

# Shadow Indians: The Beothuk Motif in Newfoundland Literature

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But how do you write of a vanished people?  
Out of a bone? A book? A lock of hair? A  
litany of lies? Or simply honest confusion.  
Sooner write of Atlantis.

Michael Cook, *On the Rim of the Curve*

The Beothuk of Newfoundland, in their  
absolute absence, provide the ultimate  
resource [for metaphysical resonance].

Terry Goldie, *Fear and Temptation*

THE OBSERVATIONS MADE in this paper are exploratory. I began to think about the depiction of the Beothuk in Newfoundland literature while reading for an anthology of poetry I am putting together. What struck me initially, and what has emerged even more clearly after a closer scrutiny of the poems, drama, and fiction which take the Beothuk as their subject, is the repetition of certain interrelated tropes to the virtual exclusion of the historical Beothuk. This is not just true of the earlier literature. It is, on the whole, characteristic too of the literature of the last two decades, when writers preoccupied with the Beothuks have had available to them accounts more accurate than those simple melodramas of genocide *à la* Harold Horwood: the considered history of F.W. Rowe, the scrupulous studies of Ralph Pastore, Ingeborg Marshall, and others.<sup>1</sup> The Beothuks of Newfoundland literature are shadow Indians,<sup>2</sup> kin of Longfellow's Hiawatha, Fenimore Cooper's last Mohican, Charles Augustus Murray's Ottawah,<sup>3</sup> and the archetypal Indian Princess, Pocahontas. All are born under the sign of the Noble Savage.

The focus of this paper is not the history of the Beothuks and how various factors, among them the brutalities of white furrier-fishermen, combined to lead to their extinction. What follows is an examination of how Newfoundland literary texts, of varying degrees of linguistic and aesthetic power, while recording and lamenting the loss of the Beothuk paradoxically exclude and deny them. In most of the works I have read, the Beothuk become creatures of Atlantis, that vast world to the west, the longed-for lost kingdom, the unknowable *locus* of the prehistoric fall of humanity.<sup>4</sup>

The most enduring notion — which runs from some of the earliest Newfoundland texts, P.P.'s 1836 lament, "The Boeothicks," and George Webber's 1851 narrative poem, "The Last of the Aborigines," to the most recent I have encountered, "Newfoundland Museum," a couplet by John Lewis published in the 1991 Fall/Winter issue of *TickleAce* — is that of the Beothuks' unity with nature, their cousinship with tree and caribou and wolf, lordly cousinship in most cases. Harry Burton's poem "Memorable" is a classic expression of this motif. In "Memorable," which won the 1950 O'Leary Newfoundland Poetry Award, Burton writes of "The noble sun-bronzed tribe" moving through "the leisure-measured symphony of Seasons" under the guidance of their chief:

They too, like this grand sire,  
 Would become a vibrant part of that score,  
 Blending with its delicate tonal tints;  
 The beaver building a lodge;  
 The gentle fleet-foot children virtually attaining  
 Brother- and sisterhood to Baby Beaver.<sup>5</sup>

Burton continues in this vein for sixty-three lines, painting an idyllic picture of community and harmony in a beautiful, beneficent landscape. While "Memorable" goes on to employ other standard tropes (which I consider later), it constitutes in the bulk of its verses one of the most straightforward invocations of the Noble Savage in the literature.

A corollary of the Noble Savage convention is the conceit that Nature mourns its lost element. One might cite many instances. These excerpts from a 1908 poem by Robert Gear MacDonald, "The Passing of the Bœthuk," are typical:

And the streamlet's tone has a dirge of its own. . .  
 And the wind's notes change in the mountain range  
 Where once their swift feet trod,  
 To a subtle wail that cannot avail  
 To raise them from under the sod. . .  
 The strange shrill croon of the lonely loon. . .  
 Seems to mourn for a bygone time.  
 And the caribou, and the grey wolf too,

Know the red man's day has gone.<sup>6</sup>

Here the pathetic fallacy, a common literary strategy, works to dehumanize the Beothuk, who are not the perceiving consciousness, but an absent element of nature, conceived of thus by the poet, who annexes nature *and* the Beothuk as part of it.

