

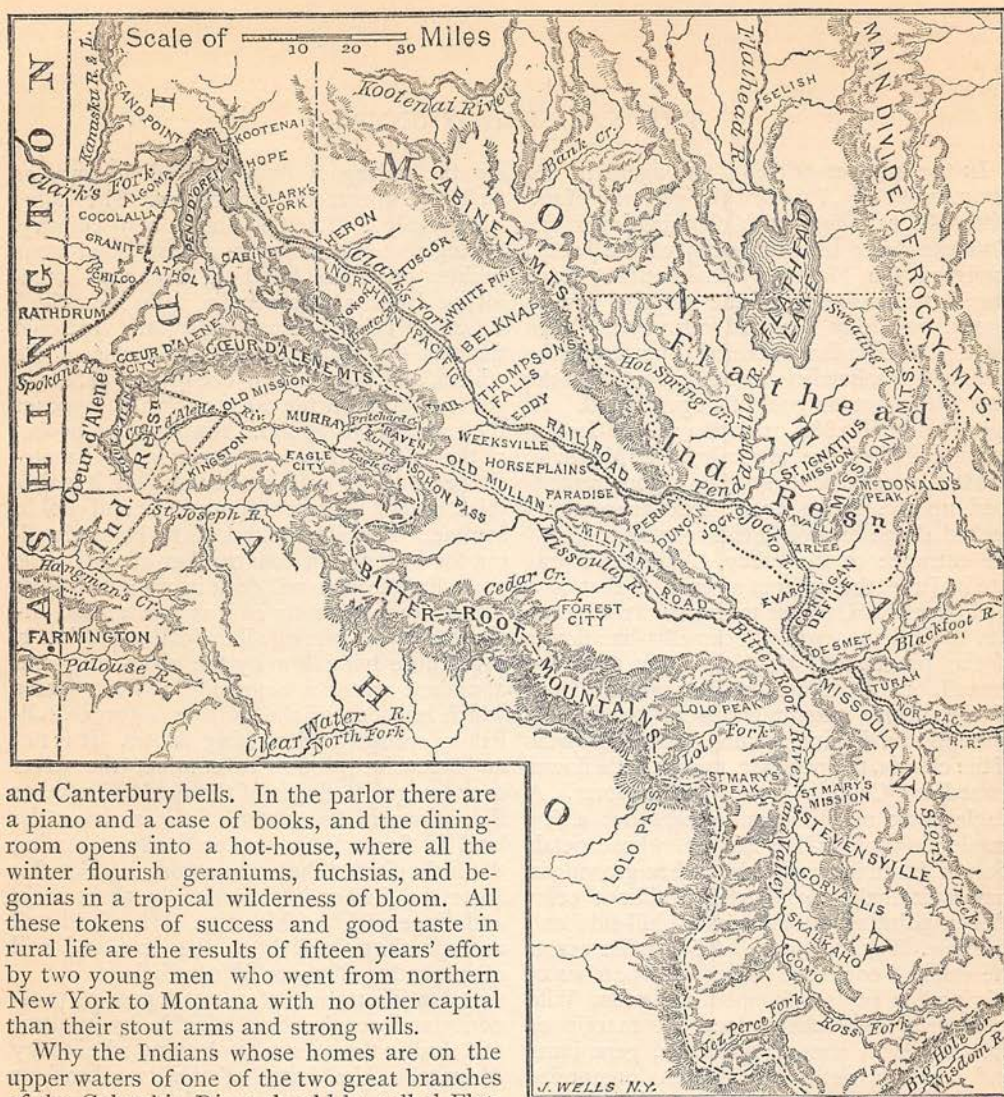
THE KALISPEL COUNTRY.

IN the summer of 1882, and again in the summer of 1883, I passed the gateway of the Bitter-Root Valley, and, climbing over the Coriakan defile into the valley of the Jocko, traversed the Flathead Reservation. Each time I made to myself the promise that at some future day I would return and learn more of the Kalispel country than could be gathered in a hurried passage across it on the way to the distant goal of Puget Sound. In the summer of 1884 came the wished-for opportunity. I left the new railroad at Missoula, and first traveled southward on a good wagon-road up the Bitter-Root. The huge snow-flecked dome of Lolo Peak seemed to guard the entrance to the valley. Although it was late in June, the air was as crisp as that of a New England October morning. It was too late to find the exquisite camellia-like flower of the bitter-root, which in May stars the ground, but upon the swelling green slopes of the nearer mountains were bands and splashes of vivid pink, formed by dense growths of the clarkia, the peculiar, ragged little flower named for Captain Clark, the explorer. A single stalk of this plant shows but a few fragile pink, phlox-like flowers, whose petals look as if torn in shreds; but when growing in masses it makes wonderfully brilliant color effects, painting whole acres of hill-side and meadow. For a distance of five miles across the valley I could see stripes and patches of it lying like gay scarfs upon the grass. Wild roses grew in thickets along the margin of the cool, swift stream; bluebells, geraniums, and many varieties of golden compositæ abounded; and there were multitudes of strange, nameless flowers peculiar to Montana. The notes of the robin and the meadow-lark filled the air with familiar melody; but with the magpie, with his long tail, his black and white coat, and his impudent chatter, I could claim acquaintance only through former journeys in this region.

