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THE KWAKIUTL - PART II

SORCERERS, MEDICINE-MEN, AND HERB-DOCTORS

Those who have to do with the causing and the curing of sickness fall into four classes. One who by éka (sorcery effected by "sympathetic magic") encompasses the illness and finally the death of an enemy is called ékenoh (plural, ekénoh), that is, one skilled in sorcery. Such a one has also the power to counteract the evil works of his colleagues.

The medicine-man, or shaman, expels or induces occult sickness by the direct exertion of his preternatural power upon the body of the patient or the victim. He is called *pahála* (plural, *pépahala*), a term which is applied also to all members of the winter-dance fraternity, who though shamans during the winter season do not perform the functions of the medicine-man. In causing disease by magic a medicine-man generally pretends to cast it from his hands into the distant body of his enemy, and in such a case he is called *mámaka,* or "thrower."

Those who by the operation of "sympathetic magic," but without any alleged direct connection with supernatural beings, obtain good results in healing are *pepéspaténuh* (singular, *pespaténuh). Péspata* is explained as the endeavor to cure by medicine, though as a matter of fact these do not employ medicines.

The healer who treats understood ailments and employs no means other than vegetal or animal remedies is called *paténuh* (plural, *pépat-enuh),* or "medicine givers" (*páta,* to give medicine).

Rivalry between chiefs is a fruitful cause of sorcery. When a man realizes that his rival is too far surpassing him in the honors of rank, he may summon his *ékehl* ("sorcerer of the house"), and say, "I want you to give short life to my enemy!" Then the sorcerer orders two or three circumspect young men, his pupils in the art, to collect secretly some hair from the combings of that man, mucus wiped from the mouthpiece of his pipe on a wad of cedar-bark floss, spittle, moisture breathed upon a bit of floss by the sleeping victim, urine passed on the grass, and fæces adhering to a bit of stick. Several years may be required for this task, since the prominent men are exceedingly careful of exposing themselves to danger, and leave nothing of their excretions where they can be secured by an enemy. They commonly spit on a fold of their blankets, or on their hands and rub them dry against

each other. If every other means fails, the plotters send a woman to their victim, and after she has gained his confidence by talking against his enemies and by much caressing, she finds an opportunity, when he sleeps, to take hair, sputum, and breath-moisture.

Each sorcerer pursues his own method of disposing of these excretions, but all practices are alike in principle, the articles being always placed in some decaying animal body, in order that, as it decomposes, the body of their intended victim may be similarly affected.

Sorcerers obtain their power solely by practice from childhood under the tutelage of an expert, usually the father or an uncle. There is no such thing as becoming *ékenoh* through vigils and fastings.

How firmly convinced of their power are Indian sorcerers and medicine-men is a question. Desire of profit, glory, and awe is the mainspring of their conduct, yet undoubtedly they have considerable confidence in the actual potency of their charms. At the same time, even a primitive man is not altogether foolish; and the Kwakiutl sorcerer usually selects for his victim one whose days are apparently numbered.

When a man dies by alleged magic, the report that such was the cause becomes known either by some one betraying confidence, or by the chief instigator boasting of it, or by the simple process of guessing. Many deaths are attributed to sorcery which really were unaccompanied by such practices. Revenge is always planned, and recourse is had to the same means. Even now a dead body is carefully watched before burial, not only by the friends of the dead person but more especially by the enemies, who fear lest his relatives, left alone, may put into the corpse something obtained from the body of one of the rivals. It is not uncommon for a sick person to learn in a dream that he is being victimized by a sorcerer, and in what corpse his excretions have been deposited. Then he summons his clansmen and relates the dream, and they immediately proceed to the coffin of the person mentioned in the dream, to pour a pail of salt water over the corpse and thus destroy the power of the charm. It used to be a very common thing that when a man of high rank became ill, all his private enemies would try to ensure his death by throwing cedar-bark containing menstrual blood into his hut, or by burying it outside. Hence he would have his people strew spruce boughs thickly around the hut for a distance of perhaps twenty feet, in order that no one might approach without a sound.

From George Hunt, the half-blood interpreter, has been secured

the relation of a considerable number of his personal experiences with sorcerers and medicine-men. Rarely is it possible to obtain such frank accounts dealing with a phase of their life which most Indians are very reluctant to discuss. Accordingly, at the risk of seeming to devote too much space to them, a number of these experiences will be quoted in full, as affording more vivid and intimate glimpses of certain native customs than a briefer and indirect description could give.

In the year 1868 there was a great deal of *éka*. I was hunting geese one day, and in crossing a brook near Fort Rupert I saw something coming down the hill among the salal. At first I thought it was a bear, and sat down ready to shoot when it should be close enough. When it came out from the bushes I saw that it was Tlíhun ["sea-lion"], a very old man, half blind, lame, and weak. He walked with a staff. I stood there behind a stump watching him, and saw him remove his clothing and turn about on his left foot. He looked upward and said: "Our Chief, I am going to bathe my body in order to wash away all the unluckiness of my body. For I have never yet failed in my work. And that work you know." Then he dipped up a double handful of water, took a mouthful of it, blew it out in a stream, and proceeded to wash his body. When I had seen enough of this I went around and picked up his trail, which I followed back through the brush to an open, sunny place where stood a single tree. From a branch hung a headless body not very old. A skewer had been pushed through the flesh above the knees, which were still drawn up as when the body was laid in the coffin. There were some geese near the shore, and I wanted to have a shot at them before going home, but I reflected that if I fired, the old man would know some one was about. So I came out to the beach and returned home.

Now the head of all the Qágyuhl was Âwahulágyilis ["always giving away great coppers"], for he was chief of the Maámtagyilis, the first gens of the principal sub-tribe, this gens being composed of the descendants of the eldest brother among the original ancestors of the subtribe. But he was a mild-mannered man without great force of character, and in effect Nukápnkyim, chief of the third gens, the Quqákum, was the head of the tribe. Nobody could stand against Nukápnkyim. If any chief dared oppose him, or refused to obey him, he would bring out a copper and break it against that man, and if his opponent retaliated in the same manner he would continue breaking coppers until his rival was defeated and humiliated in the eyes of the people. When

Nukápnkyim required a copper to break, he would go to a man who had one and say that he wished to buy it, offering a small number of blankets to "anchor the copper." If the owner showed reluctance, Nukápnkyim would speak sharply to him, and utter dark hints as to what might happen if he were refused. He had a sharp, raucous voice which seemed to go right through a man, and when with a scalp or two tied to his blanket he approached and addressed a man, there were few who could stand against him. At his death half the coppers he had broken in retaining his rank were not paid for.

Now Nukápnkyim was my particular friend, and I went at once to his house and asked if he had an *ékenoh* at work. "No," he answered, "have you seen one?" I told him what I had seen, and he asked, "Why did you not shoot him? He is working against me. I know that his brother Óqila is my bitterest enemy. Now I will call my cousin Hámtsit, and you must show him where the body is." He summoned his cousin and told him to kill the old man at sight, but I objected and said, "If that is coming, I will not go at all." So Nukápnkyim withdrew the order, and I led Hámtsit to the place.

The old man was sitting on this side of the stream sunning himself, and I told Hámtsit to speak to him while I remained unseen. He called out, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh," said Tlíhun, "I am just taking a walk."

"You cannot walk in this direction," said Hámtsit. "You must have come in a canoe."

"Oh, I can walk. I am on the way home now."

"But what are you doing away back here in the woods?"

"Oh, I am just walking," insisted the old man.

"But you must be doing something, to come this far."

"Well," asked the old fellow, "what do you think I am doing here? I am just taking a walk. What are you doing here yourself?"

"Oh, I am hunting geese," said Hámtsit, who had a gun.

Tlíhun remarked, "Oh, there are many geese."

So we went on, and the old man had not observed me. Looking back I saw him turning his head after us, but he could not see far. We went upstream to the body, and Hámtsit cut the stitches which closed the seams of an incision in the abdomen. We found the cut filled with a mass of crawling beetles and several tightly wrapped packets. He removed all the packets, cut down the body, and rolled it to the edge of the stream.

When we reached the village, Nukápnkyim had all the people sitting in front of his house. Tlíhun was among them. We made our report, and Nukápnkyim repeated it to the people, concluding "This thing must be stopped, or the next man found in this kind of work will be shot. If it is my own brother that is working at it, I will have him shot!" He turned to me and said, "Háwi ['loon'], the next time you see an *ékenoh* working, shoot him!"

All the people expressed their approval. The brother of Tlíhun stood up and asked, "What did you see him do?" I told my experience, and then the packets were unwrapped, everybody waiting in fear and trembling lest the contents should prove to be something taken from his person; but no one was able to recognize them. All were very angry, and many proposed to kill Tlíhun, but I restrained them. The contents of the packets were washed in a pail of salt water, and two men were sent in a canoe for the body, which was brought, and the incision was carefully washed. Then the corpse was sunk in the bay.

It was many days before Tlíhun was seen again. He kept himself locked up in his little house.

Not long after this I one day took my gun and wandered into the woods, barefoot and bareheaded. Some men were Just putting a corpse into a box preparatory to carrying it in a canoe to a island. I walked a long time, and suddenly realized that I was lost. I ran this way and that, looking for landmarks, but could find nothing familiar. Finally I came upon a trail, which I followed. Suddenly it led into a clearing. Smoke was rising. I crept up. At the edge of the clearing a big log lay prostrate, and on it many small trees were growing. I crept up to this thicket and peered through. Two men grow with their faces blackened, very large men, were there. A corpse lay near. They had pieces of leather on their palms, and they handled everything by means of tongs. One of them had a gun at his side. I was a little nervous. If I turned my back to get away, I might be shot. One of them was saying, "He ought to be dead today, or at least tomorrow."

This made me curious to hear the name of the one they were working against, and I made up my mind to stay: if they discovered me, and reached for that gun, I would be the first one to shoot. I held my rifle ready. The other one said, "We had better cry." They were very serious. He began to cry as the women do in mourning, and he chanted "Our Chiefs will bump up against his highness, and he will fall!" Then the other said, "I had better make more fire, and heat it well."

He who had been crying then moved away from the gun, and I thought that was my chance. I was excited, but I was young and strong, and reckless. If I could get the gun I was in no danger, but if I missed it, I might lose my life. I sprang from the log through the thicket of hemlock saplings, seized the gun, and threw it behind me. Then I turned, holding my gun toward them.

They said not a word. After what seemed a long time the elder brother spoke: "Now you have found something great. We will not harm one another, though it is a great thing that you have done against us. Come and sit down, and learn the things that made us rich. We are not laborers, yet we have twice given away blankets to the tribes, through what we gain by this work."

"I will stay here," I replied. They were large, powerful men. I said to them, "Now you have said that much, tell me who it is you are killing by*éka*."

The elder answered: "There is no secret between us now. You have found out our secret work, and we will tell you. It is Nikyétsi ['big mountain']." This was their own uncle. I laughed. They became angry, and if they had had the gun they surely would have shot me. One of them spoke: "Is that why you have come, to laugh and make our work a failure?"

"Your work is no failure," I replied. "Coming down the beach before I entered the woods, I saw the body of Nikyétsi taken in a canoe to the island."

Immediately the elder man cried: "*U... !* I have never yet failed!"[1] Then he went on: "Now come and sit down. We are friends."

But I did not trust them, though the elder brother was the father-inlaw of my friend Nukápnkyim. He said: "Now, we will pay you to keep this thing a secret. I have a daughter, who is the wife of Nukápnkyim. If you want to take her for your wife, you shall have her, and if you wish to take her in the secret way, let it be so. We are paid two hundred blankets for this work, to kill Nikyétsi, and we will give you fifty of them to keep the secret."

All this time I kept my gun pointed toward them. The younger one, Lupulét [French, *le prête*], asked, "Is it true that this man is dead?"

1 Questioning revealed the fact that Nikyétsi was a consumptive whose death had long been expected.

I answered: "It is true. They were taking him across to the island."

"*U…!* My work never fails!"

Then the elder remarked, "We had better take it out." So they took one of numerous pairs of tongs which lay about, stirred the ashes, and brought up four sticks about two spans long and four finger-breadths thick. Each had been split down the middle, and the two halves were bound together. When they laid them on a sheet of cedar-bark and cut the strings, the halves fell open, showing that they were hollow and filled with various articles. Everything was steaming. I saw now that they had no weapon but the gun, which was far away and in the water, and I asked, "Have you an axe?"

"Yes, do you want it?"

"Throw it here."

They tossed the axe to me, and I threw it away. One of them laughed, and remarked happily, "We can laugh now! Our man is dead."

Then I went a little closer, but still I would not sit with them. When the sticks were all opened, they removed some little packets with the tongs, telling me: "These are tied with a man's sinews. The wrapper is a man's skin." They removed the wrapping of one and showed me that it contained hair. They opened another and showed me cedar-bark. "That held the breath of Nikyétsi," they said.

"How can you get his breath without his knowledge?"

"Oh, that is easy enough. When he sleeps, make a little pair of tongs, place the cedar-bark in them and hold it over his mouth, and his breath goes into it." They opened another pouch wrapped in human skin and tied with human sinew. It contained dead leaves. "This held his urine," they said. Another contained bark which they said had held his sputum. They had also various bits of his clothing. When they had finished, they said: "You have gained more than one thousand blankets in learning this. The only bad thing about you is that it would be a failure if you tried it, because you laugh too much."

After they had untied all the packets and had everything lying on the sheet of bark, one of them took from under another log a cedar-bark basket full of eagle-down, which they spread over everything. In the side of an adjacent cedar was a row of wedges, one below another. On each of these, except a few near the bottom, was a sheet of cedar-bark containing a mass of such things as they had just taken out of the packets. They laid the sheet of bark containing the things used in killing Nikyétsi on the next unoccupied wedge, explaining: "Each one of

these is a man we have killed. There has never been a failure." I was too busily watching them, lest they take advantage of me, to count the wedges, but my son recently happened upon this tree and told me there were more than twenty.

"Now," said they, "we are done."

"Then I will go," I remarked.

"No! Wait, and we will show you everything. There is that dead man. If ever you do this kind of thing, always take the skin from the right side of the body."

I noticed that a strip of skin had been removed from the right side of the corpse, and asked, "Did you carry that all the way from the beach?" They assured me that they had done so, and then I inquired, "Which way is the beach from here? I am a lost man."

They directed me, and I got their gun from the swamp into which I had thrown it, and took it along, telling them I would leave it in the trail a little farther on. They laughed: "We would not harm you now. But it is well for you that we did not see you first, for we would have shot you. That gun is loaded with a man-load. It is not meant for ducks and geese. A charge and a half of powder and two bullets are a man-load."

"Well," I repeated, "if I carry it a little farther I will feel safe." Again they laughed: as long as they had killed their man they cared for nothing. They had no fear that I would tell their secret, because I had agreed to accept their offer of pay. I hurried back to the village and into the house where the elder brother's daughter lived, the house of my friend Nukápnkyim. She was making a mat. "Where have you been, that you are so wet?" she asked.

"I have been in the woods, I replied. "I have bad news for you."

She seemed to know at once what I meant, for she dropped her work and looked at me. Then she said, "Great is your word, lord! Did they give me to you?"

"You belong to me," I answered.

"Come, we will have a talk about this." She led the way into her room and sat on the bed, while I sat on the floor. "I am under you now," she said.

Just then Nukápnkyim came into the house. It was his habit, when entering, to clear his throat violently, and thus I knew him.

I heard him ask his two slaves where his wife was, and their answer, "She has gone into the bedroom with your friend Háwi."

He came and stood outside the bedroom door and called, "Friend, may I come in?" He knew there was something unusual.

"Yes, you fool, come in!"

"Great is your word, lord!" His heart went down when I called him fool.

"Sit there where I can look straight into your face, so that I can see right through you! Nukápnkyim, you told me that you share with me all your secrets, even to the bottom of your heart."

"Great is your word, lord! Did they give my wife to you?"

"Your wife, and fifty blankets out of the two hundred they receive for pay."

"Well, if you have won my wife, it is well. You and I are one. If she bears you a child, I will take it and pay you for it." For he was childless, and greatly desired a child.

"Nukápnkyim," I replied, "I will not take it that way. You have a niece; I have been wanting to find a wife, and I think it best to arrange it so. I will take your niece."

"It is well," he said; "we will put it that way."

Now the cause of the killing of Nikyétsi was this: He was about to die, and was intending to give his rank and its rights to his nephew, a cousin of Nukápnkyim's wife. But she determined to have the old man killed before he could thus transfer his seat, and then by the aid of her powerful husband she herself would assume the rank, her cousin having nobody of very high position to help him in a dispute. And this she did. Nobody heard how Nikyétsi had been killed by the *ekénoh,* and Nukápnkyim repeated his order to me that I should shoot any one detected at sorcery — excepting his father-in-law. A few months later I married his niece, and when my first child was born he came and looked long at it. Then he slowly shook his head and said, "Oh, friend, if you had shared my wife with me, that would have been my child!"

