light, at a late hour in the night; and, in all tribes, the women take a conspicuous part in it, by dancing in the circle with the men, holding up the scalps just brought from battle, attached to the top of a pole, or the handle of a lance.

A scalp, to be a genuine one, must have been taken from the head of an *enemy*, and that enemy *dead*. The living are sometimes scalped, but whenever it occurs, it is on a field of battle, amongst the wounded, and supposed to be dead, who sometimes survive, but with the signal disgrace of having lost a patch of the skin and hair from the top of their heads.

ignorant and thoughtless people were endeavouring to instruct and to amuse the enlightened world by a strict and emphatic illustration of one of the barbarous, but valued, modes of their country.

The subject and mode of *scalping*, and of thus celebrating their victories, so little understood in the enlightened world, afforded me an interesting theme for remarks at this time; and when the Indians were again seated and "*taking a smoke*," I took the occasion of this complete illustration to explain it in all its parts and meanings, for which, when I had done, I received five times as much applause as I deserved for doing it.

The Pipe of Peace (or Calumet) *Dance** was the next announced; and was danced with great spirit, and gained them much applause. At the close of this, their favourite dance, it became peculiarly the privilege of the War-chief to make his boast, as the dance is given only at the conclusion of a treaty of peace between hostile tribes, and at which treaty he is supposed to preside. For this purpose he rose, and straightening up his tall and veteran figure, with his buffalo robe thrown over his shoulder and around him, with his right arm extended over the heads of his fellow warriors, made a most animated speech to them for several minutes (with his back turned towards the audience), reminding them of the principal exploits of his military life, with which they were all familiar. He then called upon one of the younger men to light his pipe, which being done, and placed in his hand, he took several deliberate whiffs

* *The Pipe of Peace* (or calumet) is a sacred pipe, so held by all the American tribes, and kept in possession of the chiefs, to be smoked only at times of peace-making. When the terms of a treaty have been agreed upon, this sacred pipe, the stem of which is ornamented with eagle's quills, is brought forward, and the solemn pledge to keep the peace is passed through the sacred stem by each chief and warrior drawing the smoke once through it. After this ceremony is over, the warriors of the two tribes unite in the dance, with the pipe of peace held in the left hand, and a she-she-quoi (or rattle) in the right.

through its long and ornamented stem; this done, and his ideas all arranged, he deliberately turned around, and passing his pipe into his left hand, extended his right over the heads of the audience and commenced:—

“My Friends,—We believe that all our happiness in this life is given to us by the Great Spirit, and through this pipe I have thanked Him for enabling me to be here at this time, and to speak to you all who are around me. (*How, how, how!* and applause.)

“My Friends,—We have had a long journey, and we are still very much fatigued. We prayed to the Great Spirit, and He has heard our prayers; we are all here, and all well. (*How, how, how!* and *Hear!*)

“My Friends,—We are poor and live in the woods, and though the Great Spirit is with us, yet He has not taught us how to weave the beautiful things that you make in this country; we have seen many of those things brought to us, and we are now happy to be where all these fine things are made. (*How, how, how!*)

“My Friends,—The Great Spirit has made us with red skins, and taught us how to live in the wilderness, but has not taught us to live as you do. Our dresses are made of skins and are very coarse, but they are warm; and in our dances we are in the habit of showing the skins of our shoulders and our arms, and we hope you will not be angry with us—it is our way. (*How, how, how!* and great applause.)

“My Friends,—We have heard that your chief is a woman, and we know that she must be a great chief, or your country would not be so rich and so happy. (*Cheers and Hear!*) We have been told that the Ojibbeways went to see your queen, and that she smiled upon them; this makes us the more anxious to see her face, as the Ojibbeways are our enemies. (*How, how, how!*)

“My Friends,—We hope to see the face of your queen, and then we shall be happy. Our friend *Chippahola** has told us that he thinks we shall see her. My Friends, we do not know whether there are any of her relations now in the room. (*How, how, how!* and a laugh.)

“My Friends,—We shall be glad to shake your hands. This is all I have to say.” (Great applause.)

At the close of his speech, and as he turned around to meet the approbation of his fellow-warriors, there was a sudden burst of laughter amongst the Indians, occasioned by the sarcastic and exulting manner in which the old Doctor told him he had better say something more before he sat down, “because,” said he, “you have not made half as

* Geo. Catlin.

much laugh yet as I did last night." "I should be sorry if I had," said the War-chief; "the audience always laugh the moment they see your ugly face."

The Doctor's troubles commenced here, for just at that moment the "fair dame" had caught the eye of the "*Roman-nose*," and holding up a beautiful bracelet enclosing a brilliant stone, she tempted him up, while she clasped it upon his arm as it was extended immediately over the Doctor's head, whose unfailing politeness induced him to bow down his head to facilitate the operation.

When the "*Roman-nose*" had taken his seat, and the poor Doctor had raised up his head to meet the eyes and the taunts of his fellow-Indians, who were laughing at him, and the gaze of the visitors from every quarter of the room, there *was* a *smile*, but altogether a *new* one, and a *new word* should be coined for the sudden and singular distress of the dilemma he was in: it would not do to undervalue the beautiful present that was already upon his arm, and to save his life he could not smile as pleasantly upon the *fair hand* that gave it as he had been smiling a few minutes before. The trinket had instantly fallen fifty per cent. in its value—the *brilliant* prospect that had been before him had fled, and left him in the dread, not only that his beautiful commercial prospects were blighted, but that he was to have an enemy in the field.

The *Roman-nose* received his present in a respectful and thankful manner, but it was too late to be *affectionately* accepted, as it was the *second* one that was afloat, and taken by him, partly as an evidence of a kind heart, and partly as a foil to cover the true meaning of the first one that had been bestowed. However, he valued it very much, and the secret respecting the mistake that had been made in presenting the first, having been committed only to Daniel and myself, was thought best, for the peace of all parties, not to be divulged.

The amusements of the evening being finished, there commenced a general shake of the hands, and when it had been

requested by some of the audience that the Indians should come on to the floor, the request was instantly complied with, which afforded the most gratifying opportunity for the visitors to get near to them, and scan them and their costumes and weapons more closely. There was a general outcry by the ladies for the wife of the Little-wolf to descend from the platform with her little pappoose slung on her back in its splendid cradle, ornamented with porcupine's quills and ermine skins. It was a beautiful illustration, and formed one of the most attractive features of the exhibition, for gentlemen as well as for ladies, as thousands will recollect.

The “jolly fat dame” had an opportunity of meeting the *Roman-nose* and of shaking his hand: but, “oh, the distress! she could not speak to him as she had done to Cadotte,—it was impossible for her to explain to him the abominable mistake of the first night, and she feared he never would properly appreciate the present which she had just made him; nevertheless they were “a noble, fine set of fellows.” The Doctor passed about in the crowd shaking hands, and shaking his fan also, which was made of the eagle's tail. He met the “fair dame,” and (cruel that he could not speak to her) he dropped many smiles as he looked down upon and over her dimpled cheeks and round neck, as he raised and showed her his brawny arm with the golden bracelet.

The Indians soon withdrew, and after them the crowd; and after the crowd the “jolly fat dame,” who said to Daniel as she passed, “I can't stop to-night, Daniel, I am in a great hurry; but I gave the bracelet to the *Roman-nose*—I got a good opportunity, Daniel—I buckled it on myself: oh, yes, I did—that I did—the good fellow, he stood it well—he never stirred. He'll recollect me, won't he, Daniel? I am going; but oh, look here—I can't, to save my life, make the poor fellow understand how the accident took place—it is so provoking!—it's awkward—it is very annoying to me. You can tell him, Daniel—I wish you would tell him—I want you to explain it to him. Come,

will you, Daniel? that's a good fellow. Tell him I never intended to give a bracelet to the old Doctor. But stop, he won't tell the Doctor that, will he? I wouldn't for the world hurt the poor old man's feelings—no, Daniel, not for twenty bracelets—what shall we do?" "Oh, there is no danger, Madam, that the Doctor will ever hear of it." "You think so?" "Oh, I am sure, Madam." "Then it's all right—good night. I shall be here every night, you know."

The next morning after this, the Rev. Mr. — and Mr. — called upon me at my family residence, to ask if it would be consistent with my views and the views of the Indians for them to have some conversation with them in private on the subject of religion and education. I replied, that it was one of the greatest satisfactions I could have during their stay in England, to promote as far as in my power such well-meant efforts to enlighten their minds, and to enable them to benefit in that way by their visit to this country. I told them also, that I was very glad to say that this party was under the charge of Mr. Melody, a man who was high in the confidence of the American Government, and that I knew him to be a temperate and moral man: as he was interested in the missionary efforts being made in this very tribe, I felt quite certain that he would do all in his power to promote their object, and they had better call on him. They did so, and an appointment was made for them to visit the Indians in the afternoon, subsequent to their usual daily "drive."

Mr. Melody had had a conversation with the Indians on the subject, and although they felt some reluctance at first, on account of the little time they would have to reflect upon it, they had agreed to see the reverend gentlemen in the afternoon, and I was sent for to be present. I was there at the time, and when the reverend gentlemen called, I introduced them to the Indians in their rooms. The Indians were all seated on the floor, upon their robes and blankets, and passing around the pipe. After the usual time taken

by strangers to examine their curious dresses, weapons, &c. one of the reverend gentlemen mentioned to the chiefs, in a very kind and friendly manner, the objects of their visit, and with their permission gave them a brief account of the life and death of our Saviour, and explained as well as he could to their simple minds the mode of Redemption. He urged upon them the necessity of their taking up this belief, and though it might be difficult for them to understand at first, yet he was sure it was the only way to salvation. This gentleman took full time to explain his views to them, which was done in the most suitable language for their understanding, and every sentence was carefully and correctly interpreted to them by Jeffrey, who seemed to be himself much interested in hearing his remarks.

After the reverend gentleman had finished, Mr. Melody stated to the Indians that he believed all that the gentleman said was true, and that he knew it to be worth their closest and most patient consideration. He then asked White-cloud if he had anything to answer; to which he said, "he had but a few words to say, as he did not feel very well, and *Neu-mon-ya* (the War-chief) was going to speak for him." He thought, however, that it was a subject which they might as well omit until they got home.

Neu-mon-ya during this time was hanging his head quite down, and puffing the smoke as fast as he could draw it through his pipe, in long breaths, and discharging it through his nostrils. He raised up after a moment more of pause, and passing the pipe into White-cloud's hand, folded his arms, with his elbows on his knees, when he drew a deep sigh, and followed it with the last discharge of smoke from his lungs, which was now passing in two white streams through his distended nostrils, as he said—

"My friends,*—The Great Spirit has sent you to us with kind words, and he has opened our ears to hear them, which we have done. We are glad to see you and to hear you speak, for we know that you are our friends.

* Being a silent listener to these conversations, I took out my note book and wrote down the remarks here given, as they were translated by Jeffrey.

What you have said relative to our learning to read and to write, we are sure can do us no good—we are now too old ; but for our children, we think it would be well for them to learn ; and they are now going to schools in our village, and learning to read and to write. As to the white man's religion which you have explained, we have heard it told to us in the same way, many times, in our own country, and there are white men and women there now, trying to teach it to our people. We do not think your religion good, unless it is so for white people, and this we don't doubt. The Great Spirit has made our skins red, and the forests for us to live in. He has also given us our religion, which has taken our fathers to 'the beautiful hunting grounds,' where we wish to meet them. We don't believe that the Great Spirit made us to live with pale faces in this world, and we think He has intended we should live separate in the world to come.

" My friends,—We know that when white men come into our country we are unhappy—the Indians all die, or are driven away before the white men. Our hope is to enjoy our hunting grounds in the world to come, which white men cannot take from us : we *know* that our fathers and our mothers have gone there, and we don't know why we should not go there too.

" My friends,—You have told us that the Son of the Great Spirit was on earth, and that he was killed by white men, and that the Great Spirit sent him here to get killed ; now we cannot understand all this—this may be necessary for white people, but the red men, we think, have not yet got to be so wicked as to require that. If it was necessary that the Son of the Great Spirit should be killed for white people, it may be necessary for them to believe all this ; but for us, we cannot understand it."

He here asked for the pipe, and having drawn a few whiffs, proceeded.

" My friends,—You speak of the '*good book*' that you have in your hand ; we have many of these in our village ; we are told that 'all your words about the Son of the Great Spirit are printed in that book, and if we learn to read it, it will make good people of us.' I would now ask why it don't make good people of the pale faces living all around us ? They can all read the good book, and they can understand all that the '*black coats*'* say, and still we find they are not so honest and so good a people as ours : this we are sure of ; such is the case in the country about us, but *here* we have no doubt but the white people who have so many to preach and so many books to read, are all honest and good. In *our* country the white people have two faces, and their tongues branch in different ways ; we know that this displeases the Great Spirit, and we do not wish to teach it to our children."

He here took the pipe again, and while smoking, the reverend gentleman asked him if he thought the Indians

* Clergymen.

did all to serve the Great Spirit that they ought to do—all that the Great Spirit required of them? to which he replied—

“ My friends,—I don't know that we do all that the Great Spirit wishes us to do; there are some Indians, I know, who do not; there are some bad Indians as well as bad white people; I think it is very difficult to tell how much the Great Spirit wishes us to do.”

The reverend gentleman said—

“ That, my friends, is what we wish to teach you; and if you can learn to read this good book, it will explain all that.”

The chief continued—

“ We believe the Great Spirit requires us to pray to Him, which we do, and to thank Him for everything we have that is good. We know that He requires us to speak the truth, to feed the poor, and to love our friends. We don't know of anything more that he demands; he may demand more of white people, but we don't know that.”

The reverend gentleman inquired—

“ Do you not think that the Great Spirit sometimes punishes the Indians in this world for their sins? ”

War-chief.—“ Yes, we do believe so.”

Rev. Gentleman.—“ Did it ever occur to you, that the small pox that swept off half of your tribe, and other tribes around you, a few years ago, might have been sent into your country by the Great Spirit to punish the Indians for their wickedness and their resistance to his word? ”

War-chief.—“ My Friends, we don't know that we have ever resisted the word of the Great Spirit. If the Great Spirit sent the small pox into our country to destroy us, we believe it was to punish us for listening to the false promises of white men. It is white man's disease, and no doubt it was sent amongst white people to punish *them* for their sins. It never came amongst the Indians until we began to listen to the promises of white men, and to follow their ways; it then came amongst us, and we are not sure but the Great Spirit then sent it to punish us for our foolishness. There is another disease sent by the Great Spirit to punish white men, and it punishes them in the right place—the place that offends. We know that disease has been sent to punish them; that disease was never amongst the Indians until white men came—they brought it, and we believe we shall never drive it out of our country.”

The War-chief here reached for the pipe again for a minute, and then continued—

“ My Friends,—I hope my talk does not offend you; we are children, and you will forgive us for our ignorance. The Great Spirit expects us to

feed the poor ; our wives and children at home are very poor ; wicked white men kill so many of our hunters and warriors with *fire-water*, that they bring among us, and leave so many children among us for us to feed, when they go away, that it makes us very poor. Before they leave our country they destroy all the game also, and do not teach us to raise bread, and our nation is now in that way, and very poor ; and we think that the way we can please the Great Spirit first, is to get our wives and children something to eat, and clothes to wear. It is for that we have come to this country, and still we are glad to hear your counsel, for it is good."

The reverend gentlemen, and several ladies who had accompanied them, here bestowed some very beautiful Bibles and other useful presents upon the Indians ; and thanking them for their patience, were about to take leave of them, when Mr. Melody begged their attention for a few moments while he read to them several letters just received from reverend gentlemen conducting a missionary school in this tribe, giving a flattering account of its progress, and presented them a vocabulary and grammar, already printed in the Ioway language, by a printing-press belonging to the missionary school in their country. This surprised them very much, and seemed to afford them great satisfaction.

The comments of the press, as well as the remarks of the public who had seen them, now being made upon the superior interest of this party, they were receiving daily calls from distinguished persons, and also numerous invitations to gentlemen's houses, which daily increased their consequence, and, of course, their enjoyment. Amongst the first of these kind invitations was one from Mr. Disraeli, M.P., for the whole party to partake of a breakfast at his house, in Park Lane.

This was for the next morning after the interview just described ; and, not knowing or even being able to imagine what they were to see, or what sort of rules or etiquette they were to be subjected to, they were under the most restless excitement to prepare everything for it, and the greatest anxiety for the hour to approach. They were

all up at an unusually early hour, preparing every trinket and every article of dress, and spent at least an hour at their toilets in putting the paint upon their faces. The Doctor had been told that he would sit down at the table amongst many very splendid ladies; and this, or some other embarrassment, had caused him to be dissatisfied with the appearance of the paint which he had put upon his face, and which he was carefully examining with his little looking-glass. He decided that it would not do, and some bear's grease and a piece of deer-skin soon removed it all. He spent another half hour with his different tints, carefully laying them on with the end of his forefinger; and, displeased again, *they* were all demolished as before. Alarm about time now vexed him, and caused him to plaster with a more rapid and consequently with a more "masterly touch." The effect was fine! He was ready, and so were all the party, from head to foot. All their finest was on, and all were prepared for the move, when I came in at about eight o'clock to advise them of the hour at which we were to go, and which I had forgotten to mention to them the evening before. I then referred to the note of invitation, and informed them that the hour appointed was twelve o'clock. The whole party, who were at that time upon their feet around me, wrapped in their robes, their shields and quivers slung, and the choice tints upon their faces almost too carefully arranged to be exposed to the breath of the dilapidating wind, expressed a decided shock when the hour of twelve was mentioned. They smiled, and evidently thought it strange, and that some mistake had been made. Their conjectures were many and curious: some thought it was *dinner* that was meant, instead of *breakfast*; and others thought so late an hour was fixed that they might get their own breakfasts out of the way, and then give the Indians theirs by themselves. I answered, "No, my good fellows, it is just the reverse of this; you are all wrong—it is to *breakfast* that you are invited, and lest their family, and their friends whom they

have invited to meet you, should not have the honour of sitting down and eating with you, they have fixed the hour at twelve o'clock, the time that the great and fashionable people take their breakfasts. You must have your breakfasts at home at the usual hour, and take your usual *drive* before you go; so you will have plenty of time for all, and be in good humour when you go there, where you will see many fine ladies and be made very happy."

My remarks opened a new batch of difficulties to them that I had not apprehended, some of which were exceedingly embarrassing. To wait four hours, and to eat and to ride in the meantime, would be to derange the streaks of paint and also to soil many articles of dress which could not be put on excepting on very particular occasions. To take them off and put them on, and to go through the vexations of the toilet again, at eleven o'clock, was what several of the party could submit to, and others could not. As to the breakfast of huge beefsteaks and coffee which was just coming up, I had felt no apprehensions; but when it was on the table I learned that the *old Doctor* and *Wash-ka-mon-ya* and one or two others of the young men were adhering to a custom of their country, and which, in my rusticity (having been seven or eight years out of Indian life), I had at the moment lost sight of.

It is the habit in their country, when an Indian is invited to a feast, to go as hungry as he can, so as to be as fashionable as possible, by eating an enormous quantity, and for this purpose the invitations are generally extended some time beforehand, paying the valued compliment to the invited guest of allowing as much time as he can possibly require for starving himself and preparing his stomach by tonics taken in bitter decoctions of medicinal herbs. In this case the invitation had only been received the day before, and of course allowed them much less than the usual time to prepare to be *fashionable*. They had, however, received the information just in time for the *Doctor* and *Wash-ka-mon-ya* and the *Roman-nose* to avoid the

annoyance of their dinners and suppers on that day, and they had now laid themselves aside in further preparation for the *feast* in which they were to be candidates for the mastery in emptying plates and handling the “knife and fork” (or “knife and fingers”), the custom of their country.

In this condition, the *Doctor* particularly was a subject for the freshest amusement, or for the profoundest contemplation. With all his finery and his trinkets on, and his red and yellow paint—with his shield, and bow and quiver lying by his side, he was straightened upon his back, with his feet crossed, as he rested in a corner of the room upon his buffalo robe, which was spread upon the floor. His little looking glass, which was always suspended from his belt, he was holding in his hand, as he was still arranging his beautiful feathers, and contemplating the patches of red and yellow paint, and the *tout ensemble* of the pigments and copper colour with which he was to make a sensation where he was going to *feast* (as he had been told) with ladies, an occurrence not known in the annals of the Indian country. He had resolved, on hearing the hour was *twelve*, not to eat his breakfast (which he said might do for women and children), or to take his usual ride in the bus, that he might not injure his growing appetite, or disturb a line of paint or a feather, until the hour had arrived for the honours and the luxuries that awaited them.

I reasoned awhile with these three epicures of the land of “*buffaloes’ tongues* and *beavers’ tails*,” telling them that they were labouring under a misconception of the ideas of gentility as entertained in the civilized and fashionable world; that in London, the genteel people practised entirely the opposite mode from theirs; that light dinners and light breakfasts were all the fashion, and the less a lady or gentleman could be seen eating, the more sentimental he or she was considered, and consequently the more transcendently genteel: and that when they went to breakfast with their friends at 12, or to dine at 7 or 8, they were generally

in the habit of promoting gentility by eating a little at home before they started.

My reasoning, however, had no other effect than to excite a smile from the Doctor, and the very philosophic reply, "that they should prefer to adhere to their own custom until they got to the lady's house, when they would try to conform to that of the white people of London." The drollness of these remarks from this droll old gentleman entirely prevented Mr. Melody and myself from intruding any further suggestions, until the hour arrived, and it was announced that the carriage was at the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

Kind reception at Mr. Disraeli's—View of Hyde Park from the top of his house—Review of troops, and sham fight—Breakfast-table—The Doctor missing—The Author finds him in the bathing-room—Champagne wine—Refused by the Indians—*Chickaboboo*: *Chippahola* tells the story of it—The Indians drink—Presents—The "big looking-glass"—The Doctor smiles in it—Speech of the War-chief—Shake of hands, and return—Exhibition-room, Egyptian Hall—Doctor presents a string of wampum and the "*White-feather*" to the "jolly fat dame"—Indians talk about *chickaboboo*—The Rev. Mr. G—— calls—A different religion (a Catholic)—Interview appointed—Two Methodist clergymen call—Indians refuse to see them—The giant and giantess visit the Indians—The Doctor measuring the giantess—The talk with the Catholic clergyman.

THIS chapter begins with the introduction of the Ioways into fashionable life, through the various phases of which they had the good or bad fortune to pass, in this and other countries, as will be seen, before they returned to resume the tomahawk and scalping-knife in their favourite prairies, and the Rocky Mountains in America.

Mr. Melody and myself accompanied the Indians, and all together were put down at the door, where we met a host of waiters in livery, ready to conduct us to the kind lady and gentleman, whom they instantly recollected to have seen and shaken hands with in the exhibition room. This gave them confidence, and all parties were made easy in a moment, by a general introduction which followed. Through the interpreter, the ladies complimented them for their dances and songs, which they had heard, and pronounced to be very wonderful. Their women and little children were kindly treated by the ladies, and seats were prepared for them to sit down. The men were also desired to be seated, but on looking around the room, upon the

richness of its furniture, the splendid carpet on which they stood, and the crimson velvet of the cushioned chairs that were behind them, they smiled, and seemed reluctant to sit upon them, for fear of soiling them. They were at length prevailed upon to be seated, however, and after a little conversation, were conducted by Mr. Disraeli through the different apartments of his house, where he put in their hands, and explained to them, much to their gratification, many curious daggers, sabres, and other weapons and curiosities of antiquity. In passing through the dining saloon, they passed the table, groaning under the weight of its costly plate and the luxuries which were prepared for them; upon this the old Doctor smiled as he passed along, and he even turned his head to smile again upon it, as he left it.

After we had surveyed all below, the party were invited to the top of the house, and Mr. Disraeli led the way. The ladies, of whom there were a goodly number, all followed; and altogether, the pictured buffalo robes—the rouged heads and red feathers—the gaudy silks, and bonnets, and ribbons—glistening lances and tomahawks—and black coats, formed a novel group for the gaze of the multitude who were gathering from all directions, under the ever exciting cry of “Indians! Indians!”

Hyde Park was under our eye, and from our position we had the most lovely view of it that any point could afford; and also of the drilling of troops, and the sham-fight in the park, which was going on under our full view. This was exceedingly exciting and amusing to the Indians, and also the extensive look we had in turning our eyes in the other direction, over the city. The ladies had now descended, and we all followed to the saloon, where it was soon announced that the breakfast was ready; and in a few moments all were seated at the table, excepting the Doctor, who was not to be found. Jeffrey and I instantly thought of his “*propensity*,” and went to the house-top for him, but to our amazement he was not there. In descending the stairs, however, and observing a smoke issuing out of one of the chambers,

into which we had been led, on going up to examine the beautiful arrangement for vapour and shower baths, we stepped in, and found the Doctor seated in the middle of the room, where he had lit his pipe, and was taking a more deliberate look at this ingenious contrivance, which he told us pleased him very much, and which he has often said he thought would be a good mode to adopt in his practice in his own country. He was easily moved, however, when it was announced to him that the breakfast was on the table and ready, where he was soon seated in the chair reserved for him.

Great pains were taken by the ladies and gentlemen to help the Indians to the luxuries they might like best; and amongst others that were offered, their glasses were filled with sparkling champagne, in which their health was proposed. The poor fellows looked at it, and shaking their heads, declined it. This created some surprise, upon which Mr. Melody explained for them that they had pledged their words not to drink spirituous liquors while in this country. They were applauded by all the party for it, and at the same time it was urged that this was only a light *wine*, and could not hurt them: we were drinking it ourselves, and the ladies were drinking it, and it seemed cruel to deny them. Poor Melody!—he looked distressed: he had a good heart, and loved his Indians, but he felt afraid of the results. The *Doctor* and *Wash-ka-mon-ya* kept their hands upon their glasses, and their eyes upon Melody and myself, evidently understanding something of the debate that was going on, until it was agreed and carried, by the ladies and all, that taking a little champagne would not be a breach of their promise in the least, and that it would do them no harm. Their health and success were then proposed, and all their glasses were drained to the bottom at once.

The Doctor, after finding the bottom of his glass, turned round, and smacking his lips, dropped me a bow and a smile, seeming to say that “he was thankful, and that the wine was very good.”

I told them that this was not "*fire-water*," as they could themselves judge, but that it was "*chickabobboo*." This word seeming to them to be an Indian word, excited their curiosity somewhat, and being called upon by the ladies to explain the meaning of it, as they did not recollect to have met such a word in Johnson's Dictionary or elsewhere, I related to them the story of *chickabobboo*, as told by the war-chief of the Ojibbeways, at Windsor Castle; and the manner in which those Indians partook of the Queen's wine, or "*chickabobboo*," as they called it, on that occasion.

This explanation afforded much amusement to the party, and to the Indians also, as Jeffrey interpreted it to them; and it was soon proposed that their glasses should be filled again with *chickabobboo*. The Doctor sat next to me at the table, and every time he emptied his glass of *chickabobboo* I was amused to hear him pronounce the word "good!"—the first word of English he had learned, and the first occasion on which I had heard him sound it. After the wine was first poured out, he had kept one hand around his glass or by the side of it, and had entirely stopped eating. He had minced but a little in the outset, and seeming to have a delicate stomach, was giving great pain to the ladies who were helping him and urging him to eat, in his irrevocable resolution to be *gentee*, as he had before suggested, and which they probably never understood.

The last dish that was passed around the table, and relished by the Indians quite as much as the *chickabobboo*, was a plate of trinkets of various kinds, of brooches, bracelets, chains, and other ornaments for their persons, which they received with expressions of great thankfulness as they were rising from the table. Thus ended the "feast," as they called it; and on entering the drawing-room the Doctor became a source of much amusement to the ladies, as his attention was arrested by the enormous size of a mirror that was before him, or by the striking effect of his own beautiful person, which he saw at full length in it. He affected to look only at the frame, as the ladies accused him

of vanity; and he drew out from under his belt his little looking-glass, about an inch square, imbedded in a block of deal to protect it from breaking. The contrast was striking and amusing, but what followed was still more so. The ladies were anxious to examine his looking-glass (which was fastened to his person with a leathern thong), and in pulling it out, there necessarily came out with it, attached to the same thong, a little wallet carefully rolled up in a rattle-snake's skin; and which, on inquiry, was found to be his toilet of pigments of various colours, with which he painted his face. A small pair of scissors also formed a necessary appendage, and by the side of them hung a boar's tusk and a human finger shrivelled and dried. This he had taken from a victim he had slain in battle, and now wore as his "*medicine*," or *talismanic charm*, that was to guard and protect him in all times of trouble or danger. This remarkable trophy was generally, on occasions when he was in full dress, suspended from his neck by a cord, and hung amongst the strings of wampum on his breast; but on this occasion he had so many other things to think of, that he had forgotten to display it there.

The War-chief at this time preparing his mind to make some remarks before leaving, and to thank the lady for her kindness, was asking "if he should give any offence by lighting his pipe;" to which they all answered at once, "No, oh no! we shall be glad to see the old chief smoke; get him some fire immediately." When the fire arrived, he had lighted his pipe with his flint and steel, and was arranging his ideas as he was drawing the smoke through its long stem. It amused the ladies very much to see him smoke, and when he was ready he passed the pipe into White Cloud's hand, and rising, and throwing his head and his shoulders back, he said to the lady that "he was authorized by the chief to return to her and her husband his thanks, and the thanks of all the party, for the kindness they had shown them." He said they were strangers in the country, and a great way from home, and this would

make them more thankful for the kindness they had met this day.

“My Friends (said he), the Great Spirit has caused your hearts to be thus kind to us, and we hope the Great Spirit will not allow us to forget it. We are thankful to all your friends whom we see around you also, and we hope the Great Spirit will be kind to you all.

“My friend the chief wishes to shake hands with you all, and then we will bid you farewell.”

The kindest wishes were expressed, in reply to the old man's remarks, for their health and happiness; and after a general shaking of hands we took leave, and our omnibus, for St. James's Street.

The usual dinner hour of the Indians was just at hand when they returned, which was a joyful occurrence for the Doctor, who had, at some inconvenience, been endeavouring to practise Indian and civilized gentility at one and the same time. He smiled when dinner came on, and others smiled to see him endeavouring to mend the breach that had been made.

The excitements of this day had put the Indians in remarkably good humour for their evening's amusements at the Hall, which they gave to a crowded house, and, as usual, with great applause. The “jolly fat dame” was there as she had promised, still admiring, and still “quite miserable that she could not speak to them in their own language, or something that they could understand.” Daniel had taken a private opportunity to tell the Doctor the whole story of her attachment to Cadotte, and to assure him, at the same time, of her *extraordinary* admiration of him, the evidence of which was, that “she had made him the first present, after which all others were mere foils.” The Doctor took a peculiar liking to Daniel from that moment, and little else than a lasting friendship could be expected to flow from such a foundation as was then so kindly laid. This most welcome information had been communicated to the Doctor's ear on the evening previous, and he had now come prepared to present her (with his own hand, and the

most gracious smile, and at the end of the platform) a string of wampum from his own neck, and a *white feather* with two spots of red painted on it, to which he pointed with great energy, and some expression that she heard, but did not understand. The "*fair dame*" held her exciting present in her hand during the evening, with some little occasional trepidation, expecting to draw from Daniel some key to the meaning of the mysterious gift as she was leaving the rooms. This hope proved vain, however; for Daniel, it seems, was not yet deep enough in Indian mysteries to answer her question, and she carried the present home, with its mysterious meaning, to ruminate upon until the riddle could be solved.

Mr. Melody and I visited the Indians in their apartments that evening after their exhibition was over, and taking a beefsteak and a cup of coffee with them, we found them still in high glee, and in good humour for gossip, which ran chiefly upon the immense looking-glasses they had seen (and "forgot to measure"), and the *chickabobboo*, which they pronounced to be first-rate for a grand *feast*, which it would be their duty to get up in a few days to thank the Great Spirit for leading them all safe over the ocean, and to ensure their safe return when they should be ready to go. I then told them of the kind of *chickabobboo* that the Ojibbeways liked very much, and of which I had allowed each one glass every day at his dinner, and also at night after their dances were done, and which the physicians thought would be much better for them than the strong coffee they were in the habit of drinking; that I had talked with Mr. Melody on the subject, and he was quite willing, with me, that they should have it in the same way, provided they liked it.

"*How, how, how!*" they all responded; and while the servant was gone for a jug of ale, I explained to them that we did not consider that this was breaking their solemn promise made to us, "*not to drink spirituous liquors.*" I stated to them, also, that it was possible to get drunk by

drinking *chickabobboo*; and if any of them drank so much of it as to produce that effect, we should consider it the same as if they had got drunk by drinking whiskey.

The ale came in foaming, and being passed round, they all decided that "it was good, but not quite so good as that the kind lady gave us at the *feast* to-day."

These evening gossips with these good-natured fellows in their own rooms, after their day's work and excitements were over, became extremely pleasing to me; so completely reviving the by-gone pleasures I had felt in whiling away the long evenings in their hospitable wigwams, when I was a guest in their remote country, amused with their never-ending fund of anecdotes and stories.

On the next morning, or the day after, at an early hour, Daniel announced to the Indians that there was a reverend gentleman in the sitting-room who wished to see them a little while, and to have some talk with them if possible. Daniel had taken this liberty, as he had heard Mr. Melody and myself say that we should feel disposed to promote, as far as we could, all such efforts. The Indians had not yet had their breakfasts, which were nearly ready, and felt a little annoyed; the War-chief observing "that they had had a long council with some clergymen, and had said to them all they had to say, and thought this gentleman had better go and see and talk with them; and another thing, as he believed that *Chippenhola* * had written in a book all that he and the clergymen had said, he thought he might learn it all by going to him."

Daniel whispered to him, in an earnest manner, that "this was a *Catholic priest*, a different kind of religion altogether." This created some little surprise and conversation around the room, that the white people should have two kinds of religion; and it was at last agreed that the War-chief and Jeffrey should step into the other room a few

* The author.

minutes and see him, the White Cloud saying "he did not care about going in."

It seems that Jeffrey took some interest in this gentleman, as the little that his ancestors had learned of religion had been taught them by Roman Catholic clergymen, who have been the first to teach the Christian religion in most parts of the American wilderness. The conversation and manner of the priest also made some impression on the mind of the War-chief; and as they heard the others using their knives and forks in the adjoining room, they took leave of the reverend gentleman, agreeing to a council with him and a number of his friends in a few days. *White Cloud* and *Wash-ka-mon-ya* excited much laughter and amusement amongst the party, on learning that the War-chief had appointed another council, "when he was to make his talk all over again." They told him "they expected to take him home a preacher, to preach white man's religion when he got back;" and they thought he had better get a "black coat" at once, and be called "*Black-coat to the party of Ioway Indians.*"

The next day after the above interview, Daniel again announced to the chiefs and Jeffrey that there were two reverend gentlemen waiting to see them, who had seen Mr. Melody on the subject, and were to meet him there at that hour. White Cloud told the War-chief, that "as he had promised to meet them, he must do it; but as for himself, he would rather not see them, for he was not well." *Wash-ka-mon-ya* laughed at the old chief and Jeffrey as they went out. "Now," said he, "for your grand council!" The War-chief lit his long pipe, and he and Jeffrey entered the room; but finding they were not the persons whom they were expecting to meet, they had a few words of conversation with them, taking care not to approach near to the subject of religion, and left them, as they had some other engagements that took up their time.

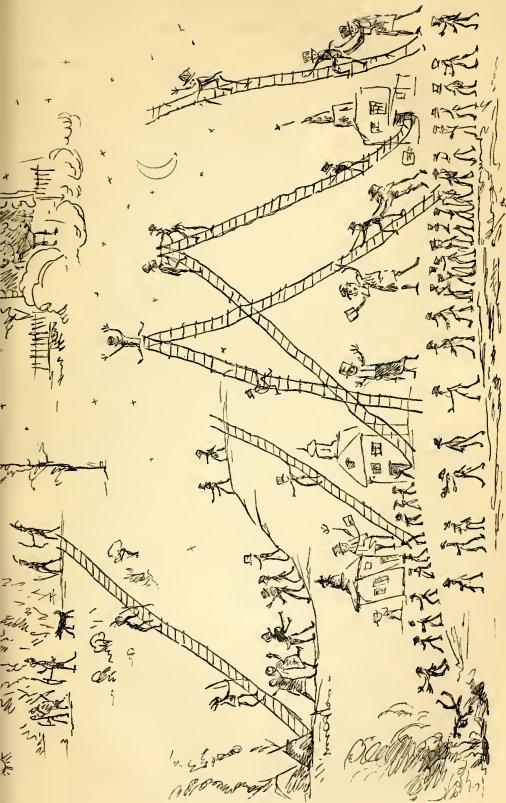
There was much merriment going on in the meantime in the Indians' room, and many jokes ready for the War-chief

and Jeffrey when they should get back, as Daniel had returned to their room, and told them that, by the cut of their clothes and their manners, he was quite sure that these two gentlemen were of a different religion still; he believed they were *Methodist preachers*.

The War-chief, who was always dignified and contemplative in his manners, and yet susceptible of good humour and jokes, returned to the Indians' room at this time, apparently quite insensible to the mirth and the remarks around him, as he learned from the Indians, and got the confirmation from Daniel, that this was the *third* kind of religion, and that there were the *Baptists*, the *Jews*, and several other kinds yet to come. He seated himself on his robe, which he spread upon the floor, and taking out of his pouch his flint and steel, and spunk, struck a light in the true Indian way (though there was fire within reach of his arm), and, lighting his pipe, commenced smoking. During this silent operation he seemed downcast, and in profound meditation. Mr. Melody and I entered the room at this moment, but seeing the mood he was in, did nothing to interrupt the train of his thoughts. When his pipe was smoked out, he charged it again with tobacco, but before lighting it he laid it aside, and straightening his long limbs upon the floor, and drawing another buffalo robe over his body and his head, he went to sleep.*

This was the day for "seeing the *Giants*," and they were soon after announced as having arrived, according to appointment. During one of the Indians' exhibitions there

* Though the old War-chief, who was their speaking oracle on the subject of religion, remained sad and contemplative, there was dally much conversation and levity amongst the rest of the party on the subject of the "six religions of white men," which they had discovered; and either Jim or the little "commanding general" (son of the War-chief), both of whom were busy with their pencils, left on the table for my portfolio the subjoined curious, but significant illustration of their ideas of white man's paradise, and the six different modes of getting to it. *Plate No. 11* is a *fac simile* of this curious document, which the reader will appreciate on examination.



had been a great excitement produced amongst them by the appearance in the crowd, of two immense persons, a man and a woman, who stood nearly the whole length of their bodies above the heads of others about them ! This had excited the amazement of the Indians so much, that for a while they stopped their dances, to sit down and smoke a pipe. They must necessarily make some sacrifice on such an occasion, and it was decided to be done with a piece of tobacco, which being duly consecrated by them, was carried by the Doctor (the medicine man) to an adjoining room, and burned in the fire.

There were no questions asked by the Indians about these unaccountable people, where they came from, &c., but they wished me to invite them to call at their lodgings at No. 7, St. James's-street, the next day at twelve o'clock, where they would be glad to see them a little while. This wish was communicated to them in a note which I wrote on my knee, and was passed to them over the heads of the audience ; the *giant man* read it, and smiling, nodded his head, accepting of their invitation. This pleased the Indians, who all joined in sounding the war-whoop. These two extraordinary personages proved to be the well-known "Norfolk giants," who were brother and sister, and walking "arm-in-arm," so high that the eye of an ordinary man was just on a level with the apron string of the fair damsel ; and the waist of the brother was, of course, yet some inches higher. I regret that I have not preserved the exact elevation of these two extraordinary persons, which I took pains to procure, but have somehow mislaid.

The invitation thus given brought them on their present visit to the Indians, who had great satisfaction in shaking their hands, and closely inspecting them : and not many minutes after their arrival a scene ensued that would have made a sick man laugh, or a rich subject for the pencil of Hogarth. The Indians had sent Daniel for a ball of twine, which they had unfolded upon the floor, and each one having cut off a piece of sufficient length, was taking for

himself the measure of the "*giant man*," from head to foot—from hand to hand, his arms extended—the span of his waist—his breast and his legs—the length of his feet, and his fingers; and tying knots in their cords to indicate each proportion. In the midst of all this, the Doctor presented the most queer and laughable point in the picture, as he had been applying his string to the back of the fair damsel, having taken her length, from the top of her head to the floor, and tied a knot in his cord at the place where the waist of her dress intersected it; he had then arrested the attention of all, and presented his singular dilemma, when he stood with both ends of his cord in his hands, contemplating the enormous waist and other proportions before him, which he coveted for other knots on his string, but which his strict notions of gallantry were evidently raising objections to his taking. I whispered to him, and relieved him from his distressing state of uncertainty, by saying I thought he had been particular enough, and he withdrew, but with a sigh of evident regret.

They insisted on the *giant* and *giantess* receiving from them some little keepsakes of trinkets, &c., as evidences of the pleasure they had afforded them by calling on them.

This extraordinary occurrence, like most others of an exciting or interesting nature which these jovial and funny fellows met with, made subject for much subsequent anecdote and amusement. *Wash-ka-mon-ya* (the fast dancer), a big-mouthed and waggish sort of fellow (who for brevity's sake was called, in English parlance, "Jim"), was continually teasing the Doctor about his gallantry amongst the ladies; and could rather easily and coolly do it, as he was a married man, and had his wife constantly by the side of him. He had naturally an abundant stock of wit and good humour, and being so much of a wag withal, he was rather a painful companion for the Doctor all the way, and was frequently passing jokes of a cruel as well as of a light and amusing kind upon him. It was known

to the whole party that there was no record kept of the length and breadth of the *giant lady*, except the one that the Doctor had taken, and carefully rolled up and put away in a little box, amongst other precious things, at the head of his bed, and which he generally used as his pillow. It was known also that much stress would be laid upon this in his own country, when they returned home, as something which the rest of the party could not produce, and which for him, therefore, would be of great and peculiar interest there, and probably on other occasions, when it might be proper to refer to it as a thing he could swear to as a subject of interest in this country. Jim's best jokes (like most Indian jokes) were those which no one else takes a share in; and a piece of the twine that had caught his eye as it was lying upon the floor, probably first suggested the wicked idea of being cut about two feet longer than the Doctor's measure of the fair giantess, and with a knot about one foot higher than the one made for her waist, and of being rolled up in the same way, and slipped (in place of the other) into the same corner of the box, to which the Doctor had a key, but, according to all Indian practice, he never made use of it. The sequel to all this, and the fun it might have subsequently made for "Jim," with his "big mouth," the reader may as well imagine here, or patiently wait till we come to it.

In the afternoon the Catholic clergyman called with a couple of friends, for the interview which *Jeffrey* and the *War-chief* had promised. Mr. Melody sent me word when they called, and I came to the meeting, having taken a great interest in these interviews, which were eliciting opinions from the Indians which are exceedingly difficult to obtain in any other way, and which I was careful on all occasions to write down, as translated at the time. These opinions, however unimportant they may seem to be, I am sure many of my readers will find to be of curious interest; and I fully believe, if rightly appreciated, of much impor-

tance in directing future efforts to the right points in endeavouring to impress upon these ignorant and benighted people the importance of education, and a knowledge of the true Christian religion.

On this occasion *Wash-ka-mon-ya* (or "*Jim*," as I should often call him) endeavoured to make himself conspicuous by teasing the War-chief and Jeffrey about "going to p^r with the black-coats," and springing upon his feet, took his tomahawk in his hand, and throwing off his robe, jumped to the middle of the floor, where, naked down to the hips, he landed, in an attitude not unlike that of the colossal statue of Rhodes. He frowned a moment upon all around him, and then said, "Let me go in—I have said nothing yet; I want to make a speech to the black-coats."

White-cloud, who was at that moment taking up his robe to accompany Jeffrey and the War-chief to the "talk," very mildly said to *Jim*, that "he would look much more respectful if he would sit down again and hold his tongue, for these were very good people who were calling to talk with them, and must be treated with respect, however their opinions might differ from those of the Indians." This severe rebuke from the chief instantly silenced *Jim*, who quietly and respectfully joined the rest of the party, at White-cloud's request, who seated themselves in the room where the talk was to be held. The pipe was lit and passing around, while one of the reverend gentlemen stated the views with which they had come to visit them, and asked the Indians if it was perfectly convenient and agreeable for them to hear what they had to say, to which the chief replied in the affirmative. The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his remarks upon the importance of education and religion, the nature of which the reader can easily imagine, and save the time it would require to record them here. To these the chiefs and all the party (excepting *Jim* and the Doctor, who had fallen asleep) listened with patience and profound silence, as the pipe was passing around. The reverend gentleman having finished, the War-chief took a

few deep-drawn breaths through the pipe, and passing it along, said—

“My Friends,—I speak for the chief who is here, and not very well. My words are his words, and the words of all our party. We have heard what you had to say, because we had promised to do so.

“My Friends,—We have talked many times on this subject, and some of our talks have been long; but at this time our words will be few, for we are weary, and as we have before said, we are poor, and our wives and children are hungry, and we have come over here to try to make some money to get them warm clothes and food to eat. (*How, how, how!*)

“My Friends,—Many of our children are now in schools in our country, and the ‘*good book*’ which is in your hands is in their hands at this time. We believe that the Great Spirit has made our religion good and sufficient for us if we do not in any way offend him. We see the religion of the white people dividing into many paths, and we cannot believe that it is pleasing to the Great Spirit. The Indians have but one road in their religion, and they all travel in that, and the Great Spirit has never told them that it was not right.

“My Friends,—Our ears have been open since we came here, and the words we have heard are friendly and good; but we see so many kinds of religion, and so many people drunk and begging when we ride in the streets, that we are a little more afraid of white man’s religion than we were before we came here.

“My Friends,—The Indians occupied all the fine hunting grounds long before the white men came to them, but the white men own them nearly all now, and the Indians’ hunting grounds are mostly all gone. The Indians never urge white men to take up their religion, they are satisfied to have them take a different road, for the Indians wish to enjoy their hunting grounds to themselves in the world to come. (*How, how, how!*)

“My Friends,—We thank you, and shall wish the Great Spirit may be kind to you. I have no more to say.”

Thus ended the conversation this time, and the Indians all rising (except the Doctor, who was still asleep) shook hands with the clergymen and retired to their own room.

These excellent gentlemen then expressed to Mr. Melody and myself their high admiration and respect for them as men, and said that they could make every allowance for them, travelling here only for the laudable objects which they had so clearly explained, and their patience taxed in so many instances as I had mentioned, of a similar nature. They agreed that it would be cruel to urge them to listen

any further under their present circumstances, and that they had already exercised far greater patience than white men would in a similar condition. They said they should feel bound to call on another day (and did so), not to talk with them about religion, but to bring them some presents that would be serviceable to their wives and little children, and took leave.

CHAPTER XX.

The Doctor and Jim visit several churches—The Indians in St. Paul's—In Westminster Abbey—The exhibition at the Hall—The Doctor agrees to go in the carriage of the "jolly fat dame"—Mr. Melody objects—The Doctor's melancholy—Indians stop the bus to talk with Lasears—Make them presents of money—Indians discover *chickabobboo-ags* (gin-palaces)—and ladies lying down in their carriages reading books—*Chime-gotch-ees* (or fish)—Jim's story of "Fish"—Experiments in mesmerism—Wash-ka-mon-ya (Jim) mesmerized—The Doctor's opinions on mesmerism—Ioways in Lord's Cricket-ground—Archery and ball-playing—Encampment—Wigwams—Indians invited by Mrs. Lawrence to Ealing Park—Their kind reception—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—The Princess Mary—The Duchess of Gloucester—The Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess, and other distinguished guests—Amusements—Beautiful grounds—Indians dine on the lawn—Roast beef and plum-pudding—*Chickabobboo*—Alarm of the parrots—Doctor's superstition—*Chickabobboo* explained—Speech of the War-chief—Taking leave—Fright of the poor birds—Handsome presents—Conservatory—The Doctor's ideas of it—Indians visit Surrey Zoological Gardens—Fright of the birds and animals—Indians sacrifice tobacco to the lion and the rattle-snakes.

MR. MELODY, feeling the high importance of the charge of these fourteen wild people intrusted to his hands by the Government while they were to see the sights of a foreign country, and feeling the strongest attachment to them personally, was stimulated to every exertion by which he could properly open their eyes to the benefits of civilization, and consequently was inquiring from day to day "what shall be shown them next?"

I had also, with feelings of the highest respect for the chiefs of the nation, knowing them to be of the party, enlisted my warmest exertions in their behalf, and resolved to render them, in all ways I could, the aid that was due

from me for their hospitality which benefited me when I was in their country.

With these views we continued our omnibus in driving them about the City and country, and one or the other of us was almost daily accompanying them to some institution or public works from which they might derive some useful information. To these they generally went together and in their native dresses, but there were others where their costumes and their paint would render them too conspicuous, and for such purposes two or three suits of clothes, beaver hats and wigs, became necessary for such a number as wished at any time to look further (and unobserved) into the arcana and hidden mysteries of the great metropolis. And the reader will be ready to exclaim with me, that the field before us was a vast and boundless one.

The two most ambitious to profit by such adventures were "*Jim*" (as I have before denominated him) and the "*Doctor*:" the *first*, from a peculiar faculty he had of learning the English language (in which he was making daily progress), and a consequent insatiable desire to see and learn the modes, and everything he could, of white people, excepting their religion; and the *second*, from an indomitable desire to look in everywhere and upon everything, more for the pleasure of gratifying a momentary curiosity, and enjoying a temporary smile, than from any decided ambition to carry home and adopt anything, unless it might be a vapour-bath, or something of the kind, in the way of his profession.

In frock-coats and beaver hats, and boots, with a large stick or an umbrella under the arm, and the paint all washed off, there was not much in the looks of these two new-fangled gentlemen to attract the public gaze or remark; and consequently little in the way of the sights and treasures of London being opened to their view.

From the time that this expedient was adopted, our avocations became more diversified and difficult; our anxieties

and cares increased, and with them our amusement: for with Melody the sights of London were as yet prospective; and with me, whether old or new, I met them with an equal relish with my unsophisticated brethren from the wilderness.

The amusement of "trying on" and "getting the hang" of the new dresses made merriment enough for the party for one day; and all but these two were quite willing to forego all the pleasures they could afford, rather than cover their cool and naked heads with beaver hats, their shoulders with frock-coats, and substitute for their soft and pliant mocassins and leggings of buckskin, woollen pantaloons and high-heeled boots. The two wiseacres, however, who had adopted them were philosophers, and knew that they were only for certain occasions, after which they were to be dropped off, and their limbs "at home again" in their light and easy native dresses. They were obliged, on such occasions (to be in keeping), to leave their long and ornamented pipes and tomahawks behind, and (not to lose the indispensable luxury of smoking) to carry a short and handy civilized pipe, with their tobacco, and a box of lucifers, in their pockets.

Reader, pray don't try to imagine what a figure these two copper-coloured "swells" cut, when they first sallied forth in their new attire, for it will be in vain: but behold them and me, in the future pages of this book, and when their dresses had got to work easy, profiting by gazing upon the wonders and glories of civilization, which we never otherwise could have beheld together.

As one of the first fruits of the new expedient (and while the subject was fresh and revolving in the minds of all), there was now a chance of gratifying the Doctor's desire to see the modes and places of worship of some of the different denominations of religion, of which he had heard so much, from Daniel and others, within the few days past. These visits were their first attempts in their assumed characters, and were mostly made in the company of Mr. Melody or

Jeffrey, and without any amusing results either for the congregations or the Loways, save an incident or two, such as must be expected in the first experiments with all great enterprises. The Doctor had been told that when he entered the Protestant Church, he must take his hat off at the door, and had practised it before he started; but, seeing such an immense number of ladies, he had unfortunately forgot it, and being reminded of it when he had been placed in his seat, his wig came off with it, exposing, but a moment however, his scalp-lock and the top of his head, where he had not deemed it necessary to wash off the red paint.

In the Methodist chapel, where these two queer fellows had ventured one day with Daniel, the sermon was long and tedious, and there was nothing observed curious excepting a blue smoke rolling up over the top of the pew, where the Doctor's pipe had been lit, and his head sunk down between his knees; and one other occurrence, that afterwards happened in the heat of the exhortation from the pulpit, and much to the amusement of the Doctor and Jim, of a young woman, in their immediate vicinity, who began to groan, then to sing, and at length tumbled down from her seat upon the floor. The Doctor thought at first she was very sick, and wondered there was no physician there to bleed her; but when Daniel told him what was the matter, the old man smiled, and often talked about it afterwards.

I took the whole party through Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, where they stood and contemplated in amazement the works of human hands, so entirely beyond their comprehension that they returned in reserved and silent contemplation.

Returning again to the Exhibition-room at the Egyptian Hall, several evenings of which have passed by without mention, but much in the same way, we find the same excitement and applause, and the "jolly fat dame" at the end of the platform, nightly receiving the Doctor's impres-

sive smiles, which are constantly ready for her; and which by this time, aided by the continued coldness of the *Romanose*, were making visible inroads upon her tender affections. She had had, it seemed, on this evening, some conversation with the Doctor, through the interpreter, who had heretofore studiously kept out of the way, and she had invited the Doctor to ride to her house in her carriage, after the exhibition was over, believing that he would be able to find in her garden, some roots which he was in great distress to find, and that she would bring him home again safe. Mr. Melody objected to this, which seemed to puzzle the fair dame, and to throw the Doctor into a profound melancholy and dejection.

This rebuff from Mr. Melody was so unexpected and so provoking, when she had so nearly accomplished her object, that the good lady passed out of the room earlier than usual, and tossed her head about with her ostrich plumes as she passed along in the crowd, without having the heart to stop and speak a few words to Daniel, as she had been in the habit of doing. Mr. Melody retired with the Indians, and I remained after the crowd had left, at the solicitation of a party of ladies, who had sent me their card and wished to see me after the exhibition was over. The room being nearly emptied, I saw a party of several fashionably-dressed ladies at the further end of the room, examining the paintings on the walls. In advancing towards them, the one who seemed to be the leader of the party turned around and exclaimed, "Oh, here comes Mr. Catlin, I believe?" "Yes, Madam, I am Mr. Catlin." "Oh, I am so happy to have the honour of seeing you, Sir, and of speaking to you—you have made all these paintings?" "Yes." "These Indians are curious fellows, and well worth seeing, but I consider you ten times more of a curiosity. Look here, ladies, here's Mr. Catlin, the very man that I have so often told you about. Dear me, what dangers and hardships you must have been through! Oh, I do think you are one of the wonders of the world—and not a grey hair in your head yet! My dear Sir, I know your whole history—

you 'd scarcely believe it—I know it 'like a book,' as they say. I recollect the very day when you started for India, and I have followed you the whole way—I have your book—I bought several copies to give to my friends; I have read every word of it over and over again—and, oh! it's wonderful—it's charming—one can't stop in it—there's no stopping place in it. By the way, I don't suppose you were down much in the neighbourhood of Chusan (I've got a nephew there—a fine fellow—he's a surgeon). I suppose you kept pretty much back in the mountains? You had no object in coming down about the coast; and they have had rather hot work there." "No, Madam, I had not the slightest object to take me near Chusan—I kept a great way back." "That was right; oh, how judicious! Oh, I have read your interesting work so often. By the way, these fellows are not from the coast—they are from a great way back, I dare say?" "Yes, Madam, they are a great way in the interior." "I thought so, I knew so—I can tell, d' ye see—I can always tell a coaster. These are fine men—they grow tea, I suppose, though?" "No, these people don't grow tea." "Ah, well, it's late, we won't take up your time; but I have been so happy to have seen you—glad, glad to see you home alive to your native soil, and out of that plagued India. Good night." "Good night, ladies."

As they left me, I turned round, and met a poor fellow approaching me on one leg and a pair of crutches, and his wife holding on to his arm. He said he had been waiting some time to have the honour of speaking to me before he left, having heard my name pronounced. He told me he lived at Woolwich, where he held some situation for life, as he had lost his leg in the service of his country, and it was a good living for him, luckily, though he had been so unfortunate as to lose his leg.

"My wife and I (said he) ave long eard of this extro'nary hexibition, and she as often hax'd me to come to see it; and though we ave been off and hon about it a great

many times, we never got off together until this hafternoon—it's a wonderful sight, sir, hand we are appy to ave seen you halso."

I thanked the poor fellow, and asked him how he lost his leg.

"It was done by the kick of a orse, Sir."

"But your leg has been taken off above your knee."

"Yes, Sir, the bone was broken, hand it ad to be hamputated."

"It must have been very painful!"

"Ah, hit urt a little; though as for the pain of hamputation, I woudn't give a penny for it: but the loss of my leg is worth a great deal to me; it's hall ealed up now, Sir, though it's very hunandy."

This simple and unfortunate man and his very pretty little wife left me, and I repaired to the Indians' rooms in St. James's Street, where I found them finishing their suppers and taking their *chickabobboo*. Here was in readiness a long catalogue of the adventures of the day—of things they had seen in their drive, &c., to be talked over, as well as the cruel jokes to be listened to, which they were all passing upon the poor Doctor, for the sudden failure of his prospects of digging roots in the fair dame's garden.

There were many subjects of an amusing nature talked over by these droll fellows during the pipes of this evening, and one of the themes for their comments was the drive which we had given them in two open carriages through Hyde Park, at the fashionable hour. They decided that "the Park, along the banks of the Serpentine, reminded them of the prairies on the shores of the Skunk and the Cedar rivers in their own country; and in fact, that some parts of it were almost exactly the same." They were amused to see many of the ladies lying down as they rode in their carriages; and also, that many of the great chiefs, pointed out to them riding on horseback, "didn't know how to ride—that they were obliged to have a man riding a little behind them to pick them up if they should fall off."

Jim, who was in an unusual good humour this evening,

either from the effects of his *chickabobboo* or from some fine present he might have received in the room, seemed to be the chief "spokesman" for the evening, and for the purpose of assisting his imagination or aiding his voice had laid himself flat upon his back upon his robe, which was spread upon the floor. His loquacity was such, that there was little else for any of us to do than sit still and excessively laugh at the dryness of his jokes, and his amusing remarks upon the things they had seen as they were taking their ride on this and past mornings. He had now got, as has been said, a facility of using occasional words of English, and he brought them in once in a while with the most amusing effect.

He said they had found another place where there were two more Ojibbeway Indians (as he called them), Lascars, sweeping the streets; and it seems that after passing them they had ordered their bus to stop, and called them up and shook hands, and tried to talk with them. They could speak a few words in English, and so could *Jim*: he was enabled to ask them if they were Ojibbeways, and they to answer, "No, they were Mussulmen." "Where you live?" "Bombay." "You sweep dirt in the road?" "Yes." "Dam fool!" *Jim* gathered a handful of pennies and gave them, and they drove off.

It seemed that in their drive this day, *Jim* and the Doctor had both rode outside, which had afforded to *Jim* the opportunity of seeing to advantage, for the first time, the immense number of "gin palaces," as they passed along the streets; and into which they could look from the top of the bus, and distinctly see the great number of large kegs, and what was going on inside. The Doctor had first discovered them in his numerous outside rides, and as he was not quite sure that he had rightly understood them, hearing that the English people detested drunkards so much, he had not ventured to say much about them. He had been anxious for the corroboration of *Jim's* sharper eyes, and during this morning they had fully decided that

the hundreds of such places they were in all directions passing, were places where people went to drink *chickabobboo*, and they were called *chickabobbooags*. The conversation of Jim and the Doctor enlarged very much on this grand discovery, and the probable effects they had upon the London people. They had seen many women, and some of them with little babies in their arms, standing and lying around them, and they were quite sure that some of those women were drunk. Jim said that he and the Doctor had counted two or three hundred in one hour. Some of the party told him he had made his story too big, so he said he and the Doctor next day would mark them down on a stick. Jim said there was one street they came through, where he hoped they would never drive them again, for it made their hearts sore to see so many women and little children all in dirty rags: they had never seen any Indians in the wilderness half so poor, and looking so sick. He was sure they had not half enough to eat. He said he thought it was wrong to send missionaries from this to the Indian'country, when there were so many poor creatures here who want their help, and so many thousands as they saw going into the *chickabobbooags* to drink fire-water.