The Bitter-Root Valley is about ninety miles long, and its greatest width is perhaps seven miles. The Bitter-Root chain of mountains bounds it on the west; on the east it is walled in by a nameless ridge; its southern limit is marked by a cross-range of snowy peaks; while on the north it debouches through a narrow pass into the valley of the Missoula. It has the reputation of being the best agricultural valley of Montana, its comparatively low altitude (four thousand feet) favor-

ing the raising of fruit and Indian corn, as well as of wheat, oats, and barley. The valley is tolerably well settled for a new country, having about three thousand white inhabitants besides the three hundred stubborn, home-loving Indians who remain with their chief, Charlo. The Indian lands are scattered through the valley among the farms of the whites, and their owners occupy log-cabins in winter, but prefer the canvas-covered tepee for their summer dwellings. As a rule, the houses of the white settlers are of hewn logs—a material preferred to sawn lumber because it makes thick walls that are warm in winter and cool in summer. If well built, there is no better dwelling for a mountain country than a log-house, and a little trouble will deck its walls with vines and make it as pretty as it is substantial. Irrigation is the rule on all the cultivated lands, save those lying low by the river-side; and abundant water is supplied by the streams which leap out of the mountain gorges, full-fed by springs and melting snows. It is not an expensive process to conduct the water over the gentle slopes of the fields. Twice or three times in the course of the summer the land is flooded by systematically damming the little ditches that run across it. For this labor the farmer is rewarded by the certain and large yield of his crop. His wheat will average thirty bushels to the acre, and will often produce forty or fifty bushels.

As an illustration of what degree of prosperity and comfort is attainable by industry and thrift in this remote nook among the Rocky Mountains, the home of the two brothers who were our hosts the night our traveling party of three spent in the valley will serve. They live near the foot of St. Mary's Peak, the loftiest of the Bitter-Root chain. When they settled there, they were two hundred and forty miles from a post-office, and sixteen hundred miles from a railroad. Now they have a square mile of land in grain and meadow, a fine orchard of apple, plum, and cherry trees, a dairy through which flows a brook as cold as the snow-bank that is its source, herds of fat cattle, numerous barns and other farm buildings, a pretty white house shaded by cottonwoods and pines, and a flower garden where, under the care of the two sisters who are the mistresses of the domain, grow all the dear old blossoms of our childhood—pinks and peonies, larkspur and columbine, pansies and petunias, roses, sweet-williams,



MAP OF NORTH-WESTERN MONTANA.

and Canterbury bells. In the parlor there are a piano and a case of books, and the dining-room opens into a hot-house, where all the winter flourish geraniums, fuchsias, and begonias in a tropical wilderness of bloom. All these tokens of success and good taste in rural life are the results of fifteen years' effort by two young men who went from northern New York to Montana with no other capital than their stout arms and strong wills.

Why the Indians whose homes are on the upper waters of one of the two great branches of the Columbia River should be called Flatheads is a question to which I have found no satisfactory answer, either from themselves or the Jesuit fathers who are their teachers, or from their neighbors, the white settlers. In their own language their name is Kalispel. "And what does Kalispel mean?" I asked of an intelligent Indian who could speak English remarkably well. He thought it was an abbreviation of Kalispelum, and that Spelum meant a prairie, and Kalis was a corruption of camas, the name of the root which all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains prepare by drying for an article of food. There are many camas prairies in Montana and Idaho, but the largest is in the Flathead nation. The tradition of the tribe, according to my informant, is that they came from a land far to the north, and wandered south-

ward in search of a good country until they found this prairie, which pleased them so well that there, and on the shores of the great lake near by, and of the river which drains it, they made their homes. If we accept this interpretation of their name, they are the people of the Camas Prairie. They indignantly deny that they or their ancestors ever flattened the heads of their babies, as some of the degraded fish-eating tribes of the Pacific coast, of whom they have heard. Yet Flatheads they are called, and have been called, ever since Lewis and Clark visited their country. Flathead is the name of the lake in the northern part of their possessions, and it is the Flathead River which feeds the lake. The map-makers used to call all the northern

branch of the Columbia Clark's Fork or Flathead River, giving to the southern branch the double name of Lewis Fork or Snake River; but in later times there has been a separation of names on the northern branch. In the newer geographies the name Columbia is given to the stream that rises far north in the British territory, and receives the Clark's Fork before crossing the American line. On some maps the outlet as well as the inlet of Flathead Lake is called Flathead River, but the people of the region all call the outlet the Pend d'Oreille.

