PUGET SOUND TRIBES

A host of small bands of Salish Indians inhabited the country surrounding Puget sound, its islands, and the valleys of its tributary streams, as well as the shores immediately north of the sound. All spoke variations of what is known as the Nisqualli dialect (so called from one of the principal tribes using it), yet in spite of the close linguistic, geographical, and cultural relationship there were no political ties among them. Some of these tribes still exist; others, extinct, have left a memento of themselves in geographical names; some are known only as names recorded by an early traveller or remembered by an aged survivor of the native population. Prominent tribes of this group were the Squaxon, Sahewamish, Suquamish, Nisqualli, Puyallup, Dwamish, Samamish, Snoqualmu, Snohomish, Stillaquamish, and Skagit.

There was constant internal strife (rather thieving and assassination than war) among the Puget Sound Indians, but on rare occasions there was cooperation for the purpose of checking the warlike northern tribes who made life so uncertain for the men and slavery an ever-present possibility for women and children. In the very early years of the nineteenth century a great flotilla bore northward a host of southern fighting men, of whom only six ever returned to tell of the fearful slaughter at the hands of the Cowichan tribes of the southeast coast of Vancouver island.

In organizing this ill-fated expedition, couriers were despatched far and wide among the tribes, and there assembled warriors of the Suquamish under the leadership of Ktsap;[1] Squaxon and Sahewamish under Kôlush; Stehtsasamish under Swiyáp; Shomamish under T'hwútkut; Dwamish and Stukamish under Hulóqub; Puyallup under Chidáskud; Nisqualli and Klickitat under Tshóultid; Upper Chehalis under Tselís; and Cowlitz under Wiéno. The warriors of the inland tribes– Cowlitz, Chehalis, and Klickitat – were furnished canoes by the Nisqualli and the Puyallup, and the fleet proceeded northward, passing between Whidbey island and the mainland. Here they laid in supplies of food by pillaging small villages of the Snohomish and the

1 Not the Muckleshoot chief of the same name who was prominent in the hostilities of 1855-1856.

Skagit, and turned westward, coasting along the southern shores of the San Juan archipelago.

In what is now Victoria harbor they attacked a Sooke village, pursued the fleeing inhabitants to an inland prairie where the Sooke had been wont to find safety from marauders, killed a few, and captured a considerable number, including the chief Hwchílub. Now Hwchílub had received information that a large party of Cowichan and Sanetch warriors, bound for the southern coast of the Strait of Juan de Fuca to raid the Clallam settlements, would that very day stop at the Sooke village. Knowing that if his captors were attacked their first act would be the immediate execution of their prisoners, he imparted the news and advised them to embark without delay. The Southerners however were incredulous, and spent the remainder of the morning digging camas in the meadow, while the main body back at the village continued their work of looting the houses.

About noon the camas diggers returned, to find that the others had taken their booty and prisoners aboard. The roots and the second lot of captives were at once stowed away, and the raiders were just pushing off when around the point swung a fleet of Cowichan and Sanetch war-canoes. The newcomers drew up at a respectful distance and addressed the others in a friendly manner; for they intended to take some Clallam village by surprise, and had no desire for a bloody pitched battle. But the Southerners, taking their friendly overtures as a sign of fear, began to taunt them and to threaten them. Wiéno, the Cowlitz chief, leaped up in his canoe, waved his arms, and called on his companions to show their "fighting medicine." Then he raised a war-song. At this unmistakable evidence of hostile intention, the Cowichan backed water, massed their canoes, and began their impressive war-chant in unison.

The canoes of the allies moved forward, and at the same time the Sooke captives were run through with spears and thrown overboard to drown. The chief however leaped into the water and swam unharmed to the Cowichan. Water fights as a rule were at very close quarters, short spears being the principal weapons, and in such a combat the Cowichan, in their larger, heavier canoes, possessed a great advantage. As their enemies closed in, divided into compact groups for mutual protection, they drove their great canoes crashing into the smaller craft, sometimes sinking them and always scattering them. And the

crew of a single canoe of the allies were no match for the twenty or more warriors of a Cowichan war-canoe. Seeing this, the allies began to lash their canoes together, two and two, so that a solid front of spears could be presented to the enemy; but all in vain, for already the tide of victory was so strongly against them that it could not be stemmed. Many of the southern invaders, particularly the inland tribes, had never fought on water, and scores went down because of their very inaptitude.

The Sahewamish contingent fought stubbornly, keeping their canoes well together and presenting an unbroken front; but one by one their warriors fell, one by one the canoes were abandoned. Suddenly a few lucky paddle-strokes carried a canoe out of the thick of the mêlée. Three men leaped ashore and escaped into the sheltering thicket. One of them was the chief Kôlush.

Early in the fight Ktsap, perceiving that continued resistance could mean only destruction, urged his Suquamish to break for liberty toward the open water of the strait. The attempt was made, but only Ktsap's canoe escaped. Tulébot, one of his two companions, received an arrow in his eye, and the other was wounded in the chest and the thigh. A rain of arrows fell about the fleeing craft, but Ktsap was an expert with the bow and held his pursuers at bay until they abandoned the chase.

After the departure of the victorious northerners, Kôlush and his two companions made a small raft, and with sticks for paddles they succeeded in reaching the upper end of Whidbey island, where they were picked up by some Clallam and set over on the mainland near the site of Port Townsend. Here they borrowed a canoe and proceeded homeward.[2]

In December, 1854, at the council of Medicine creek the Squaxon, Nisqualli, and Puyallup entered into a treaty with the United States, ceding all their lands to the Government and accepting as their reservations Squaxon island, two sections of land on Puget sound at the mouth of McAllister creek, and two sections on what is now the site of Tacoma. On these reserves, comprising an area of less than

2 Two closely parallel traditions of this disastrous expedition are the basis for the account. On another occasion the southern tribes joined the Cowichan in an expedition against their common enemy, the Lekwiltok.

four thousand acres, were to be assembled a population estimated by Governor Isaac I. Stevens, the Indian superintendent and treaty commissioner, at about twelve hundred. Ludicrously inadequate in area, these lands were for the greater part totally unsuited to the needs of the Indians. Especially was this true of the proposed Nisqualli reservation at the mouth of McAllister creek, a heavily wooded tract at the top of a high bluff.

Now the Nisqualli gained their livelihood by two principal industries: they obtained clams and other marine foods in the waters at the mouth of their river, and on the inland prairies of its valley they pastured a considerable number of horses. To give up those lands and move within the narrow confines of the wooded bluff assigned them meant the loss of all their wealth, and was little better than self-destruction. The Nisqualli therefore protested, and their chief Leschi (Lúshhaih), after vainly opposing the plan, angrily tore up the commission as chief which the Governor had given him, hurled the pieces to the ground before the Governor's eyes, and left the council.

The treaty was signed, and the third name is "Lesh-high." Nevertheless to the day of his execution Leschi firmly maintained that he had never signed that treaty, and all the other Indians who were present affirmed then, and the survivors have never ceased to affirm, that such was the case.

It is not intended to assert here that the name of the Nisqualli chief was forged to the document with the knowledge or consent of Governor Stevens, although such a thing has been done. The following is significant:

"Senator L.F. Thompson, who at the time lived within two miles of the council grounds when the treaty was made, wrote: 'After the treaty was over the Indians came to me and said that Leschi would not sign the treaty for the Nisquallies and Puyallups. They were the Indians Leschi represented. But M.T. Simmons[3] told Leschi that if he did not sign it he would sign it for him. From what the Indians told me at the time and from what the whites told me, I am positive that Leschi

3 Simmons was the Indian agent and official "interpreter," using the absurdly inadequate Chinook jargon.

never signed the treaty.'"[4]

A month after these events, in January, 1855, the Dwamish and Snohomish, and the Skagit, as well as the more northerly Samish, Lummi, and Nooksack, - all the tribes, in fact, between Duwamish river and the Canadian border, - entered into a treaty at Point Elliott (Mukilteo), Washington. Governor Stevens was somewhat more liberal than he had been at Medicine creek, apportioning reservations embracing about twenty-eight thousand acres among some five thousand people. The lands reserved were moreover much better adapted to the uses of the natives.

But though the treaty was more generous, cause for dissatisfaction was given when it was provided that ultimately all these tribes should be concentrated on Tulalip reservation. This was in the very heart of the territory of the Snohomish and the Snoqualmu, warlike tribes both, and hostile toward the bands of Duwamish river and its tributaries. Of these the principal bands, besides the Dwamish, were the Muckleshoot and the Stukamish, who in addition to their fear of the Snohomish and the Snoqualmu felt reluctant to leave their streams and exchange a hunting life for marine pursuits with which they were unfamiliar. It was here that the first act of hostility west of the Cascade mountains was perpetrated.

As a direct result of Governor Stevens' treaty with the interior Columbia River tribes at Walla Walla, war broke out, the first act being the assassination of three miners by members of the Kittitas tribe, a Salish group near the head of Yakima river. Shortly after this a detachment of volunteers went to arrest Leschi and his brother, in the belief that this course would restrain the Nisqualli and perhaps altogether avert war on the coast. But the chiefs, probably apprised of the movement, hurriedly left their home, abandoning a plow in the furrow and their herds of horses on the prairie. One of the volunteers, reconnoitring the position of a camp on White river, near Seattle, was shot, and on the following day, October 28, 1855, several families of settlers on that stream were massacred. Hostilities continued into March of 1856. There were several minor encounters, including an abortive attack on the well-guarded village of Seattle. The difficulties

4 Meeker, *Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound,*Seattle, 1905, page 242.

of campaigning in the dense, wet forests of western Washington in a Puget Sound winter can scarcely be adequately pictured, and had the natives possessed the ability to organize and the fighting qualities of the plains Indians they could easily have cleared the territory of every white inhabitant.

Leschi counselled the Nisqualli to scatter in small bands among the mountains, and himself with his brother Qaiémuhl took refuge among the tribes of Yakima valley. Gradually the Indians, under the promise of amnesty, were induced to return to their homes, to be gathered on temporary reservations. But for Leschi and Qaiémuhl, Ktsap the Muckleshoot chief, and Stéhai the son of Leschi's aunt, no pardon was offered. Governor Stevens requested the army officers to arrest these leaders, but they refused to do so. Then a reward for their capture was offered, and the lure was effective. Leschi and Qaiémuhl had recrossed the mountains, intending to return to their home as soon as it appeared safe, and their where-abouts was known to the Indians. Two men, Slúggia and Wapôati, determined to win the reward. The former was related to Leschi. They visited the chief, intoxicated and bound him, and delivered him to the authorities. Qaiémuhl, hearing of his brother's capture, gave himself up at Olympia, where during the night his temporary prison was entered and he was fatally stabbed by an unknown man. After two trials and a bitter and protracted controversy between the military and the civil branch of the Government, Leschi was convicted of murder and hanged in February, 1858. To the honor of the army be it said that the officers at Fort Steilacoom spared no effort to save from the gallows a foe who had fought in open warfare and was no more guilty of murder than they themselves.

It is a satisfaction to note that the traitor Slúggia was killed by "Yelm Jim," a friend of Leschi. The avenger was imprisoned for a while, but escaped further punishment.

In August, 1856, adequate reservations were proposed for the Nisqualli and the Puyallup, and a small tract on White river was set aside for the Muckleshoot and the Stukamish.

CLALLAM

The most powerful and warlike of all the Salish tribes on the coast of Washington were the Clallam, a group comprising about a dozen

populous villages on the southern shore of the Strait of Juan de Fuca from Port Discovery on the east to Hoko creek on the west, as well as some settlements on the upper west coast of Whidbey island and the southern shores of San Juan and Orcas islands. There was even a Clallam village on Victoria harbor, according to Paul Kane, an artist who visited this region in 1846; but it is possible that this was a group of the kindred Sooke, as the traditionists do not now name any portion of Vancouver island as former Clallam territory. After the extinction of the Chimakum their country was taken by the Clallam, who established a settlement on Port Townsend. Beyond the Clallam at Cape Flattery were the Makah, and a considerable admixture of this blood was to be found in the Clallam village Hóko, where both languages were spoken. Adjoining them on the east were the alien Chimakum.

The Clallam, scattered though they were along some eighty miles of sea coast (not including the island settlements), exhibited a degree of solidarity rarely found in this region among the separated bands of a dialectic group. This condition may partly account for their having maintained a considerable numerical strength up to a time when less warlike tribes had been sadly depleted. So late as 1845 a census taken by an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company gave a population of nearly eighteen hundred.

They spoke a uniform dialect, which with little variation was used by the Sooke (Só-ok), the Songish (Luqúngan), and the Sanetch, at the southeastern end of Vancouver island, and by the Samish, the Lummi, and the Semiahmoo on the mainland from Samish river to Fraser river. The existence of a common dialect among tribes so far separated seems to indicate a sudden, definite migratory movement of one group from the other, or perhaps of both from some common early home. As to the direction of the movement, however, there is no historic and little traditional evidence.

By far the greater part of Clallam traditional history concerns the raids and counter-raids in which they were continually embroiled. Their neighbors the Makah, the Chimakum, and the Suquamish, as well as the more distant Snoqualmu on the mainland and the Cowichan on Vancouver island, were the principal objects of attack, while the Clallam in turn were most harassed by the Cowichan and by tribes from still farther north, as the Lekwiltok, Haida, and Tsimshian. It was principally to withstand the assaults of these fierce northerners,

sweeping down in their great canoes, that the principal Clallam villages were defended by strong, double palisades of split logs.

One of the earliest wars of which the old men now tell began when a party of the Lekwiltok attacked a Clallam village on Whidbey island. The islanders, about to celebrate a wedding, were expecting the arrival of friends from other Clallam settlements, and seeing the canoes of the Lekwiltok coming ashore, they hurried down to meet their supposed visitors, never dreaming that an enemy would approach by day. The northerners, armed with guns, of which the Clallam as yet had none, quickly opened fire, killing many and dispersing the rest in the woods, and then pillaged the houses.

Among the slain was the chief, a man noted far and wide for his wise counsel, and when couriers were despatched among the many tribes of Puget sound and the islands, a large expedition was quickly organized to avenge his death. As they proceeded northward, smoke was discovered in the distance, and scouts reported that a great number of people were assembled at a potlatch. The fleet detoured, and the warriors disembarked on the island. Quietly they surrounded the village, and at a signal they rushed howling upon the merrymakers. Every one was slain, and the heads were laid in a row on the beach. The allies returned home rejoicing, and it was not until there was another Lekwiltok raid in the south that they knew they had blundered. They had in fact exterminated a tribe known as the S'óksun.

Again the allies assembled, and this time they found and attacked the Lekwiltok. But the guns of the northerners were too much for them, and they turned and fled. Many of the canoes were aground, and their crews were slaughtered as they tried to push off. One of the Clallam divisions had canoes with a sharp bow like that of a battleship, instead of the usual long, upward-sloping prow which continues unbroken the curving line of the keel. These craft became impeded in the thick, floating kelp, and their crews were destroyed as they vainly bent to their paddles. Scarcely a man of that band escaped, and their village became extinct from that time. The survivors fled homeward and never again invaded Lekwiltok territory, but turned their attention to fortifying their villages more strongly.[5]

5 It remained for the Cowichan to chastise the piratical Lekwiltok, which

Hostilities between the Clallam and the Cowichan were constantly recurring, four or five canoes, manned by crews of as many as twenty each, constituting a war-party of average size. The last head-hunting expedition against the northern tribe occurred not many years prior to 1870.

Having heard that the Cowichan had been forced by their northern enemies to abandon some of their larger villages, and believing the occasion therefore favorable for a raid, a party of Clallam warriors set forth in seven or eight war-canoes. Arriving in the vicinity of Cowichan harbor, they began to hug the shore and to move in single-file to avoid detection. Each canoe carried a man leaning forward on its prow and keeping a sharp lookout ahead for signs of any outbound craft which might discover them and turn back to give warning. Early in the morning the lookout in the first canoe espied a small craft far out on the bay moving toward the shore ahead of them. The war-canoes hugged the shore more closely for a time, then all landed. Two scouts set out on foot to follow the shoreline through the timber and ascertain the destination of the occupants of the small canoe. In time they discovered the canoe hidden in the brush, and a trail leading back over a hill. They followed, and soon caught sight of two men tolling slowly upward with a porpoise suspended from a pole between them. As it was evident that their camp lay well back in the hills, the scouts returned to their comrades' and the entire party paddled quickly to the beginning of the trail. The canoes were soon concealed, and the warriors, preceded by two new scouts, took up the trail. A few miles inland the scouts dropped back and reported the discovery of a Cowichan camp of small mat houses on the opposite shore of a narrow lake. Cautiously they all pushed on to the brink of a hill overlooking the water and a narrow valley. Heavy timber screened them from view as they descended toward the shore, and from a point of vantage they discussed the best mode of attack.

The Cowichan had a few small canoes, but these were on the farther shore. While the marauders pondered, the Cowichan were preparing a midday meal from the flesh of the porpoise, and there was evident a tendency to collect about one long mat house. This gave the

they did most thoroughly.

Clallam a happy thought: they would steal around the lake while the meal was being prepared, and make the attack while the Cowichan were assembled in the house to eat it. The Cowichan were taken completely by surprise. Thirty men were slaughtered ruthlessly and their heads were carried home as trophies, and an equal number of women and children were captured for slaves. In accordance with the usual custom, the heads were set up on five-foot stakes in a row on the beach before the Clallam village.

Hostilities among the coast tribes were always begun in the desire for the trophies of war - human heads - and for slaves and plunder, and were continued with the added motive of revenge. Thus, about the middle of the nineteenth century the eldest son of Tkénem, chief of the Clallam village Chihwítsun, was killed by the Sooke. Thereafter the dead man's two brothers, who like him were well-known fighting men, devoted themselves to cutting off weak parties of the Sooke, regardless of sex or age. In time, it is said, they accumulated on the beach just above high tide a row of more than a hundred heads bleaching into white skulls.

About 1869 occurred a typically cold-blooded massacre of a party of Tsimshian, one of the last acts of intertribal warfare. One evening a band of more than thirty of these northerners, southward bound, disembarked from a single large canoe to camp for the night on Dungeness spit. It happened that some ten or fifteen years previously two Clallam women had been abducted by the Tsimshian, and when the people of the Clallam village Tsískat saw the voyagers land, they immediately despatched couriers to Tsuq, Sttítlum, and Shchqaíing, in each of which villages lived relatives of the two women.

The result was that before midnight some twenty-five men had assembled at Tsískat to lay their plans. Most of them were young men who, because of governmental restraint, had had no opportunity to engage in raids, and they were eager for the fray. A dense fog had rolled in, which, with the darkness, minimized the possibility of detection. In some trepidation they embarked, to paddle out along the west side of the long narrow spit and reach a point behind the Tsimshian camp, which was on the inner, or eastern, side of the hook. Actually launched on their murderous expedition, some of them began to entertain doubts of the advisability of proceeding. What would the white people say? King, the agent, lived not far away at Port Angeles.

What would he do? Perhaps they ought to talk it over a little more. Some one suggested that they had not yet blackened their faces, and the pretext for delay was seized with carefully concealed relief. They landed, built a small fire, and with charred sticks blackened their faces as they considered what they ought to do. So many years had elapsed since the abduction of the Clallam women that one man questioned their right to take vengeance. In the end, however, the fear of being thought lacking in courage caused each to adhere to the original intent, and they reimbarked. A landing was made behind the camp, and two scouts crossed the narrow, sandy neck to reconnoitre, leaving the others to follow. The northerners were found asleep within a rude shelter of slabs, canvas, and mats. The flickering light of a dying fire showed that there were far more women than men, an encouraging circumstance. The two men withdrew a short distance to await their comrades. A woman got up to replenish the fire, and in search for fuel she almost stumbled over the crouching scouts. Still there was no sign of the main body, and at last one of the two, half in anger and half in sheer recklessness, fired into the camp. Instantly the Tsimshian leaped to their feet and grasped their weapons, but at the same time the Clallam rushed up to their scouts and began to shoot. Crouching in the firelight, the Tsimshian offered an easy mark, and none was spared, for slavery was now illegal. When the firing ceased, the Clallam rushed forward, each eager to obtain a trophy. Only the men were decapitated, and as there were but ten men in the Tsimshian party the scramble for heads developed some altercation. Fingers and ears were ruthlessly cut off in plundering the dead of trinkets, and when at last the work of mutilation and pillage was over, the bodies of ten men, twice as many women, and five children lay on the beach.

Suddenly a cry went up. A Clallam was found dead. Immediately accusations began to rain upon the scout who had fired the first shot and thus given the Tsimshian a chance to grasp their guns before the Clallam came up. Words led to blows, and bloodshed was narrowly averted. Then, the flush of savage triumph dispelled by the quarrel, they threw away their gory trophies and returned in silence to their homes, bearing the body of their companion.

This matter came to the attention of the agent, who had all the participants placed in custody on Skokomish reservation, and there set them at hard labor digging stumps, under guard with ball and chain.

The raiders placed the burden of blame on the scout who had fired the first shot, and he afterward comforted his embittered soul by assassinating three friendly Tsimshian, each on a separate occasion.[6]

Like other tribes of this Northwest region the Clallam have had little warfare with white men. But about 1825, or perhaps a little later, there occurred an affair that culminated in the burning of an Indian village. An exploring party of five white men, one of whom is said to have borne the name McGinnis, picked up in the vicinity of Bellingham bay two Clallam men of the village Tsuq and engaged them as guides in the Puget Sound country. The party ascended Hoods canal in canoes, and returned after an absence of several weeks. One of the white men had treated the two Indians with great contempt, using them as camp slaves more than as guides, and the proud Clallam, Skóqai and his son Sioháb, were bitterly resentful.

Coming down the canal the explorers found a small band of Clallam encamped near what is now Hoods spit, opposite Duckabush. The white men pitched camp on the spit, and after the evening meal the two Indians visited their tribesmen, to whom they recited the indignities they had suffered. It was proposed to kill the white men, and the two guides returned, ostensibly to prepare their beds, but really to determine accurately the position of the sleeping white men. Then they crept away and assigned each man to certain warriors. Armed with trade hatchets and with spears pointed with elk-horn, the Indians overwhelmed and killed the five whites.

News of this affair leaked out, and an expedition sent to punish the perpetrators was guided by some Snohomish men to the village Sttítlum. The murderers were demanded, but inasmuch as they did not live in that place the order could not well be obeyed. The white men opened fire, the people fled, and the village was burned. Qaíaks, brother of Skóqai and leader of the murderers, was safely resting at home in Tsuq.

6 Naéahum, the narrator of these events and the one who fired the first shot, is now an old man and a devotee of the Shaker religion. After this confession he fell into a violent fit of "shaking," prayed volubly, and asked God for pardon, all the while ringing a bell and weeping copiously. Thereafter, on another occasion, he would not even speak to the recorder.

Enraged by their wrongs, the men of Sttítlum, assisted by others of the Clallam, attacked a party of Snohomish in a temporary camp at the south end of Whidbey island, and exterminated them. A few years later the leading Sttítlum warrior redeemed a vow he had made by killing Qaíaks, whose attack on the white men had resulted in the burning of the village.

With the Twana and the Chimakum the Clallam in 1855 signed the treaty of Point No Point for a reservation at the head of Hoods canal, where they still dwell.

SOOKE, SONGISH, SANETCH

The Sooke (Sô-ok) lived about Sooke inlet at the southeast end of Vancouver island, the Songish (who call themselves Luqúngan) at Victoria harbor and on the west coast of San Juan island, and the Sanetch on the peninsula east of Saanich inlet. These three tribes employed the same dialect as the Clallam, yet there was frequent interchange of hostilities between the two groups.

SAMISH, LUMMI, SEMIAHMOO

The Samish, the Lummi, and the Semiahmoo, all of whom speak a dialect closely akin to that of the Clallam, controlled the extreme northern coast of Washington, the first-named inhabiting Guemes island and, more recently, the shores of Samish bay, and resorting occasionally to the lower end of Lummi island; and the last-named occupying the country about Semiahmoo bay in the northwestern corner of Washington and the southwestern corner of British Columbia.

The Lummi, at the time of their first accurate observation by white men, held Lummi island and the mainland about Bellingham bay and Lummi bay, extending inland as far as the site of Ferndale, Washington. An unusually clear tradition related by a man[7] born about the year 1820 shows that this tribe has been pushing slowly eastward

7 The traditionist is Chihlmámutkun, and the approximate date of his birth is determined by the fact that when Victoria was founded in 1843 he had two children.

during the last two centuries.

In very ancient times, says this tradition, the Skoláhun, a tribe now extinct, owned the land about Lummi bay and Bellingham bay. These people spoke a language much like that of the Cowichan tribes. At the same period the Hulhwâluq lived on Birch bay and the coast southward to Lummi bay. The Hulhwâluq had formerly inhabited the southern end of Vancouver island eastward of Victoria harbor, and were therefore presumably allied to the Clallam-speaking tribes, as are the present-day Sooke and Songish of that district. The abundance of clams on the beach at Birch bay and of elk in the near hills was the cause of their migration.

Early in the eighteenth century[8] the Lummi, inhabiting the islands of the San Juan group, began to cast longing eyes on the mainland at the delta of Nooksack river, for in their islands were no streams where salmon could be taken. In the long war that resulted from their determination to secure fishing rights in the river, they all but exterminated the Skoláhun and the Hulhwâluq, and the remnants were assimilated by the conquerors.

At first the Lummi maintained their villages on the islands, resorting to the mainland only during the fishing season. To this grim story of conquest is added a touch of humor at the expense of the victors. Unacquainted with the art of building fish-weirs, the Lummi were compelled to hire the surviving Skoláhun to prepare the necessary posts and poles, and at the end of the season they concealed the material at

8 The date is determined as follows: The principal fighting man of the Lummi in these wars was Shaláktst, whose son Hwiálshtn had a grandson named Qéhshun, and this man's grandson, Hwiálshtn (Joe Toby), is now living, having been born about 1845. Assuming that, on the average, each man was thirty years of age at the birth of his son in this line, we reach the conclusion that Qéhshun was born about 1785 and the first Hwiálshtn about 1725, at which time his father, the warrior Shaláktst, was engaged in fighting the mainland tribes. (The tradition states that he was a young man at the time of this war.) Again, says the narrator of this tradition, Qéhshun was killed by a medicine-man at the age of about sixty, when the narrator was a man with children, that is, about 1843. In other words, Qéhshun was born about 1783, a conclusion which so far coincides with the line of reasoning followed in the preceding calculation.

the northern point of Lummi island, as they voyaged homeward to their wintering villages on the islands. But the wily Skoláhun, seizing the opportunity afforded by the absence of their conquerors, carried the timbers back to the mainland and sold them again next year; and this continued until the Lummi learned how to construct their own weirs.

The story of the destruction of the Skoláhun is not only an interesting bit of ancient traditional history, but an illuminating commentary on certain native customs and, incidentally, on the manner in which, inevitably, the element of the mythical gathers about the name of any ancient hero.

Hutâhlim, who lived in a Lummi village on Orcas island, one day quarrelled with his Skoláhun wife, and drove her away.

"Go home," he said, "and live with your brothers, and let them feed you steelhead trout for your fat legs!"

When the woman got home, she told her brothers how she had been driven away and twitted about her fat legs, and insultingly accused of living on steelhead trout. In time Hutâhlim recovered from his anger and decided to go and become reconciled with his wife. He asked his youthful brother Shaláktst to accompany him. They launched a canoe and proceeded to Lummi bay, where the older man told his brother to remain in the canoe with the slave and to keep it afloat as the tide ebbed, so that if the people made trouble Hutâhlim could effect a quick retreat.

When the people saw Hutâhlim approaching, one said, "There is some one coming." The woman replied, "That is my husband." Her brothers quickly told her to treat him well, and when there was a good opportunity they would kill him because of what he had said about them in the matter of the steelhead trout. She took up the mat she was weaving, carried it halfway to the water, and sat down to work. Her husband sat beside her, and they talked as if nothing had happened to disturb their relations. After a while she made him lay his head in her lap, and she loused him. But all the while she was twisting his hair tightly in her hands.

"Are you finding many?" he asked.

"No," said the woman.

"What are you doing with my hair?"

"I am just looking for them."

Then she uttered a cry, and her brothers came running. Hutâhlim leaped up, but the woman clung to his hair. He ran toward the canoe, dragging her behind, but they quickly overtook and killed him.

Meanwhile the youth had been watching, and kept working his canoe out into the water. He saw how his brother fell, and how his head was cut off. Then he paddled homeward. At the most easterly point of Orcas island he landed, and said to the slave: "Go home and tell my mother what has happened. I am going into the mountains to see what I can do. There I will stay until I find something. If I do not return, you will know I am dead."

The slave carried the news to the village, and the people began to mourn; but they decided to take no action until they saw what the youth would do.

For three days Shaláktst washed himself in the salt water, rubbing first with sharp leaves to make the blood run, and then with leaves containing juice that made the wounds burn. Next he made a raft, and a cedar-bark rope to which he tied a large stone as if for an anchor. He pushed out into the water off the point, and taking the stone in his hands he dived from the raft. There on the bottom of the sea a person spoke to him, saying: " I have not what you want. But if you will go on the hill, there will be a person who will give it to you."

When the youth came to himself he was lying high and dry on the beach. He walked up to a lake on the mountaintop, and there he made another raft and another anchor-line, and in the middle of the lake he plunged downward with the stone. He heard these words: "I have not what you want; but if you will go to the next place below, there is a small pool where you will find it."

Recovering consciousness, the youth remembered what he had been told, and went down toward East sound. He looked for a lake, but found only a small marsh, and though he searched for a deep pool, there was none. The water was covered with pond-lilies, and he could not find a place to dive, so he threw himself flat on his face. In the water he saw an old man, who said: " I understand that you have been having bad luck. You have a great enemy to face. Here is what you need. Take great care of it. Let no one handle it. You will not have to pursue your enemies; they will come up to you and you will club them with this. To prove that this weapon is good, you may remove the cover and wave the club in the air, and the place will be filled with

a fog, so that you cannot see."

When Shaláktst awoke, he was on the edge of the swamp with a weapon in his hand - a stone club as long as a man's forearm. He made a covering of cedar-bark and started homeward, and in the woods behind the village he hid the weapon in a crotch of a standing cedar. The people were happy to see him return, but none asked any question as to what plans he had. Everybody however made preparations, mending their canoes and their weapons.

"Why are you doing this?" asked Shaláktst. And they replied: "We are prepared for whatever you say. If you are ready to take vengeance, we will go with you and make war." "We will start tomorrow in the morning," he announced.

Early in the morning they embarked in ten large war-canoes. just before they pushed off, the young man said: "I do not wish to deceive you and take you far away to lose your lives, but to prove that I have something with which to fight I will show you what I have." He took out the club, removed the cover, and waved the weapon over his head. In an instant the bay was obscured with fog. This exhibition put the people in good spirits, and they started.