It was not long before I once more caught old Tlíhun, brother of Nukápnkyim's rival, at his work of trying to cause the death of Nukápnkyim. At a meeting of the principal men it was decided to kill him, but I declared that if they did so I never again would report the discovery of a sorcerer. I feared that if they killed him, some of his numerous brothers would kill me. Now the prevention of this sorcery was a great thing, and it was by this that I, a young man and half white, had a good name among the people. They called me a life saver. Therefore they consented to let Tlíhun off with threats of death if he should

ever be discovered behind the houses on his way to the woods.

After this all was quiet for about two years, and during this time "'King George," a brother of Tlíhun, was making friends with me. One Sunday I was walking along, whistling and singing, a happy, proud young man. In the middle of the village I met "King George," who accosted me: "Friend, my daughter wishes to see you. She is in the house. Go in, she wishes to say something to you."

His daughter was a pretty girl, and I foolishly went in. From her little, private room she called, "Háwi, is that you? Come in."

I entered her bedroom. She shut the door, locked it, laid the key away, and said: "I had a dream about you last night. I dreamed that we were lovers." It was a trap for me, but I was too foolish to see it. "You know, a dream is a dream," said she, "and we must go by dreams."

So I returned her caresses. Suddenly she ceased her laughing, happy ways, and began to weep. I asked if she was sick, but she made no reply. After a while she stopped crying, and whispered hotly, "Háwi; you are a fool!" I looked at her. I could not understand this. A moment before she had been laughing gayly, and now she was weeping, and calling me fool. She repeated, "You are a fool!" Finally she explained. "Do you not know that you have been pushing against my father? Do you not know that my six fathers [her father and his five brothers, including Tlíhun] are working against you? I am the bait. I thought I would play false love to you, but now I find I really love you, and I cannot do it. I cannot give your hair and your spittle to them. Now we must work together to defeat them in some way. When you go, they will ask me what I got from you."

So by means of stones we marked some small sticks, as if they had been bitten by my teeth. She found a bit of moss, which she rolled up like hair, and some cedar-bark floss, which she rubbed on the floor, as if she had wiped up spittle on it. When I went out through the village, "King George" saw me and laughed, "Now I have shown you that I am your friend! "

Afterward the girl told me that she had seen her fathers at their work. They decided that it was best not to make me sick, but to let me drop down suddenly, that is, to send me a sudden death. They had a stick, the two halves of which were hollowed out and bound together. Inside were the supposed hair and sputum, which they had wrapped in human skin and tied with sinew from the same corpse. This they buried under the fire, where it remained three nights and two days.

On the fourth night I was expected to die suddenly. They unearthed the hollow stick, opened the crack a trifle, poured in some water, and bound the pieces quickly together to confine the steam. Then they tied a cord to it and swung it back and forth, jerking it violently. The girl was secretly watching, and laughing to herself. One of the brothers was outside, waiting to hear the announcement of my death, but even while he stood there I came whistling through the street. When he reported that I seemed to be well, they decided that the girl must have been laughing when she secured the hair and the sputum. They went to her room and asked her, but she declared she had not laughed. After close questioning they decided that there were too many of them in the secret, and they had not worked in harmony.

It was about this time that my friend Yákotlus, a young chief of the Wálas Qágyuhl, fell ill, and as his sickness grew worse he saw things that were hidden from others. He would close his eyes and mutter to himself, then opening them he would say, "*Tóqulun tlah Tlíhun éka kyahun* ['I see Tlíhun practising sorcery on me']." Everybody had believed that he was the victim of *éka,* and now he named the man. This made it certain, and they asked me to examine the house of Tlíhun; for it was believed that he had not been in the woods.

I found him sitting in a comer of his hut. As I walked around the fire he asked me what I wished, and I replied that I was sent by the tribe to examine his house.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"That dying man was half sleeping and he saw you working against him."

"You may look around and see what you can find," he remarked.

A good fire was burning. After I had given up looking into the many small boxes he had, I sat down at the back of the hut and pondered. Bright sunbeams poured through the cracks between the boards, and in them I saw thin steam rising from the ground between me and the fire. As I rose to go, he bade me farewell, but I replied, "I might return." I went to the house of the sick man, where many of the people were, and asked that some one help me search Tlíhun's house. Instead of sending one man, about half of them accompanied me. I led Nukápnkyim back of the fire and told him to sit on the ground. He never wore either shoes or trousers, only a woollen or a cedar-bark blanket about his shoulders. In a little while he whispered, "Friend, where I am sitting it is warm!"

"I was just going to ask if you could see the steam rising. You are sitting on it."

"I am going to dig a little," he said. He scratched the earth and soon uncovered a board, which was hot. Then he leaped up and cried, "Children, dig the floor!"

All busied themselves and soon uncovered seven tunnels radiating from the fire. These were about eight inches wide and equally deep, and were lined with boards. From the fire a bent gun-barrel led into each tunnel, and it was supposed that the old man poured water into the ends of the gun-barrels, and this, running through them, formed steam in the tunnels. Although nothing was found in them to prove that he was practising éka, the people felt sure that he was guilty and hurried out of the hut, which they tore to pieces and burned.,

In this affair Âwati, a prominent and well-liked chief, defended Tlíhun, and this caused some to think that he was paying the old man for his work.

The sick man died, and a short time later Nukápnkyim one day-whispered to me, "Âwati will be the next chief to die!" He explained that to avenge the death of Yákotlus, his mother's people the Nimkish weregoing to éka Âwati on the Seal rock; that they had secured some of his urine and would kill him in a way of their own, different from the Qágyuhl ways.

It was not long after this that Âwati fell sick with stoppage of the urine, and in four days he died. I asked Nukápnkyim how this kind of *éka* was performed, and he answered that Tlákotlas, the Nimkish chief who had done the work, had explained it thus: "After Yákotlus died, his widowmade love to Âwati, and he, foolish man, yielded to her pretty face, although he had two wives. By order of Tlákotlas she secretly soaked a piece of cedar-bark in his urine, and Nuhní'mis, whose mother was Nimkish, took it to that village, carrying it in a little box in the bow of the canoe. Such things are never carried in the stern. Tlákotlas placed the bark in the hands of a seal hunter, who by his command put it in a crack where the seals were fond of lying, and with a yew calking wedge and a stone he drove it down firmly. When the seals lie on any art or excretion of a man, it either stops his bladder or causes boils or some other eruption of the skin."

Hámasaka, the present chief at Fort Rupert, was in the plot to kilÂwati, and as a reward he took one of Âwati's widows. This woman, when she heard a rumor that Hámasaka had taken a hand in the death

of her former husband, whom she had loved, many times threatened to kill him.

Many éka practices have to do with securing the love of a woman or retaliation for the refusal of her favors. Wishing to win the love of a woman, a man obtains first a portion of her hair. Having a bunch of long hair in his hand, he goes into the house about the time he knows she is combing, sits near the woman, and when she lays her comb down with some of her hair clinging between the teeth, he picks it up as if to comb his own. Secretly he takes her hair from the comb and substitutes the tuft which he brought with him. Then after an interval long enough to avert suspicion he goes out, to obtain next *klutáyus* (the root of an orchid, *Corallorhiza multiflora*), which always grows forked and with hairy filaments near the crotch. He separates the long hairs obtained from the comb, and with each one places one of his own, pulled from the right side of the head. He rolls them up carefully and inserts the ball in the crotch of the root, presses the two parts together, combs out the hairy filaments, and with a shred of bark he binds the part into which the hair has been pushed. Then with a cord he secures it under his left arm, where it remains constantly until he has either won the woman or given up.

Another method of stimulating love in a woman is to chew a certain parasitic plant which grows on hemlock trees, and rub it well over the body. It leaves no odor, but when the lovers are together it passes by contact into her body, carrying something from his into her own and thus making them one. Women when bathing sometimes rub *núsnilau* (the root of an orchid, *Limnorchis stricta*) on the body in order to create greater love in the heart of an admirer.

There are various ways by which a man may take revenge on a woman who rejects him. He may obtain something from her body and place it in the crack of a rock at the head of an otter-slide. In their leaping and tumbling the otters fall on this object and thus cause convulsions in the woman, who is said to be *húmthúmta (húmti,* otter)

I once saw a man swinging a stuffed toad-skin in the air behind a certain woman who had refused him. The toad-skin was first emptied by running a three-pronged stick into the throat, twisting it around, and withdrawing it with whatever adhered to it. In the skin was placed whatever he had been able to secure from the body of the woman, the mouth was sewn up, and a cord tied to one leg. Whenever the woman came in sight he swung this charm in the air, in order to drive away her

senses, when, he hoped, she would yield to him.

When a young man found a sloughed snake-skin, he usually hid it in a dry place. If ever he discovered that his lover was false, he rubbed off the scales by means of a stone or a stick, and secretly placed them in her bed, taking great care not to touch them with his hands. This was to cause scrofula or some other eruption of the skin, the scales working into the skin of the girl when she lay on them and thus poisoning her. These broken scales were once found in the bed of a girl, and the young, man who had put them there was compelled to flee from the village.

On another occasion a saw a woollen string about the right hind-leg of a female dog that was running with a pack of dogs. I caught her, took off the string, and went from house to house swinging it in my hand and asking the women if they recognized it. Finally I came into the house of Tsúhtsaes, whose daughter Kwúmhyuti, a very large woman of about three hundred pounds weight, asked me what I had. I showed her, and told her how I had found it. She drew up her skirt (the women wore calico skirts at that time) and pulled out her apron, crying, "The string comes from my apron!" There was a great commotion, and everybody in the village flocked into and about the house. Her father demanded who had been near her since she had begun to wear that apron, and the woman pondered and replied: "Some days ago I took off this apron and loused it. Tlámu came and sat beside me, and when I refused what he asked and gave him a short answer, because his brother is my husband, he snatched the apron and took it away with him."

Then her father called his son-in-law and berated him soundly for the act of his brother. "It would be a fine thing to have your wife running around after the men like that dog!" And though the husband had had no part in his brother's act, Tsúhtsaes dismissed him from the house, and a few days later Kwúmhyuti was the wife of another.

When one sorcerer works against another and saves a man's life, this treatment is called *tékyint*. I had been suffering for some time with pains in the side, and headaches. I think they came from the stomach. My wife said we must send for the *ekénoh,* and I gave my son the names of all of them.

When they came I told them about my sickness, and one said: I think I can tell how the work has been done. They have him on a tree. How do you feel now?"

"I feel very well now."

"How do you feel in the night?"

"Pretty well, only sometimes fainting spells come on me."

"Do you feel sweaty?"

"No, I feel cold."

"Do you see anything before you go to sleep, when you shut your eyes?"

"No," I said.

"Well, they have you on a tree. Whoever is doing it has your hair. Do you ever let any one except your children cut your hair?"

My wife answered, "Yes!"

"Then," said the *ekénoh,* "that is the man who took your hair. Do you ever quarrel with anybody?"

"Yes, I had a quarrel with Mussíq," and I pointed to him.

They looked at him and said: "That is the way he works on people, in trees. His way is very simple. He gets a dead man's skin, wraps it around the-hair tightly, and folds it in a snake-skin. He hangs it on a tree in a windy place, where it will continually be shaken. Every time the wind blows on it, you have a fainting spell."

A Lekwiltok man was present. He looked at the one who had been speaking and said, "That is the way the Comox do their *éka*. It is easy enough to *tékyint* that. I will do it. Nor will I keep it secret. You may all sit here and watch me."

He cut out a round piece of pitchy spruce four finger-breadths long and the thickness of the wrist. He split it down the middle and hollowed out the two halves, so that when placed together they were like a box. He said, "Now I do not want any of you to use this. You have your ways and this is mine."

"No, we will not take that," they all said, "because we have no power in doing that. What belongs to you is yours, and what belongs to us is ours."

He split out five pieces a span long and as thick as the finger, and then cut a lock of hair from each of my temples, from the forehead, and from the back. He put them all together, and with shredded cedar-bark he rubbed my temples, forehead, face, and breast very hard, so that the hair seemed to be pulling out. After I had breathed on the bark, he divided it into six parts, and holding a bit on the pointed end of one of his sticks, he twirled the spindle until the bark was stuck fast all around the point. Thus he did with the other four sticks, and the

sixth portion of bark he placed in one half of the hollowed wood. The other half he held over the fire until it was hot, then clapped it quickly on the first, and the pitch, hardening, held them firmly together. He wrapped strips of calico closely about the little box, and tied the five sticks together. These he placed beneath my pillow, to remain there four days, but the box he put in a vessel of water under the stove. "Keep a strong heart for four days," he told me, "and then if you do not feel worse, I shall feel badly. If you feel worse, then I shall be a happy man." To Mussíq he said: "Tell the wind to blow hard on your charm, if you are the one; and I think you are the one, for you had a quarrel with him."

Mussíq still did not speak. After a while he sat up and said "It is not my fault that I have done this. It is the fault of Haiyústisulus. He is the man who told me to do it."

In some manner the news of this confession got about, and soon Hámasaka entered and spoke harshly to Mussíq: "You call me uncle, and yet you are poisoning my friend!" Then Haiyústisulus was summoned, but he denied that he had told Mussíq to *éka* me. They began to dispute, and the Lekwiltok said to me, "This talking is good for my charm, but it will weaken his."

When I asked what his price was, he laughed and said: "Any one else I would charge one hundred blankets for that little work. That is always my price. My lover wants a silk handkerchief: I will take one and be satisfied." On the third day he looked at me and said: "Oh, I am happy to see you are worse! I struck the marrow of that *éka*." He took the vessel from under the stove and poured off half the water. "I was drowning you," he said. "Now you will get better."

The next day he poured off more water, and the following day a little more, and on the fourth day the last of it. Then he put the vessel under the stove and removed the five sticks from my pillow. Accompanied by my son he went to a dry stump and pushed them into the ground under it. The hollow stick he left with me, telling me, if I became sick again, to pour water into the vessel.

Sometimes a sorcerer, called to cure a patient who is sick of *éka,* goes, or sends a man, to cut off the right breast of a mummy. This he brings to the little hut in which the sick man lies, and after roasting it he makes the patient swallow four small pieces of the skin. The remainder is placed in a dish and covered with water, which from time to time the sick man drinks. It becomes soft, and the water slimy, but

he gets no other liquid to satisfy his thirst. Each morning he cuts off four bits of the soaking skin and swallows them.

The shaman, or medicine-man (pahála), combats occult disease by removing it, a tangible object, through the medium of his hands or his lips. He is credited with a supernatural power obtained from some spirit which appeared or spoke to him either while he lay supposedly dead by some catastrophe, or while he was actually searching for it in woods or mountains. In general it is acquired only by one who constantly fixes his mind on the single thought of becoming *pahála.* This power of the shaman is called *tlúgwi* ("treasure"), or *náwalaq* ("magic"), and the act of acquisition is *tlúgwala* ("to find a treasure," hence "to obtain supernatural power").

But to say that a man has *tlúgwi* or *náwalaq* does not necessarily mean that he is a medicine-man; for this may be said of any one who is possessed of the right and the ability to perform magic (sleight-of-hand tricks) in the winter dance, or indeed of any one who has been initiated into the winter-dance fraternity and hence is supposedly under the guardianship of a spirit. All such are *pépahala,* but the term is applied to them only as members of the fraternity, while a medicine-man is *pahála* in a sense entirely unconnected with the ceremony. Furthermore, some even of those who are *pépahala* in the more specific sense have nothing to do with disease: their power is given them only for the purpose of guarding their own lives, and for prophesying by means of dreams, or, if their *náwalaq* comes from the sun, by singing and gazing toward the sun while slightly moving the right hand, palm upward, from side to side, and then announcing what they have seen.

This supernatural power of the shaman is conferred by the spirits of certain animals and inanimate objects, and by a few purely spiritual beings not associated with any natural object. In the sea are killerwhale (*Orca Pacifica*), oulachon (*Thaleichthys pacificus*), and silverside salmon. On land are wolf, toad, and mouse. There are also *náwalakwus* ("ground magic"), which resides in the ground in the vicinity of hemlock trees; *núnwalaqí'kilis* ("riverside magic"), which issues from a spirit that causes a whistling sound beside rivers (probably the vibration of shoots standing in rushing water); and náhnawalaqa ("magic of rocks"), which comes from a spirit that is heard as a mingled whistling, guttural sound when the tide comes over the rocks.

Among the spirits that make medicine-men are the *kyáhlkyotsenuh* ("unseen people"), who resemble human beings except that they have

fiery eyes and are seen for the merest fraction of an instant. Most of the Tsawatenok (Knight inlet) *pépahala* have their power from these "unseen people."