The Kalispel country of to-day is a wedge-shaped area in north-western Montana, bounded on the east by the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, traversed by the Mission Mountains, one of the loftiest and most rugged spurs of the Rockies, and drained by the Flathead and Pend d'Oreille rivers and their tributaries. It is not quite as large as the State of Connecticut, and its Indian occupants number about 1700. The Flatheads proper, or Selish Indians, as they call themselves, are a branch of the Kalispel family, and are not as numerous as their cousins, the Pend d'Oreilles, who share with them and with a third tribe, the Kootenais, with whom neither acknowledges relationship, the Flathead Reservation. The language of the Selish differs from that of the Pend d'Oreilles no more than does the German of Bavaria from the German of Hanover; but the Kootenai is a tongue by itself, and those who speak it are looked upon by their neighbors of the other two tribes as an inferior sort of people. The original home of the Selish Indians was the beautiful valley of the Bitter-Root, which begins at Missoula, about twenty miles south of the reservation; and there some three hundred of them remain, in spite of the efforts of the Government to persuade them to remove. Under the advice of the hereditary chief of the tribe, Charlo, they have persistently refused for fourteen years to join their kindred on the reservation. Offers of lands and money, of cattle and wagons and farm implements, have no effect on Charlo. He says he will live and die in the home of his fathers. He went to Washington last winter with the agent for the Flatheads, Major Ronan, to talk the matter over, but returned as stubborn as ever in his determination to remain in his native valley. The Indians who stay with Charlo on the Bitter-Root lose all the advantages of the agency system—the care of the sick and destitute, the education of the children, the distribution of wagons and implements, and the free use of saw and grist mills; but they preserve their freedom, and their eyes behold their lovely green valley with its gigantic

mountain walls and its blue river running through thickets of roses. The Government has given to each family title to one hundred and sixty acres of good land, but most of them are continually on the verge of starvation, for the game is gone and they will not work. A few till the soil, keep herds of cattle and horses, and are prosperous when their substance is not devoured by their lazy relatives; but by far the greater number roam about the mountains for roots and berries, and the chance of finding a deer or a big-horn, enjoying a picnic all summer and begging food from the white settlers in winter.

A chief object of my visit to the valley was to see the venerable Jesuit missionary, Father Ravalli, who has labored among the Flatheads for forty years as priest and physician, and who is beloved throughout western Montana. A narrative of his life would be a history of the civilization of the Kalispel tribes; for not only have the Jesuit fathers Christianized the Indians, but they have taught them agriculture and the rearing of stock. The religious part of their work was much less difficult than the practical part of teaching habits of industry. In the latter they have as yet been only partly successful, as is shown by the number of Flatheads one meets roaming about the valley in savage toggerly, with their dogs, ponies, and lodge-poles, and by the two tepees pitched almost under the eaves of the mission church of St. Mary's, which has been the center of Father Ravalli's labors. The dramatic and pictorial worship of the Catholic Church appeals at once to the imagination of the Indian, and the helpful, kindly ways of its priests win their confidence; but to tame the ancient savagery in their blood is a much slower matter. Civilization cannot be put on like a suit of clothes. We are all in too much of a hurry about making a white man out of the Indian, forgetting that it took centuries for our own ancestors to outgrow the wild life of woods and caves, and settle down to tillage and the care of herds and flocks.

The little mission church of St. Mary's, with its attached group of log buildings, stands close by the village of Stevensville, and is overshadowed by the lofty peaks of the Bitter-Root range. At the door of Father Ravalli's house I found a melancholy Indian sitting patiently on the threshold. He pulled his scarlet blanket apart, and pointing to his bare, bronzed breast, said, "Sick." Perhaps he hoped for some healing influence to come from the presence of the good priest within, and so lingered at the door. The priest himself needed help more than the Indian, and was, alas, beyond the reach of all human skill.*

* Father Ravalli died a few weeks after Mr. Smalley's visit, which was in August last.—ED.

For four years he had been confined to his bed by paralysis of the lower limbs. It was a quaint and impressive figure that greeted me from a narrow couch in the little room into which an Italian lay brother ushered me. Father Ravalli has a face of great power and individuality. His benignant blue eyes and broad, reflective brow seemed to contradict the expression of the long, sharp, aggressive nose. The upper part of his face bespoke the philosopher, poet, and good physician; the lower seemed to belong to a military commander. A book-case on the wall within reach from the bed held works of devotion mingled with cyclopedias, and a table close at hand was covered with phials. Larger book-cases in the room contained several hundreds of volumes of works on religion, agriculture, and medicine in Italian, English, and French. These cases alternated along the walls with shelves filled with jars and bottles; the bed-chamber of the sick priest being both library and dispensary.

