

of native copper, which also occurs in veins in the same trap rocks. These metallic deposits have not been found to be of economic importance. The trap of this Formation is celebrated on account of its cabinet minerals. Every museum of importance in the United States has specimens of the trap minerals of Nova Scotia.

ART. IV.—INDIANS OF NOVA SCOTIA. BY J. BERNARD GILPIN,
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(*Read 12th March, 1877.*)

I HAVE thought it desirable to put upon record in the Transactions of the Natural History Society, all the facts I could obtain, either personally or from old and living authors, concerning our native Indians. The time is rapidly passing,—indeed, has now passed, for such a purpose. I may not produce any thing new; but if I only put old things, scattered in many books, manuscripts, or in traditions, into one record, I shall have done as much as I expected to do. The books I have had access to, by the kindness of my friend, Dr. Akins, have been early copies of Cartier, Champlain, and LesCarbot, and Charlevoix,—all eye-witnesses, except the last. I have also had access to all the manuscript documents belonging to the Record Commission of Nova Scotia, from seventeen hundred and twenty-four, nearly to our present time, including the Indian book of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. These, with occasional pamphlets issued from time to time, my own personal recollections, traditions, and Murdock's History of Nova Scotia, are the sources from which I have drawn. This latter gentleman has drawn largely from "Relations of the Jesuits, Quebec."

Our first exact account of the Indians of Nova Scotia is found in Les Carbot, 1609. Earlier mention is made of them, however, in Jacques Cartier, whose first voyages were in 1534. We find that as early as the sixteenth century the shores of Nova Scotia were frequented by fishermen of various nations, and in greater

numbers than is usually supposed. Baron de Lery visited Sable Island as early as 1518. Savelet in 1604, had made forty voyages from France; a voyage and home being then about one year. Thus, when Les Carbot gives us his minute descriptions, from two to three generations must have passed since the Iron age had commenced its operations on the races of the Stone period. Iron knives and axes, the steel and flint, with its great powers of carrying fire everywhere, and coarse potteries and beads, must have begun already to modify their habits. The ancient arrow-maker must have ceased his art; the son must have used an axe foreign to his father, and the squaw to ornament her skins with French beads instead of small shells. The first name by which they were called by the French is Souriquois or Sourique. This name seems almost identical with Irequois, Arromouchequois and Algonquin. It is probable the Mic-Macs, as we now call them, were a set-off from the great Algonquin race, who extend from Canada to the extreme West; but set off for so long a period of time as to lose a common dialect. Whilst our Indians from the earliest date used the language common to Canada, they could not understand the Armouchiquois, or those who lived in what is now called New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In the year sixteen hundred and nine, the French living at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, estimated their numbers between three and four thousand souls. This included Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. This, by the usual calculations, would make between five and six hundred adult or fighting men. They were clothed in skins of bear, otter, beaver and fox, and the larger skins of elk and deer. They had learned the art of softening and taking the hair off the larger ones. In Summer their clothing was a girdle around their waists, on which was fixed a skin that went betwixt the legs, and was attached again to the girdle behind. A cloak of skins was hung around the neck, with a loose cape hanging back from the shoulder. Usually the right arm was exposed. In winter they made sleeves of beaver skins, tied at the back, and long hose of the same, tied to the girdle around the loins, and their feet were covered with a buskin of untanned leather drawn into plaits in front, the present mocasin. The women

wore the same dress, with the exception of a tight girdle around the cloak. In camp the men wore nothing but the waist leather. They had no covering for their heads, using the loose cape of their cloaks as shelter in winter. The hair was worn long, cut short in front and sometimes trussed on the top or behind by a feather or pin. For ornaments they seem to neither have been painted or tattooed, but to have made strings of black wooden beads and pieces of white shells. The quills of the porcupine were also dyed with bright colours and formed into plats and squares. The men cared but little about these things, but they wore knives at their breasts. These people, thus clothed, lived in movable wigwams, a conical tent made of birch bark fastened around poles tied at the top, and at the bottom encircling an area of about twelve feet diameter. During summer they pitched them at the sea side or on the lake borders; in winter they retired to the forest. In the short summer they lived upon fish, and during the long winter when the fish had retired from the shore, they hunted the elk and reindeer. They, when at war and expecting an attack made a pallisaded fort, by taking a square of living trees, thickening up the spaces with poles and brushwood and leaving but one place of entrance, and building their camps or wigwams within it, thus contriving a rude fortification. In a print of the period from Champlain, of the pallisaded forts in Canada, the structure is much more elaborate, and built of hewn timber, but LesCarbot distinctly asserts that our Indians never felled trees, not even for fire wood. The few household utensils they possessed were of wood, stone and horn, or bone. They had pots of a very coarse baked pottery, and stone axes and mallets, knives and gouges. Deers' horn and bone were also used, and from a recent deposit at Lunenburg we find copper knife blades and needles made from the native copper of the Bay of Fundy, hammered into shape. They also had the beautiful racquet or snow shoe, that has come down to us unaltered. These simple utensils, with their skins and furs and the boat, or canoe, that transported them from sea coast to lake side, formed all their wealth. They had already acquired the habit of smoking, and though they did carve their pipes sometimes into forms of animals, yet the usual pipe was a stone hollowed at one