They landed at Lummi bay, and were informed by some stragglers on the beach that the Skoláhun had gone away, fearing vengeance. So they went around the point into Bellingham bay. At the portage across the peninsula they heard a sound as of a paddle beating on the water, and they knew what it was. A Lummi man who had married a Skoláhun woman was in the habit of setting his nets for flounders and then beating on the water with a pole on the end of which was a wooden slab, thus frightening the flounders in toward the nets. The warriors moved toward the sound, and when they found the fisherman they asked where the people were. He said, "They are all at Hwúhlkeyum."[9] They told him to come into one of the canoes, and his companion, a Skoláhun, they ordered to remain where he was.

They proceeded to Fish point, and Shaláktst said to his people: "Let all the canoes remain here, and I will go alone to see what is there. When I give the war-cry, then you may come up, but not

9 A village on the right bank of that mouth of Nooksack river which flows past Marietta, Washington.

before." He went into the village and entered a house, passing a large dog, and concealed himself behind a bundle of mat material. Near the door a woman was cooking flounders. The house sheltered several families. The dog got up, and lay down beside the woman, who turned and struck him with the fire-stick, saying, "Go out, you long-faced Shaláktst! "

When Shaláktst heard this insult, he went to the woman and picked up the stick on which the roasting flounders were spitted. "Let me see your face," he said. And as she turned, he slapped her on the face with the hot flounders. Then the people aroused themselves, and Shaláktst said: "I am Shaláktst, and if you want to measure my face to see how long it is, now is the time to do it!"

He took out his war-club, and as they sat there motionless at the sight of it he went about the house and killed them one by one, the slightest touch of the stone weapon sufficing.

Now the fisherman had told him that behind the houses there was a plank bridge along which the people would rush to escape into the woods. At this place he stationed himself and uttered the war-cry. His warriors on the beach answered, and the villagers made a rush for the bridge. But at the upper end stood Shaláktst, and he clubbed them down one after the other. The bodies piled up on both sides of the bridge until he could not reach those who were still coming in flight from the war-party, and he leaped over the heap to meet them. Thus he made successively three great piles of corpses. By this time the Lummi had reached the scene, but there was nothing left to do: for, except a very few who had escaped in another direction, all had been killed with the stone club. They stowed all the plunder in their own canoes as well as in those of the slain, and returned to Orcas island, where they shared the booty with those who had remained at home.

Some time after this, Shaláktst heard that some of the Skoláhun who had been living in a settlement where Marietta now stands had moved to the Lummi Bay village that he had found deserted. He was determined to exterminate them. There were only a few, and he went with a small party and killed all. Then he learned that a few families still lived on Nooksack river. These had made it a rule to fish only at night, and each man would take in his canoe his daughter and his valuables, and at intervals he would cry out: " Shaláktst, I mean no harm! I am not of those people you have been killing. Here is my

daughter and here are my treasures, which you may have."

One night Shaláktst came, intending to kill these families. Hearing the fishermen as they floated down the river with their nets, he ordered his men to run their canoes under the bank among the brush. After the Skoláhun had passed, the Lummi paddled out and observed them lifting their nets. Shaláktst stood up and cried: " I am Shaláktst! " The people were astonished and frightened, and they begged so abjectly for mercy that he agreed to let them live.

The Lummi accompanied the fishermen to their homes, where presents were heaped up and given to the chief, along with the wife he had been promised. "I will take the woman and the gifts," he said, "but this will not be the final settlement. I must consult my people about the peace." They remained there that night, one man watching while the others slept. On the following day they returned to Orcas island with the news that the remnant of the Skoláhun desired peace and offered to yield their right to the river.

So on a day the Lummi moved toward the mainland. They camped first on the northern end of Lummi island in houses belonging to the Samish, and this village they subsequently held, forcing the Samish to find other fishing grounds. After a while they crossed to the mainland and took possession, permitting the few surviving Skoláhun to live and marry among them.

Even as late as about 1830 the Lummi claimed, in addition to the mainland from Chuckanut bay to Birch bay, the following islands: Orcas, Blakely, Lopez (on the north and the west coast), Shaw, San Juan (except the west coast, and even that they had held in earlier days), Spieden, Stuart, Waldron, and all the many islets in the waters thus defined.

NOOKSACK

The Nooksack occupied the watershed of the three forks of Nook-sack river (which head in the vicinity of Mount Baker) and the broad valley of the main stream as far down as the site of Ferndale. There was no collective name for the inhabitants of these scattered

communities, our word being a corruption of Kunuhsáak,[10] which was the name for the people living on Anderson creek near the site of Goshen, Washington.

Living inland, the Nooksack depended much more upon the chase than did the purely coastal tribes, and their men were correspondingly more agile and vigorous. The tribe, never numerous, is now reduced almost to extinction, the language being known to only a very few old people. The majority of those who call themselves Nooksack are of very mixed lineage, and speak the Lummi dialect.

Linguistically the Nooksack were rather widely different from their neighbors on every side, their dialect being most closely related to that of the Squamish of British Columbia.

SQUAMISH

The Squamish (not to be confused with the Suquamish of Kitsap county, Washington) comprised a very numerous group of village communities on Howe sound and Burrard inlet in British Columbia. Dialectically related to the Nooksack, an inland river tribe of Washington, from whom they were separated by the Fraser River tribes, they were culturally quite different, resembling in their habits the other coast tribes of their region.

At the present time the Squamish are numerically almost negligible.

SEECHELT, COMOX

The Seechelt bands inhabited the lands adjacent to Jervis inlet, and spoke the same dialect as the Comox, who occupied the opposite shore of Vancouver island. The latter term, originally applied to the people in the neighborhood of Comox harbor, is now generally employed to include all the Vancouver Island bands between Nanoose bay and Cape Lazo. In earlier years these people extended northwestward beyond Salmon river on Vancouver island and Port Neville on the mainland. The former place is known to the Salish and to the Kwakiutl

10 Nooksack has been translated "mountain men," but there appears to be no justification for such an interpretation.

as Hwússam, a Salish name (whence the Anglicized name, Port Kusam), and the latter as Háhum, also a Salish word. Beyond these points the place-names are in the Kwakiutl dialects, but eastward and southward all such words are Salish; for example, Campbell river is Tlamátsh ("sandspit at the mouth of a stream"), and Qatsásken (whence Quathiaski) is the name of a small, abrupt islet just north of Quathiaski cove, which formerly was crowned with a fortified village of Salish people. From these northern positions the Salish were driven back by the Lekwiltok, and Comox harbor became their northern outpost on Vancouver island; but on the mainland and the islands of Bute inlet, well beyond the fiftieth parallel, are several small Salishan communities, such as Humáhlkyu, Hlaámin, and Tlakyús.

COWICHAN

The word Kawútsun refers to a certain projecting rock on the side of the mountain Tsohélim, which guards the entrance of Cowichan river on the southeast coast of Vancouver island. Anglicized into Cowichan, the name appears frequently on the map, and is employed locally to designate the native inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of Cowichan harbor. Formerly these groups had no collective self-name, although they regarded themselves as closely related. They differed a little from the Nanaimo bands in the north and the numerous people of the Fraser river delta on the opposite mainland; yet these all formed a well-defined dialectic group, and ethnologists have agreed to let the term Cowichan include the tribes of Vancouver island between Nanoose bay and Saanich inlet, and the tribes of Fraser river from the coast to the mountains at Yale.[11]

The Cowichan were more warlike than the average Salish tribe. With only the Comox intervening between them and the Kwakiutl tribes, they not only were influenced by the northern culture but perforce they imbibed something of the ferocity of those savage head-

11 The ethnological map of British Columbia, published by the Provincial Government, applies the term Cowichan to all the Salish tribes of Vancouver island and the opposite mainland -a usage which is entirely too broad, including as it does three dialectic groups under one head.

hunters.

The Kwakiutl tribes, particularly the Lekwiltok, with the aid of the Salish people at Comox, became such a constantly recurring menace that in many cases the Cowichan women and children would spend their nights hiding in the woods, while the men remained on watch in the houses to prevent the enemy from burning them. Typical of the methods of warfare is the account of an expedition of the Fraser River bands.

Landing at a place where all the inhabitants of a Lekwiltok village were dancing in a large house, they quietly surrounded it in the darkness. One of the dancers, happening out, saw the intruders and quickly ran back to warn the others. On the advice of a chief they continued to dance, and after a while the chief came out to persuade the unknown enemy to refrain from hostilities. He shouted: "Where are you from, you people? If you tell me where you are from, I will give you my daughter so that you will not kill us." They answered falsely, "We are S'qá'mish." They refused to be bought off, and the chief retreated into the house. The Cowichan secured long, stout poles, by means of which they lifted the ridge-pole from its supports and then let it drop back suddenly. The roof crashed in and killed many of the people, and the others were slain by the raiders. A man rushed out and down to the beach, where he leaped into the water and dived. He came up just on the other side of a log. But the Cowichan were watching, and after permitting him for a while to think himself safe, two or three came and speared him like a seal. The heads were brought home and displayed on poles in front of the houses.

Depredations by the northern tribes continued until a decisive retaliatory expedition became a necessity. Planning to strike a blow that would totally incapacitate the Lekwiltok for further reprisals, the people of Cowichan harbor sent messengers among all the tribes of the enclosed waters from Clallam bay to Puget sound in the south and to Fraser river and Cowichan harbor in the north.

The expedition assembled on Kuper island and went into camp while completing their preparations. Scouting canoes kept constant watch on the northern passages. One night the scouts hurried in, uttering the signal of distress. Several canoes immediately put off to meet them, and learned that northern fighting men had attacked and burned Nanaimo, and already had passed southward beyond the camp

of the allies.

Two war-canoes were sent to find the enemy. They worked cautiously southward. On the waters of Osborne bay they heard the scouts of the northerners signalling to one another with the cries of the loon and horned owl, and they returned to Kuper island. The allies, already armed and waiting, embarked immediately, and at daylight they reached Osborne bay, to find a camp very recently abandoned. By various discarded articles they knew that the invaders were Lekwiltok, though of course they could not know that Comox warriors also were in the party.

Now at this moment the Lekwiltok were in Maple bay, just south of Osborne bay, cutting poles with which to propel their craft up Cowichan river against the villages situated on that stream. The allies paddled quickly out of Osborne bay and turned southward without perceiving a scouting craft stationed off the headland between the two bays. When they rounded into Maple bay they found their enemies, warned by the scouts, hurrying out from the woods and into their canoes.

Seeing the channel completely blocked with a line of canoes, the northerners quickly put on their fighting accoutrement, while the allies busied themselves in the same manner. Then the Lekwiltok, trusting to the greater size of their canoes to break through the opposing line, paddled swiftly down the little bay. A few of the allies, in advance of the main line, opened fire, and to shield themselves the Lekwiltok threw their weight to one side, raising the gunwale toward the enemy and depressing the other almost into the water. But at that moment some of them ran upon submerged rocks, and many were capsized. The others met the line of the allies, and some succeeded in breaking through, but most of those that did so were overturned in the swirls of the swiftly ebbing tide. Some were run ashore, and their crews leaped out, only to be ruthlessly pursued and brought down. Not a canoe escaped. A few men got away on foot, but the Cowichan lay in wait in all the inlets to the north, and one by one the northward-fleeing refugees were killed as they came down to dig clams. Only a few stragglers ever returned to tell the news of the slaughter, but the

allies lost not a single man.[12]

After the slaughter was complete, the Cowichan manned some of the enemy's canoes and paddled northward to the Lekwiltok village. Here they donned the war dress of their enemies, and the women and children and old men of the village believed that their warriors were returning with victory. The Cowichan landed, put to death the old people, and enslaved the young. After thus exterminating the village Síhe of the Lekwiltok, the Cowichan on their way southward treated in like manner the Comox village Suhlúhl.

A short time after these events a few of the Lekwiltok and the Comox came down to make peace and arrange for intermarriage. They were told by the people at the mouth of Cowichan river to go up stream to Qámutsun, the largest village, and some of the men from this place came down to meet the visitors, waded into the water, and dragged the canoes along up the river. In front of Qámutsun they suddenly capsized the canoes, leaped upon the northerners, and killed them. With the lust for blood dominating them, they drove into the woods and put to death all the slaves they had taken from the two northern villages.

This great victory, which occurred not many years prior to 1850, was the last engagement of the kind in which the Cowichan participated. Subsequently there was considerable intermarriage between the northern people and the Cowichan of Vancouver island.

Tsohélim, Sqélim, and Squlhélim, chiefs respectively at the Cowichan River villages of Tlkôtas, Komiékun, and Qámutsun, were professional fighting men whose supernatural guardians were believed to protect them from any possible injury. They were*stámish*, or *tsélishum*, terms which correspond to the Chinook *itóhiul*. They frequently ran amuck, and in their madness recognized no difference between alien and tribesman. No one was ever quite safe in the presence of such a man. Both Tsohélim and Squlhélim are said to have expressed regret for these actions, saying: "I am very sorry for what I have done in killing my friends. When I become mad I do not know

12 The Lekwiltok refuse to discuss this disastrous affair, frankly admitting, when pressed, that they prefer to talk about their victories. This is good evidence that the Cowichan account is not unduly exaggerated.

what I am doing. I kill my friends, and I am very sorry.

Tsohélim was especially notorious, and his name is frequently mentioned in the oral histories of neighboring tribes. His village Tlkôtas was on the bay at the left of the mouth of Cowichan river, and consisted of a single house surrounded by a stout stockade of split cedar logs set upright in the ground. The main portion of the building, about twenty fathoms[13] in length, was occupied by Tsohélim himself with his eleven wives and their children and a number of his closer relatives with their wives and families. A fifteen-fathom extension sheltered the chief's more distant relatives and henchmen. In all there were somewhat more than twenty married men in the community. In each end of the larger room was a stone cell somewhat like a fireplace, with two small holes through which observations could be made. In one of these cells the chief slept.

A nephew of Tsohélim once went to Fort Victoria to work for the white men, and the Sooke killed him. When the news came to Tsohélim he embarked his men in several canoes and proceeded to Victoria harbor. They landed and walked toward the settlement looking for Indians, and coming to an Indian at work in a white man's field, Tsohélim raised his gun and killed him. The white man cried out in terror, but the chief said: " Do not fear. I have nothing to do with you. Some of this man's people killed my nephew, and now I am revenged."

Returning to his stockaded home, Tsohélim caused his men to keep watch on the housetop, one relieving another. About the middle of the fifth night the sentinel, arousing himself from somnolence, saw a kneeling man outside the stockade trying to light some pitchwood. Others were grouped around him. The watchman raised his gun and fired, and gave the war-cry. Tsohélim leaped up, threw on his fighting garments, and grasped his gun. He ran into the stone cell at one end of the house and howled like a dog. The women sprang up with their babies and burst into lamentation: "Now is the time for you to fight, Tsohélim! " He answered: "Do not be frightened! My name is Tsohélim! I am the man! Nobody in this house will die!" Then he went to the roof. But the enemy had withdrawn into the woods, and

13 About one hundred feet, the Indian fathom being shorter than ours.

when help came from the near villages they fled, leaving behind the man whose leg the sentinel's shot had broken. He was dragged into the house and killed.

Tsohélim never travelled about seeking wives. When he heard of the daughter of any chief, and desired her, he would simply despatch a messenger, without presents, and the girl was immediately sent to him. Nor did he confine his demands to unmarried girls, and because of the awe in which he was held he was never opposed when he desired the wife of another man. It was his numerous fathers-in-law who furnished the food for the great potlatch that celebrated the completion of his stockaded house.

About 1852 an expedition against the people of Kuper island left Cowichan river at the instance of Sqélim. jealous of Tsohélim's increasing importance, Sqélim secretly wet the priming of his rival's gun, and when the attack was made he held back his men, leaving Tsohélim to rush alone into the village to his death.

On at least one occasion the Cowichan invaded the territory of the Makah, and not infrequently they fought with the tribes of the west coast of Vancouver island, whom they encountered either in Cowichan territory or on the west coast, crossing the island by way of Cowichan lake.

It is said that not rarely warriors in frenzy of battle ate the flesh of their slain enemies.

The Vancouver Island Cowichan are unique among the Salish tribes in the possession of an ancestor myth, which purports to account for the origin of the race, in the following words:

In the beginning of things, Stútsun dropped down out of the sky upon the earth at the foot of the mountain Swúkus,[14] where there is an open swampy place called Shwúnum. In his right hand was a spear, in his left a rattle. His face was like the mask now used to represent him .[15]

Then Siyálutsu fell down in the same place. He had bow and arrows, a net for catching deer, and a rattle, and his face was quite

14 A territorial boundary of the Cowichan Harbor people, northwestward from that bay.

15 A mask used in dancing.

different from that of the first man, being like the mask that now represents Siyálutsu.

Next came Hwnam, with a fish-hook and a rattle, and a mask-like face. The other two said to him: "You have a fish-hook, therefore you had better go down beside the salt water, where you can use it. Besides, your clam-shell rattle might frighten the salmon when they come into our river. We do not desire you to remain here." So Hwnam went down to Má'luhuhl on the west side of Saanich inlet.

The next man to fall out of the sky was Swutún, and his coming made the earth shake, so that, though he dropped at Tlpálaq on Chemainus bay, the other three knew that a fourth man had come upon the earth. Swutún brought with him a bed with raised ends, and he moved to Tsíuhum, a small island near Chemainus bay.

Kolémulth dropped to the earth at Tláhôtun, the open slope at the deep pool not far above the mouth of Cowichan river. He had a small round stick and some paint, for he was a medicine-man and could cure disease by marking lines on the body of the sick. Qúthatsa descended at the same place, and the two lived there. They were the men who invented the fire-drill, and the pitfall for deer.

Now at Sáaq [Sooke inlet] lived Ti'kámut, who had come to the earth even before Stútsun. He had a daughter,[16] and hearing of Stútsun, how he hunted and killed deer and elk, dried their hides, and constructed a house of skins, he one day said to her:

"You know nothing. You are lazy. This is not good. You ought to make something for me to wear. But you do not know how. You are very lazy. Now, there is a man called Stútsun. Go and find him, and try to marry him, and make a good wife for him."

So the girl set out. She climbed the mountains to the north, and at last, looking down, she saw smoke. She descended to the place and found a large house made of skins. She thought: "This must be the house of which my father told me." There was no one at home, so she entered, secretly glad that nobody was there to prevent her. After a while Stútsun returned with a deer on his back, which he dropped outside, laying his bow and arrows beside it. Then he went down to the river to bathe before entering the house. Returning from his bath,

16 The myth is silent as to the maternity of this damsel.

he saw with surprise that a woman was there. He thought, "Where did that woman come from?" For there had never been a woman in that vicinity. He said to himself, " It must be the daughter of some great chief in another country." Then he spoke aloud: " I should like to know whence you come. I know all these men here have no daughters. You must have come from another country. And since you have come into my house, you must be the daughter of a chief. I myself am a high man, and if you come here, your father must be a chief." He was somewhat angry.

Said the woman: "I do not belong here. I am from Sáaq, where my father lives. He is a chief. He was on this earth before you were. He told me to come here to find you, if your name is Stútsun. So I found your house. If you like me, and take me to be your wife, my father will be glad. I will bring two slaves."

"Where are your two slaves?"

"Never mind where they are, I will bring them. Answer me now if you will take me."

"Well, then, I will take you," said he. "Your father is a high man and I am a high man, so I will take you.

"It is good, Stútsun," she answered I will go out and call my slaves."

"And I," said he, "will cook the deer and give you food."

The woman went out and called the two slaves who had accompanied her, each carrying, a basket of dried salmon and a roll of matting. "I give you this fish," she said; "you eat the fish, and I and the slaves will eat the meat." So it was done, and they were happy at the marriage feast. She lived with Stútsun, and after a while she had a daughter, whom they named Tutítsulwut. Their second daughter was Sakaísis, and the third child was a boy, Títsultun.[17] These children all died, and Stútsun said to his wife: "You had better go back to your father. Our children all are dead." So the woman returned to Sáaq.

Now Stútsun decided to take another wife. So he went to Swutún, who had a daughter, having got a wife from another country. And the daughter of Swutún bore Stútsun many children.

17 These three names are now in use among the Cowichan, but the old men say that this is not right: they should be reserved for the use of the Sooke, for they were invented by a Sooke woman for her offspring.

Stútsun and Siyálutsu, who were brothers, moved down Cowichan river and founded the village Hallálthw. Afterward people from this settlement moved to Chemainus bay, and their descendants are called Hallálthw.[18]

Siyálutsu once went hunting with many of his people, and seeing a strange animal running about in the bushes and barking at the men, he wished to know what it was and what it was good for. So he sent a man back to call Stútsun, who put on his skin shirt and came running. Said Siyálutsu, "Do you know what this animal is?"

"Yes, that is a dog," said his brother.

"Well, what is it good for? Perhaps it would be good to have."

"It lives on that mountain Swúkus," explained Stútsun. "I will call it."

So he called, "Wákas, Wákas, Wákas!" The dog cocked his ears and wagged his tall, pleased to hear his name spoken, and Stútsun went to him, patted him, put a rope around his neck, and led him home. This dog had supernatural power, like all animals in those times, and they used him for catching deer.

Stútsun warned his brother: "Do not go to your wife more than once in ten days. Then the dog will be useful. If you disobey this rule, he will be sick." One night however Siyálutsu went to his wife before his ten days of continence were past, and the dog sickened and disappeared. He did not run away, but simply faded out of sight. Nobody knew what had become of him. Both the brothers were sorry, and cried, and they both went into the mountains to try to find their dog.

Going far up Cowichan river, one on each side, they came to a waterfall. Siyálutsu called, "Come over here!" So Stútsun crossed, and his brother pointed to the salmon attempting to swim the falls. They pondered over this matter, and decided to remain there and catch the fish. So they made basket traps, which they hung at the face of the fall so that the salmon, dropping back in their efforts to mount the barrier,

18 The meaning is, that some of the Cowichan River men, descendants of the mythical Stútsun, took wives from the Chemainus Bay descendants of Swutún, and later the offspring of this mating went to reside among their mothers' people.

tumbled into the baskets. After taking and drying all the salmon they wished, they brought the fish down stream to their village.

The above is a mythical account of the ancient patriarchs of certain Vancouver Island communities - their names, their homes, their inventions, their domestication of the dog, their matrimonial alliances. It is purely an ancestor legend, and no doubt its existence is due to the influence of the Kwakiutl culture, in which such accounts play a very important part. The names of these first men represent ancient exogamous communities, and are still used as personal names among the descendants of the originals, as also are the names said to have been bestowed upon their children. It is of interest to note that the male children in those early times are said to have received names belonging to their fathers' families, while female children took those of their mothers' families.

As an example of the activities of the Cowichan tribes, the seasonal occupations of the bands on Cowichan river will serve.

In October, at the approach of winter, the families move into the large permanent houses. Great quantities of firewood are brought in and piled under the beds, for the winter is severe, and gathering fuel in the snow is not to their liking. In November the dog salmon begin to run into the rivers, and the people formerly built weirs, each of which was supplied with as many as ten to twenty gates. Above each gate was a closely woven box formed of spruce saplings and shoots. When these traps became full of fish, the gates were lowered and the fish were removed with hooks. If the weir was not in use, the gates and the boxes were taken out, so that the fish could go up stream to the people who depended on the next weir. Split and cleaned, the salmon were hung up in the houses to dry in the smoke.

The dog salmon continue to run until about the end of the year. Then begins the winter ceremony, a series of medicine-chants, dances, and feasts. Formerly this was inaugurated about the first of November, continuing four months instead of two. There is then no travelling about and no working. Hunting for elk and deer, however, is occasionally practised, and throughout the winter steelhead trout are taken. The dancing continues until the end of February, when the people go in canoes to the bay on the east side of Salt Spring island for herring, which are taken with the herring-rake, a long pole set with a row of sharp transverse spines on which the fish are impaled. The herring are

strung on fir shoots about four feet long, which are first tied together at one end in pairs. The pairs are then hung across a pole supported on two sticks. All the people except a few old persons used to repair to this herring fishery. Herring roe being highly regarded, cedar branches are submerged in the shallow water where the fish spawn, and after the roe has been deposited on them they are taken out, tied together in pairs, and hung up to dry. Afterward the twigs are stripped from the branch and soaked over night, and the roe is then easily removed from the leaves. The whole month of March is spent on the island, and the people then return to their villages.

In May the spring salmon appear, and remain in evidence until the recurrence of the dog salmon in the fall. They are now taken with the spear, but formerly the fish-weirs remained in the river all the year, except at the freshet season in the spring. In May everybody sails to the small islands for camas, living there under temporary mat sheds, which consist usually of two cedar stakes about ten feet long thrust firmly into the ground at an angle of about thirty-five degrees with the horizontal, and a mat roof supported by them. There are ordinarily neither sides nor front. If the ground is not firm, the upper ends of the stakes rest on a pole supported by two upright posts. After about a month on the camas meadows the people return to the villages to roast the bulbs and to dig more, for the roots are now ripe on Vancouver island. Wild carrots also are obtained in great abundance at this time. These roots are largely traded to the Cowichan of Fraser river for baskets.

About June, with nets already prepared and with bags of roots for barter, they begin the migration to Fraser river for the *sákai* (sockeye salmon). The net used in this fishing is stretched on a pole about twenty feet long, which terminates in a prong some six feet in length. The prong defines the mouth of the net, from which a string extends up the pole to the fisherman's hand. The net is operated by a man in the bow of a canoe, which is steered by another person, usually a woman, in the stern. The canoes move down stream side by side in a long, closely packed line extending across the river. No canoe is permitted to go ahead of the others. When the jerking of the string indicates that a fish is in the net, the cord is immediately released, and the meshes through which the prongs pass slip quickly down over the prongs and close the mouth of the bag-like net, so that the fish cannot escape. The salmon are dried in the sun, packed in mat bags, and brought home about the

first of September. Since the establishment of canneries, many salmon are sold to them. During the two months spent on Fraser river the women gather huckleberries, which are dried in the sun and stored in cedar-root baskets.

CULTURE OF THE COAST SALISH

In stature and in mentality the North Pacific Salish are inferior to the average interior type. The body is short, but usually robust and well formed. As a result of long hours spent squatting in a cramped position in the bottom of a canoe, the lower leg is generally somewhat bowed, and to the same cause must be attributed the total want of gracefulness in their gait, which can be described only as waddling. Wielding the paddle from boyhood, the men are abnormally developed in the upper body. The hands and feet are proportionately larger than is commonly the case with Indians. The face is broad and the countenance expressionless, not with moroseness but with apathy. The complexion is frequently rather light, giving the impression of yellowness rather than brownness. Some of the men show a considerable growth of beard, but formerly depilation was practised. The typical physiognomy gradually changes as one passes northward, and there is a distinct difference between the Puget Sound type and the Cowichan type, the latter no doubt having facial characteristics inherited from Kwakiutl ancestry.

The most striking physical trait is (for it is still to be observed among the older people) the artificially flattened head, a deformity without which one formerly was considered to be hopelessly commonplace and ridiculously amusing in appearance.[19]

The hair of men was parted in the middle and gathered at the back in a single switch, the end of which was tied with a portion of a long string. It was then wound into a knot on the crown or at the base of the skull, and secured by winding the string around and around it. Warriors wrapped a fillet about the head just below the crown, and permitted the loose ends of the hair, powdered red, to flow down about the face in the wildest confusion, in order to accentuate their appearance of

19 The process of head-flattening is described later in this article.

ferocity. The women parted their hair from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and arranged it in two braids, which hung either down the back or in front of the shoulders, the ends being tied with cedar-bark fibre. In their goings and comings about the house, both sexes were much given to allowing the hair to hang unkempt and unconfined, dressing it before undertaking any outdoor labor or going to visit friends. Oil of raccoon fat was frequently used to impart a glossy sheen.

It appears probable that tattooing was not a native practice in this region, but one introduced by early sailors, as it has never within historical times been a common usage. The Quinault sometimes decorated the forearms and the lower legs with figures of birds and beasts, or with pleasing arrangements of lines and dots. The powdered charcoal was inserted beneath the skin by means of bone splinters. Some of the Cowichan men had stripes across the chest, and the women three parallel lines across each cheek. The lower legs of Twana girls bore several horizontal bars about three inches in length.

To heighten their beauty as well as to protect the skin from wind and sun, both sexes rubbed on the face a cosmetic composed of grease (preferably kidney fat of the mountain-goat) colored with some powdered mineral, usually red ochre.

The most precious ornaments were ear-pendants of oblong bits of abalone shell, which was obtained in trade from the northern tribes. No person of low caste could afford these. Some wore a dentalium shell transversely in the septum of the nose, but this was not common. Both males and females of all ages, provided their means were sufficient, wore necklaces consisting of many strands of dentalium shells or of clam-shell beads pendent on the breast.

Among all these Salish tribes of the coast the style of dress was characteristic and fairly uniform. The men ordinarily wore no clothing at all, for in their homes, unless strangers were present, they were stark naked, and in warm weather they went about their ordinary outdoor vocations in the same manner. Women however made a slight concession to the claims of modesty, and from childhood wore a knee-length kilt of thick, cedar-bark fringe supported by a strip of cedar-bark which encircled the waist. Those of the better families, especially in the Cowichan tribes, had similarly made garments of goat-hair fringe, and wore in addition a breech-cloth of shredded cedar-bark. These customs prevailed for many years after the arrival of white settlers.

In the presence of strangers the men threw a robe about the shoulders, or at least folded it about the loins; and the same garment, pinned at the neck and confined at the waist by a long, twisted, cedar-bark rope wrapped several times about the body, was worn by both sexes in the village streets or within doors for warmth or from pride. There was much variety in these robes. Most common were those of the skins of deer, elk, bear, cougar, beaver, hair-seal, raccoon, wildcat, mink, muskrat, and otter, while more valuable ones were formed of the skins of marten, marmot, sea-otter, and fur-seal. A sea-otter robe, consisting of two skins sewn together, was worth a large ocean-going canoe, while a single skin was the equivalent of an able-bodied slave or a hundred fathoms of dentalium shells of the ordinary size. The fur was worn outside or next to the skin according as the state of the weather suggested, and the leathern surface was sometimes painted. The garment reached to the knees. Plain-woven goat-hair robes were worn, particularly by the Cowichan, who still possess many and use them for distribution in their potlatches. On such occasions a blanket is cut into several pieces in order that every person may receive a gift. When after many potlatches a woman has collected a sufficient number of pieces, she ravels them, retwists the fibre into long, loose yarn, and proceeds to weave therefrom an entire new blanket. The process of twisting cords is carried on either with a wooden spindle with a disc near one end, or between the palm and the thigh. Blankets of this material were comparatively scarce among the tribes of Puget sound, who obtained goat-hair or the finished product in trade from the Klickitat, Cowlitz, and Snoqualmu. The wants of the Clallam were supplied by the Skihwamish.

Some of the tribes, especially the Clallam and their congeners across the strait, used on special occasions a robe woven from a mixture of down with the hair of goats and dogs and with certain vegetal products. The down of ducks, geese, and gulls, the hair of dogs and mountain-goats, and sometimes the cottony fibre of dead fire weed blooms and cattail spikes, were taken in varying proportions and thoroughly mixed by beating and stirring vigorously with a paddle. The resultant fibre was then twisted into loose, fluffy strands, ready for the weaving. A more substantial robe of the same kind had a warp of nettle fibre. The nettle stalks were first split and hung up to dry, and then gently beaten with a club. Held in clusters by the ends they

were combed with a fine-toothed yew instrument until all the pith and the woody substance were gone and only the fine, strong filaments left. These were twisted into a long thread, which was doubled and retwisted while simultaneously the loose mixture of down and hair was fed into it. A few repetitions of this process of doubling, twisting, and taking up down produced a very strong yet soft and fluffy cord.