Father Ravalli told very simply and briefly the story of the establishment of missions in the Kalispel country. Some Catholic Iroquois gave the Flatheads a knowledge of Christianity and induced them to send to the Bishop of St. Louis for missionaries. Father de Smet first came among them, and established in 1841 the Mission of St. Mary's. He returned to St. Louis, leaving Father Mengarini behind, and his report to Rome led the Society of Jesus to send out a party of priests to remain in the country. Ravalli was the chief of this party, and with him came Father Vera Cruz, a Belgian, and Fathers Acolti and Nobili, Italians, and several lay brethren of the order. Mengarini, who is living in San Francisco, and Ravalli are the only survivors of these two first bands of missionaries. The Indians, Father Ravalli says, were well disposed from the first; and in a few years all the tribes of the Kalispel family, as well as the Kootenais and Nez Percés, were converted. Other missions were established, and the work of the Jesuits was extended northward into the British possessions, and westward to the Columbia River. They brought with them the plow as well as the cross, and taught their converts to sow and reap, to build log-houses, to fence fields, and to care for cattle. In 1846 two small mill-stones were transported on horses from Fort Benton, below the falls of the Missouri, to the Bitter-Root Valley, and the first mill in what is now Montana was erected. These stones are still preserved at the St. Mary's Mission, and are shown to visitors with some pride by the lay brother who attends Father Ravalli. A well-stocked apothecary shop is one of the adjuncts of the mission, and the good father is a skillful physician.

He said that the Indians in the Bitter-Root Valley are often in a starving condition, and that their blood has become so impoverished by lack of nourishing food that scrofula is almost universal among them. Still they refuse to go to the reservation, where they could get plenty of food. Their liberty and their old home in the valley are so dear to them that they will not leave. They have good lands, and might make themselves comfortable; but the trouble is, as the Father expressed it in a single sentence in his quaint language, "They not like to work." They want to have all the privileges of both white men and Indians—to hold lands, but to do no work and pay no taxes.

In the fall of 1883 the Indians of the valley were visited by Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Delegate Maginnis, of Montana, who came as commissioners on behalf of the Government to persuade them to go to the reservation. A long conference was held, but Charlo, the chief, was immovable. "We do not wish to leave these lands," he said. "You place your foot upon our necks and press our faces into the dust. But I will never go to the reservation. I will go to the plains."

"Joseph, the Nez Percé chief, attempted to go to the plains," replied Senator Vest. "Look where he is now! There are no more plains. The white men are thick as leaves from ocean to ocean. Either get a patent to your lands here, or go upon the reservation, where you can raise plenty to eat."

Charlo took off his hat and threw it upon the floor, and, gazing steadily at the Senator, shouted:

"You may take Charlo to the reservation, but there will be no breath in his nostrils. Charlo will be dead! He will never go there alive!"

It was these Indians of the Bitter-Root that General Garfield visited in 1872. He made a treaty with them for their removal to the reservation on the Jocko. Charlo says he did not sign it, and that somebody signed his mark for him. He refused to be bound by it, and less than a third of the tribe migrated under its provisions. The others have been treated very considerably by the Government. A patent for one hundred and sixty acres of land has been made out for each family. They occupy the land, but refuse to take the patents in order to avoid paying taxes. An effort is now being made to induce them to sell these lands and use the money to open new farms on the reservation, and to build houses and buy stock and implements.

In talking with Father Ravalli about his life and work among the Flatheads, something was said about a resemblance between the wooded foot-hills east of the valley and the

Apennines. A look of homesickness came into his eyes as he exclaimed, "Ah! *bella Italia!*" It was easy to see that his heart had been in Italy all the forty years of his life in the wilderness. His thoughts went back to Ferrara, where he was born, and he quoted with much feeling a stanza from the poet Monti:

"Bella Italia, amate sponde,
Pur ritorno a rivider.
Trema in petto, e si confonde
L'alma oppressa dal piacer."

To a suggestion at leave-taking that he should be carried down the valley to Missoula to see the new railroad, Father Ravalli said: "I care little for earthly things now; soon I shall travel among the stars!"

In the Bitter-Root Valley one is on historic ground. It was traversed by the expedition of Lewis and Clark, who entered it from the south over the divide from the stream they named Wisdom River, but which is now called the Big Hole. The Burnt Fork near St. Mary's Mission they called Scattering Creek, and the Lolo Fork is their Traveler's Rest Creek. At the head of this latter stream, after beating in vain for many days against the enormous wall of the Bitter-Root Mountains, they succeeded in finding a passage across to the waters flowing to the Pacific. Their greatest hardships were experienced in getting through the Bitter-Root chain. Through the Lolo Pass came Chief Joseph in 1876, with his Nez Percés, at the outset of his heroic and skillful retreat. He did not molest the settlers in the valley. The friendly Flatheads met the Nez Percés when they came down the Lolo, and told them that if the whites were harmed they would take up arms in their behalf. Chief Joseph replied that he had no quarrel with the settlers in the Bitter-Root country, and did not propose to do them any injury. His people harmed no one and committed no depredations during his flight through the valley. When news came of the approach of the hostile band, the settlers hastily fled with their families to a stockade in Stevensville, leaving their homes and stock unprotected; but nothing was molested. They were blamed afterward for not attempting to bar the passage of the valley, but they acted wisely in consulting the safety of their families and their property, and leaving the task of capturing Joseph and his little army to the regular troops.