end into a pan, into which they stuck a quill or hollow reed. In their wars they used clubs, bows and arrows, and shields, and lances or spears headed with stone. These wars were carried on with much forethought and energy. Membertou, the old Sagamos, at Port Royal, brought men from Miramichi and St. John's river, and made a rendezvous with his own from Nova Scotia, at Grand Manan, before attacking the tribes that resided in what is now called Massachusetts. They brought home the heads of their enemies, which they embalmed and hung them about their necks in triumph, but there is no mention made of scalping.

As they had no letters they could have had no laws, save traditions. The Sagamos usually settled all disputes. A man of many friends was unmolested, for he had many to avenge him, but a slave or a prisoner with no friends fared badly. Polygamy was allowed rather than practiced, and though they had little regard for chastity yet there seems to have been no jealousy among them. Their care for their parents, fondness for their children and general hospitality must make all amends.

As regards religion, an obscure belief in some future state was their only creed, some Medicine men their only priests. And now we can form some idea of these men of the stone period as they were about insensibly to fall beneath the iron age. A well fed, light footed, clay-red race, with beardless face and shock of black hair, fish and flesh eaters, reaping no harvest save from forest and sea, having neither letters or laws or settled habitations, yet either in friendship or war having relations five hundred miles at least with their neighbors on either side.

This is not an unpleasant picture of man in his stone period. With no laws but those of superior strength, they got on very fairly in their social relations. With no church or religion they were hospitable to their neighbors, kind to their wives and children, and very careful of the old. "One thing I will say," says Mark LesCarbot, "that belongeth to fatherly piety, that the children are not so cursed as to despise their parents in old age, but do provide for them with venison." But it strikes one through all these narratives that life was hard to keep up. The severity of the climate, the long

winter for which they could make no provision, and their inability to cultivate the soil, always kept their numbers few. They made no accumulations, and have left no records of the past save a few stone weapons and shell mounds.

Further south where a sunnier sky brought forth the maize and the bean, there the same race grew in numbers and strength, and became so powerful as to repel the Frenchmen who themselves would gladly have made their settlements to the southward of Nova Scotia.

This ends the first stage, the stone period, or prehistoric age of our Mic-Mac. About two hundred and seventy years ago, or the beginning of the seventeenth century, the age of Iron came down upon them. They came under the influences of the French, who held them for one hundred years, and whose kind and mild Government may be called their French age. During this period they must insensibly have cast off their coats of skin and clothed themselves in woollen clothes. They ceased to war with themselves, they pointed their weapons with iron instead of stone, or exchanged them for muskets, but they still remained living in wigwams, wandering from sea to forest, and generally connecting themselves with the French fishing stations and ports, where they bartered skins and furs for bread and tobacco, and other things which they were fast learning to call the necessaries of life

We have no records of this period, but from incidental remarks from time to time of various writers, we learn that the kind relations existing from the first betwixt them and their masters, never altered.

When a female prisoner stole from the Sagamos, Membertou, an axe and tinder box to facilitate the escape of another captive, she was condemned to die. The women of the tribe led her to the forest and there killed her, the king's daughter, a comely maiden, striking the first blow. The French officers, to show their disgust, ever afterwards refused her as a partner at the dance. This anecdote shows the iron age as a reformer, yet something may be said for the stone, where men would not kill women. They may be said to have accepted the Christian faith rather than to have been converted. They had no faith to turn from. The Fathers of th Recollet and

the Jesuits vied with each other in teaching the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. On St. John's Day, June 24, 1610, twenty-four or five of the Indians were baptized at Port Royal, among whom was Membertou, then one hundred years old,—his great namesake, Henry of Navarre, having fallen but a few weeks before under the assassin's blow. To the present day they have been faithful to that church whose simple dogmatic teaching and splendid exterior so well supplies their religious wants. Of such importance was this event considered, that a special messenger was sent to France to announce it; and again we meet with a royal letter of the great Louis XIV.'s, enjoining upon the governor, their religious care.

Baron de la Honton, 1696, says (Murdock): "The French neglect nothing to secure the Indians, giving some notable men pay as a lieutenant or ensign, and giving them rewards for mischief to the English, or to the Indians in the English interest, paying them for scalps, sending the Canadian youth with them, or giving them commissions,—taking Indians to Europe to show them the glories of the French Court and armies. There are now at Versailles six Sagamos from Canada, Hudson's Bay, and Nova Scotia."