Some poems give voice to the myth of the Noble Savage indirectly; they set out to attack the dangers of the mechanical, the technological in modern society, and to do so they invoke the lost harmonious world of the Beothuk. A.C. Wornell, in an admonitory sonnet dedicated to the "First Students of the New (Newfoundland) University," imagines "tribal youths/ Who learnt the use of tomahawk and bow," practising "pristine arts," "Quite unaware that tragic immolation/ Awaited them in Science's arrival." Science is linked here with tragic destruction; the poem goes on to express a fear of the nuclear machine. It closes with a couplet: "Should atom-bombs arrive, 'twere good to know/ Beothuk arts forgotten years ago."<sup>7</sup> In "Save our ghosts!" John Steffler, through the persona of an elderly speaker, conveys a similar distrust of modern technology, this time as diminishing the powers of imagination and memory. The Beothuks are just one set of ghosts associated with nature, history, and vitality who are driven out by "our loud factory-made ghosts." At first, the speaker says, he thought it was "the electric lights/ had scared them away," but he has changed his mind:

now I figure it's  
electricity itself they don't like  
radio and TV waves  
cut them up  
crowd them out

While whimsical in tone, the poem is also deeply serious in its condemnation of the factory-made ghosts, "a hell of a lot more frightening/ than the old kind."<sup>8</sup> Michael Wade's "Ode to Newfoundland" creates a similar juxtaposition, contrasting "the gentle red vikings. . . / [who] took our dreams with them when they disappeared" with a province mired in commercialism and the television-born dream. One stanza of this bitterly ironic ode describes Newfoundland, this land of "dead dreams" thus:

a culture that is easily rented for a quick buck or a good time  
a nation that never watches television stars  
and clothes its barbarism in the imported fashions of decadence.<sup>9</sup>

The Beothuk make only fleeting appearances in these poems by Wornell, Steffler, and Wade, as emblems of a lost harmony with nature. They are made to be a sign of a world uncorrupted by the destructive technology and crass commercialism of our own.<sup>10</sup>

While many writers identify the Beothuks as noble denizens of nature, some take that identification a step further, portraying the vanished people as somehow indwelling in the land, as continuing presences. In these works the Beothuks become emblems of the mystical, the timeless, somehow transcending disease, murder, starvation, freezing, the mundane and mortal, to inhabit the lakes and forests eternally. Thus, the “misty form” of the murdered husband of Mary March (Demasduit), Nonosbawsut, “mingles with the rushing storm” in George Webber’s poem;<sup>11</sup> the ghost of a Beothuk warrior, Shandoah, inhabits a turbulent forest pool in “Renetta,” a poem by Dan Carroll;<sup>12</sup> Mary March “shines on/ Aloof and distant as the stars/ Hanging over Red Indian’s spirit waters” in the poem Robert Burt names after her;<sup>13</sup> and in “Beothuk Blood” Anyon Wright’s speaker hears a voice singing across the island, “magnified across the mists of Meelpaeg Lake,” a voice the speaker recognizes “instinctively” as the voice of the Beothuks somehow inherent in the island, despite the “mounting noise of commerce/ on the street.”<sup>14</sup> Tom Dawe, in his wistful poem “In There Somewhere,” imagines that the spirits of the extinct race still inhabit the interior of the island. The speaker doesn’t laugh at a silly tourist’s speculation that “they could still be/ in there somewhere” because of his knowledge that

deep within my island  
 there are austere voices  
 in the August birch  
 and slow dawns are caught  
 in great wooden bowls  
 where the meek still inherit.  
 And a moon is always  
 a moving canoe  
 across blue acres of the night.  
 And a child is always  
 laughing  
 in the splash of white water  
 down the long bakeapple hills.  
  