The Bitter-Root Valley probably affords a better field for agricultural settlement than any other portion of Montana. Most of the land near the river, which can easily be irrigated from the small tributary streams, is occupied; but there is plenty of good level land unoccupied upon which water can be brought at

small expense. The climate resembles that of Vermont, but with less snow and more frequent thaws in winter and with cooler nights in summer. The scenery can be compared to nothing in our Eastern States; the grandeur of the mountains, with their crags and domes of rock and snow, being indescribable in words that will convey a correct impression to readers who have seen only the low, wooded summits of the Alleghanies and the Adirondacks. One would have to seek a just standard for comparison in the high Alps. Only the Lolo Peak and St. Mary's Peak, of the many magnificent summits in the Bitter-Root chain, have names. The others await a christening at the hands of the tourists who will in a few years penetrate to these fresh fields of travel. One of the highest mountains, having a crest singularly broken, might well be named Mount Garfield, in memory of the visit of General Garfield to the valley. Its summit seems fitly to typify the rude and cruel shattering of his life when it had reached the highest pinnacle of success and fame.

The Flathead Reservation was established, by a treaty made with the Indians by Governor Isaac I. Stevens, of Washington Territory, in 1853, for the home of the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenais. Most of its surface is covered by lofty and rugged mountain ranges, but it contains a number of beautiful valleys which make admirable stock-ranges, and afford considerable agricultural land skirting the streams. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs through the western part of the reservation, down the valleys of the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille rivers; but the tourist sees little of Indian life from the windows of the cars, save a few log-houses, inhabited for the most part by half-breeds. The agency is in the Jocko Valley, and so is the home of the Flathead chief, Arlee, appointed by General Garfield to take the place of the intractable Charlo; but the life of the reservation centers at the Jesuit mission, in Mission Valley. Here are the schools for boys and girls, carried on by the zealous fathers and by the Sisters of Charity, and here is the mission church with its sweet bells waking the echoes in the gloomy mountain gorges, and calling the blanketed savages from huts and wigwams to witness the impressive ceremonies of the Catholic faith.

In all my experience of Rocky Mountain travel I can recall no more pleasing scene than the view of the Mission Valley which suddenly bursts upon the sight as one approaches the mission from the Jocko. In front tower the crags and precipices of a mountain range of exceptional height and grandeur. The black band around the base of this range is formed by forests of gigantic

piners. The ruddy cliffs at their summits are enormous perpendicular walls of rock. The white flecks on the steep declivities below are great snow-fields, and the shining silver threads are cascades that leap down from dizzy heights a sheer thousand feet into dark cañons. At the feet of these glorious mountains stretches out for forty miles a valley of about seven miles in width, of a brilliant green color, flecked with pink patches of the clarkia flower, and dotted with numerous little ponds. The streams that flow from the melting snows in the mountain gorges make bands of dark green with their wooded banks as they cross the valley on their way to the Pend d'Oreille River. Numerous herds of cattle and horses can be seen. Right in the foreground of the picture is the group of buildings which form the mission, looking not unlike a Swiss village.

This Mission of St. Ignatius was established in 1853. Its home authority is in Turin, Italy; that is to say, it is a branch of the missionary work carried on by the Jesuit Order in the province of Turin. For thirty years the good fathers have labored in this valley. They found the Indians entirely wild, not even understanding the first rudiments of agriculture. In the course of a generation they have civilized them so far as to induce them to live in log-houses a part of the year, to raise wheat, oats, and potatoes in little well-fenced fields, and to keep cattle and horses. A few wear civilized dress, but most of the men stick to leggins and blankets. The women wear calico gowns, because they are the cheapest garb to be had. All profess the Catholic faith, and attend mass when not out hunting or roaming over the country; and they are sure to rally in force at the mission on St. Ignatius's day, Christmas, and other holidays. Of the Flatheads there are only 125 on the reservation according to the last report, but of the Pend d'Oreilles there are 965, and of the Kootenais 600, so that the entire population amounts to nearly 1700 souls, including the half-breeds, who count as Indians in a legal sense. Besides the agency people and those attached to the mission, there are no whites residing on the reservation save one man — old Angus McDonald, a veteran of the Hudson's Bay Company's service, who came to the valley in 1839, and established a fort in 1847 where his house now stands. He was afterward intrusted with the business of closing up all the affairs of the Company in the territory of the United States, and having married a Nez Percé woman, he remained in the valley. The Indians recognized his rights as older than their own, and so he still lives among them in a primitive

fashion, the owner of more horses and cattle than he cares to count, and the father of a race of stalwart sons. This sturdy, intelligent Scotchman is an interesting relic of a type that is fast passing away in the North-west.