The *kyáhlmuhlitának* ("dust shaken from a mat upon the floor"), or *munákehl* ("picking up objects in the house"), are the echo spirits, and resemble minute men four finger-breadths high. At night when all are sleeping they come with baskets on their backs and pick up from the floor tiny specks of copper, the hairs from woollen or fur blankets, dust from canoes and chests, or any small particles representing property. The echo spirits are very rich, and he who meets one of them, takes his basket, and keeps its possession a secret, will become exceedingly wealthy.

Haíyahlilakus ("benefactor") is in constant strife with Winálagyilis, a being who is always making war on human beings, taking their spirits captive and leaving the bodies dead in the house. Quick as lightning Haíyahlilakus tries to seize the human spirit from the canoe of Winálagyilis, who is represented as very slow, and having gotten hold of it he carries it back to the body.

Winálagyilis also confers the *náwalaq* that makes a medicine-man. Regarding this spirit the following incident is illuminative. "At Nawiti I was visiting in a house one evening, and we were talking and laughing, when suddenly an old man exclaimed: 'Stop! I hear a canoe! Did not you hear it?' Nobody else had heard anything. He took his rattle to the doorway and stood in the attitude of a *pahála,* muttering words in a strange language. After a while he returned. Jokingly I said, 'Why did you not let that canoe come, so we could see who was in it?' He answered: 'Do not laugh. They were hunting, and had I not spoken to them, one of us would have been taken.' The next day I asked him what language it was that he spoke, and he answered: 'It was the language of Winálagyilis; I can speak it only when I am *pahála*. I was begging the spirit in the canoe not to harm this humble house.'"

The following narratives illustrate various ways of becoming a shaman and of exerting shamanistic power.

Síwit, a strong, middle-aged Nawiti, fell ill and wasted away until there was little of him but skin and bones. Finally he seemed to be dead. His limbs were cold. Some favored burying him; but one man, looking closely at his face, saw a muscle below the eye twitching. They left him lying in the little hut, and there he remained two nights and a day. On the second morning he began to sing brokenly, and from his

vague words it seemed that some spirit had appeared to him and he was *pahála*.

After he recovered his strength, he went into the woods and remained there a number of days. The people heard him singing most of the time, and the song-makers, listening, caught the songs. His father's house was made ready by cleaning it out and piling the fuel ready to light as soon as the new *pahála* should come. Toward evening he approached very slowly, singing, and every few steps turning about. The song-makers could not distinguish his words: they seemed to be in a different language.

As soon as Síwit appeared on the edge of the woods the people all went into his father's house and took up their batons, and when he reached the edge of the village they beat a rapid tattoo, then with intervals of silence they struck more slowly three times. He was coming closer and closer. The fire was lighted. Not a sound was made in the house. If any one felt a desire to cough or sneeze, he carefully suppressed it, for the spirit that inspires a *pahála* is said to be like the salmon: the slightest disturbance frightens it away. As soon as Síwit reached the door, the people struck the boards the fourth time, and he came in with his eyes shut. As he stood inside the door, the beating stopped and they waited to hear what he would say.

Pointing to a woman, he said: "You have been with a man. Go out!" So he picked out men and women here and there and sent them forth, for he could not work in the presence of these unclean ones. The chiefs saw that his orders were obeyed. Then Síwit walked about, and pointing out a man, said: "You are sick. Go and sit apart from the others." Coming to another, he stared long at him and said: "I shall have to tell you: you are not curable." He went on, until he had four sick men selected and segregated. Then some one cried out: "Do not tell him where the sickness is; let him find it!"

This meant that the new *pahála* was to prove himself. He called for a rattle, and told the people to beat the boards, and rising he shook the rattle and sang, but nobody knew the words. The song-makers sang after him as best they could. He placed some red-colored cedar-bark fibre on that part of the body which he said concealed the illness, and when he pulled it off, the skin was lifted up with it.[2] He held it there

2 A common trick performed by means of a minute, concealed hook.

for a while, and the skin seemed to be released from something in the bark which had been holding it. Then he took the sickness out of the bark and held it up clinging to his palm, which was turned downward. It was like a worm. After telling what the sickness was and how it had been gotten, he put his palms together, threw them apart, and cast the worm-like object away. He did the same with the other three patients, but each time he showed a different object.

Next the *pahála* went about pointing out one after another and declaring that their spirits were gone; and they begged him to find them, for this was a free night. There is no payment when the *pahála* is proving himself. Whenever he passed one of the incurables, he seemed unable to refrain from addressing them roughly, as, "You are speaking now, but you are a dead man!" In fact his every word was harsh. To a young woman he said, "Your spirit has gone travelling." And he explained to the people, "When we dream about a place far away, our spirits are in that place." By his order the girl's mother brought four dishes of her best food, and some clothing, and he cast them into the fire. He told the singers to sing one of his songs as well as they could, while he danced, and at the end of the song he stood still and prayed for help. Then he stood listening. "I can hear it!" he said. He went out, quickly returned with something in his hand, and made the girl sit on a new mat. He placed his closed hand on her head, blew on it, and said, "Now your spirit has returned."

Next he found a man whose spirit was not straight [that is, the spirit and the body were not symmetrically placed], and set him on a new mat. He made a *kanaíyu* [an oval of intertwined hemlock boughs representing a human being and used in purifying the initiates in the winter dance, as well as widows and widowers], and after dancing four times round the fire and each time in passing sweeping the *kanaíyu* over the patient's head, he stopped and began to press the man's body here and there, as if modelling it. Then he placed the *kanaíyu* over the man's head and worked it gradually downward over his body, all the time pressing on this side and on that. Finally he sprayed a mouthful of cold water over the man, and said, "Now you are all right."

Then Síwit rinsed out his mouth, and still holding the dipper walked around the room, spraying water over the people. When it struck a *pahála* who remained sitting quietly, Síwit would say to him: "You are a false *pahála*. Go out! You will have short life." And every man so addressed went out. But when the water struck a *pahála* who

at once tore off his clothing, shook his rattle, and sang, Síwit muttered, "You are a true *pahála!*"

There was present a young man who claimed that he had been living under the water all the time he was absent getting his super-natural power, and who just before his return to the village had shown himself on a neighboring point, dripping with water after in some way making his voice appear to be sounding from the water. To him Síwit said: "You are false! You are pretending to be *pahála* in order to find out the *pahála* secrets. Your falseness will kill you! You will not see the next winter!" The young man left the room. Three months later he died after an illness of a few days.

This test is always applied to a *pahála* in proving his power for the first time. He does not pick out his enemies and brand them as impostors, but abides by the result of the test, even if his own brother is thus indicated as a false medicine-man. The *pahála puts náwalaq* into the water, and when it touches another *pahála* it causes his *náwalaq* to respond by boiling up and producing sudden action on the part of the one in whom it dwells; but in a false *pahála* it causes no reaction, because there is no *náwalaq* present.[3]

After spraying the people, Síwit called out: "All the sick come forth and sit here! This night is free! There is no price!" When the sick came out, he said to one of the medicine-men, "You heal that one," and to another, "You take this one." And so they began to treat the patients, each in his own way. When this was finished, Síwit said, "Now I have shown you my power. This house must be cleaned out and my wife must go away for four months, else it will be short life for me." So his wife brought in fresh hemlock branches, with which she made a

3 Why does not every pretended shaman respond to the touch of the water, instead of sitting quietly? It is said, in explanation, that the "small" medicine-men, who merely imitate the real shamans, are ignorant of the meaning of this rite of spraying, though they must have performed it themselves when they first came in from the woods and by their singing professed themselves to be pépahala. They merely imitate, it is said, what they have seen done, without knowing what it really signifies. Perhaps this is the case, but probably there is another factor, namely, the inability of a conscious imitator of only ordinary courage and audacity to carry through his deception in a trying situation.

bed for him by spreading a new mat over them. Then all went out and left him alone in the house.

Every night thereafter he would wake up and sing. He seemed to be governed wholly by dreams, for each morning he would announce a dream and interpret it. Thus he might say, "Last night I dreamed that such and such a man was sick, and I was doctoring him." Always this man very soon found himself ill, and Síwit, or Qulúntsis ["coming again to life"] as he was now called, was summoned to treat him. His pay was never less than fifty blankets, and was frequently a hundred, and not seldom two hundred. So he accumulated a great deal of property. Many years after this he laid aside his *pahála* rattle, explaining to the people: "I made a mistake and let my wife come to me too soon. My *náwalaq* has told me to lay my rattle aside." But after a time he resumed his rattle, and again treated the sick. Then in 1908 he put it away once more, lay down, and refused food. To those friends who asked why he did not cure himself with the rattle, he replied, "I was told never to use that rattle again." He refused to say how he had disobeyed his *náwalaq*. From a weight of about two hundred and fifty pounds he was reduced almost to a skeleton, and eventually he starved himself to death.

Sísahá'lis, a Goasila canoe-maker, having finished a canoe was bringing it out of the woods down a hillside, which broke abruptly into a bluff. It was his plan to stop at the edge, and then lower the craft down the bluff by means of ropes; but before coming to the, brink it gathered way and slid over, carrying him with it. His assistant, hurrying down, found him with his head under the stern, and after lifting the canoe off he hurried home with the news. The wounded man's parents accompanied him to the scene, and found that their son had regained consciousness. Said he: "Do not cry. Take me to some place where no people walk. Build me a little hut. So they went back into the woods and erected a small shelter, and there they left him.

While he lay in the hut, as he afterward related, a man came down, bright like the sun, and said, "I am Sántospíle [a corruption of Sanctus Spiritus]." The spirit man spoke kindly, telling the canoe-maker to learn the songs which he was about to sing. Then he repeated four songs, which the man learned. The visitor then said: "Do not be afraid. I will be with you all the time, and I will make you the richest man in the village. First of all I will fix your head. He began pressing the sick man's head with his hands, and then his body. "All these songs,"

he said, "you will sing as *pahála.* When you get home, you will have boxes made and place them in your room, after having it cleaned out, for I am going to send you gold and property. You must however be careful of one thing: that is, to keep away from women for four years, and to let no woman come near you who is unclean with the touch of man."

"How can I know them?" asked Sísahá'lis.

"I will put power in you to know all these things. You must sing always to Sántospíle, and then I shall know you are thinking of me. For I am the one that put this life back in you. You were dead, and I put life in you. Tomorrow I will be here again. Then he disappeared, and the young man began to sing like *pahála,* and to ponder over the making of the boxes.

The next day the spirit returned, suddenly appearing right before him, and gave ten more songs in addition to the first ten. He said: "You will not be *pahála* to heal the sick; you will be *pahála* to yourself. But be careful of the women. The least thing of that kind will bring trouble to you. If you go on in the way I have said, you will find that your boxes will be constantly filling without work on your part. The only thing you will have to do is to make the boxes."

On the third day he returned with ten new songs, and a repetition of his warning about women, and on the fourth day he stood before the man and said: "This time I have come to put something in you." He vomited something into his hand and pressed it on the young man's abdomen. "That which I have put into you is part of me. It is a serious thing I have done to you. That which I have put into you will make you think of me always, and it will always tell you that it is in you. But make the least mistake, and that thing will come back to me, and you will never again think of me. Then I will take back all my promises. So be careful!" After singing ten more songs, he said: "This is the last time you will see me. Go home and use these songs." Then he disappeared, and the young man got up and began to sing. He did not know how he got to the village.

When the people heard him singing on the point opposite the village, they knew by the sound that he was *pahála,* and the house was cleaned out. His uncle, a song-maker, listened carefully to the songs, which spoke constantly of Sántospíle and of the property that was coming from above. The words came out plainly, not indistinctly like the songs of most *pépahala*. Dressed like an ordinary man, and not in

hemlock boughs like other *pépahala,* he entered the house and called for red cedar-bark. Some of this had been laid by in readiness, and they put it around his head and neck, and placed eagle-down on his head. They gave him a rattle, and he said: "You should all be glad to see me come back out of my grave. You all know that the canoe fell on me, and that I was a dead man. Sántospíle came and gave me life." Then he told them everything that had happened to him, and what the spirit had given him and promised him. This was not the custom, that the *pahála* should relate what had happened to him, but Sísahá'lis explained everything. In conclusion he said: "It is for you to say, my people, whether these things shall come to me. If you do not want them to come, you will find a way to go against the words of Sántospíle, but for my part I will try to do what he told me." Then looking upward he began to sing, and the song-makers sang after him. All the time he held his left hand partially extended upward as if to receive a gift from above, while with his right he used the rattle. His songs were all very long, many of them being six or seven times repeated.

When at the end of the forty songs he was asked if he was *pahála* to heal, he answered, "No, I am *pahála* for myself." So they had to abandon their plan of putting out the sick ones for him to heal. He went into his room, and his uncle and his mother left the house to lodge elsewhere, that he might be alone. He sang almost constantly, and seemed not to eat. Sometimes he talked and laughed as if he had a companion, and the enemies of his family said: "There is something wrong. He is crazy!"

The new *pahála* had his uncle make a great many boxes, and pile them in the house, waiting for the gold and the property from above. Thus things went on for four months. Frequently he would announce a dream that the gold would be there the next morning, but it never came, and the people finally gave up all belief in him. He accounted for the failure by saying that some one had plotted his ruin by some means, such as placing in the house bark containing menstrual blood.

Kaáhstalis ["breakfast diver"] not many years ago was crossing from the Nakoaktok village to Hope island in a heavy winter gale, when in spite of his protests and warnings one of his five companions fired at a killerwhale.[4] In the open sound the canoe capsized, and two men

4 A most impious act.

sank. One of the others by diving thrice under the craft succeeded in cutting away the stays and pulling out the mast, and they were able to right her. Half full of water as she was, Breakfast Giver began to paddle with the wind. Presently the man who had done the diving muttered a few unintelligible words and collapsed under a thwart, where he lay with his head in the water. Soon another went the same way. Breakfast Giver paddled doggedly on. He could not afterward remember clearly how he landed, but in some way the canoe grounded on a good beach between two walls of surf-beaten rock.

When he became conscious, he heard himself singing, and he remembered that a man with blackened chin, mouth, and forehead had appeared to him and said: "You are my friend. When that man was shooting at me, I heard you try to stop him, and I heard him laugh at you. That is what saved your life, for I am Mahénoh [killerwhale]. You have done well by me, and I will do well by you. You have just sung the song that I gave you. It will come to you again, but now I have taken it back for a while from you. You will hereafter be the *pahála* to benefit your people by healing the sick." That was all he could remember, and it seemed like a dream.

When he came fully to his senses, Breakfast Giver heard voices on the beach and saw a canoe, and people approaching. The Nawiti friends who had thus found him tried to bail out the canoe, but finding it leaking they carried the two dead men and then the two survivors to their own canoe and crossed to the Nawiti village. After two days Breakfast Giver and his friend went home.

The first night at home he was visited by Killerwhale, who told him to go into the woods and purify himself with water and hemlock twigs. So the next day he did this, and just before he finished the spirit appeared and told him how to cure the sick. Breakfast Giver seemed to be half out of his senses, like a drunken man. Vaguely he knew he was going, homeward. He got into his house, scarcely realizing it, and heard the beating on the boards, for the people had assembled in order to sing and let him show his *náwalaq*. When he found himself in the house, his brain seemed to clear, and he knew what had happened. All the songs given by Killerwhale came back to his mind, though he did not know when it was they had been given to him.

He had now to show what he could do. There appeared to be something within him telling him what to do, and at times it was as if Killerwhale, invisible, was standing beside him, pointing out what

should be done.

In treating sickness this pahála pulled it out of the patient's body, and holding up his hands, palms downward, he showed the people a wormlike object clinging to each palm. He walked around the room, exhibiting it to everybody but forbidding them to rise in order to see it more closely. Then putting both palms together, he opened them again with a slight outward flinging, and they were empty. This is called *maká* ["throwing"]. On this first night he had to exhibit everything he could do, and treat all the sick without payment. He had other *pépahala* to help him, whom he first tested by spraying them with water and dismissing from the house those whom he declared to be false.

Then a wolf *pahála* said: "Last night I dreamed that a great sickness is about to come on all our people. My *náwalaq* came and put his *kanaíyu* in my hands and said, '*Kahyá* all the people!'" [*Kahyá* is the act of passing the *kanaíyu,* or oval of hemlock boughs conventionally representing the human figure, over the body in order to avert sickness.]