 I could not laugh  
 because they are  
 still  
 in there  
 somewhere.<sup>15</sup>

Creatures of the moon and water and birch, child-creatures laughing, the meek ones, creatures “floating out of time,” Dawe’s Beothuks become pure symbol, the polar opposite of the historical.

The Canadian poet David Solway is scathing in his assessment of such elegiac meditations on native peoples. He calls them “forms of pastoral nostalgia” that he suspects of being “really meant to testify to the aching

sensitivity of the poet himself.”<sup>16</sup> Indeed, a few of the writers build into their poems the idea that it is the special gift of the poet to be able to sense the Beothuk spirit *or its absence* in the land: Edwin Abel, in “Shades of the Beothics,” “[wields] the inspired pen,” he claims, after “the hunt and play of a long dead day/ With the shades of departed men;”<sup>17</sup> Robert Gear MacDonald tells his readers that “none but the poet” can hear the dirge of the stream and the wail of the wind lamenting the vanished Beothuk.<sup>18</sup>

Thus far it is apparent, I think, that the poems being considered are not concerned with the Beothuk Indians as a group of people who lived under particular conditions in a particular time and place, but instead with varieties of emblem. The Beothuk are absent from another sort of poem which is ostensibly self-accusatory, blaming the European intruders for destroying an entire people. Such poems often close with some expression of the problems extinction has caused for the white inheritors of the land. In 1836 the *Newfoundland Patriot*, a St. John’s newspaper, printed a poem lamenting the loss of the Beothuk. The writer, identified only by the initials P.P., gives a spirited rendering of the *ubi sunt* theme, contrasting the Beothuk with “haughty Europe’s pigmy race” and concluding thus:

Scarce can we wake an echo’s tone  
Throughout the land, in hill or dale,  
That has not mocked the dying groan  
And orphan infants’ pensive wail!  
Britain! the tale shall be, from age to age,  
The foulest blot upon thy hist’ry’s page.

While the poem is vigorous in its condemnation of the killing of Beothuks, ultimately its preoccupation is with the ideals of “a land/ Most just, most free, of ocean’s isles.”<sup>19</sup> Isabella Whiteford Rogerson, another poet of the nineteenth century, gives voice to the notion of collective shame at the treatment of the Beothuk:

“War to the knife!” the White man cried,  
Until the last Red Indian fell;  
And Terra Nova’s forests wide  
Echoed his war-whoop as he died  
Brave—generous—how, we blush to tell!  
Our pine-fringed lakes, and mountains grand,  
That perished race claimed as their land.<sup>20</sup>

Burton, in “Memorable,” also condemns the European settlers, whom he names “Paleface” and “the savage white man” whose hand, with evil seared/ wrought havoc with the Aborigines.” But the last stanza opens with a question that raises the implications of extinction for the European newcomers:

Could hardest heart bear this and yet, with pride,  
 Feel quite at home where once a Beothuck screech,  
 Of terror born, had quavered, faltered, died?<sup>21</sup>

The need is for a prideful sense of being-at-home in the land. Connoisseurs of grim ironies may relish these poems in which what the writers perceive as genocide ultimately is considered for its significance to the perpetrators, for its having wounded the agents of extinction. Fiedler, Berkhofer, Goldie, and Stedman all touch upon the motif of this woundedness in their studies of images of the Indian in literature.<sup>22</sup> It is the main preoccupation of Burton's poem, as it is of Paul O'Neill's "At Red Indian Lake," which begins, "O my wild and lonesome land," and goes on to call the speaker and his contemporaries "Orphans of the crime" who "turn in shame from/ whispers of old acts indelible" and who hear in the forest "the footfalls of forever/ fill the emptiness."<sup>23</sup> The concept of Beothuk extinction as a wound to the European works itself through the final poem of a four-part series entitled "Beothuck" by Wallace Bursley:

I ask no more vengeance  
 On the white man,  
 There is no need;  
 His fathers pity him  
 And the spirits of his fathers,  
 Even the spirits of my fathers,  
 For the vengeance he has exacted  
 On himself.