Thus, kindly and gently the French held our Mic-Macs for one hundred years. In seventeen hundred and ten, Soubercase, the French Governor at Port Royal, now Annapolis, surrendered it and all Acadie to the English. From that date French government ceased, as regards our Mic-Macs, from amongst them. The cruel Indian wars that had been raging for more than fifty years so near them, and so cruel, that it has been said that there was no man of forty but had seen twenty years service on the borders of New England, was now to set in upon Nova Scotia.

After the conquest of Nova Scotia, the English Governors held but feeble sway at Annapolis, and their out-ports at LaHave, Horton, and Canseau. The neutral French played into the hands of the openly hostile Indian, and they were both influenced by the French Governor of Quebec. The lives of the English governors seem to have been perpetually harrassed by the Indians, who were

excited to their acts by emissaries, chiefly from Quebec. M. Gaulin, missionary, (letter from Placentia, 5th September, 1711, Murdock), boasts, "To take away all hope of an accommodation, he induced the savages to made incursions upon the English." During this same year an ambuscade of Indians destroyed the whole force of eighty men, killing outright thirty men, the fort-major and engineer, and making the rest prisoners. This happened twelve miles up river from the fort, and so encouraged Gaulin that he immediately invested the fort (Port Royal) so closely that the garrison could not appear upon the ramparts. This garrison is said to have lost in seven months, by sickness and sorties, three hundred and fifty men. Surprisals also were made by the Indians on fishing vessels and fishermen on the sea coast,—at Yarmouth, at LaHave, and at Canseau. Few people now imagine the terror of their name at that date, or fancy that a few scattered savages could do so much mischief. "Queen Anne may have the meadows, but we have the forest, from which nothing can drive us," was their open boast, as well as the reason of this power.

Their inroads seem to have been made from with varying frequency, from seventeen hundred and ten to seventeen hundred and sixty-one. They languished for awhile; but when it was seen by the French that England, by the founding of Halifax, was in earnest in settling the Province, they seem to have increased. Annapolis was again invested by the Indians, and a sergeant and two men killed. Another missionary, not Gaulin, but Laloutte, the darkest figure of the many dark men that vexed the times, boldly led the assault of his French and Indians, against the crumbling walls of old Port Royal, then defended by the veteran Mascarene. Unsuccessful, stained by the murder of Captain Howe, denounced by the French officers, and by his superior, the Bishop of Quebec, he disappeared from the scene, tradition says, to die a life-prisoner in an English fortress.*

* It must be confessed as a strange irony of the times, that the grand wars of the French were fought over in the pine forests of Nova Scotia between Huguenot and Catholic. Whilst Gaulin and the Jesuit Laloutte led on their petty tribe of savages, the Huguenot Mascarene stayed up his ragged soldiery. This gentleman, banished by the revocation of the edict of Nantz whilst yet a child, from France, found himself

Dartmouth was also assaulted, and murders and robberies committed at Windsor and other parts. The Governors were of late in the habit of taking hostages for their good behaviour, which kept them quiet for some time. One of these poor fellows, who had been a hostage for two years about the fort, was shot and scalped by an order in council, amongst whose members sat that merciful officer, Major Mascarene. This cruel anecdote shows strongly the dread and fear these Mic-Macs must have caused in those times, as well as their power.

Haliburton says of these times: "The number and ferocity of the Indians, and the predatory habits in which they indulged, rendered them objects of great attention and concern to the local government."

In seventeen hundred and sixty one a formal treaty of peace with the Indians was signed at Halifax, and the hatchet buried. Quebec having already fallen, the Treaty of Paris (seventeen hundred and sixty-three), crushed for ever these bloody scenes.

In looking over the manuscript documents relating to the Indians, now in the Record Office, we find the several treaties at Casco, Maine, at Halifax, and again at Halifax, with one, Francis Mius, who held the chieftdom of LaHave, under brevet of Chevalier Duguesnol, Governor of Cape Breton. In these the Indians are treated as powerful bodies, presents are made and hostages exacted. A few years pass, and treaties change to humble petitions. They are beggars now,—wandering families, and the principal papers are certified accounts of powder, shot, tea, tobacco, pipes, blankets and meal, supplied them by government, from time to time.

In eighteen hundred and one, in reply to a committee of the House of Assembly, a return of their number was sent in as eight hundred and fifty. These returns are incomplete, not including Cape Breton, Yarmouth, and Annapolis. These manuscripts are

a soldier of fortune and Captain of Grenadiers in a New Hampshire regiment, entering, as he himself says, Port Royal at the breach. His after command of that place shows him a fair match to his enemies, in courtesy, in courage, and craft, and in good French. Now nearly taking off Laloutte's head by a lucky cannon shot: now allowing provision to be sent to the starving garrison at Louisbourg, (he had had a butt of claret from old Duguesnol), and then answering the Archbishop of Quebec in French as fair as his own.

varied by the different writers' remarks. Edward Irish, Dorchester, says: "In getting new blankets, they made breeches and stockings by cutting up the old ones." This fact was verified by Charles Glode, about eighteen hundred and thirty-three, using strips of blanket for stockings, when in the woods with myself. G. Oxley, Cumberland, says: "I knew no heads of families addicted to drunkenness to any remarkable degree, nor any but will be drunk when opportunity affords." This truthful remark remains good yet. Joseph Marshall, Guysborough, says: "Very little in their huts to subsist on, and as little on their persons to shelter them." The government had spent £550 in one year upon them; but two years afterwards we find them curtailing their grants "to the young Indians roaming to Quebec, when hard-working white men at Halifax were supporting families at three or four shillings a day." In eighteen hundred and seven, the year of the *Chesapeake*, American frigate taken by the *Leopard* in time of peace, on an alarm of an American invasion, these wandering beggars were again the objects of alarm.