He said they came through a very grand street, where every thing looked so fine and splendid in the windows, and where the ladies looked so beautiful in their carriages, many of them lying quite down, and seemed as if they were very rich and happy; and some of them lay in their carriages, that were standing still, so as to let them read their books. And in this same grand street they saw a great many fine-looking ladies walking along the sides of the roads, and looking back at the gentlemen as they passed by them. These ladies, he and the Doctor observed, looked young, and all looked very smiling, and they thought they wanted husbands. A great deal, Jim said, they had seen of these ladies as they were every day looking out of their own windows in St. James's Street. A great many of these women, he said, behave very curious; he said he didn't

know for certain but some of these might be *chimegotches*. This excited a tremendous laugh with the Doctor and several of the young men, and made some of the women smile, though it was rather hushed by the chiefs as an imprudent word for Jim to apply in the present case. This did little, however, to arrest the effects of Jim's joke, and he continued with some further ingenious embellishments, which set the chiefs into a roar, and Jim then kept the field. Melody and myself laughed also, not at the joke, for we did not understand it, but at their amusement, which seemed to be very great, and led us to inquire the meaning of *chimegotches*. "Fish," said Jim, "fish!" We were still at a loss for the meaning of his joke; and our ignorance being discovered, as well as our anxiety to know, they proposed that Jim should relate the story of *Chimegotches*, or "Fish." Some one was charging and lighting the pipe in the mean time, which was handed to him, as he rose and took a whiff or two, and then, resuming his former position, flat upon his back, he commenced—

"When the great Mississippi river was a young and beautiful stream, and its waters were blue and clear, and the Ioways lived on its banks, more than a thousand snows since, *Net-no-gua*, a young man of great beauty, and son of a great chief, complained that he was sick. His appetite left him, and his sleep was not good. His eyes, which had been like those of the war-eagle, grew soft and dim, and sunk deep in his head. His lips, that had been the music for all about him, had become silent; his breast, that had always been calm, was beating, and deep sighs showed that something was wrong within. *O-za-pa*, whose medicine was great, and to whom all the plants and roots of the prairies were known, was quite lost; he tried all, and all was in vain; the fair son of the chief was wasting away, as each sweet breath that he breathed went off upon the winds, and never came back to him. Thus did *Net-no-gua*, the son of *Ti-ah-ka*, pine away. The medicine man told him at last that there was but one thing that could cure him, and that was attended with great danger. In his dream a small prairie snake had got upon a bush, and its light, which was that of the sun, opened his eyes to its brightness, and his ears to its words: 'The son of *Ti-ah-ka* grieves—this must not be—his breast must be quiet, and his thoughts like the quiet waters of the gliding brook; the son of *Ti-ah-ka* will grow like the firm rocks of the mountain, and the chiefs and warriors, who will descend from him, will grow like the branches of the spreading oak.' The

medicine man said to the son of *Ti-ah-ka* that he must now take a small piece of the flesh from his side for his bait, and in a certain cove on the bank of the river, the first fish that he caught was to be brought to his wig-wam alone, under his robe, and she, whose blood would become warm, would be to him like the vine that clings around and through the branches of the oak; that then his eyes would soon shine again like those of the eagle; the music of his lips would soon return, and his troubled breast would again become calm, his appetite would be good, and his sleep would be sweet and quiet like that of a babe.

"*Net-no-qua* stood upon a rock, and when the hook, with a piece of his side, lay upon the water, the parting hair of *Lin-ta* (the river-born) was seen floating on the water, and its black and oily tresses were glistening in the sun as the water glided off from them; and her lips were opening to enclose the fatal hook that raised her beautiful breasts above the water. Her round and delicate arms shone bright with their beauty as she extended them to the shore, and the river shed its tears over her skin as her beautiful waist glided through its surface, above which the strong and manly arm of *Net-no-qua* was gently raising her. The weeping waves in sparkling circles clung around her swelling hips and pressing knees, until the folding robe of the son of *Ti-ah-ka* was over the wave and around her bending form. One hand still held her slim and tapering fingers, and with the other he encompassed her trembling form, as their equal steps took them from the shore and brought them to the wig-wam of *Net-no-qua*. His silent house was closed from the footsteps of the world; her delicate arms clung around the neck of the son of the chief, and her black and glossy tresses fell over and around his naked shoulders and mingled with his own. The same robe embraced them both, and her breath was purer than the blue waves from which she came. Their sleep was like the dreams of the antelope, and they awoke as the wild rose-buds open amidst the morning dew; the breast of *Net-no-qua* was calm, his eyes were again like the eyes of the eagle, his appetite was keen, and his lips sounded their music in the ears of *Lin-ta*. She was lovely, she was the wife of the son of the chief, and like the vine that clings around and through the branches of the oak, did she cling to *Net-no-qua*. They were happy, and many have been the descendants that have sprung from the dreams of the son of *Ti-ah-ka* and the beautiful *Lin-ta* (the river-born).

"*O-ne-ak'n* was the brother of *Net-no-qua*, and *Di-ag-gon* was his cousin; and they were sick; and they sat upon the rock in the cove in the river; and the two sisters of *Lin-ta* shone as they lifted their graceful forms above the wave, and their beautiful locks spread as they floated on the surface. The two young warriors sighed as they gazed upon them. The two sisters embraced each other as they glided through and above the waves. They rose to full view, and had no shame. The river 'shed no tears, nor did the sparkling waves hang in circles about their swelling hips and pressing knees;' and as they sank, they beckoned the two young warriors, who followed them to their water-bound caves. They stole back in the morning,

and were ashamed and sick. Their tongues were not silent, and others went. The two sisters again showed their lovely forms as they glided above the water, and they beckoned all who came to their hidden caves, and all came home in the morning sick and sad, while every morning saw the son of the chief and his river-born Lin-ta calm and bright as the rising sun. Shame and fear they knew not, but all was love and happiness with them; very different were the sisters of Lin-ta, who at length ventured from their caves at night, and strolled through the village; they were hidden again at the return of the light. Their caves were the resorts of the young men, but the fair daughters of Lin-ta knew them not.

"Such was the story of Lin-ta (the river-born); she was the loved of her husband, and the virtuous mother of her children. Her beautiful sisters were the loved of all men, but had no offspring. They live in their hidden caves to this day, and sometimes in the day as well as in the night are seen walking through the village, though all the Indians call them *Chim-ee-gotch-es*, that is, *Cold-bloods*, or *Fish*."

Jim got a round of applause for his story, though the Doctor thought he had left out some of the most essential and funny parts of it. Jim, however, seemed well content with the manner in which it was received, and continued to remark that he and the Doctor had come to the conclusion that those beautiful young women, that they saw looking back at the gentlemen in the streets, as well as those who were standing in front of their windows, and bowing to them, and kissing their hands every day, must be "fish;" and that in the great village of London, where so much *chickabobboo* is drunk, there must be a great number of "fish." And they thought also that some of these they had seen in the Egyptian Hall when they were giving their dances.

The above and other critiques of Jim upon London modes seemed to the chiefs to be rather too bold, and an impolitic position for Jim to take; and whilst their reprimands were being passed upon him, the train of humour he had happened to get into on that night turned all their remarks into jokes, and they were obliged to join in the irresistible merriment he produced on this occasion, merely from his having taken (as his wife had refused it on this evening, as it was just now discovered) the additional mug of his wife's *chickabobboo*.

Much merriment was produced amongst the Indians about this time by an appointment that had been made to see some experiments in mesmerism, to be performed by a Dr. M—— at the Indians' rooms. The Doctor was received at the appointed hour, and brought with him a feeble and pale-looking girl of 14 or 15 years of age to operate upon. This had taken the Indians rather by surprise, as no one had fully explained the nature of the operations to them. I got Jeffrey, however, to translate to them, as near as he could, the nature of this extraordinary discovery, and the effects it was to produce; and the doors being closed, and the young woman placed in a chair, the mesmeriser commenced his mysterious operations. I had instructed the Indians to remain perfectly still and not to laugh, lest they might hinder the operator, and prevent the desired effect. With one knee upon the floor, in front of her, and placing both of his extended thumbs (with his hands clenched) just in front of her two eyebrows, he looked her steadily in the face. This eccentric position and expression disposed Jim to laugh, and though he covered his huge mouth with his hand, and made no noise, still the irresistible convulsions in his fat sides shook the floor we were standing on; and the old Doctor at the same time, equally amused, was liable to do less harm, for all his smiles and laughter, however excessive, were produced by the curious machinery of his face, and never extended further down than the chin or clavicles. The little patient, however, was seen in a few minutes to be going to sleep, and at length fell back in the chair, in the desired state of somnambulism. The operator then, by mesmeric influences, opened her eyes, without touching them, and without waking her, and by the same influence closed them again. In the same way he caused her hand to close, and none of us could open it. Here our Doctor, who tried it, was quite at a stand. He saw the fingers of the operator pass several times in front of it, and its muscles relaxed—it opened of itself. He then brought, by the same influence,

her left arm to her breast, and then the right, and challenged the strength of any one in the room to unbend them. This was tried by several of us, but in vain; and when his fingers were passed a few times lightly over them, they were relaxed and returned to their former positions. By this time the Indian women, with their hands over their mouths, began to groan, and soon left the room in great distress of mind. The chiefs, however, and the Doctor and Jim, remained until the experiments were all tried, and with unaccountable success. The operator then, by passing his fingers a few times over the forehead of his patient, brought her gradually to her senses, and the exhibition ended. The convulsions of Jim's broad sides were now all tempered down into cool quiet, and the knowing smiles of the old Doctor had all run entirely off from, and out of, the furrows of his face, and a sort of painful study seemed to be contracting the rigid muscles that were gathering over them.

The chiefs pronounced the unaccountable operation to be the greatest of medicine, and themselves quite satisfied, as they retired; but the old Doctor, not yet quite sure, and most likely thinking it a good thing for his adoption among the mysteries of his profession in his own country, was disposed to remain, with his untiring companion Jim, until some clue could be got to this mystery of mysteries. With this view he had the curiosity of feeling the little girl's pulse, of examining and smelling the operator's fingers, &c., and of inquiring whether this thing could be done by any others but himself; to which I replied, that it was now being done by hundreds all through the country, and was no secret. The charm had then fled—it had lost all its value to the old Doctor. The deep thoughts ceased to plough his wrinkled face, and his self-sufficient, happy smiles were again playing upon his front. His views were evidently changed. *Jim* caught the current of his feelings, and amusement was their next theme. The old Doctor "thought that *Jim* could easily be frightened," and would be a good subject. It





was proposed that *Jim* should therefore take the chair, and it was soon announced to the squaws, and amongst them to his wife, that *Jim* had gone to sleep, and was *mesmerised*. They all flew to the room, which upset the gravity of his broad mouth, and, with its movements, as a matter of course, the whole bearing of his face; and the operator's fingers being withdrawn from his nose, he left the chair amidst a roar of laughter. It was then proposed that the old Doctor should sit down and be tried, but he resisted the invitation, on the grounds of the *dignity of his profession*, which he got me to explain to the medical man, whom he was now evidently disposed to treat rather sarcastically, and his wonderful performance as a piece of extraordinary juggling, or, at least, as divested of its supposed greatest interest, that of novelty. He told him "that there was nothing new or very wonderful in the operation, that he could discover; it was no more than the charm which the snakes used to catch birds; and the more frightful and ugly a man's face was, the better he could succeed in it. He had no doubt but many ill-looking men amongst white people would use it as a mode of catching pretty girls, which they could not otherwise do, and therefore it would be called amongst white people a very useful thing."

"All the *medicine-men* (said he) in the Indian country have known for many years how to do the same thing, and what the white people know of it at this time they have learned from the Indians; but I see that they don't yet half know how to do it; that he had brought a *medicine dress* all the way with him for the very purpose, and if the mesmeriser would come the next morning at 9 o'clock, he should see him with it on, and he would engage to frighten any white lady to sleep in five minutes who would take a good look at him without winking or laughing." The mesmeriser did not come, though the Doctor was on the spot and ready. (*Plate No. 12.*)

An event which they had long been looking for with great solicitude took place about this time—the prorogation

of Parliament, which afforded the poor fellows their only opportunity of seeing the Queen. They were driven off in good season in their bus, and succeeded in getting the most favourable view of the Queen and the Prince as they were passing in the state-carriage; and, to use their own words for it, "The little Queen and the Prince both put their faces quite out of their carriage of gold to look at us and bow to us." There is no doubt but by the kindness of the police they were indulged in a favourable position and had a very satisfactory view of Her Majesty the Queen, and it is equally certain that they will never cease to speak of the splendour of the effect of the grand pageant as long as they live.

The nightly excitements and amusements going on at the Egyptian Hall were increasing the public anxiety to see these curious people more at large, and we resolved to procure some suitable ground for the purpose, where their active limbs could be seen in full motion in the open air, as they are seen on their native prairies with their ball-sticks, in their favourite game of the ball, and the use of their bows and arrows, all of which they had brought with them, but could not use in their amusements at the Hall. Their dances, &c., were, however, to be kept up as usual, at night; and for their afternoon exercises in the open air, an arrangement was made for the use of "Lord's Cricket Ground," and on that beautiful field (prairie, as they called it) they amused thousands, daily, by their dances, archery, and ball-playing.* For this purpose an area of an acre or

* This is, undoubtedly, the favourite and most manly and exciting game of the North American Indians, and often played by three or four hundred on a side, who venture their horses, robes, weapons, and even the very clothes upon their backs, on the issue of the game. For this beautiful game two byes or goals are established, at three or four hundred yards from each other, by erecting two poles in the ground for each, four or five feet apart, between which it is the strife of either party to force the ball (it having been thrown up at a point half-way between) by catching it in a little hoop, or racket, at the end of a stick, three feet in length, held in both hands as they run, throwing the ball an immense distance when they get it

two was enclosed by a rope, and protected for their amusements by the police. To this the visitors advanced on every side, and seemed delighted with their rude appearance and native sports. This arrangement afforded the Indians the opportunity of showing their games and amusements to the greatest advantage, and also of meeting again the acquaintances they had made at the Egyptian Hall, and shaking hands with all who felt disposed to do them that honour. They had also brought with them, to illustrate the whole of Indian life, no less than three tents (wig-wams) made of buffalo hides, curiously but rudely painted, which the squaws daily erected on the ground, in presence of the spectators, forming by no means the least accurate and pleasing part of the exhibition.

The beautiful scenes presented there could be repeated but a few days, owing to other uses to be made of the grounds; but during that time they were visited by vast numbers of the nobility of London, and several members of the Royal Family. The incidents of those days, which were curious and many, must be passed over, excepting that the Doctor daily beheld in front of the crowd, and at full length, the "jolly fat dame," to whom he as often advanced, with a diffident smile, to receive a beautiful rose, which she handed to him over the rope.

These amusements in the open air in the daytime, with the dances, &c., at the Hall in the evenings, with their "drive" in the morning, and civil attentions to persons calling on them at their rooms, now engrossed completely all their time, and they were actually compelled to give offence to some parties who called on them, and to whom they could not devote the time. Amongst those were several deputations from public schools, of clergymen, and

in the stick. This game is always played over an extensive prairie or meadow, and the confusion and laughable scrambles for the ball when it is falling, and often sought for by two or three hundred gathered to a focus, are curious and amusing beyond the reach of any description or painting.

Sunday school teachers; and also three very excellent Christian ladies in a party, one of whom, Mrs. E——, I was well acquainted with, and knowing her extensive Christian and charitable labours, I had encouraged to call, as she had expressed a strong desire to talk with them on the subject of religion. They appealed to me, and I desired them to call at another hour, which they did, and I said to the chief that there was another proposition for a talk on the subject of religion. This seemed to annoy them somewhat, and after smoking a pipe, they decided not to see them. I then told them that they were three ladies; this seemed to startle them for a few moments, but they smoked on, and finally the War-chief said “it was a subject on which, if they had anything more to say, they would rather say it to the men than to women—they can talk with our women if they like.” I then invited the Indian women into the room, and Jeffrey interpreted for the ladies, who had a long conversation with them, but, as the ladies afterwards told me, few words on the subject of religion: as to the first questions on that subject, the squaws answered that they left that mostly to their husbands, and they thought that if they loved their husbands, and took good care of their children, the Great Spirit would be kind to them. These kind ladies called the next day and left them fourteen Bibles and some other very useful presents, and their prayers for their happiness, feeling convinced that this was the most effectual and best way of making lasting and beneficial impressions on their minds.

One of the very high compliments paid them from the fashionable world was now before them, and this being the day for it, all parties were dressing and painting for the occasion. I had received a very kind note from Mrs. Lawrence, inviting me to bring them to pay her a visit in her lovely grounds at Ealing Park, a few miles from the city of London. The omnibus was ready, and being seated, we were there with an hour's drive, and received on the fine lawn in the rear of her house. Here was presented the most beauti-

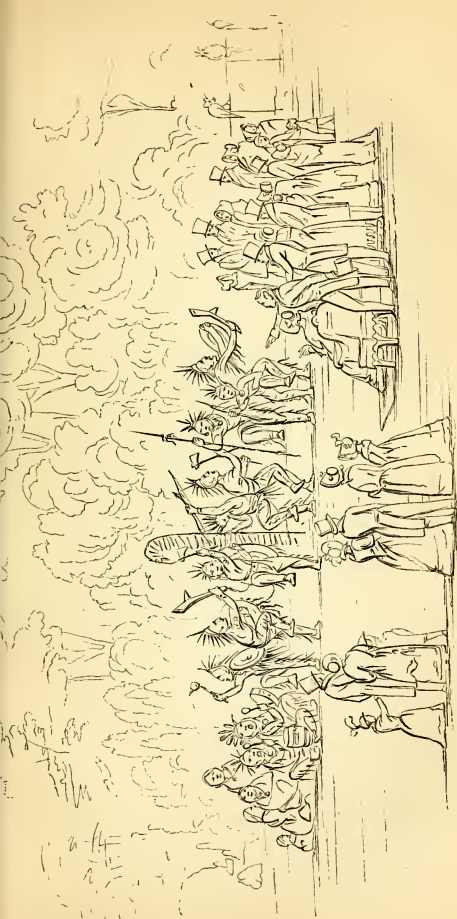
ful scene which the Ioways helped to embellish whilst they were in the kingdom—for nothing more sweet can be seen than this little paradise, hemmed in with the richness and wildness of its surrounding foliage, and its velvet carpet of green on which the Indians were standing and reclining, and the kind lady and her Royal and noble guests, collected in groups, to witness their dances and other amusements. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, with the lovely Princess Mary, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the Duchess of Gloucester, and many of the nobility, formed the party of her friends whom this lady had invited, and who soon entered the lawn to meet these sons of the forest, and witness their wild sports.

At the approach of the lady and her Royal party, the Indians all arose, and the chiefs having been introduced, half an hour or more was passed in a conversation with them, through Jeffrey and myself, and an examination of their costumes, weapons, &c., when they seated themselves in a circle, and passing the pipe around, were preparing for a dance. The first they selected was their favourite, the eagle-dance, which they gave with great spirit, and my explanation of the meaning of it seemed to add much to its interest. (*Plate No. 13.*) After the dance they strung their bows and practised at the target, and at length Mr. Melody tossed up the ball, when they snatched up their ballsticks, which they had brought for the purpose, and darted over and about the grounds in the exciting game of the ball. This proved more amusing to the spectators than either of the former exercises, but it was short, for they soon lost their ball, and the game being completed, they seated themselves again, and with the pipe were preparing for the *war-dance*, in which, when they gave it, the beautiful lawn, and the forests around it, resounded with the shrill notes of the *war-whoop*, which the frightened parroquets and cockatoos saucily echoed back with a laughable effect, and a tolerable exactness. The pipe of peace (or calumet) dance was also

given, with the pipes of peace in their hands, which they had brought out for the purpose.

While these exciting scenes were going on, the butler was busy spreading a white cloth over a long table arranged on the lawn, near the house, and on it the luxuries that had been preparing in the kitchen, for their dinners. This arrangement was so timed that the roast beef was on and smoking just when their amusements were finished, and when the announcement was made that their "dinner was up," all parties moved in that direction, but in two divisions, the one to partake, and the other to look on and see how wild people could handle the knife and fork. This was to be the *last*, though (as I could see by the anxiety of the spectators) not the *least amusing* of their amusements, and it was in the event rendered peculiarly so to some of us, from the various parts which the kind and illustrious spectators were enabled to take in it, when in all their former amusements there was no possible way in which they could "lend a hand." Every one could here assist in placing a chair or handing a plate, and the Indians being seated, all were ready and emulous, standing around the table and at their elbows, to perform some little office of the kind, to assist them to eat, and to make them comfortable. His Royal Highness proposed that I should take my stand at the head of the table, before a huge sirloin of roast beef, and ply the carving knife, which I did; whilst he travelled, plates in hand, until they all were helped. The young Princess Mary, and the two little daughters of the kind lady, like the three Graces, were bending about under loads of bread and vegetables they were helping the Indians to, and the kind lady herself was filling their glasses from the generous pitcher of foaming ale, and ordering the butler to uncork the bottles of champagne which were ready and hissing at the delay.

This unusual scene was taking place in the nearer vicinity of the poor parroquets and cockatoos, who seemed, thus far, awed into a discretionary silence, but were dancing to the



right and the left, and busily swinging their heads to and fro, with their eyes and their ears open to all that was said and done. When the cork flew from the first bottle of champagne, the parrots squalled out, "There! there!! there!!!" and the Indians as suddenly, "*Chickabobboo! chickabobboo!*" Both laughed, and all the party *had* to laugh, at the simultaneous excitement of the parrots and the Indians; and most of them were as ignorant of the language (and of course of the wit of) the one as of the other. *Chickabobboo*, however, was understood, at least by the Indians; and their glasses being filled with champagne, the moment they were raising it to their lips, and some had commenced drinking, the cockatoos suddenly squalled out again, "*There! there!! there!!!*" The old Doctor, and his superstitious friend Jim, who had not got their glasses quite to their mouths, slowly lowered them upon the table, and turned, with the most beseeching looks, upon Mr. Melody and myself, to know whether they were breaking their vow to us. They said nothing, but the question was sufficiently plain in their *looks* for an answer, and I replied, "No, my good fellows, the parrots are fools, they don't know what they are talking about; they, no doubt, thought this was whiskey, but we know better; it's some of the '*Queen's chickabobboo*,' and you need not fear to drink it." This curious affair had been seen but by a part of the company, and only by the Indians at our end of the table, and therefore lost its general effect until I related it. The queer-sounding word "*chickabobboo*" seemed to amuse, and to excite the curiosity of many, and there was no understanding it without my going over the whole ground, and explaining how and where it originated, which, when finished, created much amusement. While I was relating this story the plates were being changed, and just at the end of it the parrots sang out again, "*There! there!! there!!!*" as before; but it was discovered that, at that instant, one of the waiters was passing near them with a huge and smoking plum-pudding, and so high that we could but just see his face over the top of it. This

was placed before me, and as I divided and served it, the same hands, Royal and fair, conveyed it to the different parts of the table. This was a glorious pudding, and I had helped each one abundantly, expecting, as all did, that they would devour it without mincing; but, to the surprise of all, they tasted a little, and left the rest upon their plates. Fears were entertained that the pudding did not suit them, and I was constrained to ask why they did not eat more. The reply was reluctant, but very significant and satisfactory when it came. Jim spoke for all. He said, "They all agreed that it was good—very good; but that the beef was also very good, and the only fault of the pudding was, that it had come too late."

The War-chief at this time was charging his long pipe with *k'nich k'neck*, and some fire being brought to light it, it was soon passed from his into the chief's hands, when he arose from the table, and offering his hand to His Royal Highness, stepped a little back, and addressed him thus:—

"My Great Father,—Your face to-day has made us all very happy. The Great Spirit has done this for us, and we are thankful for it. The Great Spirit inclined your heart to let us see your face, and to shake your hand, and we are very happy that it has been so. (*How, how, how!*)

"My Father,—We have been told that you are the uncle of the Queen, and that your brother was the King of this rich country. We fear we shall go home without seeing the face of your Queen, except as we saw it in her carriage; but if so, we shall be happy to say that we have seen the great chief who is next to the Queen. (*How, how, how!*)

"My Father,—We are poor and ignorant people from the wilderness, whose eyes are not yet open, and we did not think that we should be treated so kindly as we have to-day. Our skins are red, and our ways are not so pleasing as those of the white people, and we therefore feel the more proud that so great a chief should come so far to see us, and to help to feed us; this we shall never forget. (*How, how, how!*)

"My Father,—We feel thankful to the lady who has this fine house and these fine fields, and who has invited us here to-day, and to all the ladies and gentlemen who are here to see us. We shall pray for you all in our prayers to the Great Spirit, and now we shall be obliged to shake hands with you and go home. (*How, how, how!*)"

His Royal Highness replied to him,—

"That he and all his friends present had been highly pleased with their

appearance and amusements to-day, and most of all with the reverential manner in which he had just spoken of the Great Spirit, before whom we must all, whether red or white, soon appear. He thanked the chiefs for the efforts they had made to entertain them, and trusted that the Great Spirit would be kind to them in restoring them safe home to their friends again."

At this moment, when all were rising and wrapping their robes around them preparing to start, the lady appeared among them, with a large plate in her hands, bearing on it a variety of beautiful trinkets, which she dispensed among them according to their various tastes; and with a general shake of the hand, they retired from the grounds to take their carriage for town. The parrots and cockatoos all bowed their heads in silence as they passed by them; but as the old Doctor (who always lingers behind to bestow and catch the last smile, and take the second shake of the hand where there are ladies in question) extended his hand to the kind lady, to thank her the second and last time, there was a tremendous cry of "*There! there!! there!!!*" and "*Cockatoo! cockatoo!*"—the last of which the poor Doctor, in his confusion, had mistaken for "*Chickabobboo! chickabobboo!*" He, however, kept a steady gait between the din of "*There! there!! there!!!*" and "*Cockatoo!*" that was behind him, and the inconceivable laughter of his party in the carriage, who now insisted on it (and almost made him believe), that his ugly face had been the sole cause of the alarm of the birds and monkeys since the Indians entered the ground.*

This was theme enough to ensure them a merry ride

* The polite Doctor often spoke of his admiration of this excellent lady and of her beautiful park, and expressed his regrets also that the day they spent there was so short; for while hunting for the ball which they had lost, it seemed he had strolled alone into her beautiful *Conservatoire*, where he said, "in just casting his eyes around, he thought there were roots that they had not yet been able to find in this country, and which they stood much in need of." He said "he believed from what he had seen when he was looking for the ball, though nobody had ever told him, that this lady was a great root-doctor."

home, where they arrived in time, and in the very best of humour, for their accustomed evening amusements at the Hall; and after that, of taking their suppers and *chickabobboo* in their own apartments, which resounded with songs and with encomiums on the kind lady and her *chickabobboo*, until they got to sleep.

The next morning we had an appointment to visit the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and having the greatest curiosity to witness the mutual surprise there might be exhibited at the meeting of wild men and wild animals, I was one of the party. The interview, in order to avoid the annoyance of a crowd, had been arranged as a private one: we were, therefore, on the spot at an early hour; and as we were entering (the Doctor, with his jingling dress and red face, being in advance of the party, as he was sure to be in *entering* any curious place, though the last to *leave* if there were ladies behind), we were assailed with the most tremendous din of "*There! there!! there!!!*" "*Cockatoo! cockatoo!*" and "*God dam!*" and fluttering of wings of the poor affrighted parrots, that were pitching down from their perches in all directions. I thought it best that we should retreat a few moments, until Mr. Cross could arrange the front ranks of his aviary a little, which he did by moving back some of their outposts to let us pass. We had been shown into a little office in the meantime, where Mr. Melody had very prudently suggested that they had better discharge as many of their rattling gewgaws as possible, and try to carry into the ground as little of the frightful as they could. Amusing jokes were here heaped upon the Doctor for his extreme ugliness, which, as Jim told him, had terrified the poor birds almost to death. The Doctor bore it all patiently, however, and with a smile; and partially turned the laugh upon Jim with the big mouth, by replying that it was lucky for the gentleman owning the parrots that Jim did not enter first; for if he had, the poor man would have found them all dead, instead of being a little alarmed, as they then were.

We were now entering upon the greatest field for the speculations and amusement (as well as astonishment) of the Indians that they were to meet in the great metropolis. My note-book was in my hand and my pencil constantly employed; and the notes that I then and in subsequent visits made, can be allowed very little space in this work. All were ready, and we followed Mr. Cross; the Indians, fourteen in number, with their red faces and red crests, marching in single file. The squalling of parrots and barking of dogs seemed to have announced to the whole neighbourhood that some extraordinary visitation was at hand; and when we were in front of the lions' cage, their tremendous bolts against its sides, and unusual roar, announced to the stupidest animal and reptile that an enemy was in the field. The terrible voice of the king of beasts was heard in every part, and echoed back in affrighted notes of a hundred kinds. Men as well as beasts were alarmed, for the men employed within the grounds were retreating, and at every turn they made amidst its bewildering mazes, they imagined a roaring lion was to spring upon their backs. The horrid roaring of the lions was answered by lions from another part of the garden. Hyenas and panthers hissed, wolves were howling, the Indians (catching the loved inspiration of nature's wildness) sounded their native war-whoop, the buffaloes bellowed, the wild geese stretched their necks and screamed; the deer, the elk, and the antelopes were trembling, the otters and beavers dived to the bottom of their pools, the monkeys were chattering from the tops of their wire cages, the bears were all at the summit of their poles, and the ducks and the geese whose wings were not cropped, were hoisting themselves out of their element into quieter regions.

The whole establishment was thus in an instant "brushed up," and in their excitement, prepared to be seen to the greatest possible advantage; all upon their feet, and walking their cages to and fro, seemingly as impatient to see

what they seemed to know was coming, as the visiting party was impatient to see them.

I explained to the Indians that the lion was the king of beasts—and they threw tobacco before him as a sacrifice. The hyenas attracted their attention very much, and the leopards and tigers, of the nature of all of which I promised to give them some fuller account after we got home. They met the panther, which they instantly recognized, and the recognition would seem to have been mutual, from its evident alarm, evinced by its hissing and showing its teeth. *Jim* called for the Doctor “to see his brother,” the wolf. The Doctor’s *totem* or *arms* was the wolf—it was therefore *medicine* to him. The Doctor advanced with a smile, and offering it his hand, with a smirk of recognition, he began, in a low and soft tone, to howl like a wolf. All were quiet a moment, when the poor animal was led away by the Doctor’s “*distant howlings*,” until it raised up its nose, with the most pitiable looks of imploration for its liberty, and joined him in the chorus. He turned to us with an exulting smile, but to his “poor imprisoned brother,” as he called it, with a tear in his eye, and a plug of tobacco in his hand, which he left by the side of its cage as a *peace-offering*.

The ostrich (of which there was a noble specimen there) and the kangaroo excited the admiration and lively remarks of the Indians; but when they met the poor distressed and ragged prisoner, the buffalo from their own wild and free prairies, their spirits were overshadowed with an instant gloom; forebodings, perhaps, of their own approaching destiny. They sighed, and even wept, for this worn veteran, and walked on. With the bears they would have shaken hands, if they could have done it, “and embraced them too,” said the Little-wolf, “for he had hugged many a one.” They threw tobacco to the rattlesnake, which is *medicine* with them, and not to be killed. The joker, *Jim*, made us white men take off our hats as we passed the beaver, for it was his relation; and as he had learned a little

English, when he heard the ducks cry "quack," he pointed to them and told the Doctor to go there—he was called for.

Thus rapid were the transitions from surprise to pity, and to mirth, as we passed along, and yet to wonder and astonishment, which had been reserved for the remotest and the last. Before the massive *elephant* little or nothing was said; all hands were over their mouths; their tobacco was forgotten, they walked quietly away, and all of us being seated under an arbour, to which we were conducted, our kind guide said to Jeffrey, "Tell the Indians that the immense arch they see now over their heads is made of the jaw-bones of a whale, and they may now imagine themselves and the whole party sitting in its mouth." "Well, now," said Jeffrey, "you don't say so?" "Yes, it's even so." "Well, I declare! why, the elephant would be a mere baby to it." Jeffrey explained it to the Indians, and having risen from their seats, and being satisfied, by feeling it, that it was actually bone, they wished to go home, and "see the rest at a future time." We were then near the gate, where we soon took our carriage, and returned to their quarters in St. James's Street.

CHAPTER XXI.

Indians' remarks on the Zoological Gardens—Their pity for the poor buffalo and other animals imprisoned—Jim's talk with a clergyman about Hell and the hyænas—Indians' ideas of astronomy—Jim and the Doctor hear of the hells of London—Desire to go into them—Promised to go—Indians counting the gin-palaces (*chickabobboo-ags*) in a ride to Blackwall and back—The result—Exhibition in the Egyptian Hall—A sudden excitement—The War-chief recognises in the crowd his old friend "Bobasheela"—Their former lives on the Mississippi and Missouri—Bobasheela an Englishman—His travels in the "Far West" of America—Story of their first acquaintance—The doomed wedding-party—Lieut. Pike—Daniel Boone and Son—Indians visit a great brewery—Kind reception by the proprietors—Great surprise of the Indians—Immense quantities of *chickabobboo*—War-dance in an empty vat—Daniel commences Jim's book of the statistics of England—Indians visit the Tunnel—Visit to the Tower—The Horse Armoury—The Royal Regalia—Indians' ideas of the crowns and jewels—"Totems" (arms) on the fronts of noblemen's houses—Royal arms over the shops—Strange notions of the Doctor—They see the "man with the big nose" again—And the "great white War-chief (the Duke of Wellington) on horseback, near his wig-wam."

THREE or four of my particular friends had joined us in our visit to the Zoological Gardens this morning, and amongst them a reverend gentleman, whose professional character was not made known to the Indians. He kept close to Jeffrey and the Indians all the way, and his ears were open to the translation of everything they said. He was not only highly amused at their remarks, but told me he heard enough to convince him that lessons of morality, of devotion, and religion, as well as of philosophy, might be learned from those poor people, although they were the savages of the wilderness, and often despised as such. Mr. Melody and I accompanied them to their rooms, and as we came in when their dinner was coming up, we sat down and par-

took of it with them. The Indian's mode is to *eat exclusively* while he eats, and to talk afterwards. We adhered to their rule on this occasion, and after the dinner was over, and a pipe was lit, there were remarks and comments enough ready, upon the strange things they had just seen.

As usual, the first thing was, to have a laugh at the Doctor for having frightened the parrots; and then to reflect and to comment upon the cruelty of keeping all those poor and unoffending animals prisoners in such a place, merely to be looked at. They spoke of the doleful looks they all wore in their imprisoned cells, walking to and fro, and looking through the iron bars at every person who came along, as if they wished them to let them out. I was forcibly struck with the truth and fitness of their remarks, having never passed through a menagerie without coming out impressed, even to fatigue, with the sympathy I had felt for the distressed looks and actions of these poor creatures, imprisoned for life, for man's amusement only.

Jim asked, "What have all those poor animals and birds done that they should be shut up to die? They never have murdered anybody—they have not been guilty of stealing, and they owe no money; why should they be kept so, and there to die?" He said it would afford him more pleasure to see one of them let loose and run away over the fields, than to see a hundred imprisoned as they were. The Doctor took up the gauntlet and reasoned the other way. He said they were altogether the happiest wild animals he ever saw; they were perfectly prevented from destroying each other, and had enough to eat as long as they lived, and plenty of white men to wait upon them. He did not see why they should not live as long there as anywhere else, and as happy. He admitted, however, that his heart was sad at the desolate look of the old buffalo bull, which he would like to have seen turned loose on the prairies.

The Roman-nose said he heard one of the parrots say "God dam." "So he did," said Jim; "and who could say otherwise, when the Doctor poked his ugly face so sud-

denly in amongst them? They know how to speak English, and I don't wonder they say God dam."*

I here diverted their attention from the jokes they were beginning upon the Doctor, by asking them how they liked the *chickabobboo* they got in the gardens, which they recollected with great pleasure, and which they pronounced to have been very good. Mr. Cross had invited the whole party to a private view, and after showing us, with great politeness, what he had curious, invited us into one of his delightful little refreshment rooms, and treated all to cold chickens, pork pies, pastries, and champagne, which the Indians called *chickabobboo*; and as he did not know the meaning of the word, I related the story of it, which pleased him very much.

The Doctor made some laugh, by saying that "he was going over there again in a few days, if he could find some strings long enough, to measure the elephant and the bones of the whale, as he had got the dimensions of the giant man." Jim told him "he had not got the measure of the *giant man*—he had only measured the *giant woman*, and getting scared, he only half measured her; and he was so much afraid of women, that he didn't believe he could ever take the measure of one of them correct, if a hundred should stand ever so still for him." The Doctor smiled, and looked at me as if to know if I was going to ask some question again. He was fortunately relieved at that moment, however, by Mr. Melody's question to Jim, "how he liked the looks of the hyenas, and whether he would like him to buy one to carry home with him?" Jim rolled over on to his back, and drew his knees up (the only position in which he could "think fast," as he expressed it; evidently a peculiarity with him, and a position, ungraceful as it was, which it was absolutely necessary for him to assume, if he was going to tell a story well, or to make a speech); and after think-

* No Indian language in America affords the power of swearing, not being sufficiently rich and refined.

ing much more profoundly than it required to answer so simple a question, replied, "Very well, very well," and kept thinking on. The Little Wolf, who was lying by his side, asked him "what he was troubled about?—he seemed to be thinking very strong." Jim replied to this, that "he was thinking a great way, and he had to think hard." He said, that when he was looking at the hyenas, he said to Jeffrey that he thought they were the wickedest looking animals he ever saw, and that he believed they would go to hell; but that the gentleman who came to the garden with Mr. Melody* said to him, "No, my friend, none but the animals that laugh and cry can go to heaven or to hell." He said that this gentleman then wanted to know how he had heard of hell, and what idea he had of it. He said, he told Jeffrey to say to him that some white men (*black coats*) had told amongst his people, that there was such a place as hell, very low under the earth, where the wicked would all go, and for ever be in the fire. He said, the gentleman asked him if he believed it? and that he told him he thought there might be such a place for white people—he couldn't tell—but he didn't think the Indians would go to it. He said, the gentleman then asked him why he thought those poor ignorant animals the hyenas would go there? And he replied to him that *Chippahola*† said "the hyenas live by digging up the bodies of people after they are buried;" and he therefore thought they were as wicked as the white people, who also dig up the Indians' graves, and scatter their bones about, all along our country;‡ and he thought such white people would go to hell, and ought to go there. He said he also told the gentleman he had heard there were some hells under the city of London, and that he had been invited to go and see them: this, he said, made the

* The reverend gentleman.

† Mr. Catlin.

‡ One of the most violent causes of the Indian's hatred of white men is, that nearly every Indian grave is opened by them on the frontier for their skulls or for the weapons and trinkets buried with them.

gentleman laugh, and there was no more said: that he had begun to think that this gentleman was a *black coat*, but when he saw him laugh, he found out that he was not. "Just the time you were mistaken," said Mr. Melody; "for that gentleman *was* a clergyman, and you have made a very great fool of yourself." "I will risk all that," said Jim; "I have wanted all the time to make a speech to some of them, but the chiefs wouldn't let me."

The pipe, during these conversations, was being handed around, and Jim's prolific mind, while he was "thinking fast" (as he had called it), was now running upon the elephant, and he was anxious to know where it came from. I told him it was from the opposite side of the globe: he could not understand me, and to be more explicit, I told him that the ground we stood upon was part of the surface of the earth, which was round like a ball, and many thousands of miles around; and that these huge animals came from the side exactly opposite to us. I never could exactly believe that Jim, at the moment, doubted my word; but in the richness of his imagination (particularly in his thinking position) he so clearly saw elephants walking underside of the globe, with their backs downwards, without falling, that he broke out into such a flood of laughter, that he was obliged to shut out his thoughts, and roll over upon his hands and knees until the spasms went gradually off. The rest of the group were as incredulous as Jim, but laughed less vehemently; and as it was not a time to lecture further on astronomy, I thought it best to omit it until a better opportunity: merely waiting for Jim's pencil sketch (and no doubt according to his first impression), which he was then drawing, with considerable tact; and with equal wit, proposed I should adopt as my "arms" or *totem*, the globe with an inverted elephant.

Melody and I strolled off together, leaving the Indians in this amusing mood, while we were agreeing that they were a good-natured and well-disposed set of men, determining to take everything in the happiest way; and that they were

well entitled to our protection, and our best energies to promote their welfare. We saw that they enjoyed every thing that we showed them, with a high relish ; and in hopes that they might profit by it, and feel a stronger attachment to us, we resolved to spare no pains in showing them whatever we could, that they might wish to see, and which would be likely, in any way, to render them a benefit.

The reader will have seen, by this time, that they were a close observing and an amusing set of fellows : and knowing also that at this time nearly all the curious sights of London were still before us, he will be prepared to meet the most exciting and amusing parts of this book as he reads on.

We continued to give these curious and good fellows their daily drives in their bus, and by an hour spent in this way each day, for several months, they were enabled to form a tolerably correct idea of the general shapes and appearance of the city, and its modes, as seen in the streets. In these drives, as well as in institutions of various kinds, which they visited, they saw many curious things which amused them, and others which astonished them very much ; but their private room was the place for their amusing debates, and remarks upon them, when they returned : and to that I generally repaired every night before they went to bed, to hear what they had to say and to think, of the sights they had seen during the day.

Chickabobboo, though an Ojibbeway word, had now become a frequent and favourite theme with them, inasmuch as it was at this time an essential part of their dinners and suppers, and as, in all their drives about town, they were looking into the "gin palaces" which they were every moment passing, and at the pretty maids who were hopping about, and across the streets, in all directions, both night and day, with pitchers of ale in their hands. The elevated positions of the Doctor and Jim, as they were alongside of the driver of the bus, enabling them, in the narrow streets, to peep into the splendid interior of many of these, as

they were brilliantly illumined, and generally gay with bonnets and ribbons, and imagining a great deal of happiness and fun to reign in them, they had several times ventured, very modestly, to suggest to me a wish to look into some of them—"not to drink," as they said, "for they could get enough to drink at home, but to see how they looked, and how the people acted there."

I had told them that if they had the least curiosity, there should be no objection to their going with me on some proper occasion, when they again got on their frock coats and beaver hats; and also that if there were any other curious places they wished to see in London, Mr. Melody or I would take them there. Upon hearing this the big-mouthed and quizzical Jim at once took me at my word, and told me that "some gentleman with Daniel had been telling him and the Doctor that there were several 'hells' under the city of London, and that they ought some time to go down and see them." He didn't think from what Daniel and that man said that they were hells of "fire," but he thought as Daniel had been to them, there could not be much danger, and he thought they would be very curious to see; he knew these were not the hells which the *black coats* spoke of, for Daniel told him there were many beautiful ladies, and fine music, and *chickabobboo* there; that they did not wish to drink the *chickabobboo*, but merely to look and see, and then come away; and they had no objections to put on the black coats for that purpose; he said, in fact, that Daniel had invited them to go, and that Jeffrey had agreed to go with them. Jim had me thus "upon the hip" for this enterprise, and when I mentioned it to poor Melody, he smiled as he seemed to shrink from it, and said, "Ah, Catlin, that never will do: we are going to spoil these Indians, as sure as the world; there will be in a little time nothing but what they will want to see, and we shall have no peace of our lives with them. They have all gone now, and Daniel and Jeffrey with them, in their bus, all the way to Blackwall, merely to see how many *chickabobbooags*

(gin palaces) they can count in the way, going by one route and returning by another. Their minds are running on *chickabobboo* and such things already, and they are in the midst of such a scene of gin-drinking and drunkenness as they see every day, that I am almost sorry we ever undertook to drive them out at all. I am daily more and more afraid that they will all become drunkards, in spite of all I can do, and I sometimes wish I had them safe home, where we started from. You have no idea what a charge I have on my hands, and the annoyance I have about the front of their apartments every night, from women who are beckoning them down from their windows to the door, and even into the passages and streets. They seem daily to be losing their respect for me, and I find it every day more and more difficult to control them." "And so you will continue to find it," said I, "unless privileges and freedom to a reasonable extent are granted to them, while they are strictly adhering to the solemn promises and restraints we have laid them under. These people have come here under your promises to show them everything you can, and to teach them how the civilized world live and act. They have reposed the highest confidence in you to take care of and protect them, and in return they have solemnly promised to conduct themselves properly and soberly; and as long as they adhere to that, you should not let them doubt your confidence in them, by fearing to show them some parts of the shades as well as the lights of civilization. They are here to learn the ways of civilization, and I should deem it wrong to deny them the privilege, if they ask for it, of seeing such parts of it as you and myself would go to see. I have been to see the 'hells of London' myself, and would much sooner take my son there, and there give him the most impressive lesson in morality, than forbid him to go, expressing to him my fears of his contamination. These people are like children in some respects, and they are men in others; and while I fully appreciate all your noble attachment to them, and your anxieties for them,

with the knowledge I have gained of the Indian character, I feel assured that as they are brought here to be shown everything of civilization, to restrict them in seeing the parts of it they desire to see, will be to exhibit to them a want of confidence which would be apt to lead to worse and more injurious results before you get home with them. I should have been very far from mentioning such places to them, or the many other dens of iniquity which exist in the great city of London and the cities of our own country, and which I hope they may remain strangers to; but they having heard of the hells of London, and expressed a desire to see them, I should feel no hesitation in giving Jim and the Doctor a peep into them, instead of representing them (as the means of keeping them away from them) as being a much greater degradation of human nature than they actually are."

Good, kind Melody looked so much distressed, that I finished my arguments here, and told him to "rest quite easy; there was a way by which we could get over it, and I not break my promise with Jim and the Doctor. That a friend of mine who had been into them recently and narrowly escaped with his life, would have a talk with them on the subject in a few days, and all would be right.*

* This unfortunate "friend of mine" called the next day, with a handkerchief tied over one eye, and one arm in a sling; and while we *happened* to be talking of their intended visit to some of the "hells," he took occasion to exclaim at once, "My good fellows, let me advise you, go and see everything else in London, but take especial care you don't go into any of those infernal regions, and get served as I have been, or ten times worse, for I was lucky that I didn't lose my life." "Then you have seen them?" said I. "Seen them? yes, I *saw*, till I was knocked down three or four times, and my pockets picked, after I paid out to those infernal demons fifteen pounds; so I lost about thirty pounds altogether, and have not been able to see since. Nat B—n of New York was with me, and he got off much worse than I did; he was carried home for dead and hasn't been out of his room since. When I get a little better, my good fellows, I will give you a long account of what we saw, and I'll venture you never will want to risk your heads there." My friend here left us, and Jim and the Doctor had evidently changed their minds about going to see the "Hells of London."

As for the joke they are on to-day, about the *gin-shops*, I don't see the least harm in it. They must have something to laugh at, and while they are getting their usual daily ride in the open air, they are passing one of the best comments that ever was made upon one of the greatest vices of the greatest city in the world."

The simple old Doctor, in his curious cogitations amidst the din of civilised excitements, while he had been ogling the thousands of ladies and gin-palaces, and other curious things all together, from the pinnacle of his bus, had brought home one day in round numbers the total amount of *chickabobboogs* that he had seen during the hour's drive on one morning. The enormous amount of these, when added up, seemed too great for the most credulous; and Jim, seeming to think that the Doctor had counted the ladies instead of the grog-shops, disputed the correctness of his report, which had led to the result that was being carried out to-day, by some pretty spirited betting between the Doctor, Jim, Daniel, and Jeffrey, as to the number of *gin palaces* (*chickabobboogs*) they should pass on their way from St. James's Street to Blackwall (where they had curiosity to taste "white bait"), and back again by a different route, taking *Euston Station* in their way as they returned. For this purpose it was arranged that the Doctor and Jim should take their customary seats with the driver; and *Roman Nose* and the *Little Wolf* inside of the bus, where there was less to attract their attention, should each take his side of the street, counting as they passed them, while the old War-chief should notch them on a stick which they had prepared for the purpose, having Daniel and Jeffrey by their sides to see that there was no mistake.

The amusements of this gigantic undertaking were not to be even anticipated until they got back, nor its difficulties exactly appreciated until they appeared in the prosecution of the design. At starting off, the *Roman Nose* and *Little Wolf* took their positions on opposite seats, each one appropriating a pane of glass for his observations, and the old War-chief with his deal stick in one hand and a knife in

the other; and in this way they were ready for, and commenced operations. Each one as he passed a gin-shop, called out "*chickabobboog!*" and the old chief cut a notch. This at first seemed to be quite an easy thing, and even allowed the old man an occasional moment to look around and observe the direction in which they were going, while the two amusing chubs who were outside could pass an occasional remark or two upon the ladies as they were commencing to keep an oral account, to corroborate or correct the records that were making inside. As they gradually receded from the temperate region of St. James's (having by an ignorant oversight overlooked the numerous *club-houses*), their labours began to increase, and the old War-chief had to ply his knife with precision and quickness; the two companions outside stopped all further conversation, holding on to their fingers for tens, hundreds, &c. The word *chickabobboog* was now so rapidly repeated at times inside (and oftentimes by both parties at once), that the old chief found the greatest difficulty in keeping his record correct. The parties all kept at their posts, and attended strictly to their reckonings, until they arrived at Blackwall. They cast up none of their accounts there, but the old chief's record was full—there was no room for another notch. He procured another stick for the returning memorandums, and the route back, being much more prolific and much longer, filled each of the four corners of his new stick, and when it was full he set down the rest of his sum in black marks, with a pencil and paper which Daniel took from his pocket.

The reckoning, when they got back, and their curious remarks upon the incidents of their ride, were altogether very amusing, and so numerous and discordant were their accounts, that there was no final decision agreed upon as to the bets.

Their results were brought in thus :

War-chief	notches	446	
Jim	oral	432	doubtful 60
Doctor	oral	754	doubtful 0
		Average	544.

What route they took I never was able to learn, but such were their accounts as they brought them in; and as it was ascertained that the Doctor had been adding to his account all the shops where he saw bottles in the windows, it was decided to be a reasonable calculation that he had brought into the account erroneously :

Apothecaries and confectioners—say	300
Leaving the average of all together (which was no doubt very near the thing) <i>Chickabobboags</i>	450

So ended (after the half-hour's jokes they had about it) this novel enterprise, which had been carried out with great pains and much fatigue, and in which, it was suggested by them, and admitted by me, they had well earned a jug of *chickabobboo*.

The settlement of this important affair was not calculated by any means to lessen the Doctor's curiosity in another respect, and which has been alluded to before—his desire to visit some of those places, to see the manner in which the *chickabobboo* was made. I put him at rest on that subject, however, by telling him that there was none of it made at those shops where it was sold, but that I had procured an order to admit the whole party to one of the greatest breweries in the city, where the *chickabobboo* was made, and that we were all to go the next day and see the manner in which it was done. This information seemed to give great pleasure to all, and to finish for the present the subject of *chickabobboo*.

The night of this memorable day I had announced as the last night of the Indians at the Egyptian Hall, arrangements having been effected for their exhibitions to be made a few days in Vauxhall Gardens before leaving London for some of the provincial towns. This announcement, of course, brought a dense crowd into the Hall, and in it, as usual, the "jolly fat dame," and many of my old friends, to take their last gaze at the Indians.

The amusements were proceeding this evening, as on

former occasions, when a sudden excitement was raised in the following manner. In the midst of one of their noisy dances, the War-chief threw himself, with a violent jump and a yell of the shrill war-whoop, to the corner of the platform, where he landed on his feet in a half-crouching position, with his eyes, and one of his forefingers, fixed upon something that attracted his whole attention in a distant part of the crowd. The dance stopped—the eyes of all the Indians, and of course those of most of the crowd, were attracted to the same point; the eyes of the old War-chief were standing open, and in a full blaze upon the object before him, which nobody could well imagine, from his expression, to be anything less exciting than a huge panther, or a grizzly bear, in the act of springing upon him. After staring awhile, and then shifting his weight upon the other leg, and taking a moment to wink, for the relief of his eyes, he resumed the intensity of his gaze upon the object before him in the crowd, and was indulging during a minute or two in a dead silence, for the events of twenty or thirty years to run through his mind, when he slowly straightened up to a more confident position, with his eyes relaxed, but still fixed upon their object, when, in an emphatic and ejaculatory tone, he pronounced the bewildering word of *Bobasheela!* and repeated it, *Bobasheela?* “Yes, I’m *Bobasheela*, my good old fellow! I knew your voice as soon as you spoke (though you don’t understand English yet).” *Chee-au-mung-ta-wangish-kee, Bobasheela.* “My friends, will you allow me to move along towards that good old fellow? he knows me;” at which the old chief (not of a *hundred*, but) of *many* battles, gave a yell, and a leap from the platform, and took his faithful friend *Bobasheela* in his arms, and after a lapse of thirty years, had the pleasure of warming his cheek against that of one of his oldest and dearest friends—one whose heart, we have since found, had been tried and trusted, and as often requited, in the midst of the dense and distant wildernesses of the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri. Whilst this extraordinary interview was proceeding, all ideas of the



Nº 14.

dance were for the time lost sight of, and whilst these veterans were rapidly and mutually reciting the evidences of their bygone days of attachment, there came a simultaneous demand from all parts of the room, for an interpretation of their conversation, which I gave as far as I could understand it, and as far as it had then progressed, thus:—The old Sachem, in leading off his favourite war-dance, suddenly fixed his eye upon a face in the crowd, which he instantly recognized, and gazing upon it a moment, decided that it was the well-known face of an old friend, with whom he had spent many happy days of his early life on the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers in America. The old chief, by appealing to this gentleman's familiar Indian cognomen of *Bobasheela*, brought out an instant proof of the correctness of his recognition; and as he held him by both hands, to make proof doubly strong, he made much merriment amongst the party of Indians, by asking him if he ever "floated down any part of the great Mississippi river in the night, astride of two huge logs of wood, with his legs hanging in the water?" To which *Bobasheela* instantly replied in the affirmative. After which, and several *medicine* phrases, and masonic grips and signs had passed between them, the dance was resumed, and the rest of the story, as well as other anecdotes of the lives of these extraordinary personages postponed to the proper time and place, when and where the reader will be sure to hear them.

The exhibition for the evening being over, *Bobasheela* was taken home with the Indians, to their lodgings, to smoke a pipe with them; and having had the curiosity to be of the party, I was enabled to gather the following further information. This *Bobasheela* (Mr. J. H., a native of Cornwall) (Plate No. 14), who is now spending the latter part of a very independent bachelor's life amongst his friends in London, left his native country as long ago as the year 1805, and making his way, like many other bold adventurers, across the Alleghany Mountains in America, descended into the great and almost boundless valley of the Mississippi, in hopes by his

indefatigable industry, and daring enterprise, to share in the products that must find their way from that fertile wilderness valley to the civilized world.

In this arduous and most perilous pursuit, he repeatedly ascended and descended in his bark canoe—his pirogue or his Mackinaw boat, the Ohio, the Muskingham, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Arkansas, the Missouri, and Mississippi rivers; and amongst the thousand and one droll and amusing incidents of thirty years spent in such a sort of life, was the anecdote which the War-chief alluded to, in the unexpected meeting with his old friend in my exhibition-room, and which the two parties more fully related to me in this evening's interview. The good-natured Mr. H. told me that the tale was a true one, and the awkward predicament spoken of by the War-chief was one that he was actually placed in when his acquaintance first began with his good friend.

Though the exhibition had kept us to a late hour, the greetings and pleasing reminiscences to be gone over by these two reclaimed friends, and (as they called themselves) "brothers" of the "Far West," over repeatedly charged pipes of k'nick k'neck, were pleasing, and held us to a most unreasonable hour at night. When the chief, amongst his rapid interrogations to *Bobasheela*, asked him if he had preserved his *she-she-quoin*, he gave instant relief to the mind of his friend, from which the lapse of time and changes of society had erased the recollection of the chief's familiar name, *She-she-quoi-me-gon*, by which his friend had christened him, from the circumstance of his having presented him a *she-she-quoin* (or mystery rattle), the customary badge bestowed when any one is initiated into the degree of "doctor" or "brother."

From the forms and ceremonies which my good friend *Bobasheela* had gone through, it seems (as his name indicates) that he stood in the relationship of brother to the chief; and although the chief's interrogations had produced him pleasure in one respect, one can easily imagine him much pained

in another, inasmuch as he was obliged to acknowledge that his sacred badge, his *she-she-quoin*, had been lost many years since, by the sinking of one of his boats on the Cumberland river. For his standing in the tribe, such an event might have been of an ir retrievable character ; but for the renewed and continued good fellowship of his friend in this country, the accident proved to be one of little moment, as will be learned from various incidents recited in the following pages.

In this first evening's interview over the pipe, my friend Mr. H., to the great amusement of the party of Indians, and of Daniel and the squaws, who had gathered around us, as well as several of my London friends, related the story of "floating down the Mississippi river on two logs of wood," &c., as follows :—

"This good old fellow and I formed our first acquaintance in a very curious way, and when you hear me relate the manner of it, I am quite sure you will know how to account for his recognizing me this evening, and for the pleasure we have both felt at thus unexpectedly meeting. In the year 1806 I happened to be on a visit to St. Louis, and thence proceeded up the Missouri to the mouth of the 'Femme Osage' to pay a visit to my old friend Daniel Boone, who had a short time before left his farm in Kentucky and settled on the banks of the Missouri, in the heart of an entire wilderness, to avoid the constant annoyance of the neighbours who had flocked into the country around him in Kentucky. The place for his future abode, which he had selected, was in a rich and fertile country, and forty or fifty miles from any white inhabitants, where he was determined to spend the remainder of his days, believing that for the rest of his life he would be no more annoyed by the familiarity of neighbours. I spent several weeks very pleasantly with the old pioneer, who had intentionally built his log cabin so small, with only one room and one bed for himself and his wife, that even his best friends should not break upon the sacred retirement of his house at night, but having shared his hospitable board during the day were referred to the cabin of his son, Nathan Boone, about four hundred yards distant, where an extra room and an extra bed afforded them the means of passing the night.

"The old hunter and his son were thus living very happily, and made me comfortable and happy whilst I was with them. The anecdotes of his extraordinary life, which were talked over for amusement during that time, were enough to fill a volume. The venerable old man, whose long and flowing locks were silvery white, was then in his 78th year, and still he almost daily took down his trusty rifle from its hooks in the morning, and in

a little time would bring in a saddle of venison for our breakfast, and thus he chiefly supported his affectionate old lady and himself, and the few friends who found their way to his solitary abode, without concern or care for the future. The stump of a large cotton-wood tree, which had been cut down, was left standing in the ground, and being cut square off on the top, and his cabin being built around it, answered the purpose of a table in the centre of his cabin, from which our meals were eaten. When I made my visit to him, he had been living several years in this retired state and been perfectly happy in the undisturbed solitude of the wilderness, but told me several times that he was becoming very uneasy and distressed, as he found that his days of peace were nearly over, as two Yankee families had already found the way into the country, and one of them had actually settled within nine miles of him.

“Having finished my visit to this veteran and his son, I mounted my horse, and taking leave followed an Indian trail to the town of St. Charles, some thirty or forty miles below, on the north banks of the Missouri. I here visited some old friends with whom I had become acquainted on the lower Mississippi in former years, and intending to descend the river from that to St. Louis by a boat had sold my horse when I arrived there. Before I was ready to embark, however, an old friend of mine, Lieutenant Pike, who had just returned from his exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, had passed up from St. Louis to a small settlement formed on the east bank of the Mississippi, and a few miles below the mouth of the Missouri, to attend a wedding which was to take place on the very evening that I had received the information of it, and like himself, being intimately acquainted with the young man who was to be married, I resolved to be present if possible, though I had had no invitation to attend, it not being known to the parties that I was in that part of the country. The spot where the wedding was to take place being on the bank of the river, and on my route to St. Louis, I endeavoured to procure a canoe for the purpose, but not being able to get such a thing in St. Charles at that time for love or money, and still resolved to be at the wedding, I succeeded in rolling a couple of large logs into the stream, which laid upon the shore in front of the village, and lashing them firmly together, took a paddle from the first boat that I could meet, and seating myself astride of the two logs I pushed off into the muddy current of the Missouri, and was soon swept away out of sight of the town of St. Charles. My embarkation was a little before sundown, and having fifteen or twenty miles to float before I should be upon the waters of the Mississippi, I was in the midst of my journey overtaken by night, and had to navigate my floating logs as well as I could among the snags and sandbars that fell in my way. I was lucky, however, in escaping them all, though I sometimes grazed them as I passed, and within a few inches of being hurled to destruction. I at length entered the broad waters of the Mississippi, and a few miles below on the left bank saw the light in the cabins in which the merry circle of my friends were assembled, and with all my might was plying my paddle to propel my two logs to the shore. In

the midst of my hard struggle I discovered several objects on my right and ahead of me, which seemed to be rapidly approaching me, and I concluded that I was drifting on to rocks or snags that were in a moment to destroy me. But in an instant one of these supposed snags silently shot along by the side of my logs, and being a canoe with four Indians in it, and all with their bows and war-clubs drawn upon me, they gave the signal for silence, as one of them, a tall, long-armed, and powerful man, seized me by the collar. Having partially learned several of the languages of the Indian tribes bordering on the Mississippi, I understood him as he said in the Ioway language, 'Not a word! if you speak you die!' At that moment a dozen or more canoes were all drawn close around my two logs of wood, astride of which I sat, with my legs in the water up to my knees. These canoes were all filled with warriors with their weapons in their hands, and no women being with them, I saw they were a war party, and preparing for some mischief. Finding that I understood their language and could speak a few words with them, the warrior who still held me by the collar made a sign to the other canoes to fall back a little while he addressed me in a low voice. 'Do you know the white chief who is visiting his friends this night on the bank yonder where we see the lights?' to which I replied 'Yes, he is an old friend of mine.' 'Well,' said he, 'he dies to-night, and all those wig-wams are to be laid in ashes. *Stet-e-no-ka* was a cousin of mine, and *Que-tun-ka* was a good man, and a friend to the white people. The pale faces hung them like two dogs by their necks, and the life of your friend, the white warrior, pays the forfeit this night, and many may be the women and children who will die by his side!' I explained to him as well as I could that my friend, Lieutenant Pike, had had no hand in the execution of the two Indians; that they were hung below St. Louis when Lieutenant Pike was on his way home from the Rocky Mountains. I told him also that Lieutenant Pike was a great friend of the Indians, and would do anything to aid or please them; that he had gone over the river that night to attend the wedding of a friend, and little dreamed that amongst the Indians he had any enemies who would raise their hands against him.