The poem goes on to say that the Beothuks could have been *of use*; they could have taught him  
 How to live with the land  
 He could have shared.<sup>24</sup>

A few of the poems which invoke the Beothuk call for a sense of history. Steffler's "Save our ghosts!" and Des Walsh's untitled poem beginning "Now that there are no cobblestones" are two which see the ignoring of the history of the Europeans or the Beothuks as a kind of death, not freedom but rootlessness, imaged forth in Walsh's poem as "the leaf/ that swirls in the wake of panic."<sup>25</sup> Yet where is one to find something more than a set of received notions about the Indian, derived from other literary and philosophical texts, rather than available historical knowledge of the Beothuk Indians? What most of the writing discussed so far reveals is an absence.

There exist a number of works which themselves exhibit impatience with romanticized, stereotypical notions of the Beothuk, which reflect generally on the implications and limitations of the subject as subject. In his poem "Shanadithit," Al Pittman examines his reactions to the woman thought to be the last of the Beothuks, recognizing the falsity of his imaginings and the

limitations of his historical knowledge. The poem is finally an examination of the poet's own consciousness and an admission that "you had to be the last/ of your people before I could love you/ at all" and "that my love for you had nothing/ to do with you."<sup>26</sup> As Goldie points out in *Fear and Temptation*, his study of images of the indigene in Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand literature, Pittman's poem both describes and manifests the reification of the subject. Despite the intimacy of direct address, there is finally only a romantic fantasy, born of images of the dusky Indian Princess, Pocahontas as Hart Crane conceived of her, "symbol of the white man's reconciliation with [the] land and its first inhabitants."<sup>27</sup>

Lillian Bouzane, in her brief lyric "beothucks," points up the highly idealized portrait of Shawnadithit in Newfoundland literature:

skittish as windogo (sic) spirits  
we hide under vague language  
that Peyton  
kept the last of them  
artist  
woman  
confined to his scullery.<sup>28</sup>

While Bouzane notes the tendency in the literature to render Shawnadithit as a variety of Indian Princess, her own labelling, "artist/woman," is a form of co-opting the Beothuk woman for contemporary issues, rather in the manner of Bishop Howley's *Operetta*, written for the Golden Jubilee of the Presentation Nuns at St. John's and performed by school-children in 1883. Howley has the spirit of Shanandithi appear to reassure the nuns that although the Beothuks are deprived of God's sight, they are happy enough in limbo, enjoying eternal rest and joining today in the nuns' "joyful jubil'lay."<sup>29</sup> These are dead Indians *and* good Indians. That the Beothuks are in limbo, that the last one was a woman or an artist, these are the writers' own preoccupations —there is still no steady gaze on the Beothuk collectively or singly.

James E. Candow is blunt in his contempt for the writing which bemoans the vanished Indian, writing that emerges from a society which ignores or oppresses living Indians. His "Obligatory Beothuk Poem" opens with an echo of Humpty Dumpty:

All the tortured white artists in the world  
couldn't put you back together again.  
Just think,  
if you were alive today  
you'd be second class citizens  
dependent on government largesse  
occasionally making headlines

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The second (and last) stanza points out that the power of the Beothuck over “the tortured white artists” is their extinction:

dead  
you fester in our psyche like maggots  
as you are claimed by myth.<sup>30</sup>

A similar tone and attitude are to be found in my own brief account of ironic contradictions, “dead Indians”:

dead Indians  
are safer  
in poems, museums,  
archaeo-  
logical pamphlets,  
bone pendants and ochre  
weeping walrus  
we mourn the Beothuk  
close the sky in  
on Labrador Innu,  
the land wired  
and caribou fled.<sup>31</sup>