The Province was divided into twelve Indian districts. Mr. Monk, afterwards Justice Monk, was appointed Chief Indian Commissioner, who communicates to the twelve deputies, whom he hopes will give gratuitous information "in the hour of alarm." He had also the power to send confidential agents or spies to live among the Indians.

In Judge Monk's report to government, he places the fighting men at between three and four hundred, says there is much war talk among them; that deputations had been sent to Canada, and that American agents were making great war talk about them; that generally the feeling was neutral; that they would wait to join the strongest party; except the Indians of Pictou, who would accept nothing from government, but would scalp all the pale-faces in two nights; and those of Sable River, who had assembled in large numbers, had menaced the Shelburne Indians, and insolently refused to explain their meetings; that in Cumberland they would fight for King George, and that in Cape Breton the feeling was similar with Nova Scotia. He also suggests that the twelve districts should

choose a chief who would communicate with the government, and that the influence of the Catholic clergy, who were very well disposed, should be sought.

These various papers, all much decayed, and many dirty and pocket-worn, are endorsed by Governors Wentworth, Prevost, and Sherbroke. The strong, bold hand-writing of the latter, with the initials J. C. S., are very characteristic. Louis Toney and Peter Maurice, to their honor be it told, offer to fight for King George. This petition is dated eighteen hundred and twelve.

From memoranda of Sir John Sherbroke, we gather that they were never called into service. He orders them to be clothed, but arms and rations are nowhere to be issued. There are persons still living who remember seeing two hundred in one body at Shubenacadie at that time, and Indians not long dead who boasted of being captains then. To us in the nineteenth century, their being cause of alarm seems more strange than their ingratitude, after being fed for one hundred years. Petitions for grants of land now appear. Reserves of one thousand acres in various parts of the Province and in Cape Breton were surveyed. The Francis Xavier settlement at Bear River, Annapolis, seems to have been the most successful, under the joint care of Mr. Justice Wiswell and the Abbe Segoigne, in eighteen hundred and thirty-one. There are several letters of this excellent gentleman preserved.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two a commission was issued by the Lieutenant-Governor, Lord Falkland, appointing the Hon. Joseph Howe, Indian Commissioner; and from his report, dated eighteen hundred and forty-two, we learn their numbers at that time to have been fourteen hundred and twenty-five.

Mr. Howe, from statistics received, says the numbers at Pictou in seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, were eight hundred, and calculates their decrease by it; but Mortimer's list to House of Assembly for eighteen hundred, makes them only one hundred and thirty-six. Mr. Howe's book contains his own report, a separate plan of each reserve of land for the Indians, being in Nova Scotia proper, ten thousand and fifty acres, and in Cape Breton, twelve thousand; numerous letters from various individuals, and ends in

eighteen hundred and forty-two. He seems to have entered into the work with his characteristic force and with personal observation.

Here ends the records; but doubtless there are other papers between this date and the confederation of the Dominion, at which time Indian affairs were handed over to it, still in the public offices.

My first knowledge of the Indians began in eighteen hundred and thirty-one. At that period they all lived in neat birch-bark wigwams,—a house was a very rare exception; and they all, both women and men, were clothed in coarse blue cloth. The men in blue frocks with scarlet edges upon the shoulders and on the arms. A scarlet or gay-colored sash bound this to their waist, at the back of which hung a tobacco pouch of moose skin. They wore also knee-breeches and long gaiters of the same blue, with the selvage edge left long, and ornamented with scarlet. The stocking was a long roller of blanket, wound from the toe to the knee. A large silver brooch of the size of a large watch, usually held the frock at the neck; and the foot was covered by an untanned mocassin. The hair was worn very long. A beaver hat on great occasions, but usually a straw hat or red cap surmounted a huge mass of unkempt locks.

The women wore a high-pointed cap of blue cloth, often ornamented with scarlet cloth and white beads; a short gown and petticoat reaching to the knee, with a gaiter trowser, and the selvage left loose to the ankle. In cold weather a blanket was worn over the head, and always brought square across the back.

This pleasing dress, in which we recognize the hunting frock of all North America, whether it be the deer-skin shirt and leggins, with their fringes of the far west Indians, or the frock of the old continental rifleman, we infer was their habit from the time they ceased to wear skins. The continual mention of coarse scarlet and blue serges by the French, the bales of blue cloth in the English treaties, and the bills of the same furnished to them by government in our own times, are ample proof.