Another downy blanket was manufactured with much less labor from the skins of waterfowl. The coarse feathers having been plucked, each down-covered skin was removed and carefully cut into a single long, half-inch strip by working around and around from the edge to the centre. Wound spirally on a pole, the skins as they dried could shrink only laterally, and shrivelled to mere cords covered with down, which were then turned into a plain-woven robe. Generally the white skins of gulls were used for the body of the garment and black duck-skins for a decorative border.

The bands at Shoalwater bay made a peculiar blanket by cutting raccoon-skins into continuous, narrow strips, which were wound on a frame of two horizontal poles like the warp on a loom. When the skin was dry, the strips were strung tightly together on a series of hemp threads drawn through with a bone needle. Because of the spiral cutting of the strips and the tendency of skin to curl as it dries, both sides of the finished blanket presented a warm, furry surface.

When fishing, hunting, or travelling in cold weather the men used shirts, hip-leggings, and moccasins of deerskin. In some cases the deerskin was tanned without the removal of the hair, which was then worn next the skin. Moccasins of the thick skin taken from the neck of a deer or an elk were generally worn on the hunt or on long overland journeys regardless of the season, but with this exception footwear was seldom in evidence. The shirt and the leggings were ornamented with fringe, and, among the prairie bands at the head of Puget sound, with colored porcupine-quills obtained in trade from the interior. Such garments were generally reserved for special occasions, as were also the long, fringed, beaded, deerskin or elkskin gowns possessed by some of the wealthier women of those bands. All of this deerskin clothing was introduced from the Great Plains by way of the upper Columbia.

The gala deerskin shirt of the Cowichan was adorned with tufts of duck-feathers appliqué, or with small rods of syringa wood attached at the ends of cords so that they dangled and rattled.

For protection from rain or sun a basketry hat was worn by both sexes of the tribes at Shoalwater bay, Grays harbor, and the coast northward, as well as among the tribes of Vancouver island. The material was splints of roots (cedar or spruce) and hemp fibre. The hat was about fifteen inches broad and shaped like a rather shallow, inverted bowl. Inside the crown was sewed a basketry band which fitted the head. Among the Quinault the top was colored red with a composition in which salmon roe appeared, and on this ground were drawn in black, symbolical figures of the sun, the crescent moon, and stars, while on the visible portion of the under surface the background was black and the figures were in red. The basketry head-dress of some of the Puget Sound tribes, as the Nisqualli and the Puyallup, was a closely fitting skull-cap worn by women on gala occasions.

The permanent dwellings of the North Pacific tribes were substantial wooden structures of considerable size. Several types, all rectangular, were in use among the Salish.

Among the Puget Sound Indians the house possessed a single-pitch roof sloping from the front to the rear, the guttered roof-boards being arranged like tile and extending in the direction of the slope. At intervals a very broad plank covered a wide space left between two others, so that by means of a pole it could be moved aside and permit the smoke to escape. The wall-boards were placed horizontally and secured by cedar withes to a series of upright poles a few feet apart both inside and outside, each board slightly overlapping the one below it, and all interstices being stuffed with gray tree-moss. In the better structures these planks were carefully fitted, one resting directly on another with a projecting shoulder covering the joint. The framework was begun by setting in the ground to a depth of about thirty inches two parallel rows of heavy, trimmed, cedar posts, which defined the front and the back line of the structure. These sometimes were hewn timbers six to twelve inches thick and as much as three feet wide, the inner surfaces being carved and painted into the semblance of an animal or some mythological being. In each row the uprights were from eight to twelve feet apart. The rafters, connecting each post of the front row with the corresponding one at the back, were of cedar, twelve to fifteen inches in diameter at the top and trimmed down to the same dimension at the butt. At each end the lower side was flattened and provided with a shoulder, so that the beam rested firmly

on the flat-topped posts. Across the rafters several rows of six-inch fir poles were bound, and on these rested the roof-boards.

There were no window openings, and the small doorway in the front was closed at night or during inclement weather by means of a few boards bound together and held up by a brace against the earthen floor. Usually there was also a still smaller exit at the rear. Lengthwise through the house extended a wide trench of about a foot in depth, in which burned the fires for cooking and for warmth. The sides of the trench were lined with boards. A small house had a single fire, though there might be several closely related families occupying it; but in the larger ones burned four, five, or six fires beneath a corresponding number of smoke-holes. It was customary for a woman with a large supply of any one variety of food to prepare enough of that particular dish to serve the entire household; hence there was little confusion about the cooking fires even in a house that gave shelter to a hundred persons.

On both sides of the fire trench the ground was covered with boards and mats, where the occupants squatted at their meals or at their indoor work. All around the walls, in a single or a double tier, extended a row of bunks on which were piled the rolls of mats, the skins, and the woven goat-hair blankets that formed the bedding. Usually the walls adjacent to the beds were covered with mats held up by wooden pegs, and sometimes the bunks themselves were screened in by mats in order to protect the sleeper and his blankets from drifting ashes and cinders. Rarely were mat partitions hung between the beds. Beneath the bunks were stowed the personal possessions of their respective occupants, and here also were the sleeping-quarters of slaves. From the rafters were suspended poles on which were hung drying fish and meat, or racks of berries and roots.

In height these houses were from twelve to sixteen feet in the front and seven to ten at the rear. The average structure was from twenty to forty feet deep and forty to one hundred feet in length, but buildings as large as fifty by two hundred and fifty feet were not uncommon. " But the triumph of their architecture is displayed in the buildings erected for festivals. These were of extraordinary size and strength, considering the means at their disposal. Mr. H. A Goldsborough measured one at Port Madison, erected by the brother of Seat'hl ['Seattle'], some forty years before, the frame of which was standing in 1855. This was 520

feet long, 60 feet wide, 15 feet high in front, and 10 in the rear. It was supported on puncheons, or split timbers, 74 in number, from 2 to 3 feet wide, and 5 to 8 inches thick, carved with grotesque figures of men, naked and about half size. The cross-beams were round sticks, 37 in number, 60 feet in length, and from 12 to 22 inches in diameter. There was another similar house at Dungeness, built by King George, and one at Penn Cove, by Sneetlum, similar but somewhat smaller than this. They were erected for special occasions, and afterward dismantled.[20]

A house fifty feet long sheltered about fifteen people, while one of double that length accommodated as many as forty to fifty.

In the southwestern portion of the Salish territory the houses had ridge-poles and double-pitch roofs, with wall-boards placed perpendicularly instead of horizontally. This style they appear to have owed to the influence of the Chinookan tribes near the mouth of the Columbia. The Upper Chehalis constructed a roof of overlapping slabs of cedar-bark held together by skewers. Probably preserving unconsciously a relic of this primitive style, the Shoalwater Bay Salish laid their roof-planks parallel with the ridge-pole, leaving unfastened the one at the ridge, so that it could be propped up and afford an outlet for smoke. Among all the other tribes the roofboards extended in the direction of the slope, and were laid like tile. Even the Puget Sound tribes sometimes adopted the double-pitch roof for the house of a very wealthy man, but they still laid the wallboards horizontally.

Houses of this style were greater in depth than in width, the ridge extending from front to back. They were five to six feet high at the eaves and ten to sixteen at the ridge, twenty to forty feet wide, and forty to one hundred in length. In building the framework the workmen first set up a row of squared cedar posts along each side at intervals of about ten feet, and at the middle of the front and the rear line respectively two very wide, thick planks equal in length above ground to the proposed height of the building. Each row of side posts supported an eaves timber, upon which in turn rested the ends of

20 Gibbs in *Contributions to North American Ethnology,* Washington, 1877, Vol. I, Part II, page 215. The building thus described is known locally as Old Man House. One of the posts was still standing in 1903.

joists extending across the structure between corresponding posts. The extremities of the heavy ridge-pole rested on the broad, upright planks, and its weight was further supported by a series of large, squared posts standing on the middle of the joists. The doorway was an oval hole, four and a half feet high and thirty inches wide, cut into the broad plank at the front of the house, and it was covered on the outside by a rectangular board suspended from a thong. At night the door was secured by thongs tied to a cross-bar on the inside. The interior arrangements differed little from those of the Puget Sound houses, but partitions between the beds appear to have been rather more frequent. The long platforms on which the beds were made were about four feet wide and elevated an equal distance above the floor, the frame consisting of stout poles reaching from the ground to the roof and shorter rods connecting these uprights with the wall. At the outer edge a perpendicular board prevented the bedding from working out upon the floor. Any one who by fasting obtained supernatural power hired a carver to delineate on a board figures that represented his guardian spirits. This board he then placed beside the head of his couch, its base on the ground and the top bound by spruce withes to a board running the length of the house near the eaves.

The houses of the northerly Salish, on Vancouver island and the mainland at Fraser river, had the ridge-pole, the roof-boards extending in the direction of the slope, and the wall-boards usually, but not always, perpendicular.

The favorite site for these winter homes was a flat strip of land extending well back from the water, in the case of those that faced salt water, though they were almost invariably built close to the gravel reef, just above high tide. Thus the occupants were always near their canoes for ready departure by water, or, if suddenly surprised by enemies from that quarter, they could quickly escape through the back door and find refuge in the brush and the forests immediately behind the village. It was not unusual for an entire community to be housed under one roof. Many of the settlements most exposed to attack from the northern tribes were fortified. Such a one (Aiínis, at the site of Port Angeles) is thus described by Paul Kane, the artist, who in 1846 travelled among these Indians:

"*May 9th.* -Made a portage across the spit, and by the evening reached I-eh-nus, a Clallam village or fort. It was composed of a double

row of strong pickets, the outer ones about twenty feet high, and the inner row about five feet, enclosing a space of 150 feet square. The whole of this inner space is roofed in, and divided into small compartments, or pens, for the use of each separate family. There were about 200 of the tribe in the fort at the time of my arrival."[21]

If a family decided to move up stream for a time, or to visit the berry-patches or the root-digging grounds, or to sail to a distant bay for good fishing, an indispensable part of their equipage was the great rolls of wide tule mats. Arrived at their destination, they quickly erected the framework of a summer house, if indeed it was not already standing there from a previous season. Four stout fir saplings were cut, sharpened at the butt, and driven into the ground as the corner posts of the proposed structure. These were about twelve feet in length, and at a point four feet above the ground they were deeply notched, so that the tops of each pair could be drawn together and bound, the four saplings thus forming not only the corner posts but the rafters. On each of them was then applied, lengthwise, and bound firmly in position, a medium-sized pole deeply notched at short intervals. Small rods were laid in place in these notches, from end to end of the double-sloping roof, and a double thickness of matting was stretched over each slope, the length of the individual tule stalks running from ridge-pole to eaves. A single thickness sufficed for the perpendicular walls, and the front was covered by a hanging mat. As the mats, the roof-poles, and the notched pieces were always ready for use, the construction of a summer house was only a matter of minutes. The temporary shelter of a night or two was not so elaborately made, being merely two poles thrust obliquely into the ground, supported by uprights at the upper ends, and covered with mats.

Fishing was the most important pursuit, and salmon the most common fish. During the season of the winter and spring freshets the spear was used, but at other times the streams were spanned by weirs. A line of stout tripods crossing the stream was set up, the longer leg bracing the other pair against the current. On the upstream side were bound two lines of strong poles, one at the bottom and one at the surface, and above these was driven a close row of perpendicular poles,

21 Kane, Wanderings of an Artist, etc., London, 1859, page 229.

the tops of which were bound to the upper crossbars. Some tribes provided the weir with gateways leading into traps, which when filled were closed and lifted out, but others merely dipped up in nets the crowding fish below the barrier. For some time before the spawning season the salmon enter the rivers on the flood tide and return to the sea on the ebb. At such seasons holes in the weir were left open during the flood and then stopped up with the mouths of long, cylindrical nets, which after the salmon had entered them were towed ashore and emptied. A salt-water trap was made by arranging on the tideflats two long, converging lines of upright poles, which led the fish into a *cul de sac,* where they remained as the tide receded.

Enormous quantities of these fish were dried in the smoke of the dwelling houses for winter consumption and for trade. While all species of salmon were eaten fresh, it was almost always the coarse, inferior dog salmon that was chosen for drying; not because the Indians do not appreciate fat, juicy fish, but because that very quality makes the flesh difficult to preserve in the humid winter of the north Pacific coast.

Nets of several kinds were used. The gill-net, a fathom deep and ten fathoms long, was usually woven from the long, slender withes of swamp willow. Another willow net was set by suspending it horizontally between anchored canoes and a little below the surface of shallow waters in narrow inlets. When a school of salmon passed over it the net was quickly lifted. This form was largely used at the lower end of Vancouver island. In Fraser river the sockeye salmon were caught in a tubular net spread on the prong of a long pole, which was held by the bow-man in a canoe, the mouth being directed down stream as the stern-man paddled with the current. The casting-net was used to enclose a school of fish near shore, and small fish like shrimp and herring were taken in scoop-nets.

Flounders, soles, skates, cuttlefish, and other denizens of the mud flats off the mouths of rivers, were speared, and usually at night. A brisk fire of pitchwood was built on a clay-covered platform on the canoe, in order to illuminate the bottom. For the large spring salmon (Chinook, or quinnat) the spear was fitted with two barbed, detachable, bone points fastened to the shaft by strong cords, in order that this powerful fish might wear out its strength without tearing out the barb.

Smelt and herring in open water are caught on the herring-rake,

a thin wooden strip about eight feet long and three inches wide, with one edge for a space of about thirty inches set with a row of sharp bone teeth pointing slightly upward. The implement is whipped through the water as the fisherman's wife paddles through a school of small fish, and the creatures are impaled on its teeth, to be shaken off into the canoe.

Fish-hooks were used to a considerable extent, consisting of a strong bit of hemlock or white fir branch, steamed and bent, with a small, barbed, bone point lashed to it with a strip of cherry-bark. For small fish the shank of the hook was almost straight, but for halibut and sturgeon the wooden portion is U-shaped, the barb being bound on at one end and pointing in toward the curve. The line is fastened at the middle of the opposite side, so that the hook hangs with the opening pointing sidewise and the barb at the bottom. The arm containing the barb is baited, clear to the curve, and in taking the bait the fish thrusts its upper jaw into the opening, when a jerk of the line fastens the barb. Halibut are taken only by this means, but sturgeon formerly were sometimes speared, the shaft of the implement being about twenty feet in length. The point was moved slowly along the bottom until a fish was touched, when the spear was raised a little and thrust downward. Then the shaft was withdrawn, leaving the barb in the sturgeon, which was played on a long line of kelp. Salmon were caught by trolling, a herring or a perch being the bait. The fish-line was most commonly a single strand of stretched and dried bladder-kelp*(Nereocystis luet-keana),* and was remarkably serviceable.

A unique fishing lure consists of a wooden cylinder about two inches long with a socket at one end. About this end project three feather-shaped blades of white wood. The device is thrust far down into the water on the end of a long pole, and is then suddenly shaken off. As it rises, the blades impart a rotary motion, and the gleam of the white wood lures a cod from the bottom. As the fish comes into view, the fisherman hurls his spear.

Besides fish the most abundant sea foods are clams, mussels, oysters, crabs, sea-urchins, and sea-cucumbers. Of these the various species of clams are in greatest demand, and they are eaten raw, steam-cooked, or steam-cooked and dried in smoke and then eaten so or boiled. Cuttlefish is a delicacy highly prized, and roasted sea-urchins were considered the most palatable food a wealthy chief could serve

at his feast.

Herring roe is still collected in large quantities. Salmon roe also is preserved, and its naturally strong, repulsive flavor is in no wise diminished by age. For the Indian this delicacy ministers to the same craving which we satisfy with cheese, besides serving the useful purpose of counteracting the constipating effect of fern-roots.

Venison was the principal flesh food. Generally the tribes living close to the shoreline were indifferent hunters, the ease with which sustenance could be drawn from the sea and the rivers being sufficient to prevent them from engaging extensively in the more arduous pursuit of land game. But in almost every group there were a few small bands inhabiting areas about the headwaters of the streams and depending largely on the chase; while a few of these Salish tribes lived altogether in the vicinity of the foothills and became excellent hunters. Such were the Cowlitz, the Upper Chehalis, and the Nooksack.

Deer were hunted in a variety of ways. A favorite method was the game drive. Deer lie hidden by day and feed by night, browsing preferably on open hills near the brushy retreat of some deep gully. When a feeding ground had been discovered, a party of hunters, ten or perhaps thirty strong, would form at daylight a scattering line in the thicket at the base of the long, open slope, thus cutting off the usual retreat. At each end of the line a few men made a detour for the purpose of turning the animals back toward the hunters. Then the main party crept forward up the slope. Not only were the more distant deer driven back by the two parties of beaters, but any that were started up by the main body would usually dash along the line and attempt to escape into the gully, thus passing between two hunters, at least one of whom had a chance to hurl his spear. This missile had a detachable point, so that the same shaft could be used to implant many points. Occasionally the detachable head was attached by very strong sinew cords to the shaft, which, becoming entangled in the undergrowth, so impeded the animal that another huntsman had time to hurl his spear, or the first could release an arrow. Occasionally a well-aimed arrow would bring a deer down in his tracks, but it was customary to direct the arrow toward the intestines of the creature, which then, if not too closely followed, would quickly sicken and lie down, an easy prey to surprise and a final missile. Hunting arrows very generally were fitted with detachable heads. In this there was a double purpose: to cause the

blood to flow more profusely, and thus both weaken the animal and furnish a well-marked trail. At times arrows were tipped with heavy, blunt stones, and were despatched, it is said, with sufficient force to stun a deer struck on the forehead.

Snares were set in the runways. One form consisted of a twelve-foot fir sapling bent over and secured by a cord, and, attached to the end of the sapling, a strong sinew rope with a large noose suspended across the runway at the height of a deer's head. A jerk of the noose released a trigger, and the rope tightened about the deer's neck, the resilience of the fir preventing the application of a pull sufficient to break the rope. The same kind of snare was set for bear, with the substitution of heavy cedar withes for the sinew line. Even these the captive animal would sometimes gnaw asunder, but after guns became common the rope was passed through an old gun-barrel, which, when the trigger was sprung, quickly slid down the line and prevented the bear from touching the rope with his teeth.

A common and effective snare was a large-meshed sinew net stretched between resilient fir saplings across a deer runway. At each end a hunter or two lay in wait, while others drove the quarry into the snare. In this way not only deer but elk, and even bear, were captured.

Pitfalls about six feet long, five feet deep, and three feet wide at the top, narrowing toward the bottom, were dug in the deer trails. Extreme care was exercised not to disturb the ground beyond the edges, and the excavated earth was carried off a considerable distance and scattered. Brush and moss were laid over the pit, great pains being taken to make the surface look in no wise different from the surrounding ground. Then an effort was made to start a deer toward the trap with an eye more on his pursuers than on the ground. Once wedged in the hole with its narrow bottom, a deer could not escape. Before digging a pitfall or setting a snare men always bathed ceremonially in order to remove the human taint and so avoid leaving the telltale scent on the trap.

The pitfall for elk was provided at the bottom with sharpened stakes on which the animal was impaled. Elk were easily driven at the season when they herded, and as they were directed through the mountain forests where undergrowth was thin, other hunters, concealed behind great trees, drove their spears into them as they passed. The wounded animals were left unmolested for a day and a night, and they were then found too weak to escape. In the deep snows of the higher mountains

the floundering elk were surrounded by a band of hunters walking cautiously on the crust, and easily slaughtered. Among the Cowlitz, the Upper Chehalis, and the Twana, a single hunter would pursue the elk with the aid of two or three dogs, which were trained to follow their master until a fresh scent was found, when a word set them on the trail. When they overtook their quarry they snapped at his heels until he turned at bay, and there held him until their master came up. These elk dogs were of medium size. A different breed, used for chasing deer, usually caused their prey to take to water.

Wolves, bears, cougars, foxes, wildcats, and many small animals were not only shot with bow and arrow but trapped in the deadfall. Frequently this device, when set for the larger, fiercer animals, was equipped with sharpened, hardwood pegs, which firmly held the victim.

The water mammals most in demand were the sea-otter, hair-seal, sea-lion, and porpoise, and the harpoon was the means commonly employed. The harpoon point was sometimes a barbed bone, sometimes a mussel-shell blade with bone barbs lashed to its edges, but most frequently a sharp, slender bit of hard wood or bone with the cord attached at, or a little below, the middle, so that a jerk on the line would twist the toggle crosswise in the wound. The harpoon lines were of many kinds, and in length were from thirty to fifty feet. The Puget Sound tribes, the Twana, and the Clallam, obtained from the eastern Washington tribes an excellent hemp fibre, with which they made a thin but strong cord. One end was fastened to the harpoon point, the other to a rope of cedar withes or of twisted deer sinew. The Vancouver Island tribes generally made their harpoon lines of sea-lion intestines, which were split, cleaned, and dried, and then twisted and rolled into hard, round cords, and these finally were wrapped spirally with nettle-fibre thread. The Quinault harpoon line was made of whale sinew. At the end of the line was attached a cedar float, which quite commonly was in the form of a waterfowl.

The successful pursuit of porpoises and sea-otter required considerable skill. The former are yet hunted on moonlight nights as they sport in the smooth waters of some bay. The two hunters, spearsman in the bow and steersman in the stern, bring their little canoe silently toward the black, curving backs of the porpoises, tossing the drip of the paddles away in a thin, noiseless shower. The slightest

noise of paddle on gunwale, of the harpoon taken in hand, of an inapt paddle-stroke, and the porpoises go down like a flash.

Sea-otter were usually speared while sleeping. An old Quinault thus describes the manner of taking these animals:

"I had a canoe of the kind called *alótk,* a small ocean canoe. I and Hupúttum, a slave of my father's who had grown up with me, hunted sea-otter together. We would start at dusk from a place south of Point Grenville, where Hupúttum had taken up Government land after being freed by my father, and would reach the mouth of Grays harbor about daybreak. Then we would start paddling homeward, looking for sea-otter sleeping on the water. They usually were about two miles from shore. We would approach them without the slightest noise, and about five feet away I would throw the harpoon. After playing the animal for a while until he was tired, we would draw him in and club him. Sometimes we would get two, three, or four, and once we killed five. They were very plentiful, and we frequently came upon many in one place. Sometimes we would see as many as a hundred in a single day. Once I saw a great herd together: there must have been fifty of them. Again, we would occasionally paddle all day and reach home without having seen more than two or three. My father-inlaw Nishugwáts, a whale hunter, was also a great sea-otter hunter, and he taught me this. It was his medicine, but not mine."

Hair-seal and sea-lion were speared while they slept on the rocks, and the former were sometimes taken in nets when they attempted to follow the receding tide from their feeding grounds in the river.

Whaling was practised by no Salish tribe of this region except the Quinault, and even among them there were only a few whalers. Evidently the art was derived from the Makah through the medium of the Quilliute, and the same methods were followed. The dead whale was towed ashore, the blubber was hacked off and rendered, the oil stored in hair-seal skins, and the flesh hung up in strips to dry.

Birds in considerable variety were killed for food. Grouse and pheasant were very plentiful and easily taken with bow and arrows or with slings. But the chief supply of feathered game was the myriad waterfowl ducks of all kinds, geese, brant, gulls, and swan.

Ducks, geese, and brant were usually captured in nets, which were used in several ways. A favorite method involved the use of firelight. On a clay-covered platform built above the stern of a small canoe

a fire was kindled, and immediately in front of it stood the captain with his long steering paddle. Fastened to his shoulders was a light frame supporting a strip of matting, which extended from gunwale to gunwale and above the steersman's head, thus throwing the craft and its crew into deep shadow. On his knees the bow-man paddled silently and slowly, and the captain steered the canoe among the flocks of sleeping waterfowl. Attracted by the bright light the birds would swim toward it, but when they became aware of the canoe they whirled and swam away. Then it was, when the retreating birds collided with an on-coming flock, that the third man of the crew dropped his dip-net over the swirling mass of confused fowl.

Again, at the feeding grounds where herring spawned on sea-grass, a net about five feet wide and sixty to eighty feet long was suspended perpendicularly between poles set up outside the grass beds at low tide, being placed at such a height that at flood tide it would still be above water. As the tide rose the ducks would flock in to dive for herring spawn. Then a party hidden on shore suddenly rushed down to the beach, shouting and hurling missiles, and the affrighted birds squattered and flew straight out and into the net, in which their heads were held fast until the hunters came off in canoes and removed their catch. Nets of the same type were also stretched horizontally between two rows of stakes driven into the mud flats above a bed of green hemlock boughs, the butts of which were thrust obliquely into the mud. At flood tide the boughs and the net were submerged. The herring spawned on the hemlock, and ducks, diving outside the net, would swim under and feed on the roe, and then rise straight upward, to run afoul of the meshes of the net and drown before they could extricate themselves.

At narrow, timber-lined waterways, such as the mouth of a stream at the sea or at a lake, or as a narrow channel connecting two inlets, nets of very fine nettle or hempen fibre or sinew cords were stretched high in the air between two trees or two tall poles, to entangle the fowl as they flew along their accustomed highway to or from their feeding grounds.

Gulls were killed in great numbers by the children, principally for their down, which was used in the manufacture of blankets. Teeming flocks of these birds would congregate at the mouths of rivers to pick up refuse from the up-stream camps, and during the salmon run they

would follow the school to feed on dead fish. Into such flocks the Indian boys would hurl stones with their slings, frequently killing or wounding several birds with a single missile. Excessively cruel, even among primitive practices, was one of their methods of killing gulls. A double-pointed wooden skewer was thrust down the gullet of a herring, which was then cast into the water for the gulls. The stick, lodging in a bird's crop, resulted in strangulation or in a more lingering death by starvation. Among the Twana it was a favorite pastime of the children to prepare herring in this fashion, sharpening hundreds of little cedar sticks for the purpose. The women of the tribe in need of gull-down had only to paddle along shore at any time to find all the birds for which they had any use. The Clallam children, and their cousins across the straits on Vancouver island, snared many gulls. Little wicker squares were made from split willows, and upright sticks at the four corners held the loop of the snare spread. In the centre was tied a herring, and the device was then sunken and anchored with a stone, so as to be a little below the surface of the water. A gull flying above would catch sight of the bait, dive for it, and come up with its neck in the noose, which quickly tightened and choked the bird.

There are three general methods of cooking fish and flesh. Boiling formerly was accomplished by the very common expedient of heating water with red-hot stones, the receptacle being a water-tight spruce-root basket or a cedar trough; but some of the tribes used for this purpose pails made of steamed and bent cedar boards. Broiling is resorted to as the least troublesome process. To prepare a salmon for broiling, it is split down the back, the head is cut off, and backbone and entrails are removed. Thus laid open, it is placed between the jaws of a cleft stick, and is held outspread by means of a number of skewers extending from edge to edge. The base of the stick is then thrust obliquely into the ground so as to bring the salmon in proper proximity to the fire. But the most palatable, and therefore the favorite, mode of preparing food is steam-cooking. A shallow pit large enough to contain the food to be cooked is lined with stones about the size of one's two fists. On them a fire is built, and after it has burned out and the embers and ashes have been removed, the food - fish, meat, shellfish, or roots - is put in on a layer of green leaves. Green branches and leaves and a water-soaked mat are piled over the pit, and a quantity of water is poured through on the stones. Formerly the flesh of deer, elk, bear,

seal, porpoise, and the smaller mammals, was nearly always cooked in this manner, and shellfish, as well as most of the edible roots, are invariably so prepared.

The vegetal products of the north Pacific region were varied and abundant. In the spring and the early summer green sprouts of salmonberry, raspberry, and thimbleberry bushes were eaten both raw and cooked in pits. Throughout the summer and early fall berries formed a considerable portion of the daily fare. Salmonberries, raspberries, thimbleberries, blackberries, huckleberries of several varieties, elderberries, salalberries, and cranberries were gathered in enormous quantities, a large portion of the crop being dried for a winter food. A common method was to spread the berries thinly over a mat stretched between four stakes, and to keep a small fire beneath them as an aid to the heat of the sun. Sometimes, especially in unfavorable weather, the fruit was spread on wooden frames suspended indoors over the fire. Salalberries were crushed and shaped into thin cakes, which were dried and kept for mixing with other dried berries. The desiccated fruit was softened in cold water before it was served. The procedure of the Quinault in preserving elderberries was to steam-cook them, surrounded in the pit by skunk-cabbage leaves, pour them into hemlock-bark boxes, and then submerge the receptacles in the water of a shallow creek, where they were preserved indefinitely. Crabapples, which were fairly plentiful in certain places, were preserved by boiling and submerging in cold water.

The principal edible roots were those of camas, dog-tooth violet, skunk-cabbage, tule, and bracken. All except the last-named were steam-cooked, and the most of the crop was then dried for storing. The long bracken-roots, however, which were gathered only in the winter before the new fronds sprouted, were placed upon a bed of glowing embers until the black outer skin was scorched. This was then scraped away, and the roots were softened by pounding, cut into lengths of about twelve inches, and served. Extending through the centre of these roots is a core of white, tough pith. When the rather stringy, edible portion had been eaten, the women gathered up the pieces of root and extracted the pithy cores, fashioned them into long braids, and hung them up on the beams of the walls to dry for weeks or months. The pith was then parched for a day or more over a hot fire until it was perfectly dry and quite brittle, and by means of mortar and pestle it

was reduced to flour. Crushed salmon roe was mixed with it to form a doughy mass, which was shaped into balls and eaten without further preparation.

Acorns were highly regarded. Western Washington is peculiar in having, dotted here and there from the northern to the southern border, little patches of prairie from a few acres to several thousand acres in extent. Here grow scattering groves of small oak trees from which hundreds of bushels of acorns were harvested annually. Nisqually plains, at the head of Puget sound, furnished the chief supply of the nuts for the Sound tribes, and thither in the fall came canoes from all points on the neighboring waters and even from the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Smoking was not common. Native tobacco, obtained from transmontane tribes either at the great trading ground by the Dalles of the Columbia or at more northerly points reached by trails across the Cascade mountains, was mixed with dried leaves of the partridge-berry, osiercornel, yew, or madroña. Contrary to the widespread custom of the plains Indians, the bark of the osier-cornel, or so-called red willow, was not used for smoking. The pipe-bowl was of stone, usually talc, and was angular, not tubular.

Working in wood was the most noteworthy industry practised by the Indians of the north Pacific coast, and many of its phases were peculiar to that region. With implements limited in variety and utterly primitive in design and material, they felled giant yellow cedars, which they burned and hewed into seaworthy canoes, or rived into heavy planks. These boards sometimes attained a length of forty feet and a width of three feet, though the average was much smaller, perhaps ten to fifteen feet by twenty to thirty inches. Gibbs, about the year 1855, measured one that was twenty-four feet in length and four and a half in width. The average thickness of the boards was two inches.