The Jesuit fathers at the mission entertained my companion and myself with a hospitality that displayed the politeness of European society as well as the heartiness of the West. They anticipated every wish, and were always doing some little act of personal kindness that was unexpected. Two of them are Italians, Fathers Palladini (the superior) and Bandini; one is a Belgian, Father Van Gorp; and one a Frenchman of noble family, Father de Rougé. Two have grown old in missionary work among the Indians; the others are young men newly led to the wilderness by religious zeal. The interesting thing about their work to one not of their faith is, not their success in bringing whole tribes to accept baptism and the sacrament, for that sort of success has been achieved from time to time for two centuries among the Indians of Canada and the North-west, but rather the practical results they can show in the way of making their wards self-sustaining farmers and herdsmen. They hold very moderate views on the subject of educating and civilizing the Indian, not imagining that he can be turned into a white man in all save his skin by a few years of effort. They know how strong is the savagery in his nature, and are well content if they can get him to work enough to provide food for his family, and can persuade him to be tolerably decent and honest. They show him how to build a log-house and fence a field, but do not ask him to give up his tepee or to cease entirely from roaming over the country. After the crops are put in the ground in the spring, most of the houses are deserted for several weeks. The people go on long excursions among the mountains or to the lake, to dig camas, fish, run horses, and in general have a jolly good time in their own wild fashion. The women go along, and the children too, of whom there are many, and the dogs, which are still more numerous. After the crop is gathered there is another time of roaming, and in winter still a third, when the game is hunted. The fathers encourage this Ishmaelitic life, having found by experience that the Indians take to gambling and drunkenness if confined to their little farms. Their wild nature must have vent in adventure and movement, or they grow sickly as well as fall into vicious habits. In traveling about the reservation I constantly met parties migrating to the river-side, or the lake, or the big camas prairie, as bent on enjoyment

in their own way as are civilized people who make summer visits to watering-place resorts. The drollest thing is to see one of these pleasure parties traveling in a wagon. The incongruity of a sober farm-wagon, made in Jackson, Michigan, drawn by a pair of Cayuse ponies and filled with a motley company of barbarians, the men in red or green blankets, and with feathers stuck in their long hair, and the women in a medley of savage and civilized attire, with babies tied on their backs, is irresistibly funny. The grave and stolid decorum of the Indians' faces rather adds to the effect. For the "hest-kowkow," or good-day in Kalispel, with which you salute these excursionists, you get at the most a grave nod and a repetition of the same phrase. Only the young fellows who tear along on horseback show the least approach to good humor.

The opinion of the missionaries is against attempting too much in the way of educating the Indians. They would have them learn to read and write a little, but this they do not hold to be as important as a little knowledge of arithmetic, to enable them to avoid being cheated in their buying and selling. Most of all, they seek to teach them that it is honorable and profitable for them to work and be independent. In the girls' school, where there are sixty pupils, sewing, mending, cooking, and washing are taught, as well as ordinary elementary school studies. The pupils also tend a garden, mend shoes, milk the cows, and have painted the inside of their new building. They learn to write neatly, being apt at imitating from copy-books, are skillful in making garments, and furnish from among their number the choir for the church. Both girls and boys are very tractable. Father Bandini, fresh from Italy, and pining for music, has organized a band of boys which is beginning to be proficient in easy airs. To see these little fellows blowing brass instruments, and keeping time with their moccasined feet, is a curious spectacle. The children, as a rule, are not strong, and many die young of quick consumption. They inherit feeble constitutions from parents who are themselves healthy and long-lived, a result, no doubt, of change from savage to semi-civilized modes of life, or, if one wishes to find another reason, of the process by which a useless race fades away under the influence of some natural law or providential purpose when brought in contact with a higher type of humanity.

There is a mistaken notion among philanthropic people in the East that the Indian is a much abused person, who is entitled to the lively sympathy of mankind. Unquestionably there have been plenty of instances of broken treaties and individual and tribal wrongs; but,