The gaiter is the old housen of Les Carbot with its uncut fringe, and the scarlet epaulet or wing the "Matachias" of the

same author; or ornaments of quills, where the “good beaver sleeves” goeth into the cloak of skin.

In “The Frontier Missionary” we have a graphic sketch of the Indian of his day, 1779, at Halifax: “He had many Indians in his train,” speaking of Lieutenant-Governor Franklin, “arrayed in all their tinsel finery, amongst whom was a Sachem, who wore a long blue coat adorned by a scarlet cape and bound closely about his loins by a girdle.” This is proof of his dress one hundred years ago.

In 1831, when I first made acquaintance with them, this blue hunting frock, scarlet epaulet, and gaudy girdle, and long gaiter for the men, with blue pointed cap, short petticoat, and gaiter, with blanket always worn *square* on the back, for the women, was their universal wear. Les Carbot says expressly, the skin cloak was worn square, so they have adhered to this form through skin and serge and two hundred and fifty years.

I have now brought the Mic-Mac from his Stone or pre-historic age, his French age, and his English age, to our own times, and it remains to give his present condition. Estimated in early French times at about between three and four thousand souls, and that including Prince Edward’s, we find them at the next authentic record (Judge Monk’s return, 1808) as from three hundred and fifty to four hundred fighting men. This would make about two thousand souls, making a decrease of something more than fifteen hundred in two hundred years. In 1842, Mr. Howe returns them at fourteen hundred and twenty-five. The last census makes them:

Halifax.....	158	Annapolis.....	68
Lunenburg.....	50	Kings.....	61
Queen’s.....	110	Hants.....	168
Shelburne.....	28	Cumberland....	44
Yarmouth.....	37	Colchester.....	31
Digby.....	224	Pictou.....	125
Antigonish.....	81	Guysborough...	48

Cape Breton—

Inverness	138	Victoria	69
C. Breton	188	Richmond	78

473 C. B.—1706 Total.

Thus we find from census returns they are rather increasing. This is owing in part, perhaps, to the census being more correct; but there are other causes that may contribute. Within the last fifty years a greater change in their dress and habits has come over them than when they passed from skins to serge. With regard to the men, the blue hunting frock and gaiter with its scarlet seams have entirely disappeared. The men dress in ordinary clothes, but usually affect a grey tunic and pantaloons, with shoes or high boots. The high pointed cap and short petticoat lingers a little amongst the old women; but hats and feathers, veils, flounces and high laced boots are rapidly taking their place. Though the artist must mourn, the wild graceful figure lost in the modern navy, yet no doubt the change is beneficial. Anything that lessens the separation between them and the dominant race into which they must sink, hastens the hour. Another change in their habits is telling greatly upon them, they all now have permanent winter houses. If they do not sleep in beds, they at least sleep on floors of wood during the cold winter, instead of on the hard ground covered by spruce bushes.

Their summer camps are still as of old. Clothed like ourselves, with a boot keeping the feet dry, and sleeping warm and dry, they cannot retain the old instinctive adhesiveness of race, or the ancient consumptions and palsies that formerly decimated them. Ever minding all these changes and these ceaseless influences on their moral and physical condition, we will describe the Mic-Mac Indian of the present hour. His stature is below the medium; slight, carrying his shoulders overhanging forward and high; his limbs light, and extremities small; the tibia or shin bone well curved, but this curve is high in the bone and forward as well as outward, and springing as it does from the high boney arch of a very clean instep, has the grace of fitness and beauty which is not found when

the curve is near the ankle and the instep flat. This beauty which was formerly brought out by the tight gaiter and moccasin, the fisherman's heavy boots is fast destroying; and the loose trouser with its baggy knees hiding from sight. He is beginning to turn his toes outwards. Even the Indian squaw who once stole so softly on you with her parrot-toed foot, fringed to the ground like her native grouse, now flaunts with outward toe, a crimson topped high laced boot. He wears his hair cropped now, which brings still more in relief the small and narrowed skull, high and broad cheek bone, high frontal ridges, and square heavy jaw bone of the red man, or Mongolian type.

If we look in the children and women we find the oblique eye of the same race; but in the adult the continual exposure has caused the muscles of the orbit drawing and puckering around the eye for its defence, to draw down the corners. The nose sometimes approaches to the Roman, but always has wide nostrils; the mouth large with the upper lip convex, and the chin retreating.

In the women and children the mouth is the worst feature, being large, unmeaning, and often open,—the greater force in man giving it stronger expression. The eye is dark, oblique and small, and rather intelligent than bright. The French called their colour olive. This now could scarcely be true. We miss the richness of the olive. The men were almost a clay yellow, and it is only in the women and young we find a reddish tint or coloured lip or cheek. The beard is scanty, a small moustache and a few hairs on the point of chin. Such is the description at present of the Stone man of two hundred and fifty years ago,—how little changed in habit or feature. The ceaseless influences of civilization, of different food and altered habits, have worn down and softened his contour. The high cheek bone is lessened, the strong jaw is less square, and the wild aspect of savage life softened. He has ceased to tear his meat like a dog, therefore the square jaw is more pointed, and the cheek bone, which is only a bridge for the jaw and its muscles to play beneath, has fallen; nor has he the wild utterance or startled look of one always fearing his enemy.