"My friend," said he, "you have said enough: if you tell me that your friend, or the friend or the enemy of any man, takes the hand of a fair daughter on that ground to-night, an Ioway chief will not offend the Great Spirit by raising the war-cry there. No Ioway can spill the blood of an enemy on the ground where the hands and the hearts of man and woman are joined together. This is the command of the Great Spirit, and an Ioway warrior cannot break it. My friend, these warriors you see around me with myself had sworn to kill the first human being we met on our war excursion; we shall not harm you, so you see that I give you your life. You will therefore keep your lips shut, and we will return in peace to our village, which is far up the river, and we shall hereafter meet our friends, the white people, in the great city,* as we have heretofore done, and we have

* St. Louis.

many friends there. We shall do no harm to any one. My face is now blackened, and the night is dark, therefore you cannot know me; but this arrow you will keep—it matches with all the others in my quiver, and by it you can always recognize me, but the meeting of this night is not to be known.' He gave me the arrow, and with these words turned his canoe, and joining his companions was in a moment out of sight. My arrow being passed under my hat-band, and finding that the current had by this time drifted me down a mile or two below the place where I designed to land, and beyond the power of reaching it with my two awkward logs of wood, I steered my course onward toward St. Louis, rapidly gliding over the surface of the broad river, and arrived safely at the shore in front of the town at a late hour in the night, having drifted a distance of more than thirty-five miles. My two logs were an ample price for a night's lodging, and breakfast and dinner the next day; and I continued my voyage in a Mackinaw boat on the same day to *Vide Pouché*, a small French town about twenty miles below, where my business required my presence. The wedding party proceeded undisturbed, and the danger they had been in was never made known to them, as I promised the War-chief, who gave me as the condition of my silence the solemn promise, that he would never carry his feelings of revenge upon innocent persons any farther.

"Thus ends the story of 'floating down the Mississippi River on the two logs of wood,' which the War-chief alluded to in the question he put to me this evening. On a subsequent occasion, some two or three years afterwards, while sitting in the office of Governor Clark, the superintendent of Indian affairs in St. Louis, where he was holding 'a talk' with a party of Indians, a fine-looking fellow, of six feet or more in stature, fixed his eyes intently upon me, and after scanning me closely for a few moments, advanced, and seating himself on the floor by the side of me, pronounced the word '*Bobasheela*,' and asked me if ever I had received an arrow from the quiver of an Indian warrior. The mutual recognition took place by my acknowledging the fact, and a shake of the hand, and an amusing conversation about the circumstances, and still the facts and the amusement all kept to ourselves. This step led to the future familiarities of our lives in the various places where the nature of my business led me into his society, and gained for me the regular adoption as Bobasheela (or Brother) and the badge (the *she-she-quin*, or Mystery Rattle) alluded to in the previous remarks, and which, it has been already stated, was lost by the sinking of one of my boats on the Cumberland River."

There was a burst of laughter and mirth amongst the squaws and others of us who had listened to this curious tale, and, as the reader will easily decide, a great deal of pleasure produced by its relation. The supper-table by this time was ready, and Bobasheela took a seat by the side of his old friend. The author was also in the humour, and

joined them at their beef-steak and *chickabobboo*, and so did Mr. Melody and Daniel, and all who had joined in the merriment of the occasion of *Bobasheela's* relation of the story of his going to the wedding astride of the two logs of wood. After the supper was over, and while the pipe was passing around, a number of other recitals of adventures in the "Far-West" continued the amusements of the evening to a late hour, when the author retired and left them to their own jokes and their night's rest.

The next morning after this was an exciting and bustling one, as all were preparing, at an early hour, to visit the great brewery on that day, as had been promised; and on their way back to see the Thames Tunnel, and the treasures of the Tower of London. One will easily see that here was a gigantic day's work struck out, and that material enough was at hand for my note-book. *Bobasheela* must be of this party, and therefore was not left behind: with all in (except the two bucks, who habitually went outside), the Indian bus, with four horses, was a travelling *music* box as it passed rapidly through the streets; and the clouds of smoke issuing from it at times often spread the alarm that "she was all on fire within" as she went by. At the brewery, where they had been invited by the proprietors, servants in abundance were in readiness to turn upon their giant hinges the great gates, and pass the carriage into the court; and at the entrance to the grand fountain of *chickabobboo* there were servants to receive them and announce their arrival, when they were met, and with the greatest politeness and kindness led by one of the proprietors, and an escort of ladies, through the vast labyrinths and mazes, through the immense halls and courts, and under and over the dry-land bridges and arches of this smoking, steeping, and steaming wonder of the world, as they were sure to call it when they got home. The vastness and completeness of this huge manufactory, or, in fact, village of manufactures, illustrated and explained in all its parts and all its mysterious modes of operation, formed a subject of

amazement in our own as well as the Indians' minds—difficult to be described, and never to be forgotten.

When the poor untutored Indians, from the soft and simple prairies of the Missouri, seated themselves upon a beam, and were looking into and contemplating the immensity of a smoking steeping-vat, containing more than 3000 barrels, and were told that there were 130 others of various dimensions in the establishment—that the whole edifice covered twelve acres of ground, and that there were necessarily constantly on hand in their cellars 232,000 barrels of ale, and also that this was only one of a great number of breweries in London, and that similar manufactories were in every town in the kingdom, though on a less scale, they began, almost for the first time since their arrival, to evince profound astonishment; and the fermentation in their minds, as to the consistency of white man's teachings of temperance and manufacturing and selling ale, seemed not less than that which was going on in the vast abyss below them. The pipe was lit and passed around while they were in this contemplative mood, and as their ears were open, they got, in the meantime, further information of the wonderful modes and operations of this vast machine; and also, in round numbers, read from a report by one of the proprietors, the quantity of ale consumed in the kingdom annually. Upon hearing this, which seemed to cap the climax of all their astonishment, they threw down the pipe, and leaping into an empty vat, suddenly dissipated the pain of their mental calculations by joining in the *Medicine (or Mystery) Dance*. Their yells and screaming echoing through the vast and vapouring halls, soon brought some hundreds of maltsmen, grinders, firers, mashers, ostlers, painters, coopers, &c., peeping through and amongst the blackened timbers and casks, and curling and hissing fumes, completing the scene as the richest model for the infernal regions.

Every reader will paint (and *must* paint) this picture for himself, imagining the steeping vapour everywhere rising in curling clouds of white towards the blackened walls, and

timbers, and wheels, and stairways, and arches, and bridges, and casks, and from amongst and between all of these, the blackened faces and glaring eyeballs piercing through the steam, upon the unusual, and to them as yet unaccountable, *fermentation* going on (to the admiration and amusement of those who were in the secret) in the empty vat!

At the end of their dance, a foaming mug of the *delicious* was passed around, enabling them more easily and lightly to comprehend the wonders of this mighty scene; and after they had finished their round, and seen its varied mysteries, a huge and delicious beefsteak, and foaming mugs of the *cream of chickabobboo*, prepared for them by the kind lady of one of the proprietors of the establishment, soon smoothed off all the edges of their astonishment; and after the waltz and the war-whoop, given to please the ladies, they again passed under the huge arches and gateways, and took their omnibus for a visit to the *Tower*.

The mood in which these good-natured fellows had left the brewery was a very merry one; they had got just ale enough for the present emergency, and seen an abundant and infallible source at the great fountain of *chickabobboo* to ensure them a constant supply, and seemed, as they passed along the streets, to be pleased with everything they saw. They met the man again with the "big nose," and succeeded in stopping the bus to take a good look at his wonderful proboscis. As the bus stopped, he, like many others, came up to catch a glimpse of the red skins, and they all declared, on close examination, that his nose at least must have been begot by a potato; for, as the women had before said, they could distinctly see the sprouts, and Jim and the Doctor both insisted, that "if it were planted it would sprout and grow."

They stopped the bus again to speak with some poor Lascars sweeping the streets; it was difficult to get any interpretation from them, though the Indians tried their

own language on both sides, but in vain; they gave them fifteen shillings, and passed on.

The Tower, from its outward appearance, did not seem to excite in them any extravagant expectation of what they were to see within its gloomy walls. They remarked, when going in, that "they were going to prison;" and they were of opinion, no doubt, that it consisted of little else, as they had as yet heard no other description of it than that it was the "*Tower of London*," and they were going to see it. Poor fellows! they guessed right; they knew not of the illustrious prisoners who had pined within its gloomy walls, nor of the blood that had been shed within and around it. They went to *see*, and had enough to engage all their thoughts and attention without referring to the events of history. We were kindly conducted through the different rooms, and most of its curiosities explained to us. The "small-arms room," containing 200,000 muskets, had been burned. The "horse armoury" seemed to afford them much delight; the thousands of various spears and lances, they thought, presented some beautiful models for Indian warfare, and hunting the buffaloes. The *beheading block*, on which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat were beheaded in the Tower in 1746, attracted their attention, and the axe that severed the head of Anne Boleyn.

In the *Regalia Room*, the crown of her Majesty and four other crowns, the sceptres and staffs, and orbs, swords of justice, swords of mercy, royal spurs, salts, baptismal fonts, &c., in massive gold and brilliant stones, seemed rather to disappoint than to astonish them; and to us, who knew better than they did the meaning and value of these magnificent treasures, there seemed a striking incongruity in the public exhibition of them in so confined and humble an apartment.

The *Thames Tunnel* was our next object, and a drive of a quarter of an hour brought us to the dismal neighbourhood of its entrance. Paying our fees, and descending

some hundred or more steps by a spiral staircase, we were ready to enter the tunnel. Walking through its gloomy halls, and spending a few shillings for toys protruded under our faces at every rod we advanced, by young women sitting at their little stalls under each of its arches, we at length ascended an equal number of steps, and came to the light of day on the opposite side of the Thames; and in the midst of one of the most unintelligible, forlorn, and forsaken districts of London or the world, we waited half an hour or more for our omnibus to make its circuit across the bridge and take us up. We sauntered and loitered our way through, and as long as we were passing this monster speculation of the world, we met, to the best of our recollection, but four or five persons passing through, who had paid their penny a-head for the privilege.

While waiting for the bus, some "on-the-spot" remarks were made by the Indians, which I thought had some sound sense in them. They thought it must have cost a great deal of money, and believed it was too far out of London ever to pay; and they did not see that it was any curiosity for them, as they had passed through several on the railway ten times as long. They did not think, however, that it need be time and money thrown away, as "they thought it might make a first-rate place to twist ropes." These and other remarks they were making about the great tunnel as we were jogging along towards home, and evidently somewhat surprised that we should have excited their curiosity so high about it.

On our return, after this fatiguing day's work was finished, their dinner was ready; and after that their pipe was smoked, a nap taken, and then their accustomed amusements in the Egyptian Hall. Their supper was the next thing, and with it their mug of *chickabobboo*, then their pipe, passing around as they all reclined on their buffalo robes on the floor, and then began the gossip about the sights they had seen and incidents they had witnessed during the day.

This extraordinary day's rambling had taken them across more bridges and through a greater number of crooked and narrow streets than they had passed on any former occasion, which brought the Doctor to one of the first and shrewdest remarks of the evening. He said "he thought from all that he had seen, sitting on top of the bus all day, that the English people had the best way in the world for crossing rivers, but he thought their *paths* were many of them too narrow and much too crooked."

"The poor people, and those who seemed to be drunk, were much more numerous than they had seen them in any other of their drives;" and they were counting the money left in their pouches to see how much they had thrown out to the poor. They soon agreed that "they had given away something more than thirty shillings, which they thought would do a great deal of good, and the Great Spirit would reward them for it."

The *Doctor* and *Jim*, the everlasting cronies, on the outside, were comparing their estimates of the numbers they had counted of the "*Kon-to-too-ags* (fighters with one horn)* that they had seen over the doors and shops as they had passed along, which they had been looking at every day since they came to London, but had never yet been able quite to learn the meaning of," and also "the *totems* (arms, as they supposed) of great chiefs, so beautifully painted and put out between their chamber windows."

The Doctor said "he believed the white people had got this custom from the Indians, as it was the habit of the great chiefs and warriors to put their '*totems*' over their *wig-wam* doors, but when they did so, they always put out scalps on certain days, to show what they had done. He had watched these *totems* in London as he had been riding, in all sorts of weather, and as he had seen no scalps or anything hung out by the side of them, he couldn't exactly see how all these people were entitled to them; still, it might

* The Royal Arms (the Lion and the Unicorn).

all be right." Daniel put the Doctor's inquiries all at rest on the subject of totems and the "one-horn fighters," by telling him that if he would wait a little until Mr. Catlin and Mr. Melody had gone, he would give him the whole history of white men's totems, how they got them and the use they made of them; and he would also tell him all about the "Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown," &c.

The Doctor here made some comments on the great white war-chief (the Duke of Wellington) who had been pointed out to them on horseback as they passed him in the street, and his wig-wam was also shown to them (*i.e.* to the Doctor and Jim as they sat outside with the driver). He was disposed to learn something more of him, and Daniel silenced him by saying, "Let that alone too for awhile, and I will tell you all about him."

Daniel and Jim I found at this time very busily engaged in a corner of the room, with a candle on the floor; whilst Daniel was entering in a little book the astonishing estimates given us at the brewery, of the quantity of ale on hand, the size and number of the vats, and the almost incredible quantity consumed in the kingdom each year. Jim, as I have before said, was the only one of the party who seemed ambitious to civilize; and as he was daily labouring to learn something of the English language, he had this day conceived the importance of instituting a little book of entries in which he could carry home, to enlighten his people, something like a brief statistical account of the marvellous things he was seeing, and was to see, amongst the white people.

Daniel had at this moment finished entering into it the estimates of the brewery and *chickabobboo*, which had opened their eyes wider, perhaps, than anything else they had seen; and he had very wisely left a few blank pages in the beginning of the book for other retrospective notes and estimates of things they had already seen since the day they left home. Jim's Journal was thus established, and he was, with Daniel's aid, to become a sort of historian to the party; and as the sequel will show, he became stimulated thereby

to greater exertions to see and to understand what was curious and interesting, and to get estimates of the beauties and blessings of civilization to carry home. He laboured from that moment indefatigably, not to write or to read, but to speak; and made rapid progress, as will be seen hereafter, having known, as he said, but two English sentences when he came to England, which were, "How do do?" and "God dam."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Ioways in Vauxhall Gardens—Surrey Theatre—Carter in the lions' cage—Astonishment of the Indians—Indians in the Diving Bell, at the Polytechnic Institution—Indians riding—Shooting at target on horseback—Ball-play—"Jolly fat dame"—Ladies converse with the Doctor—His reasons for not marrying—Curious questions—Plurality of wives—Amusing scene—The Author in Indian costume—A cruel experiment—Ioways arrive in Birmingham—The Author's arrival there—Society of Friends—Indians all breakfast with Mr. Joseph Sturge—Kind treatment—Conversation after breakfast about religion and education—Reply of the War-chief—The button-factory of Turner and Sons—Generous presents to the Indians—*Bobasheela* arrives—Indians dividing their buttons—Doctor found on top of the Shakespeare Buildings—Indians' kindness to a beggar-woman—Poor-houses—Many Friends visit the Indians—Indians' visit to Miss Catherine Hutton—Her great age—Her kindness—Dinner—Her presents to them in money—Parting scene—The War-chief's speech to her—Her letters to the Author—Indians present to the two hospitals 370 dollars—Address read by the Presidents to the Indians—Doctor's reply—Indians start for York—A fox-hunt—Curious notions of Indians about it—Visit to York Minster—Ascend the grand tower—Visit to the castle and prison—Museum of the instruments of murder—Alarm of the Doctor—Kindness of the governor of the castle and his lady—Indians' ideas of imprisonment for debt, and punishment for murder.

THE scene of the Indians' amusements was now changed from the Egyptian Hall to the open air in Vauxhall Gardens, and their dances and other exercises were given in the afternoon. Their lodgings were also changed at the same time to the buildings within the enclosure of the gardens. This arrangement was one of very great pleasure to the Indians, as it allowed a free space to exercise in during their leisure hours, amongst trees and shrubbery, affording them almost a complete resumption of Indian life in the wilderness, as they had the uninterrupted range of the gardens during the hours that the public were not there to

witness their amusements. This arrangement was pleasing to them in another respect, and to us also, as there were many things they were yet anxious to see in London, and which, as they could only be seen at night, our former arrangements had entirely precluded them from seeing. Under these new arrangements they still had their omnibus drives, and at night attended the parties of numerous friends who had been desirous to show them some attentions, and also were taken to several instructive exhibitions, and to two or three of the principal theatres.

We were then in the vicinity of the Surrey Theatre, where Mr. Carter, "the lion-tamer," invited them several times to witness his wonderful feat of going into the lion's cage. This scene was one of the most impressive and exciting nature to them, and will probably be as long recollected by them as the wonders opened to their minds at the *fountain of chickabobboo*.

The Polytechnic Institution was one I took great pleasure in accompanying them to; and a scene of much amusement for a numerous audience as well as amusing and astonishing to themselves, was that of their descending in the diving-bell. They were at first afraid of it, but after the Doctor had made a descent with me, and come out unhurt and unwet, several others went down with Mr. Melody, others with Jeffrey—the old War-chief with his old friend *Boba-sheela*, and so on, until every one of the party, men, women, and children, went down and experienced the curious sensation of that (to them) greatest of *medicine affairs*.

In Vauxhall Gardens the Indians erected their four wigwams of buffalo hides, and in darting into and about them during their various games and amusements, whilst the blue smoke was curling out of their tops, presented one of the most complete and perfect illustrations of an Indian encampment that could possibly have been designed. It was *the thing itself*, and the very men, women, and children living and acting on a similar green turf, as they do on the prairies of the Missouri.

In the amusements as there given, there was an addition to those which had been made in *Lord's Cricket-ground* some weeks before, having in Vauxhall brought horses in to add, with equestrian exercises, to the completion of all the modes practised by this tribe. The Ioways, like most of the Indians of the prairies of America, subsist upon the food of the buffalo, and kill them from their horses' backs, with their bows and arrows, while running at full speed. In the same manner they meet their enemies in battle, in which they carry their shield and lance. Thus fully equipped, with their own native shields and lances, and bows, and even the saddles and trappings for their horses, they all mounted upon their backs, in the midst of their amusements, and dashing off at full speed, illustrated their modes of drawing the bow as they drove their arrows into the target, or made their warlike feints at it with their long lances as they passed.

This formed the most attractive part of their exhibition, and thousands flocked there to witness their powers of horsemanship and skill in prairie warfare. This exciting exhibition which pleased the visitors, I could have wished might have been less fatiguing, and even dangerous, to the limbs of the Indians than it actually was from the awkwardness and perverseness and fright of the horses, not trained to Indian modes. With all these difficulties to contend with, however, they played their parts cheerfully and well, and the spectators seemed highly pleased. Amidst the throngs who visited them here, we could discover most of their old standard friends and admirers, who came to see them on horseback, and in the beautiful game of ball, in the open grounds of Vauxhall, where they could more easily approach and converse with them; and amongst such, the "jolly fat dame" was present, and more pleased than ever, when she could catch the Doctor's smile as he passed by her at full speed, and raising his shield of buffalo's hide upon his arm, he darted his long lance in feints at her breast, and sounded the piercing war-cry. The vanity of

the Doctor was so well suited in this mode of the exhibition, where he could dash by ranks and files, and even phalanxes of ladies, with the endless flourishes of his shield and lance, that he soon began to exhibit convincing evidences that his ambition and his vanity were too much for his bodily resources, which it became necessary to replenish occasionally by refusing him his horse, on which occasions he made good use of his time, by placing himself, wrapped in his robe, with his fan in his hand, by the side of the ladies, with whom he could exchange by this time a few words, and many significant looks and gestures, which never failed to amuse, and seldom failed to operate upon their generous feelings, which were constantly adding to the contents of his tobacco pouch, which was now known to be a reservoir for money and trinkets of various kinds, instead of tobacco.

I happened to be by the side of the Doctor on one of these occasions, when I became so much amused with the questions and answers, that I immediately after retired and committed them to my note book. A number of jolly fat dames, of middle and knowing age, had drawn themselves around the Doctor, and looking over their shoulders and under their arms, a number of delicate and coy little girls. And having called Jeffrey to translate, they were enabled to get the gist of all he said, without loss from modesty or evasion, which seemed to be exactly what they most desired. His friend Jim having seen him thus enveloped, turned *his* horse loose and came to his aid (or countenance), and as the old man hesitated, Jim gave him the nod and the wink to be plain in his replies. They had first asked him if he was married? to which he replied "No." They then asked him why he did not get him a wife? he said "He had always been very particular about giving offence to the women, and he had feared that if he selected one in preference to the others, that the others would all be offended." This queer reply raised a great laugh amongst the crowd, and encouraged the Doctor to go on. Some one of the ladies then told him she feared he did not admire the

ladies enough? he said, "he had always believed that the reason he did not get married was, that he admired them too much; he saw so many that he wanted, that he had never decided which to take, and so had taken none." Melody came up at this time, and seemed a little vexed, and said, "Catlin, you had better call that old fool away, those people will spoil him, he is quite vain enough now." "Oh, no," said I, "let him alone, he is gratifying the ladies, and we shall see, in a few moments, which is the fool, he or the ladies who are questioning him." Melody smiled, and looked on.

"I have been told," said one of the ladies, "that some of the Indians have a number of wives: is that so?"

"Yes," the Doctor replied in English, "sometimes have a heap." (The ladies all laughed.) Two or three inquired what a "heap" was? Jeffrey said, "Why, ma'am, it is what in our country means a 'lot': you know what they call a 'lot' here?" "Oh, yes! it means a great many." "Yes, a number." "Well, tell the Doctor I want to know what they do with so many?"

Here the poor Doctor was quite at a loss to know what to say; one thing he was sure to do—he smiled—and it seemed as if he wished that to go for an answer: and it might have done so with most of her sex, but in this instance it was not quite satisfactory, and the question was again put: to which the big-mouthed Jim, who I said had come to the relief of his friend, and who had a wife of his own, put in an instant reply, which relieved the Doctor, and seemed very much to embarrass the lady, for she instantly added, (as all were bursting with laughter,) "That isn't what I mean: I want to know how a chief can get along with so many, how he can manage them all, and keep them in good humour and satisfied; for," said she, "in this country, *one* is quite as much as a man can manage."

This seemed to afford the Doctor a little relief, and he was evidently able to go on again, as he smilingly said, "It was quite easy, as Indian women were much more peaceable

and quiet than white women, it was much more easy he thought to manage them; they drank no *chickabobboo*, and therefore did not require so much watching as white women."

The lady seemed quite balked in the debate she was about entering on with the Doctor, from her ignorance of the meaning of *chickabobboo*, and asked for an explanation of it, as if for all the company about; to which Jim put in (again in plain English), "Gin!" "Oh! Doctor," said she, "I hope you don't accuse the ladies of London of drinking gin?" The Doctor replied, that "he had not seen them do it, but that he had been told that they did, and that it was the reason why the ladies here grew so large and so fat." He said, "that they could always look out of the windows, where he lived, and just before going to bed they could see any night a hundred women going home with pitchers full of it, to drink after they got into bed, so as to sleep sound: and that one night, coming home in their carriage at a late hour, from a distance, where they had been to see a show, he and Jim had counted more than three hundred women running along in the street, with pitchers filled with it in their hands, to drink as they were going to bed."

The lady's explanation of this, that "It was only harmless ale that these women were carrying in for their masters and mistresses," excited the Doctor's smiles, but no reply.

She seemed not satisfied yet about the first subject that she had started, and reverting to it again, said, "Well, Doctor, I can't excuse the Indians for having so many wives. I like the Indians very much, but I don't like that custom they have; I think it is very cruel and very wicked. Don't you think it is wrong?"

The Doctor studied a moment, and replied, "that it might be wrong, but if it was, he didn't see that it was any worse than for white women to have a number of husbands." "But what, Doctor, what do you mean? I hope you have not so bad an opinion of white women as that?" To this he very coolly replied, "that when they drank a great deal

of gin, he believed, from what he had seen in his practice, that a woman would require more than one husband; and that since he had been in London he had seen many walking in the streets, and some riding in fine carriages, whom he thought, from their looks, must have more than one husband: and from what he had been told, he believed that many women in London had a *heap!*" "That's a *lot!*" (cried out a very pretty little girl, who had been listening, and, frightened at her own unintentional interpretation, started to run.)

"Come, come, Catlin," said Melody, "pull the old fellow out, and take him away;" and so the debate ended, amidst a roar of laughter from all sides.

One more of the hundred little reminiscences of Vauxhall, and we will leave it. I have already said, that in the spacious apartments of Vauxhall, unoccupied, the Indians were quartered, and took their meals; and during the forepart of the day, between their breakfast and the hour of their afternoon exhibitions, their time was mostly spent in strolling around the grounds, or at their varied amusements. Many of my personal friends finding this a pleasing opportunity to see them, were in the habit of coming in, and amusing themselves with them. I had accidentally heard of a party of ladies preparing to come on a certain morning, some of them my esteemed friends, and others strangers to me: and from a wish to get relieved from a fatiguing conversation, as well as from a still stronger desire for amusement, I selected from my wardrobe a very splendid dress, head-gear and all complete, and fully arranged myself in Indian costume, "*cap-à-pied*," with face fully painted, and weapons in hand; and at the hour of their arrival in the house, took care to be strolling about in the grounds with Wash-ka-mon-ya (Jim). Whilst the ladies were amused with the party in the house, where there were constant inquiries for me, two of them observing us two beaux sauntering about in the garden, came out to keep us company, and to talk to us, and with themselves, in the English lan-

guage, which of course we Indians knew nothing of: when we shook our heads to their inquiries, "Do you speak English, good Indians?" I saw they did not recognize me, yet I trembled for fear, for they were lovely women, and every sentence almost which they uttered would have made the discovery more cruel: we held ourselves dignified and dumb; whilst they, poor things, were so much regretting that we could not understand what they said. They finished their visit to us and their remarks, and returned, leaving me to regret my folly upon which I had thoughtlessly entered.

Several weeks were spent in their daily exhibitions in Vauxhall, and, as one can easily imagine, much to the satisfaction of the Indians, and, I believe, much to the amusement of the visitors who came to see them. Within the last week of their exhibition I admitted from charity schools 32,000 children, with their teachers, free of charge; to all of whom I gave instructive lectures on the position of the tribe, their condition, their customs and character: and explained also the modes, which were acted out by 14 living Indians before their eyes; and but one of these schools ever communicated with me after, to thank me for the amusement or instruction; which might *not* have been a *curious omission*, but I thought it *was*, at the time.

With the amusements at Vauxhall ended my career in London; and contemplating a tour to several of the provincial towns, in company with the Indians, I took my little family to Brighton, and having left them comfortably situated and provided for, I joined the party in Birmingham, where they had arrived and taken lodgings. The idea of moving about pleased the Indians very much, and I found them all in high spirits when I arrived, delighted to have found that the *chickabobboo* was the same there as in London, and was likely to continue much the same in all parts of the kingdom to which they should go. There was an unfortunate offset to this pleasing intelligence, however, which seemed to annoy them very much, and of which they

were making bitter complaint. On leaving London for the country, they had spent some days, and exercised all their ingenuity, in endeavouring to clean their beautiful skin dresses, which the soot of London had sadly metamorphosed; and on arriving in Birmingham they had the extreme mortification to anticipate, from appearances, an equal destruction of that soft and white surface which they give to their skin dresses, and which (though it had been entirely lost sight of during the latter part of their stay in London) had, with great pains, been partially restored for a more pleasing appearance in the country.

Though I had several times passed through Birmingham, and on one occasion stopped there a day or two, I entered this time a total stranger, and in rather a strange and amusing manner. On my journey there by the railway, I had fallen in company and conversation with a very amusing man, who told me he was a commercial traveller, and we had had so much amusing chat together, that when we arrived, at a late hour at night, I was quite happy to follow his advice as to the quarters we were to take up in the town, at least for the night. He said it was so late that the hotels would be closed, and that the commercial inn, where he was going, was the only place open, and I should find there everything to make me comfortable, and a very nice sort of people. We took an omnibus for town, and as there was only room for one inside, he got upon the top, and so we went off; and getting, as I supposed, into or near the middle of the town, the bus stopped at a "commercial inn," which was open, and lighted up in front, and a number of passengers getting out, and others down from the top, I was seeing to get my luggage in safe, and the omnibus drove off with my jolly companion still on the top; or this I presumed, as he was not left behind. My only alternative now was, to make the best of it, and be as comfortable as I could; so I got into the "commercial room," and having been told that I should have a bed, I felt quite easy, and told the plump, tidy little landlady,

who was waiting upon me herself, that I would have a mug of ale and a biscuit, and then be ready to go to bed. As she turned round to execute my command, she met a party consisting of three young women, and a man leading one of them on his arm, and in his hands carrying three or four carpet-bags and band-boxes, just got down from the same bus, and entering the inn on the same errand that I was on. "Madam," said he, "what have you?"—"Hevery-think, sir, that you can wish." "Well, one thing we *must* have, that is, two beds."—"They are ready, sir." "Well, ladies," said he, "suppose we take a drop of wet." This agreed to, the "wet" was brought in in a moment, and also my mug of ale.

A very genteel-looking little man whom I had seen in the same carriage with me, and now sitting in the room before me, with his carpet-bag by the side of him, and his umbrella in his hand, addressed me, "Stranger, you'll allow me."—"Certainly, sir." "I think I heard you tell a gentleman in the carriage that you were from New York."—"Yes, I did so." "*I'm* from there. I left there four months ago, and I've gone ahead, or I'll be shot. How long have *you* bin from there, sir?"—"About five years." "Hell! there's been great fixins there in that time; you'd scarcely know New York now; look here, isn't this the darndest strange country you ever saw in your life? rot 'em, I can't get 'em to do anything as I want it done; they are the greatest set of numskulls I ever saw; now see, that little snub of a petticoat that's just gone out there, I suppose she is cock of the walk here too; she's been all civility to you, but I've had a hell of a blow up with her; I was in here not five minutes before you by the watch, and I spoke for a bed and a mug of ale; she brought me the ale, and I told her to bring me a tumbler and a cracker, and she turned upon me in a hell of a flare-up. She said she was very much obliged to me for my himpudence, she didn't allow crackers in her house, and as for 'tumblers,' they were characters she never had anything to do with, thank God; they were a low set of creatures, and they never got

any favour about her house. She wanted to know what quarter I came from. I told her I wasn't from *any quarter*, I was from *half*—half the globe, by God, and the better half too—wasn't I right, stranger? She said her house was a hinn, to be sure, but she didn't hentertain blackguards, so there was my hale, and I might drink it hup and be hoff, and be angled, and then she eut her string quicker than lightning; now isn't she a hard un? I don't suppose there is another house open in this darned outlandish place at this time of the night; what the devil shall I do? *you* are fixed snug enough." "Oh, well, never mind," said I, "be quite easy, it is settled in a moment,"—as I rung the bell. The tidy little landlady came in again, and I said, "This gentleman will have a glass if you please, and a biscuit."—"Hif he *was* a gentleman, Sir," said she, "but I assure you, Sir, is beaviour as'nt been much like it." "Well, well," said I, "never mind it now, you will be good friends after a little better understanding—he comes from a country where a glass is a *tumbler* and a biscuit is a *cracker*: now, if you had known this, there would have been no difficulty between you." "Ho, that I hadmit, but it's very hodd." "Never mind that, you will find him a good fellow, and give him his bed." "Is bed, Sir?—hit's too late; it's been hoccupied hever since you entered the ouse—the only chance his for you and im to turn hin." "Well," said I, "never mind, he and I will manage that; it is after midnight, and I suppose the other houses are all shut?" "I'll hanswer for that: hif you are ready, gentlemen, I'll show you hup." My friend kept by my side, but knowing the gloomy fate that awaited him if he got into the street again, he kept entirely quiet until the little landlady was down stairs. "There," said he, "isn't she a roarer? I could have settled the hash with her myself in a twinkling, if she had only let me have said five words, but her tongue run so slick that I couldn't get the half of a word in edgewise."

My new acquaintanee and I talked a little more before we "turned in," but much more after we had got into

bed. He could command words and ideas fast enough when he was on his feet; but I found in him something of Jim's peculiarity, that he thought much faster and stronger when on his back; and for half an hour or so I reaped the benefit of the improvement. How long I heard him, and how much he actually said, I never could tell exactly; but what he said before I went to sleep I always distinctly recollected, and a mere sentence or two of it was as follows:—"Well, stranger, here we are: this is droll, ain't it? 'hodd,' as the landlady would call it. I'd a been in the streets to-night as sure as cat-gut if it hadn't been for you. God knows I am obliged to you. You've got a sort o' way o' gettin' along ur' these ere darned, ignorant, stupid sort o' beings. I can't do it: dod rot 'em! they put me out at every step; they are so eternally ignorant; did you ever see the like? I suppose you are going to stop awhile in Birmingham?" "A few days." "I shall be here a week, and be bright and early enough to get into a decenter house than this is, and be glad to join you. I was told in London that the Ioway Indians went on here yesterday. I'm damned anxious to meet them: you've seen them, I suppose?" "Yes, I saw them in London." "Well, I did not; I was just too late; but I must go and look 'em up to-morrow: they know me." "Then you have seen them?" "Oh, dam 'em, yes: I've known 'em for several years: they'll be at home with me at once. I've run buffaloes with White-Cloud, the chief, many and many a time. He and I have camped out more than once. They are a fine set of fellows. I'm going to spend some time with them in Birmingham. I know 'em like a book. Oh yes, they'll know me quick enough. I was all through their country. I went clean up Lake Superior, nearly to Hudson's Bay. I saw all the Chippeways, and the Black-feet, and the Crows, Catlin's old friends. By the way, Catlin, I'm told, is with these Indians, or was, when they were in London—he's all sorts of a man." "Have you seen him?" "Seen him? why, dam it, I raised him, as the saying is: I have known

him all my life. I met him a number of times in the Prairie country ; he's a roarer." This was about the last that I distinctly recollected before going to sleep ; and the next morning my vigilant and wide-awake little bedfellow, being about the room a little before me, where my name was conspicuous on my carpet bag and writing-desk, &c., had from some cause or other thought it would be less trouble and bother to wend his way amongst these "stupid and ignorant beings" alone, than to encounter the Indians and Mr. Catlin, and endeavour to obliterate the hasty professions he had made ; and therefore, when I came down and called for breakfast for two, the landlady informed me that my companion had paid his bill and left at an early hour. I was rather sorry for this, for he was quite an amusing little man, and I have never heard of him since.

I found the dumpy little landlady kindly disposed, and she gave me a very good breakfast, amusing me a great deal with anecdotes of the party who called for "a little bit of wet;" she informed me they were a wedding-party, and the man who had the lady on his arm was the bridegroom. While waiting for my breakfast I was much amused with some fun going on in the street before the window. It seems that the house directly opposite had been taken by a couple of tidy-looking young women who were sisters, and that, having established a millinery business on the lower floor, they had several apartments which they were anxious to underlet in order to assist them in paying their heavy rent. Young gentlemen are everywhere in this country considered the most desirable lodgers, as they give less trouble than any others, are less of the time at home, and generally pay best. These young adventurers had been therefore anxious to get such a class of lodgers in their house, and had, the day before, employed a sign-painter to paint a conspicuous board, in bright and glaring letters, which was put up on a post erected in the little garden in front of their house, near the gate. The announcement ran, when the young ladies retired to bed, "*Lodgings for single gentlemen*"

—a customary and very innocent way of offering apartments ; but owing to the cruelty of some wag during the night, it was found in the morning, to the great amusement of the collected crowd, to read, “*Longings for single gentlemen.*” How long this continued to amuse the passers-by, or how it might have affected the future prospects of the poor girls, I cannot of course tell, as I forthwith proceeded to a more pleasant part of the town. Birmingham I found on further acquaintance to be one of the pleasantest towns I visited in the kingdom, and its hotels and streets generally very different from those into which my commercial travelling acquaintance had that night led me.

Mr. Melody had all things prepared for our exhibition when I arrived, having taken the large hall in the Shakspeare Buildings, and also procured rooms for the Indians to sleep in in the same establishment.

The Indians and myself were kindly received in Birmingham, for which, no doubt, they, like myself, will long feel grateful. The work which I had published had been extensively read there, and was an introduction of the most pleasing kind to me, and the novelty and wildness of the manners of the Indians enough to ensure them much attention.

In their exhibition room, which was nightly well attended, we observed many of the Society of Friends, whom we could always easily distinguish by their dress, and also more easily by the kind interest they expressed and exhibited, whenever opportunity occurred, for the welfare of those poor people. The Indians, with their native shrewdness and sagacity, at once discovered from their appearance and manner that they were a different class of people from any they had seen, and were full of inquiries about them. I told them that these were of the same society as their kind friend Dr. Hodgkin, whom they so often saw in London, who is at the head of the *Aborigines Protection Society*, who was the first person in England to invite them to his table, and whom the reader will recollect they called *Ichon-*

na Wap-pa. (the straight coat); that they were the followers of the great William Penn, whom I believed they had heard something about. They instantly pronounced the name of " Penn, Penn," around the room, convincing me, as nearly every tribe I ever visited in the remotest wildernesses in America had done, that they had heard, and attached the greatest reverence to, the name of Penn.

These inquiries commenced in their private room one evening after the exhibition had closed, and they had had an interview in the exhibition room with several ladies and gentlemen of that society, and had received from them some very valuable presents. They all agreed that there was something in their manners and in their mode of shaking hands with them that was more kind and friendly than anything they had met amongst other people; and this I could see had made a sensible impression upon them.

I took this occasion to give them, in a brief way, an account of the life of the immortal William Penn; of his good faith and kindness in all his transactions with the Indians, and the brotherly love he had for them until his death. I also gave them some general ideas of the Society of Friends in this country, from whom the great William Penn came;—that they were the friends of all the human race; that they never went to war with any people; that they therefore had no enemies; they drink no spirituous liquors; that in America and this country they were unanimously the friends of the Indians; and I was glad to find that in Birmingham we were in the midst of a great many of them, with whom they would no doubt become acquainted. There were here some inquiries about the religion of the Friends, which I told them was the Christian religion, which had been explained to them; that they were all religious and charitable, and, whatever religion the Indians might prefer to follow, these good people would be equally sure to be their friends. They seemed, after this, to feel an evident pleasure whenever they saw parties of Friends entering the room: they at once recognised them

whenever they came in, and, on retiring to their own room, counted up the numbers that had appeared, and made their remarks upon them. In one of these conversations I pleased them very much by reading to them a note which I had just received from Mr. Joseph Sturge, with whom I had been acquainted in London, and who was now residing in Birmingham, inviting me to bring the whole party of Indians to his house to breakfast the next morning. I told them that Mr. Sturge was a very distinguished man, and one of the leading men of the Society of Friends. This pleased them all exceedingly, and at the hour appointed this kind gentleman's carriages were at the door to convey the party to his house. Mr. Melody and Jeffrey accompanied us, and there were consequently seventeen guests to be seated at this gentleman's hospitable board, besides a number of his personal friends who were invited to meet the Indians. After receiving all in the most cordial manner, he read a chapter in his Bible, and then we were invited to the table. This interview elicited much interesting conversation, and gained for the Indians and Mr. Melody many warm and useful friends.

Before taking leave, the War-chief arose, and, offering his hand to Mr. Sturge, made the following remarks:—

“My Friend,—The Great Spirit, who does everything that is good, has inclined your heart to be kind to us; and, first of all, we thank Him for it.

“The Chief, White Cloud, who sits by me, directs me to say that we are also thankful to you for this notice you have taken of us, poor and ignorant people, and we shall recollect and not forget it.

“We hope the Great Spirit will be kind to you all. I have no more to say.”

The simplicity of this natural appeal to the Great Spirit, and its close (in which they were commended by the poor and unenlightened Indian of the wilderness to the care and kindness of their God), seemed to create surprise in the minds of the audience, and to excite in the Indians' behalf a deep and lively interest.

After the breakfast and conversation were over, the

whole party was kindly sent back by the same carriages, and the Indians returned in a state of perfect delight with the treatment they had met with, and the presents they had received.

Poor *Jim* (the student and recorder) was anxious that I should write down the name of *William Penn* in his book, and also that of the gentleman who had just entertained us, that he might be able to repeat them correctly when he got back to the wilderness again, and have something to say about them.

We found on our return that the hour of another engagement was at hand, and carriages were soon prepared to take us to the button-factory of Messrs. Turner and Son, to which we had been kindly invited; and on our arrival we found ourselves most cordially received and entertained. The proprietor led the party through every room in his extensive establishment, and showed them the whole process of striking the buttons and medals from various dies, which pleased them very much, and, after showing and explaining to them all the different processes through which they passed in their manufacture, led them into his ware-room or magazine, where his stock on hand was exhibited, and package after package, and gross upon gross, of the most splendid and costly buttons were taken down, and by his own generous hand presented to them. These were such *brilliant evidences* of kindness, and would be so ornamental to the splendid dresses which they and their wives were to have when they got home, that they looked upon them as more valuable than gold or silver. These were presented to them in the aggregate, and all carried in a heavy parcel by the interpreter; and when they had thanked the gentleman for his munificent liberality and got back to their rooms, a scene of great brilliancy and much interest and amusement was presented for an hour or two, while they had their treasures spread out, covering half of the floor on which they lodged, and making a *per capita* division of them.

In the midst of this exhilarating and dazzling scene, their old friend *Bobasheela* made his appearance, having just arrived from London on his way to Cornwall. He could not, he said, pass within a hundred miles of them without stopping to see them a few days, and smoke a pipe or two with them again. *Bobasheela* was stopped at the door, notwithstanding their love for him; he could not step in without doing sacrilege with his muddy boots to the glittering carpet of buttons which they had formed on the floor, and upon which his eyes were staring, as he thought at the first glance they could have committed no less a trespass than to have plundered a jeweller's shop. A way was soon opened for his feet to pass, and, having taken a hearty shake of the hand with all, he was offered a seat on the floor, and in a few moments found that an equal parcel was accumulating between his knees as in front of each, and that, instead of fourteen, they were now dividing them into fifteen parcels. This he objected to, and with much trouble got them to undo what they had done, and go back to the first regulation of dividing them equally amongst fourteen.

The Shakspeare Buildings afforded the Indians a fine promenade in its large portico overlooking the street, where all Birmingham passed before their eyes, giving them one of the most gratifying privileges they had had, and promising them a rich and boundless means of amusement; but their enjoyment of it was short, for the crowds that assembled in the streets became a hinderance to business, and they were denied the further privilege of their delightful look-out. They were therefore called in, and stayed in, and yet the crowd remained, and could not be dispersed, while their attention seemed fixed upon some object higher up than the portico, which led us at once to surmise its cause, and, searching for the old Doctor, he was not to be found: he was, of course, upon the pinnacle of the house, wrapped in his robe, smiling upon the crowd beneath him, and taking a contemplative gaze over the city and country that lay under his view. I could only get to him by following the intricate

mazes through which the old lady (curatress) conducted me, and through which the Doctor said he had required several days of investigation to find his way, and which he had never succeeded in until just at that moment.

Under this rather painful embargo there was no satisfactory way of peeping into the amusements of the streets but by going down the stairs, which Jim and his ever-curious friend the Doctor used daily and almost hourly to do, and, standing in the hall, see all they could that was amusing, until the crowd became such that it was necessary to recall them to their room. On one of these occasions they had espied a miserably poor old woman, with her little child, both in rags, and begging for the means of existence. The pity of the kind old Doctor was touched, and he beckoned her to come to him, and held out some money; but fear was superior to want with her, and she refused to take the prize. The Doctor went for Daniel, who, at his request, prevailed upon the poor woman to come up to their room, by assuring her that they would not hurt her, and would give her much more than white people would. She came up with Daniel, and the Indians, all seated on the floor, lit a pipe as if going into the most profound council; and so they were, for with hearts sympathizing for the misery and poverty of this pitiable-looking object, a white woman and child starving to death amidst the thousands of white people all around her in their fine houses and with all their wealth, they were anxious to talk with her, and find out how it was that she should not be better taken care of. Jeffrey was called to interpret, and Melody, *Bobasheela*, Daniel, and myself, with two or three friends who happened to be with us at the time, were spectators of the scene that ensued. The War-chief told her not to be frightened nor to let her little child be so, for they were her friends; and the Doctor walked up to her, took his hand out from under his robe, put five shillings into hers, and stepped back. The poor woman curtsied several times, and, crossing her hands upon her breast, as

she retreated to the wall, thanked "his Honour" for his kindness. "The Lard be with your Honours for your loving kindness, and may the Lard of Haven bless you to al etarnity, for ee niver e thought af sich threatment fram sich fraightful-lukin gantlemin as ee was a thakin you to ba."

The War-chief then said to her, "There, you see, by the money we have been all of us giving out of our purses, that we wish to make you happy with your little child, that you may have something for it to eat; you see now that we don't wish to hurt you, and we shall not; but we want to talk with you a little, and before we talk we always make our presents, if we have anything to give. We are here poor, and a great way from home, where we also have our little children to feed; but the Great Spirit has been kind to us, and we have enough to eat." To this the Indians, who were passing the pipe around, all responded "*How! how! how!*"

The old chief then proceeded to ask the poor woman how she became so poor, and why the white people did not take care of her and her child. She replied that she had been in the workhouse, and her husband was there still; she described also the manner in which she had left it, and how she became a beggar in the streets. She said that when she and her husband were taken into the poorhouse they were not allowed to live together, and that she would rather die than live in that way any longer, or rather beg for something to eat in the streets as she was now doing; and as the cold weather was coming in, she expected her child and herself would be soon starved to death.

The poor Indians, women and all, looked upon this miserable shivering object of pity, in the midst of the wealth and luxuries of civilization, as a mystery they could not expound, and, giving way to impulses that they could feel and appreciate, the women opened their trunks to search for presents for the little child, and by White Cloud's order filled her lap with cold meat and bread sufficient to last

them for a day or two. The good old Doctor's politeness and sympathy led him to the bottom of the stairs with her, where he made her understand by signs that every morning, when the sun was up to a place that he pointed to with his hand, if she would come, she would get food enough for herself and her little child as long as they stayed in Birmingham; and he recollected his promise, and made it his especial duty every morning to attend to his pensioners at the hour appointed.*

The moral to be drawn from all this was one of curious interest and results in the minds of the Indians, and a long conversation ensued amongst them, in which *Daniel* and their friend *Bobasheela* (who were familiar with the sufferings and modes of treatment of the poor) took part, and which, as *Melody* and I had withdrawn, afterwards gave us some cause to regret that such a pitiable object of charity had been brought into their presence for the temporary relief they could give her, and which resulted in so glaring an account of the sum total of misery and poverty that was constantly about them, of the extent of which we both began to think it would have been better to have kept them ignorant. *Daniel* and *Bobasheela* had opened their eyes to the system of poorhouses and other public establishments for the employment and protection of the poor; and until this account, which was already entered in *Jim's* book, had been given them by these two knowing politicians, they had but little idea of this enormous item that was to go into the scales in weighing the blessings of civilization.

Almost daily visits were now being made to their private rooms by parties of ladies and gentlemen of the Society of

* It is worthy of remark, and due to these kind-hearted people, that I should here explain that this was by no means a solitary instance of their benevolence in Birmingham. Whenever they could get out upon the portico to look into the streets, they threw their pence to the poor; and during the time they were residing in London, we ascertained to a certainty that they gave away to poor Lascars and others in the streets, from their omnibus, many pounds sterling.

Friends, with whom they were rapidly advancing into the most interesting acquaintance, and which I observed it was affording Mr. Melody almost unspeakable satisfaction to behold. They were kindly invited to several houses, and treated at their tables with the greatest friendship. Of these, there was one visit that it would be wrong for me to overlook and to neglect to give here the notes that I made of it at the time.

A note was written to me in a bold and legible hand by Miss Catherine Hutton, desiring to know "at what hour it would be suitable for her to come from her house, a few miles out of town, to see the Indians (for whom she had always had a great love), so as not to meet a crowd, for her health was not very good, being in the ninety-first year of her age." This venerable and most excellent lady I held in the highest respect, from a correspondence I had held with her on the subject of the Indians ever since I had been in England, though I never had seen her. Her letters had always teemed with love and kindness for these benighted people, and also with thanks to me for having done so much as I had for their character and history. I therefore deemed it proper to respond to her kindness by proposing to take the whole party to her house and pay her the visit. Her note was answered with that proposition, which gave her great pleasure, and we took a carriage and went to her delightful residence.

We were received with unbounded kindness by this most excellent and remarkable lady, and spent a couple of hours under her hospitable roof with great satisfaction to ourselves, and with much pleasure to her, as her letter to me on the following day fully evinced.* After a personal introduction

* *Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham, Nov. 1st, 1844.*

My dear Mr. Catlin,—I have seen the nobility of England at a birth-night ball in St. James's palace. I have seen the King and Queen move around the circle, stopping to speak to every individual, and I have wondered what they could have to say. I have seen the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth) open the ball with a minuet, and afterwards dance

to each one in turn, as she desired, and half an hour's conversation, they were invited into an adjoining room to a breakfast-table loaded with the luxuries she had thought most grateful to their tastes. This finished, another half-hour or more was passed in the most interesting conversation, containing her questions and their answers, and her Christian advice to prepare their minds for the world to which, said she, "we must all go soon, and, for myself, I am just going, and am ready." When we were about to take our leave of her, she called each one up in succession, and, having a quantity of money in silver half-crowns placed on the sofa by her side, she dealt it out to them as they came up, shaking hands at the same time and bidding each one a lasting farewell, embracing each of the women and children in her arms and kissing them as she took leave. This kindness melted their hearts to tears, and brought old *Neu-mon-ya* (the War-chief) up before her at full length, to make the following remarks:—

"My Friend,—The Great Spirit has opened your heart to feel a friendship for the red people, and we are thankful to Him for it. We have been happy to see your face to-day, and our hearts will never forget your kindness. You have put a great deal of money into our hands, which will help

down a country dance; and I thought him a handsome young man, and a fine dancer. This was in the year 1780.

Yesterday, as you well know, for you brought them to visit me, I saw the fourteen Ioway Indians. I shook hands with each, and told them, through the interpreter, that red men were my friends. I looked at them, as they were seated in a half-circle in my drawing-room, immoveable as statues, and magnificently dressed in their own costume, with astonishment. I had never seen a spectacle so imposing. At my request, you presented them to me separately—first the men, and then the women and children—and I gave each a small present, for which they were so thankful. At parting, the War-chief stood before me and made a speech, thanking me for my kindness to them, which they should long recollect, and saying, "that, although we should meet no more in this world, yet he hoped the Great Spirit would make us meet in the next." The action of the chief was free and natural, and most graceful; far superior to anything I ever saw. Indeed, these people are the nobility of nature.

I am, my dear Sir, your very obliged and very respectful

CATHERINE HUTTON.

to feed our little children, and the Great Spirit will not forget this when you go before him.

“My kind Mother,—You are very old. Your life has been good; and the Great Spirit has allowed you to live to see us; and He will soon call you to Him. We live a great way from here, and we shall not look upon your face again in this world; though we all believe that, if we behave well enough, we shall see your face in the world to come.”

The chief here stopped, and, shaking her hand again, withdrew. The excellent lady was overwhelmed in tears, and called to her maid, “Betty, bring all the silver that I left in the drawer there; bring the whole of it and divide it among them; my eyes are so weak that I cannot see it—give it to them, dear creatures! May God bless their dear souls!” Such had been the meeting, and such were her parting words as we came away.

The Indians continued to speak in terms of the greatest admiration of this kind old lady, and the certainty that they should never see her face again made them for some days contemplative and sad. They had many civilities extended to them in town, however, which were calculated to dissipate melancholy and contemplation. Their repeated visits to the house and the table of Doctor Percy were exceedingly pleasing to them, where they were amused with experiments in electricity and galvanism, and other chemical results, to them new, and far beyond the reach of their comprehensions.

Their days and nights were now passing away very pleasantly, visited by and visiting so many kind friends, doing all they could to make them happy—giving their nightly amusements at the Shakspearian Rooms, and enjoying the society and western jokes of their old friend *Bobasheela*, and, after their dinners and suppers, their other old friend, *chickabobboo*.

About this time some very kindly-disposed friends proposed that a couple of nights of their exhibitions should be given in the immense room of the Town-hall, and one half of the receipts be presented to the two hospitals, representing that upon such conditions they thought the use of the hall

would be granted free of expense, and believing that the results would be beneficial to both parties. Mr. Melody and I at once consented, and, the entertainments on those two nights being for a charitable purpose, the crowds that came in were very great, and the receipts beyond what we expected, the profits being 145*l.* 12*s.*, the half of which, 72*l.* 16*s.*, the Ioways presented to the two hospitals, and on the following day were invited to attend at the Town-hall at eleven o'clock in the morning, to receive an acknowledgment of it from the venerable Presidents of the two institutions, and to hear an address which was prepared to be read and given to them. The Indians met the two kind and excellent gentlemen (both of whom were Friends), and many others, both ladies and gentlemen, of their society; and seeing the results of this meeting likely to be of a very interesting nature, I took pains to make notes of all that was said on the occasion. The venerable Mr. R. T. Cadbury, from the General Hospital, in a very impressive manner, and suited to their understandings, explained to the Indians, through their interpreter, the purpose for which the hospital was built and carried on, after which he read the following resolution, which had been passed at the weekly meeting of the Board of Governors on the preceding day:—

“Resolved,—That the Chairman be requested to present the thanks of this Board to Mr. Catlin, Mr. Melody, and the Ioway Indians, for the donation of 36*l.* 8*s.*, being a moiety of the net proceeds of two exhibitions made for the benefit of the two hospitals at the Town-hall; and to assure them their generous gift shall be faithfully applied to the relief of the sick and maimed, for whose benefit the said hospital was instituted, and for sixty-five years has been supported by voluntary donations and subscriptions.”

After reading this, Mr. Cadbury presented to each of them a copy of the annual report and rules of the institution, and expressed a hope that all of them would reach their distant homes in safety, and that their visit to this country would be beneficial to them.

The chief, *White Cloud*, shook hands with Mr. Cadbury, and replied as follows:—

“ My Friend,—I have very few remarks to make to you. We are all very thankful to you for the speech you have made to us, and for the prayer you have made that we may all reach home safe. Those words pleased all my people here very much, and we thank you for them.

“ My Friend,—We have now been some time in England, and, amongst all the words of friendship we have heard, nothing has been more pleasing to us than the words we have heard from your lips. We have seen some of the greatest men in this country, and none have delighted us so much as you have by the way in which you have spoken; and we believe that the service we have rendered to the hospital will be looked on with mutual satisfaction.

“ My Friend,—The Americans have been long trying to civilize us, and we now begin to see the advantages of it, and hope the Government of the United States will do us some good. I hope some of the people of my nation will place their children with white people, that they may see how the white children live.

“ My Friend,—I have nothing more to say, but to thank you.”

After the speech of White Cloud, Mr. J. Cadbury, at the head of a deputation from the “*Temperance Society*” (to which the Indians had sent also the sum of 36*l.* 8*s.*), presented himself, and read an address from that association, thanking them for the amount received, and advising the Indians to abstain from the use of “*fire-water*,” and to practise *charity*, which was one of the greatest of virtues.

Mr. Cadbury then addressed the Indians, in all the fervency and earnestness of prayer, on the all-important subject of temperance. His words and sentences, selected for their simple understandings, were in the simplicity, and consequently the eloquence of nature, and seemed to win their highest admiration and attention. He painted to them in vivid colours the horrors and vice of intemperance, and its consequences; and also the beauty and loveliness of sobriety, and truth, and charity, which he hoped and should pray that they might practise in the wilderness, with constant prayers to the Great Spirit in the heavens, when they returned to their own country.

When this venerable gentleman's remarks were finished, the old Doctor (or Medicine-man) arose from his seat upon the floor, with his pipe in his lips, and, advancing, shook hands

with the two Messrs. Cadbury, and, handing his pipe to the chief, spoke as follows:—

“ My Friends,—I rise to thank you for the words you have spoken to us: they have been kind, and we are thankful for them.

“ My Friends,—When I am at home in the wilderness, as well as when I am amongst you, I always pray to the Great Spirit; and I believe the chiefs and the warriors of my tribe, and even the women also, pray every day to the Great Spirit, and He has therefore been very kind to us.

“ My Friends,—We have been this day taken by the hand in friendship, and this gives us great consolation. Your friendly words have opened our ears, and your words of advice will not be forgotten.

“ My Friends,—You have advised us to be charitable to the poor, and we have this day handed you 360 dollars to help the poor in your hospitals. We have not time to see those poor people, but we know you will make good use of the money for them; and we shall be happy if, by our coming this way, we shall have made the poor comfortable.

“ My Friends,—We Indians are poor, and we cannot do much charity. The Great Spirit has been kind to us though since we came to this country, and we have given altogether more than 200 dollars to the poor people in the streets of London before we came here; and I need not tell you that this is not the first day that we have given to the poor in this city.

“ My Friends,—If we were rich, like many white men in this country, the poor people we see around the streets in this cold weather, with their little children barefooted and begging, would soon get enough to eat, and clothes to keep them warm.

“ My Friends,—It has made us unhappy to see the poor people begging for something to eat since we came to this country. In our country we are all poor, but the poor all have enough to eat, and clothes to keep them warm. We have seen your poorhouses, and been in them, and we think them very good; but we think there should be more of them, and that the rich men should pay for them.

“ My Friends,—We admit that before we left home we all were fond of ‘*fire-water*,’ but in this country we have not drunk it. Your words are good, and we know it is a great sin to drink it. Your words to us on that subject, can do but little good, for we are but a few; but if you can tell them to the white people, who make the ‘*fire-water*,’ and bring it into our country to sell, and can tell them also to the thousands whom we see drunk with it in this country, then we think you may do a great deal of good; and we believe the Great Spirit will reward you for it.

“ My Friends,—It makes us unhappy, in a country where there is so much wealth, to see so many poor and hungry, and so many as we see drunk. We know you are good people, and kind to the poor, and we give you our hands at parting; praying that the Great Spirit will assist you in taking care of the poor, and making people sober.

“ My Friends,—I have no more to say.”

Temperance medals were then given to each of the Indians, and the deputation took leave.

A council was held that evening in the Indians' apartments, and several pipes smoked, during which time the conversation ran upon numerous topics, the first of which was the interesting meeting they had held that day, and on several former occasions, with the Friends, and which good people they were about to leave, and they seemed fearful they should meet none others in their travels. They were passing their comments upon the vast numbers which Daniel and *Bobasheela* had told them there actually were of poor people shut up in the poorhouses, besides those in the streets, and underground in the coal-pits; and concluded that the numerous clergymen they had to preach to them, and to keep them honest and sober, were not too many, but they thought they even ought to have more, and should at least keep all they had at home, instead of sending them to preach to the Indians. *Jim* was busy poring over his note-book, and getting Daniel to put down in round numbers the amount of poor in the poorhouses and in the streets, which they had found in some newspaper. And he was anxious to have down without any mistake the large sum of money they had presented to the hospitals, so that when they got home they could tell of the charity they had done in England; and if ever they got so poor as to have to beg, they would have a good paper to beg with. The sum, in American currency (as they know less of pounds, shillings, and pence), amounted to the respectable one of 370 dollars.

This last night's talk in Birmingham was rather a gloomy one, for it was after leave had been taken of all friends. *Bobasheela* was to start in the morning for Liverpool, and I for London, where I had been summoned to attend as a witness in court, and Mr. Melody and the Indians were to leave for Nottingham and other towns in the north. So at a late hour we parted, and early in the morning set out for our different destinations, bearing with us many warm

attachments formed during our short stay in the beautiful town of Birmingham.

For what befel these good fellows in Nottingham and Leeds there will probably be no historian, as I was not with them. I commenced with them in York, where I became again the expounder of their habits and mysteries, and was delighted to meet them on classic ground, where there is so much to engage the attention and admiration of civilized or savage. I had visited York on a former occasion, and had the most ardent wish to be present at this time, and to conduct these rude people into the noble cathedral, and on to its grand tower. I had this pleasure; and in it accomplished one of my favourite designs in accompanying them on their northern tour.

On my return from London I had joined the Indians at Leeds, where they had been exhibiting for some days, and found them just ready to start for York. I was their companion by the railway, therefore, to that ancient and venerable city; and made a note or two on an occurrence of an amusing nature which happened on the way. When we were within a few miles of the town the Indians were suddenly excited and startled by the appearance of a party of fox-hunters, forty or fifty in number, following their pack in full cry, having just crossed the track ahead of the train.