looking at the matter, not from the historical but from the actual point of view, it must be admitted that the aborigine on a reservation has more rights and privileges than a white man enjoys. "If I could have the privileges on this reservation which the Indian has," said Major Ronan, the Indian agent, as we were driving through the lovely Mission Valley, "I would resign my office at once, settle down on one of these streams, build a house, fence in all the land I wanted, and get me a big herd of cattle." The Indian or the half-breed, explained the agent, can inclose as much land as he pleases, and use as much more as he wants for a stock-range. He pays no taxes, and rides free on the railroad. If his tools get out of repair, or his horses need shoeing, the Government employs a blacksmith to work for him. He takes his wheat to the agency flour-mill, where it is ground by the Government, and his logs to the agency saw-mill, to be made into lumber of the dimensions he wishes. If he is sick, the Government supplies him with medicines and a doctor. The missionaries educate his children in a boarding-school, and furnish him with the comforts of religion without charge. If too idle to work, he knows that the Government will in no event let him starve. If he tries, he can become a rich man by the mere increase of his cattle and horses. Now, how does it stand with the white citizen? Instead of thousands of acres, he can get from the Government only one hundred and sixty, and on them he must pay taxes and "rustle for a living," as the Western phrase goes. The Indian is our American aristocrat. He owns the whole landscape; he toils not, save in a fitful way as it suits his pleasure, and he spends his time in hunting, fishing, horse-racing, gambling, and loafing. It will be argued, I know, that the Indians once owned the whole country, and that their reservations and the privileges they have upon them are after all but a small compensation for what they have lost. This, again, is a mistake. No people own a country because they roam over it before others come to share its occupancy. If a few hundred white men should chance to be the first inhabitants of a territory large enough for a great State, who would say that they owned all the land by reason of that circumstance?

We set out one day in June to climb McDonald's Peak, one of the most conspicuous of the jagged summits of the Mission chain. Professor Raphael Pumpelly made the ascent last year with a party of explorers belonging to the Northern Transcontinental Survey; and on his report of the wonderful views of water-falls, lakes, and snow-fields to be seen, Henry Villard, then President of the

Northern Pacific Railroad Company, had a trail made up to a sharp ridge just at the foot of the pyramidal apex of the peak. Up this trail Mr. Villard escorted in September of last year such of his foreign guests as were adventurous enough to undertake the ascent. No one had since been over the trail until my party traversed it. There is no trouble about getting up to the ridge or comb on a stout horse, the time required from the foot of the mountain being about two hours; but to scramble up the precipitous peak, which rises about two thousand feet above the timber-line, is a feat which might appall even skillful Alpine climbers. Professor Pumpelly and his half-breed guide, Duncan McDonald, certainly deserve credit for their achievement; and as the peak already bears the name of Duncan's father, it would be only fair to give that of the professor to the tremendous cañon that lies at its base and the beautiful waterfalls which leap into the gorge. The cañon and falls, and two round dark-blue lakes lying one about a hundred feet above the other, burst into view as we came out of the forest upon a shelf of rock about two-thirds of the way up the trail. It would be hard to find either in the Alps, or the Sierras, or the Rockies, a more striking scene. Seven gigantic bare peaks hem in the cañon and hold in their embrace the snow-field which feeds the stream that comes rushing down to divide just above a precipice a thousand feet high, and form a double, V-shaped fall, which leaps into the upper lake. Another fall connects the upper with the lower lake. Its height is the same as that of the loftiest pines that stand around the rocky rim of the second lake, the tops of the trees just reaching the level of the upper basin. Below the lakes is a dismal gorge, precipitous but heavily timbered, which is said to be a favorite resort for grizzly bears. From the summit of the trail we looked down into another deep cañon filled with a snow-field that from its position, its steep descent, and the masses of ice visible on its surface, has the appearance of being a true glacier. Looking down this cañon, the eye ranges over the green valley, sweeps along at least a hundred miles of the Bitter-Root chain, including the distant peaks of Lolo and St. Mary's, and looking northward takes in the blue waters of Flathead Lake and their mountain-rimmed shores. A marvelous prospect indeed! Some day, when these remote regions shall be better known, processions of tourists will, no doubt, go up Mr. Villard's trail with alpenstocks and lunch-baskets. At present the bears are the only travelers upon it.

When we had gotten down to the foot of the mountain, the horses, which had appeared

to be thoroughly exhausted, pricked up their ears and gave us a wild five-mile gallop across the great natural flower-garden of the valley, where golden, blue, white, and purple blossoms almost concealed the grass. So we came rushing up to the mission in gallant style at sunset, to be met with welcoming exclamations from the black-gowned fathers, and to find a substantial supper smoking on the table of the refectory.