All the *pépahala* who had not been dismissed seated themselves on new mats in a small circle to the left of the fire and slightly behind it. They held their heads together and spoke in whispers. On such occasions the time-beaters are young men subject to fainting spells or to fits, who, coming out of such spells, utter a long *u*... followed by several forcible expulsions of breath. This is taken as a sign that they are marked to become medicine-men, and the people talk secretly about it. These young time-beaters now seated themselves on new mats behind the fire and made a *kanaíyu* for each *pahála,* after which they resumed their places at the sounding boards. On the mat behind each *kanaíyu* one of the spectators now sat down, all naked, except that the women wore a short skirt [formerly a small, cedar-bark apron]. Before each one a medicine-man took his place, squatting on one heel with the other foot slightly advanced. Each one held his *kanaíyu* with its "head" in his left hand and its "tail" in his right. His whole body shook violently. At a secret signal they all suddenly extended their arms upward to the left, the beaters let their batons fall heavily on the boards, and the medicine-men began to intone, each one his own secret song. At the end of the songs they rose, still shaking violently, and slowly lowered the *kanaíyu* over the heads of their patients, gradually bringing them downward to the waist and at the same time gradually resuming their squatting posture. The patients then rose and the

kanaíyu were brought down to the feet and permitted to rest on the ground, when the patients slowly lifted the right foot and placed it outside the ring, then lifted the left, pivoted on the right, and sat down. The medicine-men, still squatting, pivoted on one foot, rose again, and repeated the operation with the *kanaíyu*. Thus they passed the rings four times over each person, all the time singing vigorously and shaking violently. When the first set of patients was finished, others took their places and so it went until all in the house were treated.[5] Sometimes two children, or husband and wife, or brother and sister, would come clasped together, breast to breast, to have the *kanaíyu* passed over them both at once in order to make their love the stronger. At the conclusion of this rite the people departed to their homes.

The informant previously quoted on the subject of sorcerers related the following from his personal experience as a *pahála:*

One day the steamer anchored off Fort Rupert, and Késina, greatest of the Bellabella *pépahala,* came ashore with a young man. "Friend," he said to me in the Chinook jargon, "I have heard that you are a great *pahála*."

I laughed and answered, "You said it!" [You, not I, take the responsibility of making the statement.]

"I have brought my brother," he continued, "and he is very sick. Nobody can cure him. I myself am sick."

"You know what is the time for doing this work," I reminded him. "It is always at night." I took them to my house, and after eating very little for supper, I removed my shirt and felt the young man's body. At the right side I stopped and said, "That is the place."

"Yes, that is the place," said the youth.

"Well, it is a great thing, this work, and I must have the people

5 When a certain informant was proving himself a pahála he had to perform kahyá without assistance, because a woman professed to have had a dream in which he did so. A hundred and twenty people were present, and he passed a sixteen-pound ring of green hemlock boughs four times over the bodies of about a third of them and once over the remainder. This occupied the night almost until daylight. All this time he was squatting near the blazing fire, rising, shaking his body, and singing, while handling the heavy ring. The next day he found his calves were severely blistered by the heat, and his loins and thighs swollen and stiff, so that he could not walk.

here, and the young men to beat time. If it were an easy case I would not do that."

"I understand, I *am pahála,*" said Késina.

I sent my son for his friends, and they assembled quickly, eager to see. Many of the old people came and one by one made speeches, saying that in former times the Qágyuhl had to go to the Bellabella for medicine-men, but now the latter were coming to us. To each speaker Késina presented a dollar. As soon as this was finished, all began to urge me to try hard, for the Bellabella had come a long distance. Knowing what to do, the young men began to use their batons, while I slowly put my red cedar-bark rings on my wrists and ankles. When I was ready I put my hand on the boy, shook my rattle, and sang, and the young men began to beat the fourth time. They took the song away from me, and I put down my rattle, placed my mouth on the affected spot, and sucked. Késina lay on his back carefully watching me. When I raised my head, he quickly cried, "Give it to me!" and held out his hand. One of the beaters raised his hand, protesting, and called in jargon, "Wait! You shall see!" What I sucked out I put in my left hand, and then felt the sick youth again, and found something a little lower. I went at that, and when I raised my head I put what I had got into my right hand. Then the young men began to beat violently, very proud of me, and after washing the blood from my hands in a dish of water I commenced another song, dancing around the fire and showing what I had in my hands. The sick one sat up watching, and spoke to Késina, who also sat up. When I reached Késina, holding my hands outstretched above his head, he raised his rapidly shaking hands with the palms upward, brought them beneath mine, and began to sing like a *pahála.* His voice was tremendous, and seemed to be tearing his throat.

As soon as I saw what he intended, I stopped. The spirit had left me, and I was now a common man instead of *pahála.* I ordered the young men to beat the boards vigorously. Then Késina rose, wearing only a shirt, his wristlets, and anklets. He must have been preparing himself while I was at work. He sang his song, and turned about again and again in his place, stretching out his hands and trying to draw to him what was in mine. Though I was now a common man I turned every time he did, four times in all, and then a man came and whispered, "The chief said, do not let him have it." I answered: "I will keep my eyes on it. Wherever he throws it I will see it."

Késina raised his hands under mine until our palms touched, trying

to let the objects to fall into his, but they would not go. Then I turned my palms on edge, and the two objects slipped off into his. He stopped suddenly, seeming to come out of a trance, and he spoke to the people: "This is what we have been trying to get out of the boy, and could not. This is not sickness, but *makáyu!"*[6] While I was working I did not know whether it was sickness or *makáyu*. He raked a red-hot stone from the fire, called for the dish of water in which I had washed my hands, and produced the right foot of an eagle. "Get ready to pour," he said. He laid the *makáyu* on the stone and quickly placed over it the eagle-claws, which curled up with the heat.

He kept repeating, *"Ahá, ahá, ahá!* That man's hands are curling up, curling up!" The claws drew up close together, and Késina said, "Pour the water!" I poured, and steam rose. When he lifted the eagle foot, the stone came up with it, for the claws had curled tightly around it.

"That man will never maká again," he said. "Now I want you to find mine. I have something in me, but I cannot get it."

A *pahála* is expected to vomit *makáyu* when it is thrown into him. So Késina took the place of the sick youth, and I felt his body; but he would not let me touch the middle of his abdomen, where the power of a *pahála* is supposed to be.

"If you will not let me feel wherever I want to feel," I said, "there is no good in going on."

"You are a rough-speaking *pahála,"* he protested.

"You have come far to see me," I said," and now you will not let me feel where I want to feel. It might be there. I will not have anything to do with you. I have got what you wanted me to take out of your brother, and that is enough."

He begged me to go on. but I sat with the old people and talked a little with them. They were very proud of me. Késina gave another dollar to each person, and then said, "Tomorrow night let all come back, and I will ask our friend to look at me."

After all the people had gone and I lay in a corner of the house, thinking of what had happened, Késina came to me. I asked him, "Are

6 Makáyu ("something thrown") is an object thrown from a distance by means of magic into one's body in order to cause death, not by disease, but by magic. A pahála who can use or extract this object is a mámaku.

you *pahála* anymore?"

"Yes, there is just a little of it left. The bear took it back."

"When you took those things out of my hands, you must have been a strong *pahála* to do that."

"Oh, I was strong then," he said.

"What made you *pahála;* what kind of thing?" I asked.

Then he told me that he was a great hunter of bears. One day he found a bear in one of his traps, and he was about to club it, when the bear spoke in a human voice: "Do not kill me! If you spare my life, I will make you the greatest *pahála* among all the people. You will be the taker of sickness out of a man's body, and I will give you the short life giver, *makáyu*. Through these you will be well paid. One way you will save life, the other way you will take life. If you release me from this trap, I will show you what to do."

So Késina removed the weights from his trap, and the bear taught him the secrets and the songs. That is what Késina told me as we lay there in my house after the healing of his brother.

The next night when the people reassembled, Késina made a speech telling what a great *pahála* he was, how there was none like him. Then all united in urging me not to cure him: if he was such a great doctor, he could heal himself.

Késina died not long after that. He was a "Christian Indian."

Few of these charlatans suffered the ignominious exposure that closed the career of Tésum, a young Nimkish who in 1864 announced that he had *náwalaq,* which had promised to send him vast stores of blankets. He therefore had each box-maker construct a chest for him, and these were all piled in tiers in his house. One morning he summoned the people and pointed out the stacks of boxes. All were securely bound with ropes in the usual manner, but the edges of red, green, and blue blankets could be seen under the lids, as if the chests were bursting with their fulness. The people rejoiced, and Tésum ordered that messengers be sent to the tribes, inviting them to the greatest potlatch ever held. In the invitations were included instructions to certain chiefs that they should bring their daughters, for the new *pahála* must have them for his wives. These handsome young women were brought, though in all cases they were already married.

When the invitation came to Fort Rupert, one of the chiefs said, "I will not be deceived." He took down a blunderbuss, loaded it, and discharged it. Then when the people came running, he said: "You may

all go if you wish. I will not be a fool. When you go and find yourselves deceived, bring back the Nimkish and I will give a potlatch. I have no *náwalaq,* but I have property!"

The tribes assembled and waited for the potlatch. Four days were the longest period for a potlatch, and at the end of that time it was proposed by the chiefs that the distribution should begin. But Tésum said: "No. I had a dream last night, and the spirit ordered me to wait four days more."

So they waited, and each day Tésum sent for a new wife, dismissing her on the following day in favor of another. In the night of the eighth day he disappeared, and the next morning there was much discussion as to what should be done. Some said that Tésum had gone away to get more power. Others were for opening the boxes.

An old, white-haired woman spoke: "If you will take my advice you will open the chests. In the night when these boxes were being filled, I heard Tésum coming frequently in through the back door and working with them. I heard him tearing blankets into strips."

When the chests were hurriedly opened they were found to be filled with moss, while under the edge of each cover was a narrow strip of blanket. Tésum's brother insisted that by opening the chests the people had changed the contents from blankets into moss, but no one believed him. The whole tribe was brought back to Fort Rupert by the Qágyuhl, and the wise chief who had not been deceived gave them a potlatch, which completed their humiliation. This thing is still a disgrace to the Nimkish tribe. Tésum was never again seen. He had his day of glory, and paid the price.

In the narratives previously quoted to illustrate the methods of the *pépahala* there is evidence that these medicine-men act in collusion, an inference which is confirmed by direct statements.

The *pépahala* sometimes held secret meetings, each one wearing his red cedar-bark head-band (of which each had his own peculiar kind), with a straight sprig of green hemlock at the forehead. When I was yet new in the *pépahala* secrets, I was accosted one evening by another *pahála,* who whispered, "Our friends are having a meeting in yonder house." I accompanied him and found there all those who were regarded as possessing true power. I noticed that they were arranged in four rows. In the first sat four men who had their power from the killerwhale or the wolf. These were the head men of all the Qágyuhl *pépahala.* Medicine-men of the wolf and the killerwhale held their

secrets in common, because the wolf is the killerwhale of the woods and the killerwhale is the wolf of the sea. But they did not reveal their secrets to any one whose *náwalaq* was derived from any other source than these two animals. A new medicine-man having *náwalaq* of one of these animals, as I did, was gradually admitted to the secrets of the leaders. In the second group were those who had either "riverside *náwalaq*" or "ground *náwalaq*" or the *náwalaq* of echo spirits. The third class included those whose power came from the toad, the silver-side salmon, or the rocks. In the fourth class were the sun and squirrel *pépahala,* but these did not treat sickness.

One of the four leaders rose and began to speak. I could not understand him, for the words, while individually clear, made no sense. Thus, as I afterward learned, when he actually meant man he would say woman; instead of stick he would say stone.[7] Only the elder medicine-men knew the purport of his speech.

I asked the one nearest me what he was saying, and I was told that it was about man-killing. Then the other three head men addressed us in a similar manner, each speech being followed by a period of silence, while everybody sat quietly pondering. Frequently one would utter a growling sound by forcibly expelling his breath.

Finally the first speaker said plainly to all of us: "This is a great thing we are in. Anybody who has a weak heart may go out now." Of course everybody was eager to remain and see what was going to be done. The leader took something from between the rolls at the back of his headband (the place where medicine-men always carry small secret things, looked at it carefully, and said, "That would be too quick." He took something else from another place in the head-band, examined it, and said, "That would be too slow." Of a third object he remarked, "This would be four or five days." Then he addressed the other old men in the first row: "How do you wish it to be, quick, or dragging?" Some were for quick death and some for a lingering one, but it was decided that it should be a slow death. The old man took something

7 A similar thing is seen in the custom of people going for eggs to Triangle island, an exposed place very dangerous because of the storms, which are not only formidable in themselves but are believed to cause stones to fly through the air. When visiting this island, people never attach the ordinary meaning to phrases. Thus, meaning "I will gather eggs," one says, "I will gather wood."

from the head-band and said, "This will be the slow death." To one of his great friends, the men in the front row, he said, "Are your hands clean? When did you last touch a woman?"

The other counted on his fingers and replied, "Three washings," meaning three periods of four days each, on each day of which he had washed and rubbed his body with hemlock.

"Then you are clean. Take it. You know whom it is for."

The one to whom it was given rose and blackened his face. To the other three leaders he said, "Come with me." Whoever is called in such a case must go, willingly or no. They stood up, but one of them said, "There should be one more." So they chose me to go with them. It was now past midnight when we five went out, and the order was given to go by different routes to a place at the end of the village, where a certain chief was lying in a little hut with mats for the walls and a sail for the roof, caring for his sick wife. His name had not been mentioned in the meeting, and the other *pépahala* of the lower classes did not know who was to be killed. This was the man who had been contending with Nukápnkyim in breaking coppers, and since neither would yield, Nukápnkyim had arranged with the medicine-men that they should kill his rival.

One by one we arrived at the place. In some way it had been learned just where he was accustomed to lie in the little hut, and the man who held the death-giver in his hand motioned us around to the other side, for that was the side on which the chief was sleeping. One *pahála* parted the mats a little, and the leader slipped both his hands inside and blew twice, hoarsely but gently. As we withdrew, the sick woman stirred and called to her husband, "Something is moving outside!"

We hurried away and back to the house where the others were waiting, and the one who had carried the charm said to them: "It is gone. We will look for some one to cry in forty days. A certain man will die, but it will save his wife's life." By this he was expressing a wish that the man should die even before his sick wife. The meeting broke up, and we went to our homes to sleep.

The Mamalelekala chief against whom this was done died some time after this, but it was more than forty days.

The *pépahala* met also when a person of high rank and great wealth fell sick. But on such occasions they assembled by classes in different places, and a messenger was sent from the second class to

the first, in order to inquire what would be the price for treating this patient. The answer being given, — the price in such cases was usually a hundred blankets, — the messenger reported it to his companions, and then went on to the third class with the order. Then no matter what medicine-man was summoned by the family of the sick person, the price demanded was the same.

In this manner also it was frequently arranged which class of medicine-men would receive the case. Thus if a *pahála* of the third group were summoned, he would feel the body of the patient and then say: "I have not the power to cure this. You had better call another man" — naming one of the second class. When this one was called, he would ask the other if he had found the sickness, and the answer would be, "Yes, but I have not the strength to take it out." The newcomer then would examine the patient, and if it had been previously determined that the case should be reserved for one of the head men (as was generally done when the family was wealthy and the illness severe), he would say: "This is hard! You will have to call in a stronger *pahála*." So the family was forced to summon the one who had been selected for the case by the medicine-men's fraternity. The one who finally treated the patient received the reward and did not divide it with the others. Poor people were permitted to call an inferior medicine-man, and the payment for each treatment was a large dish and a blanket ornamented with numerous shell buttons.

So few have the medicine-men become that organization is no longer possible.

Treatment was given each evening for three or four days. In the important cases for which a chief medicine-man was called he might assure the family, even if the price previously agreed upon in the meeting were one hundred blankets: "I cannot do this for a hundred blankets. It is a dangerous thing. The sickness might get into my body, if I make a mistake." They then begged him to try, and finally he consented; but after four attempts he announced his failure, gathered up the blankets, and departed. On the next evening the house again was cleared, and a messenger sent to apprise the *pahála* that all was in readiness; but he refused to come unless they agreed to another payment, usually of fifty blankets. And they were forced to yield. This second payment secured his services for the four treatments, but if by that time the patient was not well the medicine-man secretly returned and gave other treatment without the usual accompaniment of beating and singing.

Medicine-men sing with a low-pitched voice, and with a very rapid, upward and downward vibration of the lower jaw, which imparts a most peculiar quality to the tones. They are able without apparent effort to produce a whistling sound deep in their throats, which they do in throwing or blowing sickness out of their hands.

In the house nobody ever intentionally walks in front of or behind a *pahála*. If any one by chance comes behind a medicine-man in the act of eating, the *pahála* shuts his mouth lest unluckiness from that person enter through his mouth and destroy his power. The power of a *pahála,* always greatest at the beginning, gradually wanes until he is once more an ordinary man.