Michael Cook in his play *On the Rim of the Curve* and Ken Pittman in his film *Finding Mary March* both wrestle with the question of whether it is possible to write about the Beothuk, whether all depictions of them inevitably constitute a kind of *use*, an inevitable creation of stereotypes to serve the imagination of “tortured white artists.” Cook incorporates an Author figure in the play who asks, “But how d’you write of a vanished people?” The play opens with the players’ backs turned to the audience, with “Their silhouettes thrown against a backdrop of imprisoning bars,” suggestive of the cage of convention. And when the Ringmaster calls for “a word from our sponsor ... the Beothuk Indians,” there is only silence. Ken Pittman, in the film *Finding Mary March*, which he wrote, directed, and produced, is equally wary about his own project. The visiting photographer may be taken as an equivalent of the film-maker, and the angry salvoes the trapper directs at her echo in the film as comments on the project itself: “Who are you to do all this understanding?” and “You’re just here to take pictures.” The scene of violation, of the photographer’s flash illuminating the recesses of the burial cave, is rich in ironies about film as a medium and about the film-maker exploiting material.

While Cook and Ken Pittman are both acutely aware of the traps, Pittman, it seems to me, is the more successful of the two in avoiding them. Cook’s play, for all its verbal and theatrical inventiveness, is finally a melodrama with the Harold Horwood view of history. The demonology of the traditional Western is here reversed, with the white man as the devil incarnate and the Beothuks as saints in nature — serene and religious and sensual and loyal. *On the Rim of the*



*Curve* is powerful theatre. Like many of Cook's works, the play has an inventive energy and on occasion it strains to get past stereotypes; but ultimately it confirms them.

In *Finding Mary March*, the Beothuk woman is certainly a symbol of the land and of a reverence for the land as sacred. It is perhaps the power of the film image, its documentary insistence, allied to the power of the actors, costumes, lighting, and music in the opening burial scene of the film, which engendered in me the sense of historicity, of a thoroughly *imagined* representation of those people, at that time, on that winter day. Ken Pittman's vision of the Beothuks partakes of the conventions already discussed, but in his act of imagination he is striving for a vision of the other, not simply his own image in a mirror. Nonetheless, the film as a whole makes use of the Beothuk material to draw parallels with contemporary Newfoundland; its main preoccupation is with current political and ecological issues.

Kevin Major's *Blood Red Ochre*, a novel for young adults published in 1989, is most scrupulous in its use of historical detail about the Beothuk. One of the two narrators in the work is Dauoodaset, a young Beothuk who is in love with Shawnadithit. Major tries to get past stereotype and to be true to the particularities of the young man's existence, to depict him as an adolescent, like the contemporary protagonist, David, in his eagerness and rebelliousness. Major pays attention to the culture of the Beothuk, weaving the known facts about food, clothing, dwellings, hunting, and travel into his narrative. The device of having Shawnadithit travel into our time to enlist David's help in reaching Dauoodaset in her time allows Major to present the vast differences between the two worlds, without editorializing. A casual question speaks volumes of irony, as when David, puzzled by Nancy's extreme reaction to an axe-murder scene in a movie, asks her, "Don't you like horror movies? Tell me some you've seen."

Like other recent depictions of the Beothuk, Major's novel is aware of the traps for the writer in taking the Beothuk as subject. He subverts the Indian Princess motif through his account of the love between Shawnadithit and Dauoodaset, gives equal fictional status to David and Dauoodaset as co-narrators, and acknowledges the *shadowiness* of even the Beothuks' extinction, through the grandfather's speech. Drawn from his favourite subject, the villainy of the Greenpeacers in stopping the seal hunt, the old man speaks to David about the Beothuk:

The Beothuks is a different story. If you ask me, no one knows the rights o' that. I heard stories when I was a boy, but who knows what to believe and what not to believe ... Nobody 'll ever know the rights of it, it was that long ago.<sup>32</sup>

But *Blood Red Ochre* is ultimately David's story, the story of a boy coming to terms with his immediate ancestry — he has recently learned that the man he thought was his father is not — and with his heritage. David's narratives open and close the novel, and Dauoodaset and Shawnadithit retreat to the past

and death. As well, Major's deliberately poetic diction for Dauoodaset becomes an alienating rather than simply a distinguishing device; the stiff speech, while nothing like the excesses in that line of the nineteenth century, brings into the novel those tropes of the oral and the primitive discussed at length by Goldie in *Fear and Temptation*.