This was a subject entirely new to them and unthought of by the Indians; and, knowing that English soldiers all wore red coats, they were alarmed, their first impression being that we had brought them on to hostile ground, and that this was a "war-party" in pursuit of their enemy. They were relieved and excessively amused when I told them it was merely a fox-hunt, and that the gentlemen they saw riding were mostly noblemen and men of great influence and wealth. They watched them intensely until they were out of sight, and made many amusing remarks about them after we had arrived at York. I told them they rode without guns, and the first one in at the death pulled off the

tail of the fox and rode into town with it under his hatband. Their laughter was excessive at the idea of "such gentlemen hunting in open fields, and with a whip instead of a gun; and that great chiefs, as I had pronounced them, should be risking their lives, and the limbs of their fine horses, for a poor fox, the flesh of which, even if it were good to eat, was not wanted by such rich people, who had meat enough at home; and the skin of which could not be worth so much trouble, especially when, as everybody knows, it is good for nothing when the tail is pulled off."

On our arrival in York one of the first and most often repeated questions which they put was, whether there were any of the "good people," as they now called them, the Friends, living there. I told them it was a place where a great many of them lived, and no doubt many would come to see them, which seemed to please and encourage them very much. Mr. Melody having taken rooms for them near to the York Minster, of which they had a partial view from their windows, their impatience became so great that we sallied out the morning after our arrival to pay the first visit to that grand and venerable pile. The reader has doubtless seen or read of this sublime edifice, and I need not attempt to describe it here. Were it in my power to portray the feelings which agitated the breasts of these rude people when they stood before this stupendous fabric of human hands, and as they passed through its aisles, amid its huge columns, and under its grand arches, I should be glad to do it; but those feelings which they enjoyed in the awful silence, were for none but themselves to know. We all followed the guide, who showed and explained to us all that was worth seeing below, and then showed us the way by which we were to reach the summit of the grand or middle tower, where the whole party arrived after a laborious ascent of 273 steps. We had luckily selected a clear day; and the giddy height from which we gazed upon the town under our feet, and the lovely landscape in the distance all around

us, afforded to the Indians a view far more wonderful than their eyes had previously beheld. Whilst we were all engaged in looking upon the various scenes that lay like the lines upon a map beneath us, the old Doctor, with his *propensity* which has been spoken of before, had succeeded in getting a little higher than any of the rest of the party, by climbing on to the little house erected over the gangway through which we entered upon the roof; and, upon the pinnacle of this, for a while stood smiling down upon the thousands of people who were gathering in the streets. He was at length, however, seen to assume a more conspicuous attitude by raising his head and his eyes towards the sky, and for some moments he devoutly addressed himself to the Great Spirit, whom the Indians always contemplate as "in the heavens, above the clouds." When he had finished this invocation, he slowly and carefully descended on to the roof, and as he joined his friends he observed that when he was up there "he was nearer to the Great Spirit than he had ever been before." The War-chief excited much merriment by his sarcastic reply, that "it was a pity he did not stay there, for he would never be so near the Great Spirit again." The Doctor had no way of answering this severe retort, except by a silent smile, as, with his head turned away, he gazed on the beautiful landscape beneath him. When we descended from the tower, the Indians desired to advance again to the centre of this grand edifice, where they stood for a few minutes with their hands covering their mouths, as they gazed upon the huge columns around them and the stupendous arches over their heads, and at last came silently away, and I believe inspired with greater awe and respect for the religion of white men than they had ever felt before.

Our stay of three days in York was too short for the Indians to make many acquaintances; but at their exhibitions they saw many of the Society of Friends, and these, as in other places, came forward to offer them their hands and invite them to their houses.

Amongst the invitations they received was one from the governor of the Castle, who with great kindness conducted us through the various apartments of the prison, explaining the whole of its system and discipline to us. We were shown the various cells for different malefactors, with their inmates in them, which no doubt conveyed to the minds of the Indians new ideas of white men's iniquities, and the justice of civilized laws.

When we were withdrawing we were invited to examine a little museum of weapons which had been used by various convicts to commit the horrid deeds for which they had suffered death or transportation. A small room, surrounded by a wire screen, was devoted to these, and as it was unlocked we were invited in, and found one wall of the room completely covered with these shocking records of crime.

The turnkey to this room stepped in, and in a spirit of the greatest kindness, with a rod in his hand to point with, commenced to explain them, and of course add to their interest, in the following manner:—

“ You see here, gentlemen, the weapons that have been used in the commission of murders by persons who have been tried and hung in this place, or transported for life. That long gun which you see there is the identical gun that Dyon shot his father with. *He was hung.*”

“ That club and iron coultter you see there, gentlemen, were used by two highwaymen, who killed the gatekeeper, near Sheffield, by knocking out his brains, and afterwards robbed him. *They were both hung.*”

“ This club and razor here, gentlemen (you see the blood on the razor now), were used by Thompson, who killed his wife. He knocked her down with this club, and cut her throat with this identical razor.

“ This leather strap—gentlemen, do you see it? Well, this strap was taken from a calf's neck by Benjamin Holrough, and he hung his father with it. *He was hung here.*”

“ That hedging-bill, razor, and tongs, gentlemen, were the things used by Healy and Terry, who knocked an old woman down, cut her throat, and buried her. *They were hung in this prison.*”

“ Now, gentlemen, we come to that hammer and razor you see there. With that same hammer Mary Crowther knocked her husband down, and then with that razor cut his throat. *She was hung.*”

“ Do you see that club, gentlemen? That is the club with which Turner

and Swihill, only nineteen years of age, murdered the bookkeeper near Sheffield. *Both were hung.*

“Do you see this short gun, gentlemen? This is the very gun with which Dobson shot his father. *He was hung.*”

“This hat, gentlemen, with a hole in it, was the hat of Johnson, who was murdered near Sheffield. The hole you see is where the blow was struck that killed him.”

The Indians, who had looked on these things and listened to these recitals with a curious interest at first, were now becoming a little uneasy, and the old Doctor, who smiled upon several of the first descriptions, now showed symptoms of evident disquiet, retreating behind the party, and towards the door.

“Do you see this knife and bloody cravat, gentlemen? With that same knife John James stuck the bailiff through the cravat, and killed him. *He was executed here.*”

“A fire-poker, gentlemen, with which King murdered his wife near Sheffield. *He was hung here.*”

“These things, gentlemen—this fork, poker, and bloody shoes—with this poker Hallet knocked his wife down, and stabbed her with the fork; and the shoes have got the blood on them yet. *Hallet was hung.*”

“That rope there is the one in which Bardsley was hung, who killed his own father.”

“A bloody axe and poker, gentlemen. With that axe and poker an old woman killed a little boy. She then drowned herself. *She was not executed.*”

“This shoe-knife, gentlemen, is one that Robert Noll killed his wife with in Sheffield. *He was executed.*”

“Another knife, with which Rogers killed a man in Sheffield. He ripped his bowels out with it. *He was hung.*”

“A club, and stone, and hat, gentlemen. With this club and stone Blackburn was murdered, and that was his hat: you see how it is all broken and bloody. This was done by four men. *All hung.*”

“The hat and hammer here, gentlemen—these belonged to two robbers. One met the other in a wood, and killed him with the hammer. *He was hung.*”

“That scythe and pitchfork, you see, gentlemen”—

When our guide had thus far explained, and Jeffrey had translated to the Indians, I observed the old Doctor quite outside of the museum-room, and with his robe wrapped close around him, casting his eyes around in all directions, and evidently in great uneasiness. He called for the party to

come out, for, said he, "I do not think this is a good place for us to stay in any longer." We all thought it was as well, for the turnkey had as yet not described one-third of his curiosities; so we thanked him for his kindness, and took leave of him and his interesting museum.

We were then conducted by the governor's request to the apartments of his family, where he and his kind lady and daughters received the Indians and ourselves with much kindness, having his table prepared with refreshments, and, much to the satisfaction of the Indians (after their fatigue of body as well as of mind), with plenty of the *Queen's chickabobboo*.

The sight-seeing of this day and the exhibition at night finished our labours in the interesting town of York, where I have often regretted we did not remain a little longer to avail ourselves of the numerous and kind invitations which were extended to us before we left. After our labours were all done, and the Indians had enjoyed their suppers and their *chickabobboo*, we had a pipe together, and a sort of recapitulation of what we had seen and heard since we arrived. The two most striking subjects of the gossip of this evening were the cathedral and the prison; the one seemed to have filled their minds with astonishment and admiration at the ingenuity and power of civilized man, and the other with surprise and horror at his degradation and wickedness; and evidently with some alarm for the safety of their persons in such a vicinity of vice as they had reason to believe they were in from the evidences they had seen during the day. The poor old Doctor was so anxious for the next morning to dawn, that we might be on our way, that he had become quite nervous and entirely contemplative and unsociable. They had heard such a catalogue of murders and executions explained, though they knew that we had but begun with the list, and saw so many incarcerated in the prison, some awaiting their trial, others who had been convicted and were under sentence of death or transportation, and others again pining in

their cells, and weeping for their wives and children (merely because they could not pay the money that they owed), that they became horrified and alarmed; and as it was the first place where they had seen an exhibition of this kind, there was some reason for the poor fellows' opinions that they were in the midst of the wickedest place in the world.

They said that, from the grandeur and great number of their churches, they thought they ought to be one of the most honest and harmless people they had been amongst, but instead of that they were now convinced they must be the very worst, and the quicker Mr. Melody made arrangements to be off the better. The Indians had been objects of great interest, and for the three nights of their amusements their room was well filled and nightly increasing; but all arguments were in vain, and we must needs be on the move. I relieved their minds in a measure relative to the instruments of death they had seen and the executions of which they had heard an account, by informing them of a fact that had not occurred to them—that the number of executions mentioned had been spread over a great number of years, and were for crimes committed amongst some hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, occupying a tract of country a great many miles in every direction from York; and also that the poor men imprisoned for debt were from various parts of the country for a great distance around. This seemed to abate their surprise to a considerable degree; still, the first impression was here made, and made by means of their eyes (which they say they never disbelieve, and I am quite sure they will never get rid of it), that York was the “wicked town,” as they continued to call it during the remainder of their European travels. I explained to them that other towns had their jails and their gallows—that in London they daily rode in their buss past prison walls, and where the numbers imprisoned were greater than those in York, in proportion to the greater size of the city.

Their comments were many and curious on the cruelty of

imprisoning people for debt, because they could not pay money. "Why not kill them?" they said; "it would be better, because when a man is dead he is no expense to any one, and his wife can get a husband again, and his little children a father to feed and take care of them; when he is in jail they must starve: when he is once in jail he cannot wish his face to be seen again, and they had better kill them all at once." They thought it easier to die than to live in jail, and seemed to be surprised that white men, so many hundreds and thousands, would submit to it, when they had so many means by which they could kill themselves.

They saw convicts in the cells who were to be transported from the country: they inquired the meaning of that, and, when I explained it, they seemed to think that was a good plan, for, said they, "if these people can't get money enough to pay their debts, if they go to another country they need not be ashamed there, and perhaps they will soon make money enough to come back and have their friends take them by the hand again." I told them, however, that they had not understood me exactly—that transportation was only for heinous crimes, and then a man was sent away in irons, and in the country where he went he had to labour several years, or for life, with chains upon him, as a slave. Their ideas were changed at once on this point, and they agreed that it would be better to kill them all at once, or give them weapons and let them do it themselves.

While this conversation was going on, the Recorder Jim found here very interesting statistics for his note-book, and he at once conceived the plan of getting Daniel to find out how many people there were that they had seen in the prison locked up in one town; and then, his ideas expanding, how many (if it could be done at so late an hour) there were in all the prisons in London; and then how many white people in all the kingdom were locked up for crimes, and how many because they couldn't pay money. His friend and teacher, Daniel, whose head had become a tolerable gazetteer and statistical table, told him it would

be quite easy to find it all ready printed in books and newspapers, and that he would put it all down in his book in a little time. The inquisitive Jim then inquired if there were any poorhouses in York, as in other towns; to which his friend Daniel replied that there were, and also in nearly every town in the kingdom; upon which Jim started the design of adding to the statistical entries in his book the number of people in poorhouses throughout the kingdom. Daniel agreed to do this for him also, which he could easily copy out of a memorandum-book of his own, and also to give him an estimate of the number of people annually transported from the kingdom for the commission of crimes. This all pleased Jim very much, and was amusement for Daniel; but at the same time I was decidedly regretting with Mr. Melody that his good fellows the Indians, in their visit to York, should have got their eyes open to so much of the dark side of civilization, which it might have been better for them that they never had seen.

Jim's book was now becoming daily a subject of more and more excitement to him, and consequently of jealousy amongst some of the party, and particularly so with the old Doctor; as Jim was getting more rapidly educated than either of the others, and his book so far advanced as to discourage the Doctor from any essay of the kind himself. Jim that night regretted only one thing which he had neglected to do, and which it was now too late to accomplish—that was, to have measured the length of the cathedral and ascertained the number of steps required to walk around it. He had counted the number of steps to the top of the grand tower, and had intended to have measured the cathedral's length. I had procured some very beautiful engravings of it, however, one of which Daniel arranged in his book, and the length of the building and its height we easily found for him in the pocket Guide.

The Doctor, watching with a jealous eye these numerous estimates going into Jim's book, to be referred to (and of course sworn to) when he got home, and probably on various

occasions long before, and having learned enough of arithmetic to understand what a wonderful effect a cipher has when placed on the right of a number of figures, he smiled from day to day with a wicked intent on Jim's records, which, if they went back to his tribe in anything like a credible form, would be a direct infringement upon his peculiar department, and materially affect his standing, inasmuch as Jim laid no claims to a knowledge of *medicine*, or to anything more than good eating and drinking, before he left home.

However, the Doctor at this time could only meditate and smile, as his stiff hand required some practice with the pen before he could make those little 0's so as to match with others in the book, which was often left carelessly lying about upon their table. This intent was entirely and originally wicked on the part of the old Doctor, because he had not yet, that any one knew of, made any reference to his measure of the giant woman, since he had carefully rolled up his cord and put it away amongst his other estimates, to be taken home to "astonish the natives" on their return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Indians' alarms about jails—Kind visits from Friends—Mrs. A. Richardson—Advice of the Friends—War-Chief's reply—Liberal presents—Arrive at Sunderland—Kindness of the Friends—All breakfast with Mr. T. Richardson—Indians plant trees in his garden—And the Author also—The Doctor's superstition—Sacrifice—Feast—Illness of the Roman Nose—Indians visit a coalpit—North Shields—A sailors' dinner and a row—Arrive at Edinburgh—A drive—First exhibition there—Visit to Salisbury Crag—To Arthur's Seat—Holyrood House and Castle—The crown of Robert Bruce—The "big gun,"—"Queen Mab"—Curious modes of building—"Flats"—Origin of—Illness of Corsair, the little *pappoose*—The old Doctor speaks—War-chief's speech—A feast of ducks—Indians' remarks upon the government of Scotland—"The swapping of crowns"—The Doctor proposes the crown of Robert Bruce for Prince Albert—Start for Dundee—Indians' liberality—A noble act—Arrival at Dundee—Death of little Corsair—Distress of the Little Wolf and his wife—Curious ceremony—Young men piercing their arms—Indians at Perth—Arrival in Glasgow—Quartered in the Town-hall—The cemetery—The Hunterian Museum—The Doctor's admiration of it—Daily drives—Indians throw money to the poor—Alarm for *Roman Nose*—Two reverend gentlemen talk with the Indians—War-chief's remarks—Greenock—Doctor's regret at leaving.

NEWCASTLE-ON TYNE was the next place where we stopped, and when I arrived there I found Mr. Melody and his friends very comfortably lodged, and all in excellent spirits. The Indians, he told me, had been exceedingly buoyant in spirits from the moment they left York, and the old Doctor sang the whole way, even though he had been defeated in his design of riding outside on the railway train, as he had been in the habit of doing on the omnibus in London. I told them I had remained a little behind them in York to enjoy a few hours more of the society of an excellent and kind lady of the Society of Friends,* whom they would

* Miss E. Fothergill.

recollect to have seen in the exhibition room when they had finished their last night's exhibition, who came forward and shook hands in the most affectionate manner, and left gold in their hands as she bade them good bye, and commended them to the care of the Great Spirit.

I told them that this good lady had only returned from the country on the last evening of their exhibiting in York, and was exceedingly disappointed that she could not have the pleasure of their society at her house. I then sat down and amused them an hour with a beautiful manuscript book, by her own hand, which she had presented to me, containing the portraits of seven Seneca chiefs and braves, who were in England twenty-five years before, and whom she entertained for three weeks in her own house. This interesting work contains also some twenty pages of poetry glowing with piety, and written in a chaste and beautiful style; and an hundred or more pages in prose, giving a full description of the party, their modes, and a history of their success, as they travelled through the kingdom. This was a subject of much pleasure to them, but at the same time increased their regret that they had not seen more of this kind lady before they left the town of York.

Their first inquiries after their arrival in Newcastle were whether they would meet any of the "good people" in that town, and whether that was a place where they had prisons and a gallows like those in London and in York. I answered that they would no doubt find many of the Friends there, for I knew several very kind families who would call upon them, and also that the good lady who gave me the book in York had written letters to several of the Friends in Newcastle to call on them; and that, as to the jails, &c., I believed they were much the same.

In a sort of council which we held there, as we were in the Indian habit of convening one whenever we were leaving an old lodging or taking possession of a new one, it was very gravely and diffidently suggested by the Doctor, as

the desire of the whole party, that they presumed *Chippahola** had money enough left in London (in case they should fail in this section of the country to make enough to pay their debts) to keep them clear from being taken up and treated like white men who can't pay what they owe. I approved this judicious suggestion, and assured them they might feel quite easy as long as they were in the kingdom. I told them I was quite sure they had a good and faithful friend in Mr. Melody, and, if anything happened to him, they would be sure to find me ready to take care of them, and that, if we were both to die, they would find all the English people around them their friends. This seemed to satisfy and to cheer them up, and our few days in Newcastle thus commenced very pleasantly. From their first night's exhibition they all returned to their lodgings with peculiar satisfaction that they had observed a greater number of Friends in the crowd than they had seen in any place before, and many of these had remained until everybody else had gone away, to shake hands and converse with them. They found roast beef and beef-steaks and *chick-abobboo* also, the same as in other places, and altogether there was enough around them here to produce cheerful faces.

I need not describe again to the reader the nature and excitement of the dances, &c., in their exhibitions, which were nightly repeated here as they had been in London; but incidents and results growing out of these amusements were now becoming exceedingly interesting, and as will be found in the sequel of much importance, I trust, to those poor people and their descendants. Very many of the Society of Friends were nightly attending their exhibitions, not so much for the purpose of witnessing or encouraging their war-dances and customs, as for an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with them, with a view to render them in some way an essential good. With this

* The Author.

object a letter was addressed to me by Mrs. Anna Richardson (with whom I had formerly corresponded on the subject of the Indians), proposing that a number of the Friends should be allowed to hold a conversation with them in their apartments, on some morning, for the purpose of learning the true state of their minds relative to the subjects of religion and education, and to propose some efforts that might result to their advantage, and that of their nation. Mr. Melody and myself embraced this kind proposal at once, and the Indians all seemed delighted with it when it was made known to them. The morning was appointed, and this kind and truly charitable lady came with fifteen or twenty of her friends, and the Indians listened with patience and apparent pleasure to the Christian advice that was given them by several, and cheerfully answered to the interrogatories which were put to them.

The immediate appeal and thanks to the "Great Spirit, who had sent these kind people to them," by the War-chief in his reply, seemed to impress upon the minds of all present the conviction of a high and noble sentiment of religion in the breasts of these people, which required but the light of the Christian revelation. His replies as to the benefits of education were much as he had made them on several occasions before, that, "as for themselves, they were too far advanced in life to think of being benefited by it, but that their children might learn to read and write, and that they should be glad to have them taught to do so." Here seemed to dawn a gleam of hope, which that pious lady, in her conversation and subsequent correspondence with me, often alluded to, as the most favourable omen for the desire which the Friends had of rendering them some lasting benefit. Mr. Melody on this occasion produced a little book printed in the Ioway language, in the missionary school already in existence in the tribe, and also letters which he had just received from the Rev. Mr. Irvin, then conducting the school, giving an encouraging account of it, and hoping that the Indians and himself might return safe, and with

means to assist in the noble enterprise. This information was gratifying in the extreme, and all seemed to think that there was a chance of enlightening these benighted people. The heart of this Christian woman reached to the American wilderness in a letter that she directed to this reverend gentleman, believing that there, where were the wives and children of the chiefs and warriors who were travelling, was the place for the efforts of the Society of Friends to be beneficially applied; and thus, I believe, formed the chain from which I feel confident the most fortunate results will flow.*

Several subsequent interviews were held with the Indians by these kind people, who took them to their houses and schools, and bestowed upon them many tangible proofs of their attachment to them, and anxiety for their welfare. The Indians left Newcastle and these suddenly made friends with great reluctance, and we paid a visit of a couple of days to Sunderland. Here they found also many of the "good people" attending their exhibitions, and received several warm and friendly invitations to their houses. Amongst these kind attentions there was one which they never will forget: they were invited to breakfast at the table of Mr. T. Richardson, in his lovely mansion, with his kind family and some friends, and after the breakfast was over all were invited into his beautiful garden, where a spade was ready, and a small tree prepared for each one to plant and attach his name to. This ceremony amused them very much, and, when they had all done, there was one left for *Chippahola*, who took the spade and completed the interesting ceremony. This had been kindly designed for their amusement, and for the pleasing recollections of his family, by this good man; and with all it went off cheerfully, except with the Doctor, who refused for some time, but was at length induced to take the spade and plant his

* See in Appendix (A) to this volume Correspondence, &c., relative to Ioway Mission.

tree. I observed from the moment that he had done it that he was contemplative, and evidently apprehensive that some bad luck was to come from it—that there was *medicine* in it, and he was alarmed. He was silent during the rest of the interview, and after they had returned to their rooms he still remained so for some time, when he explained to me that “he feared some one would be sick—some one of those trees would die, and he would much rather they had not been planted.” He said “it would be necessary to make a great feast the next day,” which I told him would be difficult, as we were to leave at an early hour. This puzzled him very much, as it was so late that, “if they were to try to give it that night, there would not be time for the ducks to be well cooked.” They all laughed at him for his superstition, and he got the charm off as well as he could by throwing some tobacco, as a sacrifice, into the fire.

We travelled the next day to North Shields, and the gloom that was still evidently hanging over the old man’s brow was darkened by the increased illness of the *Roman Nose*, who had been for some weeks slightly ailing, but on that day was attacked for the first time with some fever. The Doctor’s alarm was such that he stayed constantly by him, and did not accompany his friend Jim and one or two others with Daniel to the coalpit. This, from the repeated representations of Daniel and their old friend *Bobasheela*, was one of the greatest curiosities in the kingdom, and they were not disappointed in it. In this enterprise I did not accompany them, but from their representations ascertained that they descended more than two thousand feet and then travelled half a mile or so under the sea—that there were fifty horses and mules at that depth under the ground, that never will come up, drawing cars loaded with coal on railways, and six or seven hundred men, women, and children, as black as negroes, and many of these who seldom come up, but sleep there at nights. This scene shocked them even more than the sights they had seen in York, for they seemed to think that the debtors’ cells in a prison would be far preferable to the

slavery they there saw, of "hundreds of women and children drawing out, as they said, from some narrow places where the horses could not go, little carriages loaded with coal; where the women had to go on their hands and knees through the mud and water, and almost entirely naked, drawing their loads by a strap that was buckled around their waists; their knees and their legs and their feet, which were all naked, were bleeding with cuts from the stones, and their hands also; they drew these loads in the dark, and they had only a little candle to see the way." This surprising scene, which took them hours to describe to their companions, became more surprising when Daniel told them of "the vast number of such mines in various parts of the kingdom, and of the fact that many people in some parts have been born in those mines, and gone to school in them, and spent their lives, without ever knowing how the daylight looked."

Daniel reminded them of the hundreds of mines he had pointed out to them while travelling by the railroads, and that they were all under ground, like what they had seen. Here was rich subject for Jim, for another entry in his book, of the statistics of England; and Daniel, always ready, turned to the page in his own note-book, and soon got for Jim's memorandum the sum total of coalpits and mines in the kingdom, and the hundreds of thousands of human *civilized* beings who were imprisoned in them.

It happened, on the second day that we were stopping in North Shields, much to the amusement of the Indians, that there was a sailors' dinner prepared for an hundred or more in the large hall of the hotel where we were lodging; and, from the rooms which the Indians occupied, there was an opportunity of looking through a small window down into their hall, and upon the merry and noisy group around the table. This was a rich treat for the Indians; and, commencing in an amusing and funny manner, it became every moment more and more so, and, finally (when they began to dance and sing and smash the glasses, and at length the

tables, and from that to "set-to's," "fisticuffs," and "knock-downs," by the dozens, and, at last, to a general *mélée*, a row, and a fight in the street) one of the most decidedly exciting and spirited scenes they had witnessed in the country.

It afforded them amusement also for a long time after the day on which it took place, when they spoke of it as the "great fighting feast."

Two days completed our visit to North Shields, and on the next we were in comfortable quarters in Edinburgh. The Indians were greatly delighted with the appearance of the city as they entered it, and more so daily, as they took their omnibus drives around and through the different parts of it.

The Doctor, however, who was tending on his patient, *Roman Nose*, seemed sad, and looked as if he had forebodings still of some sad results to flow from planting the trees; but he took his seat upon the bus, with his old joking friend Jim, by the side of the driver, smiling occasionally on whatever he saw amusing, as he was passing through the streets. Their novel appearance created a great excitement in Edinburgh; and our announcements filled our hall with the most respectable and fashionable people.

Their dances called forth great applause; and, in the midst of it, the War-chief, so delighted with the beauty of the city, and now by seeing so numerous and fashionable an audience before him, and all applauding, arose to make a speech. As he straightened up, and, wrapping his buffalo robe around him, extended his long right arm, the audience gave him a round of applause, occasioned entirely by the dignified and manly appearance he made when he took the attitude of the orator, and he commenced:—

"My friends, I understand by the great noise you have made with your hands and feet, that something pleases you, and this pleases us, as we are strangers amongst you, and with red skins. (Applause.)

“ My friends, we have but just arrived in your beautiful city, and we see that you are a different people from the English in London, where we have been. In going into a strange place, amongst strange people, we always feel some fear that our dances and our noise may not please—we are showing you how we dance in our own country, and we believe that is what you wish to see. (Applause and ‘ *How, how, how!* ’)

“ My friends, we are delighted with your city, what we have seen of it—we have seen nothing so handsome before—we will try to please you with some more of our dances, and then we will be happy to shake hands with you. (‘ *How, how, how!* ’)

“ This is all I have to say now.” (Great applause.)

We were now in the most beautiful city in the kingdom, if not one of the most beautiful in the world; and the Indians, as well as ourselves, observed the difference in the manners and appearance of the people. The Indians had been pleased with their reception in the evening, and, in their drive during the day, had been excited by the inviting scenery overtowering the city,—the castle, with its “big gun,” gaping over the town—the *Salisbury Crag*, and *Arthur’s Seat*—all of which places they were to visit on that day; and, having swallowed their breakfasts and taken their seats in their carriage, seemed to have entered upon a new world of amusement. Their views from, and runs over, these towering peaks afforded them great amusement; and the castle, with its crown of Robert Bruce, and other insignia of royalty—its mammoth gun, and the little room in which King James I. of England was born; and in Holyrood House,—the blood of Rizzio upon the floor, and the bed in which Queen Mary had slept—were all subjects of new and fresh excitement to them.

Nor was their amusement less whilst they were riding through the streets, at the constant variety and sudden contrasts—from the low and poverty-stricken rabble of High-street and its vicinity, to the modern and splendid sections of the city—of crossing high bridges over gardens, instead of rivers; of houses built upon the sides of the hills and on rocks; and many other amusing things that they talked about when they got back.

To Mr. Melody and Jeffrey also, and to Daniel, all these scenes were new; and the Indians, therefore, had companions and guides enough, and enough, also, to explain to them the meaning of all they saw.

I had been in Edinburgh on a former occasion, and was now engaged in looking up and conversing with old friends, whose former kindness now claimed my first attention; and in hunting for one of them, I found his office had been removed to another part of the city; and, making my way towards it as well as I could, I was amused at the instructions given to me when I inquired of a man whom I met in the street, and who, it happened, was acquainted with my friend and his location, and who relieved me instantly from further embarrassment by the following most lucid and simple direction, as he pointed down the street:—"You have only to take the first turning to the right, Sir, and it is the top flat at the bottom." This seemed queer and amusing to me, though not in the least embarrassing, for I had been long enough in Edinburgh before to learn that a "flat" was a "story" or floor; and long enough in London to know that one *end* of a street is the "top" and the other the "bottom."

To a stranger, however, such an answer as the one I received might have been exceedingly bewildering, and increased his difficulties rather than diminished them.

The old law maxim of "*Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum,*" would scarcely apply to real estate in the city of Edinburgh; for houses are not only *rented* by floors or *flats*, but titles, in fee simple and by deed, are given for floor above floor, oftentimes in the same house; a custom that is difficult to account for, unless from the curious fact that so many of the houses in Edinburgh are built so high, by the sides of hills and precipitous ledges, that an adjoining tenant may oftentimes step from the surface of his cultivated fields into the tenth or twelfth story of his neighbour's back windows, and, by this singular mode of conveyance, able to walk into a comfortable dwelling without the expense of building, and without curtailing the area of his arable

ground. By thus getting, for a trifle, the fee simple for the upper story, and of course the privilege of building as many stories on the top of it as he should require, when he could afford the means to do it, his neighbour below was called a "flat." The law, which is generally cruel to most flats, relinquished one of its oldest and most sacred maxims, to support the numerous claims of this kind which the side-hills and ledges in the building-grounds of the city had produced; and so numerous were the *flats*, and so frequent the instances of this new sort of tenure, that the term "flat" has become carelessly and erroneously applied to all the floors or stories of buildings in Edinburgh that are to be let or sold separately from the rest of the house.

It was arranged that our stay in Edinburgh was to be but for a few days; and, with this view, we had begun to see its sights pretty rapidly during the two first since our arrival. Many fashionable parties were calling on the Indians in their apartments, and leaving them presents; and at their second night's exhibition the room was crowded to great excess with the fashion and nobility of the city. The Indians discovered at once that they never before were in the midst of audiences so intellectual and genteel. There was nothing of low and vulgar appearance in any part of the room; but all had the stamp of refinement and gentility, which stimulated their pride, and they did their utmost.

In the midst of their amusements on that evening there was a general call upon me from the ladies, to explain why the little "pappoose in its cradle" was not shown, as announced in the bills; to which I was sorry to reply that it was so ill that it could not be seen. This having been interpreted to the Indians by Jeffrey, and also heard by the Little Wolf's wife, the mother of the child, and then nursing it in the room behind their platform, she suddenly arranged it, sick as it was, in its beautifully ornamented little cradle, and, having slung it upon her back, and thrown her pictured robe around her, walked into the room, to the surprise of the Indians, and to the great satisfaction of the gentlemen as

well as the ladies of the whole house. Her appearance was such, when she walked across the platform, that it called forth applause from every quarter. Many were the ladies who advanced from their seats to the platform, to examine so interesting a subject more closely ; and many presents were bestowed upon the mother, who was obliged to retire again with it, from the feeble state it was then in. This fine little child, of ten or twelve months old, and the manner in which it was carried in its Indian cradle upon its mother's back, had formed one of the most interesting parts of the exhibition the whole time that the Indians were in London, and since they had left. Its illness now becoming somewhat alarming, with the increasing illness also of the *Roman Nose*, was adding to the old Doctor's alarms, growing out of the *planting of the little trees*, which he had insisted was ominous of something that would happen, but what, he did not attempt to predict.

He was daily prescribing and attending his patients, but, being without the roots which he uses in his own country, he was evidently much at a loss ; and the ablest advice was procured for both of the patients while in that city.

The Doctor, on this occasion, (though somewhat depressed in spirits, owing to his superstitious forebodings about the sick, seeing such a vast concourse of ladies present, and all encouraging him with their applause as he made his boasts in the eagle dance,) made an effort for a *sensation*, as he did on his first night in London. When the dance was done, he advanced to the edge of the platform, and, with his usual quizzical look and smile from under his headdress of buffalo horns and eagle quills, addressed the audience. His speech was translated by Jeffrey, and, though it was highly applauded, fell much short of the effect amongst the ladies which he had produced on former occasions. He sat down somewhat in a disappointed mood, when his cruel companion, Jim, told him that his attempt "was an entire failure, and that he would never take with the ladies in Edinburgh." The old man replied to him that he had better

try himself, and, if he would lie flat on his back and make a speech, perhaps *he* might please the ladies of Edinburgh. After another dance, and amidst the roar of applause, old *Neu-mon-ya* (the War-chief) arose, and, in the best of his humour, said,—

“ My friends, I thank the Great Spirit who conducted us safe across the Great Salt Lake that His eye is still upon us, and that He has led us to your city. No city that we have seen is so beautiful as yours; and we have seen a great deal of it as we have been riding in our carriage to-day. (*How, how, how!*)

“ My friends, the Great Spirit has made us with red skins, and, as all our modes of life are different from yours, our dances are quite different, and we are glad that they do not give any offence when we dance them. Our dresses, which are made of skins, are not so fine and beautiful as yours, but they keep us warm, and that we think is the great thing. (*How, how, how!* Applause and ‘Hear, hear.’)

“ My friends, we have been to-day to see your great fort. We were much pleased with it, and the ‘big gun;’ we think it a great pity it is broken. We saw the room where the king of England was born, and we feel proud that we have been in it. (*How, how, how!* Much laughter.)

“ My friends, we saw there the crowns of your kings and queens as we were told. This we don’t think we quite understand yet, but we think *Chippohola* will tell us all that,—it may be all right. (Laughter and ‘Hear.’)

“ My friends, we went to another great house where we saw many things that pleased us—we saw the bed in which your Queen slept: this was very pleasing to us all; it was much nearer than we got to the Queen of England. (Great laughter.)

“ My friends, this is all I have to say.” (*Bravo!*)

After this night’s exhibition, and the sights of the day which had pleased them so much, there was subject enough for a number of pipes of conversation; and to join them in this Mr. Melody and I had repaired to their room, where we found them in the midst of a grand feast of ducks, which they said it was always necessary to give when they entered a new country, and which in this case they had expended some of their own money in buying. Daniel and Jeffrey were seated with them, and we were obliged to sit down upon the floor, and take each a duck’s leg at least, and a glass of the *Queen’s chickaboboo* (champagne), which had been added at the expense of Daniel and Jeffrey, as the ordinary *chicka-*

bobboo did not answer the object of a feast of that description. After the feast was over, and the War-chief had returned thanks to the Great Spirit, according to their invariable custom, the pipe was lit, and then the gossip for the evening commenced. They had already learned from Daniel that there were jails and poorhouses here as in other places, and were now remarking that they had not yet seen any of the "good people" here, and began to fear they had lost all chance of meeting any of them again. They seemed to be much at a loss to know how it was that here were the crowns and swords of kings and queens, and the houses they had lived in, and the beds they had slept on, and that there are none of them left. They believed, though they were not yet quite certain of it, that this country must have been conquered by England. These inquiries were all answered as nearly as I could explain them; and the result was, that "it was a great pity, in their estimations, that so fine a country and people should not continue to have a king of their own to put on the crown again, instead of leaving it in the castle to be shut up in a dark room." They seemed to think it "very curious that the Scotch people should like to keep the crown for people to look at, when they could not keep the king to wear it;" and they thought "it would be far better to take out the beautiful red and green stones and make watch-seals of them, and melt the gold into sovereigns, so that some of it might get into poor people's pockets, than to keep it where it is, just to be looked at and to be talked of."

They thought "the crown was much more beautiful than the one they saw in London belonging to the Queen, and which was kept in the great prison where they saw so many guns, spears, &c.)*" The joker, Jim, thought that "if he were the Queen he should propose to *swap*, for he thought this decidedly the handsomest crown." The old Doctor said, that "if he were the Queen of England he should be very

* The Tower.

well suited to wear the one they had seen in London, and he would send and get this one very quickly, and also the beautiful sword they saw, for Prince Albert to wear." In this happy and conjectural mood we left them, receiving from Daniel further accounts of the events and history of the country which they had seen so many evidences of during their visits in the early part of the day.

Our stay in this beautiful city was but four days, contemplating another visit to it in a short time; and at the close of that time the party took a steamer for Dundee, with a view to make a visit of a few days to that town, and afterwards spend a day or two in Perth. I took the land route to Dundee, and, arriving there before the party, had announced their arrival and exhibition to take place on the same evening. An accident however that happened on the steamer compelled it to put back to Edinburgh, and their arrival was delayed for a couple of days.

During this voyage there was an occurrence on board of the steamer, which was related to me by Mr. Melody and Daniel, which deserves mention in this place. It seems that on board of the steamer, as a passenger, was a little girl of twelve years of age and a stranger to all on board. When, on their way, the captain was collecting his passage-money on deck, he came to the little girl for her fare, who told him she had no money, but that she expected to meet her father in Dundee, whom she was going to see, and that he would certainly pay her fare if she could find him. The captain was in a great rage, and abused the child for coming on without the money to pay her fare, and said that he should not let her go ashore, but should hold her a prisoner on board, and take her back to Edinburgh with him. The poor little girl was frightened, and cried herself almost into fits. The passengers, of whom there were a great many, all seemed affected by her situation, and began to raise the money amongst them to pay her passage, giving a penny or two apiece, which, when done, amounted to about a quarter of the sum required. The poor little girl's grief and fear

still continued, and the old Doctor, standing on deck, wrapped in his robe, and watching all these results, too much touched with pity for her situation, went down in the fore-cabin where the rest of the party were, and, relating the circumstances, soon raised eight shillings, one shilling of which, the Little Wolf, after giving a shilling himself, put into the hand of his little infant, then supposed to be dying, that its dying hand might do one act of charity, and caused it to drop it into the Doctor's hand with the rest. With the money the Doctor came on deck, and, advancing, offered it to the little girl, who was frightened and ran away. Daniel went to the girl and called her up to the Doctor, assuring her there was no need of alarm, when the old Doctor put the money into her hand, and said to her, through the interpreter, and in presence of all the passengers, who were gathering around, "Now go to the cruel captain and pay him the money, and never again be afraid of a man because his skin is red; but be always sure that the heart of a red man is as good and as kind as that of a white man. And when you are in Dundee, where we are all going, if you do not find your father as you wish, and are amongst strangers, come to us, wherever we shall be, and you shall not suffer; you shall have enough to eat, and, if money is necessary, you shall have more."

Such acts of kindness as this, and others that have and will be named, that I was a witness to while those people were under my charge, require no further comment than to be made known: they carry their own proof with them that the Doctor was right in saying that "the hearts of red men are as good as those of the whites."

As I was in anxious expectation of their arrival, I met the party with carriages when they landed, and I was pained to learn that the babe of the Little Wolf, which he had wrapped and embraced in his arms, was dying, and it breathed its last at the moment they entered the apartments that were prepared for them. My heart was broken to see the agony that this noble fellow was in, embracing

his little boy, and laying him down in the last gasp of death, in a foreign land, and amongst strangers. We all wept for the heartbroken parents, and also for the dear little "Corsair," as he was called (from the name of the steamer on which he was born, on the Ohio river in the United States). We had all become attached to the little fellow, and his death caused a gloom amongst the whole party. The old Doctor looked more sad than ever, and evidently beheld the symptoms of *Roman Nose* as more alarming than they had been.

A council was called, as the first step after their arrival, and a pipe was passed around in solemn silence; after which it was asked by the War-chief if I knew of any of the "good people" in that town; to which I answered that "I was a stranger there, and did not know of any one." It seemed it was an occasion on which they felt that it would be an unusual pleasure to meet some of them, as the Little Wolf and his wife had expressed a wish to find some. It occurred then to Mr. Melody that he had a letter to a lady in that town, and, on delivering it, found she was one of that society, and, with another kind friend, she called and administered comfort to these wretched parents in the midst of their distress. They brought the necessary clothes for the child's remains, and, when we had the coffin prepared, laid it out with the kindest hands, and prepared it for the grave; and their other continued and kind offices tended to soothe the anguished breasts of the parents while we remained there.

It is a subject of regret to me that I have lost the names of those two excellent ladies, to whom my public acknowledgments are so justly due. After they had laid the remains of the child in the coffin, each of the young men of the party ran a knife through the fleshy part of their left arms, and, drawing a white feather through the wounds, deposited the feathers with the blood on them in the coffin with the body. This done, the father and mother brought all they possessed, excepting the clothes which they had on,

and presented to them, according to the custom of their country; and also all the fine presents they had received, their money, trinkets, weapons, &c. This is one of the curious modes of that tribe, and is considered necessary to be conformed to in all cases where a child dies. The parents are bound to give away all they possess in the world. I believe, however, that it is understood that, after a certain time, these goods are returned, and oftentimes with increased treasures attending them.

There now came another pang for the heart of this noble fellow, the Little Wolf, and one which seemed to shake his manly frame more than that he had already felt. His child he could not take with him, and the thought of leaving it in a strange burying-ground, and "to be dug up," as he said he knew it would be, seemed to make his misery and that of his wife complete. However, in the midst of his griefs, he suggested that, if it were possible to have it conveyed to their kind friends in Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was sure those "good people," who treated them so kindly, would be glad to bury it in their beautiful burying-ground which he had seen, where it would be at home, and he and his wife should then feel happy. Mr. Melody at once proposed to take it there himself, and attend to its burial, which pleased the parents very much, and he started the next day with it. He was received with the greatest kindness by Mrs. A. Richardson and their other kind friends, who attended to its burial in the society's beautiful cemetery.*

Our visit to the delightful little town of Perth was made, where we remained, and the Indians astonished and pleased with their wild and unheard-of modes, for two days. We then were within fifteen miles of Merthyl Castle, the seat of Sir William Drummond Stewart, the well-known and

* The reader is referred to the fervent breathing pages of a little periodical, entitled the 'Olive Branch,' for a most feeling and impressive account of the reception of this little child's remains, and its burial in their beautiful cemetery, by the Friends in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

bold traveller of the prairies and Rocky Mountains of America, whose friendly invitation we received to visit his noble mansion, but which I shall long regret came so late that other engagements we had entered into in Edinburgh and Glasgow prevented us from complying with it.

Our way was now back, and, having repeated their exhibitions a few nights longer in Edinburgh, and, as before, to crowded and fashionable houses, we commenced upon our visit to the noble city of Glasgow. On our arrival, the party were taken in an omnibus from the station to the town-hall, in which it was arranged their exhibitions were to be given, and in a private room of which the Indians were to lodge.

They were pleased with the part of the city they saw as they entered it, and were in good spirits and cheer, and prepared for the few days they were to stop there. The same arrangement was at once made by Mr. Melody, as in other places, to give them their daily ride in an omnibus for their health, and for the purpose of giving them a view of everything to be seen about the town. In their drives about the city of Glasgow there was not so much of the picturesque and change to amuse them as they saw in Edinburgh, yet everything was new and pleasing.

The beautiful cemetery attracted their highest admiration of anything they saw, with all the party but the Doctor, whose whole and undivided admiration was withheld from everything else to be centred in the noble Hunterian Museum: the vapour-baths, conservatories, &c., which had before arrested his attention, were all sunk and lost sight of in this. After each and every of his visits to it he returned dejected and cast down with the conviction of his own ignorance and white man's superior skill. He wished very much to see the great man who made all those wonderful preparations of diseases, and the astonishing models in wax, as he would be so proud to offer him his hand; but, being informed that he had been dead for many years, he seemed

sad that there was no way of paying him the tribute of his praise.

Their exhibitions, which were given nightly, as they had been given in the Egyptian Hall, were nightly explained by me in the same way, and fully and fashionably attended. The same kind of excitement was repeated—speeches were made, and rounds of applause—young ladies falling in love—Indians' talks at night, and their suppers of beef-steaks and *chickabobboo*.

Another present of Bibles, equal in number to the number of Indians, was handed on to the platform from an unknown hand, and each one had the Indian name of its owner handsomely written in its front.

Scarcely a day or an evening passed but they received more or less Bibles from the hands of the kind and Christian people who were witnessing their amusements or inviting them to their houses; and from the continued access to their stock during their whole career, together with toys, with cloths and knives, and other presents, their baggage was becoming actually of a troublesome size.

In taking their daily drives about town they had several times passed through some of the most populous and at the same time impoverished parts of the city; and the great numbers of poor and squalid-looking and barefooted creatures they saw walking in the snow had excited their deepest pity, and they had got in the daily habit of throwing pennies to them as they passed along. The numbers of the ragged poor that they saw there they represented as surpassing all they had seen in their whole travels. They inquired whether there were any poor-houses there, and, being informed that there were a number, and all full, they seemed to be yet even more surprised. They were in the habit daily, until Mr. Melody and myself decided it was best to check it, of each getting some shillings changed into pennies before they started on their ride, to scatter among the poor that they passed. Their gene-

rosity became a subject so well known in a few days, that their carriage was followed to their door, where gangs of beggars were stationed great part of the day to get their pennies "when the savages went out." Some pounds of their money they thus threw out into the streets of this great and splendid city, in spite of all we could do to prevent them.

Our apprehensions were now becoming very great, and of course very painful, for the fate of the poor *Roman Nose*: he seemed daily to be losing flesh and strength, and one of the most distinguished physicians, who was attending on him, pronounced his disease to be pulmonary consumption. This was the first decided alarm we had about him, and still it was difficult to believe that so fine and healthy a looking man as he appeared but a few months before should be thus rapidly sinking down with such a disease. He was able to be walking and riding about, but was weak, and took no part in the exhibitions.

About this time, as I was entering the Indians' room one morning, I met two gentlemen coming down the stairs, who recognised me, and said they had proposed to the interpreter and the Indians to have had a little time with them to talk upon the subjects of religion and education, and to know whether missionaries could not be sent into their country to teach and christianise them; and they were afraid they might not have been understood, for they were answered that the Indians did not wish to see them. At that moment Jeffrey was coming up the stairs, and, as it could not have been him whom they saw, I presumed it might have been Daniel who refused them admittance, as he might have been unable to understand the Indians. Jeffrey told them that they had got almost tired of talking with so many in London, but still they could go up, and the Indians, he thought, would be glad to see them. Mr. Melody happened at the moment to be passing also, and he invited them up. They were introduced to the Indians and their object explained by Jeffrey. The War-chief then said to them, as he

was sitting on the floor in a corner of the room, that he didn't see any necessity of their talking at all, for all they would have to say they had heard from much more intelligent-looking men than they were, in London, and in other places, and they had given their answers at full length, which *Chippahola* had written all down.

"Now, my friends," said he, "I will tell you that when we first came over to this country we thought that where you had so many preachers, so many to read and explain the good book, we should find the white people all good and sober people; but as we travel about we find this was all a mistake. When we first came over we thought that white man's religion would make all people good, and we then would have been glad to talk with you, but now we cannot say that we like to do it any more." ('*How, how, how!*' responded all, as Jim, who was then lying on a large table, and resting on one elbow, was gradually turning over on to his back, and drawing up his knees in the attitude of speaking.)

The War-chief continued:—

"My friends—I am willing to talk with you if it can do any good to the hundreds and thousands of poor and hungry people that we see in your streets every day when we ride out. We see hundreds of little children with their naked feet in the snow, and we pity them, for we know they are hungry, and we give them money every time we pass by them. In four days we have given twenty dollars to hungry children—we give our money only to children. We are told that the fathers of these children are in the houses where they sell fire-water, and are drunk, and in their words they every moment abuse and insult the Great Spirit. You talk about sending *black-coats* among the Indians: now we have no such poor children among us; we have no such drunkards, or people who abuse the Great Spirit. Indians dare not do so. They pray to the Great Spirit, and he is kind to them. Now we think it would be better for your teachers all to stay at home, and go to work right here in your own streets, where all your good work is wanted. This is my advice. I would rather not say any more." (To this all responded '*How, how, how!*')

Jim had evidently got ready to speak, and showed signs of beginning; but White-cloud spoke to him, and wished him not to say anything. It was decided by these gentlemen at once to be best not to urge the conversation with them; and Mr. Melody explained to them the number of times they had heard and said all that could be said on the subject while in London, and that they were out of pa-

tience, and of course a little out of the humour for it. These gentlemen, however, took great interest in them, and handed to each of the chiefs a handsome Bible, impressing upon them the importance of the words of the Great Spirit, which were certainly all contained in them, and which they hoped the Indians might have translated to them. And as I was descending the stairs with them, one of them said to me that he never in his life heard truer remarks, or a lesson that more distinctly and forcibly pointed out the primary duties of his profession.

A few days more, the incidents of which I need not name, finished our visit to the city of Glasgow; and an hour or more by the railway, along the banks of the beautiful Clyde, and passing Dumbarton Castle, landed us in the snug little town of Greenock, from which we were to take steamer to Dublin.

The Indians gave their dances and other amusements there for three or four evenings before we took leave. They were looked upon there as great curiosities, but scarcely formed any acquaintances or attachments, except in one branch of our concern. All were anxious to leave and be on the way to Dublin, except the Doctor, who thought it was bad policy to leave so quick; and though he got on to the steamer with all the rest, he did it very reluctantly, without assigning any reason for it until we were on the voyage, when he acknowledged to Daniel that the reason why he disliked to leave so soon was, that "one of the little maids in the hotel where they lodged used to come in every night, after all were asleep, and lie by the side of him on his buffalo robe." For this simple acknowledgment all seemed rather to sympathise with the polite old gentleman; but it was now too late for a remedy, for we were near to the desired city of Dublin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Arrival in Dublin—Decline of the *Roman Nose*—Exhibition in the Rotunda—Feast of ducks—First drive—Phoenix Park—Stags—Indians' ideas of game-laws and taxes—Annual expenses of British government—National debt—Daniel enters these in Jim's book—Indians called "Irishmen"—Author's reply—Speech of the War-chief—Jim's rapid civilization—New estimates for his book—Daniel reads of "Murders, &c.," in Times newspaper—Jim subscribes for the Times—Petition of 100,000 women—Society of Friends meet the Indians in the Rotunda—Their advice, and present to the chiefs 40*l.*—Indians invited to Zoological Gardens—Presented with 36*l.*—Indians invited to Trinity College—Conversation with the Rev. Master on religion—Liberal presents—They visit the Archbishop of Dublin—Presents—All breakfast with Mr. Joseph Bewly, a Friend—Kind treatment—Christian advice—Sickness of *Roman Nose*—Various entertainments by the Friends—A curious beggar—Indians' liberality to the poor—Arrival at Liverpool—Rejoicing and feast—Council—*Roman Nose* placed in an hospital—Arrival in Manchester—Exhibition in Free Trade Hall—Immense platform—Three wigwams—Archery—Ball-play, &c.—Great crowds—*Bobasheela* arrives—Death of the *Roman Nose*—Forms of burial, &c.

IN Dublin, where we arrived on the 4th of March, after an easy voyage, comfortable quarters were in readiness for the party, and their breakfast soon upon the table. The Indians, having heard that there were many of "the good people" (the Friends) in Dublin, and having brought letters of introduction to some of them, had been impatient to reach that city; and their wish being successfully and easily accomplished, they now felt quite elated and happy, with apparently but one thing to depress their spirits, which was the continued and increasing illness of the *Roman Nose*. He was gradually losing flesh and strength, and getting now a continual fever, which showed the imminent danger of his condition. He had the ablest medical advice that the city could afford, and we still had

some hopes of his recovery. Rooms had been prepared for the exhibitions of the Indians in the Rotunda, and, on the second night after their arrival, they commenced with a respectable audience, and all seemed delighted and surprised with their picturesque effect.

There was much applause from the audience, but no speeches from the Indians, owing to their fatigue, or to the fact that they had not yet rode about the city to see anything to speak about. They returned from their exhibition to their apartments, and after their supper they were happy to find that their beef-steaks were good, and that they had found again the *London chickabobboo*.

A very amusing scene occurred during the exhibition, which had greatly excited the Indians, though they had but partially understood it, and now called upon me to explain it to them. While speaking of the modes of life of the Ioway Indians, and describing their way of catching the wild horses on the prairies, a dry and quizzical-looking sort of man rose, and, apparently half drunk, excited the hisses of the audience whilst he was holding on to the end of a seat to steady him. It was difficult to get him down, and I desired the audience to listen to what he had to say. "Ee—you'l escuse me, sir, to e — yax e — yif you are ye man woo was lecturing e—year some time see—ynce, e—on ther Yindians and the—r wild e — yorses? — e — (hic) — e — and the—r breathin, he — (hic) — e — in thee—ir noses?" The excessive singularity of this fellow set the whole house in a roar of laughter, and all felt disposed to hear him go on. "Yes," I replied, "I am the same man." "Ee—e— r wal, sir, e — yerts all —(hic), e—yits all gammon, sir, e—yer, y —ers, (hic) yers tried it on two fillies, sir, e — yand—(hic) yand it didn't se—seed, sir." The poor fellow, observing the great amusement of the ladies as he looked around the room, was at once disposed to be a little witty, and proceeded— "Ee—(hic)—ye—yer tried it e—yon se—rl *young ladies*, e—yand (hic) se—seded yerry well!" The poor fellow seemed contented with his wit thus far rather than try to proceed

further ; and he sat down amidst the greatest possible amusement of the audience, many of whom, notwithstanding, did not seem to understand his meaning, when I deemed it necessary to explain that he referred to my account of Indians breaking wild horses by breathing in their noses, which it would seem he had tried in vain, but by experimenting on young ladies he had met with great success.*

The Indians had become very much attached to Daniel, who had been so long a companion and fellow-traveller with them, and felt pleasure with him that he was again upon his native soil. He had described to them that they were now in a different country again, and they resolved to have their necessary feast of ducks the next morning for breakfast, so as not to interfere with their drive, in which they were to open their eyes to the beauties of Dublin, when Daniel was to accompany them, and explain all that they saw. They invited him to the feast, and thought it as well to call upon him now as at a future time for the bottle or two of the *Queen's chickabobboo* (champagne) which he had agreed to produce when he got on to his native shore again.

Nothing more of course could be seen until their feast was over, and they were all in their buss as usual, with four horses, which was ready and started off with them at ten o'clock the next morning. The Doctor, in his familiar way, was alongside of the driver, with his buffalo horns and eagle crest, and his shining lance, with his faithful companion Jim by his side, and they caused a prodigious sensation as they were whirled along through the principal streets of Dublin. One may think at first glance that he can appreciate all the excitement and pleasure which the Doctor took in those drives, taking his first survey of the shops and all the curious places he was peeping into as he rode along ; but on a little deliberation they will easily see that his enjoyment might have been much greater

* See English experiments in breaking horses by the Indian mode. Appendix B.

than the world supposed who were gazing at him, without thinking how much there was under his eye that was novel and exciting to a savage from the wilderness.

After passing through several of the principal streets they were driven to the Phoenix Park, where they left their carriage, and, taking a run for a mile or two, felt much relieved and delighted with the exercise. The noble stags that started up and were bounding away before them excited them very much, and they were wishing for their weapons which they had left behind. However, they had very deliberately and innocently agreed to take a regular hunt there in a few days, and have a saddle or two of venison, but wiser Daniel reminding them of the *game-laws* of this country, of which they had before heard no account, knocked all their sporting plans on the head.

Nothing perhaps astonished them since they came into the country more than the idea that a man is liable to severe punishment by the laws, for shooting a deer, a rabbit, or a partridge, or for catching a fish out of a lake or a river, without a licence, for which he must pay a tax to the government, and that then they can only shoot upon certain grounds. The poor fellows at first treated the thing as ridiculous and fabulous; but on being assured that such was the fact, they were overwhelmed with astonishment. "What!" asked one of them, "if a poor man is hungry and sees a fine fish in the water, is he not allowed to spear it out and eat it?" "No," said Daniel, "if he does, he must go to jail, and pay a heavy fine besides. A man is not allowed to keep a gun in his house without paying a tax to the government for it, and if he carries a weapon in his pocket he is liable to a fine." "Why is that?" "Because they are afraid he will kill somebody with it." "What do you call a tax?" said Jim. "Let that alone," said Daniel, "until we get home, and then I will tell you all about it." Here was a new field opening to their simple minds for contemplation upon the beautiful mysteries and glories of civilization, in which a few hours of Daniel's lectures would be

sure to enlighten them. They dropped the subject here however, and took their carriage again for the city and their lodgings, laughing excessively as they were returning, and long after they got back, at cabs they were constantly passing, which they insisted on it had got turned around, and were going sideways.* When they had returned and finished their first remarks about the curious things they had seen, Daniel began to give them some first ideas about taxes and fines which they had inquired about, and which they did not as yet know the meaning of. He explained also the game-laws, and showed them that in such a country as England, if the government did not protect the game and the fish in such a manner, there would soon be none left, and, as it was preserved in such a way, the government made those who wished to hunt or to fish, pay a sum of money to help meet the expenses of the government, and he explained the many ways in which people pay taxes. "All of this," said he, "goes to pay the expenses of the government, and to support the Queen and royal family. He read to them from a newspaper that the actual cost of supporting the royal family and attendants was 891,000*l.* sterling (4,455,000 dollars) per annum; that the Queen's pin-money (privy purse) is 60,000*l.* (300,000 dollars); the Queen's coachmen, postilions, and footmen 12,550*l.* (62,750 dollars).

He read from the same paper also that the expenses of the navy were 5,854,851*l.* (being about 29,274,255 dollars) per annum, and that the expenses of the army were still much greater, and that these all together form but a part of the enormous expenses of the government, which must all be raised by taxes in different ways, and that the people must pay all these expenses at last, in paying for what they eat and drink and wear, so much more than the articles are worth, that a little from all may go to the government to pay the government's debts. He also stated that, notwithstanding so much went to the government, the nation

* Only to be appreciated by those who have seen the Dublin "cars."

was in debt at this time to the amount of 764,000,000*l.* (3,820,000,000 dollars). This was beyond all their ideas of computation, and, as it could not be possibly appreciated by them, Daniel and they had to drop it, as most people do (and as the *country* probably *will* before it is paid), as a mystery too large for just comprehension.

Jim wanted these estimates down in his book however, thinking perhaps that he might some time be wise enough to comprehend them or find some one that could do it. And when Daniel had put them down, he also made another memorandum underneath them to this effect, and which astonished the Indians very much—"The plate that ornamented the sideboard at the banquet at the Queen's nuptials was estimated at 500,000*l.* (2,500,000 dollars)."

By the time their statistics had progressed thus far their dinner was ready, which was a thing much more simple to comprehend, and consequently more pleasing to them; so their note-book was shut, and taxes and game-laws and national debt gave way to roast-beef and *chickabobboo*.

Their drive through the city had tended to increase the curiosity to see them, and their exhibition-room on the second night was crowded to excess. This was sure to put the Indians into the best of humour; and seeing in different parts of the room quite a number of Friends, gave them additional satisfaction.

In a new country again, and before so full and fashionable an audience, I took unusual pains to explain the objects for which these people had come to this country, their personal appearance, and the modes they were to illustrate. When I had got through, and the Indians were sitting on the platform and smoking their pipe, a man rose in the crowd and said, "That's all gammon, sir!—these people are not Indians. I have seen many Indians, sir, and you can't hoax me!" Here the audience hissed, and raised the cry of "Put him out!—shame!" &c. I stepped forward, and with some difficulty got them silent, and begged they would let the gentleman finish his re-

marks, because, if they were fairly heard and understood, they might probably add much to the amusements of the evening. So he proceeded: "I know this to be a very great imposition, and I think it is a pity if it is allowed to go on. I have seen too many Indians to be deceived about them. I was at Bombay six years, and after that at Calcutta long enough to know what an Indian is. I know that their hair is always long and black, and not red: I know that these men are *Irishmen*, and painted up in this manner to gull the public. There's one of those fellows I know very well—I have seen him these three years at work in M'Gill's carpenter's shop, and saw him there but a few days ago; so I pronounce them but a raw set, as well as impostors!"

When he sat down I prevented the audience from making any further noise than merely laughing, which was excessive all over the room. I said that "to contradict this gentleman would only be to repeat what I had said, and I hoped at least he would remain in the room a few minutes until they would execute one of their dances, that he might give his opinion as to my skill in teaching 'raw recruits' as he called them." The Indians, who had been smoking their pipes all this time without knowing what the delay had been about, now sprang upon their feet and commenced the war-dance; all further thoughts of "imposition" and "raw recruits" were lost sight of here and for the rest of the evening. When their dance was done they received a tremendous roar of applause, and after resting a few minutes the Doctor was on his feet, and evidently trying very hard in a speech to make a sensation (as he had made on the first night in London) among the ladies. Jeffrey interpreted his speech; and although it made much amusement, and was applauded, still it fell very far short of what his eloquence and his quizzical smiles and wit had done on the former occasion. Being apprehensive also of Jim's cruel sarcasms when he, should stop, and apparently in hopes, too, of still saying something more witty, he, unfortunately for its whole effect, continued to speak a little too long after he had

said his best things ; so he sat down (though in applause) rather dissatisfied with himself, and seemed for some time in a sort of study, as if he was trying to recollect what he had said, a *peculiarity possibly* belonging to Indian orators.