The *pepéspaténuh,* or workers of *péspata,* possess the secrets of many supposedly beneficial charms. Thus, soreness of the eyes, and boils or other eruptions, may be treated by tightly enfolding in separate pieces of thin sheet-copper four tufts of cedar-bark fibre containing the mattery secretion, and pushing the bits of copper down into four of the circular holes found in the beach mud, from which water spurts on a rising tide. Or each piece of folded copper may be embedded in crevices made by driving wedges into separate crab trees, and the sores will heal when the wounded bark is renewed.

One day I asked Hámasaka how it was that the chiefs were always large, fat men, when they did not eat much, and his reply was: "Well, it is because they have been *péspatuq* [a passive form signifying worked upon by a *pespaténuh*']. I am going to tell you this secret; for you have been made a chief and you have a right to know. If you wish to become a stout man, you first bring yourself into a perspiration and then with four pieces of cedar-bark fibre you rub your body until they are wet. Then go back into the woods with a chisel and a maul. Find a very large cedar with good bark, so that rain never gets beneath the bark, and drive your chisel in as far as it will go. Make a piece of yew into a calking wedge, pull out the chisel, place one bunch of fibre in the crevice, and drive it in with the wedge. Drive your chisel in again four finger-breadths to the right, and place the second bunch of fibre there. Keep on thus until you have buried the four bunches, then come away, and at the first fresh water you reach, bathe yourself. Then it is done, and you will become stout as the cedar. This is a secret of the chiefs, and poor people are not permitted to know it."

Remarkable powers are ascribed to copper. Thus, in order to produce sterility a woman may make a small copper knife and with it

sever the umbilical cord of her newly born child. A halibut fisher is careful to avoid the touch of this metal during the fishing period, and at the beginning of the season he thoroughly washes his hands and scours them with sand, in order to remove any lingering trace of copper. If he fails to catch a halibut, he comes ashore and washes again.

Many *péspata* practices have to do with the disposal of the umbilical cord, in order that the child may develop special skill in some particular calling.

When my first son was born, and the old people came to look at him, they said to me: "What do you want your son to become? You are a great hunter, and you had better make him one."

"I do not know how to do it," I replied.

"That is very easy," they assured me. "When the navel cord comes off, we will prepare it for you."

On the fourth day they came and wrapped it tightly in a bit of cloth and placed it in a small cloth bag, which contained four shavings of a bear-claw, four of a mink-claw, and others from whatever claws they had been able to obtain. They doubled the bag, placed the ends of a stout string of sea-lion intestine between the two folds, and wrapped another cord about it so that the gut string was held firmly. They hung this about my neck, and brought the spear from my canoe. With soft cedar-bark they wiped the baby's face and right hand, and after removing the wrappings from the socket of the spear-point they placed the bit of bark fibre in the base. They replaced the wrappings and said, "Now tonight, if the weather is clear, go spearing."

That evening I used the spear on two hair-seals, and the old men exclaimed: "Good luck! He will be a great spearsman." I wore the bag until the boy, old enough to hunt by himself, put it on his own neck. He is now a good hunter and spearsman, but I had him for steersman so long that he ought to have learned without any *péspata*. Frequently when he comes home with a good load of game, the people say, "Well, it is no wonder! He has been *péspatuq!*"

Similar methods are pursued to make a halibut fisherman. A raven's beak is sometimes bound under the barb of the hook, in order that the "hunger of the raven's beak may go into the halibut, and make him seize the hook as a raven seizes food." If the fisherman desires his infant son to become a halibut fisherman, be rubs cedar-bark fibre over the baby's body and ties it to the hook along with the raven's beak.

The song-maker seals his son's umbilical cord in a small hole drilled

in the end of his baton, and the builder of canoes utilizes the handle of his adze. Thus every man tries to make his son efficient in whatever he himself excels in, and women endeavor to cause their daughters to become good workers in the various fields of feminine industry, from clam digging to basketry and blanket weaving. Parents sometimes beg an excellent female dancer to wear their daughter's navel cord. If she is in good health she will do so, but if there is any sickness in her she will refuse, because of the belief that sick persons are greatly endangered by blood of the menses or of childbirth. If she grants their request, the dancer tucks the bag under her anklet, so that when she dances the child figuratively dances with her throughout the long winter ceremony. Only occasionally is payment given for such services.

To give a child keenness of vision its eyes are wiped with bark fibre, which is then stuffed into the eye-sockets of a fishhawk or an eagle. The bird's eyes are then wrapped in soft bark and laid at the right side of the baby's face, tucked in between the face and the pillow, and the bird itself hangs inside or outside the house. If a fretful baby gives its mother no rest, she sends her husband to secure a bat, which they reduce to charcoal and rub on the baby's face in order to make it sleep like a bat. Or the bat is wrapped and tucked in between the baby's face and the pillow at the right side. Spruce buds found at the mouth of streams down which they have rolled until the black scales have been rubbed off are used in the same manner and for the same purpose as the bat. All these practices are classed as *péspata*.

Most of the remedies employed by the *pépatenuh,* or "medicine givers," possess curative properties, but the virtue of others is wholly imaginary.

The bark of hemlock-roots and spruce-roots, the rhizome of licorice-fern (*Polypodium occidentale*), the root of deer-fern (*Struthiopteris spicant*), and juniper leaves are the constituents of a remedy for dysentery. Six or seven strips of hemlock-root bark a span long and two finger-breadths wide, the same amount of spruce-root bark, a handful of licorice-fern root, six deer-fern roots, and four small bunches of juniper leaves, are boiled for a day in a gallon of water. The decoction is strained, and a cupful is administered night and morning. The first dose "kills the pain."

False hellebore (*Veratrum viride*), which they call *âhsúli,* has a variety of uses. The leaves are plaited and hung in a ring around the neck of children as a preventive of disease, and cut up finely they are rubbed

on women's hair to cure dandruff. For extreme constipation a very small quantity of the dry root is rubbed on sandstone and steeped in cold water, a small dose of which almost immediately causes vomiting, followed quickly by a movement of the bowels and by further vomiting. An overdose causes hemorrhages and death. To counteract severe local pain the part is beaten with a stiff brush of spruce needles dipped in cold water, and when blood begins to exude, powdered *âhsúli* root is rubbed in. Violent galvanic twitching of the muscles ensues.

The root of false hellebore is employed also in blistering to counteract headache and neuralgia. A depression half an inch in diameter is cut into a cedar stick, and therein is packed a mixture of very dry cedar-bark and powdered *âhsúli* root. The stick is laid on the affected part with a thin layer of the wood between the mixture and the skin, and the burning of the cedar-bark produces a blister. Another blistering mixture, used in the same way, consists of nettle-bark, powder of an unidentified pungent seed, and a bit of cedar-bark containing menstrual blood.

Blistering is accomplished also by the application of *Pyrola chlorantha,* which the natives call *aákala* ("open mouth") in allusion to the fact that its flowers open in the morning and close at night. The green plants are chewed and the wet mass is bound beneath a piece of cedar-bark on the part to be blistered. After about fifteen minutes it is removed, and soon a blister forms. The skin is at once cut away, and the spot is covered with silver-perch oil.

The root of yellow dock (*Rumex crispus*), which the Kwakiutl *call kóhsawani,* is boiled and eaten as a laxative, and the bark of *tsátseko'ma* (*Spiræa opulifolia*) furnishes a decoction for the same purpose. Yet another laxative is water in which dried beaver's castor has been stirred.

To counteract rheumatic pains a piece of the rootstock of the pond-lily, or spatter-dock (*Nymphæa advena*), is cut into slices one fourth of an inch thick, which one by one are heated in ashes and rubbed vigorously over the affected part. Rheumatism is treated also by rubbing with bear's gall.

For a cough silver-perch oil is taken, or alder-bark is chewed and the juice swallowed, and hemlock-bark is chewed for tuberculosis.

Scrofulous sores are believed to be caused by a certain invisible, magic slime of salmon, which has worked into the skin and will not let them heal. Charcoal of a salmon of the species believed to be responsible for the malady is dusted on the sores, or the juice of partially

chewed alder-bark is dropped on them. It is thought that washing in a basin which has contained fresh fish will cause scrofula, no matter how thoroughly it may have been scoured.

WARRIORS AND WARFARE

The weapons — arrow, spear, sling, and club — and the armor of the aboriginal Kwakiutl have been previously mentioned. Some of the tribes, remote from the posts and rendezvous of traders, had few guns until as late as 1875. Most of them, however, were well supplied by 1846, and in some places firearms were quite common at the close of the eighteenth century. On July 20, 1792, Captain Vancouver visited the Nimkish village at the northern side of the mouth of Nimkish river, and recorded the following:

"In most of the houses were two or three muskets, which, by their locks and mounting, appeared to be Spanish. *Cheslakees* had no less than eight in his house, all kept in excellent order: these, together with a great variety of other European commodities, I presumed, were procured immediately from Nootka, as, on pointing to many of them, they gave us to understand they had come from thence.... We refused them fire arms and ammunition, which humanity, prudence, and policy directed to be withheld."[8]

The Kwakiutl, like other North Pacific tribes, were head-hunters, and the winning of gory trophies was a prime object of war expeditions. Once embarked with this object in view, they were peculiarly savage, recognizing neither friend nor tribesman. The embarkation of a war-party therefore was the signal for all to remain in the village until it had passed beyond local waters; for it was a rule generally observed that the fighting men must take the heads of the first people encountered. Hostile movements were begun not always in the single desire

8 Vancouver, A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, and Round the World, London, 1798, Volume I, pages 348-349.
Master James Johnstone, one of Vancouver's subordinates, had visited the village on July 8, 1792. This is our earliest account of any Kwakiutl village; for although many fur traders had worked in these waters, their written accounts deal only with the Nootkan tribes, as does also the journal of Captain Cook.

for the renown and wealth to be won by taking heads and booty; frequently there was concerned the exaction of blood for blood, or the grim determination to alleviate sorrow over the death of a favorite child or a high chief by causing some other tribe to mourn for its dead.

Warfare was conducted with the least risk, and therefore consisted of ambush, the surprise of a lonely fisherman, the sudden assault under guise of friendship, the enslavement of female berry-pickers, the nocturnal burning of a village and plunder of its houses when the panic-stricken inhabitants took to the woods. A sustained, pitched battle was a great rarity, and almost every engagement in which many lives were lost was a mere slaughter of a throng unable to defend itself.

By no means every man was a warrior (*pápaqa,* merciless man). For war was a profession, exactly as was the hewing of canoes or the spearing of seals. If a warrior had a son whom he wished to become a fighting man, he went, about the time the boy began to eat solid foods, to some one who had killed a grizzly-bear, and obtained the heart of the animal. He then took the child to the house where the bear's body lay, placed its palms on the bear's fore paws, and prayed: "Now that you are dead, we beg the fierceness of your paws, that it may be in the hands of this boy." He then cut four bits from the heart and made the child swallow them in order to inspire ferocity and hardness of heart. If it was particularly desired that the boy become a stealthy warrior, the father killed, or had some one kill, a wolf, although ordinarily it was not right to kill this animal. Placing the child's hands on the wolf's fore paws, he prayed, "We have come to beg the slyness of your paws, that it may be in this boy's hands." Then the child swallowed four pieces of the wolf's heart, which gave him the ability to creep unheard into a house, as a wolf creeps through a thicket. Similar use of a squirrel was reputed to impart the ability to dash with lightning rapidity from one place to another. A boy destined for the warrior's profession never touched warm water. Every day he was sent into salt water, even if the waves breaking on the rocks were turned to ice, and when he emerged his father would thrash him with a huckleberry besom. Numb as he was, he was insensible to blows that were starting the blood through his veins. Boys rarely became warriors through visions.

Every warrior had a small box containing a neck-ring of false hellebore from which were suspended dried toads, lizards, and snakes. These he himself had killed (at least professedly) by choking them between his teeth, thus demonstrating his fearlessness and inspiring fear

of himself in others; for these creatures are objects of great dread to ordinary people. (For example, it is believed that contact with snakes and lizards, or even with their skins, is the cause of scrofula, while toads are thought to steal the spirit out of one's body, the people thus accounting for the thrill of horror inspired by the unexpected touch or sight of a toad.) These rings were worn about the necks of the departing fighters, or at home as a part of the ceremonial dress. Warriors kept their faces constantly blackened, each morning softening a lump of tallow by mastication, spitting it then into the hands, and pressing (not rubbing) them on the face. Then they powdered charcoal in the hands and pressed them again on the face, holding the eyes tightly shut, so that where the skin was wrinkled there were left comparatively white lines radiating about the eyes. Their hair was tied in a mass on the top of the head and flowed down on all sides, and a stick of hemlock was thrust sidewise through the hair, to show that they had been bathing ceremonially in the woods. For warriors were supposed to bathe ceremonially on every fourth day. They were men of few words, who usually replied to a question with "yes" or "no" and walked on without further conversation. They took very little food in public, but probably ate in secret, for they were always burly men, and hard-muscled. In going about the village the fighting men walked proudly with quick, nervous steps, constantly shifting the head and glancing from side to side, winking the eyes, all very much in the manner of an eagle. Their reputation of surliness, their manner of dressing, and their masterful, almost threatening, carriage, combined to make them objects of fear to others.

The war-party was not composed entirely of fighting men, for in fact these were decidedly in the minority, numbering perhaps one in eight or ten. There were, besides the "merciless man," the "watcher" (*kaká'la*),[9] the "burner" (*humténoh*), the "plunderer" (*hlínu'mi*), or "rapacious one" (*awúlki*), and the "canoe guard" (*sákyayu*), each of whom had his special duty in an attack.

The "merciless man" was the fighter, whose sole endeavor was to obtain heads and slaves. His share of the booty was claimed from the plunderers at the end of the fight. Each warrior on leaving home

9 Excepting humténoh ("burner"), these words are in the Lekwiltok dialect.

carried about his neck a small bundle of cedar withes — his "slave ropes" — on which to hang by the lower jaw the heads he hoped to secure, or by means of which to bind the slaves he might capture. In severing heads the experienced warriors are said to have been very skilful, accomplishing the act sometimes with a single circling stroke of the knife and without any twisting with the hands. They cut close to the skull, usually leaving a small patch of hair on the back of the neck. Inexperienced men usually slashed too low, and then with great difficulty twisted off the head.

Each warrior had a helper, or "watcher," usually a younger brother or other relative, who in the fight carried the "slave ropes" and stood behind his superior. If the warrior found himself hard-pressed, his watcher came to his assistance; otherwise the younger man stood off, ready to employ his withes for either of their uses. An important duty of the watcher arose when a warrior was killed. He then quickly seized the body and dragged it to the canoe, in order that the enemy might not take the head and thus render the expedition a failure, no matter how many heads were secured by the attacking party. But regardless of the number of invaders killed, if they lost no heads they were not discredited.

In every war-party were two "burners," each of whom had charge of a box containing strips of pitchwood and provided with many small holes in top and bottom. It was the duty of the "burner" to steal into the village, light the pitchwood, and place his box where it would ignite the houses.

By far the larger number of the war-party were plunderers, who, when the inhabitants of the attacked village had been killed or routed, rushed into the houses and carried the booty down to the canoes. Boxes, blankets, dance costumes, utensils, food - everything was taken, even such of the children as did not fall victim to the blood lust.

The "canoe guards" were those who, while the fighters, watchers, burners, and plunderers were ashore, remained with the canoes in order to keep them afloat and ready for instant service. It was their privilege to take from the plunderers what they desired, and they delayed not to avail themselves of the right, appropriating what they wished even while the plunderers were still at work.

In their preparation for war the fighting men of the warlike Lekwiltok engaged in a game called *tákes*. First of course they bathed ceremonially, in order to gain supernatural strength not only for the

contemplated expedition but for the rough and dangerous game. Their bathing was done at the side of a river, that the devotee might secure the strength of the spirit that held the river in its bounds. Furthermore the water at the side is believed to be colder than that in the middle. Sitting in the stream the fighting man would cry: "O...! You will have pity on me and give me the head of my enemy!" — here mentioning the name of a particular warrior of the tribe against which the expedition was to be directed. For all the fighting men of a tribe were known by name to all the other tribes. Then he would cut gashes in his thighs and calves that the running blood might bring the fat with it. He would lean his back against the jagged rocks and rub crosswise and up and down, until the blood ran. Next he used, one after another, four bunches of hemlock, rubbing his entire body until the skin was almost raw, and when all the needles had been rubbed off he placed the bunches of bare twigs on the limb of a tree, never on the ground. At the conclusion of his purificatory rite he would exclaim, "I have him!"