The literary works about the Beothuks, full of expressions of empathy and sympathy and awe and guilt, nonetheless exclude and deny them. This is only in part because of the paucity of information about the Beothuks, only in part because they are extinct. Equally if not more important are what Goldie calls "the powers of the semiotic field," what Edward Said calls "standard commodities," and what I have called interrelated tropes or stereotypes. While some works struggle against it, the Newfoundland literature about the Beothuks treats the Indian as emblem: the Noble Savage, the spirit of Nature, the past, the timeless, death, the source of wound for the European colonizers. Variations on these motifs constitute much of our writing on the Beothuks, a writing preoccupied with guilt and death and the land, for which the vanished Beothuk, especially the Beothuk woman, serves as figure. We write shadow Indians, who serve us beyond the grave.<sup>33</sup>

The literature on the Beothuk, while preoccupying itself with long ago and faraway injustice, helps to perpetuate a silence. In lamenting the Beothuk, it ignores living Indians, those of Labrador and the Micmac of the island, Indians whose own asserted and actual connections with the land are matters of ownership and use, not symbol. Can it be that our literature on the Beothuks contains a horrifying sub-text, the opposite of our "lugubrious and apocryphal tut-tutting over the tribe's last days"?<sup>34</sup> Is that sub-text Al Pittman's observation in "Shanandithit"?

For you had  
to die as you did, you had to be the last  
of your people before I could love you  
at all.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup>Writers, early and late, show scant acquaintance with what is generally regarded as the best source of information about the Beothuks, James P. Howley's compendium of documents, *The Beothucks or Red Indians: the Aboriginal Inhabitants of Newfoundland* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1915), currently available in an inexpensive reprint.

<sup>2</sup>"They are everywhere before us, the Shadow Indians." From Raymond William Stedman, *Shadows of the Indians: Stereotypes in American Culture* (Norman, Okla.: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1982), 5.

<sup>3</sup>*Ottawah, The Last Chief of the Red Indians: A Forest Romance* was published in London and New York in 1847 and sold at Garland's bookshop in St. John's. It is a

fascinating manifestation of mid-century attitudes towards the Indian, worth slogging through the sludge-prose for.

<sup>4</sup>P.J. Wakeham's romance, *Princess Sheila* (St. John's: n.p., 1958) is a notable exception to the chorus of lament. His Beothuk are demons incarnate, creatures begotten by Hollywood Westerns (as archivist Philip Hiscock has pointed out to me), "savages ... slinking like serpents" (110), led by a chief with "a treacherous glare in his evil eyes" (84).

<sup>5</sup>Harry Burton, "Memorable" in Michael Harrington, ed. *Poems of Newfoundland* (St. John's: F.M. O'Leary, Ltd., 1953), 73.

<sup>6</sup>Robert Gear MacDonald, "The Passing of the Bœothuk," *From the Isle of Avalon* (London: Frank H. Morland, 1908), 20-22.

<sup>7</sup>A.C. Wornell, "Sonnet for the first Students of the New (Newfoundland) University," in *Poems of Newfoundland*, ed. Harrington, 112.

<sup>8</sup>John Steffler, "Save our ghosts!" in *An Explanation of Yellow* (Ottawa: Borealis Press, 1980), 24-25.

<sup>9</sup>Michael Wade, "Ode to Newfoundland," *TickleAce* 2 (April 1978), 4-5.

<sup>10</sup>Leslie A. Fiedler, in *The Return of the Vanishing American* (New York: Stein and Day, 1968), describes such notions as springing from Rousseau: "civilization is more savage, more barbarous than nature, natural man the real gentleman."