Recollecting that these changes are as ceaselessly working upon ourselves, we cannot but marvel at the strong cohesiveness of race that has kept him so little unaltered. Give him back his well stored forest and stream and one generation would obliterate his whole civilization.

It is generally said our Indians are changing from mixed blood. No doubt there is some truth in this, as the white names continually occurring amongst them prove; but as far as my own researches, principally amongst the western families, have reached, I think this is only by illicit intercourse,—the child taking the name of its father. I never saw but one Indian with a white wife, and I have only known two white men living amongst them. One of them was married. I saw one negro, whose half-breed child showed so many signs of unconformability of races; and as I have never met her afterwards, or but a single trace of her descendants since, I think the cast has died out. The Indians themselves remarked it. “Me tink,” said old Molly to me, “Indian squaws with wool, nasty, nasty.”

The Biologist would have been equally disgusted, but would not have failed to note the Mongolian and Caucasian were more nearly allied than the negro.

These remarks are based upon the Nova Scotia Indian, as we know from the statement of the late Colonel Chearnley, Indian Commissioner, that a race of half-breeds between the French and Indians of Cape Breton, were rivalling both parents in stature and habits. Yet it must be confessed that a lighter colour, a tendency to fatness, especially in the women, and a smoothness of contour as regards form, and a loss of that so pleasant scanty tongue (the words dropping out so unwillingly), is stealing amongst them.*

* These observations are made principally from the idle groups of men, women and children hanging around our country villages, or their own summer camp. Yet, it is but fair to the Indian to say that, seen in the forest or in the hunting grounds, all the old instincts of his race start out, clothed though he may have been in skins, blue hunting frock or grey trowsers,—his exact knowledge of localities, day or night, his keen observations of all animal signs, and his power of forming rapid and true conclusions from them. Unlike white men, he never works lazily, although off work none can excel him in it. He tracks his game with all his might,—eye, ear, foot, touch, is strained to their utmost intensity. His pose, shooting porpoise from his frail canoe, is a study for an artist. Such seemingly careless repose, such nice balancing,

Whether from cross-breeding or the ceaseless efforts of new circumstances, the grey loose trowsers, heavy boots, cook-stove and dry bed, will rapidly accelerate all these changes. It seems now by the census returns, they have a slight increase; yet the fewness of children amongst them too surely proves a doomed race. From the many returns of now nearly one hundred years, and my own observations, to allow three children to one family is a very high estimate. In some counties two, or two and one-half, was nearer the truth. The very early marriages of thirteen or fourteen years may conduce to this, as though many die in infancy, fewer are born than amongst the whites.

The race between change of habit and existence, will end in existence, marking the score. They will die out as Mic-Macs. They have ceased to be forest hunters. No Indian lives by the chase, and although they are now generally spread over the Province, the shores of the great Bay of Fundy will be their last haunt. The attractions of porpoise-hunting, the only chase left them, and the St. Francis Xavier reserve, the one settlement of Nova Scotia still in existence, will keep them lingering around the Digby Gut. Here they will lazily plant their barren fields, hunt porpoise, shoot gulls, and make woodenware and baskets, fading away, the victims of altered circumstances, as their congeners, the cariboo and the moose, have done before them.

It is evident that the time has long passed to consider them as a nation, in approaching them for their good. The sooner all national feeling, language and traditions are gone the better. They must be approached as individual men and women, taught English, to write, and to speak it. The English boot and trowsers have done much for them. A few years ago many most sincere persons gave large sums of money to civilize them. Their money and work were all wasted, if not injuring the race they sincerely sought to benefit.

followed by such rapid actions, like the recoil of a steel spring, is what no white man may learn,—is hereditary. These powers remain in some individuals still, but the individuals are fewer. But few hunt, and of the Indians collectively, it may now be said they do not live by the chase. Basket making and woodenware, a little planting of potatoes, selling porpoise oil, sometimes moose-meat, and a few furs, with occasional hiring at stream driving, afford a miserable living to those who need only food and othing, paying neither rent nor taxes.

By a most fatal mistake in natural laws, and by teaching them their own language, by printing what were called (but really were not) Mic-Mac books and gospels, they meddled with their faith, and sought to carry them back to their old worn-out life and language, now sadly disjointed from the present times. Their only language should be English. They have no written character dating beyond their conversion to Christianity; but amongst them are devotional books in manuscript, hieroglyphics where a figure like a beaver stands for a sentence, and others, also manuscript, where the sounds appear to have been reduced to English letters somewhat modified, but all derived from the French clergy. We can only lament so much money, and so much hard work sincerely wasted, in harrassing their untutored minds with another language and another faith, before they had taught them to wear shoes and stockings, or to eat from tables.