Next day a journey to Flathead Lake, thirty-five miles distant, was undertaken, the road leading through the valley all the way. About once in three miles the log-house and field of an Indian farmer are seen. All the rest of the fertile valley is untenanted save by a few herds of cattle and horses. At the foot of the lake a white family have a store, and an old Iroquois Indian named Baptiste Ignace, who drifted up into these northern regions from St. Louis when a boy, keeps a ferry and charges two dollars for putting a team and wagon across. The old fellow is making a fortune since settlers began to go into the country at the head of the lake, which is outside the reservation, and is only accessible by the way of Baptiste's flat-boat ferry. Already there are about sixty families in the valley above the lake. A little schooner carries supplies up to them, and before this article is in print a steam-launch will be running on the lake. Two townships in this Ultima Thule of Montana settlement have been surveyed, and there is good country enough for four or five more. If any reader wants to migrate to a remote region where he will be separated from the rest of mankind by a hundred miles' stretch of Indian reservation, I would commend to him the Flathead Lake country. The lake is some thirty miles long by ten wide. Its waters are dotted with islands and its shore-lines broken by bold promontories. High mountains hem it in on the east and west; on the southern side stretches out the Mission Valley; and on the north the narrower valley of the Flathead River is bounded somewhere near the British line by a cross-range of still higher peaks that carry snow all summer. The scenery of the lake is more beautiful than that of Lake George, and less beautiful than that of Lake Lucerne.

The Kalispel language is the classical tongue of the Indians of the reservation. The *Pend d'Oreilles* and *Flatheads* speak it, and the *Kootenais* make shift to understand it a little. It has been reduced to printed forms by the Jesuit fathers. A dictionary of Kalispel-English and English-Kalispel has been printed at the mission, and is a remarkable monument of patient labor. Father Mengarini began it and Father Giorda completed

it. It is related of Father Giorda that he was one day listening to a group of Indian boys amusing themselves with an echo in the mountains. One of the boys made an exclamation, whereupon the priest ran joyfully back to the mission, crying: "This is one of the happiest days of my life. For eleven years I have vainly sought the right word in Kalispel for echo, and now I have it!" The language looks uncouth on the printed page, because of the multitude of consonants in proportion to the vowels. Such words are common as *lplpgomin* (a nail), *lsususten* (a cup), and *chszzilgn*. Half-distinct vowel sounds like a short *u* are put in between the consonants. There is no *r*, *b*, *d*, *m*, *f*, or *v* in the language. When spoken it is rather sonorous; at least it seemed so from the lips of Father Van Gorp, whom I heard preach in the mission church to a picturesque congregation of Indians. To him I am indebted for this version of the Lord's Prayer in Kalispel:

Kae-leúu, íu l-schichemáskat u ku-elzii, a-skuest ku-ksgaméncheltem, ku-kl-chéltich's t'esia spuús; a-sztéls ks-kóllili iè 'l-stóligu, ezagèil lu 'l-s'chiche-máskat. Kae-guizéililt ietelgoà lu kae-iapezinem; kael-kolgoèllilt lu kae-guilguilt, ezagèil lu tkaempilè kae-kolgoèlltem íu epl guilguilt 'l'kaempilè; kae-olkshililt ta kakaeskuèstem lu téie, kael-guilguillilt lu tel teie. Komi ezagèil.

Our Father, who in Heaven who dwellest, thy name be it loved to thee; be thou the Lord of all hearts; thy will let it be done here upon the earth, the same as in Heaven. To us give to-day what we need; forgive us our debts, in the same way as we forgive those who have debts with us; help us not to take (to be guilty of) sin, cause us to be freed from sin. May it be thus.

On the whole, the Kalispel tribes afford as good an example of progress toward civilization as can be found in the far West among

Indians recently brought in contact with the whites. They are lazy and dirty as a rule, and much given to gambling and to drinking whisky smuggled in by the half-breeds, but they are getting on. Some already possess considerable property in the form of cattle and horses. Many others are industrious, but their accumulations are devoured by their poor relations, who bring their lodges, families, and dogs, and camp about the house of a prosperous kinsman until his supplies are gone or he violates the rules of hospitality by driving them away. Theft is rare, monogamy is universal, and crimes against the person seldom occur except as the result of too much drink. Murder is not punished by death. The murderer compromises with the relatives of his victim by a blood-atonement in the form of a present of horses, and is allowed to take himself off to some other tribe. The pure-blooded Indians give less trouble than the half-breeds, who are accused of having the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. This is an unjust generalization, however, for there are numbers of sober, honest people of mixed blood in the Kalispel country. Probably it is not the amalgamation of races that produces a bad result so much as the vicious tendencies and purposes which often lead to these unions. From the number of light-colored faces and heads of brown hair one sees among both adults and children, the admixture of white blood seems surprisingly large in view of the remoteness of these tribes from civilized communities; but it must be borne in mind that Hudson's Bay traders and French Canadian voyageurs have intermarried with the North-western Indians for nearly a century.

Eugene V. Smalley.

RETROSPECT.

A dusky lichen, clinging to the knees
Of a great mountain, dark with ragged fern,
The school-house hides, and thither from the leas
And country by-ways, many foot-paths turn.

No busy town, like a gigantic bee,
Fretted the rural silence, green and warm;
From the low door the droning school could see
Their certain heritage of wood and farm.

One simple church spire cheered with acted prayer
Its small brown helper on the neighboring hill;
And, crouched beneath it, lay the grave-yard, where
The slim brook wandered to the murmuring mill.