The contestants in the game of *tákes* stripped themselves absolutely naked and stood in a crowd at the middle of a course about fifty yards long, at each end of which was a small hole. A wooden ball was tossed into the air, and each player leaped up to catch it. He who succeeded grasped it firmly in one hand and attempted to run to his goal and put it into the hole, while his opponents endeavored by whatsoever means to obtain possession of the ball. They were permitted to kick, hold with the hands or arms, beat with the fists, or throw dust into the eyes. That party which first secured ten points won the wager. Usually not much effort was made for the first five points, but after that the contestants balked at nothing. Men have been killed at this game. Such casualties generally occurred as the result of a man with the ball stumbling, and the others throwing themselves upon him, when, if any player held a private grudge against him, only good luck could save the unfortunate fellow. Frequently a man would propose this game with the sole intention of seizing the first opportunity to satisfy his private hatred. The betting between individual players, not between the two sides, was heavy, the most valued possessions, such as slaves, canoes, and abalone-shells, being risked.

Preparatory to an expedition against an enemy, the war-canoes were drawn up and placed on blocks, and long strips split from old roof-boards were bound into bundles, which were used as torches in charring the sides and bottoms of the craft. A ball of wet clay was held

ready in the hand for extinguishing fire that might start in some tiny crevice. The unburned portions of the torches were always thrown into the water, never on the beach. Then the canoes were carefully turned, and the bottoms and sides were smoothed and polished with dry dogfish-skin, or with old matting and goat or deer tallow. Finally they were righted and left on the blocks, shored up on both sides. All this was done that the canoe might slip through the water easily and noiselessly. The paddles were newly pointed, so as to "make the tasting sound" (*tsk*) when dipped into the water. Paddles used in war-canoes were of resilient wood and therefore made even less noise than those of stiffer material.

The start was made at daylight. The members of the expedition, each bringing no more than he could carry in one load, deposited their effects in their respective canoes, lifted the craft from the blocks, and walked into the water. At such a distance from shore that their weight would not cause the canoes to touch bottom (which would have portended very bad luck), they set them on the water and stepped in without looking back toward the shore. Each man had round his neck a ring of dried and softened bladder-kelp, which had been distended by his own breath until it became two or three inches in cross-section. They were followed to the beach by an equal number of women — their wives or sisters. After embarking, the men faced the shore, while the women stood there, spread somewhat apart and watching the men carefully. The latter tossed the kelp rings, and each woman caught on her head the one thrown by her husband or brother, and took it home to hang it over the head of her bed. Every fourth morning thereafter she bathed herself ceremonially in order to insure the safety of her absent one. If for any reason the kelp burst, that was regarded as a sign that the man whose breath was thus released had been either killed or wounded — that his breath had been let out of his body.

After tossing the rings of kelp the members of the expedition paddled swiftly away in a friendly race to determine which craft was the fastest, and at the same time the "speaker" in each canoe arose to exhort his companions in metaphorical language to spare none whom they might meet. Thus, if the crew were of the Thunderbird gens he might cry, "When we see a canoe, let the Thunderbird's lightning strike them!"

Twenty canoes, manned each by at least fifteen men, made a war-party of not unusual size. Each crew was composed of clansmen. If

there were more than one crew of a single gens, their craft usually kept together and the warriors in them banded together in the attack, for there was suspicion and fear lest some one might take the opportunity afforded in the confusion of fighting to put a rival chief out of the way. The fleet was always preceded by a small, swift, scouting canoe manned by seven or nine men; that is, six or eight paddlers sitting in pairs on the thwarts, and a steersman.

After leaving the waters in the immediate vicinity of their own village, it became the duty of the scouts to kill the occupants of the first canoe they fell in with, even though they might be tribesmen and relatives, lest subsequent disaster befall the party. The watchman in the bow of each war-canoe was called *qióhw* (a kind of duck).

After the first day they travelled only by night, stopping at daybreak to carry the canoes into the woods and lie concealed until dusk. They carried little food and ate very lightly, usually holding a morsel of food in the mouth all the day long. When they drank, it was only four sips. Salmon-belly was not eaten, for it is believed to cause shortness of breath. All conversation was in whispers. They approached the village of their enemies with the greatest caution, and the "ducks" were charged with the duty of seeing that no cause for alarm was given. If a canoe scraped on a rock or a log, the lookout at once uttered the cry of a duck, and a few others skilled in imitation took it up, and then made the swishing sound of a flock of fowl settling on the water.

The usual plan of attack was to surround the village before dawn and set fire to the houses. Then the war-cry was raised, and the inhabitants, running out toward the beach and seeing there the shouting, gesticulating plunderers, would rush back through the houses, intending to escape into the woods, only to fall into the hands of the fighting men.

When the dead had been decapitated and carefully scalped, when booty and trembling slaves had been piled promiscuously in the craft, the victorious, homeward voyage was begun. The head of the most important man killed was placed on a staff, which was fastened upright in the canoe like an ensign, and the song-maker (one was always included in the expedition) composed songs celebrating the exploits of the fighting men. Those who had taken heads or slaves sang their new songs, boasting of their deeds, reviling the enemy, and ridiculing their companions who had won neither heads nor slaves. These unfortunate men sat with downcast eyes, shamed in the presence of the successful

ones.

Approaching their own village after a victorious raid, the party ceased their singing, and those who had secured heads stood up. Close to the landing one of the speakers rose in the stem of a canoe and uttered a shrill shout, "*Yi...!*" Those who had secured heads were already standing. The paddlers responded with a low-pitched *Yi...!* beating on the gunwales with their paddles, and at the same time the standing warriors reached down and suddenly lifted the heads, shaking them at arm's length, and uttering the cries peculiar to their respective rôles in the winter dance. On shore the women who beheld their husbands standing in the canoes and knew thereby that they had taken trophies, quickly retired to don their ceremonial costumes, and came down to the beach dancing with exultation. The scalps, carefully stretched and dried, were preserved as trophies to be used in dancing, while the skulls were exposed on tall stakes along the beach.

While the Kwakiutl had nothing corresponding to the coups or graduated war honors of the Plains Indians, they nevertheless possessed a custom very like that of "counting coups," or boasting of one's war exploits. A certain feature of the winter dance was called *puhwtsâlihl* ("warriors in the house") or *alúhtsâlihl* ("blood in the house"). Each warrior went into the woods and there made and placed on his arm a wreath of hemlock for each person he had slain. Some men used thus to cover both arms. Then all assembled in the dance house, and one by one took seats behind the fire. One of them arose and recounted his bloody deeds, and as each slain person was named he removed a wreath and cast it to the floor. This particular part of the procedure was called *tlásispúqutsuyí* ("count men killed"). In the end the principal chief said to the winner: "You are the best. You have killed the most." To the men with the poorest record the chief said, "You are the smallest. They were quite ashamed, and in their chagrin they were likely to murder any defenceless, unsuspecting person in order to better their record.

Other men, and even warriors as well, contended in a similar manner in *tlápa* ("count against one another"), one rival boasting of a potlatch he had given and the other following suit, until one or the other was silenced.

The most warlike of the Kwakiutl were the Lekwiltok, who, situated at the southern extreme of Kwakiutl territory, had frequent encounters with the Salish. Through their waters furthermore passed

many fleets of northern canoes bound for Fort Victoria, and in later days small trading schooners insufficiently manned; and heavy was the toll they exacted. They still enjoy a reputation for great ferocity, and as one old man expressed it, "they were like a great mouth, always open to swallow whatever attempted to pass." After about the year 1860, when they established villages at Campbell river and near Cape Mudge, on opposite shores of the narrow Discovery passage, other tribes seldom attempted to navigate the strait in daylight, and many craft were wrecked in trying to run the strange and dangerous currents in darkness. It was not a rare occurrence for the Lekwiltok to find dead men and wreckage on the beach. To this day the name of Lekwiltok is hated by the survivors of the Salish tribes of Puget sound.

A certain old Lekwiltok said recently that if one had a diver's suit and were to search the little bays between Cape Mudge and Salmon river, the charred remains of a surprising number of schooners would be found. And he was not boasting. The heavy hand of the law has so recently been felt by this tribe, and it is so nearly impossible to induce them to admit the deeds they are known to have committed, that one cannot imagine them claiming undeserved piratical honors. A single instance must suffice to show their method of warring upon white men. In 1889 or thereabouts the schooner *Seabird,* laden with whiskey, anchored in Blinkinsop bay, which is north of the western end of Hardwicke island. A young woman, boarding the vessel for whiskey and becoming partially intoxicated, was forced below and locked up for immoral purposes. The woman's screams brought her husband aboard, but the three white men refused to release her. The Indian hurried ashore and returned with his brother. Still the white men would not lift the hatch, and the husband began to attack it with an axe, when the pilot shot him in the side. The two Indians then attacked and killed the crew, and with the assistance of others removed the cargo in four days and burned the schooner.

The character of Kwakiutl warfare is aptly portrayed in the following narratives.

A few years after the founding of Fort Rupert in 1849, a southward bound expedition of Lekwiltok left the village Tékya [on Jackson bay, north of Hardwicke island]. They had just made the narrow passage between Fidalgo island and the mainland, when a Lekwiltok slave woman called from the shore: "You foolish people, to be travelling this way when warriors have already gone to attack you! I suppose

they have taken all your women by this time!" They took her aboard and then turned for home, paddling *kítsapala* ["slow stroke behind"], that is, giving either two, three, or four rapid strokes followed by a slight feint over the water without touching it. This feint affords a brief rest, and the pace can be maintained longer than in the usual manner of paddling. The stroke is adopted when some one in the canoe cries, "*Kítsapala!*" and the steersman then calls the signal, *"We!"* At the end of each false stroke he repeats, "*We* ['go ahead']*!*"

They arrived at Tékya before dawn, and none too soon; for just as day was breaking, the village was confronted by a fleet manned by warriors of all the Salish tribes from Comox to Fort Victoria. It was the intention to kill all the Lekwiltok, even their dogs, and then "after we swallow them we will go on to the Qágyuhl." The immediate cause of the expedition was the capture of the wife of the Songish chief by the Lekwiltok. The Salish canoes approached the beach in unbroken line, and the Songish chief, standing up, made his demand: "Lekwiltok, I want you to send back my wife! Send her back quickly! If you do not, I will sink you in the bottom of the sea!" He spoke in his own language, and the speech was interpreted by slaves in the village. Then the chief put on a long shirt of elk rawhide, which covered him from head to foot, leaving only an opening for the face. He was put ashore, while the others remained ready in their canoes, and looking toward the fortified hill he cried, "Bring my wife!"

Within the fort Húmti, a warrior, was laughing, while he cut a hole in the stockade. While the chief stood below, demanding his wife, Húmti thrust the muzzle of a gun through the hole and fired. The bullet struck the chief in the forehead and killed him, and the Lekwiltok women began to dance and chant: "*Ya! Háwuhlumlisá, wuhlumlisá* ['you came unexpectedly']*!*"

The Songish and their allies remained motionless in their canoes, and soon they were joined by another party consisting of men of the mainland tribes from Fraser river to the head of Puget sound. These had just been repulsed in their assault on a village not far from Tékya. One of their chiefs reproached the Songish: "What is the matter? They are only a handful. Why do you not take them?" Then another chief stood up, holding out an elk-skin shirt, and called on all the fighting men by name: "Do not be afraid! I want you to get our chief's body! The one who brings it shall have this shirt!"

For a while there was no answer. Then the principal fighting man

of the Nanoose began to shake his body and to chant like a *pahála*. He put on the shirt, and while the others beat on the gun-wales with their paddles he leaped ashore. It was ebb tide. He ran zigzag up the beach, and his companions chanted, "*Alamatá, alamatá, alamatá!*" warning him to watch the hole in the stockade, so that when the muzzle of the gun appeared, he might dodge. With his eyes on the hole he ran to the dead man and reached down to grasp the head. The moment he became motionless, Húmti fired and killed him, and once more the Lekwiltok women danced and chanted.

Now the Lekwiltok, watching the canoes in the water, thought themselves in safety, unaware that behind them many men were climbing the trees to shoot down on them. By accident the movement was discovered, and then all the defenders turned on them with their guns and picked them off. Without firing a shot the invaders fled northward.

The victors decapitated the slain, removed the scalps, dusted eagle-down on the bleeding skulls, and impaled the heads on the tops of a row of seven-foot stakes along the beach. The next day all loaded their canoes and moved to Hwússam [Salmon river, on Vancouver island], in order to unite their forces with the Lekwiltok of that place.

The defeated Southerners proceeded to the village Háhum [on an island in Port Neville], where a part of the Kueha sept of Lekwiltok lived. But warning had been sent from Tékya, and the Salish found them prepared. One of the chiefs donned his thunderbird mask and danced on the housetop, while his people sang, in order to show the Salish that they did not take the matter to heart. He was not afraid, but would dance and play even in the face of battle. While the enemy sat in their canoes and watched him, their craft drifted close to the shore, and as the dance ended the Kueha began shooting. They killed several, and the canoes withdrew southward.

When the Salish approached Hwússam, the people there manned their fastest canoe with the strongest paddlers and sent them out to simulate fishermen. The southern people fell into the trap, for a number of vessels turned and made for the decoy. The single canoe put for shore, and keeping just ahead led their pursuers close in to a point from which the Lekwiltok, in ambush, fired and killed several men. Nearly all the Lekwiltok septs were now assembled at Hwússam, and when the Salish were thrown into confusion by the unexpected fire they leaped into their canoes and gave chase. The enemy were driven

into a small bay opposite the river, where many of them ran on a reef and were wrecked. The other canoes succeeded in picking up many of them, but thus overburdened they could not be worked to advantage and offered an easy mark for the Lekwiltok guns. Finally the allies made their last blunder by running ashore, leaving their canoes, and escaping into the woods, under the impression that this was mainland when in fact it was an island [Hardwicke].

The fighting men of the Lekwiltok followed them and hunted them down like deer. They loaded themselves with heads. Every day for several "Sundays" [weeks] the fighting men from Hwússam would cross to the island and hunt for heads, and usually they were successful. Not a man of the Lekwiltok was killed. The Salish had very few guns, although in Fort Vancouver they had had a source of supply for some years longer than the Lekwiltok, who obtained their firearms at Fort Rupert.

In the spring of the following year the Lekwiltok as usual moved to Comox harbor for the herring season. Half a mile distant was the fishing village of the Comox, whose permanent winter settlement was at Campbell river. One day came Hékwutn, who was half Lekwiltok and half Comox, and he said: "I have some news for you. I have heard that all the people from Victoria and the other tribes of that country are coming to kill all the Lekwiltok."

When the people heard this they only laughed at him and said: "Oh, that is the way Hékwutn talks! He wants us to hurry away and leave all our house-timbers for him. We will not go."

Others of the Comox came and said, "It is true, what Hékwutn said to you."

Then the Lekwiltok began to be afraid, and the next morning they decked their canoes over in pairs, loaded them, and set out for the north. It was so hot that they moved slowly and lazily. They drifted with the tide to Oyster river, and then headed for Cape Mudge. Although the afternoon was drawing to an end, it was so sultry and the sun beat so fiercely from the boards of the catamarans and from the water, that they could not paddle strongly. The Wiweakam were behind the others, and before they made Cape Mudge the tide turned and carried them out so far that they could not gain the shore. They drifted close in toward Númas ["old man," now Egg island], a small island off the cape.

Now it was on this very island that all the southern fighting men

were waiting. They had for their pilot a Lekwiltok slave, who afterward told his people that when the craft came drifting along, the fighting men said: "Now we have a chance, we had better go and fight them now!" But the pilot objected: "No, if you want to get the worst of it, go out to them. Those catamarans are like forts. While you, in the open, could easily be killed, you could not touch them."

The sun sank behind the trees, and the tide slackened. The Wiweakam paddled ashore at Tlâhmitsihlpalis, just north of Oyster bay, and built fires, and decided to wait there until the tide was favorable. The other three septs had passed Cape Mudge, and were making for the beach where the village now stands. No village was there at that time. The Wiweakam watched them, and decided that when the tide turned they would cross to them. This they did, beaching their craft stern first, and soon the shore was lined with fires. There were more than a thousand people.

The Wiwekae camped at the north end of the three groups who first arrived, but the tide carried the Wiweakam still farther north, some little distance from the others. As soon as they came ashore they lay down to sleep, covering themselves with mats. There seemed to be no spirit in them.

There was a man whose period of purification after the death of his wife was not completed, and therefore he slept alone under a tree away from the others. Scouts came upon him, cut off his head, and went back. All the southern people now landed, went northward through the brush, came down to the beach between the three groups and the Wiweakam, and began to slaughter the sleeping Wiwekae. A man awoke and gave the alarm, and the Wiweakam from the north and the Kueha and Walitsum from the south came to the rescue. The sky was beginning to gray. When the Lekwiltok rushed in on the attacking party, the latter, having killed some, ran down to the Lekwiltok catamarans, intending to escape with all the canoes and cargoes. They knew the tide was running southward, but were ignorant of the fact that a strong eddy sets north just in front of that spot. This eddy carried them at once among the canoes of the Wiweakam, who were hastening toward the scene of conflict, and nearly all of those who had taken to the catamarans were killed. In the meanwhile another party of the invaders had been attacking the Kueha at the southern end of the camp, and after the fighting there was over, it was discovered that nearly all of that sept — men, women, and children — had been killed

and beheaded. None of the Walitsum or of the Wiweakam lost their lives. Blood was trickling down the beach into the water.