<sup>11</sup>George Webber, "The Last of the Aborigines," *Canadian Poetry* 2 (Spring/Summer 1978), 94. Poem reprinted with an introduction by E.J. Devereux.

<sup>12</sup>Dan Carroll, "Renetta," *Newfoundland Quarterly* 8, 4 (1909): 22. This poem links the Beothuk with the supernatural also through the trope of the visionary Indian. The Beothuk woman Renetta sees in a pool the destruction of her people by the Europeans. I thank Marjorie Doyle for this reference.

<sup>13</sup>Robert Burt, "Mary March," *Wanderings* (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications, 1983), 27.

<sup>14</sup>Anyon Wright, "Beothuk Blood," *Newfoundland Quarterly* 82, 1 (1986), 10-11.

<sup>15</sup>Tom Dawe, "In There Somewhere," *Modern Newfoundland Verse: Poems from The Newfoundland Quarterly: 1971-1987*, ed. E.H. King (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications, 1987), 16-17.

<sup>16</sup>David Solway, "The Flight from Canada," in *The Insecurity of Art: Essays on Poetics*, eds. Ken Norris and Peter Van Toorn (Montreal: Véhicule Press, 1982), 121.

<sup>17</sup>Edwin Abel, "Shades of the Beothics," *New Poems on Newfoundland and Other Verses* ([St. John's]: n.p., 1934), 8.

<sup>18</sup>*From the Isle of Avalon*, 20.

<sup>19</sup>P.P., "The Bœothicks," *Newfoundland Patriot* (April 19, 1836). I thank James Candow for drawing my attention to this poem.

<sup>20</sup>Isabella Whiteford [Rogerson], "War and Peace," in *Poems* (Belfast: William M'Comb, 1860), 263-4.

<sup>21</sup>Harrington, *Poems of Newfoundland*, 76.

<sup>22</sup>Fiedler, *The Return of the Vanishing American*; Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr., *The White Man's Indian* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1978); Terry Goldie, *Fear and Temptation: Images of the Indigene in the Literatures of Canada, Australia and New Zealand* (Kingston and Montreal: McGill-Queen's Univ. Press, 1989); Raymond William Stedman, *Shadows of the Indians: Stereotypes in American Culture*.

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<sup>23</sup>Paul O'Neill, "At Red Indian Lake," in *A Sound of Seagulls* (St. John's: Creative Publishers, 1984), 12.

<sup>24</sup>Wallace Bursey, "Beothuck iv," *No Right of Spring* (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications, 1982), 42.

<sup>25</sup>Des Walsh, *Love and Savagery* (Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1989), 53.

<sup>26</sup>Al Pittman, "Shanadithit," *Once When I Was Drowning* (St. John's: Breakwater Books, 1978), 45.

<sup>27</sup>Fiedler, *The Return of the Vanishing American*, 64.

<sup>28</sup>Lillian Bouzane, "beothucks," *Back to Back* (Torbay, Nfld.: Marm, 1981), 2.

<sup>29</sup>M.F. Howley, "Operetta," *Poems* (New York: J. Fischer & Bro., 1903), 120-21.

<sup>30</sup>James E. Candow, "Obligatory Beothuck Poem," *Newfoundland Quarterly* 82, 1 (1986), 11.

<sup>31</sup>Mary Dalton, "dead Indians," *Waterlily* 1, 4 (1990), 18.

<sup>32</sup>Kevin Major, *Blood Red Ochre* (New York: Dell, 1989), 98.

<sup>33</sup>Work on the Beothuk by writers outside the province—Al Purdy, Peter Such, Sid Stephen—exhibits similar characteristics. (So, too, does Leo English's unpublished novel *Red Dawn*, a mixture of history, melodrama and romance which posits the disappearance of Gaspar Corte Real's ship as having been caused by the Beothuk.)

<sup>34</sup>Patrick O'Flaherty, *The Rock Observed: Studies in the Literature of Newfoundland* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1979), 77.