When the Doctor had finished, all arose at the sound of the war-whoop given by the War-chief, and they gave with unusual spirit the discovery dance, and after that their favourite, the eagle dance. The finish of this exciting dance brought rounds of deafening applause and "bravo!" in the midst of which the War-chief arose, and, throwing his buffalo robe around him, said,—

" My friends—We see that we are in a new city, a strange place to us, but that we are not amongst enemies, and this gives us great pleasure. (*'How, how, how!'* and *'Hear, hear.'*)

" My friends—It gives me pleasure to see so many smiling faces about us, for we know that when you smile you are not angry ; we think you are amused with our dancing. It is the custom in our country always to thank the Great Spirit first. He has been kind to us, and our hearts are thankful that he has allowed us to reach your beautiful city, and to be with you to-night. (*'How, how, how!'*)

" My friends—Our modes of dancing are different from yours, and you see we don't come to teach you to dance, but merely to show you how the poor Indians dance. We are told that you have your dancing-masters ; but the Great Spirit taught us, and we think we should not change our mode. (*'How, how, how!'*)

" My friends—The interpreter has told us that some one in the room has said we were not Indians—that we were *Irishmen!* Now we are not in any way angry with this man ; if we *were* Irishmen, we might be perhaps. (*'Hear, hear.'* *'Bravo!'*)

" My friends—We are rather sorry for the man than angry ; it is his ignorance, and that is perhaps because he is too far off : let him come nearer to us and examine our skins, our ears, and our noses, full of holes and trinkets—Irishmen don't bore their noses. (Great laughter, and *'Bravo!'*)

" My friends—Tell that man we will be glad to see him and shake hands with him, and he will then be our friend at once." (*'Bravo!'* and cries of *'Go, go!'* from every part of the room : *'You must go!'*)

The gentleman left his seat upon this in a very embarrassed condition, and, advancing to the platform, shook the War-chief and each one of the party by the hand, and took a seat near to them for the rest of the evening, evidently

well pleased with their performances, and well convinced that they were not Irishmen.

After this the Indians proceeded by giving several other dances, songs, &c. ; and when it was announced that their amusements for the evening were finished, they seated themselves on the edge of the platform to meet those who desired to give them their hands. Half an hour or so was spent in this ceremony, during which time they received many presents, and, what to them was more gratifying, they felt the affectionate hands of a number of the "good people" they were so anxious to meet, and who they saw were taking a deep interest in their behalf already. They returned to their apartments unusually delighted with their reception, and, after their supper and *chickabobboo*, Jim had some dry jokes for the Doctor about his speech ; assuring him that he never would "go down" with the Irish ladies—that his speech had been a decided failure—and that he had better hereafter keep his mouth entirely shut. They had much merriment also about the "mistake the poor man had made in calling them Irishmen," and all applauded the War-chief for the manner in which he had answered him in his speech.

The Indians in their drive during the morning had observed an unusual number of soldiers in various parts of the city, and, on inquiring of Daniel why there were so many when there was no war and no danger, they learned to their great surprise that this country, like the one they had just left, had been subjugated by England, and that a large military force was necessary to be kept in all the towns to keep the people quiet, and to compel them to pay their taxes to the government. They thought the police were more frequent here also than they had seen them in London, and laughed very much at their carrying clubs to knock men down with. They began to think that the Irish must be very bad people to want so many to watch them with guns and clubs, and laughed at Daniel about the wickedness of his countrymen. He endeavoured to explain to them, how-

ever, that, if they had to work as hard as the Irishmen did, and then had their hard earnings mostly all taken away from them, they would require as strong a military force to take care of them as the Irish did. His argument completely brought them over, and they professed perfectly to understand the case; and all said they could see why so many soldiers were necessary. The police, he said, were kept in all the towns, night and day, to prevent people from stealing, from breaking into each other's houses, from fighting, and from knocking each other down and taking away their property. The insatiate Jim then conceived the idea of getting into his book the whole number of soldiers that were required in England, Scotland, and Ireland to keep the people at work in the factories, and to make them pay their taxes; and also the number of police that were necessary in the different cities and towns to keep people all peaceable, and quiet, and honest. Daniel had read to them only a day or two before an article in the 'Times' newspaper, setting forth all these estimates, and, being just the thing he wanted, copied them into his book.

The reader sees by this time that, although Jim's looks were against him, as an orator or lecturer, when he should get back to his own country—and also that though his imagination could not take its wings until he was flat upon his back—still that he was, by dint of industry and constant effort, preparing himself with a magazine of facts which were calculated to impress upon the simple minds of the people in his country the strongest proofs of the virtue and superior blessings of civilization.

These people had discernment enough to see that such an enormous amount of soldiers and police as their list presented them would not be kept in pay if they were not necessary. And they naturally put the question at once—"What state would the country be in if the military and police were all taken away?" They had been brought to the zenith of civilization that they might see and admire it in its best form; but the world who read will *see* with me

that they were close critics, and *agree* with me, I think, that it is almost a pity they should be the teachers of such statistics as they are to teach to thousands yet to be taught in the wilderness. As I have shown in a former part of this work, I have long since been opposed to parties of Indians being brought to this country, believing that civilization should be a gradual thing, rather than open the eyes of these ignorant people to all its mysteries at a glance, when the mass of its poverty and vices alarms them, and its luxuries and virtues are at a discouraging distance—beyond the reach of their attainment.

Daniel was at this time cutting a slip from the 'Times,' which he read to Jim; and it was decided at once to be an admissible and highly interesting entry to make, and to go by the side of his former estimates of the manufacture and consumption of *chickabobboo*. The article ran thus:—
"The consumption of ardent spirits in Great Britain and Ireland in the last year was 29,200,000 gallons, and the Poor Law Commissioners estimate the money annually spent in ardent spirits at 24,000,000*l.* (120,000,000 dollars); and it is calculated that 50,000 drunkards die yearly in England and Ireland, and that one-half of the insanity, two-thirds of the pauperism, and three-fourths of the crimes of the land are the consequences of drunkenness."

This, Jim said, was one of the best things he had got down in his book, because he said that the *black-coats* were always talking so much about the Indians getting drunk, that it would be a good thing for him to have to show; and he said he thought he should be able, when they were about to go home, to get *Chippahola** to write by the side of it that fourteen Ioways were one year in England and never drank any of this *fire-water*, and were never drunk in that time.

Daniel and Jeffrey continued to read (or rather Daniel to read, and Jeffrey to interpret) the news and events in

* The Author.

the 'Times,' to which the Indians were all listening with attention. He read several amusing things, and then of a "*Horrid murder!*" a man had murdered his wife and two little children. He read the account; and next—"Brutal Assault on a Female!"—"A Father killed by his own Son!"—"Murder of an Infant and Suicide of the Mother!"—"Death from Starvation!"—"Execution of Sarah Loundes for poisoning her Husband!"—"Robbery of 150*l.* Bank of England Notes!" &c. &c.

They had read so many exciting things in one paper, and were but half through the list, when Jim, who had rolled over on his back and drawn up his knees, as if he was going to say something, asked how much was the price of that newspaper; to which Daniel replied that there was one printed each day like that, and the price fivepence each. "Well," said Jim, "I believe everything is in that paper, and I will give you the money to get it for me every day. Go to the man and tell him I want one of every kind he has: I will take them all home with me, and I will some time learn to read them all."

A clever idea entered (or originated in) the heavy brain of Jim at this moment. He went to a box in the corner of the room, from which he took out, and arranged on the floor, about twenty handsomely-bound Bibles, when he made this memorable and commercial-like vociferation, in tolerably plain English: "I guess em swap!" He had been much amused with several numbers of 'Punch,' which he had long pored over and packed away for amusement on the prairies; and believing that his plan for "swapping" would enable him to venture boldly, he authorized Daniel to subscribe for Punch also, provided Punch would take Bibles for pay. Daniel assured him that that would be "no go," as he thought Punch would not care about Bibles; but told him that he would at all events have the 'Times' for him every morning, as he wished, and was now going to read to them a very curious thing that he had got his thumb upon, and commenced to read:—

“ Lord R. Grosvenor and Mr. Spooner attended yesterday at the Home-office with Sir George Grey to present a memorial to the Queen from the women of England, signed by 100,000, praying that the bill for preventing trading in seduction may pass into a law. The following is a copy of the petition :—

“ TO THE QUEEN.

“ We, the undersigned women of Great Britain and Ireland, placed by Divine Providence under the sway of the British Sceptre, which God has committed to your Majesty's hands, most humbly beg leave to make known to our beloved Sovereign the heavy and cruel grievance that oppresses a large portion of the female population of the realm. A system exists, by which not only are undue facilities and temptations held out to the immoral, the giddy, and the poor, to enter upon a life of infamy, degradation, and ruin, but unwary young females and mere children are frequently entrapped, and sold into the hands of profligate libertines. Agents are sent into the towns and villages of the United Kingdom, whose ostensible object is to engage young girls for domestic service, or other female employments, but whose real design is to degrade and ruin them. Female agents are also employed in London and many of our large towns to watch the public conveyances, and decoy the simple and inexperienced into houses of moral pollution and crime, by offers of advice or temporary protection. By such and other means the entrapping of innocent young women is reduced to a regular trade, the existence of which is, in the highest degree, discreditable to the nation. Despite the efforts of right-minded men and of benevolent institutions to suppress, by means of the existing laws, this vile trade in female innocence, thousands of the most helpless of your Majesty's subjects are annually destroyed, both in body and soul. We therefore appeal to your Majesty, beseeching you to extend your Royal protection around the daughters of the poor, by promoting such vigorous laws as the wisdom of your Majesty's counsellors may see good to devise, and thereby deliver your Majesty's fair realm from a system of profligacy so offensive to Almighty God, and so fatal to the personal, social, temporal, and spiritual well-being of the women of England.’”

“ Fish! fish!” exclaimed Jim, as Daniel finished reading. Some laughed excessively, and the poor Indian women groaned; but Jim, lying still on his back, and of course his ideas circulating freely, roared out again “ *Fish! fish! chickabobboo! money! money!*—put that all in my book.” Daniel said, “ There is no need of that, for it is in your paper, which is all the same, and I will mark a black line around it.” “ Then be careful not to lose the paper,” said Jim, “ for I like that very much: I'll show that to the *black-coats* when I get home.”

Thus the talk of that night had run to a late hour, and I took leave.

The next morning I received two invitations for the Indians, both of which were calculated to give them great pleasure: the one was an invitation to visit the Zoological Gardens, then in their infant but very flourishing state, when the directors very kindly proposed to admit the public by shilling tickets, and to give the receipts to the Indians. This, therefore, was very exciting to their ambition; and the other invitation was equally or more so, as it was from several gentlemen of the Society of Friends, who proposed that, as there were a great many of that society in Dublin, and who all felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians, but who had, many of them, a decided objection to attend their war-dances, &c., they should feel glad to meet them at some hour that might be appointed, in their exhibition room, for the purpose of forming an acquaintance with them, and of having some conversation with them on the subject of education, agriculture, &c., with a view to ascertain in what way they could best render them some essential service. This invitation was embraced by the Indians with great pleasure, and at the time appointed they met about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, all of that society, to whom I introduced them by briefly explaining their objects in visiting this country, their modes of life, their costumes, &c. After that, several ladies, as well as gentlemen, asked them questions relative to their religious belief and modes of worship; to all of which the War-chief answered in the most cheerful manner; and, as he constantly replied with appeals to the Great Spirit, who, he said, directed all their hearts, they all saw in him a feeling of reverence for the Great Spirit, which satisfied all that they were endowed with high sentiments of religion and devotion.

Mr. Melody here stated that he had just received very interesting and satisfactory letters from the reverend gentlemen conducting a missionary school, which was prospering,

in their tribe, parts of which letters he read, and also presented a small book already printed in the Loway language by a printing-press belonging to the Missionary Society, and now at work at their mission. This gave great satisfaction to the visitors, who saw that these people had friends at home who were doing what they could to enlighten their minds.

The friendly feelings of all present were then conveyed to them by several who addressed them in turn, expressing their deep anxiety for their worldly welfare and their spiritual good, and in the kindest and most impressive language exhorted them to temperance, to a knowledge of our Saviour, and to the blessings of education, which lead to it. They impressed upon their minds also the benefits that would flow from the abandonment of their hunters' life and warfare, and the adoption of agricultural pursuits. It was then stated that it was the object of the meeting to make them a present of something more than mere professions of friendship, and desired of me to ascertain what would be most useful and acceptable to them. The question being put to them, the White Cloud replied that "anything they felt disposed to give they would accept with thankfulness, but, as the question had been asked, he should say that *money* would be preferable to anything else, for it was more easily carried, and when in America, and near their own country, they could buy with it what their wives and little children should most need." It was then proposed that a hat should be passed around, for the purpose, by which the sum of 40*l.* was received, and handed to the chief, to divide between them. Besides this very liberal donation, a number of beautifully-bound Bibles were presented to them, and several very kind and lovely ladies went to the shops, and returned with beautiful shawls and other useful presents for the women and children; and one benevolent gentleman, who had been of the meeting, and whose name I regret that I have forgotten, brought in with his own hands, a large trunk filled with pretty and useful things, which he took pleasure in dividing

amongst them, and in presenting the trunk to the wife of the chief.

Thus ended this very kind and interesting meeting, which the Indians will never forget, and which went far to strengthen their former belief that the "good people," as they called them, would be everywhere found to be their genuine friends.

Their invitation to the Zoological Gardens was for the day following, and they were there highly entertained by the young men who were the founders of that institution. They met in those peculiarly beautiful grounds a great number of the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Dublin; and, after an hour or two delightfully spent amongst them, received from the treasurer of the institution the sum of 36*l.*, that had been taken at the entrance. Nothing could have been more gratefully received than were these two kind presents; nor could anything have afforded them more convincing proofs of the hospitality and kindness of the people they were amongst.

The exhibitions at the Rotunda were continued on every evening, and the Indians took their daily ride at ten o'clock in the morning, seeing all that was to be seen in the streets and the suburbs of Dublin, and after their suppers and their *chickaboboo* enjoyed their jokes and their pipe, whilst they were making their remarks upon the occurrences of the day, and listening to Daniel's readings of the 'Times' newspaper, to which the *Chemokemon** (as they now called him), Jim, had become a subscriber. This boundless source of information and amusement, just now opened to their minds, was engrossing much of their time: and Daniel and Jeffrey were called upon regularly every night, after their suppers, to tell them all that was new and curious in the paper of the day; and Jim desired a daily entry in his book of the number of *murders* and *robberies* that appeared in it. All this Daniel, in his kindness, did for him, after reading the

* White man.

description of them; and in this way the ingenious Jim considered he had all things now in good train to enable him to enlighten the Indian races when he should get back to the prairies of his own country.

Poor Jim, whose avarice began to dawn with his first steps towards civilization, and who, having his wife with him to add her share of presents to his, and was now getting such an accumulation of Bibles that they were becoming a serious item of luggage, related here a curious anecdote that occurred while he was in the Zoological Gardens:—

The Bibles they had received, and were daily receiving, as “the most valuable presents that could be made them,” he had supposed must of course have some considerable intrinsic value; and he felt disposed, as he was now increasing his expenses, by taking the ‘Times’ newspaper and in other ways, to try the experiment of occasionally selling one of his bibles to increase his funds, and, on starting to go to the gardens, had put one in his pouch to offer to people he should meet in the crowd; and it seems he offered it in many cases, but nobody would buy, but one had been *given* to him by a lady; so he came home with one more than he took; and he said to us, “I guess em no good—I no sell em, but I get em a heap.”

A very friendly invitation was received about this time from the President of Trinity College for the party to visit that noble institution, and Mr. Melody and myself took great pleasure in accompanying them there. They were treated there with the greatest possible kindness; and, after being shown through all its parts—its library, museum, &c.—a liberal collection was made for them amongst the reverend gentlemen and their families, and presented to them a few days afterwards.

I took the War-chief and several of the party to visit the Archbishop of Dublin and his family, who treated them with much kindness, and presented to each a sovereign, as an evidence of the attachment they felt for them. This unexpected kindness called upon them for some expression

of thanks in return ; and the War-chief, after offering his hand to the Archbishop, said to him :—

“ My friend, as the Great Spirit has moved your heart to be kind to us, I rise up to thank Him first, and then to tell you how thankful we feel to you for what your hand has given us. We are poor, and do not deserve this ; but we will keep it, and it will buy food and clothing for our little children.

“ My friend, we are soon going from here, and we live a great way. We shall never see your face again in this world, but we shall hope that the Great Spirit will allow us to meet in the world that is before us, and where you and I must soon go.”

The Archbishop seemed much struck with his remarks ; and, taking him again by the hand, said to him that he believed they would meet again in the world to come, and, commending them to the care of the Great Spirit, bade them an affectionate farewell.

An invitation was awaiting them at this time, also, to breakfast the next morning with Mr. Joseph Bewley, a Friend, and who lived a few miles out of the city. His carriages arrived for them at the hour, and the whole party visited him and his kind family and took their breakfast with them. After the breakfast was over, the chief thanked this kind gentleman for his hospitality and the presents very liberally bestowed ; and the party all listened with great attention to the Christian advice which he gave them, recommending to them also to lay down all their weapons of war, and to study the arts of peace. These remarks seemed to have made a deep impression on their minds, for they were daily talking of this kind man and the advice and information he gave them.

Having finished our exhibitions by advertisement, but being detained a few days longer in Dublin than we expected by the illness of the *Roman Nose*, an opportunity was afforded the Indians to attend a number of evening parties, to which they were invited by families of the Society of Friends, and treated with the greatest kindness and attention.

The Indians had thus formed their notions of the beauti-

ful city of Dublin by riding through it repeatedly in all its parts—by viewing, outside and in, its churches, its colleges, its gardens, and other places of amusement; and of its inhabitants, by meeting them in the exhibition rooms, and in their own houses, at their hospitable boards. They decided that Edinburgh was rather the most beautiful city; that in Glasgow they saw the most ragged and poor; and that in Dublin they met the warmest-hearted and most kind people of any they had seen in the kingdom. In Dublin, as in Glasgow, they had been in the habit of throwing handfuls of pence to the poor; and at length had got them baited, so that gangs of hungry, ragged creatures were daily following their carriage home to their door, and there waiting under their windows for the pence that were often showered down upon their heads.

Out of the thousands of beggars that *I* met while there (and many of whom extracted money from my pocket by their wit or drollery when I was not disposed to give it), there was but one of whom I shall make mention in this place. In my daily walk from my hotel to the Rotunda, there was an old, hardy-looking veteran, who used often to meet me and solicit with great importunity, as I had encouraged him by giving to him once or twice when I first met him. I was walking on that pavement one day with an American friend whom I had met, and, observing this old man coming at some distance ahead of us on the same pavement, I said to my friend, "Now watch the motions of that old fellow as he comes up to beg—look at the expression of his face." When we had got within a few rods of him the old man threw his stomach in, and one knee in an instant seemed out of joint, and his face! oh, most pitiable to look upon. We approached him arm-in-arm, and while coming towards him I put my hand in my pocket as if I was getting out some money, which brought this extraordinary expression from him: "My kind sir, may the gates of Heaven open to receive you!"—(by this time we had got by him, and, seeing that my hand remained stationary in

my pocket, as he had turned round and was scowling daggers at me)—“and may you be kicked out the moment you get there!”

There is an inveteracy in the Irish begging and wit that shows it to be native and not borrowed; it is therefore more irresistible and more successful than in any other country perhaps in the world. I speak this, however, merely as an opinion of my own, formed on the many instances where the very reasons I assigned for not giving were so ingeniously and suddenly turned into irresistible arguments for giving, that my hand was in my pocket before I was aware of it.

The Indians however gave from other motives; not able to appreciate their wit, they had discernment enough to see the wretchedness that existed among the poor people in the lanes and outskirts of the city, and too much pity in their hearts not to try with their money to relieve them; and in that way I fully believe that they gave a very considerable proportion of the money they had received since they entered the city.

The symptoms of the poor *Roman Nose*, whose case was now decided to be almost hopeless, were a little more favourable, and it was agreed, with his united wish, that we should start for Liverpool by steamer; and on the morning when we went on board, the Indians were more strongly than ever confirmed in their belief that the Friends were the people who had taken the deepest interest in their welfare, by meeting nearly all they had seen in their numerous visits, down at the wharf, to shake hands with them, and wish them an everlasting farewell! Such proof as this, which brought even tears in their eyes, will be the last to be forgotten by them or by me, and should be the last to be overlooked in the public acknowledgment I am now making.

Our voyage across the Channel was easy and pleasant; and amongst the numerous and fashionable people on board, poor Jim had the mortification of trying to test the intrinsic value of his numerous stock of Bibles by occasionally offering one that he carried in his pouch. “I no sell ’em—they no

like 'em," was his reply again; and he began to doubt the value of them, which he was greatly disappointed to find they had fixed much above their market-price.

On landing at the wharf in Liverpool the Indians recognised the spot where they first set their feet upon English soil, and they raised the yell (not unlike the war-whoop) which is given by war-parties when, returning from battle, they are able to see their own village. This gathered a great crowd in a few moments, that was exceedingly difficult to disperse, and it instilled new ambition and strength into the poor *Roman Nose*, who thought in his weakness that they were near home; but he rallied only to look out and realize that he was too far from his home ever to see it again.

Lodgings had been prepared for them, to which they immediately repaired; and, as their sinking companion was so rapidly declining, they were all in sadness, though they tried, poor fellows, to be gay and cheerful. Their exhibitions had been advertised to commence, and they proceeded with them. Before they commenced, however, a feast was made to thank the Great Spirit for having conducted them quite around England to the place from whence they started, and also for the benefit of the health of their fellow-warrior, the *Roman Nose*.

A council was also held, when Mr. Melody and I were called in, and by some it was proposed to start for home, and by others to go to Paris and see a King, as they had tried, but in vain, to see the Queen of England. A visit to Paris had been a favourite theme with them for some months past, and all at length joined in the wish to see the King and Queen of France.

The most skilful physicians were called to attend the poor *Roman Nose*, and they advised us to place him in an hospital. He was consulted, and, wishing to go, was removed there, where the interpreter, Jeffrey, stayed, and every attention was paid him. A few nights of exhibitions in Liverpool finished our stay in that town, and brought us to an engage-

ment we had made, for four nights, in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester.

The Indians saw that their fellow-warrior was to sink to the grave in a few days, and yet, like philosophers, they said it was the will of the Great Spirit, and they must not complain. They said they would give their exhibitions for the four nights, as they were promised to the public, and then stop until their companion was dead and buried; our exhibitions were consequently made to immense crowds on those evenings, and to the same people who had seen the Ojibbeways with such a relish when they first arrived. The different appearance of this tribe, and difference in their modes, made them subjects of new and fresh interest, and no doubt that their exhibitions, if they had been continued, would have been nightly filled for a length of time. They here gave their exhibitions the additional interest of erecting three wigwams into a sort of Indian village on the immense platform, and stationed their targets at the two ends, giving a fair illustration of their skill in archery, as they shot for prizes across the breadth of the immense hall.

Their exhibitions gained them much applause here, as in other places, with which they were well pleased, and they had many invitations from kind families in town, but which they declined, as they said they were sad, as one of their number was dying. Thus their amusements in Manchester, and for the kingdom, were finished, and they retired to their private apartments, awaiting the end of the poor *Roman Nose*, which was now daily expected. Mr. Melody and Jeffrey stayed by him, and I went to see him, and so did several of the Indians, on each day until his death.

While the Indians were thus resting in their quarters, they were surprised and cheered by the sudden arrival of their old friend, *Bobasheela*, who had just come from Cornwall to see them again before their departure for America, as he supposed, from seeing by the papers that they had arrived in Liverpool.

They thus amused themselves from day to day, lying still, not wishing to ride about, or to admit company, or to attend to the invitations from various quarters given to them. Their time was now chiefly taken up in repairing their dresses, &c., in anticipation of going before the King of France, and listening to the amusing and shocking things which Daniel was daily reading in Jim's newspaper, and minuting down in his note-book, as he required. He wished Daniel and his friend *Bobasheela* to find in his paper, if they could, how many churches there were in England, and how many *black-coats* (as he called them) there were who were constantly reading the good book and preaching to them. This they could not do at the moment, but *Bobasheela* told him he could get it all out of a book that had lately been published, and would give it to him the next day. This was done according to promise, and by Daniel recorded in his book.

Bobasheela's anxieties were now turned towards the poor suffering *Roman Nose*, and he went to Liverpool to see him, and arrived with some of the Indians just in time to see him breathe his last. Alas! poor, fine fellow! he went down gradually and regularly to the grave; and though amongst strangers and far away from all of the graves of his relatives, he died like a philosopher, and (though not a Christian) not *unlike* a Christian. He said repeatedly to Jeffrey that he should live but so many days, and afterwards so many hours, and seemed to be perfectly resigned to the change that was to take place. He said that his time had come; he was going to the beautiful hunting-grounds, where he would soon see his friends who had gone before him: he said that when he shut his eyes he could plainly see them, and he felt sure it was only to change the society of his friends here for that of his dear parents and other friends, and he was now anxious to be with them. He said the road might be long, but it did not matter where he started from; the Great Spirit had promised him strength to reach it. He told his friend *Bobasheela* that in

his pouch he would find some money, with which he wished him to buy some of the best vermilion, and, if possible, some green paint, such as *Chippchola* used to get for him in London, and have them put in his pouch with his flint and steel, and to be sure to be placed in his grave, that he might be able to make his face look well among his friends where he was going. He wished him, and Daniel also, to have his arrows examined in his quiver, and repaired with new and sharp blades, as he recollected that, before he was sick, many of them were injured by shooting at the target, and during his illness others might have been destroyed. He had requested his silver medal, which was given to him by the American government for saving the lives of ten of his defenceless enemies, to be suspended by a blue ribbon over his head while he was sick, that he might see it until he died, and in that position it hung when I was last with him—his eyes were upon it, and his smile, until he drew his last breath. After his death his friend *Bobasheela*, and Jeffrey and the Doctor, laid him in his coffin, and, placing in it, according to the Indian mode, his faithful bow and quiver of arrows, his pipe and tobacco to last him through the "journey he was to perform," having dressed him in all his finest clothes, and painted his face, and placed his bow and quiver and his pouch by his side, and his medal on his breast, the coffin was closed, and his remains were buried, attended by his faithful friends around him, by the officers of the institution, and many citizens, who sympathized in his unlucky fate.

Thus ended the career of *No-ho-mun-ya* (or the Roman Nose), one of the most peaceable and well-disposed and finest men of the party, or of the tribe from which he came.

The reader will now contemplate the Indians and their friend *Bobasheela* again in their private rooms in Manchester, spending a week or so together, smoking their pipes, with their faces painted black, recounting the deeds of the vanished warrior, and recapitulating the events of their tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and trying to

cheer the view that was ahead of them by drinking *chick-abobboo*. These few days passed heavily by, and they soon became anxious to throw off the gloom that was cast over them, by seeing something new, and by resuming the exercise and excitements of the dance. Their thoughts were now on Paris, and I was there making arrangements for their reception. The reader will therefore, with my help, *imagine* himself across the Channel (and probably for the first time in his life without being sea-sick), and ready to commence, with the Indians and me, amidst new scenes and new scenery, the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Author arrives in Paris—Victoria Hotel—Mr. Melody and his Indians arrive—Doctor missing, and found on the top of the hotel—Alarm of servants—First drive in Paris—Visit to Mr. King, the American ambassador—French *chickabobbo*—M. Vattemare—Indians visit the Hôtel de Ville—Préfet de police—Magnificent salons—The “big looking-glasses”—The Préfet’s lady—Refreshments and *chickabobbo*—Speech of the War-chief—Reply of the Préfet—Salle Valentino taken for the exhibition—Daniel arrives with the Collection from London—Indians visit the King in the palace of the Tuileries—Royal personages—Conversation—War-chief presents the calumet—His speech to the King—Eagle-dance—War-dance—Little Wolf presents his tomahawk and whip to the King—His speech—Refreshments and “Queen’s *chickabobbo*”—Drinking the King’s and Queen’s health, and health of the Count de Paris—“Vive le Roi”—Jim’s opinion of the King—An Indian’s idea of descents—Presents in money from the King—Mode of dividing it—A drive—Ladies leading dogs with strings—The number counted in one drive—The Indians’ surprise—An entry for Jim’s book—Jim laments the loss of the Times newspaper and *Punch*—He takes Galignani’s Messenger—Indians dine at W. Costar’s—The Doctor’s compliment to a lady’s fine voice—Indians visit the Royal Academy of Sciences—Curious reception—M. Arago—Indians’ suspicions and alarms—Jim’s remarkable speech—Opening of the exhibition in Salle Valentino—Great excitement—Speech of the War-chief—Shaking hands—Public opinion of the Author’s Collection.

HAVING long before resolved to take my collection to Paris before returning it to my own country, and the Indians being ambitious to see the King of the French, it was mutually agreed that my whole collection should be opened in Paris, and that their dances and other amusements should for a short time be given in it, as they had been given in London.

Under this arrangement, with my wife and my four dear little children, I repaired to Paris as soon as possible,

leaving Daniel to ship over and accompany my collection, whilst Mr. Melody conducted his party of Indians.

In crossing the Channel, and receding from its shores, as I was seated on the deck of a steamer, I looked back, and, having for the first time nothing else to do, and a little time to reflect upon England, and what I had seen of it in five years, I took out of my pocket my little note-book, where I had entered, not what England is, and what she does (and which all the world knows), but the points in which her modes are different from those in my own country. I would have a few leisure hours to run over these curious entries, and time to reflect upon them, as we sailed along, and I began to read thus:—

“ London, 1844. The essential Differences between England and the United States.

“ The United States much the largest; but England is a great deal older.

“ New-Yorkers cross the streets diagonally; the Londoners cross them at right angles.

“ In England the odd pennies are wrapped in a paper, and handed back with ‘ I thank you, Sir.’

“ Streets in London have tops and bottoms; in America they have upper and lower ends.

“ In England a man's wife is ‘ very bad;’ in America, ‘ very ill;’ and in France, ‘ bien malade.’

“ Americans ‘ turn to the *right* as the law directs;’ the English turn to the *left*.

“ English mutton and babies are much the fattest.

“ Gooseberries in England much the largest, but not so sweet.

“ Pigs in the American cities are seen promenading in the streets; in London, only seen hanging by their hind legs.

“ In England men are ‘ knocked up;’ in America they are ‘ knocked down.’

“ ‘ *Top-coats*’ are very frequent in England, in America nothing is known higher than an ‘ *over-coat*.’

“ In the United States a man is ‘ smart;’ in England he is ‘ clever.’

“ English ladies are more luscious, but not quite so ——”

Just when I had read thus far, the steward tapped me on the shoulder and told me that “ I was wanted below immediately, for my lady was very ill.” I closed my book

and ran below, where I found my poor wife and little family all dreadfully sick. I waited on them a while and got seasick myself. My musings on England and America were thus broken off; and from the time that we launched forth amidst the clatter upon a French wharf, I had as much as I could do to keep my little children and my luggage together, and all recollections of England and my native country vanished in the confusion and din that was around me in the new world we were entering upon. Custom-houses and railways and diligences have been a thousand times described, and I need say nothing of them, except that we got through them all, and into the *Victoria Hotel*, in Paris, where we found rest, fine beds, kind attentions, and enough to eat.

A few days after my arrival in Paris, Mr. Melody made his appearance with his party of Ioways, for whom apartments were prepared in the same hotel, and after much fatigue and vexation the immense hall in Rue St. Honoré (Salle Valentino) was engaged as the place for their future operations. Daniel in the mean time was moving up with the Indian collection of eight tons weight, and in a few days all parties were on the ground, though there was to be some delay in arranging the numerous collection, and in getting the Indians introduced to the King, which was the first object. They had entered the city at a late hour at night, and for several days it had been impossible to attend to the necessary arrangements for driving them about; and they became excessively impatient to be on wheels again, to get a glimpse of the strange and beautiful things which they knew were about them. In the mean time they were taking all the amusement to themselves that they could get, by looking out of the windows; and their red and crested heads in Paris soon drew a crowd together in the streets, and thousands of heads protruding from the windows and house-tops. The Doctor soon found his way to the roof, and from that regaled his eyes, at an early hour, with a bird's-eye view of the boundless mystery and

confusion of chimneys and house-tops and domes and spires that were around him.

The servants in the house were at first alarmed, and the good landlady smiled at their unexpected appearance; and she roared with laughter when she was informed that the beds were all to be removed from their rooms, that they spread their own robes, and, in preference, slept upon the floor. All in the house, however, got attached to them in a few days, and all went pleasantly on.

The first airing they took in Paris was in an omnibus with four, as they had been driven in London; but, to the old Doctor's exceeding chagrin, there was no seat for him to take outside by the side of the driver. He was easily reconciled however to his seat with the rest, and they thus soon had a glance at a number of the principal streets of the city, and were landed at the American Embassy, to pay their first respects to Mr. King, at that time the minister to France. They were received by Mr. King and his niece with great kindness; and after a little conversation, through the interpreter, Mr. King invited them to the table, loaded with cakes and fruit, and offered them a glass of wine, proposing their health, and at the same time telling them that, though he was opposed to encouraging Indians to drink, yet he was quite sure that a glass or two of the *vin rouge* of the French would not hurt them. The colour of it seemed to cause them to hesitate a moment, while they were casting their eyes around upon me. They understood the nod of my head, and, hearing me pronounce it *chickabobboo*, took the hint and drank it off with great pleasure. Mr. Melody here assured Mr. King of the temperate habits of these people; and I explained to the party the origin and meaning of *chickabobboo*, which pleased them all very much. They partook of a second glass, and also of the cakes and fruit, and took leave, the War-chief having thanked Mr. King and his niece for their kindness, and having expressed his great pleasure at meeting so kind an American gentleman so far from home.

The Indians were now in their omnibus again, and Mr. Melody and myself in our carriage, with a kind friend, Mons. A. Vattemare, who had obtained for the Indians an invitation to visit the *Hotel de Ville*, where we were now to drive. In' this drive from St. Germain we recrossed the Seine by Pont Neuf, and had a fine view of all the bridges, and the palace of the Tuileries, and the Louvre. The omnibus stopped a moment on the middle of the bridge, and they were much excited by the view. A few minutes more brought us in front of the *Hotel de Ville*, where several thousands of people were assembled; it having been heard in the streets, in all probability, from the servants or police, that a party of savages were to be there at that hour.

There was a great outcry when they landed and entered the hall, and the crowd was sure not to diminish whilst they were within.

We were all presented to His Excellency the *Préfet de Police* by my friend Mons. Vattemare, and received with great kindness, and conducted through all the principal apartments of that noble edifice, which are finished and furnished in the most sumptuous style, and in richness of effect surpassing even the most splendid halls of the palaces of the Tuileries or St. Cloud. The gorgeousness of the carpets on which they stood, and the tapestry that was around them, and the incredible size of the mirrors that were reflecting them in a hundred directions, were subjects till then entirely new to them; and they seemed completely amazed at the splendour with which they were surrounded. From these splendid salons we were conducted into the *salle à manger*, and opportunely where the table was spread and the plates laid for a grand banquet. This was a lucky occurrence, affording us, as well as the Indians, an opportunity of seeing the richness of the plate upon which those elegant affairs are served up, and which but a choice few can ever behold.

Retiring from and through this suite of splendid salons, we entered an antechamber, where we were presented to the elegant lady of the *Préfet* and several of their friends,

who brought us to a table loaded with fruit and cakes and other refreshments, and wine of several sorts and the best in quality. The corks of several bottles of champagne were drawn, and, as the sparkling wine was running, each one smiled as he whispered the word *chickabobboo*. The *Préfet* drank their health in a glass of the "*Queen's chickabobboo*," as they called it, and then, with his own hand, presented each a handsome silver medal, and also one to Mr. Melody and myself.

The War-chief by this time felt called upon for some acknowledgment on their part for this kind treatment, and, advancing to the *Préfet*, shook hands with him, and addressed him thus:—

"My friend and father, your kindness to us this day makes our hearts glad, and we thank you for it. We are strangers here, and poor ignorant children from the wilderness. We came here with heavy hearts, having just buried one of our warriors, and your kindness has driven away our sorrow. (*How, how, how!*)

"My father, the splendour of the rooms, and other things you have just shown us, blind our eyes with their brightness, and we now see that white men can do anything.

"My father, we were astonished at what we saw in London, where we have been, but we think your village is much the most beautiful. We thank the Great Spirit, who has opened your great house to us to-day, and also your lady, who has been kind to us.

"My father, I have done."

At the close of his speech the *Préfet* assured him of his kindly feelings towards them, and his anxiety for their welfare; and after a general shake of hands we took leave, and descended to the street, and, passing through a dense crowd, took our carriages and drove back to our hotel. Thus ended their first day's drive and visits in Paris, furnishing them with a rich fund for a talk after their dinner and *chickabobboo*, which was to be *vin rouge* in Paris, instead of ale, which they had been in the habit of drinking in England.

Nothing could exceed the exhilarated flow of spirits in which they returned, and the admiration they were expressing of the beauty of the city, and the splendour of the

rooms they had been in. They were decided that they should be pleased with Paris; and as Palaces, Kings, and Queens were yet before them, they seemed to be perfectly happy. During their curious remarks on what they had seen, they already were saying that they had seen many thousands of people, and were glad that they saw nobody in rags or begging. They thought the French people all had enough to eat, and *that*, they said, was a great pleasure to them; for it made their hearts sore, when riding out, if they saw poor people, who had nothing to eat, as they had seen in some places.

The Indians decided that the houses of Paris were much more beautiful than they had seen in any place; and they thought, from their cheerful looks, that either the people had their debts more paid up than the English people, or else that they had not so much money as to distress their looks for fear of losing it. We were all pleased with the appearance of Paris, and compelled to feel cheerful from the buoyant feelings that were displayed all around us. Like the Indians, I was pleased with the neat and cleanly appearance of the poorest in the streets, and surprised at the beauty and elegance of their houses, which want, in my estimation, but one more embellishment, which it would be quite easy to give, to render the effect of their streets more beautiful than words can describe. That would be, to paint their window-blinds green, which, by contrast, would make the walls appear more white and clean, and break with pleasing variety the white monotony that now prevails throughout.

This first day's drive about the city had created a prodigious excitement and curiosity where they had gone, and given to the Indians just peep enough, amidst the beauties of Paris, to create a restlessness on both sides for a more familiar acquaintance, and which it had been thought most prudent to defer until they had made their visit to the Palace, for which their application had been made to the King by the American minister, and to which we were daily

expecting a reply. In the mean time, Mr. Melody, and Jeffrey, and the Indians kept quiet, entertaining an occasional party of some American friends, or distinguished personages, who were sending in their cards, and seeking interviews with them. During all this delay they had enough to amuse them, by talking of what they had already seen, and what they expected they were going to see, and cleaning and preparing their dresses for the great occasion. I, in the mean time, with my man Daniel, and others, was arranging my collection on the walls of the *Salle Valentino*; and, by the kind and friendly aid of Mons. Vattemare, obtaining my licence from the authorities, and also conforming to the other numerous and vexatious forms and ceremonies to be gone through before the opening of my exhibition to public view.

The Minister of the Interior had kindly granted an order for the admission of my whole collection into the kingdom, by my paying merely a nominal duty, but there were still forms and delays to submit to in the customs, which were tedious and vexatious, but by the aid of my above-mentioned good friend, they had all been overcome; and my collection was now nearly ready for the public examination, when I received a letter from the American minister, informing me, that "on a certain day, and at a certain hour, His Majesty would see Mr. Catlin and Mr. Melody, with the Ioway Indians, in the Palace of the Tuileries." There was great rejoicing amongst the good fellows when they heard this welcome letter read, and several of them embraced me in their arms, as if I had been the sole cause of it. Their doubts were now at an end: it was certain that they should see the King of France, which, they said, "would be far more satisfactory, and a greater honour, than to have seen the Queen of England." Whatever the poor fellows thought, such was their mode of exultation. "The Ojibbeways," they said, "were subjects of the Queen, but we will be subjects of Louis Philippe."

They had yet a few days to prepare, and even without

their drives or company they were contented, as the time passed away, and they were preparing for the interview. On the morning of the day for their reception, the long stem of a beautiful pipe had been painted a bright blue, and ornamented with blue ribbons, emblematical of peace, to be presented by the chief to the King. Every article of dress and ornament had been put in readiness; and, as the hour approached, each one came out from his toilet, in a full blaze of colour of various tints, all with their wampum and medals on, with their necklaces of grizzly bears' claws, their shields, and bows, and quivers, their lances, and war clubs, and tomahawks, and scalping knives. In this way, in full dress, with their painted buffalo robes wrapped around them, they stepped into the several carriages prepared for them, and all were wheeled into the *Place Carousel*, and put down at the entrance to the Palace. We were met on the steps by half a dozen huge and splendid looking porters, in flaming scarlet livery and powdered wigs, who conducted us in, and being met by one of the King's *aides-de-camp*, we were conducted by him into His Majesty's presence, in the reception hall of the *Tuileries*.

The royal party were advancing towards us in the hall, and as we met them, Mr. Melody and myself were presented; and I then introduced the party, each one in person, according to his rank or standing, as the King desired. A sort of *conversazione* took place there, which lasted for half an hour or more, in which I was called upon to explain their weapons, costumes, &c., and which seemed to afford great amusement to the royal personages assembled around and amongst us, who were—their Majesties the *King* and the *Queen*, the *Duchess of Orleans* and *Count de Paris*, the *Princess Adelaide*, the *Prince* and *Princess de Joinville*, the *Duke* and *Duchess d'Aumale*, and his *Royal Highness* the *Duke de Brabant*.

His Majesty in the most free and familiar manner (which showed that he had been accustomed to the modes and feelings of Indians) conversed with the chiefs, and said to Jeffrey,

“Tell these good fellows that I am glad to see them; that I have been in many of the wigwams of the Indians in America when I was a young man, and they treated me every where kindly, and I love them for it.—Tell them I was amongst the Senecas near Buffalo, and the Oneidas—that I slept in the wigwams of the chiefs—that I was amongst the Shawnees and Delawares on the Ohio; and also amongst the Cherokees and Creeks in Georgia and Tennessee, and saw many other tribes as I descended the Ohio river the whole length, and also the Mississippi to New Orleans, in a small boat, more than fifty years ago.” This made the Indians stare, and the women, by a custom of their country, placed their hands over their mouths, as they issued groans of surprise.

“Tell them also, Jeffrey, that I am pleased to see their wives and little children they have with them here, and glad also to show them my family, who are now nearly all around me. Tell them, Jeffrey, that *this* is the Queen; *this lady* is my sister; *these* are two of my sons, with their wives; and *these little lads* [the *Count de Paris* and the *Duc de Brabant*] are my grandsons; *this one*, if he lives, will be King of the Belgians, and *that one* King of the French.”

The King then took from his pocket two large gold medals with his own portrait in relief on one side of them, and told me he wished to present them to the two chiefs with his own hand, and wished Jeffrey to explain to them, that after presenting them in that way, he wished them to hand them back to him that he might have a proper inscription engraved on them, when he would return them, and silver medals of equal size to each of the others, with their names engraved upon them. After the medals were thus presented and returned, the War-chief took out from under his robe the beautiful pipe which he had prepared, and advancing towards the King, and holding it with both hands, bent forward and laid it down at his Majesty's feet as a present. Having done so he reached down, and taking it up, placed it in his Majesty's hand (Plate No. 15),



and then, assuming his proud attitude of the orator, addressed their Majesties in these words:—

“ Great Father and Great Mother,—the Great Spirit, to whom we have a long time prayed for an interview with you, kindly listens to our words to-day and hears what we say. Great Father, you have made to us to-day rich presents, and I rise to return thanks to you for the chief and his warriors and braves who are present; but, before all, it is necessary that we should thank the Great Spirit who has inspired your heart and your hand thus to honour us this day.

“ Great Father, we shall bear these presents to our country and instruct our children to pronounce the name of him who gave them.

“ Great Father, when the Indians have anything to say to a great chief, they are in the habit of making some present before they begin. My chief has ordered me to place in your hands this pipe and these strings of wampum as a testimony of the pleasure we have felt in being admitted this day into the presence of your Majesty.

“ My Great Father and my Great Mother, you see us this day as we are seen in our country with our red skins and our coarse clothes. This day for *you* is like all other days; for *us* it is a great day—so great a day that our eyes are blinded with the lustre of it.

“ Great Father, the chief, myself, and our warriors have for a long time had the desire to come and see the French people, and our Great Father the President of the United States has given us permission to cross the Great Lake. We desired to see the Great Chief of this country, and we now thank the Great Spirit for having allowed us to shake the hand of the Great Chief in his own wigwam.

“ Great Father, we are happy to tell you that when we arrived in England, we had much joy in meeting our old friend Mr. Catlin, who has lived amongst us and whom we are happy to have here, as he can tell you who we are.

“ Great Father and Great Mother, we will pray to the Great Spirit to preserve your precious lives; we will pray also that we may return safe to our own village, that we may tell to our children and to our young men what we have seen this day.

“ My Parents, I have no more to say.”

When the War-chief had finished his speech, the King told Jeffrey to say that he felt very great pleasure in having seen them, and he hoped that the Great Spirit would guide them safe home to their country, to their wives and little children.

The King and Royal Family then took leave; and as they were departing, some one of them being attracted to the

Indian drum which Jeffrey had brought in his hand, and had left upon the floor in another part of the room, and inquiring what it was, was told that it was their *drum* which they had brought with them, supposing it possible they might be called upon to give a dance. This information overtook the King, and he said, "By all means; call the Queen:" and in a few moments the august assembly were all back to witness the dance, for which purpose all parties moved to the *Salle du Bal*. Their Majesties and the ladies were seated, and the Indians all seating themselves in the middle of the floor, commenced moderately singing and beating the drum, preparatory to the Eagle Dance, in which they were in a few moments engaged.

During this novel and exciting scene, her Majesty desired me to stand by the side of her to explain the meaning of all its features, which seemed to astonish and amuse her very much.

The Doctor led off first in the character (as he called it) of a soaring eagle, sounding his eagle whistle, which he carried in his left hand, with his fan of the eagle's tail, while he was brandishing his lance in the other.

At the first pause he instantly stopped, and, in the attitude of an orator, made his boast of an instance where he killed an enemy in single combat, and took his scalp. The Little Wolf, and *Wash-ka-mon-ya*, and others, then sprang upon their feet, and sounding their chattering whistles,* and brandishing their polished weapons, gave an indescribable wildness and spirit to the scene. When the dance was finished, the Indians had the pleasure of receiving their Majesties' applause, by the violent clapping of their hands, and afterwards by expressions of their pleasure and admiration, conveyed to them through the interpreter.

This was exceedingly gratifying to the poor fellows, who were now seated upon the floor to rest a moment previous to commencing with the war-dance, for which they were

* An ingenious whistle made to imitate the chattering of the soaring eagle, and used in the eagle dance.

preparing their weapons, and in which the Little Wolf was to take the lead. For this, as the drum beat, he threw aside his buffalo robe and sprang upon the floor, brandishing his tomahawk and shield, and sounding the frightful war-whoop, which called his warriors up around him. Nothing could have been more thrilling or picturesque than the scene at that moment presented of this huge and terrible-looking warrior, frowning death and destruction on his brow, as he brandished the very weapons he had used in deadly combat, and, in his jumps and sudden starts, seemed threatening with instant use again! The floors and ceilings of the Palace shook with the weight of their steps, and its long halls echoed and vibrated the shrill-sounding notes of the war-whoop. (Plate No. 16.)

In the midst of this dance, the Little Wolf suddenly brandished his tomahawk over the heads of his comrades, and, ordering them to stop, advanced towards the King, and boasting in the most violent exclamations of the manner in which he had killed and scalped a Pawnee warrior, placed in his Majesty's hands his *tomahawk* and the *whip* which was attached to his wrist, and then said,—

“ My Great Father, you have heard me say that with that *tomahawk* I have killed a Pawnee warrior, one of the enemies of my tribe; the blade of that tomahawk is still covered with his blood, which you will see. That whip is the same with which I whipped my horse on that occasion.

“ My Father, since I have come into this country I have learned that peace is better than war, and I ‘*bury the tomahawk*’ in your hands—I fight no more.”

His Majesty deigned graciously to accept the arms thus presented, after having cordially shaken the hand of the Ioway brave.

Their Majesties and attendants then withdrew, taking leave of the Indians in the most gracious and condescending manner, expressing their thanks for the amusement they had afforded them, and their anxiety for their welfare, directing them to be shown into the various apartments of the palace, and then to be conducted to a table of wine and other refreshments prepared for them.

We were now in charge of an officer of the household, who politely led us through the various magnificent halls of the Palace, explaining every thing as we passed, and at length introduced us into a room with a long table spread and groaning under its load of the luxuries of the season, and its abundance of the "*Queen's chickabobboo.*" These were subjects that required no explanations; and all being seated, each one evinced his familiarity with them by the readiness with which he went to work. The healths of the King and the Queen were drank, and also of the Count de Paris, and the rest of the Royal family. The *chickabobboo* they pronounced "first-rate;" and another bottle being poured it was drank off, and we took our carriages, and, after a drive of an hour or so about the city, were landed again in our comparatively humble, but very comfortable, apartments.

The party returning from the Tuileries found their dinner coming up, and little was said until it was over, and they had drank their *chickabobboo*, and seated themselves upon their buffalo robes, which were spread upon the floor, and lighted the pipe. I have before said that the pipe is almost indispensable with Indians, where there is to be any exertion of the mind in private conversation or public speaking, and that generally but one pipe is used, even in a numerous company, each one drawing a few whiffs through it, and passing it on into the hands of his next neighbour.

In this manner they were now seated, and passing the pipe around as I came in, and took a seat with them. They were all quite merry at the moment by trying to sound the "*Vive le Roi!*" which I had taught them at the King's table when they were drinking his Majesty's health. It puzzled them very much, but the adept Jim took it directly, and as the rest found he had got it they seemed quite satisfied, thinking most probably that they could learn it at their pleasure.

"Well, Jim," said I, "what do you think of the King, Louis Philippe?" He reached for the pipe, and taking a



No. 16.



puff or two handed it to the Doctor, and rolling over on to his back, and drawing up his knees, said, "I think he is a great man and a very good man. I believe he is a much greater chief than the Queen of England, and that he governs his people much better, because we don't see so many poor people in the streets—we think that his people all have enough to eat. His wigwam is very grand and very bright, and his *chickabobboo* the best that we have had. We did not see the King with his fine dress on, but as his servants all around him were beautifully dressed, like gentlemen, we know that the King and Queen must look very elegant when they are in full dress. We saw the King's two sons, and he told us that his grandson was to be the King when he dies—now we don't understand this!" It seemed that his teacher, Daniel, had overlooked the *doctrine of descents* during their close investigations of the statistics and politics of England, and the poor fellow was yet quite in the dark to know "how a grandson (a mere child) would be taken in case of the King's death, instead of one of his sons, either of whom he said he thought would make a very good king if he would take a trip for a year or two, as his father did, on the Mississippi and Missouri, amongst the different tribes of Indians." This was considered a pretty clever thing for Jim to say, and it raised a laugh amongst the Indians; he was encouraged to go on, and turned his conversation upon the gold and silver medals, with which he was very much pleased. They were delighted with the idea that the King's portrait was on one side, and that he was to have their names engraved on the other; and they were not less delighted when I told them that the gentleman who had come in with me and was now sitting by my side, had come from the King to bear them some other token of his Majesty's attachment to them. The object of his visit being thus made known to them, he turned out into the lap of the chief 500 francs to be divided according to their custom. This of course put a stop to conversations about descents and

Palaces, &c., for the time, and all went to counting until it was divided into thirteen parcels, one of which for the interpreter. Jeffrey, however, very kindly surrendered his share, and insisted that they should divide it all amongst themselves. It was accordingly made into twelve parcels, each one, old and young, taking an equal share, according to the Indian mode of dividing in all the tribes I have visited.

The War-chief rose and addressed the young man who was commissioned to bear the present to them :—

“ My Friend, we have seen your King (our Great Father) this day, and our hearts were made glad that we were allowed to see his face. We now receive the token of his friendship which he has sent through your hands, and our hearts are again glad. (*‘ How, how, how ! ’*) ”

“ My Friend, we wish you to say to the King, our Great Father, that we are thankful for his kindness, and that we shall pray that the Great Spirit may be kind to him and his children.

“ My Friend, we are all much obliged to you, and we shall be glad to offer you the pipe with us. (*‘ How, how, how ! ’*) ”

The pipe was passed a few times around, with some further anecdotes of their visit to the palace, when the messenger arose and took leave of them. In counting the money, Jim had lost his attitude, so there was little more of the sentimental from him, as the conversation was running upon the King’s bounty, rather than his greatness, or the splendour of things they had seen during the day. From the liberal additions to their private purse while in Dublin, and by what they were now receiving, they were beginning to feel a little purse proud. Jim was talking of having a *brick house* to live in when he got home, and the Doctor of heading a war party to go against the *Ojibbeways*. The War-chief told him he had better pay his debts first, and that he had slain enough in his own tribe, without going amongst his enemies for the purpose. The *Little Wolf* was going to get money enough to buy thirty horses, and lead a war party against his old enemies, the *Pawnees*; but Mr. Melody reminded him that he was to go to war no

more, as he had "buried the tomahawk in his Majesty's hands."

Thus musing and moralizing on the events of the day, I left them to their conversation and their pipe, to attend, myself, where my presence was necessary, in arranging my collection, and preparing my rooms for their exhibitions. In this I had a real task—a scene of vexation and delay that I should wish never to go through again, and of which a brief account may be of service to any one of my countrymen who may be going to Paris to open a public exhibition; at least, my hints will enable him, if he pays attention to them, to begin at the right time, and at the right end of what he has got to do, and to do it to the best advantage.

His first step is, for any exhibition whatever, to make his application to the Prefect of Police for his licence, which is in all cases doubtful, and in all cases also is sure to require two or three weeks for his petition to pass the slow routine of the various offices and hands which it must go through. If it be for any exhibition that can be construed into an interference with the twenty or thirty theatre licences, it may as well not be applied for or thought of, for they will shut it up if opened.

It is also necessary to arrange in time with the overseer of the poor, whether he is to take one-eighth or one-fifth of the receipts for the hospitals—for the *hospice*, as he is termed, is placed at the door of all exhibitions in Paris, who carries off one-eighth or one-fifth of the daily receipts every night. It is necessary also, if catalogues are to be sold in the rooms, to lodge one of them at least two weeks before the exhibition is to open in the hands of the Commissaire de Police, that it may pass through the office of the Prefect, and twenty other officers' hands, to be read, and duly decided that there is nothing revolutionary in it; and then to sell them, or to give them away (all the same), it is necessary for the person who is to sell, and who alone *can* sell them, to apply personally to the Commissaire de Police, and make oath that he

was born in France, to give his age and address, &c, &c., before he can take the part that is assigned him. It is then necessary, when the exhibition is announced, to wait until seven or eight guards and police, with muskets and bayonets fixed, enter and unbar the doors, and open them for the public's admission. It is necessary to submit to their friendly care during every day of the exhibition, and to pay each one his wages at night, when they lock up the rooms and put out the lights. In all this, however, though expensive, there is one redeeming feature. These numbers of armed police, at their posts, in front of the door, and in the passage, as well as in the exhibition rooms, give respectability to its appearance, and preserve the strictest order and quiet amongst the company, and keep a constant and vigilant eye to the protection of property. During the time I was engaged in settling these tedious preliminaries, and getting my rooms prepared for their exhibition, the Indians were taking their daily rides, and getting a passing glimpse of most of the out-door scenes of Paris. They were admitting parties of distinguished visitors, who were calling upon them, and occasionally leaving them liberal presents, and passing their evenings upon their buffalo skins, handing around the never-tiring pipe, and talking about the King, and their medals, and curious things they had seen as they had been riding through the streets. The thing which as yet amused the Doctor the most was the great number of women they saw in the streets leading dogs with ribbons and strings. He said he thought they liked their dogs better than they did their little children. In London, he said he had seen some little dogs leading their masters, who were blind, and in Paris they began to think the first day they rode out that one half of the Paris women were blind, but that they had a great laugh when they found that their eyes were wide open, and that instead of their dogs leading them, they were leading their dogs. The Doctor seemed puzzled about the custom of the women leading so many dogs, and although he did not in any direct way censure them for

doing it, it seemed to perplex him, and he would sit and smile and talk about it for hours together. He and Jim had, at first, supposed, after they found that the ladies were not blind, that they cooked and ate them, but they were soon corrected in this notion, and always after remained at a loss to know what they could do with them.

On one of their drives, the Doctor and Jim, supplied with a pencil and a piece of paper, had amused themselves by counting, from both sides of the omnibus, the number of women they passed, leading dogs in the street, and thus made some amusement with their list when they got home. They had been absent near an hour, and driving through many of the principal streets of the city, and their list stood thus:—

Women leading one little dog	432
Women leading two little dogs	71
Women leading three little dogs	5
Women with big dogs following (no string)	80
Women carrying little dogs	20
Women with little dogs in carriages	31

The poor fellows insisted on it that the above was a correct account, and Jim, in his droll way (but I have no doubt quite honestly), said that “It was not a very good day either.”

I was almost disposed to question the correctness of their estimate, until I took it into my head to make a similar one, in a walk I was one day taking, from the Place Madeleine, through a part of the Boulevard, Rue St. Honoré, and Rue Rivoli, and a turn in the garden of the Tuileries. I saw so many that I lost my reckoning, when I was actually not a vast way from the list they gave me as above, and quite able to believe that their record was near to the truth. While the amusement was going on about the ladies and the little dogs, Daniel, who had already seen many more of the sights of Paris than I had, told the Indians that there was a *Dog Hospital* and a *Dog Market* in Paris, both of them curious places, and well worth their seeing. This amused the

Doctor and Jim very much. The Doctor did not care for the *Dog Market*, but the *Hospital* he *must* see. He thought the hospital must be a very necessary thing, as there were such vast numbers; and he thought it would be a good thing to have an hospital for their mistresses also. Jim thought more of the market, and must see it in a day or two, for it was about the time that they should give a feast of thanksgiving, and "a *Dog Feast* was always the most acceptable to the Great Spirit." It was thus agreed all around, that they should make a visit in a few days to the Dog Market and the Dog Hospital.

Jim got Daniel to enter the above list in his book as a very interesting record, and ordered him to leave a blank space underneath it, in order to record any thing else they might learn about dogs while in Paris.

Poor Jim! he was at this time deeply lamenting the loss of the pleasure he had just commenced to draw from the 'Times' newspaper, for which he had become a subscriber, and his old and amusing friend 'Punch,' which Daniel had been in the habit of entertaining them with, and which he had been obliged to relinquish on leaving England. His friend Daniel, however, who was sure always to be by him, particularly at a late hour in the evenings, relieved him from his trouble by telling him that there was an English paper printed in Paris every day, 'Galignani's Messenger,' which republished nearly all the murders, and rapes, and robberies, &c. from the 'Times;' and also which would make it doubly interesting, those which were daily occurring in Paris. Jim was now built up again, and as he could already read a few words was the envied of all the party. He was learning with Daniel and Jeffrey a few words in French also, to which the others had not aspired; he could say quite distinctly "*vive le roi*;" he knew that "*bon jour*" was "good morning," or "how do do?" that "*bon*" was "good," that "*mauvais*" was "bad," and that "very sick" was "*bien malade*." He requested Daniel to get Galignani's paper daily for him, for which he and the Doctor had agreed to pay equal shares.

He seemed now quite happy in the opinion that his prospects for civilization were again upon a proper footing, and the old Doctor, who profited equally by all of Daniel's readings, was delighted to lend his purse to share in the expense. Daniel at this moment pulled the last number of *Galignani* out of his pocket, the first sight of which pleased them very much, and after reading several extracts of *horrid murders, highway robberies, &c.*, from the 'Times,' he came across a little thing that amused them,—the great number and length of the names of the little Prince of Wales, which he read over thus:—

(The author regrets very much that he took no memorandum of this, but refers the reader to the London papers for it.)

There was a hearty laugh by the whole troop when Daniel got through, but when Mr. Melody repeated the name of a poor fellow who used to dress deer skins for a living in the vicinity of *St. Louis*, they all laughed still more heartily, and *Chippahola* set in and laughed also. He had forgotten a part of this poor fellow's name, but as far as he recollected of his sign board, it ran thus:—"Haunus, hubbard, lubbard, lamberd, lunk, vandunk, Peter, Jacobus, Lockamore, Lavendolph, dresses deer skins of all animals, and in all ways, alum dressed."