The tree was felled partly with fire, but more by means of a chisel and a short, spool-shaped stone driver, or maul. The chisel consisted of a tough piece of yew protected at the head by a wrapping of cedar withe, and a cutting edge of stone or the thigh-bone of a bear. The cut was effected by driving the chisel across the grain at two levels, one about thirty inches above the other, and from time to time splitting off a chip or slab the length of this incision. When a log of the desired length had been obtained, it was split down the middle by

the aid of numerous wedges of tough, knotty yew, and boards were then rived from each half of the log, the work proceeding very slowly and carefully. The surfaces were smoothed by means of the adze, a trapeziform wooden or bone handle with a protecting cutting edge of stone lashed to one of the parallel sides. Wall-boards were thinned on both edges, and roof-boards were slightly guttered, like tile. The holes by which the wall-boards were lashed to the house-frame were made either with a narrow chisel or with a stone-pointed drill twirled between the palms.

Canoes of various sizes and designs are used by all the tribes, from the tiny, blunt-nosed river craft capable of carrying, somewhat precariously, two passengers, to the great seaworthy vessel accommodating twenty to thirty persons besides a considerable cargo of household utensils and food – a total burden of perhaps five tons. These larger craft sometimes exceed fifty feet in length and five feet beam. They are fashioned from the whole log, but for canoes of medium size the half log is used, and for the smallest ones the quarter log. In the last case the quarter log is reversed, so that the heart becomes the keel. By means of a small axe (formerly a stone-pointed chisel and a maul were used) the outside of the canoe is roughly shaped, and the inside is then burned out, the adze being employed to complete the hollowing and to smooth down the entire inner surface. The log is then turned over, and with the adze the outside is carefully worked down until the desired thinness is attained. The gracefully symmetrical lines are produced with no artificial aid to the workman's eye. Along the inner edge of the gunwales is reamed out a channel two to five inches wide, and by the same amount the edge flares outward, forming an overhanging rim which prevents water from curling up over the sides. The hull is charred with a blazing fagot of long strips of cedar, and rubbed smooth with sand-stone or a piece of matting. Finally the canoe is filled with water, which, heated to boiling by red-hot stones and aided by the warmth of a slow fire built all around the canoe, so softens the wood that the sides can be spread by means of forcing the thwarts into place near the gunwales. These are secured by stout withes tied to their ends and passing through small holes in the sides of the craft. In the process of shaping the log, the lines of the gunwales are left higher amidships, in order that after spreading the sides the vessel may not be too low at that point.

The larger craft have immense prows carved from separate timbers

and skilfully fitted and lashed in place. In some of the war-canoes the bow had quite high, flaring sides, which protected the crew from hostile missiles. Very commonly the long, narrow prow terminates in what appears to be the figure of a dog's head, although in fact the resemblance is accidental. This type of figurehead originated on the west coast of Vancouver island, and is now to be seen wherever the Indians navigate salt water. Formerly a large trade in these craft was carried on by the west-coast tribes, and they still supply the needs of many bands who have never extended their canoe-building to the larger forms.

The numerous varieties of canoes may be divided into three general classes. First there is the small, shell-like, elegantly made river boat, which can be poled up the swiftest or the shallowest streams. Next is the medium-size craft manned by two to five or six persons, and used on large streams or on protected arms of the sea either for rapid travel or for fishing with nets, spears, or hooks. Finally, the oceangoing vessel is equipped to take advantage of the winds with a removable mast and a square mat sail, and is capable of carrying a numerous household with their entire possessions. It is called into service when a long voyage is undertaken by a considerable party, and formerly was used by war-parties.

As the outside of canoes is always charred black, so the inside is always painted, the pigment being pulverized blue clay mixed with fish oil, while the outer surface of the prow and of the perpendicular projection that corresponds to a sternpost is covered with a red paint of similar composition. The gunwales are sometimes inlaid with bits of iridescent shell.

The large craft are sometimes propelled by sails. The aboriginal sail was a strip of rush (rarely cedar-bark) matting supported on two yards lashed at their middle to the mast. In order to take in sail it was necessary to unstep the mast. To some extent the Salish made use of the device of lashing two canoes together by means of light timbers and laying thereon a broad platform upon which there was ample room to erect a mat shelter from the rain. This practice however reached its greatest development among the Kwakiutl tribes.

Yew and maple are the favorite woods for paddles, which are of such length as to be conveniently wielded by one who kneels in the bottom of the canoe or squats back on his heels. The upper end

terminates in a rather flattened handle-bar perpendicular to the axis of the paddle.

An indispensable accessory of every canoe is the bailer, of which several varieties are made. One is a shallow, wedge-shaped wooden dish with a cord handle crossing the opening from end to end. Another is a flat-bottomed dish of cedar-bark bent and sewed at the edges, with a wooden handle running from end to end. A very common type is simply a wooden scoop about six inches wide, with which the water is rapidly thrown from the canoe.

Basketry was a prominent industry of the women. The water-tight basket, which was quite widely used for containing water, for boiling food by means of hot stones, and for berry-picking, was made by most, but not all, of these tribes. It is identical with the style frequently called the "Klickitat basket." The opening is oblong, and the sides taper toward the bottom, which is about half the size of the top. The depth and the length are about equal, the size ranging from one to two feet. The sides are not straight, but curve gently outward. This is a coiled, not a woven, basket, being constructed of a continuous, ascending coil of cedar-root or spruce-root splints wrapped spirally with thin, white, carefully split, outer strips of the cedar-roots. Each layer of the coil is closely and tightly sewed to the succeeding one with vegetal fibre thread, such as cherry-bark. Almost invariably each side bears an ornamental design consisting of a colored line from each upper corner to the middle of the base line. The materials employed to impart color are many. Thin strips of the inner bark of the cedar are used for the wrapping of the coil when dark brown is desired, and the same material is dyed red by immersion in a decoction of alder-bark, or black by being buried in a bed of blue clay, or yellow with the decoction of Oregon-grape roots. The soft cedar-bark absorbs the dye so readily that the worker sometimes simply chews the alder-bark or the Oregon-grape root and spits upon the strips of material as they are required. A brownish dye is obtained from the bark of the wild-cherry and the crabapple. The desire for a clean white is met by the use of ripe stalks of bear-grass.

Another common type is the round or flat, soft, flexible basket used for storing personal effects, such as clothing and ornamental objects. This is a woven basket, and the materials are the inner bark of the cedar, finely split cedar-roots, fibres from the leaves of rushes, or

matured upland grasses. In the Skokomish band of the Twana this form reaches its highest development among the Salish tribes, their best work having almost the fineness and flexibility of cloth. The groundwork, that is, the imbricated material, is the straw-white bear-grass, and horizontally about the basket run continuous zigzag or serrated lines of bright yellow edged with black. The average size is about eighteen inches in diameter and equally deep, but thousands of tiny specimens are made for commercial purposes.

The burden-basket is oblong, with flaring and slightly curving sides, and open meshes a quarter-inch to an inch wide. It is made of split cedar branches for the warp and split cedar-roots for the weft, as well as of split vine-maple branches or split spruce-roots for both warp and weft. The style of weaving is checker-work, the simplest form of the art. A receptacle of this kind is usually about fifteen inches deep, equally broad, and twenty-four inches long. It is borne on the back, being supported by a hempen tumpline passing across the head, and is used principally for clams and fish. The Quinault gather berries in a similar, but smaller-meshed, basket, which with its contents is submerged in the stream in order that the twigs and leaves may float away.

Bags for gathering camas and other roots and for storing them in the house are made by stringing cattail leaves side by side on a series of strong threads at close intervals.

In the house, the camp, the canoe of a North Pacific Indian, there is always to be seen the indispensable rush matting. It hangs on the walls of his house to keep out the wind. Doubled and redoubled, it forms a mattress not to be despised. Spread on the floor beside the fire it constitutes both table and cloth. Draped over a few poles it provides him with a quickly made, rain-proof tent. In the bottom of his canoe it is at once a clean, dry carpet and a soft pad beneath his knees. It forms a serviceable sail to speed his craft on its way, and if he is overtaken by a rain-storm, a strip of matting hanging from his shoulders before and behind, with its fluted stalks perpendicular, will shed the rain most effectually.

Like other Indian arts, mat-making is not now extensively practised, but it is by no means a lost art. The most common mat is made of cattail leaves, which are gathered from canoes and carried home in great bundles, to be spread on the ground in the sun. Thoroughly dry,

they are cut into lengths of about four feet, and by means of a flat, thin, twelve-inch yew needle they are strung on a stout cord of twisted fibres drawn from the tips of the cattail leaves. This first thread is close to one end of the leaves, and subsequent threads are drawn through the series of cattails at intervals of a few inches. A wooden marker, which frequently is carved in the likeness of a bird, is passed across the leaves to fix the line for each thread. Finally the loose ends of the leaves are bent back to the outermost thread and braided in so as to form a neat selvage.

The round stalks of the tule are made into mats in exactly the same fashion, except that the ends cannot be doubled back. These are used most extensively among the more northerly Salish, both on Vancouver island and on the mainland.

The Quinault also wove mats from strips of the inner bark of the cedar, after the manner of the Makah.

For the greater part hides were cured without removing the hair, but the skins of deer, elk, and hair-seal were used to make leather. The fresh hide was soaked in salt water for about ten days, or until the hair loosened, when it was tightly stretched in the perpendicular plane between two horizontal poles, and was thoroughly scraped on both sides to remove the hair and all particles of flesh and fat. The instrument employed for this purpose was an elk rib sharpened on one edge and handled in the manner of a draw-knife, or a large, sharp mussel-shell. Thoroughly cleaned and dried, the skin was softened with a little dogfish oil and then immersed in a solution of water and brains. After about two days it was taken out and twisted until the last possible drop had been squeezed from it, when it was allowed to dry slowly, being worked and rubbed in the hands at frequent intervals in order to prevent it from hardening. The skin was now turned over to the woman, who kindled in a small pit a fire of well-dried, brown, decayed wood. Over the fire was erected a small, conical framework of poles, on which the skin was spread and covered with mats or old blankets. A few hours of contact with the dense smoke sufficed to impart a dark brown tint to the skin, which, it was believed, was made permanently soft by the process. A hide to be tanned on only one side was first scraped free of flesh and fat, and then rubbed by hand with a quantity of brains. At the lower end of Vancouver island all hides, whether destined to become furs or leather, were tanned by the use of

a mixture of dog-fish oil and brown powder scraped from a decayed fir stump. This composition, having the consistency of thick mush, was rubbed into the skin as it lay stretched in a frame on a strip of matting.

Dishes were generally wooden. From the basketry or wooden vessel, or the pit, in which it was cooked the food was dipped with large spoons of maple or alder wood or of mountain-goat horn, and deposited in large, boat-shaped, wooden dishes. These were usually two or three feet long and half as wide. In the family the food was taken in the fingers directly from the common dish, but at feasts the guests had small individual vessels of the same shape, which were filled from a great trough ten or twelve feet in length. Soups and sauces were eaten with clam-shells for spoons, but all else was carried to the mouth in the fingers. Mortars for pulverizing fern-roots were hollowed out of maple or madroña blocks.

Water-pails were formed of cedar boards. A board half an inch thick and as wide as the depth of the proposed vessel was deeply scored across the grain so as to divide its length into four spaces. Then, having been softened in boiling water, it was carefully bent at the three scorings, forming an oblong box open at the top and the bottom. The seam was closed with fir pitch and wooden pegs driven into holes bored with a stone-pointed drill, and a bottom was attached in the same manner. An alternative to the use of pegs was to bore a row of holes along each of the two adjoining edges and lace the joint with cedar or spruce withes. The vessel was supplied with a cedar-withe bail. The Salish of Vancouver island made similar receptacles of larger size to serve both as storage chests and for coffins. The practice was adopted from the northern culture.

An ingenious cooking-vessel was improvised by lightly equipped campers. A six-foot strip of bark free of imperfections was carefully peeled from a cedar of moderate diameter, and the ends of the sheet were split into twelve-inch strings. The sheet was permitted to roll up in its natural shape, and at each end the opposite strings were tightly drawn together and tied so as to form a joint which, when swelled with water, was practically impervious. The edges of the bark were held apart by sticks like the thwarts of a canoe. In this manner were made on occasion small boxes for berries.

The primitive knives were slivers of flakable stone or large, sharpened mussel-shells.

Combs are still made of flat pieces of -very dry, hard yew by scratching with a sharp bone awl, first on one side and then on the other, deep, closely set flutings, which, meeting from opposite sides, form a set of thin teeth. This implement is about five inches long and three inches wide, with teeth about two inches long, and it is used not only to comb the hair but to separate nettle fibres from the cellular portion of the stalk and to card the hair of mountain-goats.

Fire was produced in primitive times with a drill twirled between the palms with its point pressing downward into a small cavity in a dry piece of wood. In some localities the spindle was made of willow-root, and the base, or hearth, of cedar-root, while elsewhere the two parts were respectively cottonwood-root and willow-root. The point of the spindle was kept constantly wrapped in a bit of frayed cedar-bark, to protect it from moisture, and this dry fibre was employed as the tinder. The usual nomenclature obtained, the spindle being "man," and the base "woman." Fire was sometimes produced by striking iron pyrites on flint and catching the spark in shredded cedar-bark. There is no evidence to prove that this was not an aboriginal method, which the traditionists assert that it was. In the house or the camp a fire was either blazing or smouldering constantly, and voyagers carried their fire with them by igniting the end of a twisted rope of frayed cedar-bark, which was coiled in a cedar-bark box with the slow-burning end drawn outside the coil.

Drums were made only by medicine-men for use in their incantations. A flat barberry strip about three inches wide and four and a half feet long was bent into a hoop, over which was stretched and sewn fast a wet piece of deer rawhide. Two twisted thongs crossing at right angles at the lower edge of the hoop formed a convenient handle.

Bows and arrows, spears, and clubs were the implements of warfare and the chase. The material for bows was generally yew, sometimes vine-maple; but the Cowichan very commonly used the root wood of cedar. For small game the weapon was about three feet long; for large game and for war, from four to five feet. The bowstring was a twisted cord of sinew taken from the loins near the backbone of a deer.

The arrow for small game was of the common type, consisting of a cedar shaft about two feet long tipped with feathers and pointed with flint or bone. Arrows for waterfowl were tipped with cormorant-feathers, which retained their stiffness in spite of wetting. In other

cases eagle-feathers were much used. The arrow for large game was about four feet in length, the shaft being of cedar or fir. The point, a bone about eight inches long and either round and smooth or flat and barbed with several notches, was set in a socket at the end of the shaft, so that when it pierced an animal the end of the shaft struck the flesh and fell to the ground, leaving the point in the wound. The hunter then recovered the shaft and fitted another point to it. Thus there was a saving of labor, and the wounded animal bled more freely. War-arrows were frequently of this type, the points being always barbed in order to prevent their extraction. A man with a shaftless arrow-point buried deeply in his body was doomed. The shafts of war-arrows were of syringa shoots or ironwood, both of which materials typified the hardness and ferocity of the warriors.

Quite different from the fishing-spear, which had a pair of detachable bone points on the ends of a long, pronged shaft, the spear for war was a short, stout staff of fir with a fixed point of bone, or at times the shaft itself was pointed and hardened by charring. The weapon was seldom thrown, but was used by thrusting. The harpoon point was generally a sagittate piece of mussel-shell attached to the shaft with cherry-bark and pitch.

The only armor was the corselet, which consisted usually of a double row of flattened slats or round rods of ironwood or yew held closely together by cords passing alternately under and over them. The outer layer of slats covered the joints between those of the inner. The whole was lined with deerskin and sometimes covered with thick, elk rawhide. In front the slats extended from the waistline to the collarbone, completely shielding the chest and abdomen, while at the sides they were shortened in order to fit under the arms. The back was as well protected as the chest. The corselet was laced down one side, and the elasticity of the lacing and of the intertwined cords permitted the wearer sufficient freedom of movement. Such an armor was impervious to the blows of primitive weapons. In some localities it took the form of a thick, doubled, elk-hide vest, which effectively turned an arrow. Among the Cowichan, who used this style, it was ornamented with dangling, rattling, wooden rods. Only men who made fighting their profession were provided with armor.

The sweat-bath was used only as an occasional curative or rejuvenating agency. The sudatory was usually a horizontal excavation

in a bank, or a pit in level ground. In the former situation the opening was covered with poles and mats, entrance being effected by crawling under the edge. In the latter, the pit was roofed with boards (or with poles and a thatch of cedar-bark and brush) covered with earth. A scanty, inclined entry-way was provided at one edge, and the heated stones were piled in a hole in the centre of the floor. The sudatory usually accommodated three or four bathers, who after a period of steaming plunged into the water, preferably salt water.

Among the Twana the sudatory was commonly a wickiup of cedar boughs covered with mats and large enough for a single person. When a bath was to be taken for an acute ailment, the sufferer entered the little hut with a smooth, cold stone, which he would address, pointing out to it the afflicted part and begging its help. Then a large, hot stone was rolled in, and the patient poured water on it until he could endure the steaming no more, when he tottered out and plunged into salt water.

Bathing was not regularly practised, although some of the young, active men would go into the water mornings and evenings. Others bathed occasionally.

The tribal organization of the coast Salish was very loose. Indeed it frequently was quite lacking, each small community being independent of all others, and cooperating with them only as the necessities of war and subsistence or as the social instinct demanded. When it became necessary for several tribes to unite against a common foe, an intertribal council might be held at the village of some widely influential man, who had issued to the leading warriors of the proposed alliance a general invitation to feast at his house. But such temporary confederation was more often effected by aggressive warrior-agitators, who travelled from village to village and from tribe to tribe, inciting the people to war and enlisting volunteers for a specific expedition.

Society was divided into three classes: the chiefs, or wealthy class; the common people; and slaves. The lines were quite rigidly drawn, although the caste system was not so firmly established as it was farther north.

Chiefship was dependent altogether on birth and wealth, and comparative rank was determined largely by the same circumstances. But it was possible for a man to elevate his rank by taking heads in war and by amassing more and more property for distribution among the

people. Little real authority was vested in the chiefs, who were in no sense officers of government; for although the common people were servile, and generally obedient to the voice of their leaders, there was no power to compel obedience. The chief, in fact, occupied much the same position as the bully-leader of a band of white boys, whose fists they fear, whose superior store of trinkets they envy but augment, willingly or reluctantly, when he levies toll on their slender possessions, whose proposals, not commands, they accept, whose arbitrament they submit to, whose protection they seek in trouble; who, however, would be utterly powerless to impose on them a plan of action that failed to meet with fairly general favor.

The middle class included all other native-born members of the tribe, those who were born poor and lacked the qualifications forcefulness, courage, cunning, shrewdness, inventive ability - to achieve wealth and rank. Between a chief and his followers there existed the relation of a patron and his dependents. They were eager to work for him, either because his ruthless character made them anxious to placate him, or because his kindness won their love; and in return he assisted the needy with food, clothing, advice, and protection. Intensely proud of rank as the chiefs were, there was generally no snobbery. Both classes joined in the gambling pastimes, which were an important feature of their life, and on ordinary occasions a stranger could not have distinguished between chief and retainer, unless the former happened to be wearing a fine fur robe that marked him as a man of wealth. It was not possible for a man to raise himself from the lower class by marriage, for not only would pride alone have kept a chief from giving his daughter to a man without rank, but also wives were bought, and the purchase of the daughter of a chief strained the resources of even wealthy families. Occasionally a man born to poverty achieved wealth and rank. On the other hand it was quite possible for a chief's son or daughter to sink into the lower class by reason of worthlessness.

The usual means of enhancing social eminence was by frequent distribution of gifts among all the populace assembled to feast at the expense of the donor. A man who was successful in accumulating wealth enough to make in his lifetime several general distributions became highly distinguished, and famous among all the tribes, and his name was remembered in tradition and proudly referred to by his

descendants. This institution has come to be known as the potlatch.[22] The principle of the potlatch is that a man, by his own labor and shrewd dealing and by presents received at other potlatches, accumulate a large amount of property and then invite all the people to his house and give away practically everything he owns, striving to make his gift to each individual who has previously so favored him exceed that which was received from that individual.

No opportunity for holding a potlatch was overlooked. Every family of any resources at all was constantly planning, sometimes for years in advance, to give a feast and a potlatch, and no sooner was their ambition realized and their house stripped bare than they set themselves to the task of accumulating enough to repeat the performance on an even greater scale. In a family of rank every unusual event was a peg on which to hang a potlatch. Birth, marriage, and death, the naming of a child, the changing of a child's or an adult's name, were always accompanied by feasting, merrymaking, and apportioning gifts. But the most pretentious affairs occurred when some ambitious chief, seeking political and social preferment, despatched his retainers among the neighboring villagers and tribes to bid them assemble and partake of his hospitality and generosity.

The institution of the potlatch still is extant and fairly vigorous, although the depletion and dispersion of the Indians preclude the possibility of a celebration in the style and on the scale of the past. Among the Clallam the last great assemblage occurred about 1870 at the invitation of Hahlkén, a chief resident at Squim bay. He was a man past middle age and is still remembered in tribal history as a most liberal giver. Practically all he did throughout his life was, by scheming and bartering, to collect great quantities of food and valuables, and then summon the people from many villages and tribes to eat his food and receive his gifts. He was a sharp trader and whenever he gave a

22 *Potlatch* is a word of the Chinook jargon, and means gift, or to give. The Indians usually apply, to the festival names that signify an assemblage, or, referring to the general invitation sent out by the prospective host, a convocation. The Nisqualli name is *sugwígwi,* a reduplicative form meaning to call repeatedly, and the Chehalis employ a cognate form, *sqilch. The* Clallam word is *kpéyu,* to assemble, and the Cowichan is *tlának.* A more complete discussion of this institution will be found in Volume X.

potlatch it was a memorable event. He sent invitations to his friends in the various Clallam villages all along the south coast of the strait, to the Twana on Hoods canal, to the Lummi and their neighbors, and to the tribes at the south end of Vancouver island. For his couriers he hired men who had assisted him in his trading enterprises, men who knew his friends in the distant tribes. This service they were always glad to accept, for it was well paid. To each messenger was given a bundle of little sticks for each village he was to visit, there being a stick for each person to be invited. Arriving at a village, the messenger publicly proclaimed the coming potlatch and presented the token-sticks to the invited ones, each of whom rewarded him with some object, frequently an article of considerable value. At the potlatch too the messengers were abundantly remembered by their patron.

The guests arrived by villages. Before landing they smeared their faces with red or black, and then approached the shore, singing lustily, beating on dissonant drums, and rapping the gunwales with sticks. They were not met by the host and his people, but a servant was at hand to escort each arriving party to the quarters that had been allotted them. Some were lodged in the great house of the host himself, others in neighboring dwellings. Canoes lined the beach for a quarter of a mile. Many visitors brought large quantities of food for the feasting, and this the host's assistants took charge of the moment it was landed, making a careful estimate of its value and informing their patron what amount of goods must be given in return when the presents were dispensed.

All came prepared to gamble, and during the fortnight which the festivities consumed the days were passed in gaming and feasting, and the nights in dancing and singing. Stakes ran high, considering the means of the players. On the result of a single game men wagered a dozen or fifteen blankets, or a gun and ammunition, a canoe, or even a slave. Minor distributions of property were made from time to time, when for example advantage was taken of the assembly to announce a new name for some young man or a favorite daughter; but the grand distribution, the potlatch itself, was held on the final day of the meeting. This was managed by a man known in the Clallam dialect as *sqaqúchung,* whose duty was to announce, in the order of importance, the name of each guest and the character and amount of the present intended for him. In the present instance the office was filled by Kúltum, of the village Tsískat, a noted orator with an

excellent memory for names and faces and of wide acquaintance. These qualifications caused him to be frequently employed in the capacity of announcer. The *taíyutsen*, or respondent, had nothing to do but echo the announcements, and any popular man with a powerful voice could readily fill the part. Besides these two there were several men who kept in mind obligations incurred by the host and special gifts intended for certain friends, and it was their duty to aid their patron in preventing any oversight. All these received pay in the form of gifts.

At this last intertribal potlatch of the Clallam, Hahlkén distributed five hundred dollars in coin, forty guns, four hundred commercial blankets, six large canoes, and uncounted quantities of beads, shells, commercial goods, and native robes and baskets.

The death of a chief was followed by a potlatch in his honor. Such a commemoration was observed in 1910 on Skokomish reservation at the head of Hoods canal. An old man, dying, had left on the reservation a wife, a daughter, and a half-brother, and numerous relatives in other localities. On the day after the burial practically the entire population of about two hundred assembled in the Shaker church in response to an invitation issued in the name of the deceased's relatives.

In the front of the church beside the door the relatives took seats about a small table on which lay several bags of money. Under the table and piled in a corner were baskets and multifarious bundles containing blankets and drygoods. Against the wall along one side of the room fifty or sixty men were crowded on a bench; on the opposite side were as many women and children. The men who had dug the grave and buried the old man occupied a seat at the rear, and about them a dozen or more men, wanting seats, crouched on the floor.

Sutaíakum and his wife, Puyallup relatives of the deceased, supplied three hundred dollars in silver and took an active part in the proceedings. Sutaíakum made a brief speech of welcome to the assemblage and announced that all obligations of the dead chief would be paid. A spokesman, selected to distribute the gifts, followed with remarks of a similar nature, and then, receiving whispered instructions from the donors, he called the people forward one by one and announced what service or kindness each had rendered the deceased and what was now being given to discharge the debt.

The first to receive their gifts of money were the men who had prepared the body and buried it, and they were more liberally paid

than any others. As the spokesman made each announcement, another man selected by the donors to act as the respondent called out from his seat in the audience words meant to witness and acknowledge the gift. Both the spokesman and the respondent were from time to time directed to take sums of money for themselves, to pay for the services they were rendering. Coin to the amount of more than four hundred dollars was doled out, and many blankets and other commercial goods were distributed, as well as three cows and a flock of chickens. Any one who had ever rendered the slightest service to the dead chief was liberally rewarded, and occasionally some purely imaginary favor was recalled in order that no one might be overlooked. Even infants received a dollar each. The distribution ended early in the afternoon, and the entire crowd trooped away to a feast which relatives of the deceased had spent the morning in preparing.

Among the Cowichan of Vancouver island the potlatch in honor of the dead assumes a peculiar form in which the deceased is represented as actually presiding over the celebration. It usually occupies one of the days included in the period of an ordinary tribal potlatch, but it may be held independently. The head of the family prepares effigies with rolled blankets and dresses them in the clothing of the deceased member or members of the family whom it is desired to honor. These are placed as if sitting and leaning against a mat hung on an outer wall of the house, and before them are piled blankets to be given away. Certain people, including relatives and friends, but not all the populace, are invited to assemble. As they stand in a partial circle in front of the images and the goods, the giver of the potlatch distributes the effigies and some of the blankets among certain relatives of the deceased persons. Each recipient is expected to preserve the effigy in a chest until he shall hold a potlatch, when he will return it with a larger number of blankets to the one from whom he received it. The potlatch for the dead is concluded by the distribution of the remaining blankets among the assemblage.

The Cowichan occasionally still perform the potlatch with something of the old prodigality. The festivities last for about a week, instead of twice or thrice that time as they formerly did. Everybody eats three meals daily in the potlatch house at the expense of the host, and each day there is some minor distribution of presents. Thus, in bestowing a new name upon his youthful son, a wealthy man invites

to the potlatch house about a hundred persons and gives to each a commercial blanket or its equivalent of fifty cents. On the last day but one there is a performance by masked dancers, each of whom receives two or three dollars for his services, and at a special gathering of the women the wife of the host distributes among them a large quantity of household utensils, which nowadays are mostly commercial articles such as pots, pans, and dishes.

On the last day the giver of the potlatch assists his men to pile all his blankets on the high, narrow platform that extends along the front of the house, and beside them, above the heads of the people, he and his wife take their stand. Then, beginning with the most influential, he gives each man, married or single, a present, using some such words as these: "Qutsím, six years ago you gave me ten blankets! I now repay you, and give you two more!" At a potlatch held in June, 1910, on Cowichan river, there were given away a thousand commercial blankets worth fifty cents each, and thirty goat-hair blankets, most of which were two fathoms long and valued at five dollars a fathom. The gifts and the food consumed represented a cost of about one thousand dollars.

Mutllátse, a Cowichan, after giving lavishly at a potlatch to which all the neighboring tribes were invited, perceived that his bosom was swelling with an unwonted pride. He felt the equal of any living chief. Almost unconsciously he broke out into an impromptu song, which he has preserved and used on occasions when it was incumbent upon him to boast of his greatness.

Slavery was firmly established among the coast Salish. But the harrowing pictures which that word brings before our mind have little connection with the institution as it existed among the Indians of this region. Slaves were captives taken in war and traded from tribe to tribe, and almost always the prisoners were women or children. They wielded paddles in their masters' canoes, fished, gathered wood, cooked, and made baskets and other utensils, but they labored no more strenuously than the free members of the lower class, and in return they were well treated as members of the household. It was not unusual for them to join their masters in the gambling games. As concerns his labor the slave was no great asset, and the principal reason for the existence of the institution of slavery was that the possession of these captives reflected honor and dignity upon their owners. A chief's

influence was in direct proportion to the number of his slaves.

A male and a female slave owned in the same family were permitted to marry, and their offspring were slaves. Women of this class bore many illegitimate children, who of course took the status of their mothers. Among the Cowlitz, the bands at Shoalwater bay, the Quinault, and the Cowichan, slave women not infrequently married native-born men, even men of rank, and ceased then to be slaves, and in the first two groups the heads of all children born in slavery were flattened. On Puget sound and adjacent waters westward and northward, when a slave woman bore children by her master, although he accorded her and them the same treatment his other wives and children received, nevertheless a certain disgrace attached to these half-slave children and to their offspring so long as the blood taint could well be traced, for the descendant of a slave would be twitted with the fact of his base origin whenever he fell into a dispute. In the same region also slave children were not permitted to have the head flattened. In general it may be said that slaves were very well treated. Instances of cruelty, such as slaying a captive at the funeral of a favorite child, were sporadic, and cannot fairly be charged against the institution itself.

Few families of the common people held slaves, but many a chief possessed as many as ten. Tok, chief in the middle of the nineteenth century of a village on the north side of Shoalwater bay, had twelve slaves, and, which is more noteworthy, only one wife. Generally about one-tenth of the population were bondmen.

The slaves of the Cowlitz were obtained by the barter of canoes at the annual native gathering at the Dalles of the Columbia, or at Fort Vancouver, and were usually Kalapuya from Willamette river in Oregon, or Klamath and Shasta from southwestern Oregon and northern California. The Kalapuya slaves were mostly children sold by their parents, but the Klamath and Shasta slaves were bought from the Walamt (Willamette) and the Klackamas, who had purchased captives of one tribe from warriors of the other, the Klamath and the Shasta being constantly engaged in raids against each other. From the Cowlitz some of these Oregon and California captives passed northward into the hands of the Puget Sound tribes.