In making a list of names and families, I have had recourse to ancient treaties, old vouchers and Government lists, and my own knowledge. I have found that many, and those the most permanent ones, are derived from Scripture, and were no doubt given them by the French clergy in baptism, others seem territorial, and others seem to have sprung from illicit intercourse with the whites, the son taking the white father's name. Many found in old records have died out. The Cape Breton names are peculiarly French, as it was held by the French fifty years after Nova Scotia. The families whose names are derived from original baptism by the French clergy, are:—

Peter,	Thaughmough,	Nicola,
Paul,	Bernard,	Juhairie,
Noel,	Glode,	Phillip,
Thomas,	Meuse,	Bettis,
Slome,	Leuxy,	Martin,
Toni,	Charles,	Joseph,
Jeremy,	Francois,	Cobadeel,
Scire,	John,	Simon,
Sosop,	Elixé,	Louis,
Malti,	Pattus,	Mick.
Toma,	Tonsux.	

Thus Noel means Xtmas ; Toma and Thaughmough comes from Thomas ; Slome from Siloom ; Toni from Anthony ; Sosop from Joseph ; Malti from Matthias ; Glode from Claude, by the following steps :—Clod, (1744) Cloud, Cloat, Gloat, Gleude, Glode, so spelt in old records to the present day. Meuse from Michael ; thus Moesel alias Michael is found in an old treaty, (1744), then Mosel, then Mioce, who held a brevet and medal from Duquesnol, French Governor of Cape Breton, though a British subject, living at La Have, (ob circa 1754), then Francis Mius, son of the same, dying at Clare, (1811), but holding brevet and medal, and according to the good Father Segoigne, not transmitting their high reputation in faith and morals. James Meuse, lineal descendant of the same, now holds the medal and still retains the Indian Governorship at St. Francis Xavier Settlement, Bear River. Thus in almost every instance we can refer the names in this list to their original baptism.

In the next list we find the white names indicating their various crossings ; but as the descendants of these half-breeds intermarry with whole breeds, the tendency is to return to the old race. The families whose names are derived from the whites, are :—

Williams,	Stevens,	Bartlet,
Knockwood,	Barron,	Bradford,
Nocot,	Mitchell,	M'Grode,
Nogood,	Wilmot,	Ball,
Nuffcoat,	Hadley,	Guy,
Morrice,	Wisdom,	Davis,
Knowland,	Duncan,	Alley,
Cope,	Walton,	Wise,
Coop,	Nugent,	Butmere.
Brooks,		

This list sufficiently shows its origin. Perhaps Nocot, Nogood, Nuffcoat, may all come from Knockwood, whilst Bradford now has a negro strain.

In the next, which finishes the list, are many we can scarcely class, and have become extinct.

Pictou,	Oakum,	Porpus,
Labrador,	Pulpis,	Brinaugh,
Mabou,	Petition,	Leguire,
Kalecl,	Bonta,	Savio,
Lapier,	Paspish,	Bardo,
Genesh,	Muscataway,	Snasin,
Penaul,	Amquasset,	Snake,
Letone,	Algomartin,	Mercatowan,
Morier,	Agamone,	Pearless,
Prospea,	Beatle,	Polance,
Brospea,	Bobbi,	Sesough,
Brashea,	Marble,	Hogamaw,
Sheponie,	Quarrel,	Dinney,
Lurlan,	Docomorno,	Gogos.
Legou,		

In this list we find several that may be called territorial, as Mabou, Pictou, Labrador, Genish to be represented by one, Jackish, who surrendered to Governor Mascarene, (ob circa 1740); some with a French origin and many evidently, as Algomartink, Muscawry, and others of remote Indian origin. These last all appear, some of them many times in old manuscripts, but are now, with a few exceptions, extinct.

The spelling has been made by the various writers of these old papers, seemingly each one by his own idea of sound, and thus families may have been confounded. In saying that at present there may be about forty to fifty-five families in the Province is an approximation.

To show the uncertainty of any deductions from these words of an unwritten dialect, we have a tradition of a great chief named Hogomaw, who fought against Wolf at Louisbourg and Quebec, and was there saved from being shot by having spared an officer at Louisbourg, and his grave is still shown in Cape Breton. Now Malti Pictou, an Indian of Digby County, upon hearing the word Hogomaw, said directly, "that means where big tree lies fallen." Thus memory and tradition having died out, even among his

descendants, now named Dinneys, the beautiful epithet for a Red warrior's grave has passed into a name for himself.