Such was a part of the gossip of an evening, while my days were occupied in preparing my rooms for the admission of the public. During this delay, one of the gentlemen who visited the Indians most frequently, as his native countrymen, was Mr. W. Costar, formerly of New York, but now living in Paris, and whose kind lady invited the whole party to dine at her house.

The Indians had expressed the greatest pleasure at meeting this American gentleman in Paris, as if they claimed a sort of kindred to him, and met the invitation as one of great kindness, and the interview as one in which they were to feel much pleasure. They were particularly careful in dressing and preparing for it, and when ready, and the

time had arrived, Mr. Melody and I accompanied them to this gentleman's house, where a most sumptuous dinner was served, and besides his accomplished lady and lovely daughters, there were several ladies of distinction and of title, seated, to complete the honours that were to be paid to the Indians.

It was a matter of great surprise to all the fashionable guests who were present, that those rude people from the wilderness, used to take their meals from the ground, were so perfectly composed and so much at ease at the table, and managed so well with the knife and fork, and even so gracefully smiled over their glasses of wine when a lady or a gentleman proposed the health of any one. Just before we had finished our dessert, a number of fashionable ladies, the Countess of L——, the Baron and Baroness de G——, and several others who had begun to assemble for the evening *soirée*, arrived, and were ushered into the dining room, where they had the curiosity of seeing the Indians as they were seated in all their trinkets and ranged around the table; and from the lips of all escaped the instant exclamations of, "Bless me! what a fine and noble-looking set of men they are! How much at ease they seem! Why, those are polished gentlemen," &c. &c.

From the dinner table they were invited to the salon, where a large party had gathered, who were delighted with the wild and picturesque appearance of the "Peaux Rouges."

The Indians saw some fine dancing and waltzing, and heard some splendid playing on the piano, and singing.

The Doctor's complete fascination by the playing and singing of a beautiful young lady was so conspicuous as to become the principal event of the evening, and after he had stood and smiled upon her in profound admiration during her fourth or fifth song, he *amused* many of the party, and *shocked* others, by the extraordinary and unexpected, though perfectly just remark, that "her voice was as soft and sweet as that of a wolf!"

This startling compliment I must leave for the estimates

of the world, mentioning only the two facts, that the Doctor's *totem* (or *arms*) is the wolf; and that in my travels in the prairies of America I have often thought that the soft, and plaintive, and silvery tones of the howling prairie wolf oftentimes surpassed in sweetness the powers of the human voice.

M. Vattemare, in his kind endeavours to promote the interest of the Indians, and that of myself, had obtained an invitation from the Members of the Royal Academy of Sciences for the Indians to visit them at one of their sittings, which was a great honour; but the poor Indians left Paris without ever having been able to learn how or in what way that honour arrived. Messrs. Melody and Vattemare and myself accompanied the whole party to their rooms, and, being ushered and squeezed and pushed into a dense crowd of gentlemen, all standing, and where the Indians were not even offered a seat, they were gazed and scowled at, their heads and arms felt, their looks and capacities criticised like those of wild beasts, without being asked a question, or thanked for the kindness of coming, and where they were offered not even a glass of cold water. The Indians and ourselves were thus eyed and elbowed about in this crowd for half an hour, from which we were all glad to escape, deciding that it was entirely too scientific for us, and a style of politeness that we were not perhaps sufficiently acquainted with duly to appreciate.

The various conjectures about the objects of this visit were raised after we got home, and they were as curious as they were numerous. The Indians had reflected upon it with evident surprise, and repeatedly inquired of M. Vattemare and myself for what purpose we had taken them there. M. Vattemare told them that these were the greatest scientific men of the kingdom. This they did not understand, and he then, to explain, said they were the great *medicine men*, the learned doctors, &c. They then took the hint a little better, and decided alarm with it, for they said they recollected to have seen in some of their faces, while examining their heads and arms, decided expressions

of anxiety to dissect their limbs and bones, which they now felt quite sure would be the case if any of them should die while in Paris. The War-chief, who seldom had much to say while speaking of the events of the day, very gravely observed on this occasion, that "he had been decidedly displeased, and the chief also, but it would be best to say no more about it, though if any of the party got sick, to take great care what physicians were called to visit them."

M. Vattemare, in his kind interest for all parties, here exerted his influence to a little further degree, and persuaded the Indians to believe that those distinguished men, the great philosopher M. Arago and others, who were present, would be their warmest friends, but that with these transcendently great and wise men, their minds and all their time were so engrossed with their profound studies, that they had no time or desire to practise politeness; that they were the eyes which the public used, to look deep into and through all things strange or new that came to Paris; and that the public were after that, polite and civil, in proportion as those learned men should decide that they ought or ought not to be.

Jim here took a whiff or two on his pipe, and, turning over on his back and drawing up his knees and clasping his hands across his stomach (Plate No. 17), said—

"We know very well that the King and the Queen and all the royal family are pleased with us, and are our friends, and if that is not enough to make us respected we had better go home. We believe that the King is a much greater man, and a much *better* man, than any of those we saw there, and better than the whole of them put together. We know that there are many kind people in this great city who will be glad to shake our hands in friendship, and there are others who would like to get our skins, and we think that we saw some such there to-day. We met some kind people yesterday, where we went to dine—we love those people and do not fear them. If we should get sick they would be kind to us, and we think much more of that kind lady and gentleman than we do of all the great doctors we have seen this day—we hope not to see them any more. This is the wish of the chiefs, and of our wives and little children, who are all alarmed about them."

This finished the conversation for the present about the



№ 17.

learned society, though the impression was one of a most unfavourable kind on their minds, and was a long time in wearing away.

The time had at length arrived for the opening of my collection and the commencement of the illustrations of the Indians. It had been for some days announced, and the hour had approached. The visitors were admitted into the rooms where my numerous collection of 600 paintings and some thousands of articles of Indian manufactures were subjects of new and curious interest to examine until the audience were mostly assembled, when, at a signal, the Indians all entered the room from an adjoining apartment, advancing to and mounting the platform, in Indian file, in full dress and paint, and armed and equipped as if for a battle-field. They sounded the war-whoop as they came in, and nothing could exceed the thrill of excitement that ran through the crowd in every part of the Hall. There was a rush to see who should get nearest to the platform, and be enabled most closely to scan "*les Sauvages horribles*," "*les Peaux Rouges*," ou "*les nouvelles Diabes à Paris*."

The chief led the party as they entered the room, and, having ascended the platform, erected the flag of his tribe in the centre, and in a moment the party were all seated around it, and lighting their pipe to take a smoke, whilst I was introducing them and their wives to the audience. This having been done in as brief a time as possible, they finished their pipe and commenced their amusements in Paris by giving the *discovery-dance*. This curious mode forms a part and the commencement of the war-dance, and is generally led off by one of the War-chiefs, who dances forward alone, pretending to be skulking and hunting for the track of his enemy, and when he discovers it he beckons on his warriors, who steal into the dance behind him, and follow him up as he advances, and pretends at length to discover the enemy in the distance, ordering all to be ready for the attack.

The Doctor was the one who opened the *bal* on this occasion, and it was a proud and important moment for him : not that the fate of nations unborn, or the success of their enterprise, depended upon the event, but what to him was perhaps as high an incentive—that his standing with the ladies of Paris would probably be regulated for the whole time they should be there by the sensation he should make at the first dash. He therefore put on his most confident smile as he went into the dance : as he tilted about and pointed out the track where his enemy had gone, he made signs that the enemy had passed by, and then, beckoning up his warriors, pointed him out amongst a group of beautiful ladies who had taken an elevated and conspicuous position in front. He sounded the war-whoop, and all echoed it as he pointed towards the ladies, who screamed, and leapt from their seats, as the Indians' weapons were drawn ! Here was an excitement begun, and the old Doctor smiled as he turned his head and his weapons in other directions, and proceeded with the dance. At the end of its first part their feet all came to a simultaneous stop, when the Doctor advanced to the front of the platform, and, brandishing his spear over the heads of the audience, made the most tremendous boast of the manner in which he took a prisoner in a battle with the Pawnees, and drove him home before his horse rather than take his life : he then plunged into the most agitated dance alone, and acting out the whole features of his battle in time to the song and beating of the drum ; and at the close, rounds of applause awaited him in every part of the crowd. These the Doctor received with so complaisant a smile of satisfaction, as he bowed his head gracefully inclined on one side, that another and another burst of applause, and another bow and smile, followed ; satisfying him that the path was cleared before him. He then shook his rattle of deer's hoofs, and, summoning his warriors, they all united in finishing with full and wild effect this spirited dance. Though in the midst of a dancing country, their mode of dancing

was quite new, and was evidently calculated to amuse, from the immense applause that was given them at the end of their first effort.

The dancers had now all taken their seats, except the Doctor, who was lingering on his feet, and had passed his spear into his left hand, evidently preparing to push his advantage a little further with the ladies, by making a speech, as soon as silence should be sufficiently restored to enable him to be heard. This little delay might or might not have been a fortunate occurrence for the Doctor, for it afforded Jim an opportunity to remind him how much he had lost by his last two or three speeches, which so completely put him out, that he sat down, apparently well pleased and satisfied with what he had already accomplished.

My kind friend M. Vattermare, who had now become a great favourite of the Indians, went forward, and offered them his hand to encourage them, assuring them of the great pleasure the audience were taking, and encouraging them to go on with all the spirit they could, as there were some of the most distinguished people of Paris present—the Minister of the Interior and his lady, the Prêfet de Police, several foreign ambassadors, and a number of the editors of the leading journals, who were taking notes, and would speak about them in the papers the next morning.

The *eagle-dance* was now announced to the audience as the next amusement; and after a brief description of it, the *Little Wolf* sprang upon his feet, and sounding his eagle whistle, and shaking the eagle's tail in his left hand, while he brandished his tomahawk in his right, he commenced. His fellow-warriors were soon engaged with him, and all excited to the determination to make "a hit." As after the first, they were complimented by rounds of applause, and sat down to their pipe with peculiar satisfaction. The War-chief took the first few whiffs upon it, and, rising, advanced to the front of the platform, and in the most dignified and graceful attitude that the orator

could assume, extended his right hand over the heads of the audience, and said—

“ My Friends,—It gives us great pleasure to see so many pleasant faces before us to-night, and to learn from your applause that you are amused with our dances. We are but children; we live in the woods, and are ignorant, and you see us here as the Great Spirit made us; and our dances are not like the dances of the French people, whom we have been told dance the best of any people in the world. (*‘How, how, how!’* and immense applause.)

“ My Friends,—We come here not to teach you to dance—(a roar of applause and laughter)—we come here not to teach you anything, for you are a great deal wiser than we, but to show you how we red people look and act in the wilderness, and we shall be glad some nights to go and see how the French people dance. (Great applause and *‘How, how, how!’*)

“ My Friends,—We are happy that the Great Spirit has kept us alive and well, and that we have been allowed to see the face of our Great Father your King. We saw him and your good Queen, and the little boy who will be king, and they all treated us with kind hearts, and we feel thankful for it. (*‘How, how, how!’*)

“ My Friends,—We have crossed two oceans to come here, and we have seen no village so beautiful as Paris. London, where the *Saganoshes* live, is a large village, but their wigwams are not so beautiful as those in Paris, and in their streets there are too many people who seem to be very poor and hungry. (*‘How, how, how!’*)

“ My Friends,—I have no more to say at present, only, that, when my young men have finished their dances, we shall be glad to shake hands with you all, if you desire it.” (*‘How, how, how!’*)

The old man resumed his seat and his pipe amidst a din of applause; and at this moment several trinkets and pieces of money were tossed upon the platform from various parts of the room.

After the eagle-dance they strung their bows, and, slinging their quivers upon their backs, commenced shooting at the target for prizes. The hall in which their dances were given was so immensely large that they had a range of 150 feet to throw their arrows at their targets, which formed by no means the least amusing and exciting part of their exhibitions. Their ball-sticks were also taken in hand, and the ball, and their mode of catching and throwing it, beautifully illustrated. After this, and another dance, a general shake of the hands took place, and a promenade

of the Indians through the vast space occupied by my collection. They retired from the rooms and the crowd in fine glee, having made their *début* in Paris, about which they had had great anxiety, somebody having told them that the French people would not be pleased with their dancing, as they danced so well themselves.

The Indians being gone, *I* became the lion, and was asked for in every part of the rooms. The visitors were now examining my numerous works, and all wanted to see me. My friend M. Vattemare was by my side, and kindly presented me to many gentlemen of the press, and others of his acquaintance, in the rooms. There were so many who said they were waiting "for the honour," &c., that I was kept until a very late hour before I could leave the room.

There were a number of fellow-artists present, who took pleasure in complimenting me for the manner in which my paintings were executed; and many others for my perseverance and philanthropy in having laboured thus to preserve the memorials of these dying people. I was complimented on all sides, and bowed, and was bowed to, and invited by cards and addresses left for me. So *I* went home, as well as the Indians, elated with the pleasing conviction that *mine* was a "hit," as well as *theirs*.

The leading journals of the next day were liberal in their comments upon the Indians and my collection, pronouncing my labours of great interest and value, and the exhibition altogether one of the most extraordinary interest ever opened in Paris, and advising all the world to see it.* Thus were we started in the way of business after the first night's exhibition, and that after remaining there just one month before we could meet and pass all the necessary forms and get quite ready.

* See critical notices of the French Press, Appendix to vol. i. p. 239.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Indians at Madame Greene's party—Their ideas of waltzing—The Doctor's admiration of the young ladies—The King's fête, first of May—Indians in the Palace—Royal Family in the balcony—Grand and sublime scene on the river—Indians in a crowd of nobility in the Duc d'Aumale's apartments—Messenger to Indians' apartments with gold and silver medals—Medals to the women and children—Consequent difficulties—Visit to the Hospital of Invalids—Place Concorde—Column of Luxor—The fountains—Visit to the Triumphal Arch—Jim's description of an ugly woman—Victor Hugo—Madame Georges Sands—Indians visit the Louvre—M. de Cailleux—Baron de Humboldt—Illness of the wife of Little Wolf—A phrenologist visits the Indians—The phrenologist's head examined—Two Catholic priests visit the Indians—Indians visit the Garden of Plants—Alarm of the birds and animals—The "poor prisoner buffalo"—Visit to the *Salle aux Vins*—Astonishment of the Indians—The war-whoop—*Chickabobboo*—Cafés explained—Indians visit *Père la Chaise*—A great funeral—A speech over the grave—Hired mourners—Visit the *School of Medicine*—and "*Dupuytren's Room*"—Excitement of the Doctor—Visit to the *Foundling Hospital*—Astonishment and pity of the Indians—Entries in Jim's note-book, and Doctor's remarks—Visit the *Guillotine*—Indians' ideas of *hanging* in England, and *beheading* in France—Curious debate—Visit to the *Dog Market*—Jim's purchase and difficulty—The *Dog Hospital*—Alarm of the "petites malades"—Retreat—*Bobasheela* arrives from London—Great rejoicing—Jim's comments on the Frenchwomen—The *little foundlings* and the *little dogs*.

HAVING thus commenced upon our operations in the *Salle Valentino*, it was thought best to change the lodgings of the Indians to some point more near to the place of their exhibitions, and rooms were at length procured for them in the same building with their hall, and communicating with it. To these apartments they were removed, and arrangements were made for two open carriages to drive them an hour each day for their recreation and amusement. By this arrangement we had the sights of Paris before us, and easily

within our reach, to be visited at our leisure. Our exhibitions were given each night from eight to ten, and each afternoon from one to three o'clock; so that they had the mornings for sight-seeing, and their evenings, from ten to twelve, to visit the theatres or parties, whenever they were invited and felt disposed to attend.

The first evening-party they were invited to attend in Paris was that of the lady of *Mr. Greene*, the American banker. They were there ushered into a brilliant blaze of lamps, of beauty, and fashion, composed chiefly of Americans, to whom they felt the peculiar attachment of countrymen, though of a different complexion, and anywhere else than across the Atlantic would have been strangers to.

They were received with great kindness by this polite and excellent lady and her daughters, and made many pleasing acquaintances in her house. The old Doctor had luckily dressed out his head with his red crest, and left at home his huge head-dress of horns and eagles' quills, which would have been exceedingly unhandy in a *squeeze*, and subjected him to curious remarks amongst the ladies. He had loaded on all his wampum and other ornaments, and smiled away the hours in perfect happiness, as he was fanning himself with the tail of a war-eagle, and bowing his head to the young and beautiful ladies who were helping him to lemonade and *blanc-mange*, and to the young men who were inviting him to the table to take an occasional glass of the "*Queen's chickaboboo*." Their heavy buffalo robes were distressing to them (said the Doctor) in the great heat of the rooms, "but then, as the ladies were afraid of getting paint on their dresses, they did not squeeze so hard against us as they did against the other people in the room, so we did not get so hot as we might have been."

It amused the Doctor and Jim very much to see the gentlemen take the ladies by the waist when they were dancing with them, probably never having seen waltzing before. They were pleased also, as the Doctor said, with "the manner in which the ladies showed their beautiful

white necks and arms, but they saw several that they thought had better been covered." "The many nice and sweet and frothy little things that the ladies gave them in tea-saucers to eat, with little spoons, were too sweet, and they did not like them much; and in coming away they were sorry they could not find the good lady to thank her, the crowd was so great; but the *chickabobboo* (champagne), which was very good, was close to the door, and a young man with yellow hair and moustaches kept pouring it out until they were afraid, if they drank any more, some of the poor fellows who were dancing so hard would get none."

The scene they witnessed that night was truly very brilliant, and afforded them theme for a number of pipes of gossip after they got home.

It has been said, and very correctly, that there is no end to the amusements of Paris, and to the Indians, to whose sight every thing was new and curious, the term, no doubt, more aptly applied than to the rest of the world. Of those never-ending sights there was one now at hand which was promising them and "all the world" a fund of amusement, and the poor fellows were impatient for its arrival. This splendid and all-exciting affair was the King's fête on the 1st of May, his birthday as some style it, though it is not exactly such, it is the day fixed upon as the annual celebration of his birth. This was, of course, a holiday to the Indians, as well as for everybody else, and I resolved to spend the greater part of it with them.

Through the aid of some friends I had procured an order to admit the party of Indians into the apartments of the Duke d'Aumale in the Tuileries, to witness the grand concert in front of the Palace, and to see the magnificent fireworks and illumination on the Seine at night. We had the best possible position assigned us in the wing of the Palace, overlooking the river in both directions, up and down, bringing all the bridges of the Seine, the Deputies, and Invalides, and other public buildings, which were illuminated, directly under our eyes.

During the day, Mr. Melody, and Jeffrey, and Daniel had taken, as they called it, "a grand drive," to inspect the various places of amusement, and the immense concourse of people assembled in them. Of these, the Barrières, the Champs Elysées, &c., they were obliged to take but a passing glance, for to have undertaken to stop and to mix with the dense crowds assembled in them would have been dangerous, even to their lives, from the masses of people who would have crowded upon them. The Indians themselves were very sagacious on this point, and always judiciously kept at a reasonable distance on such occasions. It was amusement enough for them during the day to ride rapidly about and through the streets, anticipating the pleasure they were to have in the evening, and taking a distant view from their carriages, of the exciting emulation of the *May-pole*, and a glance at the tops of the thousand booths, and "flying ships," and "merry-go-rounds" of the Champs Elysées.

At six o'clock we took our carriages and drove to the Tuileries, and, being conducted to the splendid apartments of the Duke d'Aumale, who was then absent from Paris, we had there, from the windows looking down upon the Seine and over the Quartier St. Germain, and the windows in front, looking over the garden of the Tuileries and Place Concorde, the most general and comprehensive view that was to be had from any point that could have been selected. Under our eyes in front, the immense area of the garden of the Tuileries was packed with human beings, forming but one black and dotted mass of some hundreds of thousands who were gathered to listen to the magnificent orchestra of music, and to see and salute with "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la Reine!" and "Vive le Comte de Paris!" the Royal Family as they appeared in the balcony. Though it appeared as if every part of the gardens was filled, there was still a black and moving mass pouring through Rue Rivoli, Rue Castiglione, Rue Royale, and Place Concorde, all concentrating in the garden of the Tuileries. This countless mass of human beings continued

to gather until the hour when their Majesties entered the balcony, and then, all hats off, there was a shout as vast and incomputable as the mass itself of "Vive le Roi!—Vive le Roi!—Vive la Reine!—Vive le Comte de Paris!" The King then, with his chapeau in his hand, bowed to the audience in various directions; so did her Majesty the Queen and the little Comte de Paris. The band then struck up the national air, and played several pieces, while the Royal Family were seated in the balcony, and the last golden rays of the sun, that was going behind the Arc de Triomphe, was shining in their faces. Their Majesties then retired as the twilight was commencing, and the vast crowd began to move in the direction of the Seine, the Terrace, and Place Concorde, to witness the grand scene of illumination and "feu d'artifice" that was preparing on the river.

As the daylight disappeared, the artificial light commenced to display its various characters, and the Indians began to wonder. This scene was to be entirely new to them, and the reader can imagine better than I can explain what was their astonishment when the King's signal rocket was fired from the Tuileries, and in the next moment the whole river, as it were, in a blaze of liquid fire, and the heavens burst asunder with all their luminaries falling in a chaos of flames and sparkling fire to the earth! The incessant roar and flash of cannons lining the shore of the river, and the explosion of rockets in the air, with the dense columns of white, and yellow, and blue, and blood-red smoke, that were rising from the bed of the river, and all reflected upon the surface of the water, heightened the grandeur of its effect, and helped to make it unlike anything on earth, save what we might imagine to transpire in and over the deep and yawning crater of a huge volcano in the midst of its midnight eruption.

This wonderful scene lasted for half an hour, and when the last flash died away, all eyes like our own seemed to turn away from the smoking desolation that seemed to be

left below, and the dense mass was dividing and pouring off in streams through the various streets and avenues, some seeking their homes with their little children, and hundreds of thousands of others, to revel away the night amidst the brilliant illuminations and innocent amusements of the Champs Elysées.

We turned our eyes at that moment from the scene, and, in turning around, found ourselves blockaded by a phalanx of officers in gold lace and cocked hats, and ladies, attachés of the royal household, Deputies, Peers of France, and other distinguished guests of the Royal Family, who had been viewing the scene from other windows of the Palace, and had now gathered in our rooms to look at "*les Peaux Rouges*." My good friend M. Vattemare was present on this occasion, and of great service to us all, as there were in this crowd the incumbents of several high offices under the Crown, and others of distinction with whom he was acquainted, and to whom he introduced us all, converting the rooms and the crowd in a little time into a splendid soir e, where conversation and refreshments soon made all easy and quite happy.

The servants of the Duke's household conducted us into the several apartments, explaining the paintings and other works of art, and also took us into the Duke's bedchamber, where were the portraits of himself and the Duchess, and others of the Royal Family. There was, we learned, in another part of the Palace, a grand *bal* on that evening, and that accounted for the constant crowds of fashionable ladies and gentlemen who were pouring into our apartments, and who would have continued to do so in all probability for the greater part of the night had we not taken up the line of march, endeavouring to make our way to our carriages on our way home. This was for some time exceedingly difficult, as we had a succession of rooms and halls to pass through before we reached the top of the staircase, all of which were filled with a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen, who had got information that the Ioway Indians were in the Duke's apartments, and were then making their way there to get a

peep at them. We crowded and squeezed through this mass as well as we could, and were all laughing at Jim's remarks as we passed along. He thought the people had all left the King and Queen to see the Indians. "Come see Ingins" (said he in English) "at Salle Valentino—see em dance—better go back, see King, see Queen—Ingins no good." Mr. Melody gave the poor fellow the first idea that his words were thrown away, as these people were all French, and did not understand English; so Jim said, "I spose em no buy Bible then?" and began to whistle. We soon descended the grand escalier, and, taking our carriages, were in a few minutes entering the Indians' apartments in Salle Valentino.

Jim got home a little provoked, as the Doctor was showing a very handsome eyeglass which had been presented to him: two or three of the women had also received presents in money and trinkets, but Jim's wife, as well as himself, was amongst the neglected or overlooked. He then took out of his pouch and throwing it down upon the table one of his beautiful gilt bound little Bibles, and said, "Me no sell em." "Did you try, Jim?" "Yes, me try em, but me no sell em—folks call em *Onglaise*. *Onglaise* no good, I guess, I no sell em." Poor Jim! he looked quite chapfallen at the moment, and much more so when Daniel afterwards told him that he ought to have had an auction or other sale of his Bibles before he left England, for the French didn't care much about Bibles, and if they did they wouldn't buy his, for they were in the English language, which they could not read. Jim's regrets were now very great, to think they had so little oversight as to come away without thinking to make some conversion of them into ready cash. Daniel told him, however, that he thought there would be nothing lost on them, as they would sell better in America than they would have sold in England, and he had better pack them away until they went home.

The conversation running upon Bibles, Jim was asked, as there was some sympathy expressed for him, how many

he and his wife had, to which he replied, "I no know—I guess a heap." It was in a few moments ascertained more correctly from his wife, who had the immediate charge of them, that they had twenty-eight, and the account soon returned from the whole party, that in all they had received about 120 since they arrived in England.

They took their suppers, which were ready when they got back, and their *chickabobboo* (vin rouge) with their pipe, and engaged M. Vattemare for some time to explain the meaning of the many beautiful decorations they had seen worn on the breasts and shoulders of the officers they had met in the palace. The explanations of these things pleased them very much: as to the fireworks, they said that was such great *medicine* to them, that they did not care about talking on the subject until they had taken more time to think.

Just as M. Vattemare and I were about to leave the room, I found Jim and the Doctor interrogating Daniel about the "big guns that spoke so loud: they thought they must have very large mouths to speak so strong," and were anxious to see them. Daniel told them that those which made the loudest noise were at the Hospital of the Invalides, and it was then agreed that they should go there the next day to see them.

Jim said they had all been delighted at what Daniel read in his paper about their going before the King and Queen, and that he must be sure to bring the paper at an early hour the next morning, to let them hear what was said about the Indians being in the palace the second time, and in the rooms of the Duke, to see the fireworks.

The rest of their evening was taken up in "thinking" on what they had seen, and the next morning, as he had promised, Daniel came in with the paper and read a long account of the amusements of the day and evening, and also of the hundreds of thousands in the crowd who moved along in front of the Duke d'Aumale's apartments to look at the Indians, in preference to look at the King and the Queen. It was decided (as he read) that the crowd was

much more dense and remained at a much later hour in front of that wing of the palace than in front of the balcony, where the Royal Family and the orchestra of music were. This pleased them all very much; and after their breakfasts, while they were yet in this cheerful train of feelings, the young man who had brought them the money from the King made his appearance, and I was instantly sent for. On arriving I was informed by him that he had come from his Majesty with the gold and silver medals, to be presented in his Majesty's name to each one individually. This announced, the Indians of course put all other occupations aside, and, being all seated on the floor, at the request of the chief, the medals were called out by the inscriptions on them and presented accordingly. The first presented was a gold medal to White Cloud, the chief: the inscription on the back of it read thus:—

“Donné à *Mu-lu-she-haw*, par le Roi: 1845.”

The next presented was to the War-chief—a gold medal of equal size, and inscription in the same form. Silver medals, of equal size with inscriptions, were then presented to all the warriors and women and children. This last part of the list, women and children, seemed to startle them a little. The idea of women and children receiving medals was entirely new to them, and put them quite at a stand. There was no alternative but to take them, and be thankful for them; but it seemed curious enough to them—a subject not to be named, however, until the messenger had departed with their thanks to his Majesty for his kindness. This was done by the War-chief, and the gentleman departed.

The old Doctor and *Wa-ton-ye*, the two unmarried men of the party, were the only ones who seemed to show anything like decided dissatisfaction in their faces, though Jim and Little Wolf were fumbling theirs over in their fingers, evidently in a struggle of feeling whether to be dissatisfied or not. The Little Wolf was a warrior of decided note, who

had taken several scalps, and his wife had never taken one, and yet her medal was equal to his own; however, by the operation he had got two medals instead of one. Jim felt a little touched, and, though never having done much more in war than his squaw had, was preparing to make a great harangue on the occasion, and even rolled over on his back, and drew up his knees, for the purpose, but, taking the shining metal from his wife's hands, and placing it by the side of his own, he thought they would form a beautiful ornament, both hanging together, symbolic of an affectionate husband and wife, and he was silent. The poor old Doctor, though, who had taken *one prisoner* certain, and *possibly* some scalps, and (as the old War-chief had one day told him) undoubtedly "many lives," who could only dangle one medal (having no wife), and that one no better than those given to the women and children, lost all traces of the complaisant smiles that had shone on his face a little time before, and, rising suddenly up, and wrapping his robe around him, he found his way to the house-top, where he stood in silent gaze upon the chimneys and tiles, more suited to the meditations that were running through his troubled mind. *Watton-ya*, in the mean time, with smothered feelings that no one ever heard vent given to, hung his with its tri-coloured ribbon upon a nail in the wall just over his head, and, drawing his buffalo robe quite over him, hid his face, and went to sleep.

White Cloud and the War-chief sat during the while, with their families hanging about their shoulders and knees, well pleased, and smiling upon the brightness of his Majesty's familiar features in shining gold, as they turned their medals around in various lights. Theirs were of a more precious metal, and each, from the number of his family with him, became the owner of *three*, instead of *one*, over which the poor Doctor was yet pondering on the house-top, as he stood looking off towards the mountains and prairies.

When their carriages were at the door, to make their visit to the *Hôpital des Invalides*, as promised the night

before, the Doctor was unwilling to break the charm of his contemplations, and *Wa-ton-ye* could not be waked, and the rest drove off in good cheer and delight. They hung their medals on their necks, suspended by their tri-coloured ribbons, the meaning of which having been explained to them, and they were soon at the mouths of the huge cannon, whose "big mouths" had "spoken so loudly" the night before.

After taking a good look at them, and getting something of their curious history, they entered that wonderful and most noble institution, an honour to the name of its founder and to the country that loves and upholds it, the *Hospital of Invalids*. Nothing on earth could have struck these people as more curious and interesting (a race of warriors themselves) than this institution, with its 3800 venerable inmates, the living victims of battles, wounded, crippled, fed, and clothed, and made happy, the living evidences of the human slaughter that must have taken place in the scenes they had been through. If this scene convinced them of the destructiveness of civilized modes of warfare, it taught them an useful lesson of civilized sympathy for those who are the unfortunate victims of war and carnage.

The moral that was drawn from this day's visit was an important one to them, and I took the opportunity, and many others afterwards, to impress it upon their minds. It pleased them to hear that these old veterans, with one leg and one arm, were the very men who were chosen to come to the big guns, and fire them off, on the day of the King's fête—the same guns that they fought around, and over, when they were taking them from the enemies.

Returning from the "*Invalides*," our carriages were stopped in Place Concorde for a view of the beautiful fountains playing, which pleased and astonished them, as they do all foreigners who pass. The Egyptian obelisk column of Luxor, of seventy-two feet, in one solid piece of granite, and brought from Egypt to Paris, was shown and explained to them, and our carriage driven to the ground where the *guillotine*

had stood on which the blood of Kings and Queens had been shed, and where the father of Louis Philippe was beheaded. These extraordinary and almost incredible facts of history, and that so recent, filled their minds with amazement, and almost with incredulity. Our drive that day was continued through the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées to the *triumphal arch* at the Barrière d'Etoile, and our view from the top of it was one of the finest they thought in the world. We were not quite as high as when we were on the tower of the York cathedral, but the scene around us was far more picturesque and enchanting.

When we returned we found the old Doctor and *Watson-ye* seated upon their buffalo robes, and playing at cards, quite in good humour, and their medals put away, as if nothing had happened to put them out. They were much amused at the descriptions of what the others had seen, and particularly so at Jim's description of an ugly woman he saw on top of the Arc de Triomphe, and who followed him around, he said, and looked him in the face until he was frightened. Here the Doctor, who had been out of humour, and was disposed to be a little severe on Jim, replied that "it was laughable for such an ill-looking, big-mouthed fellow as him to be talking about any one's ill looks, and to be alarmed at any one's ugliness, looking out over such a set of features as he had on the lower part of his face." Jim, however, having two medals, took but little notice of the Doctor's severity, but proceeded to tell about the ugly woman he saw. He said, "her eyes had all the time two white rings clear around them, and the end of her nose turning up, as if she had always smelled something bad, had pulled her upper-lip up so high that she could not shut her mouth or cover her teeth. She had two great rows of teeth, and there was black all between them, as if a charge of gunpowder had gone off in her mouth, and her skin was as white as snow, excepting on her cheeks, and there it was quite red, like a rose."

“Stop, stop, Jim,” said I, “let me write that down before you go any further.”

But this was all. He said he could not bear to look at her, and therefore he did not examine her any further. He also made some fun about two English ladies, who were up there when they were on the Arc de Triomphe. He said, “he had sat down by the side of the railing with his wife, where these ladies came to them. One of them asked if they could speak English, to which he made no reply, but shook his head. He said they had a great many things to say about him, and one of them wanted to feel his face (his chin, he supposed), to see if he had any beard; and when she did not find any, she said something which he did not understand, but he said it tickled them very much, and then he said she put her hand on his shoulder, which was naked, and took hold of his arm, and said several things, about which they had a great deal of laugh, which he understood, and which he would not like to mention, for his wife did not understand them, and he did not wish her to know what they were laughing about.”

The hour having approached for their afternoon’s exhibition, the conversation was here broken off. I was, however, obliged to delay a few minutes for some account they wished me to give them of the guillotine, which I had spoken of while in the Place Concorde. I briefly described it to them, and they all expressed a wish to go some day and see it, and I promised to take them.

The exhibition in the afternoon was attended by many more fashionable ladies and gentlemen than that of the evening; and so many carriages driving up to the door, in a pleasant day, was always sure to put the Doctor into the best of humour, and generally, when he was in such a mood, there would be wit and drollery enough in him, and his good friend Jim, to influence the whole group. They were usually in good spirits, and, when so, were sure to please; and thus were they on that, the first of their morning’s

entertainments; and it happened luckily, for we had in the rooms some of the most fashionable and literary personages of Paris—amongst these, the famous writers, *Victor Hugo*, *Madame Georges Sands*, and several others, to whom the Indians and myself were personally introduced.

The old Doctor was told by M. Vattemare, who was again there, to do his best, and all did their parts admirably well, and much to the astonishment of the ladies, several of which old dames I found had really supposed, until now, that the "*sauvages*" were little more than wild beasts. After the Indians had finished their amusements and retired from the rooms, I was left *lion* again and "lord of all the visitors were now surveying." Then it was that *my* embarrassment came, losing in a great measure the pleasure that I could have drawn from the society of such persons who came to praise, by not speaking the French language.

However, I had generally the benefit of my friend M. Vattemare or others around me ready to help me through the difficulty. It gave me daily pleasure to find that my works were highly applauded by the press, as well as by personal expressions in the room, and in all the grades of society to which I was then being invited.

Our second evening soon approached, and we found the hall fashionably filled again; and of course the Indians, though in a strange country, in good spirits and gratified, as their very appearance while entering the room got them rounds of applause. After their exhibition was over in the usual way I got *my* applause, and so our mutual efforts were daily and nightly made to instruct and amuse the Parisians, which I shall always flatter myself we did to a considerable extent.

While our exhibitions were now in such a train, we were studying how to make the most valuable use of our extra time, by seeing the sights of Paris and its environs.

The *Louvre* was one of the first objects of our attention; and having procured an order from the Director to visit it

on a private day, we took an early hour and made our entry into it. We were received by the Director with kindness, and he conducted the party the whole way through the different galleries, pointing out and explaining to them and to us the leading and most interesting things in it.

The Director, M. de Cailleux, had invited several of his distinguished friends to meet him on the occasion, and it was to them, as well as to us, interesting to see the Indians under such circumstances, where there was so much to attract their attention and calculated to surprise them. M. Vattemare was with us on this occasion, and of very great service in his introductions and interpretations for us. Amongst the distinguished persons who were present, and to whom I was introduced on the occasion, was the Baron de Humboldt. He accompanied us quite through the rooms of the Louvre, and took a great deal of interest in the Indians, having seen and dealt with so many in the course of his travels. I had much conversation with him, and in a few days after was honoured by him with a private visit to my rooms, when I took great pleasure in explaining the extent and objects of my collection.

The view of the Louvre was a great treat to the Indians, who had had but little opportunity before of seeing works of art. In London we thought we had showed them all the sights, but had entirely forgotten the exhibitions of paintings; and I believe the poor fellows had been led to think, before they saw the Louvre, that mine was the greatest collection of paintings in the world. They had a great deal of talk about it when they got home and had lit their pipe. The one great objection they raised to it was, that "it was too long—there were too many things to be seen; so many that they said they had forgotten all the first before they got through, and they couldn't think of them again." There was one impression they got while there, however—that no length of room or number of pictures would easily eradicate from their memories, the immense number of marks of

bullets on the columns of the portico, and even inside of the building, shot through the windows in the time of the Revolution of July. This appalling scene was described to them on the spot by M. Vattemare, which opened their eyes to an historical fact quite new to them, and of which they soon taxed him and me for some further account.

The poor fellows at this time were beginning to sympathize with the noble fellow the Little Wolf, whose wife had been for some weeks growing ill, and was now evidently declining with symptoms of quick consumption. The buoyant spirits of the good and gallant fellow seemed to be giving way to apprehensions; and although he joined in the amusements, he seemed at times dejected and unhappy. There were days when her symptoms seemed alarming, and then she would rally and be in the room again in all the finery of her dress and trinkets, but was evidently gradually losing strength and flesh, and decided by her physician to be in a rapid decline. She was about this time advised to keep to her chamber and away from the excitement of the exhibition and sight-seeing, in which the rest of the party were daily engaged,

By this time the Ioways had made so much noise in Paris that they were engaging the attention of the scientific, the religious, and the ethnologic, as well as the mere curious part of the world, and daily and almost hourly applications were being made to Mr. Melody and myself for private interviews with them for the above purposes. We were disposed to afford every facility in our power in such cases, but in all instances left the Indians to decide who they would and who they would not see.

Amongst those applicants there was a phrenologist, who had been thrusting himself into their acquaintance as much as possible in their exhibition rooms, and repeatedly soliciting permission to go to their private rooms to make some scientific examinations and estimates of their heads, to which the Indians had objected, not understanding the meaning or object of his designs. He had become very im-

portunate however, and, having brought them a number of presents at different times, it was agreed at Mr. Melody's suggestion, one day, as the quickest way of getting rid of him, that he should be allowed to come up. We conversed with the Indians, and assured them that there was not the slightest chance of harm, or witchcraft, or anything of the kind about it, and they agreed to let him come in. They had a hearty laugh when he came in, at Jim's wit, who said to him, though in Indian language that he didn't understand, "If you will shut the door now, you will be the ugliest-looking man in the whole room." This was not, of course, translated to the phrenologist, who proceeded with his examinations, and commenced on Jim's head first. Jim felt a little afraid, and considerably embarrassed also, being the first one called upon to undergo an operation which he knew so little about, or what was to be the result of. Stout, and warlike, and courageous as he was, he trembled at the thought of a thing that he could not yet in the least appreciate, and all were looking on and laughing at him for his embarrassment. The phrenologist proceeded, feeling for the bumps around his head, and, stopping once in a while to make his mental deductions, would then run his fingers along again. Jim's courage began to rally a little, seeing that there was to be nothing more than that sort of manipulation, and he relieved himself vastly by turning a little of his wit upon the operator, for a thing that looked to him so exceedingly ridiculous and absurd, by telling him "I don't think you'll find any in my head; we Indians shave a great part of our hair off, and we keep so much oil in the rest of it, that they won't live there: you will find much more in white men's heads, who don't oil their hair." This set the whole party and all of us in a roar, and Jim's head shook so as to embarrass the operator for a little time. When he got through, and entered his estimates in his book, Jim asked him "if he found anything in his head?" to which he replied in the affirmative. Placing his fingers on "*self-esteem*," he said there was great fulness there. "Well," said

Jim, "I'm much obliged to you: I'll set my wife to look there by and by. And now," said Jim, "take the old Doctor here: his head is full of em." By this time Jim's jokes had got us all into a roar of laughter, and the Doctor was in the chair, and Jim looking on to see what he could discover. White Cloud thought Jim had cracked his jokes long enough, and as they had all laughed at them, he considered it most respectful now to let the man go through with it. So he finished with the Doctor and then with White Cloud and the War-chief, and when he came to the women they positively declined.

Jim, having been rebuked for laughing too much, had stopped suddenly, and, instantly resolving to try his jokes upon the poor man in another mood, assumed, as he easily could, the most treacherous and assassin look that the human face can put on, and asked the phrenologist if he was done, to which he replied "Yes." "Now," said Jim, "we have all waited upon you and given you a fair chance, and I now want you to sit down a minute and let me examine *your* head;" at the same time drawing his long scalping knife out from his belt, and wiping its blade as he laid it in a chair by the side of him. The phrenologist, having instantly consented, and just taking possession of the chair as he was drawing his knife out, could not well do otherwise than sit still for Jim's operations, though he was evidently in a greater trepidation than he had put Jim into by the first experiment that was made. Jim took the requisite time in his manipulations to crack a few jokes more among his fellow Indians upon the quackery of his patient, and then to let him up, telling him, for the amusement of those around, that "his face looked very pale" (which by the way was the case), "and that he found his head very full of them."

The phrenologist was a good-natured sort of man, and, only partially understanding their jokes, was delighted to get off with what he had learned, without losing his scalp-lock, which it would seem as if he had apprehended at one moment to have been in some danger. As he was leaving

the room, Daniel came in, announcing that there were two Catholic clergymen in the room below, where they had been waiting half an hour to have some talk with the Indians. "Let them up," says Jim; "I will make a speech to them:" at which the old Doctor sprang up. "There," said he, "there's my robe; lay down quick." The Doctor's wit raised a great laugh, but, when a moment had blown it away, Mr. Melody asked the chief what was his wish, whether to see them or not. "Oh yes," said he (but rather painfully, and with a sigh); "yes, let them come in: we are in a strange country, and we don't wish to make any enemies: let them come up." They were then conducted up and spent half an hour in pleasant conversation with the chiefs, without questioning them about their religion, or urging their own religion upon them. This pleased the Indians very much, and, finding them such pleasant and social good-natured men, they felt almost reluctant to part company with them. Each of them left a handsome Bible as presents, and took affectionate leave.

After they had left, the Indians had much talk about them, and were then led to think of "the good people," the Friends, they had seen so many of in England and Ireland, and asked me if they should find any of them in Paris. I told them I thought they would not, at which they were evidently very much disappointed.

One of the next sight-seeing expeditions was to the *Jardin des Plantes*, to which our old friend M. Vattemare accompanied us. The animals here, from a difference of training, or other cause, were not quite so much alarmed as they were in the menagerie in London; but when the doctor breathed out the silvery notes of his howling *totem*, the wolf at once answered him in a remote part of the garden. Jim imitated the wild goose, and was answered in an instant by a cackling flock of them. The panthers hissed, and the hyænas were in great distress, and the monkeys also: the eagles chattered and bolted against the sides of their cages, and the parrots lost their voices by squalling, and many of

their feathers by fluttering, when the Indians came within their sight. They pitied the poor old and jaded buffalo, as they did in London, he looked so broken-spirited and desolate; and also the deer and the elks; but the bears they said didn't seem to care much about it. They were far more delighted with the skins of animals, reptiles, and fishes in the museum of natural history; and I must say that *I* was also, considering it the finest collection I ever have seen.

The garden of plants was amusement enough for an hour or so, and then to the *Halle aux Vins* in the immediate neighbourhood. This grand magazine of *chickabobboo* has been described by many writers, and no doubt seen by many who read, but few have seen the expression of amazement upon the brows of a party of wild Indians from the forest of America, while their eyes were running over the vast and almost boundless lines of 800,000 casks of wine under one roof, and heard the piercing war-whoop echoing and vibrating through their long avenues, raised at the startling information that 20,000,000 of gallons of this are annually drawn out of this to be drunk in the city of Paris; and few of those who heard it knew whether it was raised to set the wine running, or as a note of exultation that they had found a greater fountain of *chickabobboo* than the brewery they were in, in London. However true the latter was, the first was supposed to have been the design, and it must needs have its effect. A few bottles, in kindness and hospitality cracked, cooled all parched and parching lips, and our faithful timepieces told us our engagement with the public was at hand, and we laid our course again for the *Salle Valentino*.

"Oh! what a glorious country," said Jim, as we were rolling along; "there's nothing like that in London: the *chickabobboo* is better here, and there's more of it too." Poor ignorant fellow! he was not aware that the brewery they saw in London was only one of some dozens, and that the wine in all those casks they had just seen was not quite as delicious as that with which his lips had just been moistened.

With their recollections dwelling on the scenes they had

witnessed in London, they were naturally drawing comparisons as they were wending their way back; and they had in this mood taken it into their heads that there were no gin-shops in Paris, as they could see none, which was quite mysterious to them, until I explained to them the nature of the cafés, the splendid open shops they were every moment passing, glittering with gold and looking-glasses. They were surprised to learn that the delicious poison was dealt out in these neat "palaces," but which they had not known or suspected the meaning of. They admitted their surprise, and at once decided that "they liked the free, and open, and elegant appearance of them much better than those in London, where they are all shut up in front with great and gloomy doors, to prevent people from looking into them, as if they were ashamed."

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was next to be seen as soon as there should be a fine day: that day arrived, and half an hour's drive landed us at its entrance.

This wonderful place has been described by many travelers, and therefore needs but a passing notice here. This wilderness of tombs, of houses or boxes of the dead, thrown and jumbled together amidst its gloomy cypress groves and thickets, is perhaps one of the most extraordinary scenes of the kind in the world: beautiful in some respects, and absurd and ridiculous in others, it is still one of the wonders of Paris, and all who see the one must needs visit the other. The scene was one peculiarly calculated to excite and please the Indians. The wild and gloomy and almost endless labyrinths of the little mansions of the dead were pleasing contrasts to their imprisonment within the dry and heated walls of the city; the varied and endless designs that recorded the places and the deeds of the dead were themes of amusement to them, and the subject altogether one that filled their minds with awe, and with admiration of the people who treated their dead with so much respect.

We wandered for an hour through its intricate mazes of cypress, examining the tombs of the rich and the poor so

closely and curiously grouped together—a type, even in the solitudes of death, of the great Babylon in which their days had been numbered and spent. Whilst we were strolling through the endless mazes of this *sub-rosa* city, we met an immense concourse of people, evidently bearing the body of some distinguished person to the grave. The pompous display of mourning feathers and fringes, &c., with hired mourners, was matter of some surprise to the Indians; but when a friend of the deceased stepped forward to pronounce an eulogium on his character, recounting his many virtues and heroic deeds, it reminded the Indians forcibly of the custom of their own country, and they all said they liked to see that.

We took them to the patched and vandalized tomb of Abelard and Eloisa; but as there was not time for so long a story, it lost its interest to them. They were evidently struck with amazement at the system and beauty of this place, and from that moment decided that they liked the French for the care they took of their old soldiers and the dead.

The poor fellows, the Indians, who were now proceeding daily and nightly with their exciting and “astonishing” exhibitions, were becoming so confounded and confused with the unaccountable sights and mysteries of Paris which they were daily visiting, that they began to believe there was no end to the curious and astonishing works of civilized man; and, instead of being any longer startled with excitement and wonder, decided that it would be better to look at everything else as simple and easy to be made by those that know how, and therefore divested of all further curiosity. This they told me they had altogether resolved upon: “they had no doubt there were yet many strange things for them to see in Paris, and they would like to follow me to see them all; but they would look with their eyes only half open, and not trouble us with their surprise and their questions.

With these views, and their eyes “half open,” then, they still took their daily drives, and Mr. Melody or myself, in constant company, stopping to show them, and to see our-

selves, what was yet new and wonderful to be seen. There was still much to be seen in Paris, and the poor Indians were a great way from a complete knowledge of all the tricks and arts of civilization.

A drive to the *School of Medicine* and the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés* was enough for one morning's recreation. The first, with "*Dupuytren's Room*," was enough to open the old Doctor's eyes, and the latter, with its 6000 helpless and parentless infants added to it annually, sufficient to swell the orbs of Jim, and make him feel for his notebook. The School of Medicine, with Dupuytren's Room, forms one of the most surprising sights to be seen in Paris, and yet, save with the Doctor, there seemed to be but little interest excited by the sight. The Doctor's attitude was one of studied dignity and philosophic conceit as he stood before those wonderful preparations, not to be astonished, but to study as a critic, while he fanned himself with his eagle's tail. The expression of his face, which was the whole time unchanged, was one of a peculiar kind, and, as it was not sketched at the time, must be for ever lost.

The novel and pitiful sight of the thousands of innocent little creatures in the Foundling Hospital seemed to open the "half-closed eyes" and the hearts of the Indians, notwithstanding the resolutions they had made. When it was explained to them how these little creatures came into the world, and then into this most noble institution, and also that in the last year there had been born in the city of Paris 26,000 children, 9000 of whom were illegitimate, their eyes were surely open to the astounding facts of the vices of civilized society, and of the virtue of civilized governments in building and maintaining such noble institutions for the support of the fatherless and helpless in infancy, as well as for the veterans who have been maimed in the fields of glorious battle. When I told them that, of those thousands of little playful children, not one knew any other parent than the Government, they groaned in sympathy for them, and seemed at a loss to abhor or applaud the most,

the sins of man that brought them into the world, or the kind and parental care that was taken of them by the Government of the country. Jim made a sure demand upon Daniel's kindness for the entry of these important facts, which he soon had in round and conspicuous numbers in his note-book, to teach to the "*cruel and relentless Indians.*"

The sentimentalism and sympathy of the poor old Doctor were touched almost to melancholy by this scene; and in his long and serious cogitations on it he very gravely inquired why the thousands of women leading and petting little dogs in the streets could not be induced to discharge their dogs, and each one take a little child and be its mother? He said, if he were to take a Frenchwoman for his wife, he would rather take her with a little child, even if it were her own, than take her with a little dog.

The *guillotine*, which happened to be in our way, and which they had been promised a sight of, they thought was more like a *Mississippi saw-mill* than anything else they had seen. It drew a murmur or two when explained to them how the victim was placed, and his head rolled off when the knife fell, but seemed to have little further effect upon them except when the actual number was mentioned to them whose heads are there severed from their bodies annually, for their crimes committed in the streets and houses of Paris. Our stay before this awful and bloody machine was but short, and of course their remarks were few, until they got home, and their dinner was swallowed, and their *chickabobboo*, and, reclining on their buffalo robes, the pipe was passing around.

Their conversation was then with Daniel, who had been but the day before to see the very same things, and they gained much further information than we did, which he communicated to them. He entered in Jim's book, as he had desired, the numbers of the *illegitimates* and *foundlings* of Paris, which seemed to be a valuable addition to his estimates of the blessings of civilization; and also the number of annual victims whose heads roll from the side of the guillotine.

His book was then closed, and a curious discussion arose between the Indians and Daniel, whether the gallows, which they had seen in the prisons in England and Ireland, was a preferable mode of execution to that of the guillotine, which they had just been to see. They had no doubt but both of them, or, at least, that one or the other of them was absolutely necessary in the civilized world; but the question was, which was the best. Daniel contended that the punishment which was most ignominious was best, and contended for the gallows, while the Indians thought the guillotine was the best. They thought that death was bad enough, without the Government trying to add to its pang by hanging people up by the neck with a rope, as the Indians hang dogs. From this grave subject, which they did not seem to settle, as there was no umpire, they got upon a somewhat parallel theme, and were quite as seriously engaged, when I was obliged to leave them, whether it would be preferable to be *swallowed whole* by a whale, or to be *chewed*. Daniel was referring to Scripture for some authority on this subject, by looking into one of Jim's Bibles, when Mr. Melody and I were apprised of an appointment, which prevented us from ever hearing the result.

The next promise we had to keep with them was the one that had been made to take them to see the fountain of all the pretty and ugly little dogs and huge mastiffs they saw carried and led through the streets of Paris—the "*Dog Market*."

The *Dog Hospital*, being *en route*, was visited first; and though one could scarcely imagine what there could be there that was amusing or droll, still the old Doctor insisted on it that it must be very interesting, and all resolved to go. It was even so, and on that particular occasion was rendered very amusing, when the Doctor entered, with Jim and the rest following. The squalling of "There! there! there!" by the frightened parrots in Cross's Zoological Gardens bore little comparison to the barking and yelling of "*les petits pauvres chiens*," and the screams of the old

ladies—"Ne les effrayez pas, Messieurs, s'il vous plaît! ils sont tous malades—tous malades: pauvres bêtes! pauvres bêtes!" It was soon perceived that the nerves of the poor little "malades," as well as those of the old women their doctors, were too much affected to stand the shock, and it was thought best to withdraw. The old Doctor, getting just a glance at the sick-wards, enough to convince him of the clean comforts these little patients had, and seeing that their physicians were females, and also that the wards were crowded with fashionable ladies looking and inquiring after the health of their little pets, he was quite reluctant to leave the establishment without going fairly in and making his profession known, which he had thought would, at least, command him some respect amongst female physicians. He had some notion for this purpose of going in alone, but sarcastic Jim said the whole fright of the poor dogs had been produced by his appearance; to which the Doctor replied that they only barked because Jim was coming behind him. However, our visit was necessarily thus short, and attention directed to the Dog Market, for which Jim was more eager, as he had a special object. This was a curiosity, to be sure, and well worth seeing; there was every sort of whelp and cur that could be found in Christendom, from the veriest minimum of dog to the staliest mastiff and Newfoundland; and, at Jim and the Doctor's approach, hundreds of them barked and howled, many broke their strings, some laid upon their backs, and yelled (no doubt, if one could have understood their language) that they never saw before in their lives so ill-looking and frightful a couple, and so alarming a set as those who were following behind them. Jim wanted to buy, and, the business-meaning of his face being discovered, there were all sorts of offers made him, and every kind of pup protruded into his face; but the barking of dogs was such that no one could be heard, and then many a poor dog was knocked flat with a broom, or whatever was handiest, and others were choked, to stop their noise. No one

wanted to stand the din of this canine Bedlam longer than was necessary for Jim to make his choice, which the poor fellow was endeavouring to do with the greatest despatch possible. His mode was rather different from the ordinary mode of testing the qualities he was looking for, which was by feeling of the ribs; and having bargained for one that he thought would fit him, the lookers-on were somewhat amused at his choice. He made them understand by his signs that they were going to eat it, when the poor woman screamed out, "Diable! mange pas! mange pas!—venez, venez, ma pauvre bête!"

The crowd by this time was becoming so dense that it was thought advisable to be on the move, and off. The Doctor became exceedingly merry at Jim's expense, as he had come away without getting a dog for their Dog Feast, of which they had been for some time speaking.

On their return from this day's drive, they met, to their very great surprise, their old friend *Bobasheela*, who had left his business and crossed the Channel to see them once more before they should set sail for America. He said he could not keep away from them long at a time while they were in this country, because he loved them so much. They were all delighted to see him, and told him he was just in time to attend the Dog Feast, which they were going to have the next day. The Doctor told him of Jim's success in buying a dog, and poor Jim was teased a great deal about his failure. *Bobasheela* told them all the news about England, and Jim and the Doctor had a long catalogue to give him of their visit to the King—of their medals—their visits to the great fountain of *chickabobboo* and the *Foundling Hospital*, all of which he told him he had got down in his book. All this delighted *Bobasheela*, until they very imprudently told him that they liked Paris much better than London. They told him that the people in Paris did not tease them so much about religion; that there were fewer poor people in the streets; and that as yet they had kept all their money, for they had seen nobody poor enough

to give it to. Their *chickabobboo* was very different, but it was about as good. The guillotine they were very well satisfied with, as they considered it much better to cut men's heads off than to hang them up, like dogs, by a rope around the neck. This, and keeping men in prison because they owe money, they considered were the two most cruel things they heard of amongst the English.

Bobasheela replied to them that he was delighted to hear of their success, and to learn that they had seen the King, an honour he should himself have been very proud of. He told them that he never had seen the King, but that, while travelling in Kentucky many years ago, he was close upon the heels of the King, and so near him that he slept on the same (not bed, but) floor in a cabin where the King had slept, with his feet to the fire, but a short time before. This was something quite new to the Indians, and, like most of *Bobasheela's* stories of the Far West, pleased them exceedingly.

Jim, who was a *matter-of-fact man*, more than one of fancy and imagination, rather sided with *Bobasheela*, and, turning to his round numbers last added to his book, of "9000 illegitimate children born in Paris in the last year," asked his friend if he could read it, to which he replied "Yes." "Well," said Jim, in broad English, "some *fish* there, I guess, ha? I no like em Frenchwomen—I no like em: no good! I no like em so many children, no fader!" We all saw by Jim's eye, and by the agitation commencing, that he had some ideas that were coming out, and at the instant he was turning over on to his back, and drawing up his knees, and evidently keeping his eyes fixed on some object on the ceiling of the room, not to lose the chain of his thoughts, and he continued (not in English, for he spoke more easily in his own language), "I do not like the Frenchwomen. I did not like them at first, when I saw them leading so many dogs. I thought then that they had more dogs than children, but I think otherwise now. We believe that those women, who we have seen leading their dogs

around with strings, have put their children away to be raised in the great house of the Government, and they get these little dogs to fill their places, and to suck their breasts when they are full of milk."

"Hut—tut—tut!" said Melody, "you ill-mannerly fellow! what are you about? You will blow us all up here, Jim, if you utter such sentiments as those. I think the French ladies the finest in the world except the Americans, and if they heard such ideas as those, advanced by us, they would soon drive us out of Paris."

"Yes," said Jim (in English again), "yes, I know—I know you like em—may be very good, but you see I no like em!" In his decided dislike, Jim's excitement was too great for his ideas to flow smoothly any further, and Mr. Melody not disposed to push the argument, the subject was dropped, and preparations made for the day exhibition, the hour for which was at hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

La Morgue—The Catacombs—The Doctor's dream—Their great alarm—Visit to the *Hippodrome*—Jim riding M. Franconi's horse—Indians in the Woods of Boulogne—Fright of the rabbits—Jim and the Doctor at the *Bal Mabille*, Champs Elysées—At the *Masquerade, Grand Opera*—Their opinions and criticisms on them—Frenchwomen at confession in St. Roch—Doctor's ideas of it—Jim's speech—" *Industrious fleas* "—Death of the wife of Little Wolf—Her baptism—Husband's distress—Her funeral in the Madeleine—Her burial in Montmartre—Council held—Indians resolve to return to America—Preparations to depart in a few days—*Bobasheela* goes to London to ship their boxes to New York—He returns, and accompanies the Indians to Havre—Indians take leave of *Chippahola* (the Author)—M. Vattemare accompanies them to Havre—Kindly treated by Mr. Winslow, an American gentleman, at Havre—A splendid dinner, and (*Queen's*) *Chickabobboo*—Indians embark—Taking leave of *Bobasheela*—Illness of the Author's lady—His alarm and distress—Her death—Obituary—Her remains embalmed and sent to New York.

AFTER their exhibition was over, and they had taken their dinner and *chickabobboo* (at the former of which they had had the company of their old friend *Bobasheela*), their pipe was lit, and the conversation resumed about the French ladies, for whom Jim's dislike was daily increasing, and with his dislike, his slanderous propensity. He could not divest his mind of the 9000 illegitimate and abandoned little babies that he had seen, and the affection for dogs, which, instead of *exposing*, they secure with ribbons, and hold one end in their hands, or tie it to their apron-strings. This was a subject so glaring to Jim's imagination, that he was quite fluent upon it at a moment's warning, even when standing up or sitting, without the necessity of resorting to his usual and eccentric attitude. This facility caused him to be more lavish of his abuse, and at every interview in the rooms he seemed to be constantly frowning

upon the ladies, and studying some new cause for abusing them, and drawing Mr. Melody and the Doctor into debates when they got back to their own apartments. Such was the nature of the debate he had just been waging, and which he had ended in his usual way, with the last word to himself, "I no care; me no like em."