Prisoners taken by the Quilliute from the Makah were traded to the Hoh, whence they passed successively, ever southward, to the Queets,

Quinault, Humtulips, Hoquiam, and finally the bands of Shoalwater bay, and a few even came into the possession of the Chinook.

The Clallam, Sooke, Songish, Sanetch, and Cowichan organized frequent raids against the Skagit, Snohomish, and the tribes of Puget sound, who of course retaliated in kind. The Cowichan of Vancouver island also made slaves on the west coast of the island and among the Lekwiltok, and, occasionally, the Clallam.

It was principally for the purpose of taking slaves and plunder that war was prosecuted. Seldom did pitched battles occur, and these usually were fought in canoes. Generally their fighting consisted in lying in ambush for a small, unsuspecting party, or in carrying the women and children away from a village while the male population was absent. As trophies of individual prowess, heads of the slain were invariably brought home and impaled on short poles in front of the village until they had become bleached skulls, when they were thrown aside. In decapitating an enemy, a man always was careful to call the attention of some comrade, in order to have a witness when he should boast of his deed.

Certain men of fierce, determined mien were known as professional warriors to whom all things other than murder and pillage were mere avocations. Their faces were covered with black, even in times of peace, and their eagle glance caused other men's eyes to seek the ground. A man of this class it was who organized a war-party, in which any man, whether or not a professional fighter, might enlist.

The weapons of a warrior were bow and arrows, yew spear with point of bone, and a simitar-shaped club of stone or whalebone about fourteen inches long and somewhat sharpened on the convex edge. The protective wooden corselet has been described. The quiver of wolf-skin with the hairy side exposed was worn at the hip. One form of headdress consisted of a number of eagle-feathers so arranged as to stand upright in a straight line along the top of the head; another was a mass of feathers covering the head, with a pair of eagle-feathers upright at the back; and among the Cowichan there is found a peculiar variety consisting of the entire scalp and hair of an enemy.

After equipping themselves and blacking their faces with charcoal, the members of an expedition stood shoulder to shoulder on the beach and sang to embolden their hearts, while dancing up and down. Cowichan warriors, in several ranks and with weapons in hand, would

advance slowly while chanting in unison, repeating the words of their leader:

Wa …! Yi …! Stlálukum tsin! Wa …! Yi …! Stsínqa tsin!

Wa! Yi! We are Stlálukum! Wa! Yi! We are Stsínqa![23]

At the conclusion of the dance and the song of encouragement, the men leaped about, imitating the act of paddling, and then embarked and paddled away without a backward glance. A short distance from home they landed, to lie in concealment until evening; for war-parties usually travelled only in the dark.

The clan system does not exist among the Salish. Among the Vancouver Island Salish a few carved totem poles are found, but these all are of rather recent date and were made by men descended on one side or the other from a northern tribe, such individuals having a legitimate claim to a totem. Some of the carvings seen in these localities are simply figures representing the guardian spirits of a medicine-man. In time these might have developed into totems, but in fact they are not so regarded. In the absence of a clan system to regulate marriage and avoid the dire results of inbreeding, it was customary, especially for the better class, to seek mates in other villages or tribes.

Among the various tribes the procedure in the marriage ceremony differed somewhat, but the principle was always the same: namely, payment of goods for the bride, and receipt of a less valuable quantity from her people.

Depending on the wealth and rank of the families concerned, there were several modes of entering into marital bonds. Among the poor it was by voluntary cohabitation. In families of moderate means there was formal wooing and bartering, while the wealthy exchanged lavish gifts in a highly ceremonial manner. Polygyny was common, and nearly every thrifty man became possessed of three or four wives. In rare cases there were as many as ten wives in one establishment. However, it was only the first marriage that was attended by great ceremony, and the nuptials of the scion of a very prominent chief commanded the most attention.

23 *Stlálukum,* creatures of supernatural power which appear to fasters and become tutelary spirits. *Stsínqa*, a mythological, snake-like creature, a contender with Thunder.

In such a case, throughout the region of Puget sound, the youth, having set his heart upon a certain girl in some other tribe, made known his desires to his parents. The matter was then discussed by the family, and a canvass was made to ascertain what quantity of goods could be collected for the purchase of the bride. All the relatives and friends cheerfully promised contributions, taking pride in the amount they were able to give. When the chief had learned what could be amassed, he sent two messengers to make known to the father that his daughter was desired, and about how much would be given in payment for her. If the match and the price were satisfactory, the father consented, and preliminary negotiations were soon concluded. The girl and her mother had no decisive voice in the matter, although their likes and dislikes were given a hearing. In due time the wedding day was set, preferably in a month of fair weather, especially if the bride lived at a distance.

In the meantime each of the young man's people had fully decided what his contribution to the wedding gift would be, and to which one of the bride's relations he would give it; for, generally speaking, uncles gave to uncles, cousins to cousins. On a day, the party of the bridegroom, numbering perhaps forty or fifty in several canoes laden with wedding gifts, set off for the home of the bride, timing their departure so as to arrive at night. As they approached the shore, all in the little fleet joined in singing wealth-medicine songs, and on the beach they drew up their canoes side by side, placed boards across the gunwales, and on these platforms they danced and sang, after which all proceeded to the house of the bride. There they were greeted by her parents and relatives, and assigned to sleeping quarters for the night. Servitors of the girl's father carried up the cargoes and stowed them safely away. A careful estimate was made of their probable value and of the amount necessary to accumulate for return gifts, which occasionally were fully equivalent, or even superior in value, to the bridegroom's presents.

Late in the following forenoon the entire wedding party and many onlookers of the local population assembled to distribute the gifts, witness the giving, and join in the feast. The first presentation was by the bridegroom's father to the father of the bride, and then followed the others in the order of their importance, each naming his gift and the recipient to a spokesman, who loudly proclaimed them. Some donors were announced as presenting gifts while "facing away," or

"dead," in which case they expected no requital; wherefore in giving they figuratively faced the other way, not looking for a reward, or they were even dead so far as any desire of reward was concerned. A donor "half facing away," or "half dead," expected to receive the equivalent of half the value of his gift. Furs, tanned skins, native and commercial blankets, canoes, occasionally slaves, shells, baskets and other household utensils, weapons and implements of the chase, and large quantities of food were the usual presents. After the distribution of the wedding gifts, speeches of acceptance and thanks and requests that the bride be well treated were followed by assurances of friendship and of good care for the young woman, and before nightfall the visitors departed, leaving the bridegroom to dwell there for a while.

After a reasonable time - a few weeks or a month - had elapsed, the couple were escorted home by the bride's relatives, who like the bridegroom's party approached the shore singing wealth-medicine songs. In some instances they carpeted the ground from the landing to the bridegroom's house, and after the two young people had walked over the blankets these were left to be fought for by the common people. In the house the young husband and his bride were placed in a conspicuous position on piles of blankets and mats, and the distribution of presents by the visitors proceeded. A feast ended the festivities, and the guests embarked after bidding their tribes-woman farewell.

On the occasion of the bride's first visit home she was accompanied by a small party of her husband's people with quantities of food for her parents, who made proper return in kind when she ended her visit. Such exchanges would take place several times, but each time the young woman's people had a slight advantage.

On Puget sound and in adjoining territory the greater number of marriage ceremonies were of the form known in the Nisqualli dialect as *qiqáhlu*. A young man, either of his own volition growing out of his desire, or at the suggestion of his relatives, went to the home of his proposed bride and sat down just inside the door. Though he might be almost a stranger to the girl and her family, and though he spoke never a word, they would readily know his mission. In silence the youth sat there, perhaps for several days, either utterly ignored or addressed like a dog and kicked by passersby. At night he was given a mat on which to sleep, but as no food was offered, he would steal away to obtain a hasty meal at home. The girl's family soon began to discuss

the eligibility of the suitor. One might suggest that the young man gave promise, came of a family of standing, and would make a good husband, while another would offer criticisms and say that no attention should be paid him. The decision lay with the father. While the discussion continued, the suitor silently waited. If he were not wanted at all, he was allowed to remain until he became discouraged. If he were acceptable to the girl and her father, he was from the beginning treated somewhat kindly. As soon as it was decided to accept him, word was sent to his father, who then collected what valuables he could afford and sought contributions from his relatives. When the goods were presented to the girl's family and accepted, she became the youth's wife, and after a feast the visitors returned home. A day or two later two old men carried the girl, wrapped in blankets, to the house of her husband's people, and her family, attending, made return gifts there and partook of another feast. In these marriages of the middle class the value of the gifts exchanged depended on the means. of the families. Twenty blankets and skins with a few baskets and other utensils were an average. In the families of chiefs the amount involved was much larger. A Shoalwater Bay man about forty years ago paid eight hundred dollars in gold and silver for the widowed daughter of the Cowlitz chief Wáhôa, and in return received goods to the value of about three hundred dollars.

Among the Cowichan a girl's father, having accepted her suitor, collected a great quantity of food, and on a certain day invited the members of both families to a feast. The two fathers had already selected one, two, three, or four principal men - the number depending on the means of the two families, – who before the feasting began rose one by one and questioned the young man and the girl as to the seriousness of their intentions. The youth sat beside the door and the girl at the back of the room on a bed. Satisfactory answers having been given, the questioners said to the man, "Come and sit with this girl." And the young man went back and sat down beside his wife. His father then brought in twenty or thirty goat-hair blankets and announced that these were given in payment for the girl, and her father distributed them among her relatives. After the feast the bridegroom's father announced that he was about to go home, and the other, agreeing, said, "I will send my girl to the canoe." So two old women led the girl down to the water, each holding one of her arms, and each having in the other

hand a bulging, triangular, horn rattle. The wooden handle of such a rattle is wrapped with goat-hair yarn, and from the two sides of the triangle next the handle flow masses of fringe of the same material. The triangular faces are carved in representation of mythological creatures and with symbols of supernatural beings. Each woman shook her rattle at each slow step taken toward the canoe. The girl sat down in the craft with her husband, and her relatives now came with blankets, which they gave to the young man as his wife's dower. One person sometimes gave as many as ten or twenty. Thus he might receive a hundred blankets. Her father brought meat or fish, telling his daughter, "When you get home, call the people to your house and give a feast." So it was done, and at this feast the friends and the more distant relatives of the young man gathered to hear the announcement of the marriage.

Separation was the privilege of either party to a marriage contract, and usually no better reason than the most casual whim was necessary; although in some cases a man of strong personality would forcibly and successfully resist the efforts of his wife's relatives to effect a divorce. In a woman laziness, quarrelsomeness, or fondness for gossip, adultery or prostitution without her husband's consent, were generally cause for her being dismissed, while improvidence and dissolute living usually cost a man his wife. As a rule the marriage gifts were returned to the donors. The children usually accompanied their mother to her parents' home, as they would have proved an encumbrance to a man seeking a new marriage. A woman divorced for a grave fault was disgraced, and experienced difficulty in making an advantageous match.

The sexual relations were very lax, and prostitution was widely carried on under the management of fathers and husbands. But a man who took advantage of a woman secretly was liable to the death penalty at the hands of her husband - a punishment however which was generally commuted to the payment of damages.

Immediately after the bathing of a newly born infant it was laid on its back on a cradle-board and a pad of furs, moss, or shredded cedar-bark was placed on the forehead and lashed to the opposite edges of the board, so that a constant, gentle pressure was applied to the soft bones of the infant's skull. In this position the child was kept during the first six months of its existence, except when it was removed for dressing. The broad, sloping forehead was an essential feature of beauty, and the face was regarded as handsome in direct

proportion to the degree of slant. Early observers unite in declaring that the infants apparently suffered no pain, although they were less lively than unconfined children; and that the compression of the skull did not weaken the mentality. The custom of head-flattening began to grow obsolete with the arrival of traders, missionaries, and settlers, all of whom discouraged the practice; but it is never difficult to find among the old people evidences of this once invariable custom.

The ears of all children at the age of a few months are pierced without formality by old female relatives.

Personal names in this North Pacific region seldom have a translatable meaning. They are very ancient patronymics whose significance, if they ever possessed any, has been lost in the misty past.

It is the Cowichan custom to name a child as soon as it is able to walk. The father invites as many people as his means permit, and when they have assembled in front of his house a man engaged by the father announces the name by which the child will be known. This is nearly always the name of an ancestor or a living relation. Money is then distributed, fifty cents to each person. Formerly of course the gifts were articles of native manufacture. When a youth or a favorite daughter reaches maturity, the father again calls the people to his house and announces a new name, which is retained until death. For the Cowichan have not the habit common to most Salish tribes of the coast: namely, that of changing the name whenever a beloved relative or friend dies, lest the sound of those names so often uttered by the lost loved one bring a constant reminder of sorrow.

On Puget sound a young child is referred to as the youngest or the eldest, or by a sobriquet based on some salient characteristic or adventitious circumstance. He is not formally named before the age of six or even twelve years, and invariably the name then bestowed is that of some deceased relative, especially one of note. New names are never invented for children. The delay in applying formal names is based on two grounds. First, it is desired to see whom the child may grow to resemble, in order that he may perpetuate the name as well as the form of that person. Secondly, they wish to be certain that the child will be robust and will live, so that the name of some illustrious ancestor be not wasted on him; for the names of the dead are not uttered for many years after death, until time has dulled the fang of grief. If an infant were named after an ancestor and then died

in childhood, the name could not be revived again for about ten years more, and its likelihood of being perpetuated would thus be lessened. Names are chosen indiscriminately from the family rolls of both parents, the choice resting with the father and the mother of the child.

The birth of twins is regarded as a calamity, or at least a threatened calamity, for the entire band. There is some occult, undefined connection, it is believed, between twins and the salmon, and the result of this connection, it is thought, is that unless there is immediate purification and expiation by the parents of the infants, the salmon, as well as other fish that run in schools, will not come to the shores that season. In former times, therefore, as soon as the news of such an event went abroad, the relatives of the parents hurried to the house and completely stripped it of its contents, each claiming and holding as his own whatever he carried away; and the parents carried their twin babies away into the woods at the head of some stream or to the shore of some lake. There they remained for a year, touching no fish nor flesh, but subsisting on roots, sprouts, and berries. Morning and evening they bathed in the stream or the lake, and frequently they fasted and sought visions in order to gain the aid of the supernaturals. Since the twin children were the occasion of disgrace and hardship, there was no reason for caring whether they lived or died, or for doing more than to protect them from death by starvation or exposure; so the little ones were allowed to crawl about at will, and to cry their hearts out unheeded. If they survived the hardships and returned with their parents, they had proved their worth and were ever after accepted as normal individuals. The parents, too, having purified themselves and warded off tribal disaster, returned to their ordinary mode of living, not only absolved from all blame, but freed, as they thought, from the possibility of again bearing twins.

Children were taught to obey their parents, to respect the aged, to be silent in the presence of their elders, and to show kindness toward their fellows. At eight they learned to swim, and at twelve years of age boys were trained in the use of weapons and the instruments of the chase, while girls began to learn basketry, weaving, and the duties of the household.

Customs attendant upon the arrival of girls at puberty were basically uniform, yet in detail they showed enough diversity to justify the description of several variations. The principles involved are two.

First, it is believed that at such a time a girl is unclean, and must be segregated from the rest of the family. For the same reason there are certain things she must not eat, lest the supply of those particular foods fail. Secondly, it is thought that the conduct of the maiden at this period determines the moral character and to a large extent the physical wellbeing of the mature woman. All girls, therefore, as soon as they became pubescent, were placed apart during the catamenial period; but only in the case of a maiden of rank did the observance become a festival.

The Cowichan are the only ones who still observe these practices, which they call *hwútlsaihl*. The girl is made to sit on a pile of blankets on the bed at the rear of the room, where, naked except for a girdle of goat-hair fringe and with face powdered with red pigment, she remains for four days, working constantly at basketry. She eats and drinks practically nothing, must not touch fresh fish nor fresh meat, nor scratch with the fingers but with a stick. At sunrise and at sunset the women of the village are called in and sit about the room, beating with sticks on poles or boards, and singing certain songs pertaining to this occasion, while two of them place themselves on either side of the girl and shake their rattles. Men take no part, but are not prohibited from entering the house to look on. At the end of four days the father distributes blankets among the women for their services in singing, and an old woman takes the girl away from the village to bathe. The reason for keeping the girl confined at this period of her life is that she may always be reserved and not wanton. She is denied food and drink in order that she may be hardy and able to endure hunger and thirst when necessary. Here and elsewhere the custom is observed only in the better families. If on the first day, as used to happen, a young man should enter the house and sit down beside the girl, this would signify his desire to marry her; and so sacred was this custom that the father seldom made any objection, no matter what his personal feeling toward the young man might be, always providing, of course, that no youth of lower station attempted to climb the social ladder by this route. During the four days the young man would sit beside the girl, sharing her fast and her silence, and at the end of that time he, instead of the father, distributed blankets, and the marriage was thus consummated.

A Songish girl was sent by her parents to a little conical wickiup

of poles and mats on the edge of the village, where she remained in solitude for five days, observing the usual taboos against scratching with the fingers or eating fresh fish or fresh meat. On the fifth day the friends and relatives and many spectators assembled at the hut, and two young men brought a large basket filled with water. The pair danced about it for a while in a jocular manner, and then surrendered it to five chosen women, who carried it into the wickiup and bathed the girl. Dressed in fresh clothing, she emerged with her attendants, and a merry feast was enjoyed, after which presents were distributed by the father. For a few days following she washed her face twice daily with water and a bunch of soft, shredded cedar-bark, in order to preserve her beauty. A stone depended from the ends of her hair, in order to cause it to grow long, and she anointed it with certain plant juices to make it glossy.

The Clallam custom compelled a girl to disrobe and sit naked in one corner of the house for five days, denying herself food and drink except in very small quantities. At night, attended by her mother, she bathed in a stream or a bay, rubbing the body with the tips of hemlock boughs. The woman assisted, rubbing and moulding the limbs as if to make them shapely.

The Shoalwater Bay practice is typical of the Quinault and the intervening tribes. Here a girl at the age of puberty was placed in a small room partitioned off with boards or mats in a corner of the house. In the house-wall a door was cut for her use, and higher up a small opening provided ventilation without exposing her to view, and admitted light so that she could work at basketry. A door in the partition permitted the mother, or the old woman in charge of the girl, to enter. During a period of five days the maiden ate very abstemiously. Each morning she went into the hills to a place where on the first morning she had dammed a small creek, and there sat down in the water and bathed. After the fifth day she received food, fresh meat and fresh fish being taboo, but for five months she remained secluded and continued her morning baths. The treatment was expected to make her strong and long-lived, and at the end of her training she was ready for marriage.

Everywhere a mature girl was carefully watched and guided by her parents. The boys however were free from restraint. If a girl became hopelessly lax in her morals, she was usually disowned by her parents

as valueless, since no man would purchase such a woman for his wife. But this does not mean that she was doomed to a life of prostitution. On the contrary her chances of marriage were excellent, although she could not expect the honor of being bought; and if after marriage she proved reasonably faithful to her spouse, public opinion soon forgot, or at least ceased to discuss, her misdemeanors. It must be remembered that sexual freedom was not looked upon as a moral wrong; simply, a loose woman cheapened herself, and, if married, exposed her husband to ridicule. Among families of high rank a girl's first error sometimes caused a bloody feud, but more frequently she was married to her lover.

Boys also celebrated their attainment of puberty by a form of purification. The Cowichan tribes still observe this custom. When a boy's changing voice indicates that he has reached the age of puberty, an old man sends him out early in the morning on four successive days to bathe in a stream, or preferably a lake, apart from the village, and to take a handful of spruce twigs and rub his breasts violently, so as to break the skin and cause bleeding, lest his breasts continue to swell and attain the size of a woman's. Sometimes rough pieces of stone instead of spruce needles are used. This is repeated in the evening, but the day is spent in the house, little food and drink being taken.

From this time on to young manhood, and in many cases beginning years before puberty, the boys of all tribes were sent at intervals to make journeys, first short, but gradually increasing in length and difficulty, in the belief that among the distant mountains or in the mysterious depths of the dark forests the traveller might perchance encounter some spirit which would take pity on him and become his lifelong guardian. Storms and the hour of dusk were regarded as most probable seasons for the spirits to be abroad, and sometimes even physical punishment was necessary to drive the fear-stricken child out into the dreaded solitudes.

Bodies of the dead were disposed in boxes on some sort of scaffold, or in canoes similarly elevated, or in the ground. As a rule there were professional undertakers, men and women who had inherited this function. Among the Cowichan such a person is called*shuhqaíyuhl,* and when any one dies a *shuhqaíyuhl* of the same sex as the deceased is immediately summoned. The former practice was to demand a dish of hot water for washing the body, but before touching the water

he would pray thus: "*Tsúmhlilétse, sqásiluk; spílim; Sqáthumten, Sqatáhultem.*[24]

After washing the body and painting the face red, he wrapped it in a skin or a goat-hair blanket and laid it in the middle of the house on the ground, with the head toward the door. This always occurred at sunrise on the morning after death, and here ended the duties of the *shuhqaíyuhl.* Two other men[1][25] had already prepared the coffin, a box of cedar boards, and they now carried the body out through an improvised door, and with four preliminary motions placed it in the box in a squatting position with the head toward the east. The lid was then laced down with cedar withes, and the coffin was borne by two to ten men – the number depending on the wealth of the deceased – to a place on the hillside apart from the village, and there deposited on a log, in order to keep it off the wet ground. Relatives and friends followed behind, crying and pulling the hair. A little shed was erected over the coffin, and the people returned to their homes.

The property of a deceased man was apportioned among his children and wives by the most influential relative. If a man were survived by no relatives, the people immediately after the funeral swooped down upon his house and appropriated his possessions, even tearing the boards off the house.

On the following day all the relatives and friends of the dead person went to the stream, divested themselves of their clothing, and standing on the bank in a row – men, women, and children – emitted a high-pitched cry somewhat like the howl of a coyote. Then all slowly entered the water together, stepped backward to the bank, and repeated the act. This was done four times in all, after which they clothed themselves and went home. The purpose was to make them forget their sorrow and think only of good. After going home, each

24 These are obsolete words which an informant interprets as follows: *Tsúmhlitlétse, an* epithet applied to the sun when it is red; *sqásiluk,* "look at us", *spílim,* "blood is gone" (the meaning thus far being that the sun has taken the blood of the deceased and is therefore himself red); *Sqáthumten,* another epithet of the sun; *Sqatáhultem,* an epithet applied to the sun when it is just appearing above the horizon.

25 *Tsimámuqe* (singular, *tsimáqe*).

person combed his hair and called an old relative of the deceased to cut it, men having the hair cut all around, but women only in front. Sometimes these Cowichan placed corpses in canoes, but after white men began to despoil the dead, all bodies were buried in the ground.

On the evening after a Cowichan burial a man or a woman called *hukâkuwíls* was summoned into the house, where all the relatives and friends were assembled. A great fire was built, and the people beat rhythmically with sticks on poles, while others shot guns into the air, and all the other people in the village created a similar turmoil on the outside. The *hukâkuwíls* thrust the end of a roll of matting into the fire, and then went about the house waving the flaming mat into every corner and even beating the people with it, in order to drive out the ghost, should it happen to be lurking there with the design of carrying away the spirit of some relative.

Among the Quinault those of either sex who were believed to have inherited supernatural power which enabled them to care for the dead were known as *haláqt*. When death seemed imminent, two of them were notified, and after bathing ceremonially they came to the house to await the end. As soon as life was extinct, or rather as soon as perceptible breathing ceased, the body was turned on its face lest a relative of the deceased die. Then they bathed it, put on it the valuable trinkets of the deceased, and wrapped it in a robe, using sea-otter skins for a chief. The face was not painted. In order that all friends and relatives from a distance might view the body, it was kept in the house for about four days - a most unusual custom, as the general practice among Indians is to dispose of the dead with as little delay as possible. At night three or four*asugwánch,* that is, shamans who claimed the power to recall from the future world the souls of those not truly dead, watched beside the corpse. The family retained their usual quarters in the house, but a large fire was kept blazing all night. On the appointed day a wall-board was ripped off, and a number of men called *cha't-haláqt* (*cha't, to* handle), followed by the wailing relatives, bore the body out through the opening, feet foremost and face downward. It was deposited in a large canoe supported on a low, substantial framework of posts and poles and covered with boards and mats to keep out rain and predatory birds. Holes in the bottom permitted such water as found entrance to drain off. Each family possessed one such canoe. The burial ground of the Quinault proper was on the north side

of Quinault river at its mouth, where now stands the group of "dead houses." Weapons were placed with the bodies of warriors and a few household utensils with those of women. Food was thrown into the river or about the burial ground. Occasionally, but by no means always, the death of a prominent chief or a favorite child was accompanied by the slaying of a captive or two. After the burial the *asugwánch* returned to the house, where they sang and shook their *tsáhu* (stick rattles with dangling dew-claws of the deer attached to one end), in order to purify themselves. The two *haláqt* distributed the personal possessions of the deceased, giving the most valuable portions to relatives, and then they too took a purifying bath. After the body had decayed, these two, or others of their kind, gathered the bones and interred them. Since about 1880 the Quinault have been placing their dead, wrapped in blankets, in small sheds usually known as "dead houses."

Some of the river tribes dug graves in the earth. The Clallam frequently buried their dead, wrapped in blankets and matting and wound with long cedar-withe ropes, in the loose sand of a spit; while the Salish of the lower end of Vancouver island interred the dead in cedar chests in the sand. Infant children of the Clallam were sometimes buried in water-tight baskets.

The Clallam possessed a peculiar mortuary custom. After a burial certain *swináam* (attendants of the dead) might be sent to the cemetery with food, which they were to burn there in order that its spirit might pass to the shadow world for the use of the human spirit. Only*swináam* were entrusted with this duty, because they were accredited with power to discern spirits both of the living and the dead, and hence could prevent theft of the food spirit by thieving spirits of living human beings. For their services the shamans retained a portion of the food.

In all the Salish tribes self-mutilation as a sign of mourning was confined to cutting the hair, and generally this was done only by bereaved parents. Women mourned for months, or even for a year, going out to some isolated retreat at daylight to weep and wail.

The names of the dead were not to be mentioned for some years, for the reason that the bereaved ones did not wish to be reminded of their loss. To such an extent was this restriction carried that words sounding like the names of dead persons were dropped from usage for a long time. Among the Twana a man by the name of Chatádtad died,

and the word *chátas* (rock) was for some years replaced by *qulílas*.[26]

The soul is identified with the breath of life. While it is recognized that this is the part of man which leaves the body at death, it is invariably true that the word for soul, or the spirit of a living human being, is quite distinct from the name applied to the spirit inhabitants of the shadow world. Quite generally the latter is the same word that designates a corpse and a ghost.

The abode of disembodied spirits is believed to be another earth below that of the living. On this subject the views of the Clallam, Twana, the tribes of Puget sound, and those of the lower end of Vancouver island are quite uniform. Spirits have no difficulty in passing down through the earth to the land below. There they come first upon trails leading to a river which flows out of the east into waters far to the westward. Across this stream is a narrow foot-bridge consisting of two cedar planks which meet over the middle of the river. But they are not fastened together, and if the spirit has left a body not truly dead, it is stopped at the middle of the bridge by a dipping of the plank toward the water, by which it is forced to turn back. Often however such a spirit remains there until it is sought and found by some powerful medicine-man and restored to its body. If life had fully departed from the body, the bridge remains firm, and the soul passes over. Once on the other side it cannot return, for the plank in the bridge dips downward again on any such attempt. From the stream the soul follows a trail to a not distant spot where the beautiful garments, fine combs, trinkets, and all the other things buried with the body await its arrival. The spirit dresses and marches on toward the great village of the dead, the trail leading through beautiful stretches of prairie and shadowy forest glades where the very trees sing for joy. At

26 A similar custom exists among other tribes, as the Kiowa and the Comanche. Regarding the former, Mr. James Mooney says: "The name of the dead is never spoken in the presence of the relatives, and upon the death of any member of a family, all the others take new names – a custom noted by Raleigh's colonists on Roanoke island more than three centuries ago. Moreover, all words suggesting the name of the dead person are dropped from the language for a term of years, and other words, conveying the same idea, are substituted." - Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians, *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology,*Part 1, page 231, Washington, 1898.

last it is stopped by a narrow body of salt water, on the opposite shore of which live the spirits of the dead. The traveller calls across, and an answering cry directs him to step into a canoe on the beach near by. Instantly the craft moves out, propelled by some mysterious power of its own, and as it glides forward another, leaving the opposite side at the same moment, approaches the nearer shore, to await the next spirit from the earth. Another very common conception is that the dead are conveyed in canoes from the burial ground to the other world.

In the shadow world all the good things of this earth prevail in abundance, for the spirits of all birds, beasts, and fish caught and killed upon earth pass on below to become food for the spirits. Clothing, too, all that ever was made and destroyed or worn out, awaits the dead. Great houses are ready for their occupancy, and the happy times, the great feasts and the assemblages where rich presents were given, once enjoyed upon earth, are there relived. There is nothing to do but to seek amusement and pleasure. The language of the spirits is a plaintive yawn; the mere wish is all-sufficient to bring the object desired, be it fruit or roots, meat or fish. Death occurs in the spirit-land, though rarely, and the spirit then passes on to a land somewhere beyond, whence it returns to earth, reincarnated as a new-born infant. This is the explanation offered for the strong resemblance a child may bear to a grandparent or other relative long deceased. A baby's ears often show dimples resembling the healed perforations in ears once pierced for pendants, and such an infant is believed to be the reincarnation of a long-dead child of some wealthy chief.

The Cowichan believe that the dead go toward the rising sun, but no name is applied to the region. After three days the soul usually returns and informs some sleeping relative that all is well and that mourning must cease. This vision is communicated to all the others, who leave off their manifestations of grief.

Chihlá'k ("descend"), as the Shoalwater Bay Indians call the spirit-world, is imagined to underlie the earth. It is the abode of both good and bad, except that the spirits of dying children go to the rising sun, whence they originally came.

According to the Quinault belief there is in the ocean a very deep hole, which is the mouth of the underworld river, and at this place fish are much more abundant than elsewhere. In this tribe, as in others,

certain men possess the power[27] to visit, in spirit, the abode of the dead and to bring back a soul that had left a body not quite dead. When a certain kind of game or fruit, but especially fish, becomes scarce, or even when dearth is predicted by these shamans, the people engage one or more of them to descend into the shadow world and replenish the departed supply. By certain incantations the shaman is believed to send his spirit below, where it "steals," for example, a shadow salmon, carries it to the mouth of the river in the ocean, and there leaves it. This shadow fish is not actually transformed into a school of fish, but in some way it causes an abundance of real salmon. The supply of every variety of food is governed by its shadow counterpart in the world below.

Occasionally it happens that a spirit before starting on its journey entices away the soul of some other member of the family. The person thus bereft is quite unconscious of the departure of his spirit, but in a short time he sickens, and unless the medicine-men are quickly employed to bring back the soul he dies. Fits and fainting spells are attributed to the temporary departure of the soul.

The measure of distance among these Salish tribes is the day's journey, whether by land or water. The shorter units of linear measurement are the fathom, or stretch of the arms, a length of about five feet; the half fathom, or the distance from the median line of the chest to the outstretched hand; the arm's length; the span of the thumb and the middle finger; and the finger's breadth.