To further illustrate the Indians, I will give a sketch of a visit to St. Francis Xavier settlement, Beaver River, the most successful of all the experiments to attach them to the soil, made in July, 1877. It was formed by the late Mr. Justice Wiswell, acting under government, who called to his assistance the Abbe Segoinne, a French clergyman of great devotion and simplicity of habit, in 1828. A reserve of one thousand acres was divided into thirty-acre lots, and one lot given to each head of family, upon certain conditions, and not on fee simple. At present about twenty-five families reside upon it, each in its own house. A road about a mile and a half long and fairly enclosed by stone dyke or rail fence runs through it. A few potato patches, pot herbs and garden bits about each house are the only signs of cultivation. All the fields were in hay lands or in pasturage. The houses were small frame ones, with glazed windows, shingled, and each with a porch. Inside they had good floors, chimney, cook-stove, table, but few chairs, and walls not plaistered, though some were papered with *Illustrated London News*. A porch and single room formed the lower floor, but there was an upper loft, approached by a ladder, which formed sleeping apartments.

In the whole settlement there was but one barn. Other fields were grown up by alders and birches, with Indian paths leading by devious routes to other houses,—to the chapel, or to the square lodge-like house, where had dwelt the Chief and his family for these fifty years. The chapel, a plain, square building, with porch and square windows, stands in an enclosure, guarded by many a rude grave with ruder head-stone, and quaintly carved wooden cross sticking through the coarse matted grass. These two buildings are by the charity of a descendant of Selina the famous Countess of Huntington, who was moved thereby by James Meuse, the Chief, visiting England about eighteen hundred and twenty-five. A print portrait of the lady still hangs upon the dingy walls. Though as an agricultural settlement, this is a failure, though each house stands bald, no barn or out-house standing by, with pig or chick or cow,

as have the whites, and devious Indian paths lose themselves in open porches of houses passed in and out, rather than dwelt in. Yet it may be called a success. Here have twenty-six families been weaned from wigwams and bed on the ground, to permanent dwellings, dry floors, to separation of sleeping rooms, to cook-stoves, and to a sense of the necessity of all these wants.

At the time of our visit,—Summer,—the men were all away shooting porpoise on the Bay of Fundy, and nothing but women and children were left behind. A scanty crop of potatoes, and letting their fields for pasturage, with here and there a cow, is all that they gain, save fire-wood and a home from the land. The sale of baskets and woodenware, with that of porpoise oil, berries, some deer meat and wages gained in log cutting, make up the scanty hoard which clothes and feeds them. Begging is carried on everywhere and every place. As are the habits of the citizens of this the most permanent and populous settlement, such are those of their fellows, scattered in smaller parties in every county of the Province,—of those who dwell at Cape Breton, in larger settlements, and who linger in Dartmouth, from its neighborhood to the metropolis. Much has been done. Dry feet and a cook-stove fits man for moral reform far more than any but the thoughtful will allow; but in all that is to be done, they must be considered as individuals,—the past forgotten, the future aimed at. They must be taught in English,—to write, to read, and to forget their own language, with all its traditions; but which is only and never was but a dialect of a roving tribe, with an ever varying pronunciation of years and individuals.

Instead of distributing the conventional blankets and pipes,—things of the past,—the Dominion Government should use the same means, in improving their very rude way of trying out fish oil and of selling their oils well in the American market. They mentally oppose farm labour, but are ready and skilful mechanics. Basket work, woodenware, especially mast hoops, buckets and barrels, they naturally take to. Surely it is better, and greater results will follow in running with their inclinations, and giving greater facilities to them in these directions. But the question, who is to do this?

The government can give means, but not the man. Unfortunately, we have not their confidence, and the unhappy attempt of converting them from their ancient faith a few years since, ended in widening the breach. This mission belongs to the church that won them from paganism. The late Abbe Segoine is an instance of what good may be done, and how honored he was by the highest authorities and gentlemen of his time; and no doubt should there now arise a gentleman of his profession, who made these two thousand poor souls his special mission, teaching them the language, the habits and manners of our own life, and do it as we unhappily cannot, not disturbing their faith; and if in this he devoted himself, his life, his talents and labour, the government would soon put every means in his power, and men of all parties would honour him,—the government ridding itself of a troublesome thing, and all willing patiently to wait till the Indian stood side by side us as equal man, before he was burdened with the discussion of civil and religious liberties.

ART. V.—NOTES ON THE CARIBOO. BY ROBERT MORROW, Esq.

(*Read before the Institute, April 9th, 1877.*)

THIS paper is the consequence of the following quotation from the "Fauna Boreali-Americana" of Sir John Richardson, pages 250 and 251:—Mr. Hutchins "mentions that the buck (Cariboo) has a peculiar bag or cist in the lower part of the neck, about the bigness of a crown-piece, and filled with fine flaxen hair, neatly coiled round to the thickness of an inch. There is an opening through the skin, near the head, leading to the cist, but Mr. Hutchins does not offer a conjecture as to its uses in the economy of the animal. Camper found a membranous cist in the Reindeer, above the thyroid cartilage, and opening into the larynx, but I have met with no account of a cist with a duct opening externally like that described by Mr. Hutchins, and unfortunately, I was not aware of