The subject was here changed, however, by Mr. Melody's reminding them that this day was the time they had set to visit the *Morgue* and the *Catacombs*, for which an order had been procured. These had been the favourite themes for some days; and there had been the greatest impatience expressed to go and see the naked dead bodies of the murdered and *felo-de-ses* daily stretched out in the one, and the five millions of skulls and other human bones that are laid up like cobhouses under great part of the city. *Boba-sheela* had described to them the wonders of this awful place, which he had been in on a former occasion, and Daniel had read descriptions from books while the Indians had smoked many a pipe; but when the subject was mentioned on this occasion, there were evident proofs instantly shown that some influence had produced a different effect upon their minds, and that they were no longer anxious to go. M. Vattemare, in speaking of the Catacombs a few days before, had said that about a year ago two young men from the West Indies came to Paris, and, getting an order to visit the Catacombs, entered them, and, leaving their guide, strolled so far away that they never got out, and never have been found, but their groans and cries are still often heard under different parts of the city. But the immediate difficulty with the Indians was a dream the Doctor had had the night before, and which he had been relating to them. He had not, he said, dreamed anything about the Catacombs, but he had seen *See-catch-e-wee-be*, the one-eyed wife of the "fire-eater" (a sorcerer of their tribe), who had followed his track all the way to the great village of the whites (London), and from that to Paris, where he saw her sitting on a bridge over the water; that she gave him a pair of

new mocassins of moose-skin, and told him that the *Gitchee Manitou* (the Great Spirit) had been very kind in not allowing him and *Wash-ha-mon-ya* (Jim) to go under the ground in the Great Village of the Whites, in England, and their lives were thereby saved. She then went under an old woman's basket, who was selling apples, and disappeared. He could not understand why he should have such a vision as this the very night before they were to go underground to the Catacombs, unless it was to warn him of the catastrophe that might befall them if they were to make their visit there, as they had designed. They had smoked several pipes upon this information early in the morning, and the chiefs had closely questioned him and also consulted him as their oracle in all such cases, and had unanimously come to the conclusion that these were foreboding prognostications sufficient to decide it to be at least prudent to abandon their project, and thereby be sure to run no hazard.*

Mr. Melody and myself both agreed that their resolve placed them on the safe side at all events, and that we thought them wise in making it if they saw the least cause for apprehension. "They could easily run to the river, however, in their drive, and see the other place, the *Morgue*;" but that could not, on any account, be undertaken, as the two objects had been planned out for the same visit; and, from the Doctor's dream, it did not appear in the least certain in which of the places they were liable to incur the risk, and therefore they thought it best not to go to either. There was a great deal yet to see above ground, and quite as much as they should be able to see in the little time they had yet to remain there, and which would

* The place they had escaped in the great village of the whites they had been told was a Hell. It had been explained to them, however, that there were several of those places in London, and that they were only *imitations* of hell, but they seemed to believe that these catacombs (as there were so many millions of the bones of Frenchmen gone into them) might be the real hell of the pale-faces, and it was best to run no risk.

be much pleasanter to look at than white men's bones under ground.

Their minds were filled with amazement on this wonderful subject; but their euriosity to see it seemed quite stifled by the Doctor's dream, and the subject for the present was dropped, with a remark from Jim, "that he was not sure but that this accounted for the white people digging up all the Indians' graves on the frontiers, and that their bones were brought here and sold." The Catacombs were thus left for Daniel and myself to stroll through at our leisure, and the Indians were contented with the sketch I made, which, with Daniel's account, put them in possession of the principal features of that extraordinary and truly shocking place.

As their visit to the *Catacombs* and the *Morgue* was abandoned, we resolved to drive through the Champs Elysées and visit the woods of Boulogne, the favourite drive of the Parisians, and probably the most beautiful in the world. We had been solicited by M. Franconi, of the *Hippodrome*, to enter into an arrangement with him to have the Indians unite in his entertainments three days in the week, where their skill in riding and archery could be seen to great advantage, and for which he would be willing to offer liberal terms. He had invited us to bring the Indians down, at all events, to see the place; and we agreed to make the visit to M. Franconi on our way to the woods of Boulogne. The view was a private one, known only to a few of his friends, who were present, and his own operatic *troupe*. We were very civilly and politely received; and, all walking to the middle of his grand area, he proposed to make us the offer, on condition that the Indians were good riders, which I had already assured him was the case, and which seemed rather difficult for him to believe, as they had so little of civilization about them. As the best proof, however, he proposed to bring out a horse, and let one of them try and show what he could do. This we agreed to at once; and, having told the Indians before we started that we

should make no arrangement for them there unless they were pleased with it and preferred it, they had decided, on entering the grounds, that the exercises would be too desperate and fatiguing to them and destructive to their clothes, and therefore not to engage with him. However, the horse was led into the area and placed upon the track for their chariot-races, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference; and, the question being put, "Who will ride?" it was soon agreed that Jim should try it first. "Wal, me try em," said Jim; "me no ride good, but me try em little." He was already prepared, with his shield and quiver upon his back and his long and shining lance in his hand. The horse was held; though, with all its training, it was some time, with its two or three grooms about it, before they could get the frightened creature to stand steady enough for Jim to mount. In the first effort which they thought he was making to get on, they were surprised to find that he was ungirthing the saddle, which he flung upon the ground, and, throwing his buffalo robe across the animal's back and himself astride, the horse dashed off at his highest speed. Jim saw that the animal was used to the track, and, the course being clear, he leaned forward and brandished his lance, and, every time he came round and passed us, sounded a charge in the shrill notes of the war-whoop. The riding was pleasing and surprised M. Franconi exceedingly, and when he thought it was about time to stop he gave his signal for Jim to pull up, but, seeing no slack to the animal's pace, and Jim still brandishing his weapons in the air and sounding the war-whoop as he passed, he became all at once alarmed for the health of his horse. The Indians at this time were all in a roar of laughter, and the old gentleman was placing himself and his men upon the track as Jim came round, with uplifted arms, to try to stop the animal's speed, just finding at that time that Jim had rode in the true prairie style, without using the bridle, and which, by his neglect of it, had got out of his reach, when he would have used it to pull up with. Jim

still dashed by them, brandishing his lance as they came in his way: when they retreated and ran to head him in another place, he there passed them also, and passed them and menaced them again and again as he came around. The alarm of the poor old gentleman for the life of his horse became very conspicuous, and, with additional efforts with his men, and a little pulling up by Jim, who had at length found the rein, the poor affrighted and half-dead animal was stopped, and Jim, leaping off, walked to the middle of the area, where we were in a group, laughing to the greatest excess at the fun. The poor horse was near done over, and led away by the grooms. M. Franconi came and merely bade us good-by, and was exceedingly obliged to us. Whether the poor animal died or not we never heard, but Jim was laid up for several days. On asking him why he ran the horse so hard, he said it was the horse's fault, that "it ran away with him the moment he was on its back—that the creature was frightened nearly to death; and he thought, if it preferred running, he resolved to give it running enough." The Doctor told him he acted imprudently in getting on, which had caused all the trouble. "In what way?" inquired Jim. "Why, by letting the animal see that ugly face of yours; if you had hid it till you were on, there would have been no trouble."

We were all obliged to laugh at the Doctor's wit; and having taken leave of the polite old gentleman, we were seated in our carriages again for a drive through the woods of Boulogne.

In the midst of these wild and truly beautiful grounds the Indians and all got down for a stroll. The native wildness of the forests and jungle seemed in a moment to inspire them with their wild feelings, which had, many of them, long slumbered whilst mingling amidst the crowds of civilization, and away they leapt and bounded among the trees in their wild and wonted amusements. Their shrill yells and the war-whoop were soon lost in the distant thickets which they penetrated, and an hour at least

elapsd before they could all be gathered together and prepared to return. Their frightful yells had started up all the rabbits that were unburrowed in the forests; and whilst hundreds were bounding about, and many taking to the open fields for escape, they encompassed one, and with their united screams had scared it to death. This they assured us was the case, as they brought it in by the legs, without the mark of any weapon upon it.

Few scenes in Paris, if any, had pleased them more than this, and in their subsequent drives they repeatedly paid their visits to the "woods of Boulogne."

On their return home poor Jim lay down, complaining very much of lameness from his hard ride on Franconi's horse, which he knew would prevent him from dancing for some days, as he was getting very stiff, and afraid he would not be well enough to go and see the "Industrious Fleas" (as they were called), where he and the Doctor and Jeffrey had arranged to go with Daniel and several young American acquaintance, who had decided it to be one of the choicest little sights then to be seen in Paris, and which from all accounts is an exhibition of female nudities in living groups, ringing all the changes on attitude and action for the amusement of the lookers-on. There was a great deal of amusing conversation about this very popular exhibition, but in this poor Jim and the Doctor reluctantly submitted to disappointment when Mr. Melody very properly objected to their going to see it.

Jim had laid himself on his back at this time, and, not feeling in the best of humour, began in a tirade of abuse of the Frenchwomen, of whom he and the Doctor had seen more perhaps on the previous evening in the *Jardin Mabille* in the Champs Elysées, and the *masquerade* in the *Grand Opera House*, than they had seen since they entered Paris.

Their enterprise on that evening had taken place after their exhibition had closed, when Jim and the Doctor started with Jeffrey and Daniel and two or three friends who were pledged to take care of them. It was on Sunday evening,

when the greatest crowds attend these places, and I have no other account of what they did and what they saw than that they gave me on their return home. They had first gone to the splendid *bal* in the popular garden, where they were told that the thousand elegant women they saw there dancing were all bad women, and that nearly all of them came to those places alone, as they had nothing to pay, but were all let in free, so as to make the men come who had to pay. This idea had tickled Jim and the Doctor very much, for, although they were from the wilderness, they could look a good way into a thing which was perfectly clear. It was a splendid sight for them, and, after strolling about a while, and seeing all that could be seen, they had turned their attention to the "*Bal Masqué*" in the *Grand Opera*. Here they had been overwhelmed with the splendour of the scene, and astonished at its novelty, and the modes of the women who, Jim said, "were all ashamed to show their faces," and whose strange manœuvres had added a vast deal to the fund of his objections to Frenchwomen, and which he said had constantly been accumulating ever since he first saw so many of them kissing the ends of little dogs' noses, and pretty little children on their foreheads. His mind here ran upon kissing, of which he had seen some the night before, and which he had often observed in the exhibition rooms and in the streets. He had laughed, he said, to see Frenchmen kiss each other on both cheeks; and he had observed that, when gentlemen kiss ladies, they kiss them on the forehead: he was not quite sure that they would do so in the dark, however. "In London always kiss em on the mouth; ladies kiss em Indians heap, and hug em too: in France ladies no kiss em—no like em—no good."

In speaking of the *bal* in the gardens, "he didn't see anything so very bad in that, but as for the masquerade, he looked upon it as a very immoral thing that so many thousands of ladies should come there and be ashamed to show their faces, and have the privilege of picking out just such men as they liked to go with them, and then take hold

of their arms, as he said he repeatedly saw them, and lead them out." Amongst the Indians, he said, they had a custom much like that to be sure, but it was only given once a-year, and it was then only for the young married men to lend their wives to the old ones: this was only one night in the year, and it was a mark of respect that the young married men were willing to pay to the old warriors and chiefs, and the young married women were willing to agree to it because it pleased their husbands. On those occasions, he said, "none are admitted into the ring but old married men, and then the young married woman goes around and touches on the left shoulder the one who she wishes to follow her into the bushes, and she does it without being ashamed and obliged to cover her face."

The Doctor's prejudices against the Frenchwomen were nothing near as violent as those of Jim, and yet he said it made him feel very curious when he saw some thousands with their faces all hidden: he said it must be true that they had some object that was bad, or they wouldn't be ashamed and hide their faces. Mr. Melody told Jim and the Doctor, however, that he didn't consider there was so very much harm in it, for these very women had the handiest way in the world to get rid of all their sins. If they happened accidentally or otherwise during the week to do anything that was decidedly naughty or wicked, they went into their churches very early in the morning, where the priest was in a little box with his ear to the window, where the woman kneeled down and told in his ear all the sins she had committed during the week, and she then went away quite happy that, having confessed them to him, he would be sure to have them all forgiven by the Great Spirit. They had a great laugh at this, and all thought that Mr. Melody was quizzing them, until *Bobasheela* and *Daniel* both told them it was all true, and if they liked to go with them any morning they would take them into any of the French churches or chapels, where they could see it; and would venture that they would see many of the same women con-

fessing their sins whom they had seen at the *bal* and the masquerade, and in this way they could tell who had behaved the worst, for the most guilty of them would be sure to be there first. The Doctor seemed evidently to look upon this still with suspicion and doubt; and as the splendid church of *St. Roch* was nearly opposite to their rooms, and only across the street, it was proposed that the Doctor and Jim should accompany Daniel and their friend *Bobasheela* immediately there, where in five minutes they could see more or less women at confession, and at the same time a fine sight, one of the most splendid churches in Paris, and the place where the Queen goes on every Sunday to worship. This so excited the party, that they chiefly all arose and walked across the street to take a view of the church and the Frenchwomen confessing their sins into the ears of the priests. They happened to have a fair opportunity of seeing several upon their knees at confession; and the old Doctor had been curious to advance up so near to one, that he said he saw the priest's eyes shining through between the little slats, and then he was convinced, and not before. He said that still it didn't seem right to him, unless the Great Spirit had put those men there for that purpose. He thought it a very nice place for a young girl to tell the priest where she would meet him, and he had a very good chance to see whether she was pretty or not. Jim had by this time studied out an idea or two, and said, he thought that this way of confessing sins aided the *bals* and *masquerades* and the *industrious fleas* very much; and he believed that these were the principal causes of the great number of the poor little deserted and parentless babes they had seen in the hospital where they had been.

The hour for the exhibition arriving, the conversation about Paris morals and religion was broken suddenly off, and perhaps at a good time. There were great crowds now daily attending their amusements, and generally applauding enthusiastically, and making the Indians occasional presents. On this occasion the Doctor had made a tremendous boast

in the part he was taking in the eagle-dance, for the spirit of which the audience, and particularly the ladies, gave him a great deal of applause, so much so that at the end of the dance his vanity called him out in an off-hand speech about the beauty of the city, &c., and, it being less energetic than the boasts he had just been strutting out, failed to draw forth the applause he was so confidently depending on. He tried sentence after sentence, and, stopping to listen, all were silent. This perplexed and disappointed the Doctor very much, and still he went on, and at length stopped and sat down, admired, but not applauded. His friend Jim was laughing at him as he took his seat, and telling him that if he had barked like a little dog the ladies would have been sure to applaud. To this the Doctor said, "You had better try yourself:" upon which the daring Jim, who professed never to refuse any challenge, sprang upon his feet, and, advancing to the edge of the platform, stood braced out with his brows knitting, and his eyes "in a frenzy rolling," for full two minutes before he began. He then thrust his lance forward in his right hand as far as he could dart it over the heads of the audience, and, coming back to his balance again, he commenced. Of his speech no report was made, but it was short and confined to three or four brief sentences, at the end of which he looked around with the most doleful expression to catch the applause, but there was none. The old Doctor was watching him close, and telling him he had better sit down.

In this dilemma he was still standing after all his good ideas had been spent, and each instant, as he continued to stand, making his case worse, he turned upon his heel, and as he was turning around he added, in an irritated manner, this amusing sentence: "You had better go and see the industrious fleas, and then you will applaud!" This made a great laugh amongst the Indians, but of course it was not translated to the audience. He then took his seat, looking exceedingly sober, and, with his pipe, was soon almost lost sight of in the columns of smoke that were rising around him.

About this time a very friendly invitation had been given

them and us by Colonel Thorn, an American gentleman of great wealth residing in Paris, and all were anticipating much pleasure on the occasion when we were to dine at his house ; but, unluckily for the happiness and enjoyment of the whole party, on the morning of the day of our invitation the wife of the Little Wolf suddenly and unexpectedly died. Our engagement to dine was of course broken, and our exhibition and amusements for some days delayed. This sad occurrence threw the party into great distress, but they met the kindness of many sympathising friends, who administered in many ways to their comfort, and joined in attending the poor woman's remains to the grave. Her disease was the consumption of the lungs, and her decline had been rapid, though her death at that time was unexpected. When it was discovered that her symptoms were alarming, a Catholic priest was called in, and she received the baptism a few moments before she breathed her last. Through the kindness of the excellent Curé of the *Madeleine church*, her remains were taken into that splendid temple, and the funeral rites performed over them according to the rules of that church, in the presence of some hundreds who were led there by sympathy and curiosity, and from thence her body was taken to the cemetery of Montmartre, and interred. The poor heartbroken noble fellow, the Little Wolf, shed the tears of bitterest sorrow to see her, from necessity, laid amongst the rows of the dead in a foreign land ; and on every day that he afterwards spent in Paris he ordered a cab to take him to the grave, that he could cry over it, and talk to the departed spirit of his wife, as he was leaving some little offering he had brought with him. This was the second time we had seen him in grief ; and we, who had been by him in all his misfortunes, admired the deep affection he showed for his little boy, and now for its mother, and at the same time the manly fortitude with which he met the fate that had been decreed to him. On this sad occasion their good friend M. Vattemare showed his kind sympathy for them, and took upon himself the whole

arrangements of her funeral, and did all that was in his power to console and soothe the brokenhearted husband in the time of his affliction. He also proposed to have a suitable and appropriate monument erected over her grave, and for its accomplishment procured a considerable sum by subscription, with which, I presume, the monument has, ere this, been erected over her remains. The Little Wolf insisted on it that the exhibition should proceed, as the daily expenses were so very great, and in a few days, to give it all the interest it could have, resumed his part in the dance that he had taken before his misfortune.

Owing to letters received about this time from their tribe, and the misfortune that had happened, the Indians were now all getting anxious to start for their own country, and, holding a council on the subject, called Mr. Melody in, and informed him that they had resolved to sleep but six nights more in Paris, and that they should expect him to be ready to start with them after that time. This was a short notice for us, but was according to Indian modes, and there was no way but to conform to it. Mr. Melody had pledged his word to the Government to take care of these people, and to return to their country with them whenever the chiefs should desire it; and I was bound, from my deep interest for them, to assent to whatever regulations Mr. Melody and the chiefs should adopt as the best.

This notice came at a time when it was unexpected by me, and I think not anticipated by Mr. Melody, and was therefore unfortunate for us, and probably somewhat, though less so, to them. The very heavy outlays had all been made for their exhibitions, and their audiences were daily increasing. If their exhibitions could have been continued a month or two longer, the avails would have been considerable, and of great service to Mr. Melody, who had the heavy responsibility on his shoulders of taking these people back to their country at his own expense.

The closing of their amusements, and positive time of their departure, was now announced, and immense crowds came in

within the remaining few days to get the last possible glance at the faces and the curious modes of "*les Peaux Rouges*." The poor fellows enjoyed their interviews with the public to the last, and also their roast beef and beef-steaks and *chickabobboo*.

They had much to say in the few days that were left; they quitted their daily drives and sight-seeing, and devoted their time to the pipe and conversation, in a sort of recapitulation of what they had seen and said and done on this side of the Atlantic, and of friends and affairs in their own humble villages, where their thoughts were now roaming. They were counting their cash also, packing away all their things they were to carry, and looking out for the little presents they wished to purchase, to take home to their friends. In all of these occupations they had the constant attention of their old and faithful friends *Bobasheela* and *Daniel*.

In one of their conversations after the funeral of the poor woman, the Doctor and Jim had much to say of the honours paid to her remains by the French people, which the whole party would recollect as long as they lived. They were pleased with and astonished at the beauty and magnificence of the Madeleine church, and wished to get some account of it to carry home to show their people, and thus, besides several engravings of it, Jim's book carried the following entry by my own hand:—" *La Madeleine*, the most splendid temple of worship in Paris, or perhaps in the world; surrounded with 52 Corinthian columns, 60 feet high; south pediment, a bas-relief, representing the Day of Judgment, with the figure of Magdalene at the feet of Christ."

As the party were to embark at Havre on their homeward voyage, it became a question how they were to get their numerous trunks and boxes they had left in London, filled with clothes and other articles that they had purchased or received as presents while in England. To relieve them of this difficulty, their friend *Bobasheela* volunteered to go to London and take all their boxes to Liverpool, and ship them to New York, and was soon on the way.

This was a noble and kind act on the part of *Bobasheela*, and it was done with despatch, and he was back in Paris just in time to accompany his friends to Havre. M. Vattemare was in readiness to attend them also; and all their transactions in Paris being brought to a close, and they having taken leave of *Chippahola* and other friends, started for their native land, with my highest admiration for the sober and respectful manner in which they had conducted themselves while under my direction, and with my most ardent desire for their future success and happiness.*

Here was about the period at which my dear wife and I had contemplated our return, with our little children, to our native land, where we should have returned in the enjoyment of all the happiness we had anticipated or could have wished, but for the misfortune that had been for some time awaiting me, but not until then duly appreciated, in my own house. Those of my readers who were not familiar with the completeness of my domestic happiness prior to this period of my life, will scarcely know how to sympathize with me, or perhaps to excuse me for adverting to it here. My dear Clara, whom I have introduced to the reader before, who shared with me many of the toils and pleasures of the prairies of the "Far West," and was now meeting with me the mutual enjoyments of the refined and splendid world, had, a few weeks before, in company with a couple of English ladies of her acquaintance, paid a visit to the Mint, from which they all returned indisposed, having taken severe colds by a sudden change from the heated rooms into the chilly atmosphere of the streets. With my dear wife, who was obliged to retire to her room, the disease was dis-

* I learned from M. Vattemare, on his return, that the party were treated with great friendship by an American gentleman in Havre, Mr. Winslow, who invited them to dine at his house, and bestowed on them liberal presents. They embraced their old friend *Bobasheela* in their arms on the deck of their vessel, and he sailed for London as their vessel was under weigh for America. The rest of their history is for other historians, and my narrative will continue a little further on events in Paris.

covered in a few days to have attached to her lungs; and although for several weeks she had been suffering very much, and confined to her bed, no serious apprehensions were entertained until about the time that the Indians left, when my whole thoughts and attentions were turned to her, but to discover in a few days that our plans for further mutual happiness in this world were at an end—that her days were nearly numbered, and that her four dear little children were to be committed to my sole care.

To those who have felt pangs like mine which followed, I need but merely mention them; and to those who have not felt them, it would be in vain to describe. Her feeble form wasted away; and in her dying moments, with a Christian's hope, she was in the midst of happiness, blessing her dear little children as she committed them to my care and protection.

The following obituary notice, penned by a lady of her intimate acquaintance, the reader will excuse me for inserting here, as it is the only record of her, except those engraven on the hearts of those who knew and loved her:—

DIED—On the 28th inst., No. 11 *bis*, Avenue Lord Byron, Paris, Mrs. Clara B. Catlin, the wife of the eminent traveller so distinguished for his researches into Indian history and antiquities of America, and so universally known and respected in Europe and his native country, Geo. Catlin, Esq., from the United States of America. The devoted friends who watched the last moments of this most amiable, interesting woman with intense anxiety, still clung to a faint hope, deceived by a moral energy never surpassed, and the most unruffled serenity of temper, that (had it been the will of Heaven) they might have been permitted to rescue a life so precious—but, alas! this gentle, affectionate, intellectual being was destined never more to revisit the land of her birth, and all that was earthly of so much worth and loveliness has passed away, whilst the immortal spirit has ascended to its kindred skies!

“None knew her, but to love her;
None named her, but to praise.”

Galignani's Messenger, 30th July, 1845.

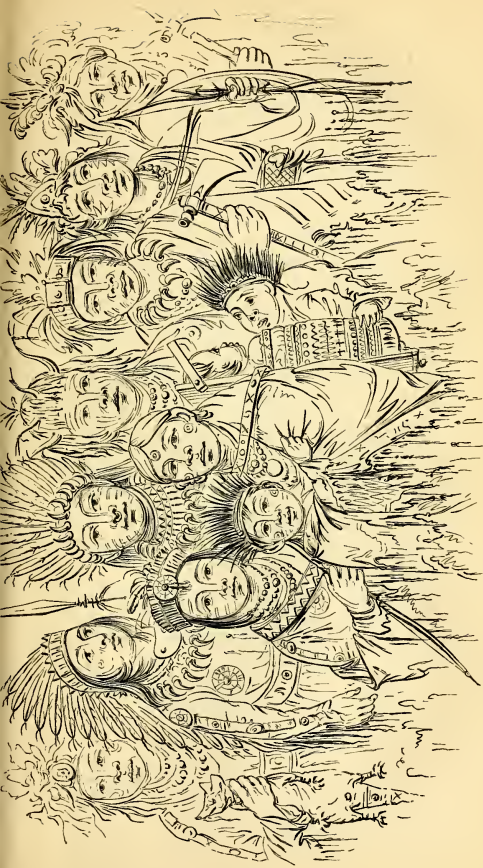
The reader can imagine something of the gloom that was cast over my house and little family, thus suddenly closed for ever from the smiles and cheer of an affectionate wife

and a devoted mother, whose remains were sent back to her native land—not to greet and bring joy to her kindred and anxious friends, from whom she had been five years absent, but to afford them the last glance at her loved features, then to take their place amongst the ranks of the peaceful dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Eleven Ojibbeway Indians arrive from London—Their exhibitions in the Author's Collection—Portraits and description of—Their amusements—Their pledge to sobriety—*Chickabobboo* explained to them—Birth of a *Pappoose*—M. Gudin—Indians and the Author dine with him—His kind lady—The Author breakfasts with the Royal Family in the palace at St. Cloud—Two Kings and two Queens at the table—The Author presented to the King and Queen of the Belgians by Louis Philippe, in the salon—Count de Paris—Duc de Brabant—Recollects the Indian pipe and mocassins presented to him by the Author in the Egyptian Hall—Duchess of Orleans—The Princess Adelaide—The King relates anecdotes of his life in America—Washington's farewell address—Losing his dog in the Seneca village—Crossing Buffalo Creek—Descending the Tioga and Susquehanna rivers in an Indian canoe, to Wyoming, the Author's native valley—The King desires the Author to arrange his whole Collection in the Louvre for the private views of the Royal Family—He also appoints a day to see the Ojibbeways in the Park, at St. Cloud—Great rejoicing of the Indians—A *dog-feast*—The Indians and the Author dine a second time at M. Gudin's.

IN the midst of my grief, with my little family around me, with my collection still open, and my lease for the Salle Valentino not yet expired, there suddenly arrived from London a party of eleven *Ojibbeway Indians*, from the region of Lake Huron, in Upper Canada, who had been brought to England by a Canadian, but had since been under the management of a young man from the city of London. They had heard of the great success of the Ioways in Paris, and also of their sudden departure, and were easily prevailed upon to make a visit there. On their arrival, I entered into the same arrangement with them that I had with the two former parties, agreeing with the young man who had charge of them to receive them into my collection, sharing the expenses and receipts as I



10

12

11

9

5

N^o 18.

had done before; he being obligated to pay the Indians a certain sum per month, and bound to return them to London, from whence they came, at his own expense. As my collection was all arranged and prepared, I thought such an arrangement calculated to promote their interest and my own, and in a few days their arrival and exhibitions were announced, they having been quartered in the same apartments which had been occupied by the Ioways before them.

The following are the names of the party, with their respective ages given (see *Plate No. 18*):—

	Age.
1. <i>Maun-gua-daus</i> (a Great Hero)—Chief	41
2. <i>Say-say-gon</i> (the Hail-Storm)	31
3. <i>Ke-che-us-sin</i> (the Strong Rock)	27
4. <i>Mush-she-mong</i> (the King of the Loons)	25
5. <i>Au-nim-much-kwah-um</i> (the Tempest Bird)	20
6. <i>A-wun-ne-wa-be</i> (the Bird of Thunder)	19
7. <i>Wau-bud-dick</i> (the Elk)	18
8. <i>U-je-jock</i> (the Pelican)	10
9. <i>Noo-din-no-kay</i> (the Furious Storm)	4
10. <i>Min-nis-sin-noo</i> (a Brave Warrior)	3
11. <i>Uh-wus-sig-gee-zigh-gook-kway</i> (Woman of the Upper World)—wife of Chief	38
12. <i>Pappoose</i> —born in the Salle Valentino.	

The chief of this party, *Maun-gua-daus*, was a remarkably fine man, both in his personal appearance and intellectual faculties. He was a half-caste, and, speaking the English language tolerably well, acted as chief and interpreter of the party.

The War-chief, *Say-say-gon*, was also a fine and intelligent Indian, full-blooded, and spoke no English. The several younger men were generally good-looking, and exceedingly supple and active, giving great life and excitement to their dances. In personal appearance the party, taken all together, was less interesting than that of the Ioways, yet, at the same time, their dances and other amusements were equally, if not more spirited and beautiful than those of their predecessors.

Thus, in the midst of my sorrow, I was commencing anxieties again, and advertised the arrival of the new party, and the commencement of their exhibitions. They began with more limited but respectable audiences, and seemed to please and surprise all who came, by the excitement of their dances and their skill in shooting with the bow and arrows, in the last of which they far surpassed the Ioways. It was impossible, however, by all the advertising that could be done, to move the crowds again that had been excited to see the Ioways; the public seeming to have taken the idea that these were merely an imitation got up to take advantage of their sudden departure. It happened quite curious, that, although the party consisted of eleven when they arrived, about the time of the commencement of their exhibitions the wife of the chief was delivered of a *pappoose*, which was born in the same room where the poor wife of the Little Wolf had died. This occurrence enabled us to announce the party as *twelve*—the same number as the Ioways; which, with the name somewhat similar, furnished very strong grounds for many of the Parisians to believe that they were paying their francs to see their own countrymen aping the Indians of America.

It seemed strange that it was so difficult to do away this impression, which operated against them the whole time they were in Paris, though all who saw them but a moment were satisfied and pleased. Their amusements were much like those of the Ioways, but with national differences in the modes of giving them, which were, to the curious, subjects of great interest.

The same hours were adopted for their exhibitions—the same vehicles were contracted for, for their daily exercise and sight-seeing—and their guardian, with Daniel, took charge of all their movements on these occasions. Their daily routine therefore was in most respects the same as that of the Ioways, and it would be waste of valuable time here for me to follow them through all.

We held the council, as we had done in the other cases,

before our arrangements were entered upon, and all was placed upon the condition that they were to conduct themselves soberly, and to drink no spirituous liquors. The temperance pledge was therefore given, after I had explained to them that, with the two other parties, ale in England, and *vin ordinaire* in France, when taken to a moderate degree, were not included in the term "*spirituous liquors*," and that they would of course, as the other parties had been indulged, have their regular glass at their dinners, and also after their suppers, and before going to bed; and that they would call it, as the others had done, *chickabobboo*. This indulgence seemed to please them very much, and, being at a loss to know the meaning of *chickabobboo*, I took an occasion to give them the history of the word, which they would see was of Ojibbeway origin, and, laughing excessively at the ingenuity of their predecessors, they all resolved to keep up their word, and to be sure at the same time not to drop their custom, of taking the licensed glasses of *chickabobboo*.

Amongst the kind friends whom this party made in Paris, one of the best was M. Gudin, the celebrated marine painter, in the employment of the King. This most excellent gentleman and his kind lady were frequent visitors to their exhibitions, and several times invited the whole party and myself to dine at their table, and spend the day in the beautiful grounds around his noble mansion (the "Château Beaujon"), and, in its present improved condition, little less than a palace.

Not only will the Indians feel bound for life to acknowledge their gratitude to this kind lady and gentleman, but the writer of these notes will feel equally and more so for the kind and unmerited attentions they paid to him during his stay in Paris. It was through the friendly agency of M. Gudin that the King invited my collection to the Louvre, and myself, in company with him, to the royal breakfast-table in the palace at St. Cloud. I take no little satisfaction in recording here these facts, not only for myself,

but in justice to one of the most distinguished painters (and one of the best fellows) of the age. On this occasion, the proudest one of my wild and erratic life, we were conducted through several rooms of the palace to the one in which the Royal Family, chiefly all assembled, with their numerous guests, were standing and ready to be seated around a circular table of 15 or 18 feet in diameter, at which, our seats being indicated to us, and the bow of recognition (so far as we were able to recognise acquaintances) having been made, all were seated. This extraordinary occasion of my life was rendered peculiarly memorable and gratifying to me, from the fact that there were two Kings and two Queens at the table, and nearly every member of the Royal Family. The King and Queen of the Belgians, who were at that time on a visit to Paris, with his Royal Highness the little Duc de Brabant, were the unusual Royal guests at the table on the occasion. The number of persons at the table, consisting of the two Royal Families, the King's aides-de-camp, and orderly officers of the palace, with the invited guests, amounted to about 30 in all; and as Kings and Queens and royal families eat exactly like other people, I see nothing further that need be noticed until their Majesties arose and retired to the salon or drawing-room, into which we all followed. I was there met as I entered, in the most gracious and cordial manner by His Majesty, who presented me to the King of the Belgians, who did me the honour to address me in these words:—"I am very happy, Mr. Catlin, to meet a gentleman whose name is familiar to us all, and who has done so much for science, and also for the poor Indians. You know that the Queen, and myself, and the Duc de Brabant were all subscribers to your valuable work, and we have taken great interest in reading it."

The two heirs-apparent, the little Count de Paris and His Royal Highness the Duc de Brabant, came to me, and, recognising me, inquired about the Indians. The conversation with her Majesty, and also with the Princess Adelaide, and the Duchess of Orleans, was about the Indians, who

they had heard had gone home, and in whom they all seemed to have taken a deep interest.

The little Duc de Brabant recollected the small pipe and mocassins I had presented him when he visited my collection in the Egyptian Hall, under the protection of the Hon. Mr. Murray.

I had a few minutes' conversation with the King of the Belgians, and also with the graceful and pensive Duchess of Orleans, and our ears were then all turned to the recitals of his Majesty, around whom we had gathered, whilst he was relating several scenes of his early life in America, in company with his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Count Beaujolais, which it seemed my advent with the Indians had brought up with unusual freshness in his mind.

He commented in the most eloquent terms upon the greatness and goodness of General Washington, and told us that he and his brothers were lucky enough to have been present and heard his farewell address in Philadelphia, which he had been in the habit of reflecting upon as one of the most pleasurable and satisfactory incidents of his life.

He gave us an amusing account of his horse getting mired in crossing Buffalo Creek, and of his paying a visit to the tribe of Seneca Indians, near to the town of Buffalo, on Lake Erie :—

“ Being conducted,” said he, “ to the village and to the chief's wigwam, I shook hands with the chief, who came and stood by my horse's head, and while some hundreds of men, women, and children were gathering around, I told the chief that I had come to make him a visit of a day or two, to which he replied that he was very glad to see me, and I should be made quite welcome, and treated to the best that he had. He said there would be one condition, however, which was, that he should require me to give him everything I had ; he should demand my horse, from which I would dismount, and having given him the bridle, he said, ‘ I now want your gun, your watch, and all your money ; these are indispensable.’

“ I then, for the first time in my life, began to think that I was completely robbed and plundered ; but at the moment when he had got all, and before I had time for more than an instant thought of my awkward condition, he released me from all further alarm by continuing, ‘ If you have anything else which you wish to be sure to get again, I wish you to

let me have it; for whatever you deliver into my hands now you will be sure to find safe when you are about to leave; otherwise I would not be willing to vouch for their safety; for there are some of my people whom we cannot trust to.'

"From this moment I felt quite easy, and spent a day or two in their village very pleasantly, and with much amusement. When I was about to leave, my horse was brought to the chief's door and saddled, and all the property I had left in his hands safely restored.

"I then mounted my horse, and, having taken leave, and proceeded a short distance on my route, I discovered that I had left my favourite dog, which I had been too much excited and amused to think of, and did not recollect to have seen after I entered their village.

"I turned my horse and rode back to the door of the chief's wigwam, and made inquiries for it. The chief said, 'But you did not intrust your dog to my care, did you?' 'No, I did not think of my poor dog at the time.' 'Well then,' said he, 'I can't answer for it. If you had done as I told you, your dog would have been safe. However,' said he, 'we will inquire for it.' At which moment one of his little sons was ordered to run and open a rude pen or cage by the corner of the wigwam, and out leaped my dog, and sprang upon my leg as I was sitting on my horse. I offered the honest chief a reward for his kindness; but he refused to accept it, wishing me to recollect, whenever I was amongst Indians again, to repose confidence in an Indian's word, and feel assured that all the property intrusted to an Indian's care I would be sure to find safe whenever I wanted it again."

After reciting this amusing incident, his Majesty described to me the route which he and his brothers took from Buffalo to the falls of Niagara, and thence on horseback to Geneva, a small town at the foot of the Seneca Lake, where they sold their horses, and, having purchased a small boat, rowed it 90 miles to Ithaca, at the head of the lake. From thence they travelled on foot, with their luggage carried on their backs, 30 miles to Tioga, on the banks of the Susquehanna, where they purchased a canoe from the Indians, and descended in it that romantic and beautiful river, to a small town called Wilkesbarre, in the valley of Wyoming.

From thence, with their knapsacks on their backs, they crossed the Wilkesbarre and Pokono mountains to Easton, and from thence were conveyed in a coach to Philadelphia.

I here surprised his Majesty a little, and his listeners, and seemed to add a fresh interest to his narrative, by informing

him that I was a native of Wilkesbarre, in the valley of Wyoming, and that while his Majesty was there I was an infant in my mother's arms, only a few months old.

He related a number of pleasing recollections of his visit to my native valley, and then gave us an account of an Indian *ball-play* amongst the Cherokees and Choctaws, where he saw 500 or 600 engaged, during the whole day, before the game was decided; and he pronounced it one of the most exciting and beautiful scenes he had ever beheld.

After an hour or so spent in amusing us with the pleasing reminiscences of his wild life in America, he expressed a wish to see my collection, and requested me to place it in a large hall in the Louvre, for the private views of the Royal Family; and also appointed a day and an hour when he would be glad to see the Ojibbeway Indians at St. Cloud, and desired me to accompany them.

From the Palace, my friend M. Gudin, at the request of the King, proceeded with me to Paris and to the Louvre, with his Majesty's command to M. de Caillaux, director of the Louvre, to prepare the Salle de Séance for the reception of my collection, which was ordered to be arranged in it. My return from thence to the Indians, with the information that they were to visit the King, created a pleasing excitement amongst them, and, as the reader can easily imagine, great joy and rejoicing.

This was an excitement and a piece of good news to the poor fellows that could not be passed over without some signal and unusual notice, and the result was, that a *dog-feast* was to be the ceremony for the next day. Consequently a dog was procured at an early hour, and, according to the custom of their country, was roasted whole, and, when ready, was partaken of with a due observance of all the forms used in their own country on such occasions, it being strictly a religious ceremony.

The same indulgence in seeing the sights of Paris, and of exercise in the open air, was shown to them as to the other party; and the same carriages contracted for, to give them

their daily drives ; in all of which they were accompanied by their guardian, to whom the sights of Paris were also new and equally entertaining, and they all made the best use of their time in these amusements.

Their good friend M. Gudin appointed another day for the whole party to dine at his house, and having a number of distinguished guests at his table, the scene was a very brilliant and merry one. The orator of the party was the chief *Maun-gua-daus*, though on this occasion the War-chief, whose name was *Say-say-gon* (the Hail-storm), arose at the table and addressed M. Gudin and his lady in a very affectionate manner ; thanking them for their kindness to them, who were strangers in Paris and a great way from their homes, and at the same time proposing to give to his friend M. Gudin a new name, saying that, whenever the Indians made a new friend whom they loved very much, they liked to call him by a name that had some meaning to it, and he should hereafter call him by the name of *Ken-ne-wab-a-min* (the Sun that guides us through the Wilderness).

There were several gentlemen of high rank and titles present, and all seemed much entertained with the appearance and conduct of the Indians.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Indians' visit to the Palace of St. Cloud—The Park—Artificial lake—Royal Family—Prince de Joinville—Recollected seeing the Author and Collection in Washington—King and Queen of Belgians—The *regatta*—The birch-bark canoe and the Prince de Joinville's "White-haller"—War-dance—Ball-play—Archery—Dinner prepared for the Indians—M. Gudin and the Author join them—Indians' return—Gossip at night—Their ideas of the King and Royal Family—Messenger from the King, with gold and silver medals and money, to the Indians—The War-chief cures a cancer—Author's Collection in the *Salle de Séance*, in the Louvre—The Indians and the Author dine with M. Passy, Member of Deputies—Kind treatment by himself and lady—King visits the Collection in the Louvre—The Author explains his pictures—Persons present—An hour's visit—The King retires—Second visit of the King and Royal Family to the Collection—The Author's four little children presented to the King—His Majesty relates the anecdote of bleeding himself in America, and his visit to General Washington at Mount Vernon—His descent of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, in a small boat, to New Orleans—Orders the Author to paint fifteen pictures for Versailles.

THE day, which had arrived, for our visit to the King at St. Cloud, was a pleasant one, and, all the party being ready, we went off in good spirits; and on our arrival our carriages were driven into the Royal Park, and conducted to a lovely spot on the bank of an artificial lake, where there were a considerable number of persons attached to the Court already assembled to see the Indians; and in the lake, at their feet, a beautiful birch-bark canoe from their own tribe, belonging to the Duchess of Orleans, and by the side of it an elegant *regatta*-boat, belonging to the Prince de Joinville, with "*White Hall*," in large letters, on her sides, showing that she was a native of New York.

The Indians had been told that they were to paddle one of their own canoes for the amusement of the Royal Family,

but had not as yet dreamed that they were to contend for speed with a full-manned "*White-Haller*," in a trial for speed, before two kings and two queens and all of the Royal Family.

Just learning this fact, and seeing the complement of men in blue jackets and tarpaulin hats, in readiness for the contest, they felt somewhat alarmed. However, I encouraged them on, and the appearance of the Royal Family and the King and Queen of the Belgians, in their carriages, at the next moment, changed the subject, and their alarms were apparently forgotten.

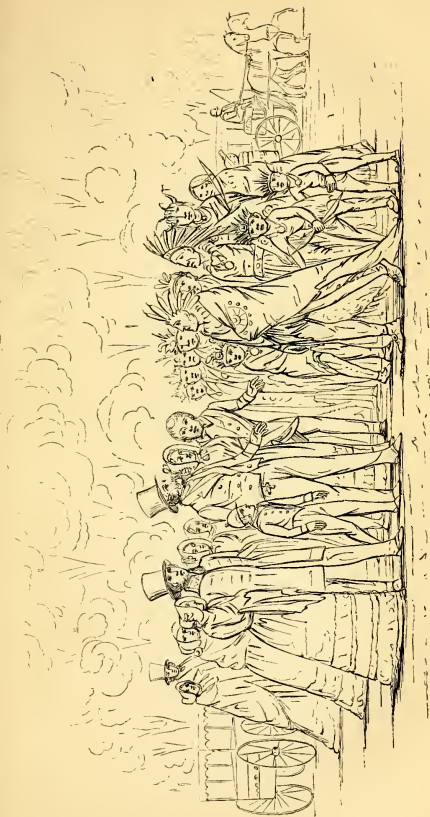
Their Majesties, and all of the two Royal Families, descended from their carriages, and, gathering around the Indians in a group, listened to each one's name as they were in turn presented. (*Plate No. 19.*)

Louis Phillipe, and also the King of the Belgians, conversed for some time with the chiefs, while her Majesty and the other ladies seemed more amused with the women, and the little pappoose, in its beautifully embroidered cradle, slung on its mother's back.

After this conversation and an examination of their costumes, weapons, &c., the targets were placed, and an exhibition of their skill in archery ensued. And after that, taking up their ball-sticks, "the ball was tossed," and they soon illustrated the surprising mode of catching and throwing the ball with their rackets or "ball-sticks."

This illustration being finished, they sounded the war-whoop, and brandished their shields and tomahawks and war-clubs in the war-dance, which their Majesties had expressed a desire to see. (*Plate No. 20.*)

Every member of the two Royal Families happened to be present, I was told, on this occasion—a very unusual occurrence; and all had descended from their carriages, and grouped in a beautiful lawn, to witness the wild sports of these sons of the forest. I was called upon at that moment to explain the meaning of the war-dance, war-song, war-whoop, &c., for doing which I received the thanks of all the party, which gave me peculiar satisfaction.





№ 20.

The King at this time announced to the chief that he wished to see how they paddled the birch canoe, that he had two American canoes, which they had put into the water; one was a canoe, he said, made of birch-bark by their own tribe, the Ojibbeways, and had belonged to his son, the Duke of Orleans; and the other, now belonging to the Prince de Joinville, was made in the city of New York; and he was anxious to be able to decide which could make the best canoe, the white men or the Indians.

The whole party now assembled on the shore, and the sailors and the Indians took their seats in their respective boats, with oars and paddles in hand, and the race soon took place. (*Plate No. 21.*) It was a very exciting scene, but it seemed to be regretted by all that the Indians were beaten, but which I think might not have been the case if they had put two in their canoe instead of four, sinking it so deep as to impede its progress; or if they had put two squaws into it instead of the men, as they are in the Indian country much superior to the men in paddling canoes.

I had much conversation on this occasion with H.R.H. the Prince de Joinville relative to the Indian modes and his travels in America, when he recollected to have seen me and my collection in Washington city.

Whilst these amusements were thus going on, my friend M. Gudin had prepared his canvas and easel near the ground, where he was busily engaged in painting the group, and of which he made a charming picture for the King.

These curious and amusing scenes altogether lasted about two hours, after which their Majesties and all took leave, the King, the Queen, and the Duchess of Orleans successively thanking me for the interesting treat I had afforded them. Their carriages were then ordered to drive back empty, and all the royal party were seen strolling amidst the forest towards the Palace.

The Indians and ourselves were soon seated in our carriages, and, being driven to a wing of the palace, were informed that a feast was prepared for us, to which we were

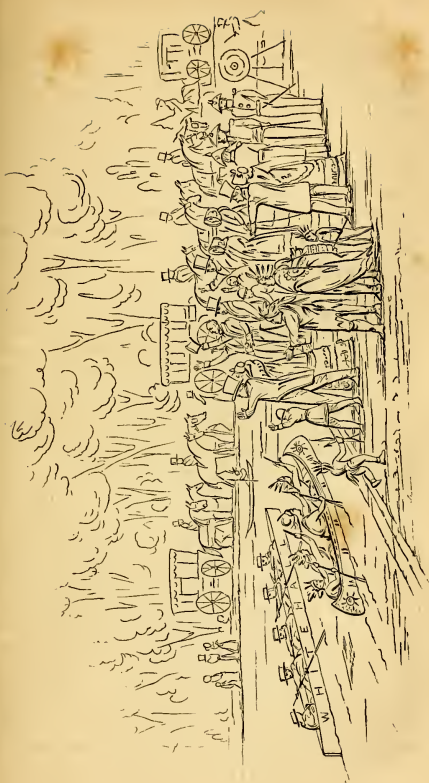
conducted, and soon found our good friend M. Gudin by our side, who took a seat and joined us in it. The healths of the King and the Queen and the little Count de Paris were drunk in the best of *chickabobboo*, and from that we returned, and all in good glee, to our quarters in the city.

The reader by this time knows that this interview afforded the Indians a rich subject for weeks of gossip in their leisure hours, and charged their minds with a burthen of impatience to know what communications there might yet be from the King, as they had heard that gold and silver medals and presents of other descriptions were sent to the Ioways after their interview.

They proceeded with their exhibitions, as usual, however, and on the second day after the interview there came a messenger from the King with medals of gold for the two chiefs, and silver ones for each of the others of the party, and also 500 francs in money, which was handed to the head chief, and, as in the former instances, equally divided amongst them.

This completed all their anxieties, and finished the grandest epoch of the poor fellows' lives, and of which they will be sure to make their boasts as long as they live, and give me some credit for bringing it about—their presentation to the Kings and Queens of France and Belgium.

A curious occurrence took place a few days after this, as I learned on inquiring the object for which two ladies and a gentleman were in daily attendance on the Indians, and occasionally taking the War-chief away for an hour or two in their carriage and bringing him back again. Daniel told me that the young lady, who was one of the party, had dreamed that *Say-say-gon* could cure a cancer on the face of her father, which had baffled all the skill of the medical faculty and was likely to terminate his life; and in consequence of her dream, the relatives and herself were calling on him to induce him to make the attempt, which he had engaged in, and in their daily drives with him they were taking him to the Garden of Plants and to various parts of





the country, where he was searching for a particular kind of herb or root, with which he felt confident he could cure it.

These visits were continued for some weeks, and I was informed by Daniel and by the Indians that he succeeded in effecting the cure, and that they handsomely rewarded him for it.

About this time, my lease expiring, I closed my exhibition, removing my collection to the *Salle de Séance*, in the Louvre, where Daniel and I soon arranged it for the inspection of the King and Royal Family; and it being ready, I met his Majesty in it by appointment to explain its contents to him.

The King entered at the hour appointed, with four or five of his orderly officers about him, and, on casting his eyes around the room, his first exclamation was that of surprise at its unexpected extent and picturesque effect.

My friend M. Vattemare, and also another friend, Maj. Poore, from the United States, were by my side, and greatly amused and pleased with the remarks made by the King during the interview, relative to my paintings, and also to incidents of his life amongst the Indians of America during his exile. His Majesty soon recognised the picture of an Indian ball-play, and several other scenes he had witnessed on the American frontier, and repeatedly remarked that my paintings all had the strong impress of nature in them, and were executed with much spirit and effect. He seemed pleased and amused with the various Indian manufactures, and particularly with the beautiful Crow wigwam from the Rocky Mountains standing in the middle of the room, the door of which I opened for his Majesty to pass under.

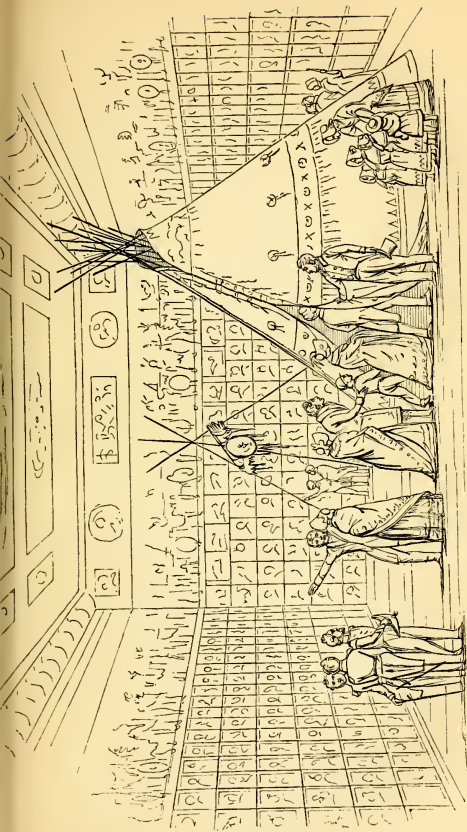
After his visit of half an hour he retired, appointing another interview, telling me that the Queen must see the collection with him, and also commanding the director of the Louvre to admit my little children to his presence, having heard of their misfortune of losing their mother, for which he felt much sympathy.

At the time appointed, a few days after, I met his Ma-

jesty again, with a number of his illustrious friends, in my collection; and after he had taken them around the room awhile to describe familiar scenes which he had met there on his former visit, I continued to explain other paintings and Indian manufactures in the collection. (*Plate No. 22.*)

In the midst of our tour around the hall his Majesty met something that again reminded him of scenes he had witnessed in his rambling life in the backwoods of America, and he held us still for half an hour during his recitals of them. He described the mode in which he and his two brothers descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in an old Mackinaw boat which they purchased at Pittsburg, and in which they made their way amongst snags and sawyers and sandbars to the mouth of the Ohio, six hundred miles, and from that down the still more wild and dangerous current of the Mississippi, one thousand miles, to New Orleans, fifty-two years ago, when nearly the whole shores of these rivers, with their heavy forests, were in their native state, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. They lived upon the game and fish they could kill or purchase from the various tribes of Indians they visited along the banks, and slept sometimes in their leaking and rickety boat, or amongst the canebrake, and mosquitos, and alligators, and rattlesnakes on the shores.

I took the liberty to ask his Majesty on this occasion whether the story that has been current in the American prints "of an Indian bleeding him" was correct; to which he replied, "No, not exactly; it had been misunderstood. He had bled himself on one occasion in presence of some Indians and a number of country people, when he had been thrown out of his waggon, and carried, much injured, to a country inn; and the people around him, seeing the ease and success with which he did it, supposed him, of course, to be a physician; and when he had sufficiently recovered from his fall to be able to start on his tour again, the neighbours assembled around him and proposed that he should abandon his plan of going farther west; that if he would remain amongst them they would show him much better



land than he would find by proceeding on, and they would also elect him county physician, which they stood much in need of, and in which capacity he would meet no opposition. He thanked them for their kindness, assuring them that he was not a physician, and also that he was not in search of lands, and, taking leave, drove off."

He also gave an account of their visit to General Washington at Mount Vernon, where they remained several days. General Washington gave them directions about the route to follow in the journey they were about to make across the Alleghany Mountains on horseback, and gave them also several letters of introduction to be made use of on their way.

While we were thus listening to the narrations of his Majesty, my kind and faithful nurse was approaching from the other end of the room and leading up my little children (*Plate No. 22*), whom he immediately recognised as my little family, and in the most kind and condescending manner took them by their hands and chatted with them in language and sentences suited to their age.

His next object was to designate the paintings he wished me to copy and somewhat enlarge, and soon pointed out the number of fifteen, which I was commanded to paint for the palace at Versailles.

During the time that my collection was thus remaining in the Louvre many distinguished persons about the Court had access to it, and amongst the number an excellent and kind lady, Madame Passy, the wife of one of the distinguished members of the House of Deputies. This charming lady sought an acquaintance with the Indians also, and, taking a deep interest in their character and situation, invited them all to dine at her house, where they were treated with genuine kindness and liberality, which they will never forget.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Author leaves his Collection in the Louvre, and arrives with the Indians in Bruxelles—Indians at the soirée of the American Minister in Bruxelles—Author's reception by the King in the Palace—Small-pox among the Indians—Indians unable to visit the Palace—Exhibition closes—Seven sick with small-pox—Death of one of them—His will—A second dies—His will—The rest recover—Faithful attentions of Daniel—The Author accompanies them to Antwerp, and pays their expenses to London on a steamer—Death of the War-chief in London—His will—The Author raises money by subscription and sends to them—Letter from the survivors, in England, to the Author—Drawings by the War-chief—The Author stopped in the streets of London and invited to see the skeleton of the War-chief!—His indignation—Subsequent deaths of four others of this party in England—The three parties of Indians in Europe—Their objects—Their success—Their conduct—Their reception and treatment—Things which they saw and learned—Estimates and statistics of civilized life which they have carried home—Their mode of reasoning from such premises—And the probable results.

DURING the time that my collection was exposed to the exclusive views of the Royal Family and their guests, the Indians were lying still, at my expense, which was by no means a trifling item. The young man whom I said they were under a contract with to pay them so much per month had performed his agreement with them for the two first months, and when the third month's wages became due he declared to them and to me that he could not pay them, nor pay their expenses back to London, as he was obligated to do. These duties then devolved on me, or at least, the Indians having been so long under my control and direction, I assumed them, and told the chiefs I would pay their expenses to London, and probably make something for them on the way, after my exhibition in the Louvre was finished.

They were thus lying idle at this time, waiting for me to be at liberty to go with them, and, as I have said, living at my expense. I told them that I designed going by the way of Belgium, and making their exhibitions in Bruxelles, Antwerp, and Ghent for a few weeks, the whole receipts of which, over the expenses, they should have, and I fully believed it would be sufficient to pay their expenses quite home to their own country; and that I would also, as I had promised, pay all their expenses from Paris to London myself.

With this design and with these views, leaving my collection in the Louvre, I started with the Indians for Bruxelles, where we arrived the next evening.

We were all delighted with the appearance of Bruxelles, and the Indians in fine glee, in the fresh recollections of the honours just paid them in Paris, and the golden prospect which they considered now lay before them. But little did they dream, poor fellows! of the different fate that there awaited them. While resting a few days, preparing for the commencement of their exhibitions, they were kindly invited, with the author, to attend the *soirée* of the American Minister, Mr. Clemson, where they were ushered into a brilliant and numerous crowd of distinguished and fashionable people, and seemed to be the lions of the evening, admired and complimented by all, and their way was thus paved for the commencement of their exhibitions. I had in the mean time made all the preparations and the necessary outlays for their operations, which they merely began upon, when it became necessary to suspend their exhibitions, owing to one of the number having been taken sick with the small-pox.

I had at this time an audience appointed with the King, at the Palace, where I went and was most kindly received and amused in half an hour's conversation with His Majesty about the condition and modes of the American Indians. He expressed the deepest sympathy for them and solicitude for their welfare and protection, and, a few days after my audience, transmitted to me, through one of his ministers,

a beautiful gold medal, with an appropriate inscription on it.

The nature of the sickness that had now appeared amongst the Indians prevented the contemplated interview at the Palace, and also all communication with the public. It was still hoped by the physicians that a few days would remove all difficulty, but it was destined to be otherwise, for in a few days two others were attacked, and in a day or two more another and another, and at last they were in that pitiable and alarming state that seven of them were on their backs with that awful and (to them) most fatal of all diseases.

My position then, as the reader will perceive, was one of a most distressing and painful kind, with my natural sympathy for their race, and now with the whole responsibility for the expenses, lives, and welfare of these poor people on my shoulders, their only friend and protector in a foreign country, as their conductor had left them and returned to London, and my own life in imminent danger whilst I was attending on them.

One of these poor fellows died in the course of a few days in their rooms, another died in one of the hospitals to which he was removed, and a third died a few days after they reached London, though he was in good health when he travelled across the Channel.

Such were the melancholy results of this awful catastrophe, which the reader will easily see broke up all their plans of exhibitions in Belgium, and ended in the death of three of the finest men of the party.

Their sickness in Bruxelles detained me there near two months before the survivors were well enough to travel, during which gloomy time I had opportunity enough to test the fidelity of my man Daniel and his attachment to the Indians, who stayed by them night and day, fearless of his own danger, as he lifted them about in his arms in their loathsome condition both when dead and alive.

When the party were well enough to travel I went to

Antwerp with them, and placed them on a steamer for London, having paid their fare and given them a little money to cover their first expenses when they should arrive there. I then took leave of them, and returned to my little family in Paris, having been absent near three months, with an expenditure of 350*l*.

With the poor fellows who died there seemed to be a presentiment with each, the moment he was broken out with the disease, that he was to die, and a very curious circumstance attended this conviction in each case.

The first one, when he found the disease was well identified on him, sat down upon the floor with the next one, his faithful and confiding friend, and, having very deliberately told him he was going to die, unlocked his little trunk, and spreading all his trinkets, money, &c., upon the floor, bequeathed them to his friends, making the other the sole executor of his will, intrusting them all to him, directing him to take them to his country and deliver them with his own hand. As he was intrusting these precious gifts, with his commands, to an Indian, he was certain, poor fellow! that they would be sacredly preserved and delivered, and he then locked his little trunk, and, having given to his friend the key, he turned to his bed, where he seemed composed and ready to die, because, he said, it was the will of the Great Spirit, and he didn't think that the Great Spirit would have selected him unless it was to better his condition in some way.

About the time of the death of this young man his confiding and faithful friend was discovered to be breaking out with the disease also, and, seeming to be under a similar conviction, he called *Say-say-gon* (the War-chief) to him, and, like the other, unlocked *his* little trunk, and, taking out his medal from the King, and other presents and money, he designated a similar distribution of them amongst his relatives; and trusting to the War-chief to execute his will, he locked his trunk, having taken the last look at his little hard-earned treasures, and, unlocking that of his deceased

companion, and designating, as well as he could, the manner in which the verbal instructions had been left with him, gave the key to the War-chief, and begged of him to take charge of the trunk and the presents, and to see them bestowed according to the will of the testator. After this he turned away from his little worldly treasures, and suddenly lost all knowledge of them in the distress of the awful disease that soon terminated his existence.

The War-chief was one who escaped the disease in Bruxelles, and, being amongst those whom I took to Antwerp and sent by steamer to London, was at that time in good health and spirits; but letters which I received a few days after their arrival in London informed me that he was there attacked with the same disease, and, most singular to relate, as soon as he discovered the disease breaking out upon his skin, he said that he should die, and, calling the chief *Maun-gua-daus* to him, he, like the others, opened *his* trunk, and, willing his gold medal from the hand of Louis Philippe, to his little son, and his other trinkets and money to his wife and other relatives, intrusted the whole to the chief to execute. He then unlocked the trunks of his two friends who were dead, and, as well as he could recollect them, communicated to *Maun-gua-daus* the nature of the two bequests that had been intrusted to him, and died, leaving the chief to be the bearer of all the little effects they had earned, and sole executor of their three wills.

It is a fact which may be of interest to be made known, that all of this party had been vaccinated in their own country, and supposed themselves protected from the disease; and also that the only three full-blooded men of the party died. The other four who had the disease had it in a modified form, and, in all probability, with the three who died, the vaccine matter had not been properly communicated, or, what is more probable, and often the case in the exposed lives they lead, it had in some way been prevented from taking its usual effect.

After their misfortunes in Belgium and in London the

excellent lady of the American Ambassador in Bruxelles raised, by a subscription, several hundred francs and sent to me in Paris, to which I got other additions in that city, and forwarded to them in England, to assist in paying their expenses back to their own country; and shortly after, and before they embarked for America, I received the following letter from them, which I feel it my duty to myself to insert here, lest any one should be led to believe that I did less than my duty to these unfortunate people:—

“TO GEO. CATLIN, Esq., now in Paris.

“OUR DEAR FRIEND,

“*London, Jan. 27, 1846.*

“We send you our words on paper to let you know that we are thankful for your kindness to us. You have done everything to make us happy while with you in Paris and Belgium; and as all our people know in America that you are indeed their best friend, they will be glad to hear that you have taken us into your kind care whilst we were in a foreign land, and that while you were in a deep affliction with your own family.

MAUN-GUA-DAUS,
KE-CHE-US-SIN,
A-WUN-NE-WA-BE,
WAU-BUD-DICK,
UH-WUS-SIG-GEE-ZIGH-GOOK-KWAY.”