The standard of value was the fathom-long string of dentalium shells, or *haiqua,* as they are called in the Chinook jargon. If the shells were small, as many as sixty might be required to make up a fathom, and the value was low. Such a string the Quinault called*hwi.* The standard size ran forty to the fathom, and the string was then a *kunáluh.* But no matter how large the shells might be, no string held fewer than forty; consequently if they were of very unusual size the length of the string was greater than a fathom, and its exchange value was determined by noting the number of shells by which it exceeded the fathom. A string of which eight or ten shells were left over after measuring off

27 *Schhláqiqilish* ("underworld supernatural power"), the Quinault name of the spirit land being *schhla'ku* ("descend").

the fathom-length was worth a good slave or a large sea-otter skin. But of the *hwi*, or strings of small shells, five hundred, or even a thousand, fathoms would have been required. One *kunáluh* would buy a good ocean-going canoe, and two the best. For the daughter of a very rich man a fair price was four large canoes, as many slaves, ten*kunáluh,* and a great quantity of *hwi.* In return the young man's family might expect about one-third that value. A slave was worth two ordinary canoes or one large, fine canoe, and these craft, after the advent of settlers, sold at fifty to eighty dollars each. In general a slave was worth a hundred dollars in cash or in merchandise such as blankets, furs, guns, wampum, baskets, nets, spears, and lines.

Besides dentalium there was another variety of wampum, made by breaking heavy horse-clam shells into fragments, uniform sizes of which were picked out and roughly trimmed and rounded with stone chisels. These pieces then were bored through the centre by means of a bone-pointed spindle, which was twirled between the palms with downward pressure. The shell fragments were slipped on a slender needle of ironwood, and the edges were rubbed round and smooth on a coarse, flat stone. They were then strung on deer-skin thongs about a fathom in length, to be used for necklaces and for money, particularly in bartering with the interior tribes.

Among the Cowichan tribes the usual medium of exchange was the goat-hair blanket. Dentalium shells were used mostly in small transactions, about a thousand of the smaller shells being required to buy a blanket. Five blankets, a deerskin shirt, and a fathom of shells would purchase one good slave or one ocean-going canoe.

The year is divided into two seasons, winter and summer, and into moons, which were named as a rule according to the industry practised in the several months. It is recognized that a connection exists between the moon and the tides, and from the phase of the moon the state of the tide can be determined.

Some of the Salish games were for gambling, others for pastime. One of the principal gambling games was a variation of the almost universal hand-game. Two men could play it, but as there was another game more appropriate for two, it was customary for two opposing lines of men, each consisting of from three to a dozen, to play the hand-game. In front of each line were laid on the ground loose boards, on which the players not otherwise occupied thumped with sticks

while they sang. Each team had a captain, the two occupying opposing positions in the centre of the line. The implements of the game were two bits of bone – one plain, the other marked. In starting the game, one captain shuffled them beneath a blanket, or behind a fur bib suspended from his neck, then held his hands before him. The opposing captain indicated which hand he believed to contain the marked bone, and whether successful or not he received the two bones and held out his hands for the guess. If both captains were successful or if both failed, they tried it again. When one guessed aright and the other failed, the former kept the bones. He then handed them to any two men in his team, who became the hiders, and the game was on. The captain and all in his party, save the two hiders, began to beat on the boards with sticks in each hand, while shouting a boisterous song intended to confuse the other players. The hiders waved their arms wildly, darting their hands in and out under their blankets or loose breast shields, with wonderful rapidity changing the bone from one hand to the other. It was the part of the opposing captain to watch both men closely, and with a sudden sign to indicate the hands in which he believed the bones to be at that instant. If he thought each held the bone in his left hand, or each in his right, he gave a quick fling of his hand to the right or the left. When he thought the bones were in the hands farthest apart, he darted thumb and forefinger out before him, pointing in opposite directions; and if he believed they were held in the hands closest together, he pointed a finger downward. The moment the signal was given, the bones were instantly displayed. If the guesser missed both bones, two of his five tally-sticks were passed over to his opponent, and if he missed one he lost one stick. As soon as he guessed both correctly, they were given to him for an inning. At one end of the line were three or four sticks representing ten points each, by means of which the count was carried up to thirty or forty points, the usual limit of a game for the decision of a single wager. The instant a correct guess was made, the singing ceased, but a failure was greeted with a redoubled volume of sound.

A favorite game was known on Puget sound as *lahál,* or *slahál.* It was played by two individuals or two parties, each player or each party having ten polished discs of yew, somewhat larger than a dollar. Seven were called "women," two others were "witnesses," and the tenth was the "man." Some were painted black and some white, and all bore distinguishing marks. The opponents sat at opposite ends of a stiff

rush mat, on which the discs were shuffled. One of the players took his markers in both hands, grasped five in each, and hid each handful in a mass of shredded cedar-bark. The two bunches of fibre he then shifted about on the mat from hand to hand. Suddenly the opposing player pointed at one bunch; the operator opened the other guardedly, and one by one picked out and rolled along the mat the markers found in it. If the "man" was there, it could not be in the first lot, and his opponent had guessed wrongly, losing a point, which was counted by taking one from the pile of tally-sticks. By mutual agreement the number of points in a game might range from ten to forty. When the guesser won, he had an inning, but no tally-stick changed hands.

This game of *lahál* was often played between tribes, one player relieving another. Each player was backed by a group of his own people, among whom betting ran high, the wagers being upon the final outcome of the game or simply upon the next point. In such instances only the best players sat down at the mat. Each player had his individual song, which, as he shuffled the discs, he would sing in order to gain the assistance of his guardian spirit, while his supporters, betting on the game, would beat drums and dance and join in the singing. Supernatural aid was believed to be indispensable to successful gambling; in fact the origin of the games is attributed to mythological beings.

Women gambled by means of four beaver-tooth dice, two of which, marked on the flat side with zigzag lines, were called "men," and two others, distinguished by a circle, were "women." One of the dice was encircled by a bit of thread, and in the Nisqualli dialect was called *khes*. Two players sat beside a mat and in turn tossed the four beaver teeth upon it. If the two "men" or the two "women" lay face upward, the count was one. If all lay in the same position, two points were scored, but if the *khes* was exposed while the other three lay face downward, the count was four. The number of tally-sticks varied from fifteen to forty, but as a game could be won only by exhausting the opponent's store three times in succession, an entire day was usually required for a single wager to change hands.

It was believed that a man and his wife should never gamble at the same time; for as the two made a complete whole, their minds should be together on the same game; at least they should not be actively engrossed in two separate games. Only ill luck could attend such

playing. Nor should a wife perform any kind of labor requiring the use of an awl or other pointed instrument while her husband gambled, lest she turn the point of the instrument toward his pile of tally-sticks and drive them over to the other side. Women would slyly bury bone awls behind their husbands' adversaries, in order to drive over to their husbands' side the sticks the opponents had accumulated in the game.

Forms of amusement were numerous. Shinny was much played by mixed parties, but mostly by women. The ball was usually of yew, and about three or four inches in diameter.

The very common hoop-and-pole game was current in this region. The hoop, about six inches in diameter, was rolled swiftly toward the contestants, who with their spears stood waiting thirty or forty feet away and endeavored to hurl their shafts through it in such a manner that the spear would transfix the turf and hold the hoop. Bows and arrows sometimes took the place of spears. Shooting arrows at a mark was much practised. But none of these contests were held during the salmon spawning season, for the invisible spirits of the salmon, passing through the village on their way up stream, might be struck by a missile and become angered, not to return that way again.

A game affording a deal of fun was that known as "make you laugh." The players, old and young, divided into two groups, males in one and females in the other. Between the two parties two slender sticks were thrust into the ground, and it was the endeavor of the players to march from their line, one by one, to the sticks and back without smiling, halting long enough at the centre to look slowly along the line of opposing faces. From that line came a volley of jeers and jokes intended to force a smile from the contestant, and any who could refrain from smiling scored a point for his side. At this game the girls and women usually won.

In summer children enjoyed getting into the stream or the bay and splashing water into one another's faces, those of opposite sex forming opposing lines and each endeavoring to force the other to retreat.

An indoor winter game much played by the young people in mixed companies was known in the Nisqualli dialect as*sadák*. After the players had been equally divided, one from each side squatted on his heels, and without rising hitched and hopped about on his toes as long as he could. As fast as one dropped out, another from his side took up the contest. A strong, practised dancer would tire out several

opponents, and the party that excelled in endurance won the game.

Foot races, canoe races, and swimming contests were frequent.

The religious life of the coast Salish is founded upon the belief,. so widespread among Indians, that it is possible for the individual to commune with the supernatural beings and obtain the life-long aid of some of them, and that in no other way can one achieve success in any line. Artisans, fishermen, hunters, and healers depend for their skill upon the constant, personal companionship and aid of some supernatural creature, whose friendship has been won in a vision brought on by fasting and physical exhaustion. This supernatural assistance may be obtained at any time of life, but usually it is sought by boys and girls just past the age of puberty. At that age they are advised by their parents to go in search of knowledge; and if this quiet suggestion is not sufficient, they are driven out by force or by neglect and ridicule. Such trips involve fasting for days, travelling through dense, lonely forests, fording rivers, swimming in lakes or across channels, daily baths of purification, fighting against sleep at night in a cemetery or other ghoulish spot. Voices speak; beasts and birds of all kinds, many of them unknown to mortals and hideous in conception, appear to the excited imagination of the exhausted seekers, and from them is learned, either by direct instruction or by suggestion, something of what the life's profession is to be. If the first journey results in no vision, or an unsatisfactory one, the quest is renewed from time to time. The vision is not regarded as a dream, but as an actual encounter with a real being who has, and can impart, power to fight, to cure the sick, to perform wonderful physical feats, to capture game, to do skilful and ingenious work, and to practise evil toward others as well as good toward oneself. The power of choice lies in the interpretation the seeker chooses to put upon the vision, and in the ability to refuse power of a type he does not desire. He may have a definite idea as to what he wishes to be, a conception formed from listening to the conversation of his elders and from their advice relative to what he should or should not accept.

The native conception of man's relation to the supernatural can best be shown by concrete illustration. An aged Cowlitz woman thus relates her unsuccessful efforts to secure a vision.

"When I was about twelve years of age my grandmother gave me a stick and told me to go to a certain place in the prairie and

bathe in a certain creek. 'Put this stick in the ground,' she said, 'so that I will know you have been there. It may be that you will get *stúlimihl* [supernatural power].' I went slowly to the place she had named, starting immediately after rising in the morning, and without breakfast. I bathed in the creek and thrust the stick into the ground. In the afternoon I started home, walking slowly so as to arrive about dark. I went to bed without eating. My grandmother said that this would make me live long. The next morning she sent my grandfather to the place to see if I had been there, and I heard him tell her that he had found the stick. After that she sent me out twice in each moon, and sometimes for long distances. I wore no moccasins, and only a short cedar-bark skirt. But no spirit ever talked to me. Once I tried to get close to the frogs to see how they made their noise, but they would not let me see them at it. One evening I lost my way in taking some elderberries from my grandmother to the people in the next village, and all night I wandered in the woods. When they found me the next day, my uncle told my grandmother not to send me out again. Each time I came back from one of these trips, my grandmother would ask me, 'What did you see in the woods; what did you dream?"'

Having in his boyhood observed many one-night fasts, a Shoalwater Bay youth, now an old man, was sent away by his grandfather, who gave him certain instructions. He went into the mountains to the head of a certain stream and gathered fuel until nightfall, when he built two large fires, stripped off his clothing, and plunged into the water. Then he climbed out and leaped over the fires, one after the other, shouting loudly. After jumping several times over the fires, he plunged into the river and climbed out again, to resume the leaping over the fires. After a considerable period of this exercise, he sat down between the fires and beat with two sticks on a pole lying on the ground, and sang gambling songs, and threw a bone marker into the air, catching it as it fell. This was for the purpose of gaining supernatural power to win at gambling. Then again he dived into the water and leaped over the fires. Sometimes he sang improvised medicine-songs. During the next day he slept at intervals, gathered firewood, and shot at a mark. He drank water, but ate nothing except a few berries. He remained out nine days and nine nights, repeating the performance of the first night; but nothing appeared to him. When he reached home he could not speak, and food would hardly pass down his throat.

Jacob Wahélchu, an old Suquamish man, passed his boyhood on Bainbridge island. He was well on toward young manhood before he sought *skalálitut* (supernatural power), and he dreaded the ordeal. Returning early one morning with a party of hunters who had been shooting deer by torch-light, he found his mother in the act of opening a pit of steamed clams and fish. Ravenously hungry, he rushed to his mother and seized a steaming rock-cod which she had just taken from the pit. She rose hurriedly and slapped his hand, knocking the fish to the ground, where it spattered in the sand. "Children must not help themselves to the best," she scolded, "but wait until their elders have eaten, and take what is left! You are a worthless boy; you have nothing!" Hurt, angry, and ashamed, the youth gave way to tears. He went into the woods and wandered about aimlessly all day in the sulks. As night approached, he began to consider the quest of supernatural power, but he hardly knew how to proceed. On what is now Eagle harbor there was a burial ground, and thither he turned his steps, arriving about dark. He climbed into a canoe and lay down among the dried bones of the dead.

After a sleepless night the youth turned the bones out of a canoe no longer used, and pushed it into the water, intending to cross the head of the inlet; but the craft leaked so badly that he had to put back. He walked around the head of the bay and followed the shore of the island until he came opposite the great house at Agate passage (Old Man House). He recalled having heard of a lake in the woods some miles north of the house where others had found the object of their search, and determined to go there. On a raft of drift-logs he paddled across the channel and proceeded to the lake, only to find that it had dried up, leaving a broad marsh. In the woods around the marsh he wandered for four days, each night tying himself upright with long withes to a fir sapling. On the fourth night as he leaned, half asleep, against the tree, a voice, apparently that of a man, said, "Young man, look toward the north!" He looked, and saw a light. Said the voice, "There is where you will find power that will bring you wealth."

When Wahélchu awoke he freed himself and started northward through the woods. Onward he travelled, not knowing how far he was to go. In time he came out to the water at Hádsks ("Long Nose" - Point No Point), and proceeded thence northward toward Foulweather bluff. He was on the beach with a high bank at his left. Ahead of him

he saw the waters rise like a great incoming tide, mount to the bank, and toss driftwood and great jagged stumps up over the brink. Fearing to be engulfed by the wave, the youth halted and then retreated, but at that instant he heard the howl of a pack of wolves, and it came from over the water; so he faced about, ready to receive his *skalálitut*. As he turned, two ducks, a white and a black, came swimming toward him. Indignant because he believed that only ordinary *skalálitut* of questionable value was offered, he backed away, and the ducks disappeared under the water. (In refusing supernatural power one may back away, but never turn to run, for the feet would then sink into the ground and one would be overwhelmed.) All the while the howling of the wolves had continued, growing louder when the ducks disappeared. Soon it ceased. Then came the words of a song, chanted apparently by human voices:

"Child, you have lost! You have made a mistake; you should have accepted." And Wahélchu recognized the air of the *héidu* (wealth power) and knew that he had in truth made a serious mistake. Full of regret he waited to see if the ducks and the voices might not return. At the end of five days, too weak from starvation to have continued much longer, he wandered southward until he came upon a camp, where he received food and care. When his strength returned he borrowed a canoe and paddled home.

On his next quest Wahélchu, after a partial fast for a week, went to Fletcher bay on Bainbridge island. As he wandered along the beach, in the current of the tide he saw a drifting log. Ahead of him a point of land, rising high above the water, jutted into the channel. The drifting timber struck the promontory, and fire flashed. Then the flashes shot toward Wahélchu. The beach gravel became like quicksand, and his feet sank. He leaped aside from the first flash and barely escaped it. Thrice more it flashed; and thrice he dodged, and each time smoke rose from where the bolts struck behind him. Then out in the water a woman's voice cried: "We have missed him; we have lost him! We tried to get him, but have failed!" Then Wahélchu knew that he was offered *swidáb* (healing power), and having been advised by his parents not to become a medicine-man he sought no more at that time, but returned home at once.

On another occasion a year or two later, after fasting for a period, Wahélchu went to Bugábks (Alki point). He shot at some ducks from

the shore, and then paddled out to pick up the floating arrows. As he bent over the gunwale he saw at the bottom of the water a large house, on the roof of which rested many large salmon; and all about the house a numerous herd of elk lay in groups. He paddled home excitedly, intending to have his father return with him to spear some of the elk and the salmon. His father was not at home, but his mother, understanding what this meant, sent him back alone to capture them. But when he reached the place again, the house and the salmon and the elk were gone. He knew then that it was *tióhlbuk* (supernatural power for hunting and fishing).

Again, near Deception pass Wahélchu fasted for eight days, preparing himself to receive more power from the spirits. He fell asleep and dreamed that he was in a canoe with an old man and an old woman. The woman paddled in the stern, while the old man crouched in the bow, facing amidships. Wahélchu sat between them, looking at the man. Said the latter: "Look at me! I am old and gray. You shall live to be as old as I, and no evil *skalálitut* shall ever harm you, because we two, my wife and I, are looking in opposite directions to avoid it always." Thus Wahélchu obtained *skágwuhl* (long-life power), to which he is indebted for his present ripe old age. At the upper end of Deception pass is a small island. Braving the risk of drowning, WahéLchu plunged into the water from the shore of Whidbey island and swam the channel to the islet. All but exhausted, he crept ashore. Having heard that the Cowlitz sometimes dug in the ground with their hands to assist them in receiving revelations, he set to work at once, repeating, as he scraped and dug: "How shall I get clams? How shall I get mussels? How shall I get elk? How shall I get fish? How shall I get wealth?" He labored all night long, and the next day he roamed about the islet. On the second night he dug again, and as morning approached he heard a voice say, "Here I am!" Looking up he saw a war-spear standing there. Soon it began to dance, and then he saw it turn into a stone warclub, which as it danced sang: "I am a quick-tempered man; I am a quicktempered man! I eat men fast; you cannot hold me! I eat men fast; you cannot hold me!" Such was the source of Wahélchu's *suhkalégwut* (fighting power). Well equipped with special powers, he now became a prosperous, influential young man, and soon married.

A Twana youth, Chilôichtid, had made many unsuccessful attempts to obtain supernatural power, and when his father one day

proposed to take him down Hoods canal on another quest, he refused to go. Then the father left the village in anger, after giving orders that the boy be not fed during his absence. So the youth was rolled up in a mat and securely bound, and thus for ten days he remained without food and drink. On the tenth day he had a vision in which a man came to him and said, pointing downward: "You are going to eat." The boy looked where the man pointed, and saw that it was a place he knew, and that many elk were there.

It seemed that he and the man were at a certain small lake near a place called Tahúya. When he became conscious, he heard the people say: "Here comes a canoe. It must be his father." But it proved to be a slave sent by the boy's father to tell of a great killing of elk, and to bring the boy some of the meat. Nevertheless Chilôichtid would not eat, because the elk had been killed in the place he had seen in his vision and because he thought his power would be greater if he waited until he reached that place. So the people released him and he tried to walk to the canoe, but so weak was he that he fell and had to be carried. On the eleventh day he reached the place where the elk had been killed, and he saw that it was the place of his vision. He ate, and recovered his strength, and after coming home he went up to the little lake near Tahúya to find the spirit man. He searched the shore of the lake, but finding nothing he concluded that the spirit must live in the water. He constructed a raft, pushed out to the centre, and dived to the bottom. There he remained as long as he could, and then dragged himself ashore, where he fell asleep.

Again the man appeared. There was a fin on his back, and there were two servants with him. The supernatural visitant said: " My power is great. With it you can control the rain and fine weather." And thereafter the young man believed that he had power to cause rainy or clear weather at his desire. To make rain he drummed against the roof of the house with a long black stick girdled with cedar-bark, and for clear weather he used a red stick.

Hutsílim was a young Squamish man just married, and he and his wife would lie long abed. His father did not approve of this, and the more he thought of the laziness of his son and especially of his son's wife, the more displeased he became. One morning he came crying: "You Hutsílim, you will be a fine man! You will be lazy, and good for nothing. You are a lazy man, and you have a lazy wife. Here is what

you need!" And he dashed a pail of cold water over them. The two scrambled out of bed, still half asleep, and much ashamed. The old man went out.

Brooding over his disgrace, Hutsílim decided to leave his father's house and go into the mountains to see if he could get supernatural help. He said to his wife: " Woman, go home to your father. For I am not going to live here in my father's house. I will go into the hills." So she went home, and Hutsílim took his fire-drill and set out. Far into the mountains he went to a large lake. He threw a small stone into the water, but as nothing came up out of the lake he went on. He came to a second lake and tested it likewise. When he threw a stone into the water of the third lake, there was a commotion as if a vast school of fish near the surface had been disturbed, and he knew that this water contained some *stlálukum* (creatures of any kind which can impart supernatural power to man). He kindled a fire, and when it was blazing, he tossed another stone into the water, and again the *stlálukum* moved. Then he threw off his clothing and went in to bathe with the *stlálukum,* and it did something to him which left him as if dead. The water began to rise with a hissing sound, and he was carried ashore to the place where his fire burned.

In the morning he became conscious, and as he opened his eyes he heard something in his breast crying, *"Qa, qa, qa!"* He wondered what it was. He struck his hand on his breast twice, and the crying stopped. Then he knew that it was supernatural power of the kind which, because it makes a sound like the crying of a baby and lives in the medicine-man's abdomen, is called *hámullihltse.*[28]

The young man rekindled his fire, warmed himself, painted his face and legs in a certain manner, and put duck-down on his head. The spirit began again to cry, and again he struck his breast twice, when as before it stopped. While he had been lying lifeless on the beach, he had learned certain songs which the *stlálukum* had given him. These he never forgot, but always used in his doctoring.

Mutllátse, a Cowichan man, had the following experiences:

"In the winter after I came to the age of puberty my father one evening said to me, 'Go out into the hills and wash, and rub yourself,

28 *Ham*, the crying of a baby; *léhltse,* the abdomen.

and see if you can become *shnáam* [healer].' So I departed, and a short distance from the village I removed all my clothing. At the top of Tsohélim [a mountain at the mouth of Cowichan river] I walked along the ridge to the end at the bay, and then back to the highest point, where I lay down. It was a clear, cold night; the ground was frozen. I had no clothing and no blanket. My body shook so violently that I could not sleep. At the earliest light I rose. On that highest part of the mountain is *shpupá'ptl* [a circular hollow in the rock, like a small crater, with water at the bottom], and in the water are various objects, such as cedar-chips, deer-hair, and duckfeathers.

Over the edge of the mountain down a very steep place is another hole with water in it. Girls use the place on the level top, and men the one over the edge; but the latter is so dangerous that usually one man ties a rope around the other and lets him down to the water. The one in quest of supernatural power is lowered into the hollow, where he dips his hand under the water and draws it out behind him, and the other man observes from above what is in the hand; and from this it is determined what the searcher is best adapted for. Thus, if he gets a cedar-chip, he will be a canoe-maker; if duck-feathers, a hunter of ducks. There was nobody with me, so I crawled down and put my hand into the water. A large frog hopped upon it and startled me, so that1 withdrew my hand and crawled back. I returned homeward, put on my clothing, and reached the village about noon. I went to bed, being tired. My father never asked me what I had done. Many times after this I sought supernatural power, sometimes sent by my father, sometimes of my own accord. One night I went to the small creek which flows down by the village Qámutsun. In the darkness I removed my clothing and dived into the water to the bottom, and felt the smooth gravel. Then I came out, lay on the bank, and slept. I dreamed of a wolf in the form of a man, who said: 'Go back and see that *stlálukum shnáam.'* So in my dream I went to the house of that healer, which was on the opposite side of the river. I saw the *shnáam* in the house, and I found he was not a man, but an eagle. I thought, 'This is not a *shnáam,* but a bird.' It was this vision that made me a healer. I could put my hands on a sick person and make him well. A long time ago I lost this power, because I was dreaming of the big snake *s'ínhlke,* and some one awakened me before the dream was ended. This is very bad. It is what caused my eyes to become blind."

Every detail of the vision experience was cherished as a closely guarded secret until the individual reached manhood or womanhood. At some time then the possessor of supernatural power was expected to fall ill because of the undeclared presence within him of the tutelary spirit, and this was a sign to others that in his youth he had had a vision. The sickness usually lasted about a month, it is said. As soon as winter came, the father of one of these undeclared shamans announced a dance at his home, and everybody assembled there on the evening of the appointed day. Shamans of both sexes sang their personal medicine-songs, and danced, while others looked on. The ceremony continued for several nights, and during its progress the one on whose account it was being held broke forth in the songs which years before he had heard in his vision. At any time during the ceremony it was proper for any one thus to declare himself a shaman by singing his songs and dancing.

As this winter dancing is still performed by the Cowichan of Vancouver island, their practice will be described specifically. The recollection of a vision remains constantly in the mind, and after an indefinite length of time it becomes oppressive. The breath comes with great difficulty. It is then necessary for the parents of the sufferer to invite the people to their house for a dance, and if this were not done he would become really ill and would die.

The entire winter is devoted to feasting and dancing in different houses. Formerly the festivities began about the first of November, but more recently the beginning has been deferred to the Christmas season. On one evening there is an invitation to the house of one certain man, whose friends have been paid to bring stores of food for the feast, and on the next night, or after an interval of a few nights, there is a similar performance in another house. When a young man or woman who has had a vision, but has never declared it, exhibits symptoms of uneasiness, the people of his family announce a dance and a feast in their house. The young man, who is now known *as hôsálqhl,* or *háu-stsaláhum* ("new dancer"), occupies the place of honor. A number of men (usually five) who at some previous time have passed through what the young man is now to experience, dance backward in a line, and then forward toward the young man, each one blowing into his face as they approach him, and

making motions at his face with sticks. After a while he becomes

unconscious and rigid. The dance ceases, and the parents put the young man to bed, where he remains as long as three or four days, still unconscious. When he regains consciousness, they notify the people, who again assemble. The dancers blindfold him and lead him through the dance a few times, then let him dance by himself, still blinded, while they carefully watch him, fixing their minds on what he is to do. He dances without a misstep, because, it is said, he is still under their influence. At the same time they assist him in putting together the broken words and measures of his vision songs, which seem to come with difficulty. Having gone through this ceremony, the young man is recognized as having a certain kind of supernatural power, although he is not necessarily a healer, and he is now eligible to be a dancer in the initiation of some other novice[29].

During the progress of the winter ceremonies of the Cowichan, a man of great wealth, having collected huge stores of food, may announce a dance in honor of a favorite daughter. Everybody is invited, whether a shaman or not, and the men sit on the edge of the beds with the women behind them. When all have assembled, the host gives each one a stick with which to beat on any wooden object at hand, and he then calls upon a man at one end of the house to start the dancing. Dressed in deerskin shirt and skin hat of the kind used by warriors, this man arises and dances about the room, while the others beat with their sticks and watch him, and help him sing his medicine-songs. When he has finished, the next shaman dances, and so it goes until all have performed, unless there should be so many shamans present that there is not time for all. Then the wife of the host, with many assistants, distributes food, and a feast ends the celebration. The custom is thus accounted for: "Among the first people there was a girl who dreamed of dancing and songs. Whenever she slept she had this dream, and at last she seemed to be full of dreams. So she said to her father and her mother: 'Sweep out this house, and call the people in to dance. I must dance before this kills me.' So they invited the people, and when all were assembled the girl began to dance. She raised her fingers above her head, and something was heard to drop on the roof. A second noise

29 Compare the similar hypnotic practices in the winter dancing of the Nez Percés, derived from this coast region.

was heard, and she told some men to see what it was. They came back with the report that on the roof were two mountain-goats. She bade them open the roof, and when this was done the goats leaped down into the house. This was the first dance of this kind, and these were the first mountain-goats."

The creatures most commonly represented by Cowichan winter dancers are wolf, yellowjacket, fly, mountain-lion, and black bear. Salmon, killerwhale, swan, and duck are less frequently seen. Some have danced to represent a waterfall near Cowichan lake, the noise of which makes it an object of awe. Certain persons as the result of seeing the spirit *skéyup* in a vision have this spirit in the breast, and as it moves about in the effort to come out it causes blood to flow from the mouth. Only dancing will soothe it and remove the danger of death, and the dancing of such persons is characterized by violent, mad leaping and gesticulation. Such persons are believed to be able to eat almost anything without harm, and sometimes in the dance one of them seizes a puppy and eats of its quivering flesh.

Among the Quinault and other coast Salish of the state of Washington this spirit, which the Quinault variously call *skájap, skahép, ajáhos,* and *sinnáhous,* would compel him in whose breast it dwelt to dance and give away all his possessions; and failure to do so would result in death. Supernatural power is usually described by the same name as the supernatural beings from whom it emanates. The Puget Sound tribes call it *skalálitut;* the Chehalis and Quinault, *sáhtikulsh;* the Cowlitz, *stúlimihl;* the Twana, *schshalt;* the Clallam, *skéin* ("vision"); the Cowichan, *nétsitum.* There are many kinds of power, each for a specific purpose and known by an appropriate name. Many have been mentioned in preceding pages. A bizarre conception was that of the Twana, that the possession of *khúbtuk, a* power derived from a flying, nocturnal spirit man, made one strong and untiring, a swift runner, a powerful jumper, a successful hunter.

The possessor of *khúbtuk* was privileged to wear hoofs and claws and wings as talismans, in order that they might help him in the pursuit of game. But one must not spend too much thought on this matter, nor wear too many of these talismans, lest he fly away and become a flitting spirit. The spirit *khúbtuk* was often heard at night uttering a plaintive, monotonous whistle. In alighting on the branch of a tree he did not use his feet, but came to rest by balancing his body across

it. There are tales describing how certain men flew away to remain absent more than a year. Wives were admonished to be virtuous in the absence of their husbands, lest laxity cause permanent transformation of the men into flying spirits. Medicine-men, or the shamans possessed of supernatural power to expel disease by magic, obtained their ability either in the same manner in which others received other kinds of power, namely by direct visitation of the spirits, or by inheritance. The former is the more common way, and in fact when the secrets and paraphernalia of a medicine-man have been bequeathed the successor usually seeks and obtains a confirming vision. Visions of reptiles, of blood-sucking creatures, of fire, and of lightning always confer the curative power, and almost any vision not clearly indicative of some other power can be interpreted as conferring the healer's art. Thus, a certain Clallam man, already in his prime, was travelling about in search of supernatural power, and one day as he approached a pond he saw an enormous cloud of mosquitoes hovering over the water and darkening the sun. At first he was stricken with fear, but it occurred to him that this might be the manifestation of some spirit, and he went forward.

At the margin of the pond he disrobed and lay down in the grass. Instantly the mosquitoes covered his body, and in a short time he became insensible from loss of blood and the injection of the insects' poison. When consciousness returned, they had gone. Gradually he revived, and he made his way home, certain that he had been granted the power to draw blood with his lips from the bodies of the sick and thus expel disease. This mode he then adopted for removing bad blood and arrow-points from wounds, and bewitched blood through the skin.