The fighting men of the Lekwiltok decided to unload the canoes and give chase, and leaving the women and children concealed in the woods, they began the pursuit. They came up with the enemy at Oyster bay, and began to shoot from a distance; for they had a few guns, while the Salish had none. Suddenly the Salish turned, and the Lekwiltok, unwilling to meet them at close quarters, wasted no time in turning their canoes but reversed their positions and paddled for the camp, stem foremost. They landed above the cape, scrambled into the woods just ahead of the enemy, and hurried back to the camp.

Some of the southern warriors were still ashore, and, catching sight of the fleeing Lekwiltok, lay in wait for them. One man, a very swift runner, was in advance of the others, and when he passed, the invaders hurled their spears at him but missed, and so he escaped; and the others, warned of the ambush, made a detour through the woods. Then the allies took their men in and went on their way. The Lekwiltok dug graves beside the corpses of the Kueha and buried them, man and wife together, all along the beach. Then they returned to Tékya.

"This great misfortune," says the narrator, "fell upon the Kueha because a man of that sept had been killed by the southern people and beheaded with a copper knife, which was very unlucky for the others, as copper exerts an evil influence."

About the year 1850 a large party of Lekwiltok with a few Comox suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the allied Salish tribes, and the handful of survivors were forced to take to the woods and make their way northward along the coast of Vancouver island. A few Lekwiltok, arriving at Campbell river, sought shelter with Hékwutn, of the Comox. They were well received, but some by mistake entered the house of Kétsis, a ruffian who stationed a man outside his house to entice them in. As soon as one entered, he struck down the unfortunate man, dragged the body aside, and waited for the next victim.

Grieved and incensed by the act of Kétsis, Hékwutn sent a messenger to the Lekwiltok at Tékya, inviting them to come and kill all the Comox. Unaware of this action, but expecting retaliation, the Comox crossed to Qéqakyulis, small, rocky, elevated islet not far north of Quathiaski cove, and built their houses on the top of the hill. But Hékwutn placed his dwelling apart from the others, for he had informed

the Lekwiltok that when they came he would be singing at daylight, and by that they would know his house. The Lekwiltok landed at night in a bay near the fort, left the canoes and walked across the divide, stopping at the top until day broke. During the night it rained, and just before dawn they crept up to the breastwork of logs that protected the houses on the two accessible sides.

Now the canoe guards, instead of waiting where they were, paddled around the islet into the cove, and a watchman in the breastwork saw them. He shouted, and leaped over the barricade to escape, but the warriors below killed him. Then Kétsis called out to the Lekwiltok leader, "Spare my life, and I will give you my daughter!" They all laughed derisively, and ridiculed him, for an offer to "kill" one's daughter by giving her as a slave was a greater disgrace than losing one's head. The chief so addressed answered, "Is it fair that one chief should receive his daughter, and not the others?" He called upon the other fighting men by name: "You are all chiefs, and should have something, as well as I!" They all cried out, "No, it is not fair!" But the daughter of Kétsis, dressed in her finery, came out to beg for her father's life. One of the Lekwiltok selected an arrow and shot. The missile struck her just above her belt, and she bent slowly forward. Then the Comox said to one another, "There is no mercy among those people!" And they started to jump over the cliff, hoping to escape by sliding down the steep declivity; but they reached the bottom bruised and maimed, and the waiting enemy killed and beheaded them. Kétsis was the last to attempt the escape. Then the Lekwiltok rushed into the undefended houses and killed all the women and children, except one Lekwiltok woman who had married a Comox man. She, it was afterward learned, placed her husband in a storage basket, and when the attacking party entered, she told them who she was, and, seating herself on the basket, begged that they leave her this store of food. So she and her husband escaped.

Homeward bound, the Lekwiltok stopped at Rock bay, and on a long drift-log they laid the scalped heads in a row, in order to identify them and gloat over them. The leader, still in his canoe, inquired, "Have you found the one whom we came to fight?" And some one answered, "No, Kétsis is not here." Pgwánumkóhlila, the man who had taken the head of the chief and now had it concealed in his shirt, sat there and said nothing. He had waited at the bottom of the hill for Kétsis, and when that chief had come tumbling down he had cut off

the head and then gone to sit in the canoe; and some had chided him for not participating in the fight.

Now the leader said: "We have failed! The one for whose head we came has escaped." Then Pgwánumkóhlila, the principal fighting man of this chief, leaped to his feet, uttered the núhlimahla cry, and shook the gory head over one shoulder and then over the other. The chief pretended to spray water over his warrior, as it is done in the winter dance to tame the núhlimahla dancer, and cried: "Tame yourself, Pgwánumkóhlila! You are the only fighter, you great one, the only warrior!"

Hékwutn and his relatives were spared, and soon they moved to Kawítsn [a long beach at Seymour narrows], where they were joined by the Salish inhabitants of an upstream village at Campbell river. In the same year they decided that it was unsafe for them to remain near the Lekwiltok, and they removed to Comox, joining the Salish villagers already established there. Since that time the Lekwiltok have possessed the territory southward to Cape Mudge.

A few years before the founding of Fort Rupert [in 1849] Qúnhwatsi ["big thunder"], a chief of the Haíihltsaq [Bellabella] was travelling southward to Victoria with his family and his slaves. He made a camp on Hardwicke island, and Lálihyilitsálahl, a Lekwiltok fighting man of the Kueha, saw the smoke of his fire, and, true to the name of the Kueha ["murderers," or "strikers"], went ashore and killed all except one, who ran into the woods. In some way this survivor escaped from the island and made his way to his people, to whom he reported what had occurred. Then the Bellabella hauled up their war-canoes and charred and scraped the bottoms.

In the meantime Lálihyilitsálahl had been hunting near Salmon river, and now with his son and a steersman was bound for the village Saaí'yaq [on Stuart island at the mouth of Bute inlet]. He had a foreboding that some evil was impending: he had had a bad sign. Perhaps he had sneezed on the left side of his nose. They made camp for the night, and he said to his son and his steersman: "Do not call me Lálihyilitsálahl: that name is well known. It is known that I killed the Haíihltsaq chief. Give me some other name."

The three lay down to sleep, each covering himself with a blanket and a mat. Contrary to the custom of fighting men, Lálihyilitsálahl was a heavy sleeper. He was awakened by a weight on the four corners of his mat. He could not rise. a voice said: "Do not fear! We are Haíihlt-

saq, and we are looking for the Kueha. We know not where to find them, and we will take you for pilot." So the three Lekwiltok were taken into one of ten Bellabella war-canoes.

"To what tribe do you belong?" asked the leader.

"Wiweakam are we, paddling around looking for seal."

"Where do the Kueha live?"

"They dwell at the mouth of the narrows," said Lálihyilitsálahl, pointing to Bute inlet. But it was the Tlaaluis who lived there with the Wiweakam, while the Kueha lived at Nutsénoh [at the head of Loughborough inlet]. In the night the war-party landed on that side of the bay opposite Saaí'yaq; for their Kueha pilot advised: "We had better stop here and go on foot around the bay, so as to come upon them from behind. I will show you the houses." The Bellabella hauled out their canoes, but instead of taking the three slaves with them, they bound them to the thwarts with arms outstretched. They left no canoe guards, and as soon as they were gone Lálihyilitsálahl began to work himself loose. He quickly freed himself, and then released the others, and the three ran into the woods. He made no attempt to warn the villagers, perhaps because of the presence of his son; for if both he and his son were killed, his "seat" in the tribe would be extinguished, and that would be an ineffaceable disgrace for the tribe. If he himself were killed, but his son were left to take his place, the matter could be mended, but "if both tree and root were killed," there was no mending.

The Bellabella attacked the village and killed almost every inhabitant, taking few if any slaves. This was the end of the Tlaaluis sept. The few survivors joined the Kueha and then all of these moved to the village Tékya. It was at this time that the Bellabella appropriated the hereditary names, crests, and dances of the slain Lekwiltok; for the victor always became possessed of such rights.

About the year 1860 large fleet of Haida canoes, coming northward from Fort Victoria, where they had been trading, were forced by the turning of the tide to land in front of the village of the Walitsum, just north of Cape Mudge. The Haida thought themselves too numerous to be molested, and went into the village to buy clams. Muqulá, chief of the Walitsum, invited them into his house, and sent a message to the Wiwekae village, which was on the site of the present Cape Mudge settlement: "Let your fighting men come! I have invited the Haida, and instead of food I will give them lead!"

There was rejoicing among the Wiwekae. "We are going to have a game!" they said. They ran into the houses for their weapons, and then went through the woods toward the cape. Children and youths were running along the beach, having heard that there was to be killing, but unaware that they were in danger. Kwáwina ["raven"], a fighting man of the Walitsum, could not restrain himself until all the visitors were in the house, and seeing the son of a great Haida chief, he shot him. Immediately all the Haida within the house rushed to the door and choked the entrance, and the Lekwiltok inside and outside on the beach and among the bushes poured their shots into the struggling mass. The Haida rushed for their canoes, while the Lekwiltok kept up their fire. Many canoes were capsized, and the tide carried the others southward, close to the shore of Vancouver island, but they succeeded in turning homeward.

The Wiweakam were living at Ká'nis [Cahnish bay], and Kalápa, a member of that sept who happened to be present, seeing the Haida making in that direction, embarked in a small canoe and carried the news to his people. Their warriors manned a number of small craft instead of large war-canoes, so that they might easily carry them into the woods, and followed the Haida, who made camp in a little bay [Otter cove, just south of Chatham point]. The Wiweakam, unobserved, landed south of them and crept up behind them. Kwáwis ["sea raven"] and Qáyuqulagyilis were appointed leaders. The Wiweakam remained for a while watching the Haida drink whiskey and sing mourning songs for their dead. Women were caring for the wounded, and the men had their guns at their sides. Then the Wiweakam raised their guns, each covering one of the enemy. The Haida were so little surprised by the volley that they immediately answered, but without effect. Many of them fell, and the others made off in their canoes, after which the Wiweakam returned with their trophies.

The Haida had imbibed just enough whiskey to make them angry and courageous, and turning back to secure revenge they gave chase to the Wiweakam, who, however, kept close to shore in slack water, while the Haida, farther out in the current, lost ground. But opposite Ká'nis they caught up with the fugitives, who at once took to the woods, walked back to a point opposite Cape Mudge, and were brought across to the village. Later their small canoes were found demolished. The Haida, proceeding northward, were attacked by the Matilpe, and many were killed. Few of them reached home.

The four warrior chiefs of the Qágyuhl Kueha summoned the tribal chiefs and thus addressed them: "We are thirsty. We are really thirsty for blood. We wish to make war on some tribe that has a high name, and take away their name."

Nú'lis inquired, "Which tribe do you think we had better deprive of its name?"

Héhosmis answered: "We will go to Hékums [a village in Drury inlet] and try to get their chief, Likyimáhot. If we can kill him, then we will take away his power and rank." For the Guauaenok were then the greatest tribe.

"That chief is becoming too strong," agreed Nú'lis. "Now I have heard that the Haíihltsaq [Bellabella] have a *makáyu* [magical death-dealing instrument] that makes a noise and throws a ball through a man. Let us get this." The price of this weapon Nú'lis knew to be one slave for a single charge of powder, one slave for a single ball, one slave for the priming powder, and one slave for the use of the gun.

So Héhosmis went northward, taking many of the slaves of Nú'lis. He bought one charge and then asked: "How am I going to know how to use this *makáyu*?" The owner of the gun had a canoe with a hole cut through the gunwale at the bow, and he showed Héhosmis how to place the end of the barrel through the hole, point it at the enemy, and pull the trigger, and made him practise until Héhosmis thought he understood. The Bellabella man then loaded the gun and told him to keep it dry. The party returned to the Kueha village Tlihúwi [nine miles north of Alert Bay, on Bainbridge island].

In some manner the Guauaenok chief learned that they were preparing for war against him, but he said: "My beach is dry now. For a long time there has been no blood here to wet it. So I hope the Kueha will come and wet it with their blood!"

One evening the Kueha landed a few hundred yards from Hékums and camped, and the Guauaenok, seeing them, prepared for the battle. The next morning the Kueha waited for the ebb tide. Their canoes were bound together by means of stringers, which supported a deck, and on this platform the warriors were to stand beside the heaps of stones for their slings. In the middle of the line, but not bound to the other canoes, was a very large one with a hole bored through the bow, and in it sat Héhosmis with the gun. On the platform stood the stingers and the spearsmen, and the paddlers propelled the craft to the beach in front of the village. Some of the Guauaenok were outside waiting

for their chief, who within was preparing himself. He sent a message: "Tell them that the stones in front of my house are very dry! Tell them to bring their canoes in front of my house: the stones are thirsty for their blood!"

When the Kueha heard this speech of defiance they brought their canoes in front of the chief's house, and then he came out. He shouted, "We will not fight with slings, but man to man with spears!" So the Kueha laid down their slings, and the Guauaenok advanced toward them with war-cries. The chief made for the large canoe, which the Kueha had pushed a little forward of the others, as a tempting bait. He reached it, thrust his spear forward against the bow, and made a smacking sound with his lips, as a man does when he has speared a salmon. At that instant the gunner fired, and the Guauaenok chief fell dead. His people ran back in great fright, and the Kueha leaped out, threw his body into the canoe, and pushed off. Then they stopped and called out a challenge to fight with slings, but there was no response.

Since that time the Guauaenok have been last among the tribes, whereas they formerly were first.

In July 1860, one of a party of Nakoaktok camping on a small island in Blunden harbor was captured and carried-off by a canoe of some unknown northern tribe. The man's brother, Máhua, determined to go fighting, and to attack whomever he should meet. Twelve canoes were drawn up to have their bottoms charred and scraped, while Máhua crossed the sound to exchange thirty marten-skins and sixty otter-skins for guns and ammunition at Fort Rupert. When the canoes were ready the members of the expedition divided into two parties for a sham fight, and after gathering bladder-kelp they cut the larger parts into sections about six inches long, which they threw at one another. Some of the contestants became angry, and the mock battle gave way to a real fight with stones and war-clubs. In the end some refused to go on the expedition, and only five canoes made the start.

Their pilot was one of their own number who had been a slave among the Tsimshian, and also they had a Bellabella who spoke Tsimshian. The second day brought them almost to the Bellabella country, and thereafter they travelled only at night. On the fourth day, as they lay hidden on shore, a canoe came in sight. The man who could speak Tsimshian went to the beach and shouted: "Come ashore and pick me up! I have lost my canoe. I came from Victoria and have great news for you!" The canoe changed her course, and the fighting men behind the

trees began to creep down closer to get a good shot. Suddenly the men in the canoe turned and paddled swiftly away.

The Bellabella reproved his companions: "You do not know how to fight! You must not come down too close. They saw you. I myself can see you. Now when another canoe comes, wait until I say *'Waíkos* [a Tsimshian word]!' and then come down." He pondered a moment and said: "Put canoe into the water, and let us go out to see if you could be observed where you are." So they brought one from the brush, but just at that instant they saw another large canoe approaching, and they dragged their craft back and concealed themselves among the trees. Some of the younger men put on women's clothing and arranged themselves about a fire as if drying themselves. The canoe passed, the Bellabella called as before, and the strangers turned toward the shore. One of them was standing in order to see the better. At the word "*waíkos*" Máhua fired, and as the bullet went skipping across the water, the Bellabella cried, "You have made a bad shot!" But the ball had passed through the man's body and struck the water beyond, while the man went down as if intentionally seating himself. So for a moment it was thought that the shot had missed. A volley followed immediately, and the people in the canoe threw themselves to the side and careened it for protection.

All were now out of sight, but one of the men, wielding his paddle, exposed his hand above the gunwale, and a Nakoaktok warrior said, "All stop, and let me shoot!" He aimed at the spot where he thought the paddler's body should be, and fired. The paddling ceased. Another man seized a paddle, sat boldly upright, and sent the canoe ashore at a place which the Nakoaktok could not reach by land. The Tsimshian leaped out and scattered, while the Nakoaktok pushed off in their canoes and fired after the fugitives. Tsúnukwatsi ["big *tsúnukwa*"] ran back inland, to go around the head of the gulch that separated them from the Tsimshian, and while the canoes were still in the water a shot was heard and a body came tumbling down the bluff. The Nakoaktok were saying to one another, "Now we have lost Tsúnukwatsi!" when there came the shout *"U…!"* — the *tsúnukwa* call, — and they knew that he had killed a man. The canoes were racing to reach the Tsimshian craft first for plunder, and while the spoilers were at work the fighters were scrambling for the heads of those who had been shot down. Seven trophies were secured, and the party returned home on the seventh day.