The above letter was spontaneous on their part, and written in the hand of *Maun-gua-daus*, the chief, who spoke and wrote the English language very correctly.

I was much shocked and distressed to hear of the death of *Say-say-gon*, the War-chief, for he was a remarkably fine Indian, and had become much attached to me. His life, as a warrior and a hunter, had been one of an extraordinary nature, and the principal incidents of it, particularly in the hunting department, he had been for some weeks engaged, just before their disastrous sickness, in illustrating by a series of designs in his rude way, presenting me a portfolio of them, with the story of each, which I wrote down from his own lips as he narrated them.

This most amusing and original keepsake, which I shall treasure up as long as I live, and which I regret that the dimensions of this work did not allow me the space to insert,

can at all times be seen by the curious of my friends who desire to see it.

For the amusement of the reader, however, I have made room for a couple of his drawings, which will convey some idea of their general character, and of the decided cleverness of this good fellow at story-telling and design. The woodcuts are traced from the originals, and are therefore as near fac-similes as I could make them. *Plate No. 23* represents *Pane-way-ee-tung*, the brother-in-law of *Say-say-gon*, crossing the river Thomas in a bark canoe, who had the following curious and amusing encounter with a bear which he met swimming in the middle of the river. Though the Indian had no other weapon than a paddle, he pursued the bear, and, overtaking it, struck it a blow, upon which it made an effort to climb into the canoe, by which the canoe was upset and the Indian sank under it. He arose to the surface, however, just behind the canoe, which in its progress had passed over him, and, being bottom upwards, the bear had climbed upon it, as seen in the sketch, and, having seen the man sink under it, was feeling under the canoe with his paws in hopes of getting hold of him. The bear, having made no calculation for the progress of the canoe, had not thought of looking behind it for his enemy, but balanced himself with difficulty without being able to look back; and whilst he was thus engaged feeling for his enemy under the canoe the Indian silently swam behind it, and, cautiously pushing it forward with his hand, succeeded in moving it near the shore, where he discovered his friend *Say-say-gon* hunting with his rifle, who was in waiting for it, and when near enough shot it in the head.

Plate No. 24 is his illustration of the first interview between white men and the Ojibbeway Indians; his description of it is as follows:—

“ *Gitch-ee-gaw-ga-osh* (the point that remains for ever), who died many snows since, and who was so old that he had smoked with three generations, said that his grandfather, *On-daig*, met the first white man who ever entered an Ojibbeway's wigwam. That white man was a great chief, who wore a red coat. He had many warriors with him, who all came in sight of the village





of *On-daig* (the crow), and, leaving his warriors behind, he walked towards the wigwam of *On-daig*, who came out, with his pipe of peace in one hand, and his war-club in the other. *On-daig* offered his pipe to the white chief to smoke, who put his sword behind him in one hand, and raised his hat with the other. *On-daig* never had seen a white man's hat before, and, thinking the white chief was going to strike him with it, drew his war-club. They soon, however, understood each other, and smoked the pipe together."

But a few months after the death of this fine Indian I was on a visit to London, and while walking in Piccadilly was accosted by an old acquaintance, who in our conversation informed me that the skeleton of my old friend the War-chief had been preserved, and he seemed to think it might be an interesting thing for me to see. The struggle between the ebullition of indignation and the quiescence of disgust rendered me for the moment almost unfit for a reply; and I withheld it for a moment, until the poor Indian's ideas of hyænas before described had time to run through my mind, and some other similar reflections, when I calmly replied, "I have no doubt but the skeleton is a subject of interest, but I shall not have time to see it."

My friend and I parted here, and I went on through Piccadilly, and I know not where, meditating on the virtues of scientific and mercenary man. I thought of the heroic *Osceola*, who was captured when he was disarmed and was bearing a white flag in his hand; who died a prisoner of war, and whose head was a few months afterwards offered for sale in the city of New York! I thought also of the thousands of Indian graves I had seen on the frontier thrown open by sacrilegious hands for the skulls and trinkets they enclosed, to which the retiring relatives were lurking back to take the last glance of, and to mingle their last tears over, with the horror of seeing the bones of their fathers and children strewed over the ground by hands too averse to labour and too ruthless to cover them again.

I was here forcibly struck with the fitness of Jim's remarks about the hyænas, of "their resemblance to *Chemo-kimons* or pale-faces," when I told him that they lived by

digging up and devouring bodies that had been consigned to the grave.

I thought also of the distress of mind of the Little Wolf when he lost his child at Dundee—of his objections to bury it in a foreign land; and also of the double pang with which the fine fellow suffered when dire necessity compelled him to leave the body of his affectionate wife amidst the graves of the thousands whose limbs and bones were no curiosity. And I could thus appreciate the earnestness with which, in his last embrace of me in Paris, he desired me to drive every day in a cab, as he had been in the habit of doing, to the cemetery of Montmartre, to see that no one disturbed the grave of her whom he had loved, but was then to leave; and that I should urge his kind friend M. Vattemare to hasten the completion of the beautiful monument he was getting made, that it might be sure to be erected over her grave before she might be dug up.

With regard to the remainder of the party of Ojibbeways whom I have said I had advised to return as soon as possible to their own country, I am grieved to inform the reader that, from letters from several friends in England, I have learned that the chief has persisted in travelling through various parts of the kingdom, making his exhibitions of Indian life during the last year, and has had the singular and lamentable misfortune of burying three of his children and his wife!

These, being facts, show a loss of seven out of twelve of that party, affording a shocking argument against the propriety of persons bringing Indians to Europe with a view to making their exhibitions a just or profitable speculation.

Three of the former party died while under my direction, as I have described in the foregoing pages; and a noble fine Indian, by the name of *Jock-o-sot*, of the Sac tribe, brought to England by a Mr. Wallace about the same time, was dying, and died on his way home, from causes he met in this country; making the melancholy list of eleven who lost their lives in the space of eighteen months.

These are facts which bring the reader's mind, as well as that of the author, to inquire what were the objects of these parties in England—how they came here—and what their success, as well as what will be the results that will probably flow from them. Each of these speculations has undoubtedly been projected by the white men who brought the Indians over, having conceived a plan of employing and taking to Europe such parties, who would be great curiosities in a foreign country, and by their exhibitions enabled to realise a great deal of money.

These parties, in each case, have been employed, and induced to come on condition of a certain sum of money to be paid them per month, or so much per year, to be given them on their return to their own country, with the additional advantage of having all their expenses borne, and themselves entitled to all the numerous presents they would receive during their travels.

As I have been with each of these parties the greater part of the time while they were making their exhibitions, I feel quite sure that this last condition of their engagements has been strictly kept with them, and that by it the Indians profited to a considerable amount from the kind and charitable hands of people whom they were amusing. But how far they have been benefited by the other conditions of their engagements, after they have returned to their homes, I am unable to tell.

As for their reception by the public generally where they have travelled, and their conduct whilst amongst and dealing with the world, it gives me great pleasure, as a living witness, to tender to that public my grateful acknowledgments for the kindness and friendship with which they received those unsophisticated people; and in justice to the Indians, as well as for the satisfaction of those who knew them, to acknowledge the perfect propriety of their conduct and dignity of deportment whilst they were abroad.

There were of the three parties thirty-five in all, and I am proud, for the character of the abused race which I am

yet advocating, that, for the year and a half that I was daily and hourly in familiarity with them in Europe, I never discovered either of them intoxicated, or in a passion with one another, or with the world. They met the people, and all the wondrous and unaccountable works which their eyes were daily opened to in the enlightened world, with an evenness of temper and apparent ease and familiarity which surprised all who saw them.

Their conduct was uniformly decent and respectful, and through their whole tour, whilst abroad, they furnished a striking corroboration of two of the leading traits of their national character, which I have advanced in my former work, of their strict adherence to promises they make, and of their never-ending garrulity and anecdote when, in their little fireside circles, they are out of the embarrassing gaze of the enlightened world, who are wiser than themselves.

For these nightly gossips, which generally took place in their private apartments after the labours of the day were done and the pipe was lit, the excitements of the day, and the droll and marvellous things they had seen in their exhibition-room and in the streets of London and Paris, afforded them the endless themes; and of these little sittings I was almost an inseparable member, as will have been seen by many anecdotes entered in the pages which the reader has already passed over.

It will be pleasing therefore to the reader, at least to those who felt an interest in those poor people, to learn, that, though they might have been objects of concern and pity whilst making a show of themselves in this country, they were, nevertheless, happy, and in the height of amusements, philosophically enjoying life as they went along; and to those who know me, and feel any anxiety for my welfare, that, although I was aiding them in a mode of living to which I was always opposed, I was happy in their society, and also in the belief that I was rendering them an essential service, although my labours were much less successful as regarded my own pecuniary interest.

One of the leading inducements for Indians to enter into such enterprises, and the one which gains the consent of their friends and relations around them, and more particularly is advanced to the world as the plausible motive for taking Indians abroad, is that of enlightening them—of opening their eyes to the length and breadth of civilization, and all the inventions and improvements of enlightened society. These three parties (having met their old friend and advocate abroad, who has introduced them to the highest society of the world—has led them into three palaces, and from those down through every grade of society, and into almost every institution and factory of the continent—whose eyes and whose ears have been opened to most of the information and improvements of this enlightened age, and who have gone back to relate and to apply, in their own country, the knowledge they have gained) will furnish the best argument on record, for or against the propriety of bringing American Indians abroad, as the means of enlightening them and making them suitable teachers of civilization when they go back to the wilderness. And though the pages of this book cannot sum up the results of these visits, which can only be looked up ultimately in the respective tribes to which they have returned, yet a few words more upon the materials with which they have returned, and the author's opinion (in his familiar knowledge of the Indians' mode of reasoning) of their probable results, may not be obtrusive, as a sort of recapitulation of scenes and estimates, with their tendencies, made in the foregoing pages.

It is natural, or at least habitual, to suppose that, for the ignorant to learn is always to improve; and that what a savage people can learn amongst civilized society *must be* for their benefit. But in this view of the case, which would generally be correct, there arises a very fair question how far, for the benefit of the unenlightened parts of the world, it is judicious to acquaint them at a glance, with the whole glare of the lights and shades of civilized life, by opening the eyes of such parties to so many virtues and so many

luxuries and refinements so far beyond the possibility of their acquiring, and at the same time to so many vices, to so much poverty and beggary not known in their simple modes of life, to teach to their people and to descant on when they get home; themselves as well as those whom they are teaching, despairing of ever attaining to what they have seen to admire and covet, and unwilling to descend to the degrading vices and poverty which they have seen mixed up in the mysterious and money-making medley of civilization.

If I startle the readers, let them reflect for a moment upon what perhaps some of them have never yet exactly appreciated—that a man, to know how his own house looks, must see how the houses of others appear. To know how his own city and country actually look, and how his countrymen act and live, he should see how cities and countries look, and how people act, in other parts of the world. If he will do this, and then leave all civilized countries a while, and the din and clatter, and the struggles for wealth amidst the rags and vices of the community he has lived in, and taste for a time the simple, silent life of the wilderness, he will find, on returning to his home, that he has been raised amongst a variety of vices and follies which he never before had duly appreciated, and will then realise, to a certain degree, the view which the savages take of the scenes in civilized life when they look into the strange medley of human existence in our great towns and cities, where all the contrasts are before their eyes, of rich and poor, equally struggling for wealth or the means of existence.

With such eyes were those wild people here to look; and without the cares and hourly and momentary concerns which lead the scrambling, busy world through and across the streets, blinded to what is about them, the poor but entirely independent Indians were daily and hourly scanning from the top of their buss, or the platform of their exhibition-rooms, the scenes, and manners, and expressions that were about them; and though they looked with unenlightened

eyes, they saw and correctly appreciated many things in London and Paris which the eyes of Londoners and Parisians scarcely see. They saw their sights and got their estimates and statistics, and in the leisure of their inquisitive and abstracted minds drew deductions which few of the business world have leisure or inclination to make; and with all of these they have gone back to be the illustrators and teachers of civilization in the wilderness.

Each one will be a verbal chronicler, as long as he lives, of the events and scenes he witnessed while abroad, and *Wash-ha-mon-ya* (or Jim), with his smattering of civilization, and his book of entries, which he will find enough to read and translate, will furnish abundance of written evidence for them to comment upon to their nation, who will be looking to them for information of the secret of civilization.

The bazaar of toys and trinkets presented to them, with the money and medals which they will open to view in the wilderness, will glitter in the eyes of their people, and, it is to be feared, may be an inducement to others to follow their example.

Their *Bibles* had increased in their various boxes since the last census to more than a hundred and fifty; their *religious tracts*, which they could not read, to some thousands; their *dolls*, in all, to fifty; and other useless toys, to a great number. Then came their *medals*, their *grosses of buttons*, their *beads*, *ribbons*, *brooches*, *fans*, *knives*, *daggers*, *combs*, *pistols*, *shawls*, *blankets*, *handkerchiefs*, *canes*, *umbrellas*, *beaver hats*, *caps*, *coats*, *bracelets*, *pins*, *eye-glasses*, &c. &c.; and then their prints—views of countries they had seen, of *churches*, *cathedrals*, *maps of London and Paris*, *views of bridges*, of *factories*, of *coal-pits*, of *catacombs*, of *Morgues*, &c. &c., to an almost countless number, all to be opened and commented upon, and then scattered, as the first indications of civilization, in the wilderness. These are but mere toys, however, but gewgaws that will be met as matters of course, and soon used up and lost sight of. But Jim's book of the statistics of London, of Paris, and New York, will stand the *Magna*

Charta of his nation, and around it will assemble the wisemen of the tribe, descending on and seeking for a solution of the blessings of civilization, as the passing pipe sends off its curling fumes, to future ages, over its astounding and marvellous estimates of civilized *nations*, of *cities*, of *churches*, of *courts of justice*, and *gaols*—of the tens of thousands of civilized people who are in it recorded (to their amazement) as *blind*, as *deaf and dumb*, and *insane* ; of *gallows* and *guillotines*, of *massacres* and *robberies*, the number of *grog-shops* and *breweries*, of *coal-pits*, of *tread-mills* and *foundling hospitals*, of *poorhouses* and *paupers*, of *beggars* and *starvation*, of *brothels*, of *prisons for debtors*, of *rapes*, of *bigamy*, of *taxation*, of *game-laws*, of *Christianity*, of *drunkenness*, of *national debt* and *repudiation*.

The estimates of all these subjects have gone to the wilderness, with what the eyes of the Indians saw of the poverty and distress of the civilized world, to be taught to the untaught, and hereafter to be arrayed, if they choose, against the teachings of civilization and Christianity in the Indian communities: a table of the enormous numbers in the civilized world who by their own folly or wickedness drag through lives of pain and misery, leaving their Indian critics, in the richness of their imaginations, to judge of the immense proportion of the enlightened world who, in just retribution, must perish for their crimes and their follies; and in their ignorance, and the violence of their prejudices, to imagine what proportion of them are actually indulged in the comforts of this life, or destined to enjoy the happiness of the world to come.

Teaching, I have always thought, should be gradual, and but one thing (or at most but few things) taught at a time. By all who know me and my views, I am known to be, as I am, an advocate of civilization; but of civilization, as it has generally been taught amongst the American Indians, I have a poor opinion; and of the plan I am now treating of, of sending parties to foreign countries to see all that can be seen and learned in civilized life, I have a still poorer

opinion, being fully convinced that they learn too much for useful teachers in their own country. The strides that they thus take are too great and too sudden for the slow and gradual steps that can alone bring man from a savage to a civilized state. They require absolutely the reverse of what they will learn from such teachers. They should, with all their natural prejudices against civilized man, be held in ignorance of the actual crime, dissipation, and poverty that belong to the enlightened world, until the honest pioneer, in his simple life, with his plough and his hoe, can wile them into the mode of raising the necessaries of life, which are the first steps from savage to civil, and which they will only take when their prejudices against white men are broken down, which is most effectually done by teaching them the modes of raising their food and acquiring property.

I therefore am constrained to give judgment here against the propriety of parties of Indians visiting foreign countries with a view to enlightening their people when they go back ; and here also to register my opinion, for which I am daily asked, as to the effects which these visits to Europe will have upon the parties who have been abroad, and what impressions they will make amongst their people when they return.

I am sure they saw many things which pleased them and gained their highest admiration, and which they might be benefited by seeing ; and also that they saw many others which it would have been decidedly better they had never seen. They have witnessed and appreciated the virtues and blessings, and at the same time the vices and miseries and degradations of civilized life, the latter of which will doubtless have made the deepest impressions upon their minds, and which (not unlike some *more distinguished travellers than themselves*) they will comment and enlarge upon, and about in equal justice to the nation they represent and are endeavouring to instruct.

Their tour of a year or two abroad, amidst the mazes and mysteries of civilized life, will rest in their minds like a

romantic dream, not to be forgotten, nor to be dreamed over again; their lives too short to aspire to what they have seen to approve, and their own humble sphere in their native wilds so decidedly preferable to the parts of civilized life which they did not admire, that they will probably convert the little money they have made, and their medals and trinkets, into whisky and rum, and drown out, if possible, the puzzling enigma, which, with arguments, the poor fellows have found it more difficult to solve.

With this chapter I take leave of my Indian friends; and as the main subject of this work ends with their mission to Europe, the reader finds himself near the end of his task.

In taking leave of my red friends, I will be pardoned for repeating what I have before said, that on this side of the Atlantic they invariably did the best they could do; and that, loving them still as I have done, I shall continue to do for them and their race, all the justice that shall be in the power of my future strength to do.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Author returns to his little children in Paris—His loss of time and money—The three Indian speculations—His efforts to promote the interests of the Indians, and the persons who brought them to Europe—His advice to other persons wishing to engage in similar enterprises—The Author retires to his atelier, and paints the fifteen pictures for the King—The pleasure of quiet and retirement with his four little children around him—He offers his Indian Collection to the American Government—And sends his memorial to Congress—Bill reported in favour of the purchase—The Author has an interview with the King in the Tuileries—Delivers the fifteen pictures—Subjects of the pictures painted—Conversations with the King—Reflections upon his extraordinary life—The Author's thoughts, while at his easel, upon scenes of his life gone by—And those that were about him, as he strolled, with his little children, through the streets and society of Paris—Distressing and alarming illness of the Author's four little children—Kindness of sympathizing friends—Death of "little George"—His remains sent to New York, and laid by the side of his mother—A father's tears and loneliness—The Author returns with his Collection to London.

THE commencement of this chapter finds me at my easel, in a comfortable *atelier* in my own apartments in Paris, where I had retired, with my little children about me, to paint the fifteen pictures for the King, and others for which I had some standing orders.

My collection was at this time placed in a magazine in the vicinity of my dwelling, and my faithful man Daniel still continued his charge over it, keeping it in repair, and plying between it and my painting-room when I required models from my collection to work from.

The true measure of ordinary happiness I have long believed to be the amount of distress or anxiety we have escaped from; and in this instance I felt, retired from the

constant anxieties I had lived under for the last six or seven years, demanding all my time, and holding my hand from my easel, as if I could be happy, even in my grief, with my four dear little children around me, whom their kind mother had but a few months before, in her dying breath, committed to my sole keeping and protection.

My house, though there was a gloom about it, had a melancholy charm from its associations, whilst its halls were enlivened by the notes of my little innocents, who were just old enough for my amusement, and too young fully to appreciate the loss they had sustained, and whose little arms were now concentrated about my neck, as the only one to whom they claimed kindred and looked for protection.

My dear little namesake, George, and my only boy, then three years and a half old, was my youngest, and, being the only one of my little flock to perpetuate my name, had adopted my painting-room as his constant play-house, and, cronies as we had become there, our mutual enjoyment was as complete as my happiness was, in the dependence I was placing on him for the society of my future days. His first passion, like that of most children, had been for the drum, with which, slung upon his back, with drumsticks in hand, he made my *atelier* and apartments ring, and never was happier or more proud than when we addressed him as "Tambour Major," by which name he familiarly went, and to which he as promptly answered.

Besides the company of this dear little fellow, I had the sweet society of my three little girls, of ten, eight, and six years old, and with all, and the pleasures at my easel, I counted myself in the enjoyments of life that I would have been unwilling for any consideration to part with. I thus painted on, dividing my time between my easel, my little children, and the few friends I had in Paris, resolving and re-resolving to devote the remainder of my life to my art, being in possession of the fullest studies from nature to enable me to illustrate the early history of my country in its

various dealings with the Indian tribes of America; and in these labours I also with pleasure resolved to continue my efforts to do justice to their character and their memory.

The American Congress was at that time in session, with a surplus revenue in the treasury of more than 12,000,000 of dollars; and, deeming it an auspicious time, I proposed the sale of my collection by my Memorial, to that body, believing there was sympathy enough for the poor Indians in my country, and disposition to preserve all the records of this dying race, to induce the Congress to purchase the collection as connected with the history of the country.

I had been stimulated, the whole time whilst making the collection, with the hope that it would be perpetuated on the soil where these ill-fated people have lived and perished; and was constantly encouraged in my labours with the belief that such would be the case.

On my Memorial, a Bill was reported by the Joint Committee on the Library, complimenting me in the strongest terms, and recommending its purchase; but, owing to the sudden commencement of the Mexican war at that time, no action was had upon it, and it now remains to be seen whether the Government will take it up again, or whether the collection will be left, because more highly appreciated, in a foreign land. My unavoidable belief still is, that some measure will be adopted for its preservation in my native country, a monument to those people who have bequeathed to the United States all her dominions, and who are rapidly wasting away; though I have fears that the call for it may be too late, either to gratify my ambition to see it perpetuated amongst the records of my country, or to enable me to feel the reward for my hard labour.

The Bill reported in the Congress I have taken the liberty to insert here, for the very high compliment it conveys, as well as for the benefit it may in some way afford me by the value therein set upon my works.

BILL reported in the AMERICAN CONGRESS, 1846, for the Purchase of CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY, July 24th, 1846. Read and laid upon the table. Mr. W. W. CAMPBELL, from the Joint Committee on the Library, made the following REPORT :—

The Joint Committee on the Library, to whom was referred the Memorial of Mr. Catlin for the purchase of his Gallery of Indian Collections and Paintings; and also the Memorial of American artists abroad, and of American citizens resident in London, respectfully report—

That of Mr. Catlin, who desires to place, on certain conditions, his extensive collection of Indian portraits, costumes, and other objects of interest connected with Indian life, in the possession of the Government, it is hardly necessary to speak, since his reputation is established throughout this country and Europe. A native of the state of Pennsylvania, his early studies were directed to the law, which, under an impulse of enthusiasm that often marks original genius, he soon abandoned for the pencil, stimulated by desire to give to his country exact and spirited representations of the persons, costumes, ceremonies, and homes of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, now retreating and gradually vanishing away before the power of civilization. Nor did he devote himself to his enterprises merely to gratify curiosity and preserve memorials of a bold, independent, and remarkable race of men, but to direct attention to certain lofty traits of their character, and excite, generally, friendly sentiments and efforts for their benefit. In making this collection, he expended eight entire years of his life and 20,000 dollars, and visited, often at great hazard of his personal safety, more than forty different (and most of them remote) tribes. Unaided by public or private patronage, he pursued and effected his object, sustained, as he observes, by the ambition of procuring a full and complete pictorial history of a numerous and interesting race of human beings rapidly sinking into oblivion, and encouraged by the belief that the collection would finally be appropriated and protected by the Government of his own country, as a monument to a race once sole proprietors of this country, but who will soon have yielded it up, and with it probably their existence also, to civilized man.

On Mr. Catlin's return from the western prairies, the attention of Congress was, in 1837 and 1838, turned towards his collection, and a resolution for its purchase was moved in the House, and referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, who, it is understood, expressed in their report an unanimous opinion in favour of the purchase, though the near approach of the close of the session prevented its being submitted for consideration.

In transferring his collection to Europe, Mr. Catlin had no intention of alienating it, or changing its nationality and destination; but, by its exhibition, sought to secure support for his family, and obtain means of bring-

ing out his great and expensive work on the Indians—a work which has thrown much light upon their character and customs, and been received with distinguished favour on both sides of the Atlantic.

The judgment of our citizens, and that of eminent foreigners, is concurrent in regard to the value of this collection for the illustration of our history, and as a work of art. By desire of the King of France, it now occupies a gallery in the Louvre, and has been highly eulogized by the most distinguished artists and men of science in Paris. A large gold medal has been presented to Mr. Catlin by the King of the Belgians, with a letter expressing a high opinion of his productions.

The American artists now in Paris, in a memorial addressed to Congress, urging the importance of securing this collection to our country, say, "Having made ourselves acquainted with the extent and interest of this unique collection, and of its peculiar interest to our country; and also aware of the encouraging offers now made to its proprietor for its permanent establishment in England, as well as the desire generally manifested here to have it added to the historical gallery of Versailles, we have ventured to unite in the joint expression of our anxiety that the members of the present Congress may pass some resolution that may be the means of restoring so valuable a collection to our country, and fixing it among its records. Interesting to our countrymen generally, it is absolutely necessary to American artists. The Italian who wishes to portray the history of Rome finds remnants of her sons in the Vatican; the French artist can study the ancient Gauls in the museums of the Louvre; and the Tower of London is rich in the armour and weapons of the Saxon race.

"Your memorialists, therefore, most respectfully trust that Mr. Catlin's collection may be purchased and cherished by the Federal Government, as a nucleus for a national museum, where American artists may freely study that bold race who once held possession of our country, and who are so fast disappearing before the tide of civilization. Without such a collection, few of the glorious pages of our early history can be illustrated, while the use made of it here by French artists, in recording upon canvas the American discoveries of their countrymen in the last century, shows its importance."

Your Committee feel the justice of these sentiments of American artists, and also the importance, as suggested in their memorial, of securing, by the purchase of his collection, the future efforts of Mr. Catlin for its enlargement. Let the Government appropriate his collection, and the chief ambition of its author's life will be realized, and he will be enabled, in a few years, to double it in value and extent.

The bill which has recently passed the House for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution provides that there shall belong to it a "gallery of art;" and of course it must be intended that such gallery shall be occupied by works of art. That such works should be principally American, is the obvious dictate of patriotism. No productions, your Committee believe, at present exist, more appropriate to this gallery than those of Mr. Catlin, or of equal importance. Should Congress fail to act on this subject,

or decide unfavourably to Mr. Catlin's proposal, he may, notwithstanding his reluctance, be compelled to accept the positive and advantageous offers now made to him in England.

The love of art, and respect for those who have cultivated it with success, especially for those who have illustrated, by their productions, the history of their country, have ever been cherished by the most civilized nations. It has been justly observed, that "among the Greeks the arts were not so much objects to promote gratification as of public interest; they were employed as the most powerful stimulants of piety and patriotism, commissioned to confer distinction upon those who were conspicuous for valour, for wisdom, and for virtue. A statue or picture gave celebrity to a city or a state, and a great artist was considered a national ornament—a public benefactor, whom all were bound to honour and reward."

Your Committee believe the price of his collection, as named by Mr. Catlin, is moderate, and that a failure to obtain it would occasion deep regret to all the friends of art, and to all Americans who reasonably and justly desire to preserve memorials of the Indian race, or the means by which our future artists and historians may illustrate the great and most interesting events in the early periods and progress of our country.

The Committee, therefore, recommend that the bill for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institute be so amended as that provision shall be made therein for the purchase of Mr. Catlin's gallery at the price mentioned by him—namely, sixty-five thousand dollars—payable in annual instalments of ten thousand dollars.

New York Journal of Commerce, Nov. 12th.

When I had completed the pictures ordered by the King, his Majesty graciously granted me an audience in the Palace of the Tuileries to deliver them, on which occasion he met me with great cheerfulness, and, having received from me a verbal description of each picture, he complimented me on the spirit of their execution, and expressed the highest satisfaction with them, and desired me to attach to the back of each a full written description. The dimensions of these paintings were 30 by 36 inches, and the subjects as follow:—

- No. 1. An Indian ball-play.
2. A Sioux Council of War.
3. Buffalo-hunt on snow-shoes.
4. *Mah-to-toh-pa* (the Four Bears), a Mandan chief, full length.
5. A Buffalo-hunt, Sioux.
6. Eagle-dance, and view of Ioway village.
7. *Mah-to-he-ha* (the Old Bear), a medicine-man of the Mandans.
8. *Wan-ee-ton*, one of the most distinguished chiefs of the Sioux.
9. *Ee-ah-sa-pa* (the Black Rock), a Sioux chief, full length.

10. *Mu-hu-shee-kaw* (the White Cloud), Ioway chief.
11. *Shon-ta-ye-ee-ga* (the Little Wolf), an Ioway warrior.
12. *Wa-tah-we-buck-a-ya-h* (the Commanding General), an Ioway boy.
13. *Mam-gua-daus*, an Ojibbeway chief.
14. *Say-say-gon* (the Hail Storm), an Ojibbeway warrior.
15. *Ah-wun-ne-wa-be* (the Thunder-bird), Ojibbeway warrior.

His Majesty had on several occasions, in former interviews, spoken of the great interest of the scenes of the early history of the French colonies of America, and French explorations and discoveries in those regions, and the subject was now resumed again, as one of peculiar interest, affording some of the finest scenes for the pencil of the artist, which he thought I was peculiarly qualified to illustrate. Additional anecdotes of his rambling life in America were very humorously related; and after the interview I returned to my painting-room, and continued happily engaged at my other pictures, with my familiar sweet smiles and caresses about me.

As a painter often works at his easel with a double thought, one upon the subject he is creating upon the canvas, and the other upon the world that is about him, I kept constantly at work, and pleasantly divided my extra thoughts upon the amusing little tricks that were being played around me, and the contemplation of scenes and events of my life gone by. I ran over its table of contents in this way: "My native valley of Wyoming—the days and recollections of my earliest boyhood in it—my ten years in the valley of the *Oc-qua-go*, where I held alternately the plough, my rifle, and fishing-tackle—my five years at the classics—my siege with Blackstone and Coke upon Littleton—my three years' practice of the law in the Courts of Pennsylvania—the five years' practice of my art of portrait-painting in Philadelphia—my eight years spent amongst the Indian tribes of the prairies and Rocky Mountains—and, since that, my eight years spent in the light of the refined and civilized world, where I have been admitted to Palaces, and into the society of Kings, Queens, and Princes

—and *now* at my easel, in my studio, with my dear little babes around me, thanking Him who has blessed me with them, and courage and health, through all the vicissitudes of my chequered life, and now with strength to stand by and support and protect them.”

I thought also of the King, the wonderful man, with whose benignant and cheerful face I had been so often conversing ; whose extraordinary life had been so much more chequered than my own ; many of whose early days had been spent on the broad rivers and amongst the dense and gloomy forests of my own country ; who, driven by political commotions from his native land, sought an asylum in the United States of America, and there, in the youthful energy of his native character, 52 years ago, crossed and re-crossed the Alleghany Mountains, descended the Ohio river 600 miles in his simple and rickety pirogue, and from the mouth of the Ohio to New Orleans, 1000 miles on the muddy waves of the Mississippi, amidst its dangerous snags and sand-bars, when the banks of those two mighty rivers were inhabited only by savages, whose humble wigwams he entered, and shared their hospitality ; who afterwards visited the shores of Lake Erie, and also the Falls of Niagara, before the axe of sacrilegious man had shorn it of its wild and native beauties ; who visited the little commencement of the town of Buffalo and the village of the Seneca Indians ; who paddled his canoe 90 miles through the Seneca Lake to Ithaca, and from thence travelled by an Indian's path, with his knapsack on his back, to the Susquehana river, which he descended in an Indian canoe to Wyoming, my native valley ; and then on foot, with his knapsack again upon his back, crossed the Wilkesbarre and Pokono Mountains to Easton and Philadelphia ; and who consequently thus knew, 52 years ago, more of the great western regions of America, and of the modes of its people, than one of a thousand Americans do at the present day.

I contemplated the character of this extraordinary man, reared in the luxuries of Palaces, thrown thus into the midst

of the vast and dreary forests of the Mississippi, launching his fragile boat and staking his life upon its dangerous waves, and laying his wearied limbs upon its damp and foggy banks at night, amidst the howling wolves and rattlesnakes and mosquitoes; and after that, and all these adventures, called, in the commotions of his country, to mount the throne and wield the sceptre over one of the greatest and most enlightened nations of the earth. I beheld this great man in these strange vicissitudes of life, and France, whose helm he took in the midst of a tempest, now raised to the zenith of her national wealth and glory, after 17 years of uninterrupted peace and prosperity. I contemplated the present wealth and health of that nation and her institutions, her grand internal improvements, and cultivation of science and the arts; and I reflected also, with equal pleasure and surprise, on what I had seen with my own eyes, the *greatness of soul* of that monarch as he was taking the poor Indians of the forest by the hand in his Palace, and expressing to them the gratitude he never yet had lost sight of, that he bore them for the kindness with which their tribes everywhere treated him when he entered their wigwams, hungry, on the banks of the Mississippi and the great lakes in America. He had the frankness and truthfulness to tell them that "he loved them," for the reasons he had given, and the kindness of heart to convince them of his sincerity in the way that carries the most satisfactory conviction to the mind of an Indian as well as it often does to that of a white man.

These contemplations were rapid and often repeated, and there were many more; and they never passed through my mind without compelling me to admire and revere the man whose energy of character and skill have enabled him, with like success, to steer his pirogue amidst the snags of the Mississippi, and at the helm of his nation, to guide her out of the tempest of a revolution, and onward, through a reign of peace and industry, to wealth and power, to which she never before has attained.

In the midst of such reflections I often strolled alone in a contemplative mood through the wilderness throngs of the Boulevards—the great central avenue and crossing-place—the *aorta* of all the circulating world—to gaze upon the endless throng of human beings sweeping by me, bent upon their peculiar avocations of business or of pleasure—of virtue or of vice; contrasting the glittering views about me with the quiet and humble scenes I had witnessed in various parts of my roaming life.

In the midst of this sweeping throng, knowing none and unknown, I found I could almost imagine myself in the desert wilderness, with as little to disturb the current of contemplative thoughts as if I were floating down the gliding current of the Missouri in my bark canoe, in silent contemplation of the rocks and forests on its banks.

In a different mood, also, I as often left my easel and mingled with the throng, with my little chattering children by my side, forgetting to think, and with eyes like theirs, scanned the thousands and tens of thousands of pretty things displayed in the shops, and whiled away in perfect bliss, as others do, an hour upon the pavements of the Boulevards.

The reader has learned, from various books, the features of this splendid scene, with all its life and din and glittering toys, and of Paris, with its endless mysteries, and beauties, and luxuries, and vices, which it is not the province of this work to describe; but from all that he has read he may not yet know how completely he may be lost sight of in the crowds of the Boulevards, and what positive retirement he may find and enjoy, unknowing and unknown, if he wishes to do so, in his apartments in the centre of Paris, where his neighbours are certainly the nearest and most numerous in the world.

In London and New York one often thinks it strange that he knows not his neighbours by the side of him; but in Paris, those on the *sides* are seldom taken into consideration as such, and so little do people know of, or care for, each

other's business, that few have any acquaintance with their neighbours ABOVE and BELOW them.

The circumscribed limits of the city, and the density of its population, enable the Parisians to make a glittering display in the streets, in the brilliancy and taste of which they no doubt outdo any other people in the world. The close vicinity of its inhabitants, and the facility with which they get into the streets, and the tens of thousands of inducements that tempt them there, tend to the concentration of fashion and gaiety in the principal avenues and arcades, which, in the pleasant evenings of spring and summer, seem converted into splendid and brilliant salons, with the appearance of continuous and elegant soirées. To these scenes all Parisians and all foreigners are alike admitted, to see and enjoy the myriads of sights to be seen in the shop-windows, as well as to most of the splendid collections of works of literature and the arts, which, being under the Government control, are free to the inspection of all who wish to see them. Amidst most of these I have been, like thousands of others, a visitor and admirer for two years, seeking for information and amusement—for study and contemplation—alone; or enjoying them in company with my little children, or travelling friends, for whose aid and amusement I have as often given my time.

The reader will here see that I have before me the materials for another book, but as the object of this work is attained, and its limits approached, with my known aversion to travel over frequented ground, I must refer him to other pens than mine for what I might have written had I the room for it, and had it not been written twenty times before.

The little bit of my life thus spent in the capital of France, though filled with anxieties and grief, has had its pleasant parts, having seen much to instruct and amuse me, and having also met with, as in London, many warm friends, to whom I shall feel attached as long as I live. In the English society in Paris I met a number of my London

friends, where the acquaintance was renewed, with great kindness on their parts, and with much pleasure to myself.

I met also many American families residing in Paris; and, added to their numbers, the constant throng of Americans who are passing to and from the classic ground of the East, or making their way across the Atlantic to the French metropolis, and swelling their occasional overflowing and cheerful soirées. At these I saw many of the élite and fashionable of the French, and noticed also, and much to my regret, as well as surprise, that, in the various intercourse I had in different classes, the Americans generally mixed less with the English than the French society.

This is probably attributable in a great degree to the passion which English and Americans have, in their flying visits to the city of all novelties, to see and study something new, instead of spending their valuable time with people of their own family and language, whom and whose modes they can see at home. This I deem a pity; and though among the passing travellers the cause is easily applied, and the excuse as easily accepted, yet among the resident English and Americans, of whom there are a great many and fashionable families, there seems a mutual unsocial and studied reserve, which stands in the way of much enjoyment, that I believe lies at the doors of kindred people in a foreign land.

My time, however, was so much engrossed with anxieties and grief and my application to my art, that I shared but moderately in the pleasures of any society; and the few observations I have been able to make I have consequently drawn from less intercourse than has been had by many others, who have more fully described than I could do had this book been written for the purpose.

My interviews with society in this part of the world, as far as they have been held, have been general, and my observations, I believe, have been unbiassed. And as I mingled with society to see and enjoy, but not to describe, my remarks in this place, on the society and manners of Parisians and people in Paris, must end here, and neces-

sarily be thus brief, to come within the bounds of my intentions in commencing this work.

The society which fascinated me most and called for all my idle hours was that of my four dear little children, whose arms, having been for ever torn from the embrace of an affectionate mother, were ready to cling to my neck whenever I quitted the toils of my painting-room. There was a charm in that little circle of society which all the fascinations of the fashionable world could never afford me, and I preferred the simple happiness that was thus sweetly spread around me to the amusements and arts of matured and fashionable life.

The days and nights and weeks and months of my life were passing on whilst my house rang with the constant notes of my little girls and my dear little "Tambour Major," producing a glow of happiness in my life, as its hours were thus carolled away, which I never before had attained to.

My happiness was here too complete to last long, and, as the sequel will show, like most precious gifts, was too confidently counted on to continue. A sudden change came over this pleasing dream of life; the cheering notes of my little companions were suddenly changed into groans, and my occupations at my easel were at an end. The chirping and chattering in the giddy maze of their little dances were finished, and, having taken to their beds, my occupation was changed to their bedsides, where they were all together writhing in the agonies of disease, and that of so serious a nature as to require all my attention by night and by day, and at length anxieties of the most painful kind, and alarm—of grief, and a broken heart!

To those of my readers who have ever set their whole heart upon and identified their existence with that of a darling little boy, and wept for him, it is unnecessary—and to those who have never been blessed with such a gift it would be useless—for me to name the pangs that broke my heart

for the fate of my little "Tambour Major," who, in that unlucky hour, thoughtlessly relinquishing all his little toys, laid down with his three little sisters, to run the chances with them, and then to be singled out as he was by the hand of death.

In kindness the reader will pardon these few words that flow in tears from the broken and burning heart of a fond father ; they take but a line or two, and are the only monument that will be raised to the memory of my dear little George, who lived, in the sweetness of his innocence, to gladden and then to break the heart of his doating parent, the only one while he was living, to appreciate his loveliness, and now the only one to mourn for him. The remains of this dear little fellow were sent to New York, as a lovely flower to be planted by the grave of his mother, and thus were my pleasures and peace in Paris ended. Two idols of my heart had thus vanished from me there, leaving my breast with a *healing* and a *fresh wound*, to be opened and bleeding together. My *atelier* had lost all its charms ; the *escalier* also was dreary, for its wonted echoing and enlivening notes had ceased ; and the beautiful pavement of the Place Madeleine, which was under my windows, and the daily resort, with his hoop and his drum, of my little "Tambour Major."

The Boulevards also, and the Champs Elysées, and the garden of the Tuileries, the scenes of our daily enjoyment, were overcast with a gloom, and I left them all. * *

* * * * *

At the time of writing this my heart flies back and daily hovers about the scenes of so many endearing associations, while my hand is at work seeking amusement and forgetfulness at my easel.

I have before said that the practice of my art is to be the principal ambition of the rest of my life ; and as the beginning of this chapter found me in my *atelier* in Paris, the end of it leaves me in my *studio* at No. 6, *Waterloo Place*, in London, with my collection, my thousands of studies, and my little children about me where I shall be hereafter steadily seek-

ing the rational pleasures and benefits I can draw from them; and where my friends and the world who value me or my works may find me without ceremony, and will be greeted, amongst the numerous and curious works in my collection, enumerated in the catalogue which I have given, for the amusement and benefit of the reader, at the end of my first volume.



APPENDIX. (A.)

The two following Letters, written from the Ioway Mission on the Upper Missouri, with several others more recently received by Mrs. A. Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, bear conclusive proof of the sincerity of the Society of Friends, and of the benefit that promises to flow from their well-directed and charitable exertions.

IOWAY INDIANS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM S. M. IRVIN.

Ioway and Sac Mission, May 24th, 1847.

Having a leisure morning, I most cheerfully give a few minutes to my dear friend in England. I have just been thinking, before I took my pen, how very mysterious are the workings of God's providence! Near four years ago, a party of our Ioway Indians started out on what appeared to us to be a wrong and uncalled-for expedition. We dreaded the result, and, so far as our opinion was consulted, it was given against the design, advising rather that they should stay at home, go to labour and economy, and not go to be shown as wild animals. In these notions we thought we were sustained by reason and Scripture, and were at least sincere in our views. We, however, made but little resistance, and when it was determined that they should go we submitted, did what we could for their comfort and success, gave them the parting hand, and commended them to the care of a merciful Providence. They started, spent the winter in St. Louis and New Orleans, associated with bad company, were exceedingly intemperate, and seemed to have grown much worse, which tended to confirm us in the belief of the error and impropriety of such a measure, and our hearts mourned over them. In the spring they went to the eastern part of the United States, and from thence to England. From the latter place we heard of the death of one and another, and of a probability of their going to France, and becoming enchained with the externals of the Catholic religion. Here we thought our opinions were fully confirmed. How can any good result from this? How much harm must ensue to these poor people, and probably through them to their nation!

But at this point a ray of light seemed to break forth, and we could see

through the dark vista a possibility of good resulting from it. Hitherto we could only trust in the government of God, knowing that He would bring good out of evil, but we could not see by what process it could be accomplished. But we now began to learn that the people of England, particularly the Society of Friends, were taking a warm interest in their welfare, stimulating their minds in favour of industry, economy, and Christianity, and especially guarding them against the pernicious effects of ardent spirits. There the foundation of hope, on rational and tangible principles, commenced. Perhaps the friends of God and his cause in England were to be the honoured instruments of making an indelible impression on the minds of these poor wanderers, and, if so, how well will they be repaid for their pilgrimage, and how happily shall we be disappointed! Next came an affectionate letter from your own hand. This was the second development of the unseen but operating hand of God in carrying on his own work. A young man of ardent piety and devotion to the cause of God was next recommended as a suitable person to come and labour among the Indians as missionary from England. I may say that the whole mystery was now plain. We could now say to each other, God has taken them over to England to send a suitable missionary, whose labours will be, doubtless, blessed to their conversion, and thus we could see how easily God, our *covenant-keeping God*, can foil the designs of Satan. How our hearts did burn within us when we thought of the goodness of God in these things! The original design we could not but look upon as a work of the enemy, got up for the purpose of selfishness and speculation, but now we could see the scale turn, and the pleasing prospect of hailing our young brother as a fellow-helper in this cause more than reconciled us to the hitherto mysterious movement. He came, and, though it was found best under the circumstances to assign him for a time to a different field of labour, still it is the same common cause, whether among the Otoes or Ioways.

Very important pecuniary aid, both in money and clothing, was also subsequently received, from which our cause has, in no small degree, been aided and encouraged. Next a helpmate is proposed for our young friend, who is here alone, and toiling against the trials of a new and strange society and manners, and the prejudices of the Indians. God, through suitable instrumentality, conducts the negotiation to a favourable issue; the solitary individual is strengthened to part from her friends and country, is conducted by the hand of God across the dangerous deep, is brought more than 2000 miles, and, by a great variety of hazardous conveyances, almost to the centre of a great continent, and is now safely lauded within the walls of this house. Truly may we exclaim, What hath God wrought! But the wonders and cause for gratitude stop not here. Our kind friend, Miss G., is not only here, but already is she engaged, twice or thrice a-day, in instructing the poor little daughters of the forest in needlework and such other instruction as may be suitable, and as yet I see nothing in the way but that she may very soon be able to give every moment of time that she can spare to these little ones. How pleasing will this be! How cheer-

fully and happily will the hours pass away, and how largely will she be rewarded for all her toil! I have skipped, as you will see, with more than eagle flight, over this narrative, for it furnishes materials enough for an interesting volume. I should like much to dwell upon it, but your mind can carry out the details, and see, as clearly as any other, the lineaments of God's goodness.

Miss G. will have so much to say to you, that I am sure she will not know where to commence, and I think she will be about as much puzzled to describe many things so that you can understand.

Mr. Bloohm has not yet arrived from the Otoe mission, but we look for him daily. So soon as I heard of Miss G.'s approach, I advised him of it, but he, being about fifty miles from the post-office, may not have received the letter. That you may better understand our relative situations, I will subjoin a rude outline of them with the pen.

Miss G. remained some time in St. Louis for Mr. Lowrie, and was afterwards instructed by him to come on to this place, he being prevented, by low water, from calling for her at St. Louis. Last Friday he passed up the Missouri river to the Otoe and Omahaw mission, leaving word that he would be back, at the farthest, by the end of this week. If Mr. Bloohm be able, he will come down with Mr. L., if not before him. As soon as they arrive, we hope to be able to make full arrangements about all our affairs, and you may expect to be informed of all that will interest you in due time.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM JANE M. BLOOHM.

Ioway and Sac Mission, May 28th, 1847.

[After giving several interesting particulars of her journey from St. Louis, and arrival at the station, the writer proceeds:—]

I feel assured, my dear friend, you would be pleased with this institution. The boarding-house is a most excellent building, three stories high. On the ground floor are the dining-room, kitchen, pantry, milk-house, and two sleeping-rooms. On the second story, the chapel in the centre, from back to front, and on one side the boys' school in front, with two small rooms behind, which Mr. Hamilton occupies. On the other side of the chapel is the girls' school, with two small rooms behind it for Mr. Irvin. The third story has the girls' bedroom, back and front, with a small one off it parted with deals, where I sleep. The boys' on the other side is the same; in the middle is a spare bedroom and Mr. Irvin's study.

We rise at five o'clock, and at half-past assemble in the chapel for worship. While there, breakfast is placed on the table, and the bell rings again, when we go down. There are four tables, but not all full at present, as some of the children have left. Mr. Irvin sits at one table with the boys, Mr. Hamilton and his lady (when able) with the girls. Our table is called the family table; there are Mrs. Irvin, their father and mother,

Mrs. I.'s two children, Mrs. H.'s eldest girl, the two men, and myself, as also any other strangers. Mr. Irvin's father and mother are two very old people; they intend leaving as soon as Mr. Lowrie comes, old Mr. I. not being able to manage the farm now. At breakfast each child has a pewter plate, with a tin pot turned upside down upon it, a knife and fork, and spoon. As soon as a blessing is asked, they each turn over their tin pot, and those who sit with them at table fill it with milk, and give them corn bread, boiled corn, batten cake (which is much like our pancake), a piece of bacon, and treacle. Of this they all eat as much as they like. Each table is served the same, with the exception that we have coffee for breakfast, and tea for supper. At dinner there is sometimes a little boiled rice, greens, &c., but no other kind of meat than bacon. We dine at half-past twelve, and sup at seven. After supper we all remain, and have worship in the dining-room; sometimes Mr. Hamilton prays and sings in Indian; and, oh! my beloved friend, could you only hear the sweet voices of those dear heathen children, you would be astonished, they sing so well. I do most sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when they shall not only worship Him with the voice, but with the understanding, and in truth.

Mr. II. teaches all the children from nine till twelve. After breakfast I take the girls up to make their beds; two and two sleep together; they did it so neatly this morning. When done, they go with me to school to sew or knit till nine, then again after dinner till two, and after five till supper-time, when I assist to wash their hands and faces, and put them to bed. Some of them are very fine children, but I am surprised I am able to go so near them, for they are very dirty; but they seem very fond of me. You will laugh when I say that two or three of them often come running to me, and clasp me round the waist. They wish to teach me to speak their language; they can say a good many English words; they call their teachers father and mother. A few of them are very little. After I put on their nightcaps, and lift them into bed, they all repeat a prayer. You will be surprised when I say I do feel such an interest in them; I do wish these feelings may not only continue, but increase. I feel quite happy, and have never had the least feeling of regret at my coming out, and I trust I never shall.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Irvin are most desirous for us to remain here, but that will rest with Mr. Lowrie and P. B. I am willing to go wherever I am of most use. It is a most arduous and responsible office we each hold, from the little I have seen (and it is but little to what I shall see if the Lord spare me). We need the prayers of our dear friends. Oh! forget us not, you, our far distant and beloved friends; entreat our Heavenly Father to give us much of his Spirit, and to us help along. Your old friend *Little Wolf* came to see me. He said I might give his and his family's love to you. A few more came to welcome me; they are constantly coming about the house. I am just sent for to assist in the ironing, and have had to write this while the irons were heating. There is no mangle here. The children's clothes are washed and repaired every week.

May 31st.—Just as I finished the above on Friday afternoon, the arrival of two gentlemen was announced. They were Mr. Lowrie and my dear P. B. The latter is looking thin, but upon the whole is much better, as also much better than I expected to find him; as for colour, an Indian: but setting aside his Indian complexion, I was glad to see a known face, and to meet a beloved friend; and now, my dear friend, I can call him my beloved husband. The marriage took place on Saturday the 29th, at eight o'clock in the evening, by Mr. Hamilton, in Mr. Irvin's room. Old Mr. and Mrs. Irvin were there, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin junior, Mr. Lowrie, Mr. Melody (who had come to the mission on a visit), and one of the men, who had expressed a wish to be present. Mrs. H. was not strong enough to join us, which I did regret. Mr. Lowrie has settled for us to remain here, at least for some time; P. B. to assist Mr. H. with the boys and other labour, while I take the full charge of the girls. Oh! that we may each have strength to perform these our arduous duties. The old people leave in a few days, when we shall have their room, which is on the ground floor, close by the dining-room. We shall have to sit at table with the children, and should Mr. H. be from home or sick, at any time, we shall have the full charge. We have, one and all, made up our minds to assist each other when it is needful, and I do most sincerely pray that we may be enabled to labour together in the same spirit which was in Christ Jesus. It is His work, it is His cause; and we all, I trust, esteem our privilege great, that we, unworthy as we are, should be permitted to take part in this glorious work. Mr. Lowrie, I believe, intends leaving to-morrow; it will be three weeks before he can reach New York. Mr. Melody left this morning; he speaks highly of the kindness he received while in England, and, I believe, would very well like to pay a second visit. * * * *

And now, dear friend, I think I have given you all the intelligence that it is in my power to send at the present time. It is likely that my dear husband may send a note, but he is much occupied, and, I believe, going to St. Joseph with Mr. Lowrie. He joins with me in kindest love to you and Mr. —, not forgetting all our dear friends, to whom you will be so kind as to present it, and ever believe me to remain

Your most affectionate friend,

J. M. BLOOM.

APPENDIX. (B.)

HORSE-TAMING :

Being an Account of the successful application, in two recent Experiments made in England, of the expeditious method of Taming Horses, as practised by the Red Indians of North America.—Communicated by ALEXANDER JOHN ELLIS, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1842.

EXTRACT.

THE object of the following pages is two-fold : first, to extract the account of the North American Indian method of Horse-taming, as given by Mr. Catlin in his new work, entitled ' Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians,' and to detail certain experiments which have been tried by the direction and in the presence of the Communicator ; and, second, to urge gentlemen, farmers, stable-keepers, horse-trainers, horse-breakers, and all others who may be interested in the taming of horses, to try for themselves experiments similar to those here detailed, experiments which are exceedingly easy of trial, and will be found exceedingly important in result.

The following is a detail of the experiments witnessed and directed by the Communicator:—

During a visit in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the volumes of Mr. Catlin first fell under the Communicator's observation, and among other passages those just quoted struck him forcibly. Although he scarcely hesitated to comprehend the circumstances there detailed, under a well-known though much-disputed class of phenomena, he was nevertheless anxious to verify them by actual experiment before he attempted to theorize upon them. And he now prefers to give the naked facts to the public, and leave his readers to account for them after their own fashion. It so happened that, while staying with his brother-in-law, F. M., of M— Park, the Communicator had the pleasure of meeting W. F. W., of B—, a great amateur in all matters relating to horses. In the course of conversation the Communicator mentioned what he had read about horse-taming, and the detail seemed to amuse them, although they evidently discredited the fact.

The Communicator begged them to put the matter to the test of experiment, and M., who had in his stables a filly, not yet a year old, who had never been taken out since she had been removed from her dam, in the preceding November, agreed that he would try the experiment upon this filly. The Communicator made a note of the experiments on the very days on which they were tried, and he here gives the substance of what he then wrote down.

EXPERIMENT THE FIRST.

SUBJECT—*A Filly, not yet a year old, who had never been taken out of the stable since she had been removed from her dam in the preceding November.*

Friday, Feb. 11, 1842.—In the morning W. and M. brought the filly from the stable to the front of M.'s house. The filly was quite wild, and on being first taken out of the stable she bolted, and dragged W., who only held her by a short halter, through a heap of manure. W. changed the halter for a long training halter, which gave him such power over her that he was easily able to bring the little scared thing up to the front of the house. Both M. and W. seemed much amused, and laughingly asked E. (the Communicator) to instruct them in Catlin's method of taming horses. E. did so as well as he could, quoting only from memory. The experiment was not tried very satisfactorily, but rather under disadvantages. The filly was in the open air, many strangers about her, and both the experimenters were seeking rather amusement from the failure than knowledge from the success of their experiment. W. kept hold of the halter, and M., with considerable difficulty, for the filly was very restive and frightened, managed to cover her eyes. He had been smoking just before, and the smoke must have had some effect on his breath. When he covered her eyes, he *blew* into the nostrils, but afterwards, at E.'s request, he *breathed*; and, as he immediately told E., directly that he began to breathe, the filly, who had very much resisted having her eyes covered and had been very restive, "*stood perfectly still and trembled.*" From that time she became very tractable. W. also breathed into her nostrils, and she evidently enjoyed it, and kept putting up her nose to receive the breath. She was exceedingly tractable and well behaved, and very loth to start, however much provoked. The waving of a red handkerchief, and the presenting of a hat to her eyes, while the presenter made a noise inside it, hardly seemed to startle her at all.

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1842.—This morning the filly was again led out to show its behaviour, which was so good as to call forth both astonishment and praise. It was exceedingly tractable, and followed W. about with a loose halter. Attempts were made to frighten it. M. put on a long scarlet Italian cap, and E. flapped a large Spanish cloak during a violent wind before its eyes, and any well broken-in horse would have started much more than did this yearling.

EXPERIMENT THE SECOND.

SUBJECT—*A Filly, three years old, coming four, and very obstinate ; quite unbroken-in.*

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1842.—While the last experiments were being tried on the yearling, W. espied B., a farmer and tenant of M., with several men, at the distance of some fields, trying, most ineffectually, on the old system, to break-in a horse. W. proposed to go down and show him what effect had been produced on the yearling. The rest agreed, and W., M., and E. proceeded towards B., W. leading the yearling. On their way they had to lead her over a brook, which she passed after a little persuasion, *without force*. One of the fields through which she had to pass contained four horses, three of which trotted up and surrounded her, but she did not become in the least degree restive, or desirous of getting loose. When the party arrived at the spot, they found that B. and his men had tied their filly short up to a tree in the corner of a field, one side of which was walled, and the other hedged in. W. now delivered the yearling up to M., and proposed to B. to tame his horse after the new method, or (to use his own phrase) to “puff” it. B., who was aware of the character of his horse, anxiously warned W. not to approach it, cautioning him especially against the fore-feet, asserting that the horse would rear and strike him with the fore-feet, as it had “lamed” his own (B.’s) thigh just before they had come up. W. therefore proceeded very cautiously. He climbed the wall, and came at the horse through the tree, to the trunk of which he clung for some time, that he might secure a retreat in case of need. Immediately upon his touching the halter, the horse pranced about, and finally pulled away with a dogged and stubborn expression, which seemed to bid W. defiance. Taking advantage of this, W. leaned over as far as he could, clinging all the time to the tree with his right hand, and succeeded in breathing into one nostril, without, however, being able to blind the eyes. From that moment all became easy. W., who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it, and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into the nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes W. declared his conviction that the horse was subdued ; and he then unfastened it, and, to the great and evident astonishment of B. (who had been trying all the morning in vain to gain a mastery over it), led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, with no one else near, W. quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to the horse, who put up its nose continually to receive the “puff.” In this manner W. led the horse through all the fields, in one of which were the four horses already mentioned, who had formerly been the companions of the one just tamed, and who surrounded it, without, however, making it in the least degree restive. At length W. and the horse reached the stable-yard, where they were joined by C. W. C. C., of S—— Hall, and J. B. son of B. the farmer. In the presence of

these, M., and E., W. first examined the fore-feet, and then the hind-feet of the horse, who offered no resistance, but, while W. was examining the hind-feet, leant its neck round, and kept nosing W.'s back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally bitted the horse with a rope. During the whole of these operations the horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree. All who witnessed the transaction were astonished at the result obtained. The Communicator regrets only that he is not at liberty to publish the names at length. This experiment of biting was the last that W. tried, since the nature of the country about M—— Park did not admit of ridings being tried with any prospect of safety. The whole experiment lasted about an hour. It should be mentioned that when J. B., to whom W. delivered up the horse, attempted to lead it away, it resisted; whereupon E. recommended J. B. to breathe into its nostrils. He did so, and the horse followed him easily. The next day, B., who is severe and obstinate, began at this horse in the old method, and belaboured it dreadfully, whereupon the horse very sensibly broke away. This result is important, since it shows that the spirit is subdued, not broken.

These are all the experiments which the Communicator has as yet had the opportunity of either witnessing or hearing the results of, but they are to him perfectly satisfactory; the more so, that Mr. W., who made the experiments, was himself perfectly ignorant of any process of the kind until informed of it at the actual time of making the experiment. It may be considered over-hasty to publish these experiments in their present crude state, but the Communicator does so with a view to investigation. He will have no opportunity himself of making any experiments, as he is unacquainted with the treatment of horses, and neither owns any nor is likely to be thrown in the way of any unbroken colts. But the experiment is easy for any horse-owner, and would be best made in the stable, where the horse might easily be haltered down so as to offer no resistance. The method would, no doubt, be found efficacious for the subjugation and taming of *vicious* horses. The readers will, of course, have heard of the celebrated Irish horse-charmers. They never would communicate the secret, nor allow any one to be with them while they were in the stable taming the horse. It is agreed, however, that they approached the head. The Communicator feels sure that the method they employed was analogous to that contained in these pages. Persons have paid high prices for having their horses charmed; they have now an opportunity of charming horses themselves, at a very small expense of time and labour. Half an hour will suffice to subdue the most fiery steed—the wild horse of the prairies of North America.

The Communicator has no object but that of benefiting the public in the above communication. The method is not his own, nor has he the merit of having first published it; but he thinks that he is the first who has caused the experiment to be made in England, and the entire success of that experiment induces him to make the present communication, in the hope that he may benefit not only his countrymen by the publication of a simple, easy,

and rapid method of performing what was formerly a long, tedious, and difficult process, but also the "pau beasts" themselves, by saving them from the pains and tortures of what is very aptly termed "*breaking-in*." Mr. Catlin, indeed, speaks of the horse's struggles being severe, but they were the struggles of a wild horse, just caught on a prairie, and not of the domestic animal quietly haltered in a stable. The process as now presented is one of great humanity to the horse, as well as ease and economy to the horse-owner. The only objections to it are its novelty and simplicity. Those who have strength of mind to act for themselves, and not to despise any means, however simple or apparently childish, will have cause to rejoice over the great results at which they will arrive. But the great watchword which the Communicator would impress upon his readers is, "Experiment!"

Magna est veritas et prævalebit.

A. J. E.

Note.—The above experiments, which the Author has supposed might be interesting to some of his readers, have been even more successful than he would have anticipated, having always believed that to bring about the surprising compromise he has so often witnessed by exchanging breath, the animal should be a wild one, and in the last extremity of fear and exhaustion.—THE AUTHOR.

7

THE END.

人