There was no formal ceremony for the treatment of disease. Each medicine-man performed his incantations in his own fashion, being assisted by a chorus of singers. Herbs were seldom employed by the shamans, and almost without exception their practice was ostensibly to suck out or pluck out of the body the evil thing that tormented it. For all sickness not directly traceable to some natural cause was attributed to sorcery, either of a wizard (that is, an evil-disposed medicine-man), or of an animal spirit.

The sorcerer worked at night while his victim slept. His art of bewitching is described by the bands of Shoalwater bay as "throwing

steam" into the body. Sickness then became apparent before daylight, and during the day it grew steadily worse. Headache and aching bones were the symptoms. If the patient had property, he would send for a medicineman and promise a horse, a gun, or something equally valuable as reward for treatment. The medicine-man would then sit beside the sufferer, while one of the family called in a number of singers, who were not necessarily medicine-men. These sat beside two long poles which lay on the ground, one on each side of the room, and beat on them with sticks while they sang.

The medicine-man looked at the patient, and called another shaman, saying: "Some one has made him sick. Look and see." Then he sat down, while the other stripped off his shirt and began to examine the patient. When the assistant announced the same opinion, the chief shaman said: "We will take out this sickness before it is too late." The two put their hands on the sick man's abdomen, squeezing and pressing it, and pretended to pull something suddenly out. Two or three times this was done, and the patient was told that he would soon recover.

Yalapkín, an aged Clallam now living near Port Townsend, Washington, was a medicine-man of wide repute. His nephew thus describes his methods: "For several days I had been suffering great pain with stomach cramps, and my mother sent for Yalapkín. He came at once and began to draw out the sickness by sucking near the navel, but the tickling sensation made me so laugh and writhe that he could do nothing that way. He then pressed and kneaded my body as if he were pushing something from all parts toward the centre of the abdomen. Then he suddenly pounced upon me and pulled something out of my abdomen. In appearance it was like a tiny fish, an inch in length and the shape of a newly hatched flounder. The medicine-man immersed the thing in a bowl of water to weaken its evil power, and then asked what he should do with it. My mother said that it must be killed, and he sent for a stone. She brought one and laid it at his feet. Then, holding the evil object with both hands, he released it, and it entered the stone with such force that the stone burst open! " The natives implicitly believe that the magicians actually perform these miracles; so credulous of the supernatural are they that sleight of-hand is not required to be over-refined in order to deceive them. Even more astounding than the performance of Yalapkín was that of the Cowichan medicine-man Hutsílim.

"His first patient was a child who had been sick very long, and nobody could cure her. Hutsílim perceived that she was very sick: something was wrong in the abdomen. He removed the child's clothing and slashed the belly open. The child lay as if dead, and all the relations cried out and wept. But he said: 'Do not cry so loudly. I do not like it. It may spoil my power. I know what I am doing.' He removed the intestines, coiled them up beside the child, severed the end, squeezed out something that was obstructing it, and restored the intestines to their place.[30] While the belly remained open he cut out the child's eyes and threw them into the fire. Then he took some switches of a currant bush, and bidding the young men watch carefully, so that when he was dead they might do the same, he sang, and flicked the brush on the fire four times, and the eyes were back in the sockets, and the abdomen was closed and unscarred. The child opened its eyes, no longer sick. Then Hutsílim laid a thorny rod in the fire and sang. He picked it up and made a motion toward some young men and women who were watching, and immediately a hooked thorn caught the tongue of each. All these hooks were attached to a cord which he held in his hand. He jerked it, and the young people came toward him. Their relatives began to cry, for blood was flowing. He made another motion, and all the hooks disappeared."

It was the practice of Selahúl, a noted Suquamish shaman who about 1860 lived on Whidbey island at Skagit head, to mount the roof of a house, shift some of the roof-boards, and pour water down upon the patient inside. It was thought that the falling water, as it struck the body and spattered, drove the sickness "out to the edges of the body," where the medicine-man, who quickly descended, could easily seize and extract it. A basket that he used had in it a piece of cedar-bark rope, and alleging that the dark object he had ostensibly taken from the patient had been sent into the rope, he would call upon someone to help him cut the strand and thus destroy the evil.

Sometimes a medicine-man professed to know what sorcerer had caused the sickness, and he then would send it back into the body of that malevolent person, or into the body of one of his family, thus

30 Certain Kwakiutl magicians performed the same trick in the winter dance. See Volume X.

causing him sickness.

Before a person died of supposed magic he usually mentioned (possibly in delirium) the name of the sorcerer believed to have caused the sickness. If the deceased were a person of rank, the head of the family hired an assassin to kill the wizard. The act was performed in broad daylight, and in public, the usual procedure being for the assassin to walk into the sorcerer's house and shoot him down. This seldom resulted in a feud. The relatives of the wizard would send word to the other family that they would make peace at a certain time; and when that time arrived they came in a body with presents of value in payment for the life of the deceased sick man, securing in return other articles as the equivalent of the sorcerer's life. If a member of an ordinary family died of alleged sorcery, his relatives simply demanded payment, and this was never refused.

So constant was the fear of sorcery that excreta were deposited in secret places, or where the tide would carry them away; spittle was cast upon the robe or obliterated between the palms, and hair-combings and nailparings were carefully destroyed, lest some enemy or rival obtain possession of them and by use of supernatural power cause the fatal sickness of the person from whose body they came.

It is said that few medicine-men died a natural death. In direct proportion to their reputation for wonderful cures was the danger they incurred of being accused of applying their great powers to evil uses. Nevertheless there was no dearth of men willing to accept the risks along with the emoluments. Medicine-men invariably received payment in advance, and as they worked they demanded more and more as the price of the full strength of their magic. If however a patient died, the amount paid was usually returned. Moreover the fear in which they were held by many of their tribesmen gave them an advantage which they could use to selfish ends, one of which was the very common custom of demanding young maidens for wives. Such demands were generally met, the girl being sacrificed for the protection of the family. Fearing such a fate, girls would marry early in life.

Beside the bed of every shaman stood a post or thick plank, carved either by himself or by some one skilled in such work and representing his vision. His charms, a heterogeneous collection of feathers, skins, stones, and roots, were carefully guarded in a box or rolled up in a bag.

Insanity and kindred afflictions are believed to be caused by the

Little Earths, pigmies no larger than birds, who lurk in the thickets and the cañons. If a person loses his mind in any degree, it is said that the Little Earths are stealing his soul. One who becomes actually insane is said to have married a Little Earth, and his incoherent speech is thought to be the language of those people. Before both soul and body fall under the control of the pigmies, the afflicted one may be cured by a medicine-man, but not afterward. The Indians, particularly the children, formerly lived in constant fear of these little people. They avoided drinking out of small streams at points where they emerged from heavy thickets or canons, for it was believed that the souls of people were caught in such places at unguarded moments. Liliwaup on Hoods canal was notorious as such a place. It was common for a person recovering from a delirious fever to describe circumstantially the temporary captivity of his spirit among the Little Earths.

When continual gambling losses warned a man that his good luck had been carried away by spirits of the dead, or when dreams in which he seemed to be in far distant places showed that his very soul was being enticed to the underworld, he had recourse to the medicine-men whose special powers enabled them to recall the wandering spirits of things and men. Among the tribes at Shoalwater bay and Grays harbor this was accomplished by a single medicine-man assisted by singers; but the Twana and the Clallam practice involved a symbolic ceremony by all those available medicine-men who possessed this kind of power. So long has this custom been obsolete that it is difficult to learn of its details. The principal feature was a dance at night by the medicine-men, who formed in a line and made the motions of wielding paddles while singing and proceeding to the burial ground, thus symbolically journeying by canoe to the land of the dead. Then other performers, personating the ghosts sought, met the travellers, who seized and bound them and brought them back, as it were, to earth. This ceremony the Clallam called *smitinák,* and the Twana *shitsub*. A song used in the Twana rites at the time of capturing the ghost follows.

Among all these Salish tribes there existed a belief in the potency of charm words, which were handed down from parent to child through many generations. The power inherent in such words was known in the Nisqualli dialect as *swidúq*. Generally the words were fanciful, having significance only to those who used them. In the heat of battle a fighter might suddenly halt, slap his thighs, arms, chest, and head, call them

by secret names, and thus become imbued with renewed strength and courage. When a storm threatened to swamp a canoe, the occupant might slap its gunwales and address it by some charm name, which would give it power to resist the storm and come to land. But the chief use of these expressions was in acquiring and holding the love of another. If a young man wished to win the attention of a girl, he would call her heart by some secret name repeating the word whenever he saw her, and this, it was thought, would cause her soon to fall in love with him. Women especially were given to this practice. If a woman were deserted by a husband whom she greatly loved, she would name his heart and his feet, repeating the phrases over and over, trying thus to cause his heart to yearn for her and his feet to bring him back. When her charm succeeded, it became in demand by others and was sold at a high price. Canoes, slaves, and goods aggregating hundreds of dollars in value were gladly exchanged for a charm that had proved itself potent. A formula used by Wahélchu, a Suquamish, for preservation in a storm is addressed to the sun: *"Tedóbsh, switságwubsut, sqúdsubsut! Tedóbsh, lehweléchu, swátsultwihl!"* To Wahélchu this means: "Take care of me, 0 Bright-faced One, the Sun! Take care of me, Water on which I rest, and you, Dry Land!"

In some of these tribes there were seers who professed to be able to communicate with one another by occult methods, or, simply by thinking, to know what was occurring at a distance. These men spent all their time waiting for messages from others of their kind. Thus warning of the impending death of some medicine-man or chief by the sorcery of an enemy was sent to the threatened man. Great calamities were sometimes foretold.

The seers would reduce themselves, either singly or in a group, to a hypnotic state, and then tell what they saw happening to absent members of the tribe. Sometimes, acting collectively, they would successfully predict the coming of a hostile war-party.

But one secret society existed among the Salish tribes, and that was confined to the people on the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Haro strait – the Clallam, Sooke, Songish, and Sanetch, all constituting a dialectic group - and the Lummi. The order and its ceremony were called *hunhanítin* ("much groaning"), because the participants groaned instead of speaking.

It is frequently alluded to as "black *támanous*" (*támanous* being

the Chinook jargon for supernatural power), a name referring to the black paint on their bodies. The history of this order is of peculiar value to the ethnologist as a unique illustration of the manner in which such fraternities may come into being and flourish parasitically at the expense of credulous society.

A Clallam man severely cut his cheek on a splintered duck-bone, and the wound bled for days. There seemed to be no way to stop the flow. This worried him greatly, for he was looked upon as having been singled out by some spirit for the venting of a vengeful spite. To stem the tide of adverse opinion and turn his misfortune into a boon, he and his friends conceived the plan of performing a ceremony and announcing publicly that special revelations and powers had been conferred upon the suffering man. They painted themselves black, dressed grotesquely, concealing their identity behind masks, and danced and grovelled about, growling and groaning as they performed. They contended later that they had the power of divination, that they could trace lost souls and lost objects, particularly stolen goods; and to make good their assertions they stole articles and hid them, and then for a price held a meeting, pretended to receive from supernatural sources knowledge of the whereabouts of the lost objects, and informed the owner where he would find them. Soon they became honored, and others sought to be initiated into the fraternity. For a price they were admitted. They were sworn to absolute secrecy and threatened with death if ever they dared divulge the fiction on which the order was founded. From time to time ritualistic additions to the ceremony were made, in order to enhance its impressiveness, and the initiations became the chief outward expression of the society's existence, though the leaders claimed and received credit for any abundance of fish or for any other tribal good fortune. The fraternity was believed to possess genuine occult powers, and gained new members rapidly. As the ritual for initiation was spectacular, it became a regular part of the great tribal potlatches. Recruits were boys and youths, whose parents paid handsomely for the honor. Such a ceremony is thus described by two Clallam men who were initiated about 1870 at the last intertribal potlatch given by Hahlkén.

All the boys who were to be initiated were reluctant and frightened, for they had heard harrowing tales of the awful things the *hunhanítin* would do if their mandate of secrecy and strict adherence

to the principles of the society were not faithfully observed. The boys had no voice in the matter, however, for their parents had made the arrangements for their initiation and paid all fees. It cost the father of one informant the equivalent of at least ninety dollars.

The people assembled in the largest house, and soon the *hunhanítin* in their canoes appeared, singing as they landed. They came toward the house, dancing and singing, performing exaggerated antics and uttering weird shrieks. Two, who simulated wild men, groaning and grovelling, were led at the ends of ropes to prevent their escape. Many of the people in the assembly were members of the order, but those who would have nothing to do with it were in the majority, and some of them hurried away in fright when the performers entered.

The initiates had been placed by their parents on mats in various corners of the room, with instructions to feign death when the dancers entered. One by one the dozen or more boys, stark and rigid, were lifted by six of the *hunhanítin* and carried about to show the people that they were dead, and were then deposited in one corner of the house behind a mat screen. Once inside this "hidden place" they relaxed and sat up, but still they dared not utter a sound.

Guards watched over them from this time to the end. No one was allowed to see them: they were "dead," but later would be brought to life. The boys were kept there four full days. Food and water were smuggled in to them at night under the robes of their guards. At night, too, in a closely massed circle, with the fire smothered and the house darkened, the *hunhanítin* danced while the boys practised inside the circle, unseen by the *stóulk* (uninitiated). Thus the minutely prescribed manner of handling batons, drums, and rattles was learned.

On the morning of the fifth day the initiates were completely disrobed, and with twisted, dishevelled hair they were made to look as much as possible as if they were dead; for on that day they were again exhibited and brought to life before the eyes of the assemblage. The members of the order painted themselves afresh and dressed grotesquely, cutting their tongues and the inside of their cheeks so that they might spit blood. Naked and rigid, the boys were carried out and laid side by side on matting in front of the assembly-house, where they were viewed by the people. When all had seen them, the *hunhanítin* formed a circle about the bodies, and danced and howled and sang, spitting blood on the boys' breasts to make them look the

more ghastly. Then two would lift a boy above their heads, while uttering wild shrieks and groans, and then lower him. Three times they repeated the movement, and at the last descent, obeying instructions, the boy stood up and ran down to the beach, accompanied by his two mentors. It was understood by the spectators that the initiates were not yet alive, but were made active through the magic of the *hunhanítin*.

Along the beach for half a mile or more ran the whole party, accompanied by many of the *hunhanítin* who were taking no part as initiators, and the novices were bathed and dressed for a triumphal march back to the house. Their tongues were cut so that they might spit blood, and their faces were blackened; they were clothed in shirts, and bands of softened cedar-bark were tied about their heads and knees and ankles.

Then all marched to the house, the boys in the lead, performing the antics they had been taught, flourishing bows and arrows, shaking their rattles and beating their drums, pausing at intervals to dance, and singing wordless falsetto airs. Small wooden whistles with cherry-bark tongues were concealed in the mouth and blown in imitation of the sound of the wind.

The object was to impress the uninitiated with the miraculous powers of the *hunhanítin*.

Eagerly observed by spectators in canoes and in throngs on the beach, the procession entered the house, where the initiates retired to their "hidden place." There they remained silent and apparently lifeless until nightfall, when they were carried out before the people, still feigning death.

A hunhanítin medicine-man danced about, pretending to pluck out of the air above his head the life spirit of one of the initiates, which he placed at the boy's head and thus imbued him with real life. After each novice had thus received his spirit, all the members and the initiates danced promiscuously, pushing one another roughly and hilariously. This concluded the ceremony, and the potlatch assembly disbanded[31].

At home on the following day certain rules were again impressed

31 This entire initiation ceremony is closely modelled upon the Kwakiutl and the Nootkan winter dance. See Volume X.

upon the novices by their mentors. They must never reveal to the uninitiated that the ceremony was based on a fiction, for if they did so, medicine-men from a distance would send evil into their bodies and kill them by magically inflicted disease. They must not scratch their heads with their fingers, lest their hair fall out; nor their bodies, lest sores and scabs appear. For both purposes they must use sharpened sticks; and they must eat their food with similar sticks, so as to avoid touching the fingers to the lips, for through such contact the spirit of any evil which the hands had touched might enter the body. Skates and cuttlefish were taboo, for palsy would result from their use as food. The black on their faces was not to be rubbed off with the hands, but with wisps of grass, for the use of the hands would jeopardize their eyesight. Bodily cleanliness, eating apart from others, moderation in conversation and laughter, and sleeping on the ground were enjoined.

While it is true that the *hunhanítin* were the only secret society of the coast Salish, it is probable that the masked dancers of the Vancouver Island Cowichan would in time have developed into a fraternity. These dancers, of whom there are now only seven, represent the original mythical ancestors of the people, and appear only at potlatch festivals, never in the winter dances. The masks are obtained by inheritance, but the name of the ancestor is not necessarily conferred upon the man who receives the mask representing that ancestor. Thus Qutsím is the owner of the mask of Hwnam, but that ancient name is borne by his cousin.

When a man intends to give a potlatch he sends to each of these dancers, and to any others outside the immediate neighborhood 1 (even among other tribes, if he have the means), various articles necessary to the preparation of the dancer's costume: a pair of blankets on which the dancer will sew downy swan-feathers to make a skirt; a shawl to wear about the shoulders and hold the mask steady; a mirror, some thread, needles, shears, paint, a dish for mixing the paint, a comb, and a knife. On the day preceding the distribution of goods at the potlatch a corner of the house is screened off for their use, and here they dress and paint themselves while one of their number stands guard. The characteristic gesture of these dancers is pointing the right forefinger to the zenith, as a reminder that their prototypes fell from the sky, and, as they perform, the spectators think reverently of their ancestors.

The present religion of the majority of the Indians of western

Washington is the cult of the Shakers. In 1881 John Slocum, a Squaxon living at the southern end of Puget sound, "died" (fell into a trance), and after "coming to life" he declared that he had attempted to gain admittance to heaven, but on account of his wickedness the angels had sent him back to earth with the command that he build a church and teach the people the way to heaven. Accordingly the church was built, and Slocum instituted a form of worship founded on the primitive native winter dance with its use of hypnosis. Because of the rapid trembling of the hand which characterizes them when, in a state of partial autohypnosis, they believe themselves in communication with the deity, the members of the new cult came to be known as Shakers. From the beginning they borrowed extensively from the Christian practice, showing an especial fondness for some of the formalities observed in Catholic churches. White robes and candles are conspicuous, and every member possesses a hand-bell which is vigorously rung at intervals during the service. Singing in unison native airs such as the shamans used to invent, with words based on what they have been told about the Bible, heaven, and Jesus Christ, the worshippers, with half-closed eyes, dance in single file about the room, stamping with tremendous force, jerking the head up and down, shaking limp arms, and obviously making every effort to induce autohypnosis. Meetings lasting far into the night are held at frequent intervals, and the thunderous tramp of the intensely earnest congregation continues for hours.

This religious movement has spread into eastern Washington, and into Oregon and British Columbia. In the beginning it suffered the fate of most new religions. It was vigorously opposed and its founders and apostles were threatened and actually thrown into jail by reservation authorities. But it enjoined an exemplary moral life, and in time the sect was permitted to worship in its own way. Gambling, drunkenness, and licentiousness are condemned, and Shakerism has proved a really wonderful force in improving the moral tone of its adherents.

There is a tendency among white residents, especially reservation employes, to condemn the movement because of the lapses or the hypocrisy of some of its proselytes, but it is no more than the truth to say that in respect to real faithfulness to their vows and actual moral benefit from their religion, the Shakers suffer nothing in a comparison with the membership of any branch of the Christian church.

MYTHOLOGY

DABÁBET'HW, THE TRANSFORMER[32]

There were two sisters, who, working together, kept their household supplied with fern-roots. At times they camped out over night, being too far from home to return. One night after they had arranged their beds they lay gazing up at the Stars before going to sleep. They wondered who the Stars were, and how they lived. Tapát'hw, the younger, said to her sister: " Do you see that little red Star? You may have him for your husband, but that big bright one is the one I want for mine. I wish we were married to them, truly! " "Oh, be quiet!" rejoined Yásilbish. "Why do you talk that way?" The conversation ceased, and soon they fell asleep. In the morning they awakened early, and to their unbounded surprise they found themselves actually in Starland. Beside each lay a husband, the very Stars they had discussed the night before. The husband of the elder sister, the red Star, proved to be a handsome young man, while the big bright Star, to the dismay of Tapát'hw, was discovered to be a white-haired old man.

Yásilbish was not unpleased, but her sister was sadly disappointed. However, there they were, and there lay their husbands, and they resolved to make the best of it.

As on the earth, they spent their days digging fern-roots. Their husbands advised them not to dig the longest roots, which were not so good as the others. But the girls knew well that on earth the reverse was true, and they became suspicious that something was behind the suggestion of their husbands. Determined to solve the mystery, they at once dug for the very deepest roots. Suddenly their digging sticks broke through the ground, and peering through the hole they perceived the earth spread out below them. Here was a way of escape! While Yásilbish dug roots rapidly, Tapát'hw twisted cedar withes into rope. If one was to spend time twisting rope, it was necessary for the other to obtain roots enough to show for both. When after several days' work the rope was long enough to reach the earth, they fastened

32 Related by a Puyallup. The same myth is told by the Twana, who call the transformer Dúqibahl.

one end and climbed down. The elder sister soon after their escape bore a male child, who came to be known as Dabábet'hw. When the rope was found hanging from the sky, people from all parts of the world gathered to swing on it. The child was left in the care of its blind grandmother, Toad, who kept it in a swing; but two women from the north came and stole it, substituting a piece of rotten wood. All day long the grandmother worked and sang, and the baby was very, very still. Other women came to hear the grandmother sing and to see the wonderful child of the Star, and then its absence was discovered.

People everywhere took up the search, but for a long, long time their efforts were fruitless. It occurred to them that they might make another child from the cradle-board. This was done, and the new child was looked upon as a brother to the missing one.

Time wore on. One day Jay, always travelling as he was, visited the edge of the world in the extreme north, and discovered a land beyond. To reach it required passing beneath a shelf of land above his head, which alternately rose and fell like a huge jaw, shaking the earth each time it came down. Jay hesitated long before attempting the passage. Finally he mustered courage to make a dash, feet foremost, and he got through, but not without injury. His head was caught and was flattened on the sides, as are the heads of all jays at this time.

Beyond the treacherous gap he found a single house in which sat a man chipping arrow-points of stone. When Jay appeared at the door the man hurled a handful of chips at him, almost blinding him, and began to upbraid him for coming and for making a noise. "Why do you treat me so?" wailed Jay. "I came to find you, to tell you that your mother is searching for you, and that she has been lamenting your loss for many years." At that the man went to Jay and with a touch healed his eyes, for he was no other than Dabábet'hw, who had been stolen in his infancy. He bade Jay return to his people, saying that he too was preparing to journey thither, and had just been finishing bows and arrows and many other useful articles to take with him; and he told Jay also that he might inform the people that Dabábet'hw was making things for them and soon would come to teach them what to eat and how to work, and himself to beautify and fructify the earth. For the earth and its people were then far from perfect, while many cruel things had life.

In time Dabábet'hw appeared among the people with baskets,

awls, bows and arrows, quivers, war-clubs, fire-drills, moccasins, leather garments, and many other examples of what were to become the handiwork of the people, besides numerous roots and berries, and the seeds of countless trees and shrubs with which to stock an almost barren earth.

The stones had life, which he extinguished. In the water he placed the fishes, and on land the beasts and birds, and he brought forth plants and grasses to supply forage. Upon each river he placed canoes. The huge bees, flies, and other insects, the terrors of the earth, he reduced in size, making them comparatively harmless. Crane was given to stretching across a river a long leg, then when people attempted to cross, thinking they had come to a log, he would fling them high in the air to be crushed by the fall.

This Dabábet'hw stopped, transforming Crane and commanding him to do nothing more thereafter than wade about in the water for fish. In passing across the land, Dabábet'hw came upon a crowd of people standing in a river, endeavoring to make a fish-weir of themselves.

Greatly surprised, he called them out of the water and showed them how to construct the first weir. After leaving the river he arrived at a house of upright logs, in which was a small, portly man, a bad man, who at times set the earth afire. He sat singing repeatedly, "I am the son of Fire; I am the son of Flames!" As he sang, the house caught fire, and the flames started to spread. Dabábet'hw retreated, but the flames followed him swiftly. This frightened him, and he called to great Bowlders, as he ran toward them, to know if they would protect him from the flames. But they replied that they could not, for heat would break them. He asked the Trees, but they said they could not help, as they would be consumed. To the River then he turned for aid, but it too refused, saying that Fire would make it boil. Then on he ran, coming at last to a hardworn path. The Trail said, "Lie down on me, and Fire will pass over you." So it did, and after it had passed, Dabábet'hw returned to the man and the house where Fire had started.

All about the man were many snakes. When Dabábet'hw accosted him and questioned him, he received mocking replies, whereat he killed the man and split him open. From the stomach and from every corner of the house angered snakes rushed at him, but one by one he killed or subdued them all, so that snakes are now rare in this country, and all harmless.

Over the land Dabábet'hw travelled, everywhere banishing evil, helping the needy, and teaching the ignorant. All the arts and industries the people then learned, and their games. Men were taught how to cure the sick and to baffle evil, and all were shown the mode of acquiring magic power from the spirits.

After a while the great teacher and transformer became hungry, and seeing a salmon leaping in the water he called it ashore, spitted it, and placed it beside a fire. While it was broiling he fell asleep. Then came a wanderer, who, finding a salmon cooked and its possessor asleep, ate all the fish; and before departing he rubbed a little grease on the sleeper's fingers and lips, placing also some bits of fish in his teeth. When Dabábet'hw awoke he detected instantly the trick that had been played upon him, and following rapidly he soon overtook the thief. As Sbiô sat gazing at his reflection in a stream, Dabábet'hw changed him to a coyote.

The news of the transformations wrought by Dabábet'hw preceded him, and caused some to fear him and wish that he might be slain. Such was a man whose occupation was the making of bone points for arrows, and who threatened that if the magic man came within his sight he would shoot him. But when Dabábet'hw actually appeared, the arrow-maker did not know him, and thought him to be an ordinary stranger. The traveler stopped to talk, and learning that he was preparing to slay the man of magic, Dabábet'hw disarmed him by thrusting the bone points into his wrists, at the same time sending him bounding away on all fours. The man, in fact, had been turned into a deer, the same as those which now roam the woods, and the pointed bones are now found in the legs of deer above the dew-claws.

Dabábet'hw now proceeded to the home of his grandmother, Toad, from whose care he had been stolen in his infancy. One of the first things to greet his eyes there was a mountain of rock, which had been formed from the coils of the fallen rope by which his mother and her sister had descended from the sky. The earth and all its creatures had been perfected, but it occurred to him that there should be more light. He therefore ascended to the sky and travelled across it by day in the form of the sun. But he made the days, already warm, so hot that the people could not endure it. Therefore he bade his brother, who had been made from the cradle-board, become the sun, and Dabábet'hw himself became the night sun. Before he finally left the

earth he announced that he would take as his wife the girl who could lift and carry his great bundle of handiwork. Only the daughter of Frog was successful, and she accompanied him to the sky; and to this day Dabábet'hw, Frog, and the bag may be seen in the moon.

THE GIRL WHO BORE PUPPIES[33]

At Tákti'nhl[34] the chief's daughter was much desired by wealthy men of all the villages in that region, but whenever any one came to woo her she ran into the woods. With the departure of the canoes she would return, but not before, though she might be absent two, three, or four days. She had a little dog.

Jay, a meddlesome fellow, said to himself: "I wonder what is the matter with our chief's daughter. She is always taking that dog into the woods." One day he saw her bathing, and noticed that she appeared to be pregnant. He ran home and said excitedly to his sister, Spider, "Hyúi, I saw our chief's daughter bathing, and I think she is going to have a child!" "Oh, be quiet! You are always telling lies," she scolded. But he persisted: "Yes, I saw her! She was swimming. and she is pregnant. Her little dog was lying on her dress." "Do not talk like that," said Hyúi, "for she is our chief's daughter."

Now some time before this the girl had met in the woods a handsome young man, with whom she had stayed four days and four nights. When she had wished to come home, he had said, "I will become a little dog and you can take me home." So it was done, and she told her mother that she had been digging roots and had found the dog on the beach. The dog slept in her bed with her, and her mother's bed was beneath it. Day and night the dog was always with her, and she divided all her food with him.

Jay began to remark, "It is strange that our chief's daughter always sleeps with that little dog!" After a while it became quite apparent that she was pregnant, and Jay insisted that the dog was the cause of it. One day the chief awoke about daylight, for he was going fishing. He heard his daughter talking in a low voice, and laughing, and a man

33 Related by a Shoalwater Bay man.

34 The old name of Point Hanson and the local village, later Tshels.

was laughing with her. He wondered who it could be, and reaching suddenly into the bed he caught hold of the intruder. He ordered his wife to light a fire, and then it was seen that in the bed was a man whom they had never beheld. The chief angrily seized a knife and stabbed him, and as the people came running in, the man, severely cut, rushed out of the house. The girl was weeping.

Looking into the bed the mother found the skin of a dog lying on the girl's feet, and she asked, "Is that the hide of that man?" "Yes," answered the daughter; "but he is a man, not a dog. That is why I kept him." "Why did you not say that before? " cried the mother, shaking her angrily. A great fire was built and the dog's skin was thrown into the flames. All day the girl cried, and the people searched for her husband; but he was not to be found. And Jay went about boasting, " I saw our chief's daughter, and knew she would have a child." Then at the close of the day the chief announced that they would move across the bay.

Early in the morning the girl dressed and went alone to the ocean beach, crossing the point. The chief's slaves took down his house and piled the boards upon two canoes, and when all the utensils were in the canoes, water was poured on the fires. Crow lived in the end of the village, a lonely old woman. While all the people were busily preparing to move their houses she took a long twist of cedar-bark, lighted the end, and coiled it in a large clam-shell, which she covered with another and placed among the rubbish about her demolished house. She said to it, "If my granddaughter comes here, crack, and she will hear you." Just then, important and busy as usual, came Jay with a pail of water and extinguished her fire. She had been just in time.

About sunset the girl started home. The village site was deserted. She looked across the bay and saw the smoke and the people at Nu'shiatska ["At Point"].[35] Among the ruins she wandered disconsolate. After a while she heard a cracking sound, and she found the source of the noise to be a clam-shell, which was warm. She opened it and discovered a twist of smouldering bark, and further search revealed a knife and five pieces of dry salmon. She kindled a fire, cooked the fish, ate, and lay down on a bed which she contrived to make. The next day she busied herself digging clams and roots.

35 The site of Ocosta, Washington.

Crow was very sad. In her canoe she went up the river out of sight of the people, and walked around the bay to the old village site. After a while the girl returned, and Crow spent the day with her, hurrying back about sunset with a few roots. Jay ran down to meet her, looking to see what she had brought; but she was angry at his inquisitiveness and demanded sharply, "What are you looking at?" He was constantly prying into everybody's business. Now Crow prepared some good food for the girl, and some shredded cedar-bark for the baby, which was soon to be born, and in the middle of the night she crossed the bay in her canoe. After giving the girl what she had brought, she returned, poled the canoe a distance up the river, and spent the day digging roots, in order to deceive the people. When she came back to the village in the evening, Jay bustled down to look into her canoe as she stepped ashore with her roots.