Pótlit, a nephew of Máhua's rival Tlálilitl, was about to become hamatsa, and in order to obtain food for the occasion a war expedition was planned by Tlálilitl. All the Nakoaktok were away fishing, except Tlálilitl, his family, and his followers. Two small canoes were prepared, for there were to be only twelve men. They started northward, and at every camp they bathed ceremonially. Now Pótlit had once found an animal which he called "sea dog," and had taken some organ from its body and kept it for a charm against vulnerability. On the fourth day he discovered that at the last place where he had washed he had left the necklace on which this *tlúgwi* hung. So they returned to find it, but it was gone, and thinking that some one in the party had it, Pótlit offered to give the first slave he should take to the man who would return the necklace and his charm. But it was not forthcoming.

They approached the place where they expected to find the Kitúnst, who call themselves Kititsú [a Tsimshian group], and came in sight of some houses and some tents of sails. Immediately they hauled out their canoes and lay hidden, and as night fell they began to make their preparations, wrapping blankets about their chests for protection and arranging their signals.

Their principal fighting man, Nántsi ["big grizzly-bear"], told them to wait quietly while he ascertained if the people were asleep, and how they were arranged. He tied the thong of his small axe to his wrist and crept down to the village and into a house. The fire was smouldering. He thrust one end of a drying rack into the coals, and with this blazing torch he peered about the room, counting the people and observing the location of the beds. Then he withdrew. But in one comer there was a woman with a child, who was not sleeping, and she hurriedly roused the family: "Wake up! A stranger with a blackened face came in!" There were eight men, and they stationed themselves at the door, four on each side, ready for the enemy.

Nántsi returned to his men and said, "I have found a house with a fine lot of people! But first we will take yonder tent. Do not shoot until I cry *U…han…!* like a grizzly-bear. That will be the sign that I have killed all in that tent."

So they crept down. Nántsi crawled into the tent, and one after another he cut off with his axe the heads of the nine inmates. Not one had a chance to cry out. Then, eager to accomplish his work alone, he entered the house, but the instant he passed the doorway he was seized and held helpless. He struggled, but the custom of fighting men

forbade him to call for help, and with his own axe the men of the house cut off his head.

Outside lay the raiders awaiting the signal. Not a sound was heard, and after a time they whispered, "He must be killed!" So they rushed into the house, and the fighting began. Pótlit seized a woman and dragged her down toward the canoes. But this was the sister of Amé'hs, the greatest fighting man of the tribe, and she called his name, imploring him to save her. He ran out, but hesitated to shoot lest he kill her; yet she begged him to fire. He shot. The bullet struck and killed her, and broke the leg of Pótlit, who dropped the body and tried to drag himself to the canoes. The other Nakoaktok were now in flight, one having been killed and another shot through the body. They pushed off, leaving Pótlit, who was quickly beheaded. One slave, a woman, they had captured, and on the way home they killed her in order to have one head to exhibit. Though they had killed ten and lost only three, they had suffered a defeat because one of their dead was their leader and they had failed to bring away his body.

The loss of Nántsi, "the fighting hill of the Nakoaktok, on which they stood for safety," bred quarrels, because some blamed Tlálilitl for having arranged the expedition without the knowledge of all. Then Tsuhéti, the father of Pótlit, said: "The best way is to stop quarrelling and wage another war to make it even. I will get help from the Qágyuhl (he was half Qágyuhl) and from the Tlauitsis." So he secured the assistance of these tribes, and the next summer twenty canoes started northward with a Bellabella pilot. They stopped near the Haéhaes [China Hat] village to conceal themselves and rest two days.

Early the next morning they saw a catamaran approaching, a man sitting on a high pile of chests. Evidently he was a great chief, and they began to make wishes for the craft to come close. But it kept far out, for doubtless the steersman had caught sight of some foolish young men who, gathering shellfish on the beach, had attempted to conceal themselves among the seaweeds.

Later in the day a large canoe hove in sight, the chief sitting in a conspicuous position, and many people paddling. The Bellabella pilot informed his masters that this was Yíslos, chief of a Tsimshian tribe, and some of the warriors crept to a wooded point and measured the distance with their eyes. Some declared it was too far, but Tsúnukwatsi said he would try it. He fired. Yíslos gave a start, almost leaping into the air, and fell overboard. All the Nakoaktok and the others fired, and

quickly pushed off in their canoes.

One man of the Tsimshian had two guns, and while the others labored at the paddles he from time to time would raise one of the weapons and point it at the pursuers, who would then crouch down and cease paddling until he laid the gun aside. They did not know that he had no ammunition. At length a Nakoaktok who knew this man shouted, "Throw those guns overboard and we will spare your life!" The Tsimshian quickly tossed them into the sea, and the Nakoaktok paddled up and leaped aboard, each striving to be the first to secure heads and plunder. In the excitement the craft was capsized. One of the attackers dived after a Tsimshian, and the two struggled together under the water. The Tsimshian had a knife but could not use it, and he tried to bite his enemy in the abdomen. But he weakened, and his antagonist snatched the knife away, cut his throat, and still in the water took off the head. All were killed, even the man whom they had promised to spare, and twenty heads were taken.

When the party returned home, they set up two stakes supporting a horizontal pole on which they hung the scalped heads by means of a withe passing through each lower jaw, and in the ensuing dance the warriors brandished the scalps.

In the following year the nephew of the Tsimshian chief Yíslos led an expedition against the Nakoaktok, and at a fishing station in the narrows they killed four men; but as they turned homeward they were seen by the Nakoaktok, who gave chase in vain.

Later in the same summer twelve canoes of the Nakoaktok prepared to retaliate. But in the Bellabella country they saw a canoe with two men, and the fighting men said, "We will have fun with them!" They separated, and came up to the canoe from both sides. The leader spoke: "We are glad to see you. We will take you for pilots." But the two answered: "No, you can kill us as soon as you wish! You are looking for fighting, and you should not spare anybody. Kill us!"

Without ado they were seized by the hair and dragged into a Nakoaktok canoe. "Now," said the leader, "you will either pilot us or be killed!" And they agreed to be pilots.

They directed the warriors into a narrow bay where they said was a berry-patch which some one would surely visit soon. So the canoes went in, and, advised by the pilots, the men scattered on both sides and waited under the bushes. A raven came flapping up and turned this way and that. Warriors read omens in the actions of this bird, and in

this case they decided that some one was coming. Sure enough, soon a canoe with two men turned slowly into the cove, and the pilots whispered that here was the very one who had killed the four Nakoaktok. A breeze sprang up and raised the bushes so that the warriors were for a moment without concealment, but the men in the boat did not see them. A raven circled overhead, and the newcomers seemed to feel that this was an omen of evil, for the man in the bow picked up his gun and looked about, but still he saw nothing unusual.

When the canoe was close to the shore, a volley was fired and the men collapsed. The one in the stern, it was afterward found, was not struck, but died of fright. Tsúnukwatsi leaped into shallow water, seized the dead chief, and dragged him ashore, and then arose a quarrel as to who should have the head. Tsúnukwatsi claimed it because he had first touched the body, but the leader of the expedition also wanted it. There the body lay on the beach with the two factions facing each other while the controversy raged. At last they begged Tsúnukwatsi to give the head to the chief, and he said to them: "Well, I will give it to you, and you may give it to him; but I will not give it to him." So they dragged the corpse before the leader, and unbeheaded it was brought home, where it was slashed and cut into small bits with a copper knife, and the pieces were distributed among the people so that each one had a piece with which to dance. [The use of the copper knife was intended to cause death by magic among the tribe of the dead man, and to this circumstance is attributed its practical extinction.]

The two pilots were released at the place where their canoe had been left in concealment.

About the year 1850, when Fort Rupert was being completed, the people living in cedar-bark huts and the white men in tents, the virgindaughter of Éwakalis, head man of the Nimkish, sickened and died. She was an only daughter, and the chief and his wife wept until the people feared they would die. Some came to him and said: "Do not take it so hard. Let some other people mourn. Your wife is showing her own blood by scratching her face, but there is much blood all around us. Let the blood of some other tribe flow."

Even while mourning, Ewakalis had observed the rejoicing of his rival Kyóti, whose mother was of the Mooachaht [a tribe on Nootka sound, western coast of Vancouver island]. So he answered, "We will make war upstream." With one canoe all the best warriors proceeded up the river, through Nimkish lake into the stream Nínilkes, and into

another lake. At the foot of the divide they stopped, not far from the head of the stream on the other side. With wedges they split the canoe into three long pieces, being careful not to crack the bottom. They carried the strips through a narrow gap over the divide, lowered them with a rope down a steep place, and at the head of the stream on the western side they sewed the pieces together with cedar withes. That same evening they were near the mouth of the stream [Tahsis river].

A scout found some houses, a fishing camp, and after it was dark they crept upon the village and killed nearly all the people. A man begged for mercy, saying he was Nimkish, but they answered that their chief had told them to take no slaves. He said, "I will show you where to kill many." So they spared him, and the following evening they paddled on toward salt water. They met another canoe with two men, one of whom, perceiving that they were from the other side of the island, raised his bow and asked what they wished. They said they came as friends, but he replied, "I have dreamed that enemies were coming!" He let fly an arrow, which struck the brother of Ewakalis in the chest and killed him instantly. With three other arrows he wounded three more before he was killed. Then they killed their pilot and turned back home with their dead companion. They portaged their canoe in pieces back over the divide, and paddled down Nimkish lake and river to their village.

Much of the so-called warfare of the North Pacific Indians was little more than personal brawls and family blood-feuds, as witness the two following incidents.

In recent times, when warfare had all but ceased and it was considered comparatively safe to visit the territory of other tribes, Sakála, the principal fighting man of the Seechelt [a Salish tribe], came north to hunt goats near Nutsénoh [at the head of Loughborough inlet, in Lekwiltok territory]. He was a very large, strong man, and his body was covered with the scars of gashes made by his own hand in ceremonial bathing. He was accompanied by his wife, a Lekwiltok woman of the Kueha sept.

In a canoe three youths, sons of a Kueha chief, came down with a great pile of meat and skins. At the lower end of the lake they saw a campfire, and one proposed that they go ashore to have a smoke; for they had been long in the mountains and had exhausted their supply of tobacco. So they went ashore, and recognizing the woman as a Kueha, they left their guns in the canoe. When they finished their smoke they

returned toward the canoe, and as they went, Sakála raised his gun and shot one of them dead. He seized a second gun and shot another through the arm. The wounded youth raised his gun, but blood spurted into the pan. The third brother, Tótsa, dived into the water, and aided by the tide he swam a long way before coming out. He heard another shot, this time in the woods, and rightly surmised that his brother had run into the woods and had been killed there.

Immediately after killing the two young men Sakála transferred the meat and skins from their canoe to his own and pushed off. Passing a small camp he enslaved two unprotected women and a child, and continued down the inlet, keeping to the side opposite the village. The people there noticed the canoe, all white with the piles of goatskins.

When Tótsa reported what had happened, Hánus, a young Kueha, had just returned from Bute inlet, where many of the Seechelt were hunting goats. There he had made friends with one of them, a man of high position. As soon as he heard about Sakála, he said to his uncle Yákahlanala, who was a fighting man and was training Hánus to be a warrior, "Come in the canoe with me." Then he got another man to accompany them, but he would not tell them what he intended. They paddled rapidly, for he desired to reach the end of the inlet that night, and they arrived just before darkness fell.

He said: "We will land. I will go straight up the beach to the house, enter, and do what I like with him."

That was the first intimation his companions had of his intention to kill. The dogs, of which there were several, did not bark. Hánus entered the house, and found embers in the fireplace. He lighted a torch and went about the room peering in the comers for his Seechelt friend. Finding the man's wife asleep, he shook her, asking, "Where is my friend?"

"He has gone spearing hair-seals on the rocks," she answered. A man got up and kindled the fire, and the woman inquired what had brought Hánus back so quickly.

"Oh, beaver-skins have gone up in price, and I hurried back to hunt beaver," he said. She urged him to eat before going on, and he went to the door and called to his uncle: "Come! They are going to feed us, and we will fix our anchor-line." His uncle came in and sat beside him, but the third man remained hidden in the canoe.

"We had better not stop to eat," advised the elder man, "but take the food in our canoe and go on to the beaver ground." The people of

the house agreed that it would be best so.

Hánus knew where the seal rocks were, and the three pushed off, while from the doorway the woman called: "Take care! My husband is reckless. If he sees a canoe coming, he might shoot into it. Say something before you come to him."

As they paddled, Hánus said to his uncle, "I want you to shoot him." Soon they were near the place. The hunter was crouching on the rocks at a narrow channel through which the seals swam with the tide.

"*Yo!*" he called gruffly. "Who are you, and what do you here?"

The young man answered, "I am Hánus. We are after beaver. There ice of beaver-skins has gone up."

"Going after beaver, going after beaver!" muttered the hunter several times. He was angry, and mocked them. Hánus was lying in the middle of the canoe on his back, waiting for his uncle to shoot. But as he looked up against the sky, he could plainly see his Seechelt friend taking up his gun, and quickly he seized his own weapon and fired, striking the hunter in the forehead. The man fell forward, and his brains spattered the canoe.

Something leaped off the rocks into the water — the hunter had a companion! The older warrior sprang ashore and returned with the seal-spear, and waited for the diver to rise. a dark spot appeared on the water, and he hurled the spear, which struck the Seechelt, the prong catching his neck with a point on each side. He was not wounded at all, but the force of the blow stunned him, and they dragged him to the canoe, clubbed him, and left his body floating there. They did not take the heads, because this was *nukôqila,* the taking of blood for blood. Also in secret assassination for money [*háyaki*] the body is not beheaded, but is concealed.

Among the Kueha [a sept of the Lekwiltok] there was a "truly bad man." He was "all threats," and was constantly trying to bring all the other chiefs below him (though some by heredity were above him) by forcing them to give him slaves, wives, and blankets in order to secure immunity. Seeing a chief accumulating much property, he would say: "I am going to kill you by *maká* [a form of magic]! You are walking too fast." And that chief would answer, "Spare my life, and I will give you my canoe and my slave." So Késina collected much property. Again, on his travels he would meet a chief whom he knew to be the father of a pretty daughter, and against him he would make his threat and so secure the woman freely. He bore a staff pointed with iron.

At Nutsénoh [at the head of Loughborough inlet], where lived the Tlaaluis and the Kueha, Késina killed a man of the Tlaaluis, and they immediately moved up the river to a "fighting hill." The *mámaka* followed them, against the advice of the Kueha, who warned him that he would be killed. When he was seen approaching the fortified hill, a chief assembled the people in his house at a feast, and soon Késina entered and, with his spear beside him, reclined in his accustomed position. Men were bringing in boards on which to beat while they sang for the man he had killed.

In the course of the song the leader introduced the words, "The very man we were wishing for has come!" But Késina made no attempt to escape. At the end of the song one of the men spoke: "Look at him! There is his spear. Many of you have been saying that it is long. I am right. I said it is just above his head in length. I am going to look at it." He crossed over to Késina and said, "Friend, I want to see your spear." He pretended to examine it carefully and admiringly, and remarked: "I was right. It is just over my head as I sit. No wonder it kills people! See the point!" Others crowded about, and it was passed from one to another until it reached the hands of a fighting man at the door.

Outside sat a powerful man with his long, double-pointed sealing spear, sulking because the others had overruled his plan to attack Késina before he entered the house. "Do you think you will kill him in there?" he had cried. "I say he will jump into the water. You will not strike him in the house. I will stay outside and have my fun with him!"

When Késina's spear came to the fighting man at the door, some one said to him, "Take back our friend's spear." He walked over to Késina and thrust the spear at him, but instead of piercing the murderer's breast it passed between his side and his arm into the heavy, wooden back-rest. Késina leaped to his feet and rushed out, pushing the people right and left. He made for the beach and leaped into the water, but the old man hurled his sealing spear and struck. He pulled on the line, and Késina tried to shake himself free, but the barbs were well fast. So the man-killer was dragged to the beach, and the people came down and clubbed him to death.

Now it was the desire of all tribes to win the most terrible name for bloodthirstiness, and after Késina was dead it was debated how they should dispose of his body so as to give themselves a great name. One proposed that they roast him, and the smoke, spreading over the earth, would carry their name with it; but the objection was offered

that this would not go far enough. In the end it was decided to tie a rope around his neck and leave him lying in the water like a common salmon being kept alive for food. It was then that they adopted the name Tlaaluis ["the angry ones"].

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