That day the girl gave birth to five pups. When the first one greeted her eyes she was frightened and pushed it with her foot, and it was always lame. The youngest was a female. Having plenty of food and fuel, she did not have to go outside the house, and on the third night Crow came again with provisions. She returned while the people were still sleeping, but Jay was up and came to see what was in her canoe. It was empty. "What have you been doing?" he asked. "My canoe went adrift when the tide came in, and I found it up the river," she replied.

After five days the girl was able to rise from her bed. Crow came nearly every night to bring food and gather wood. On the fifth day the girl took a basket and dug clams for her children, and this she did each day. When the people on the other side killed any game or caught any fish, they gave a small portion to Crow, who instead of eating it secreted it and brought it to the girl. Thus the young mother and her children had plenty.

On the fifth day of her clam-digging she came home to find everything in her little hut in disorder, and her children lying in a heap. Two days after this she went again for clams, and the puppies in her absence removed their skins and played like human children, just as they bad been doing in her absence, sending their little sister Kwákwaselks outside to warn them of their mother's approach. On this day when the mother returned she found in the dust on the floor the marks of tiny human feet. The puppies leaped and frolicked about her feet, biting and scratching playfully. On the following day the same

thing occurred, and she planned to solve this mystery.

She went out early in the morning with her clam basket, and on the beach she planted a pole on which she hung the basket and draped her blanket. Then she ran aside and back to the house. Inside she heard children's voices. A boy said, " Kwákwaselks, go out and see if our mother is still there." A little girl ran out, looked toward the beach, and called softly, "Our mother is still digging." Then she ran into the house, and the five began to dance and sing, and the woman, peering in, saw that they were all human. She wondered how she could get the dog-skins which she saw lying in a heap. Again a boy called to his sister to go and see if their mother was coming, and while the girl was outside the young woman opened the door and ran in. The boys as they danced about did not notice her, for they thought it was their sister opening the door. She seized the hides and threw them into the fire. "Oh, my children," she cried, "you should have removed those skins long ago! I have been lonesome!" They crouched down, trying to cover themselves with their arms, and the little girl came in all naked. " My daughter," said the woman, laughing, "you went out to see me, but I am already here." She threw some clothing on the girl and fondled the children. She was very happy. "My children," said she, "stay here. I will go for my basket and stick." She ran down the beach, dug a few clams, and brought them back, and when she reached the house, somewhat anxious, she found them still playing like children. She then made a cedar-bark skirt for Kwákwaselks.

"My children," she said, after telling how they came to be living alone, "but for you they would not have left me. But it was jay's fault." The children grew rapidly. They helped her dig clams, and they were always singing happily. When the four became well-grown boys, they dug all the clams while their mother sewed but Kwákwaselks remained at home with her mother.

Crow continued to make frequent visits, and one day the young woman said to her: " I wish you would tell my mother that I am alive. I want to get some one to string a bow for my boys." When Crow returned to the village, the girl's mother came to see her. "Where have you been?" she asked. "Oh," said Crow, "I have just come from where we left your daughter." "Alas, I wish that she were alive!" sighed the mother. "She is alive!" cried Crow. "She is alive and well and happy. She has four boys, and a girl named Kwákwaselks." Then the chief's

wife rejoiced. "It was not my fault," she said, "but the chief's fault that she was left." She went home and in the absence of the chief she packed up everything she thought her daughter might need. Bowstrings, arrow-points, and knives she put into a basket and carried to Crow, the only one who dared to oppose the wish of the chief, and that night while all slept Crow pushed her canoe into the water and crossed.

The boys now began to make bows and arrows and seal-spears. The lame one prepared boards for a house, and the second brother made a canoe. The third was a medicine-man and the fourth a hunter. They built a large house. One day Jay, looking across the water, saw smoke, and he called it to the attention of the chief. At this time the people were starving, but the hunter on the other side was killing many elk.

A few days later Jay, spying about, looked into Crow's house and saw her grandchildren eating; for she had been bringing food from the other side. He wondered what they could have to eat. Just then one of the children choked, and Jay, rushing into the house, slapped her on the back and made her cough up a piece of seal meat, which he seized and carried out, crying, "See what the Crows are eating!" The people flocked about to see, but before many could get a sight of it Jay popped it into his mouth. Inquiry was now made, and it was learned where Crow had obtained the meat. The next day Crow moved her family across, and the boy on the other side built a house for her. After some days the chief said, "We will go and see our daughter." His wife was glad. When the canoe was seen coming, Kwákwaselks ran to the beach, and the chief carried her in his arms to the house. After affectionate greetings he promised his daughter slaves and all that her sons wished of weapons and tools, and the next day he had his people move back to the old site. Some however preferred to remain in the new village, and thereafter there were two settlements on the bay.

BEAVER CAUSES A DELUGE[36]

Three men lived together in a large house, each appropriating a

36 Related by a Shoalwater Bay man.

portion to his own use and having his own bed and instruments for hunting and fishing. They were Mink, Muskrat, and Beaver. It was their custom to hunt at night and return home in the morning. A little distance away lived two women. One of them determined to give up her lonely life and join the men. Accordingly she set out at night for the great house, arriving before dawn while the men were absent. Tired and sleepy she selected the bed with the softest mats and went to sleep in it. Some hours later she was awakened by the entrance of Mink, who brought a large rush bag filled with various kinds of small fish. "Well, sister-in-law," said he, "when did you come?" "This morning, early," she replied.

Before Mink had put away his fish, Muskrat came with a quantity of tule-roots, fern-roots, and salmonberry sprouts, which he placed on that part of the broad low ledge along the wall where he slept and kept his mats and bags. Day was coming on, and the woman arose to prepare a breakfast for the hungry hunters After a hearty meal the men sought their beds, and the woman whiled away the day as best she could.

At night she went to sleep in the same bed she had selected that morning. She awakened early on the following morning and was ready for work when Beaver returned empty-handed. "When did you come?" he asked. "Early yesterday morning, while you were away," replied the woman. Noting that she had occupied his bed, he said to her, "My wife, I want you to go to my canoe and bring up what you find there. My canoe is laden with fish of all kinds. Bring them."

The woman took a large rush bag and hurried to the canoe, but it contained only quantities of small green sticks and twigs. She felt that she must have found the wrong canoe; but a search convinced her that there was no other. She therefore filled her creel with the sticks and carried them to the house, where, at Beaver's direction, she placed them in his portion of the dwelling. "Can you cook?" he asked her. "No," she said, "I cannot cook." For she had never prepared food of that kind.

Every night the men went away, leaving her alone, and as they slept all day she had no companionship. Before many days she began to grow lonely, and her fare of fish and roots became monotonous. Beaver, her husband, supplied nothing but sticks.

Now Cougar was a great hunter and fighter, respected and feared

by all, and his brother Wildcat kept him informed of all that came to his notice. Therefore when Wildcat learned of the presence of a woman in Beaver's house he forthwith ran to Cougar with the news. "Are you sure of this?" asked Cougar. "Yes, I have seen her," Wildcat answered. Thereupon Cougar started off to see for himself. It was night when he reached the house, and on opening the door he found the woman alone, sitting on Beaver's mats. "What are you doing here?" he inquired. "I have made a mistake," said the woman with ready wit. " I thought this was your house, but I find it is not. I cannot eat the food this Beaver brings, and the others furnish only fish and roots. Fish and roots! I have grown sick of them!" Then Cougar proposed that she go with him, saying that in the hills where he lived game and berries were abundant, and she could have fresh meat every day. Greatly pleased, the woman gladly accompanied him.

When Beaver came home and found his wife absent, he consulted with his brothers, and Mink went to search. He travelled far up the river until he came to a canoe moored to the opposite bank, and swimming across he found in the sand the tracks of Cougar and the woman. When Beaver was apprised of this fact he flew into a rage, and together the three took up the trail. They were able to follow the tracks for only a short distance, but they hurried on and before long came to Weasel's house. " Have you seen Cougar? " Beaver inquired. " He passed here early yesterday morning," was the reply, "with a very handsome young woman." The three brothers hurried on toward the hills, and by and by met Marten, who, though he had not seen Cougar, directed them how to find his house. With higher hopes and deeper anger the brothers hurried onward.

It was night when they came to the house of Cougar, – and found it empty. Again they plunged into the dark woods, vowing dire vengeance. They soon were greeted by Wolf, who said that he had seen the two fugitives camping by a certain lake, to which he promised to lead the brothers in the morning. So they rested until the sun had risen well above the horizon.

The day was bright and the lake smooth and glassy when they reached its shores, and Wolf pointed to a spot near the opposite margin, where in the water Beaver saw the derisively smiling faces of Cougar and his wife. The smiles threw him into a terrific rage, and plunging into the water he swam with all his might straight toward the two. But

to his surprise he encountered no one. He searched the bottom of the lake, and then the shore line, swimming around and around. When every effort failed, he came out to survey the scene, and there in the water in the same place were Cougar and the woman laughing at him. Angrier than ever he once more plunged in and searched the whole lake, but to no avail.

That night Beaver rested, and the next morning he beheld the two in the water, smiling as before. Again his day-long search was in vain. For five days he continued his fruitless efforts, and each time he emerged from the water his backward glances were met by the same tantalizing faces. On the fifth day, as he sat resting, Deer came down to drink, and finding Beaver so dejected in spirit he inquired: "What is wrong with you, Beaver? Why are you here?" When Beaver explained the loss of his wife, Deer said: "But what of that? Can you not find them easily?" "No," answered Beaver, "I cannot. They are there in the water, but I have searched and searched, and cannot find them." "Cannot find them!" ejaculated Deer. "What is the matter with you? Look up! See! Look up there!" And there on the limb of a tree bending over the lake sat Cougar and Beaver's wife. It was only their reflections that he had seen and hunted.

On discovering his error Beaver secured the help of four Beaver brothers, and with them began to cut down the tree. All day long they cut and chiselled, and as the tree toppled into the water, Beaver lay alert and ready for battle, expecting Cougar to run ashore along the trunk. But when the surface quieted, he was greeted again with the same derisive, mocking grins; for as the tree started to fall, Cougar had caught the woman in his arms and sprung into another tree. As Beaver looked up, Cougar jeered him: "What is the matter with you, my friend? Did you not know you were cutting the wrong tree?"

At daybreak the five Beavers began cutting the next tree, but again Cougar and the woman escaped into another. The efforts of a third day and a fourth were equally futile. On the fifth day the fifth and last tree was reached, and Cougar knew that he must fight. His brother, Wildcat, had been an interested onlooker throughout the contest, and Cougar now said to him: "Brother, if I should be killed in this fight, you are to have this woman, and you must take good care of her."

Near the close of the day the tree went swishing into the water. Cougar sprang lightly upon its trunk as it struck the water, and leaped

ashore among his enemies. The fight that then ensued was the most terrible the forest had ever seen. Though Cougar was strong and agile, the odds of five to one made him strive desperately to save his life. But one by one he conquered the four younger Beaver brothers with his gnashing teeth and his slashing claws. Then, crippled and sore, he was glad to make his escape from the eldest, who, though badly injured, was fighting vengefully.

It was a sad day for Beaver. He had neither taken the life of Cougar nor recovered the woman, and four of his brothers lay dead about him. Limping and bleeding he set out for home, there to nurse his wounds and ponder over what he might yet do to even scores with Cougar.

Knowing that his enemy disliked water and never swam, he bethought himself of causing such a rain as would drown him. So for days and weeks it rained incessantly. The rivers rose and spread over the land, and people everywhere were forced to take to their canoes and seek refuge on higher ground. Beaver's own house floated on the surface of the rising flood. Most of the time he lay on his bed, dozing or silently causing the rains to pour, and as silently nursing his anger, his wounds, and his thirst for revenge. But Cougar's house floated too, and Cougar and the woman drifted about, driven by winds and currents toward the head of Columbia river among the mountains. This Beaver did not know. From time to time he asked his companions to look out and see how the world appeared.

Finally he inquired if any mountains were still visible, and when they answered in the negative he concluded that his enemy must be drowned, and caused the rain to cease. The sky became clear and bright, and slowly the waters subsided until the land was once more dry. Cougar on his house however had drifted to an unseen mountain and escaped, and as the water sank he followed the margin down. Meeting Deer he said: "You are the one who helped Beaver to find me in the tree. Therefore I mean to kill you, and any of your people whom I encounter." Thus it was that the deer family became the prey of the mountain-lions. To Wolf he said: "You are the one who brought Beaver to the lake where I was hidden. Hereafter beware of me, for I shall make war on you and your kind whenever I find you in the woods where I wish to hunt." Thus began the terrific battles of mountain-lions with fierce packs of timber-wolves over the carcasses of deer or other prey.

The floods that had submerged the land and driven the people into canoes caused many separations, the canoes becoming scattered by currents and winds. Then it was that the Tillamook separated from the Skokomish [Twana], drifting down to the ocean shore south of the Columbia river. The Nisqualli, who had been living with the Spokan, drifted westward over the mountains and were left by the receding waters at the south end of Puget sound. The Coos [Có-os] were carried from the region of Willapa river to the coast south of the Columbia.[37]

THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A GHOST[38]

In ancient days, on a sheltered bay near the ocean was a small wellkept village. The man of greatest wealth and highest rank was no less renowned for his thrift and force of character than for his three beautiful daughters. The eldest was the most beautiful and therefore the most sought in marriage. From near and far came parents and other relatives of ardent suitors seeking the consent of the chief to the marriage of his daughters, but to all promises of lavish gifts the old man turned a deaf ear: he was happy with his family, and as for wealth, he needed no more than he had.

Thus matters continued until the hatred and enmity of the surrounding villages was aroused. It became an openly expressed wish that something direful might befall the stubborn chief. In fact, when he had last refused to part with his eldest daughter the visitors had angrily denounced him and said they hoped the *skaiyu* [ghosts] would come and buy her and carry her to the land of the dead. To this the old man gave no heed. But not long afterward from out on the ocean one night came the sound of a multitude of voices singing gay, rollicking songs. The sounds drew nearer, and the chief and his family perceived many canoes laden with people- a bridegroom's wedding party. When they landed and made known their desire, so great were their numbers

37 This traditionary supplement to the myth supposes that the Coos, a tribe once living on Coos bay, Oregon, spoke a language cognate to that of the other tribes here mentioned. Philologists have never discovered any such relationship.

38 Related by a Nisqualli.

and so rich their proffered gifts that the chief was unable to refuse, and without hesitation gave his consent to the marriage of his eldest daughter to a handsome, richly dressed young man.

The wedding ceremony occupied the greater portion of the night, yet long before dawn the visiting multitude and the bride embarked and paddled away into the darkness, singing exultantly. Out across the waters they paddled until lost from sight and sound. Whither they were bound, nor who they truly were, the chief and his family did not know, yet strangely they felt no misgivings.

Before many hours the wedding guests approached land. They disembarked and went their various ways. To the girl it was yet somewhat dark; still she could readily distinguish objects. On every hand were groups of people playing games, some gambling with marked bones, others with wooden discs, some playing shinny, and others shooting arrows at a rolling hoop. As far as she could see there were people everywhere, all boisterously happy. She accompanied her husband to a great house in which dwelt many beside himself. Side by side on the raised platform around the base of the walls slept great numbers of children. The portion of the house to which her husband led her was screened off by broad rush mats; soft mats and many blankets covered their bed. It was time to sleep, her husband said; and indeed, after the long night of excitement and travel, she was glad to retire.

When the young wife awoke, the sun was several hours high, but not a sound greeted her. She thought this odd, recalling the crowds of people she had seen, and turned to look at her husband, whose head rested on her arm. To her unspeakable horror she found herself gazing into the empty sockets of a grinning skull! What had been a handsome young man was a skeleton! Without moving her arm she raised herself on her elbow and peered about. The rows of sleeping children were now rows of whitened bones. Was she dreaming? The bedding she perceived to be dirty and old and worn to shreds. The great house was smoke-begrimed and almost ready to fall; only her own apparel remained as it had been when she went to sleep.

Slowly it dawned upon her that she had been entrapped by some evil magic, and she began to think of escape. She feared to look again at what had been her husband, nor dared to disturb it; yet she must escape. Slowly, carefully, she moved her arm until it was free, and as

the skull slipped from the crook of her elbow it dropped upon the blanket and turned on its side. Then she arose and dressed hurriedly. With difficulty she picked her way among the bones and the musty utensils and clothing to the doorway. There she was greeted by another gruesome sight. Strewn about in groups were endless numbers of skeletons – bones, everywhere bones, up and down the shore as far as she could see – at whatever game and in whatever position the ghosts had been overtaken by daylight.

But the sight of the water gave her hope: she would take a canoe and paddle away, and in time find her home. So thick were the bones on the ground that she had occasionally to push them aside with her foot that she might avoid treading on them. She could see the prows of canoes above the line of beach gravel, and to them she carefully threaded her way.

But alas! she found that the craft were old, weather-seamed, decayed, moss grown, and full of holes. One after another she pushed them into the water, only to see them fill and sink. Then her heart broke and she collapsed on the gravel and sobbed bitterly. The crying relieved her feelings and she arose more resolute, if not less bewildered. She bathed her face and dried it, and then looked about. Far down the beach where a point of land jutted into the water a wisp of whitish smoke curled upward. A ray of hope lightening her heart, the girl turned her steps thither. Along the shore, beside canoes, on beached logs, and on the gravel reefs above high tide, rested the bones of the dead. The thought that human life did exist in that terrifying region, and that she might soon find companionship, emboldened the girl as she plodded along, and made her more careless of how she stepped upon bones or moved them out of her way. She proceeded slowly at best, and the distance was greater than she expected, for the sun had been travelling a considerable time on his downward course before she reached the spot above which the smoke was rising. There she found a diminutive old woman whose back was turned toward her as she sat weaving baskets from hair. A basket-cap was on her head. Without looking up the little woman remarked, as the girl hesitated before speaking, "Come, child, you are the one they brought down yesterday."

It was Screech-owl who spoke. She continued her work uninterruptedly, for she had not been in the least surprised. Being as

much a person of the spirit-land as of the earth, she passed from one to the other at will and knew all that occurred in either world. She assured the girl that there was no need for tears, as she was safe and free from harm. "You do not understand," she said. "You do not know where you are nor what to do. This is the land of the ghost people, to which come those who die upon the earth. When you came it was night upon earth, and that is the time when the ghosts are active. At sunrise they go to sleep. They have no tangible bodies at night, and by day they lie about as bones. Do but this one thing: sleep when they sleep and wake when they wake, and all will be well for you. Your present trouble is due to your waking too soon. You should have slept. All these people whose skeletons you have seen will begin to move about at sunset. You had better stay with me until you see." So the girl passed the remainder of the afternoon with Screech-owl, learning much about the people among whom she had married. As the sun sank below the horizon and shadows deepened into twilight, the sound of faint voices came from the distance, swelling gradually into great choruses of singing and gleeful shouting. The ghosts soon noticed her absence, and knowing that Screech-owl was the only person she might find to converse with in daylight they came running down that way. They found her readily enough, but some of them were incensed, scolding and gesticulating wildly.

Their anger, the girl soon discovered, was due to the fact that she had maimed many of the *skaíyu* on her way from the village to the home of Screech-owl; for every time she had moved a bone she had severely injured a ghost, and where she had pushed aside a whole skeleton, that ghost had died. A threatening crowd surrounded her. Not satisfied with injuring innumerable people, they cried, she had wantonly pushed into the water many fine canoes, which had drifted away on the tide; and worst of all, she had nearly killed her own husband by half twisting off his head! To all these threats and cries for vengeance Screech-owl replied by scolding the ghosts for their failure to explain to the girl what land and people she had come to join, and how to conduct herself while living with them. Silenced, the angry ones turned to go, and the girl accompanied them. They passed many anxious groups attending to the wounded. Some were beyond remedy; others had knees twisted, ribs displaced, arms disjointed, feet missing. Her husband she found recovering from what had seemed to be an

almost fatal injury. From that time the girl was careful to obey the injunctions of Screech-owl.

Time passed on happily, and there was born to the young wife a boy baby, of whom she was very proud. But this arrival of one neither properly a *skaíyu* nor a human troubled the ghosts. They determined to take the mother and her child back to her earthly home, and accordingly those who had composed the wedding party again voyaged to the earth.

It was dark when they reached the shore where her people lived, but her parents, apprised by the distant sound of singing, had built a great fire which lighted the whole house. They were delighted to see their daughter and her child. A fine baby, a pretty boy, he was pronounced by all as they passed him from one to another. For twelve days, the *skaíyu* told the child's mother, she must not unwrap the baby on his cradle-board by daylight, else he would change and would have to be returned to ghostland.

After this warning the ghost people silently withdrew. For eleven days the young mother watched her little boy. Each day she went to the woods to gather moss and cedar-bark, which she shredded and used as pads about the baby on the cradle-board. On the twelfth day she remained absent a long time, and her mother, curious to see if this child brought from ghost-land were like other children, unlaced the wrappings. Raising the blanket she was shocked to discover the bones of a little skeleton, and indignantly cast bones and cradle-board out of the house. At that instant the baby's mother began to feel ill, and hurried home to see what was the matter with her child. When she found the cradle-board on the ground and the little bones it had concealed scattered in the sunlight, she became at once angry and broken-hearted. She upbraided her mother severely; one more day, and she and her child might have lived happily on earth. As it was, when darkness fell the *skaíyu* came for her and the child. As she departed, the young mother told her parents that she would return to earth once more, but not to their home, nor to remain so much as a day, for they had driven her from them. Afterward she came one night with many of her ghost people, and after singing out on the water for a while they paddled away.

Screech-owl still passes to and from ghost-land at will, and had not the old woman yielded to her curiosity and removed the baby's

wrappings there would have been another who could thus visit the other world. To this day the people lament that one who could have lived on earth or in ghost-land at pleasure, and have revealed the wonders of that place, should have been lost to them through the curiosity of an old woman.

THE BOY OF MIRACULOUS BIRTH[39]

A man had eleven children, the eldest a daughter and the others sons. The girl was bathing one day at the beach, when she saw a onelegged man approaching. Hurriedly she dressed, and as he came closer she noticed that he was chewing something. She inquired if it was spruce gum, and he answered that it was, but when she asked him for some of the gum, he said, "I have no more, but if you will follow me I will show you the tree from which I obtained this." She willingly accompanied him, but after they had gone a long distance, she inquired, "Where is the tree?" "Only a little farther," he answered. Now she began to grow anxious, and in order to find the way back she hung her bracelets, rings, and pieces of her skirt on the bushes she passed. At intervals she asked about the tree, but always he gave the same answer.

In time they arrived at the edge of a lake, on the opposite shore of which lived Sqáshun, the man she was following. A sandhill crane always cried out an alarm when any one approached that place, and at the sound of its voice a shovel-nose canoe propelled itself across the lake, took on the passenger, and brought him to the door of Sqáshun's house. It was in this magic craft that they were ferried across. The house she found to be made of the skins of all kinds of animals, and fairly filled with meat. Just inside the door was a sheet of ice. This the girl crossed safely, for Sqáshun was with her, and now, having the young woman in his power, he took her for his wife.

In the meanwhile her brothers had become anxious about her, and were searching for her constantly, but without success. After a long time the eldest happened upon the articles she had hung on bushes along her path, and following the trail thus marked he arrived at the

39 Related by a Cowichan.

lake. The crane announced his approach, and the canoe carried him to the house, where he saw a one-legged boy playing about. This was his sister's son. When his sister came to the door he told her how he had followed her, but she only begged him to go before Sqáshun killed him, and she gave him a parcel of dried meat. Then the canoe took him to the other shore.

Now Sqáshun, who had been away hunting, heard the crane's warning and hastened home. He asked, "Who has been here?" "My eldest brother," his wife answered. "How long has he been gone?" he continued. "Not very long," said she. Sqáshun said: "I should like to have seen him. Why did you not keep him here? I would have given him a shirt. I will follow him and bring him back." So Sqáshun crossed the lake, and soon saw the man in the distance. He called the traveller back, and said: "Leave the meat here until you return. You must go back with me to my house. I want to give you a shirt." So they returned. At the door Sqáshun stopped and invited the man to enter. Immediately he slipped on the ice and fell, and Sqáshun leaped upon him, tore open his breast, took out his heart, and ate it. The body he placed on a shelf.

When the young man did not return to his home his brothers took up the search once more. The next in age found the trail, crossed the lake, and met the same fate as the eldest. Thus one after another Sqáshun killed them all.

The parents, now left alone, mourned their children as dead although they were ignorant of what had happened to them. After a time as they mourned, the mucus from their noses, always deposited in one place, took on the form of a human being, and one day it came to life as a male infant. They called him Smútuksen ["Nasal Mucus"]. He grew very rapidly, and as he became old enough to get about they admonished him not to wander far from the house, telling him how his sister and brothers had disappeared. When he attained manhood he reasoned that some *shailukn* had made away with them, and so he bathed daily in order to obtain power to take revenge on the evil-doer. He had his father make him bow and arrows, and for armor he selected a number of flat stones, drilling holes in the edges and tying them together into a coat of mail to be worn under the shirt. Of the skins of birds he made a shirt, fastening deer dewclaws about it so that they would rattle fearsomely as he walked.

One day donning this apparel he started in search of the lost ones, and soon he found the trail long ago marked by his sister. Arriving at the lake he heard the warning cry of the crane and saw the selfpropelled canoe approach. He was carried over by the magic craft, and saw his sister, unknown and unknowing, standing in the doorway. Sqáshun was hunting. "Whence come you, and who are you?" asked the woman. He answered: "My father and my mother are the parents of ten sons and a daughter, all of whom have been lost. Some *shaílukn* must have taken them away. My parents have had another child – myself." Then she knew him for her brother, and she embraced him and wept. Said she: " Come into the house and I will give you some meat to take to our parents. You must not remain here, for Sqáshun, my husband, will kill you as he did our brothers." As Smútuksen entered and sat down, his sister, pointing to the bodies on the shelf, went on: "Look up! There are your brothers. Sqáshun tore out their hearts and swallowed them." He looked, and then said: "Your husband must be a *shaílukn*. That is the reason our brothers were killed. How did he kill them?" She explained how he had taken their lives, and added, "He does that with all who come." "That is what I wish to know," said Smútuksen.

At length the woman said, "I want you to go now, for he soon will return." But he calmed her fears: "Do not be sorry when your husband comes. I am a *shaílukn,* as he is. I will fight him when he calls me back, and I will avenge our brothers." With that he started back across the lake. Soon Sqáshun came. His son, who had been playing near, said, "Another of my uncles has been here." "Is that true?" asked the father, turning to the woman. "It is true," she answered; "my youngest brother has been here." Said Sqáshun, "I will call him back and give him a shirt." So he crossed the lake and called Smútuksen, who readily consented to come with him. At the door Sqáshun asked him to enter first, but he objected, "You must enter first, as it is your house." For a long time they argued, but neither would yield, and finally Sqáshun caught the young man by the arms and pushed him through the door. The youth slipped on the ice, and Sqáshun sprang upon him, to tear out his heart. But his fingers encountered the stones covering the young man's breast, and his nails were broken. Perceiving that he could do nothing with his enemy's chest, he attacked the back with the other hand, but with the same result.

Breathlessly the woman was watching. Now Smútuksen gained his

feet and knocked the other down, tore out his heart and ate it. Next he opened his enemy's stomach and found the hearts of his brothers. The woman whispered: "If you do not kill this boy he will be evil, as was his father. You must kill him also." So he reached out to catch the boy, who however disappeared. Soon he reappeared, and the young man made another unsuccessful lunge at him. Thus it happened four times. Then Smútuksen said to his sister, "You must catch him for me." Turning to the boy, she called: "Come here; come here! I will take you away. If you do not come, Smútuksen will kill you as he did your father!" Then the boy went to his mother, who quickly cried, "Come! I have him!" So Smútuksen killed the boy and ate his heart. Having placed the bodies of Sqáshun and the boy to one side, he said to his sister, "Come and help me." They took the bodies of their brothers from the shelf and laid them on the floor in a row. He placed one of the hearts, carefully washed, in the body of the eldest brother, and bade his sister fetch certain roots and leaves, which he laid around the heart. But life did not come, and Smútuksen, perceiving that he must have used the wrong heart, now exercised more care. When the proper heart had been placed in the body with the herbs, the man opened his eyes, arose, shook himself, and said: "I have slept long. I am tired." But the sister explained: "You have been dead all this time. Look at your brothers, and see the *shaílukn* who did it. This is our youngest brother, who killed Sqáshun and his son." When the remaining nine had been revived, they all gathered about their sister and Smútuksen, and the woman told them how they had died and how their youngest brother had restored them to life."Now," she added, "we will take Sqáshun's skins and meat from the racks, make them into bundles, and carry them home with us." When the packs were ready, the canoe transported them across the lake and they took up the homeward trail. Smútuksen carried no burden, being regarded as a great man.

When they neared their destination Smútuksen instructed the others to wait there while he went to prepare their parents. Entering the house he found them again in mourning, the father lying on the bed and the mother sitting before the fire, both weeping. "You had better get up," he said. He lifted them to their feet and bade them look up. He found them very weak, and as he stroked the head of each twice with his hands their hair became black again, the wrinkles were banished from their faces, and they became young. Then he said: "I

have brought back my sister and my brothers.

Sqáshun, a *shaílukn,* married my sister and killed all my brothers, but I found him, fought with him, and killed him and his son, and then restored my brothers. They must be coming now." At this moment they entered, and there was great rejoicing. They called Smútuksen their eldest brother, because he had done so much for them. and was a *shaílukn.*

On the fourth day after their return Smútuksen, noting that the water was very tranquil, said to his brothers, "Let us go and hunt ducks on the water." So they brought forth four canoes. The father said to Smútuksen, "Take these blankets, for you might become cold." The canoe which Smútuksen occupied was manned by the eldest brother in the bow and the youngest in the stern. When they came to the ducks, Smútuksen secured one with every shot, and though his brothers missed frequently the canoe was soon loaded. His bow and arrows were beautifully decorated with paint. By and by all happened to shoot at the same duck, but all three, even Smútuksen, missed. They paddled up to recover their arrows, and all were found except that of Smútuksen, which the youngest brother had surreptitiously picked up and hidden, thinking that with it he would be able to bring down game as successfully as its owner. Then Smútuksen said: "I can hunt no more. We will go home." He lay down in the canoe and drew the blankets over him while the others paddled homeward. When they reached the shore the youngest brother said to Smútuksen, "You had better get up now, we are nearly home." But there was no answer. He spoke again, but still there was no reply, and when he touched the blankets with his paddle he found them empty. Lifting them he saw nothing but a mass of mucus. The man in the bow leaped out and ran to the house with the strange news. Chiding him for his carelessness, the parents hastened to the canoe and there found the hidden arrow. Then they understood the cause of the disappearance of their miraculously born Smútuksen.

"PUGET SOUND TRIBES"
From
The North American Indian: Volume 9
by Edwards S. Curtis